

Emo Boy – May 2020

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Catherine Heath

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You were my emo boy--

My teen romance,

In skinny jeans

And check shirt

(Tortured soul

Expressed in song).

Emo was for girls

(That's why they hated it),

For who would

Mould themselves

Into the perfect boy?

Fumbling backstage

In the theatre;

Girls and boys

Mingling in the dark--

What could be more perfect?

What else

Did you think

School was for?

Forget football,

And silly games--

Join the drama club,

Hang out at the art block;

Borrow paints from the teachers,

And make yourself a Mario party,

As they look on in awe.

Dress up in fancy clothes,

And have a party in the park--

As tourists look on

Astounded.

Those were the days;

The heady days,

Of boys and girls,

Playing together

(Teenagers

Who don't need drink,

Or drugs).

We reached out to connect--

Hugging,

Laughing,

Stealing kisses--

As people wonder,

What was in the water

That year?

Bring balloons into school,

And bake a giant cake

For exchange students,

Astounded at their luck.

Run up to the outcasts,

And ask them their name--

If they don't speak the language,

Make them a sign

To show they belong.

We didn't need homework

(We were too clever by half),

But we stopped playing so much

When exams

Were our future.

That's why we could leave;

That's why we became scientists,

Writers,

Healers,

Mothers,

Lawyers

(We know that friends

Never leave)--

We'll always come back,

One day,

To the place

We wanted

To stay.

My mum thought they were all emo boys--

But we cut their hair,

And dyed it black,

Swapped clothes,

And never gave them back.

Everyone was mesmerised--

How could you not care what anyone thinks?

(We were all mad,

And that's how we liked it).

Panic at the Disco,

We know not where we go.

Moshing at gigs,

And throwing water everywhere--

The boys took off their shirts

(Not girls),

And we admired them,

Quite rightly.

We stalked older boys through the playground,

Wrote letters about them,

And laughed when they ran away.

There is no better time

Than school with your friends--

The fun,

It never ends.

Oh, those emo boys,

With captivating godly eyes--

They were our dolls,

Our mannequins,

And our friends.

He was superman

(She was batgirl);

I was wonder woman,

(And she,

Supergirl).

Yes,

We were superheroes!

And didn't they know it.

We went bowling,

Ice skating,

To beach parties,

To laser quest.

It was all fun--

Because we were together.

And when the night was done,

You'd walk home with your favourite emo boy

(Hand in hand),

Leaving footprints

In the sand.

Credit: Photo by [Jordan Whitfield on Unsplash](#)
