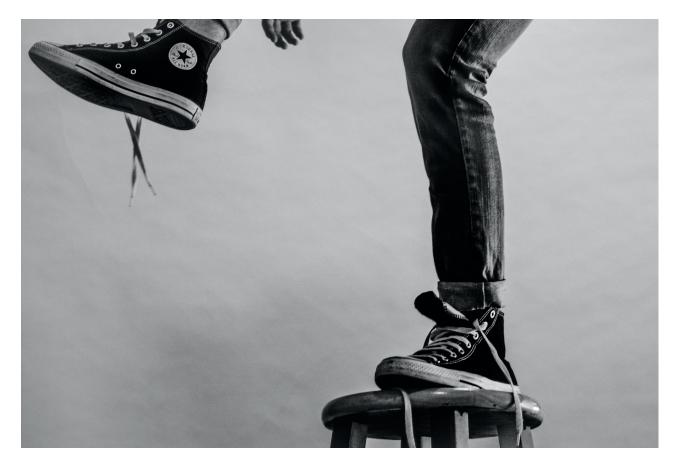
## Emo Boy – May 2020 Last Modified on 05/23/2020 5:04 am EDT



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May 2020

You were my emo boy--My teen romance, In skinny jeans And check shirt

Expressed in song).

(Tortured soul

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

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.

(Teenagers

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