

Richard Clements

Three gay rituals

Through doors of luminescent playfulness,
On Tuesdays for the boys in crinkled shirts,
A break from labs and analysing dirt;
A break from hoping father just would guess.
In Eastern Cape men show their worth by rite,
Both those who fit and those in awkward guilt.
A soft man from the oddest matter built,
Is man no less when odd and painted white.
Another having naught but shop door front,
Who shivers cold in sleeping bag at night
Looks in to see them dancing in red light,
Endeavours in but weekly shut out blunt.
They all are shunned and I am shut out too,
The past and custom are no friend of ours.
Yet in determination progress flowers—
An open habit jointly stitched anew.