

Pink War Paint

Jason Lie

Pink was the colour of the skirt
my mother wouldn't buy me
'What if he only wears it at home?' said Dad
'No. We're not buying it for him.' said Mum
dragged from the store in iron shackles
guilty of a crime I did not know
I cried hot tears and howled
the twinkling sequins left behind
ripped from my little hands.

Pink is the colour of his boxers
as he presses me against the wall
with his jeans at his ankles
he whispers, 'Are you sure?'
I lead his shaking hand downwards
between our heating bodies
have it tug at my hardening yes.

Pink will be the colour of my cheeks
when I say the words, 'I do.'
I'll paint the whole house pink—
or maybe just the fence
but one thing I'm certain of:
our children can wear pink.