

Clean Cut

by Nicholas Ottahal

I saw him and a friend at a table
I recognized him, but his hair
Was neat, short, recently cut
Dark brown against pale neck:
Perfect.

I watched them talk
And I went up to class
But my mind still revolved around him
His clean-shaven look
And his nice face
Made him a young gentleman:
My type.

I sat at lecture
Mind still on his hair
I imagined him
Kissing the side of my neck
While I pull on his hair
Lightly.

I went downstairs as they went up
And I met his eye again
He waved back and smiled
Grey eyes marking my soul
As his.

But in this world

Where few folks are queer

And fewer of them are out

I assumed he was straight

Unlike his slightly-not-straight hair

And left.