

ZULF'S UNIVERSE IS HETEROSEXUAL FROM ONE END TO THE OTHER

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I want to tell the world about just how heterosexual is my world. From one end of my universe to the other end, I am fully and totally heterosexual. There is in my universe, for myself, not even a tiny possibility of anything but heterosexuality. For me, heterosexuality is all that really exists, and over the years I realised that when I am strong I am heterosexual, and when weak, heterosexual. When I am weepy, heterosexual, and when cold and taciturn heterosexual. Heterosexuality is the only thing that even exists for me to the ends of the universe. When I am joyful, heterosexual, when I am filled with despair and anguish, heterosexual. All possible me that can exist heterosexual. And this is for me existential. There is nothing else at all.

I don't envy the happiness of gay and lesbian people. I don't just consider their private lives a matter of particular interest. Let them be happy with their world, but my world to the ends of the universe shall forever be heterosexual world. And that is just who I am and I don't feel that it requires any justification or explanation generally. It would be like a fish in water needing to explain that it is a fish. It's just what is the case.

I certainly do not need to denigrate anyone homosexual to shore my heterosexuality up. There is nothing to shore up. Sexually I am aroused by feminine figures with love in their eyes and flowers in their hair.

I was born to be heterosexual and I will be heterosexual for every second of my life, and I will die a heterosexual death. There will be all sorts of noise by confused people who see sliding scales of sexuality. I will politely nod with totally heterosexual incomprehension and return to heterosexual world. There is no sliding scale of anything in my world. Some will say 'do you have an open mind'? Yes, I have a greatly open mind but all I see from north to west to east to south is the heterosexual man's view of the universe. Vast oceans and stars and galaxies and only a heterosexual consciousness. I pick up some red roses and smell them, and I am a heterosexual man enjoying fragrance of flowers.

"You gave me hyacinths first a year ago;

"They called me the hyacinth girl."

—Yet when we came back, late, from the Hyacinth garden,

Your arms full, and your hair wet, I could not

Speak, and my eyes failed, I was neither

Living nor dead, and I knew nothing,

Looking into the heart of light, the silence.

I love to be heterosexual to be able to devour the beauty of this world. There is not much slipping into all manner of other sexual orientations in my world.