

Blue Boy
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I open my eyes. Dew falls from the tree leaves above. I can see the sun peeking through the tree limbs. My body lays numb as nature's creatures consume it with the intention of leaving nothing but my soul. Or will they take that, too? I began descending into the earth. Bitter dirt fills my mouth and maggots make home under my skin. I can taste my fate approaching. I have finally come to terms with my destiny and as I lay here cold and dying, I realize that a void in my soul still remains. I look to the sky for one last time and then I see you, so blue and beautiful. I stare at your skin, shining in the light. Your vibrant appearance imparts life into my deteriorating existence. I desire to live for I have something to fight for and protect! You emerge as my reason to keep pushing forward. I feel all the life pouring back into my body. The creatures begin to retreat from it, and I start to gain sensation in my limbs. I feel alive and rejuvenated. Our eyes lock, connecting seamlessly like the oceans. Your eyes provide me with an entry point towards serenity.

I rise from the ground, reborn, my naked body rendered radiant, bright as the surface of the sun. Suddenly, it grows dark, and I can no longer see the sun rays reflected on the trees. The bees are no longer buzzing, birds no longer chirping, and predators and their prey all seemingly turn their attention to you, my blue boy. Your skin is blue like the ocean, your curls blossom from your scalp like a rose growing from concrete, and hair sprouts across your chest and abdomen like poison ivy. I watch as each of your bodily muscles bulge and your manhood sways in the warm breeze just as a black walnut tree. As I begin to approach, walking closer, I realize, my blue boy, you are sad. I notice your battle scars, the scrapes and

bruises etched in your melanated flesh. I see open bullet wounds leaking profusely from your chest. Tears pour from your eyes as all signs of happiness is drained from your countenance.

It is apparent that you are a fighter, a conclusion drawn from the sight of blood dripping from your knuckles. I must know, my boy, who has been cruel to you? Why have you had to fight? I am pained to see you in such a state of despair. I reach my hand to you to help ease your desperation, but in the blink of an eye, your depression becomes callousness, and your sobs turn to shrieks and your blue vibrant skin turns gray. Your tears transform into acid and the smell of decomposing flesh fills my nostrils. I realize, my blue boy, you are now holding a gun. BANG! Smoke pours from the gun like a blunt removed from one's lips. I am stunned. Visions of you rapidly fire across my periphery as I fall down, feeling the three holes carved in my chest by circular bullets of betrayal.

You have shot me, my blue boy. My body jerks violently. I cower in agony and weep as blood spews from my wounds and pain fills my chest, but still, I smile for you, my blue boy. I smile because I know how beautiful you are. Before the world hurt you, made you tough and gray, remember, you were mine as I was yours...we belonged to each other. Just as I am you and you are me, our souls are tethered together. You are the oxygen that fills my lungs, the blood that courses through my veins, the beat that sustains my heart. My blue boy, you are me. As I lay here dying, my breath becomes shallow. The gravel devours my flesh, and my body begins to become consumed by darkness. I feel my body growing cold; my soul descends into the abyss. I will never again see your coily black hair, kiss your plump indigo-colored lips, or feel protected by the warmth of your blue hands. I blame the world, for if only

they could observe what I see when I look into your eyes. If only they could love you how I do.
My blue boy, I forgive you.

Just as I draw my last breath, your lips touch mine. You wrap your arms around me, pulling me up from the gravel. I gain sensation once again. You graze your hands over my bullet wounds and the pain slowly leaves me.

I reach to touch my chest to find that the wounds have disappeared. You grab my chin lifting my head, our eyes intensely peering into the innermost depths of each other's souls.

Your gray skin returns to a vibrant blue hue and your wounds begin to heal as the anger leaves your face. I see the light fill your cheeks as your pristine white teeth appear behind your portly lips. The tears dry from your face. You stroke my cheek as you lean in to kiss me once more, grabbing my hand placing it above your heart. Your heart beats much like a drum, each pulse sending shocks of passion and excitement to my fingertips. You then raise your hand placing it over my heart. Our hearts are beating on one accord. I start to turn blue, like you, basking in the light of the full moon.

We now stand under the stars, our blue bodies lying against one another. Warmth is generated from our skin rubbing together, the heat emitted from our bodies electrifying our desires. We have become one as we ascend into the dark midnight sky. We no longer have to look strong or prove ourselves for they can no longer target us. My blue boy, they cannot hurt us anymore. We can show love and we can love each other. You and I are love, my blue boy.