

# HomoSEXual

by Darnishia Bolden

## homoSEXual

### Day 1

"You got some gb's living above you?"

"What's that?"

"Gay boys."

"Just moved in and already getting on my nerves."

Their music is too loud as well as the conversations they exchange. And they walk with lead feet. The last couple before them, fought all of the time. She'd call him all kinds of motha fuckas and he'd insult her with the many names society has so graciously bestowed upon woMAN kind. I called the cops twice, especially after the first time when I heard children's voices crying "Please don't hurt our Mama!" But the police officers didn't take anyone to jail - I guess since the woman fought back there was no real crime. She was such a cute little petite thing. One would never have guessed that behind those sweet hellos lurked fighting words with the power to lock heaven's gates. I guess maybe the man she'd married didn't think she was capable of defending herself, physically or verbally. Now he knows and I do too. But I never heard them making love. Sometimes I'd strain to catch an orgasmic ooooh or a satisfied sigh but got nothing. No "hello darlings" at the end of a day or "ooooh, baby you look delicious. gimme some of that!" - none of those terms of endearments. But they didn't have a problem calling each other motha fucka in front of the kids. Punch mommy in the stomach in front of the babies but come time to make love, the door was closed and locked and the children had better knock before entering. The GB's are a totally different breed. They kiss and kick ass with the same voracity as though love and hate are synonymous. The sounds they make are a disturbing medley, one can never tell if they are fucking or fighting.

### Day 2

I am awakened at 4am by the sound of lead footsteps traveling fast. Then a door slams - glass shatters. A fist hits the wall followed by a blood curdling scream. The scream gives way to a muffled groan, like a hand is placed over lips to keep screams and pleas from tumbling forth. I call the police but they don't take anyone away.

### Day 3

There is a party. Brutal music and an obscene amount of alcohol possess the bodies and souls of the invited. This goes on for most of the day, and I prefer it to their ritualistic, sadist masochistic fucks and fights.

### Day 4

His features are chiseled like God and his parents took special care in creating his beautiful face.

There is a natural arch to his dark smooth brows, and the eye lashes shading his luminous cocoa-brown eyes are long and silky. Underneath his left eye is a fresh bruise yet he remains friendly - smiles, talks about the weather, advises me on the best soap and wax to use on my car, shares with me his favorite football team and how he secretly cheers for the Mets to win the World Series - men stuff and though I am bored, I listen intently. The other one is a shade darker, broad shoulders, overly defined chest and upper arms. When he walks, the arms stick out like they are too small for his bulky body. He has black liquid eyes and they see only what he wants to see. Attention is never granted to his immediate surroundings so if you speak to him, you end up saying hello twice.

### **Day 5**

I step out of the shower and hear wrestling. Loud grunts! I am still. I am standing stark still in the middle of the floor unable to dry off listening to the fierce thrusting tumbling around above my head. I'm trying to figure out if I should dial 911. I swear, if the floor caves in beneath them I hope death is waiting with opened arms.

### **Day 6**

This never makes any sense. When it begins, I pray that my daughter doesn't hear. She's the reason I call the police, so that she knows this is not a healthy relationship. But tonight I hear them having sex, again. One is huffing and puffing, grinding along like a locomotive. To him, his silent partner is a piece of gym equipment, nothing more and nothing intimately special. Still, I manage to drift off only to be awakened by the sound of wet flesh being tenderized with what sounds like a paddle. I have had enough. And I scream at the top of my lungs, though I figure there's no way I will be heard: "Shut the fuck up, you stupid assed faggots. I'm sick and damn tired of this shit! Dammit! I gotta go to church in the morning."

### **Day 7**

On my way to church the next morning . . .

"I heard you last night, calling us faggots."

Oh God I could have evaporated, if only I could have looked past the sadness melting his pretty caramel colored face. A face that did not easily give way to blemishes or wrinkles but was beginning to surrender to the steady visit of a lover's fist.

"Your calling me a faggot, being heterosexual, is like a white man calling me a nigger. You seem so polite, like those words would have never ever found a way out of your mouth. But you fooled me."

"I am polite." I reply becoming angry and preparing to defend myself. "And who are you to talk? You get your stupid little punk ass whooped everyday, every damn day and I have to hear it! I can't get no rest because of you and your, whatever he is . . . You both need Jesus. I'm on my

way to church, and I'm gonna pray for you 'cause something has to change, somebody's got to go and it won't be me."

**Day 8**

Sometimes I seek out the sounds, but tonight there are none.

**Day 9**

When he sees me outside, he waits until I am gone before coming out. He doesn't speak. He doesn't look.

**Day 10**

"Hey, I just want to apologize. I didn't mean to hurt you. I just say things that . . ."

"Don't bother. I'm used to it. Like you said, I have a lover who does things to me that I don't like. If I can accept his apologies, surely I can accept yours."

"Well, anyway, I want to invite you to go to church with me this coming Saturday? We're having this singles mingles thing and . . ."

"Why would I want to go to your church? According to people like you, God doesn't love me. In this world, the only person who loves me, is the man who hits me. My own parent's don't love me anymore."

**Day 13**

"Didn't I tell you not to move?"

He responds with a sob.

"Don't move your ass from that bed, I mean it."

It sounded like he was chastising a child, but there are no children upstairs that you'd say *ass* to. I turn down the television and the sounds are replaced with crying and sniffing. A door slams.

"Somebody, please help me," he sobs in the tiniest voice.

I can still hear him. But he cries softly so that he does not disturb the lover he loves and the neighbor who called him a faggot.

**Day 14**

Later that night, there had been another fight. The worse one. His lover laughed like a hysterical mad man, while beating, whipping, punching, slapping and tearing up. This time, my friend, did not yell out, scream or run - he took it. I curled up in my bed and cried and prayed and cried and

prayed and . . .

Swollen purple lip and red eyes, the other wounds hidden from the curious glance of neighbors who hear or see flashes of violence leaked through vertical blinds.

I sit beside him on the step that goes up to the apartment he shares with his lover.

"When I was growing up, being gay was like asking for trouble. No one chooses to be black or to have nappy hair. This man said to me that being gay is like wearing your sex on your sleeve. I don't know what the hell he meant? Do you?"

"No," he almost laughed. "People sure do make a mess of things by overanalyzing."

"Yes, we do. I'm really sorry about what I said. I was more angry with your partner than anything. Its still no excuse."

"If I were a woman, the police would help and there would be someplace for me to go. If I were a woman you would have never called me that name."

"Yeah, I probably would have called you a bitch or something."

We laugh together.

"You think your church would accept me?"

He rests his head on my shoulder.

"Yes! They will accept anyone who can tithe and offer."

"What about God?"

"God loves all of His creations. She loves the lion as well as the antelope, equally."