

Boys With Missing Flowers: Endangered and Growing

i'm daydreaming about gardens and flowers
but when a girl says "like when boys get raped"
the earthy scent disappears
how can you have a conversation about boys being raped without a boy that was raped?
i wonder if every male survivor heard it too
i wonder if she knows i am here
or if the class can feel my presence fading
i wonder if i will get my points for being present and engaged

when the girl says "like when boys get raped"
i don't know if i should be the living testimony or be alive at all
i would never throw my own pity party
or put myself in the position for the boys in class to call me weak
i'm already gay enough

i sit there and listen
close my eyes and try to go back to the garden but i'm taken somewhere else
i am a little boy again
scared and innocent and dazed and
a virgin

i've never felt so uncomfortable in my own home
these floorboards watched me scream
and i wished they had done something about it
i wish they had told me
that my flower could be picked too
whether i like it or not

i wish i knew other boys with flowers stolen from them
maybe they could remind me what a full garden feels like
take the patches left in us and make a safe haven

but when the girl says "like when boys get raped"
i feel like an endangered species
afraid to stand on my own two feet
all i can say is nothing
all i can do is replay that quote
again and again and again
and hope for a topic change