

## keys to the city

when you bring me to your hometown  
let's skip the museum of modern art  
unless it's to show me the painting  
that made you realise you were queer

point out the spot on the hairpin road  
where you fell hard from your bike  
leaving the scar on your lip that I kissed  
and asked about during our first time

lead me to the painted-over alley wall  
where the graffiti *fuck the patriarchy*  
made you google 'what is patriarchy'  
and led you to your first protest march

we can drink coffee in the bookshop  
where you discovered Angela Davis  
and a cute barista who kept you alert  
with caffeine and an uncertain flirtation

kiss me in the rose-scented city park  
where you had your first with your first  
and again on the street where she left you

alone with a green-inked note of apology

buy me a beer in the ramshackle dive bar

where you came out to your best friends

blind drunk, they stopped you falling then

and you knew after that they always would

I will love you more on every corner

of these autobiographical streets, so open up

my hand and give me the keys to the city

that built you, one beautiful brick at a time