

PRIDE MARCH / Nik Willmott

Hung bunting swung on St. Kilda's sea breeze, a frieze of rainbows slicing the heat.

A concussion of colour!

Wigs higher than skies

Pink men manicured before mirrors

boys in blue never witnessed.

Individuality reigns on our parade!

"We're here, we're queer,"

We clutch pearls, wisdom,

whispered scripts; "*Shhhhh, don't fear.*"

We've history here.

Following Stonewalled footfalls of Mardi Gras marched before us,

Conspicuous queens dazzle the drag of Fitzroy Street, sashay slowly

Behind leather-clad Dykes on Bikes, astride, revved up, ready to ride.

Sweat-drenched cops top chomping steeds.

Beautiful bodies, float, a bacchanalia.

Insta-fit, gym cut, media-friendly.

Don't forget Tasty!

Pride widens the periphery of side-eyed glances: pupils peer between black bars of false lashes.

Laser-focussed, taser-ready.

After, Catani Garden's coconut trees try to throw shade that their canopy can't reach;

degrees of the day heated indeed...

Sun settles to bed behind boat sheds of the marina, dragging back shared fiery skies.

It's just-

The metronome swing of boat masts in the wind that makes me wonder what's going on...

underneath.