

## **Tomboy**

**Htin Lynn**

“Tomboy.”  
“Pussyboy.”

Under these titles, up to this very age  
What I’ve accomplished is  
Only heartbreak and depression, Mother

How they came in  
Without invitation  
How they went off  
Without spurn  
How it, with innocence,  
Bloomed  
Only to be uprooted  
How I even dared not to dare anymore  
Breathe

Although I am afraid  
That wounds would be forgotten  
It is impossible  
For their memories to vanish  
Yet I also know  
That no wounds heal  
With ease

The rain poured, and the sun blazed, and the snow fell  
With the turn of seasons  
The heart in turn  
Got wet and dripped and wept and missed  
The head turned  
To and from  
Now and then  
For it doesn’t want to miss

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A single scene  
Weeping continued without fear  
Only when “clank clank” was no longer heard  
A thought occurred:  
That missing all the scenes  
Would unburden my mind

But the agonizing afflictions were all  
Lodged in my head  
The accumulation of afflictions was  
As if guns were all firing within my head  
And some died here  
And some fell there  
And the heart—it took a direct hit

Oftentimes one cannot help but bear  
That one doesn’t die easily  
Many a time did I twitch a smile  
Upon hearing  
“Tomboys are tougher than femboys”

“Why not write poems?”  
As if innocence could be regained  
By pricking pain into poems  
Wounds pierced and poked  
Again and again  
Scars stacked over smiles  
Over and over  
Fake love and fraudulent warmth  
Which I want back  
No more  
Let alone support  
I don’t even want to be asked  
“Are you okay?”  
To put it bluntly  
I don’t want to hear ingratiating manners

I was filled with disgust

Time after time  
I spat out my saliva  
Time after time  
I erased my name on the dates  
Time after time  
Let there be no remainder  
Not even a shred  
That is how much I wish to be free  
And be liberated  
Just as Htoo Eain Thin was his mother's  
Little pot of troubles  
I am my mother's  
Little insubstantiality

I found myself moving to places where  
Stars could be seen clearly and openly  
It would be better sometimes  
To simply fall away  
Without anyone knowing  
And I wish the nights to be long no longer.

