

## **Out of Africa**

### **Annick Yerem**

God knows I threw everything at you,  
letters, feelings, my self-esteem,  
the less you wanted me, the more  
I was invested

My excuse is that I was 16  
and had really bad role models,  
so I thought this was what love  
was supposed to be,  
unreciprocated,  
unbalanced,  
unreal

Robert Redford washing  
Meryl Streep's hair pushed me  
over the edge,  
so when after the film, we sat  
on a cold, dirty bench in a  
cold, dirty station and you  
kissed me, I thought, this is it,  
it's a done deal, off we go,  
in and out of Africa, washing  
each other's hair, surrounded  
by lions and sunsets and tasteful  
picnic tables

You broke up with me or so it felt,  
after this one, groundbreaking date,  
but when I see this movie, I still think  
of you, how you called me years later,  
telling me you kept all my letters, thanking  
me for being brave and crazy

I was over it by then, living with a boy  
who had two different- coloured eyes  
like David Bowie, I was over your  
outlandish lack of love for me,  
but it was nice, nonetheless  
and for a second there, I felt  
your hand in my hair (still a thing)  
and that long-anticipated, lingering  
kiss