

LITTLE BABY JESUS

Arinze Kene

JOANNE: But secretly I was mad relieved that the poor was baby blue. We laid in his small cot. And obviously I've jammed with boys before but Kehinde was on some different echelon. We were communicating on some next wavelength - dolphin frequency. He just starred at me for ages like - right in my eyes like he could see directly to my soul. Like he tapped a channel to my spirit. That's him though, he just looks at me and I'm liquidised - not even on no sexual ting - come like Cyclops Polyphemus the way he be watching me. Well, it felt like that anyway. That's when I clocked he was a blue magnet. Him blue and me red. The way we attracted was as if he already had a magnet vacancy. As if I was filling up a space that was once inhabited. See, just when I thought I had conquered the world of ferromagnetism, behold, Kehinde the blue magnet; cool on the outside and hot in the middle.

He combed his fingers through my hair. And he discovered the scar on my head (*Indicates a scar, it's in the same region as Taiwo's scar*)

And I remembered Mum. And he remembered someone. And a tear rolled down my cheek and onto his chest. And I used my finger as the pen, and my tears as the ink, to draw perfect circles on his chest as the canvas. And then a single kiss came down and landed on my head and it was suspended there for a while. He held me tight. And he said 'Finally.' (*Touched*) 'Finally.' He said 'Finally.' About me. No one's ever waited for me before.

I never knew so many emotions could hit you at the same time. And the thought that there was no guarantee, no promise, that I would ever meet another soul who would hold me like he did that night, made my heart beat out of control like his own. Made my head explode. In that moment, I swear, I was forced to grow up. I said to myself

(*In tears*) 'Jodie. Nah nah. Joanne. You're not a little girl no more, y'understand. You gotta use this - (*Points to head*) now. More crucial than ever. No, it hasn't been all roses but move on. You're a big girl.

'I was crying, boy. I don't cry. I never cry. But I was crying - real talk. Then the following morning, Kehinde, 'the boy who never leaves', had to leave.

Abruptly.

Boy.

I don't know what I got that's making them leave. If ever loved by a magnet like Kehinde you have been loved totally. This magnet will pry apart your ribs, ram its hand into your chest cavity, steal all of your heart, and leave the phattest scar 'cross your chest just so's you never forget.

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I could tell you that him just suddenly leaving didn't take the piss out of my life completely, that it didn't leave me unbalanced, that it didn't relaunch misery.