

OUTING

Richard Hill

A handsome, horny porter,
Who asked if I was gay?
I'd never told a soul till then,
Revealed I was that way.

I'd kept it to myself for fear,
That something would go wrong.
I couldn't tell, not even one.
I really wasn't strong.

But porter Graham might be right,
to make my first reveal.
A kindly lad, and oh so cool.
He made my problem real.

And then he asked if I was gay.
Would he burst my bubble?
I fancied him, and hoped he was.
But could this cause me trouble?

But what I said, and you might guess,
What happened after that.
He lightened up and I was pleased,
we'd had our little chat.

I asked him back if he was gay.
He answered in the negative.
But now my world was blown sky high.
No longer to be secretive.

But Graham, being a man of truth,
Replied he was delighted.
I'd told him true, and I could do.
Such thing that was far-sighted.

I'm happy that I told him so,
And Graham's still a friend.
It's forty years since that great night.
I'm grateful to the end.

Thank you, Graham.