

Last night

I don't wanna know what you did yesterday evening.

We spent the day in each others' arms. You said you were going back to your old life to leave it but I did not believe you.

It is not a wife and a house you promised to leave. It's a job and a lifestyle.

You won't stop acting like an alien cop suddenly just like I won't stop being an alien.

You have been fighting to keep people like me away for so long it is second nature.

Just because you fell for me while under-cover, does not make it any easier.

I tried to trust you when you said you now understand our culture and recognise that we do have a culture as valid as yours.

But being human, the prejudices are stronger and older than you, centuries to believe your small planet is the centre of the Universe and that you are all alone can not disappear in a few decades.

Me and my people on the other hand, we have known all along that the galaxy is crowded.

I want to believe we stand a chance, that the love you confessed so suddenly will be strong enough to break all the walls.

But can you really see yourself introducing me to your family?

How will your grand-ma react to my five arms? And won't the neighbourhood kids comment about my bluish skin?

This is what we will be facing, every day, as long as we will be together.

Last night

Maybe you really went back to your old life to part from it, to quit your job and tell your friends you found love from another planet.

But I am afraid you just went ahead to the party that was planed, got drunk, told everybody in the bar about my body and the kinks of sex with tentacles then went home with a nice and pretty human, fucked her all night and forgot all about me, waiting for you, here.

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