

Apollo dreams of being Harry Styles on the brink of an arena tour

Head half-turned, body full-frontal –
to make all the girls scream, all the boys scream,
everybody scream...

For he's tired of aloneness,
echoing space, the reverential gaze.
What he craves now
is adoration: the hurtle, the mass,
the touch of fingers, plaster turned warm,
back to deep-veined marble.
And everywhere the camera flash,
the probing microphone – 'what is it like
being the sexiest man on earth?
what are your thoughts on gender, sexuality,
fashion, consumerism? any message for the fans
from inside Harry's House?'

But then after hours,
in the museum blackout, he checks off his talents
with increasing uncertainty.
Yes, he's a dab hand with a lyre,
but can he go left enough from male
to embrace ambiguity? can he wear
the next Gucci dress on the cover of Vogue
with enough aplomb? Strut for real and not care a fig
(and by the way, that leaf was added
then removed, then here it is back again).
Yes, after hours, he knows the real question is feeling,
just the feeling of being right inside his skin –

to walk into a room
with more than a moment's certainty,
and utter a simple sound-bite just like Harry:
it's who I am, not what you make me.
Beauty is mutable. Head half-turned,
body full-frontal – to gaze through time at every possibility,
as it was, as I am. No shadow's disbelief of
as I will be. And Apollo head to toe
in Harry's trademark pink –
or any other colour in the world.