

## THE BOYS ARE KILLING THEIR SIMS ON THE FAMILY PC

*after Andrew McMillan*

Legs crossed under their computer desks  
like a pole dancer in an ankle hang, sweating  
as if the floor has been deleted,  
running their hands over their silken midriff  
in the character room's mirror, deciding between  
the kitten heel and the thigh high boot. *It's okay.*

Out of view the door is locked, the boys  
are taking up floristry, selling their creations,  
their prickled thumbs, gardens fragrant  
with box shrubs and lavender.

There's no gravestone under the oak tree  
so there's no ghost to haunt the lot at night.  
They've just finished renovating the guest bathroom  
– *aren't the tiles to die for?* – have found  
the perfect fuchsia paper for the hall.

How gorgeous their home is when no one's in.  
The boys are flirting with Don Lothario, *shh*  
*Nina has no idea!* They've bought a heart-shaped bed, invited  
their lovers over. The boys cannot wait  
to raise a child, are petrified to the point  
of stillness, they've moved the cot beside their bed,  
the media is terrified the boys will mimic  
what they do behind their screen.

No longer wary of fireplaces or pools of water,  
when they talk about Bella Goth the boys  
are mixing up their pronouns. If the new sofa  
doesn't go, they can always pick a new one.

I feel for all our drowning.