

Camp-Belle

All hail, all hail, Lee Camp-Belle!
She lights up a room but leaves a damp smell
Part hag, part drag, part fag in part
She has a sharp tongue but has a good heart
Some swear she's based on my friend Claire
The specs, the hair but not underwear
Camp-Belle is a mix of gender sorts
Pour femme perfume, male boxer shorts
Camp-Belle goes back to '89
My primary school Christmas pantomime
I was one of the leads in *Cinderella*
With ugly sisters played by a fella
I was Monica
David was Nelly
Two camp divas made for the telly
Whilst David knew how to shimmy his hips,
I was getting used to having red on my lips
By opening night, I entered stage light
I looked quite the picnic in my stilettos and lipstick

One night in the dressing room,
David told me he's gay
and that flirting with Prince was not just the play
It was obvious how David was chipper
when in this alternative version, Nelly's foot fits the slipper
I also had feelings not sure what then mind you
unlike David excited when the audience roared
'Nelly! Prince Charming, he's behind you!'

My moniker Monica taught me what it meant
to explore men as desirable without bullies calling me 'bent'
To see men in a new light and playfully flirt
To explore sexuality without getting hurt
Seeing gay men on telly, butch with moustaches
Seeing David effeminate, batting his lashes
These definitions of gay men for young me were distracting
But with Monica I explored and claimed it was acting
Eye up the Prince in front of a crowd
Mum and Dad in the Audience, they were ever so proud
But what if they knew that the charming young Prince
made me not just my moniker more than just wince

Many years later, I dressed up again
Camp-Belle just like Monica had an eye for the men
Me now in my late twenties, Camp-Belle was me
as the confident queer I once wanted to be
Her sharp tongue lashings and verbal lashings
Part dame, part fella, who's next for the kill?

No cartoon Cruella, is Camp-Bella de Vil
The talk of the town in 2007
I then laid her to rest to cause trouble in Heaven
I'm now in my forties,
what young gays call a 'daddy'
Miles away from Monica
and a once confused wee laddie