



I long for the taste  
of your cream in my mouth,  
of the day you bore it down  
to a word, to the sensuous  
idea of touching  
a copy of yourself;  
when your lips were cherry,  
and your soft chest  
the home to the least  
shared of my secrets,  
when your fingers spoke  
more than language,  
and I zipped down to have  
you slowly whisper  
the meaning of the universe  
into my pants.  
But they haven't let us  
be.

I love the tender sun  
that loves the praying field,  
and the quiet moon that loves  
the yearning sea,  
who won't be questioned  
for what they have,  
which is too divine  
and perennial to tell  
who the man  
and the woman is.

It was not like the gender  
mattered, or that love  
is comprehensible.

# #Love Wins



Rex Mathew  
E8

It was never like we knew  
how to stop.  
It was never like our longing  
or its logic  
could ever be put to words.

We must find more than words  
to explain it to our mothers.  
And we must find a stage  
where I can hold you through  
all they will throw at us,  
where if we fall,  
we fall like a curtain  
on the shame of this world  
which thinks that anything  
was a choice.

I must learn every sin  
in your holy arms  
to make up for all we lost  
when they built another  
wall between us.  
The lightness we share  
will rise like grass  
over the concrete.  
And in this defiance,  
and in our defeat,  
we will have become  
more human than they  
will ever be.

If the pain means anything,  
it is that love  
transcends every theory  
we have of it,  
or that the best  
explanation would be  
to die for it  
on your sinful  
lips.

■