

Nature of Loving

What could be queerer than leaving well-meaning archeologists flummoxed at their findings:
a standing stone circle, or two ancient
women's bodies wrapped in poignant embrace?

Our love is ancient as the wind that cuts through the high moorland. Our passion, as sacred as
the mysterious monuments that have squatted the land,
and the rituals which took place there.

What of the queer letters and journals that survived their writers (our ancestors)?
What passages were written, redrafted, burnt, scribbled,
or smudged out

by an engulfing, blue ink mark running across the page; shielding and protecting
the contents of the paper -
swallowing the words like a great blue whale.

I believe we Queers were masters of camouflage; concealing the preciousness of our stories -
binding, wrapping them up each night with
our lovers in hot, damp sheets.

Deliberate destruction of queerness has not removed us from existence; rather, like steadfast
mountains with their mosaics of moss and fog,
and the crisp, wide lakes who gasp for air -

We are a continuous happening.
We are ready for a rewilding.