

Adam Levon Brown

**The Hotel Door Shouts, “I’m in Love!”**

He gives me butterfly kisses in the loon-tide sun,  
while caressing my earlobe with tongue of honey

His nascent eyes ogle me in tones of hushed hurry,  
and blow bubbles of steam under the sheets of my bed

I am a martyr of passion for his love, mounting pillows  
of affectionate goodbyes that I wish never have to escape

His malleable touch liquefies my unraveled body,  
with threads which trail along his navel, hearing echoes

My nail-bitten love for him emanates from the hotel  
mint which was devoured by two Molotov tongues

The Television in the corner plays reruns of Seinfeld,  
paradoxical to the conjoined fired kiln breathing in the room

Dragon-tongue incense mixed with Oreos crumbles  
amid damply lit candles, wafting through windows of silence

Broken air-conditioner renaissance seeps into the busy  
ceiling fan, connecting lampshade moon to mid-day sunlight

Soft whispers spoken between two people, oils the door  
and the, “Do Not Disturb” sign which shouts, “I’m in love!”

## Peace with Mountain-time Springs

Homosexuality has been a troubadour

Faceless

Behind curtains of reinforced steel

Broken-shutter speed snap-light

Jutting

From the rafters like a mad phantom

Morphing, shapeless as salient seabed

Pouncing

Teeth-deep into sheet-muffled Eros

Deafening marks scratched, nail-bitten

Naked

Left for leopard hands on icy fangs

Inhabiting cauliflower dreams

Ripped

From, stomach from mouth, from soil

Stones stacked in pebble-drowned rows

Thrown

Dancing and sacred in the name of Moon

(Homosexuality)

(Freedom)

(Peace)

These words I hold beatific

These words I cradle in silk-strewn mandalas

These words will never be replaced

## It isn't Just a Word

Gay is a word I laughed at  
Gay is a word I cringed at  
Gay is a word I hated  
Gay is a word I pondered  
Gay is a word I ruminated  
Gay is a word I denigrated  
Gay is a word I moved with focus  
Gay is a word I ignored  
Gay is a word I removed from mind  
Gay is a word I never said  
Gay is a word I said with lisps  
Gay is a word I plunged inside  
Gay is a word I sipped with glee  
Gay is a word I perused sarcastically  
Gay is a word I silently used to question myself  
Gay is a word I love  
Gay is a word I identify with  
Gay is a word I sleep with  
Gay isn't a word, It is who I am

## **Cementing the Shards into the Correct Places**

There are no missteps left in my run against the twirling  
cement of my future, only love to share and be shared,  
and hope for moons of Paris to ignite in lunar passion

There is not one thing in the cosmos you could tell me  
that would make me want to put back together my tragedy,  
with pieces of ash and tears, which reek of toxic gauze

There is no way of possibly explaining how deep the deep  
end of self-loathing felt before I grew enough for my feet  
to finally touch the bottom of never-ending calamitous ire

There are no holy stars which you could call  
from the Heavens to force me to go back  
to the way I lived before I came out

There isn't anything you can do to mire this peace  
which I've felt since marking Mars  
as a destination on my roadmap to pride

There are no zero-sum outcomes for this life  
of which I have finally accepted as a gift  
from the two most wonderful people I've ever met

There are no longer any reanimated ghosts  
to wail banshee scarred tones into my blossoming  
flora of rainbow colored feelings

The cement foundation has been laid for my heart  
to finally find peace in the void of this energetic existence  
And don't worry,

I will leave a trail for you before everything dries