

# FORUM: ANG KA TANDAAN MO DUMAN



## A LOVE LETTER FOR ALL MY QUEERS

*Adam Rabuy Crayne*

Think back to the first kiss you ever meant.  
The way your bodies swelled in unison  
Two souls combined, shattering walls  
Breathing in color, exhaling stars  
In that moment you became the universe  
No limits or fears, no rhythm or pretense  
Just the two of you, floating, complete.

How brave we were to dive into one another  
Cradling our pulses and tracing each fracture  
As if honey laced the tips of our tongues  
In harmony with our milk and blood  
We swam and we swam, taking in each other's air  
And in one final gasp we surrendered  
To joy, to ecstasy, to freedom from chains  
This was every key change in every song  
This was the drum beats and guitars  
This was everything they tried to take away but all along  
This was ours.

A stream from our lungs emptying into our veins  
Soothing every joint and washing away the scars  
The dirt and detritus, promises not kept  
Rendering pure our folds and our fat  
And everything they told us was dark and damaged  
So that on nights where the world couldn't forgive our sins  
We could still love ourselves to sleep.

Nowadays it is harder to dance.  
Beneath our feet tremor unspeakable evils  
Tendrils scaling up into our throats, insidious  
Distorting the music with gas and venom

Until there is nothing but screaming and pointed fingers  
Convinced we deserve the erasure  
Convinced we created this chaos  
Bridges ablaze. Skin on concrete. Rivers of lead.  
They clink bottles and we dissolve to fragments  
Withered remains of what was passed down to us  
At least, in memory we are invincible.  
We shut our eyes, praying to not be forgotten.

So it is a miracle when, in flashes of dazzling light  
Together we dream ourselves back into existence  
Building new worlds where we can be re-born  
Into the heroes we always needed  
Latex fairies, leather priestesses, sex monsters  
Hearts leading, wings open, fists clenched  
Welcoming collision with arms outstretched  
We fashion our ancestors' stories into suits of armor  
And in deep prayers make the same promise each morning  
That against the gods' judgment and the crashing of planets  
We'll reclaim the elements by any means necessary  
We'll be loud and deliberate, the warriors we always were  
Soldiers of love.

In this life where nothing has ever served us  
We shall dance anyway.

How sweet the air will be the day we all can breathe.  
How beautiful we are by making every day possible.  
How radical to know, deep in our heart  
Whether or not it was all meant to be  
We were always meant to survive.

*In memory and honor of Brian Tenorio and Mel Natividad.*