

Hugging In Airports

Is what love is about.
For us, under public eye, there is an almost touch.
It's not like touching at all. Instead, mirror smooth,
lips barely grace skin.
The air's casual, the face is blank.

Kisses passed over deny
their own force field.
How I'd like to clutch you
so totally the whole town might gossip.
How I wish we could embrace, unafraid, on the street.

I'm not talking notoriety.
I simply want to show
exactly what joy's felt.

Does nobody want to see
lovers like us?

Let speculating strangers disappear.
We begin right where light is.
There's no language, no legality
in this backwards country defining what *we* means.

Can I coin a new term?
You have the gaze of a colt.
We are two mammals of innocence,
not just one another's boyfriend
or beau.

Enmesh lifelines.
The untranslatable breathes pure.
Ours is a tradition that sets precedence in secret.
It's a private institution among
black market hubbub.

Meanwhile real criminals stock arms. Nuclear arsenals are built.
In this airport screaming people run.

Is a bomb going off or did we just hug?