

## | 69 |

## David Cruz-Quiroz

“Straight” men respect me.  
They don’t call me gay.

They appreciate me when I swallow their load because  
their girls won’t do it.

They ask me not to text them past certain hours and  
“keep it low-key.” They have wives, girlfriends, or their  
kids on the weekends. “I’m not gay. I just like getting my  
dick sucked” is their first favorite excuse.

But I love munching on DL guys. I love meeting them  
by the empty parking lot outside the gym, steam rooms,  
or murky parks—when empty is the only witness.

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For those who don’t know, a type of gay man exists that  
lies to women on wedding nights. They’re dressed as  
masculine but get stiff for pretty boys.

If you’re *that* girl, call your man’s recently blocked  
numbers and check “the homie” he’s always with. Why  
are they always together?

DL dudes love another man’s mouth or boy-pussy. “It’s  
tighter” would be their second favorite excuse.

DL guys like risky behavior.

Often, DL guys are  
bisexual-pansexual-sex-positive-beings.  
They don’t know extravagant terms.

Often, they're also POZ.  
 But they'll never admit their status. They bring it home  
 for dinner, Christmas, or Thanksgiving—*any* day.  
 Often, I wonder who murdered Marsha P.  
 Was it a DL boy she was munching on?  
 Was it a setup?  
 Was it the police?  
 Or was it the police?

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I do not regard this poem as historical. Or political.  
 I'll try anyways.

The Stonewall Riots started June 28, 1969, when New  
 York City police raided the Stonewall Inn, a gay club in  
 Greenwich Village in New York City.

History will record that Marsha P. Johnson was  
 instrumental as one of the leaders of the gay liberation  
 movement of the 60s and 70s. Gay liberation.

I wonder if DL guys know about Marsha P.—her death  
 tested the state of the human condition—**we** failed.

Marsha's body was found by the Hudson River and  
 ruled as a suicide.  
 My body is found on strangers' beds. I commit suicide  
 all the time.

It is my spiritual exercise to be available at all hours.

My body has become the DL temple. A church for the  
 closeted. Have I earned my spot in heaven?

Transgender women are killed outside their homes,  
 killed in the masses. Cases go cold. They sing from their  
 tombless graves. They sing the carols of justice. It sounds  
 like, "*Darling, I want my gay rights now!*"

I got my gay rights. It be laughing at me,  
    *“Darling, no more DL dudes at 2 am!”*