

| Claim |

David Cruz-Quiroz

To the brown boy I met at work with the oatmeal
brown eyes, curly-ish hair, sadness in his smile, and the
heavy scent of closet craving to be liberated,

Your love was prophesied by a palm reader, a corn man
I met down Bromont Avenue the summer I started my
first-gen career.

My first-gen career, in my first-gen shoes and suit.

With my first-gen love in my pocket, wrapped in
tinfoil.

Fall 2019

I rescue my time

01. When you'd call me drunk at 2 a.m.
02. Facetime cuz you wanted to show me your
straight cock
03. Our swim around Pacoima beautiful, visiting
old houses we called homes
04. Long walks on the Hansen Dam
05. Sweating with you at 24 while your girl cleans
the glass house you rented for her
06. Sucking you in my new black car

You are too cheap for my homosexual love
too cheap for her heterosexual love
Here's the bill, pay up.

Total: LOVE

QUEER

me + you = repressed fags

With this sentence,

I rescue my time

Summer 2023