

A Not-So-Missed Connection

Amber Drea

Blame it on Tina

You: 6'2", about twenty-five, bleached blond, tight hot pink pants, feather boa, no shirt. Me: 5'8", older, black leather jump suit, waxed chest, spiky dark hair, whip. The Fantasy Festival, August 2004, around two a.m. I helped you look for the bag of crystal you "dropped" on the ground. We found one that may or may not have been yours and did all of it. You told me to tie you up and we fucked for hours while watching the throngs of gorgeous boys run rampant around us. Tina made us feel invincible. The next day, I woke up and saw you there, passed out on the pavement, half naked and flushed, with blotches from bruises and bites. Your hair was matted with sweat, your pants ripped from when I tore them off. You looked so lovely that I didn't want to disturb you and ruin the fantasy of who you are, so I stumbled home, never having asked your name or where you live. When I found the unopened condoms in my pocket, I wagged a finger at my reflection and promised to be a good boy next time. But my friends, one-by-one, have been breaking the news; they are HIV positive. The myth is true. It really does happen to people. To people I know and love. So I went to the clinic and took the test and I've got it, too. I hope you read this, Hot Pink, and I hope you do the right thing. I just have one question. Was it you or me? Of course, we could always blame it on Tina.