Ever Laughter

Our hemo stud is looking for Drew love on Cupid's Day

February 1, 1999 By Shawn Decker

The new year is in full swing, and this Valentine's Day (a single positoid's worst nightmare), I'm once again taking that introspective stroll down Lonely Lane.

I've survived yet another breakup. Yes, dear reader, me and my Brazilian babe are no longer one. But not for lack of love or because of mixed-status woes. We were simply friends who got engaged to be married and expected everything to fall into place.

It didn't.

Positoids like me tend to come out of a relationship thinking we blew it. The whole time that we're dating negatoids we hear things like "She must be *so* brave" and "*I* could never do it." In the aftermath, these comments can manifest themselves in weird ways: Self-doubt, paranoia, negatophobia…

But still, I'm not coming out of this breakup feeling like I've scratched out all my options on the Lottery Ticket of Love. Yes, being a 23-year-old straight posiboy on the dating scene is an absurd slap in the face from God, but I have loved and been loved by some special ladies (so far only negatoids, but I'm open to fan mail). And I'm ready for more.

Recently I tried to narrow down what I want. I asked myself, "Just what am I looking for in a valentine?" Maybe a blonde? I've never dated one. If she's not a positoid, then I'd like her to be a bit worldly, anyway. And she'd be around my age, but having lived a crazy life and come out smiling.

And then it hit me like a De La Hoya hook: Drew!

We all love Drew Barrymore because in a world full of phony baloney she's a breath of fresh ham. Drew genuinely cares for us and has used her celebrity status to call for compassion toward the Positoid Guard.

And so I want to take this opportunity, before all *POZ* readers, to pledge my love to you, Ms. Barrymore. For all that you have done in the fight against AIDS, I want to sincerely thank you from

the bottom of my tainted-thin-blood-pumping heart. And I want to show you the true level of my appreciation.

OK, I want you to go out on a date with me. Yes, a date with a hemopositoid. But I'll warn you, these days I'm a lot more Barry White than Ryan White.

Just think—everything you've done up till now, from red ribbons to red lips, has been a small step toward this historic union—the pinnacle of your AIDS activism. The week after our landmark date, the cast of *Friends* will scurry to find lovers with HIV so they can appear on the cover of People with the caption "How We Opened Our Hearts to AIDS." They'll take all the credit for making HIVers the must-have date at award galas and fundraisers, but those in the know will understand who really set the trend.

I know, I know, you already have a boyfriend in negatoid Luke Wilson, your costar from *Home Fries*. But c'mon now, he's an…actor.

Look, this thing is bigger than Luke. It's even bigger than the two of us. We gotta think of The People. We could do safe-sex public service announcements about how much fun our coupling is and how condoms make my little fellow look bigger than he is. Or we could spend 24 hours in bed like latter-day John and Yokos. It would be the ideal way to bring HIV love into the new millennium.

"What about the media vultures?" I hear you asking. "Surely they'll hound us." All I have to do is cough when they're around—they'll keep their distance, trust me. If you keep the *POZ*arazzi off of me, I'll take care of the paparazzi.

You may wonder, What could we do for fun? Drive to the mall and take in a movie. I like my popcorn without butter, but if you like butter, then we'll get it. I'll just wait until you eat all the ones off the top.

See? We positoids are problem-solvers. A negatoid, like Luke, would spend 10 minutes in line bitching "Oh, Drew! The butter will make my face break out!" You know those actor types.

I should tell you right off the bat that my fuel gauge has been dangling dangerously close to "E." These days, a walk in the park makes me feel like I've just played a soccer match with football pads. But I'm looking into testosterone shots, so watch out. Soon I'll be all juiced up and ready to go.

Think about it, Drew. And know that whichever way you decide to spend your V-Day, a bunch of positoids love ya, baby. But none more than me.

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