Lord of the Ring

April 1, 2003

Who says serodiverse love can't last? A few months ago, after three years with my girlfriend, Gwenn Barringer (see "Almost Famous," *POZ*, May 2001), I decided it was time to pop the question. I'd found the perfect ring—but how to give it to her? Then it hit me. She always fills my pillbox with my HIV meds for the week. For once, why not put something in there for her?

I tucked the ring beneath a small picture of her in the slot marked "SUNDAY NIGHT". In the other slots, I put 27 stone hearts—one for each year of her amazing life. Music, dim lighting and flowers added a touch of elegance. Damn, I'm good.

Well, suffice it to say, she loved the ring. More important, she loves me—virus and all. And you know what? I love her, too. Gwenn has taught me the true meaning of that word, and I cherish each adventure we've had and each one that awaits us. We're getting married next year.

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