

Love

by Matt Potter

"I've met someone," Trent beams down the 'phone.

Thank God, I think. The drought has broken.

"You must meet him."

Standing on the corner, I wonder if Trent's new boyfriend will look like any of the exes: tall and muscled, like Rodrigo, Manny and Bruce? Petite and muscled, like Kim, Jackie and Ba? Or hairy and muscled, like Spike, Max and Bruce (doing double duty ten years and a new body later)?

"Hi, stranger." Trent's arms enclose me. A bursting warmth shines through his eyes.

"This guy's worked wonders," I say.

"I'm like a new man," Trent trills. Then holds up his hand, as if pledging allegiance. "Wait: I *am* a new man!"

"Come in," he says, leading me through a side door. And into a church. Which I'd noticed while waiting but thought was just a meeting point.

Trent stops before a statue of a buff Jesus. "Meet the new man in my life."

Trent's had many phases: Madonna, Bette, leather, water sports, rollerblading, haiku, chicken queen, rice queen, muscle queen, daddy. But religion? This is *new*.

But there's no denying Trent looks a different — certainly happier — person.

"How serious is this?" I say.

He lays his hands on my arm. "Come with me to my prayer meeting tonight."

I look for a chink, to find the Trent I've always known.

"I can't," I say. "I have a date with the devil."

"Oh," he says. But I see the familiar spark in his eyes. "Tell him I said hello."

