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Targeted Ads

I know many men afraid of showing misalignments:
nothing juxtaposing nothing. Their bodies readjusting
to the lack of attention. What we see encapsulated
on the internet stays just as an image.

Someone selling body positivity pops up. The nude male
models aren't shown close enough for detailed
facial expressions. They stand amorphous.
I recognize similar features. We all have eyes

wandering toward a lens. Even if we are
still, we want to acknowledge each other
as specimens, etherized, trusting
each other during every examination.

Hooking

He already drank inside the gay bathhouse,
illegal, but who am I to tell him no, stop.
Talking scares the other men off. But he sat there

underneath the glow of two men caressing.
If only my girlfriend would allow me to touch her
he mumbled. He pushed himself back on the formaldehyde

couch, and another man came up to him. Again
pushing back enough for the support.
No, not now, no. He told the other man

he just came. He didn't look at me
when he started: *I didn't want*
to be there, but I wanted to be there, you know

man, that feeling, that touch. Shut me up
if I talk to much I told him, and all I wanted
was, and then silence in the moans. The televised

men above us get close, so close. *he wrapped my hand*
behind me, I didn't want that, but in the moment
it was raw, it is raw. He didn't pick himself up

for a while -- shifting weight,
shifting,
 waiting. *Are you okay, man?* I ask him
Yeah. yeah. Projected still, two men in the middle of love.