

Oooh Black Stretch T-shirt

Alan Spink

Beautiful 30-year-old Leo woke up in a nine-month drug rehab after a fourteen-day medicated detox.

His garbage bag of clothes was his sole possession. Leo was blessed with good hair which he learnt to style with the lube sachets which came from the condom bags provided. It was the early 90's and people were dropping like flies while Prince was singing about "a big disease with a little name". The rehab was in one of those run down three-storey creaky terrace firetraps with an attic in the backstreets of Redfern.

When Leo was unpacking his garbage bag into his three allocated drawers he took stock of the room he was to share with three other guys. Out of the plastic bag Leo came across a black stretch t-shirt. It smelt kinda funky but looked great on his skinny body.

Leo washed it in the bathroom sink with shampoo and hung it in the bedroom window to dry, stretch dries quickly.

Leo was so lost he had no idea what was happening, his mind addled from years of chronic drug use. The loneliness of his life haunted him. Friends, lovers, clubs, backrooms, trailer parks, relationships were blurred and transactional — though Leo smiled sometimes at the flashbacks he had of the hedonism and magical moments experienced with so many men (and a few women). Leo was trying his best to figure out what was wrong with this queen even though it had never occurred to him it might be the drug and alcohol component of his culture. Though he remembered an Inquisition party he'd done straight. He'd been sore for days after because he'd danced for six hours straight and then had sex for a couple of hours before passing out in the park.

Leo resented that he had to get up early, like 6.30am to eat and stuff before the first fuken group of the day.

Leo was one of 35 jail and street junkies running around with morning boners fighting over the three bathrooms competing with each other to look fabulous; most drug users work hard and take a lot of pride in their image. It was also the only time during the day Leo could spend a few moments on his own often reflecting on his queerness which felt brand new without the drugs. There was a Greek guy in Leo's room with Donna Summer hair. He was Leo's first rehab crush; his name was George (of course) and he had two cans of cheap hair spray to keep those ringlets in place. George had that straight Milli Vanilli thing going on and his lacy underwear was Kmart. Leo received a tiny allowance from his sickness benefit every fortnight which didn't cover his cigarettes which were like gold and he guessed it also covered hairspray. George actually quit smoking so as to buy his hairspray — Leo was impressed by his dedication to his hair. No one quit smoking in those days.

Leo's t-shirt was the best thing he had. He couldn't sell his body in there, they had rules about that though. Leo would have put out for smokes and suspected he wouldn't be the only one.

The guys all repeatedly stated they were straight though Leo couldn't remember saying he was gay. The sexual tension in the house was confusing and a bit titillating. The men's confessions of sexual conquests, marriages and failed affairs were heart-breaking. The morning stench of cum and testosterone was both sexy and overwhelming. Leo's fellow housemates' opportunism, all the confessions and 'questioning' Leo found baffling WTF his dick was hard.

Leo wore that black stretch t-shirt nearly every day for three months. One of the few things Leo guessed he could retain in his head was that you can't go wrong with black stretch. Leo would wash that black stretch t-shirt which never faded and it would dry in no time.