2004

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Recommended Citation

Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.5795

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DOUGLAS GOETSCH

No Homo

The boys in the jail say it like an insurance policy, as in Yo son no homo but that nigga was big! because if one forgets no homo the others pounce—Aw that’s that homo shit!—which happens sometimes when we’re reading aloud and get to the word love or body or swallow or bend. When they think my pants are too tight I hear fuckin faggot under their breath, or Yo I think we got a fuGAYzi here. So I go down to the gym and hit a few shots from downtown to shut down that homo shit, you might say; let them debate instead if a nigga can braid another nigga’s hair or does it have to be a bitch?

When I congratulate Luis on his execution of the two-no homo sentence—No homo B. but your test was long and it was no homo hard—he cocks his head and looks at me funny. I don’t know what Patrick is thinking when he says No homo Goetsch but that’s a nice radio, but I do know the small kids say it more than the big ones, and no amount of no homo will help where some of them are going to get initiated by someone who’s also not a homo—as if that mattered. Sometimes they come for a kid in the middle of class: C’mon Deshawn you goin’ upstate, and little Deshawn gets a ritual pound and half a hug from every boy in the room.