



PROJECT MUSE®

## 2. Remember

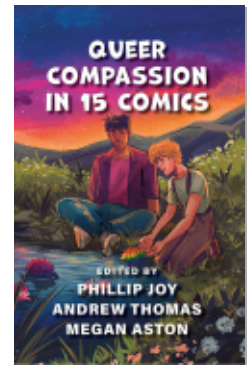
### Published by

Joy, Phillip, et al.

Queer Compassion in 15 Comics.

Lever Press, 2024.

Project MUSE. <https://dx.doi.org/10.1353/book.124564>.



➔ For additional information about this book

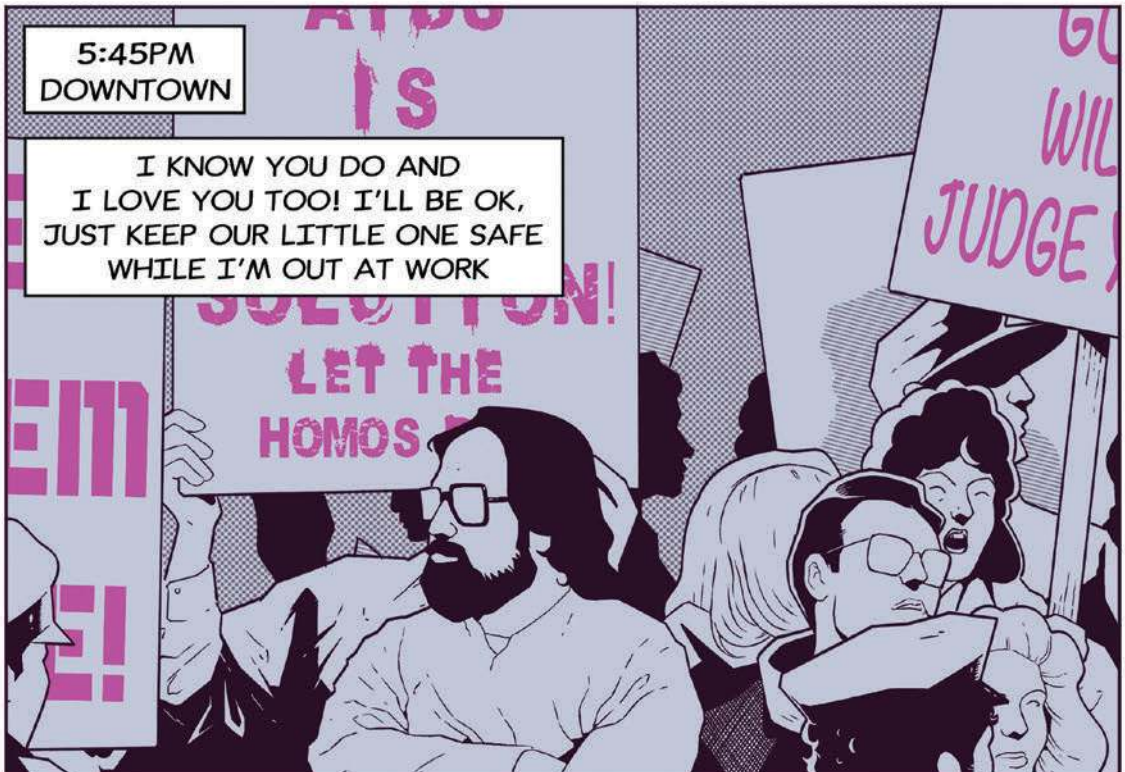
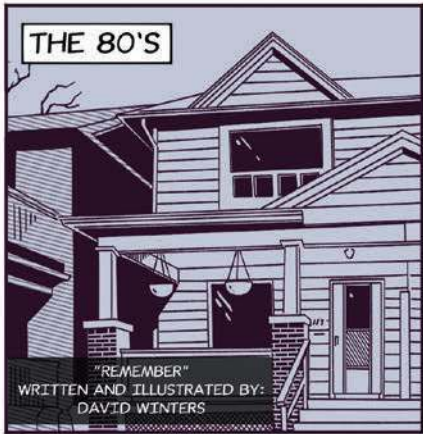
<https://muse.jhu.edu/book/124564>

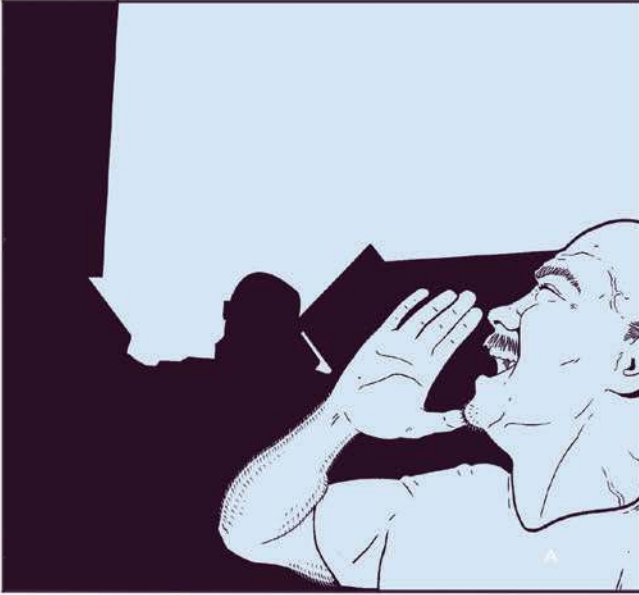


This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution 4.0 International License.

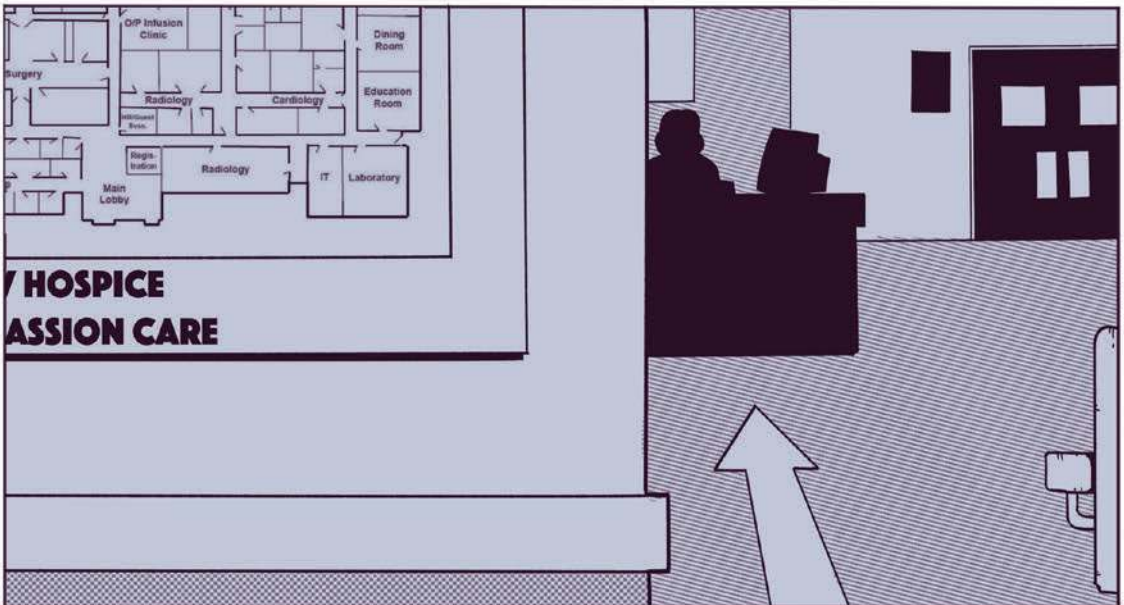
[162.158.62.115] Project MUSE (2025-04-04 20:03 GMT)

*REMEMBER*  
BY  
DAVID WINTERS









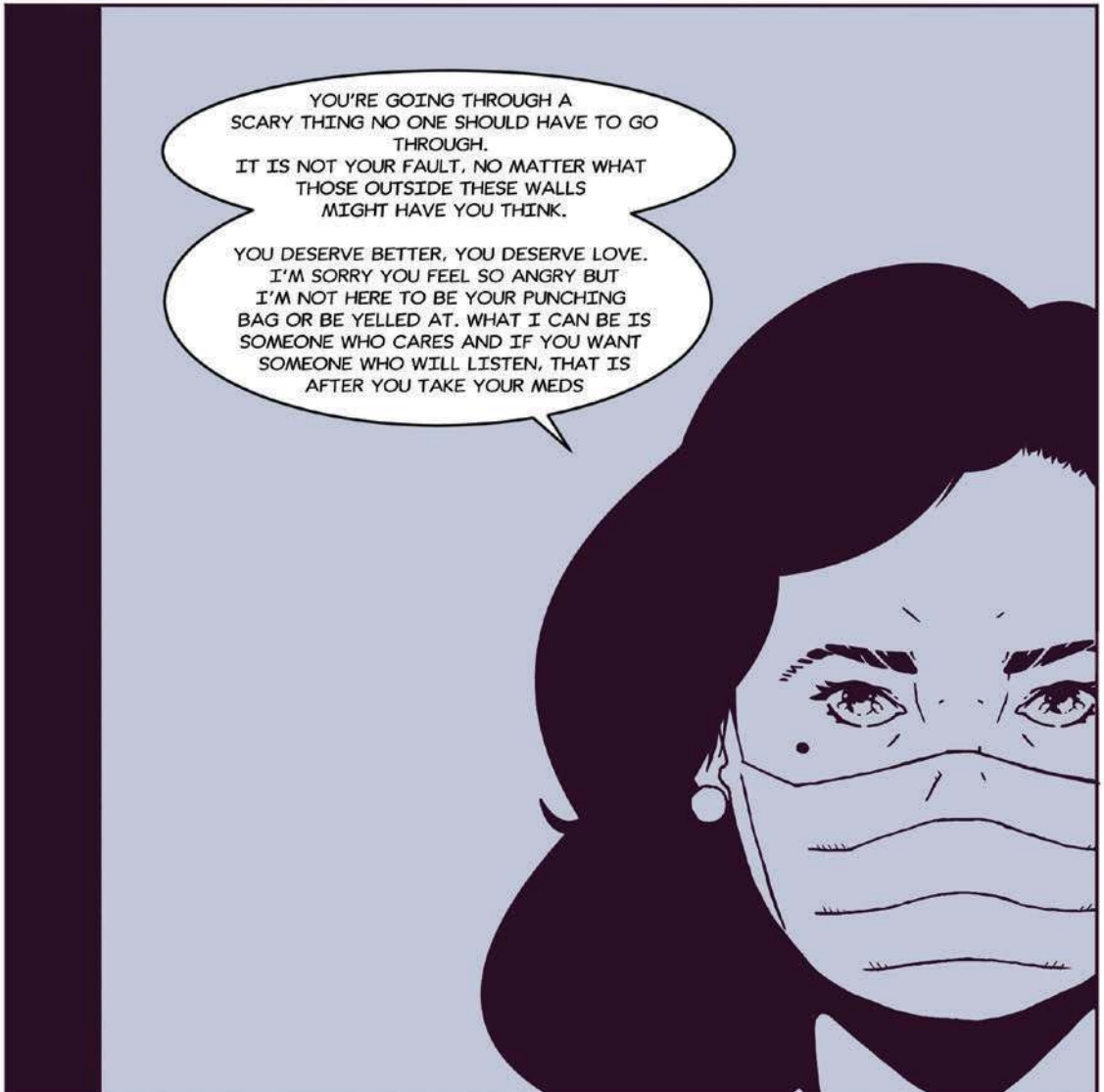




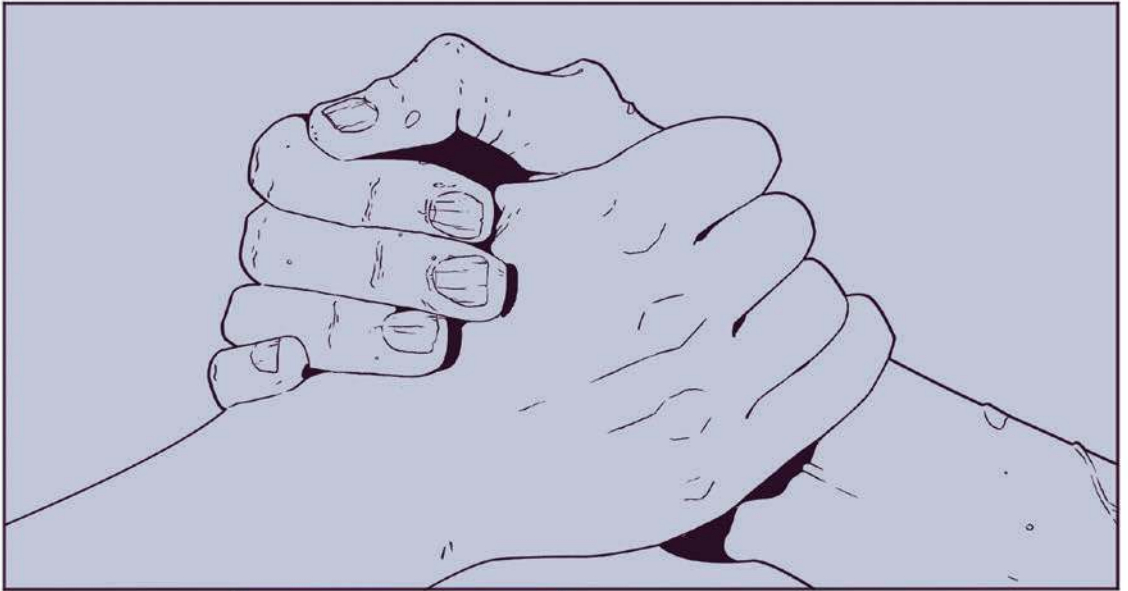












MY PARENTS LOVED ME, THEY SAID I WAS THEIR "GIFT FROM GOD", THEN AS I GOT OLDER IT WAS PRETTY OBVIOUS I WASN'T WHAT THEY EXPECTED OF THEIR SON

WHEN I CAME OUT, ACTUALLY WHEN I WAS FOUND OUT I WAS KICKED OUT, I WAS HOMELESS AND ALONE, NO ONE WOULD HELP ME. I WENT FROM A BIG HOUSE TO THE STREETS.

MY FIRST BREAK CAME WHEN A SHELTER TOOK ME IN AND I EVENTUALLY GOT A PART TIME JOB AT THE DOLLAR STORE WHERE I MET PETE

PETE WAS AMAZING, HE WAS JUST A LITTLE OLDER THAN ME BUT HAD A PLACE OF HIS OWN, AND EVEN AN ADORABLE DOG NAMED ANDREW

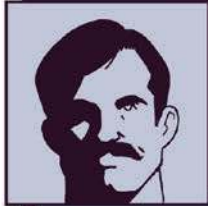
WE STARTED DATING AND WE MOVED PRETTY QUICK.

WE WERE TOGETHER FOR THREE YEARS UNTIL HE GOT SICK, THEN ALL OF A SUDDEN HE WAS GONE. IT WAS SO FAST.

HE JUST WASTED AWAY. HIS FAMILY WANTED NOTHING TO DO WITH HIM.

I BURIED HIM WITH WHAT FRIENDS WE HAD LEFT, THEN RIGHT AFTER I STARTED TO GET SICK.

I LOST OUR APARTMENT, GAVE ANDREW AWAY TO MY NEIGHBOR AND ENDED UP HERE





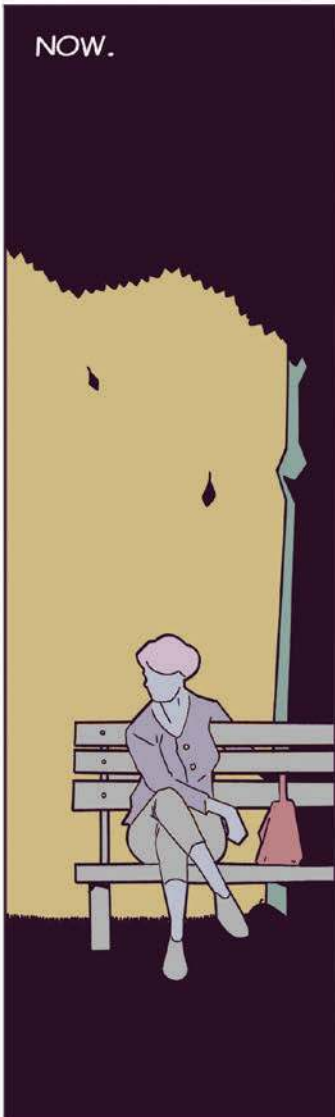


I CALLED MY MOM. SHE HUNG UP ON ME,  
WHO HANGS UP ON THEIR SON WHEN  
THEY CALL FROM THEIR DEATH BED!

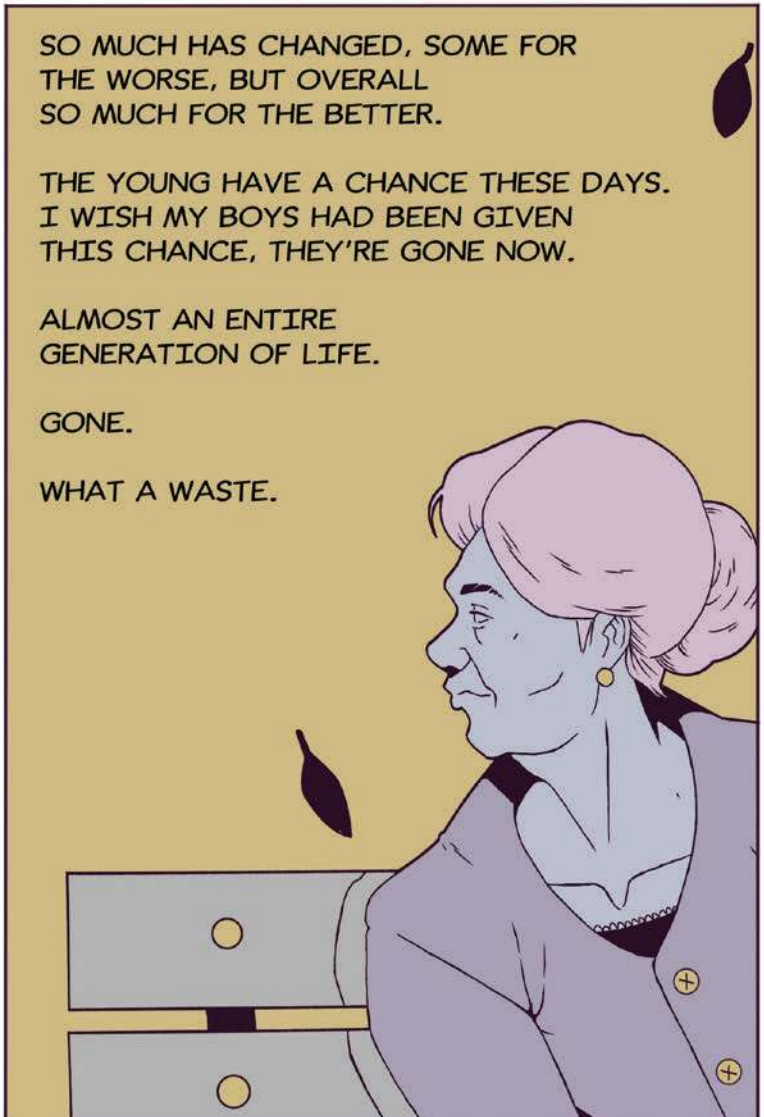


A PRETTY CRAPPY  
MOM I WOULD SAY

BUT RIGHT NOW  
YOU'RE NOT ALONE,  
REMEMBER THAT



NOW.



SO MUCH HAS CHANGED, SOME FOR  
THE WORSE, BUT OVERALL  
SO MUCH FOR THE BETTER.

THE YOUNG HAVE A CHANCE THESE DAYS.  
I WISH MY BOYS HAD BEEN GIVEN  
THIS CHANCE, THEY'RE GONE NOW.

ALMOST AN ENTIRE  
GENERATION OF LIFE.

GONE.

WHAT A WASTE.

I'M A MOTHER NOW, A GRANDMOTHER  
EVEN.

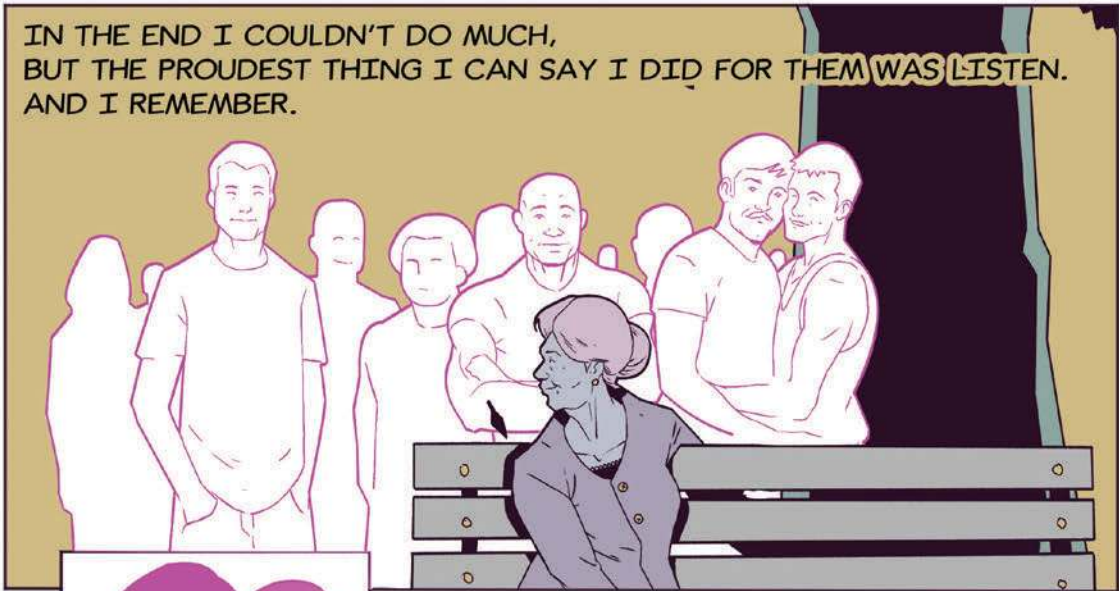
LIFE HAS BEEN GOOD.

THERE'S BEEN DARK TIMES BUT WE  
GOT THROUGH IT.

WELL SOME OF US DID.



IN THE END I COULDN'T DO MUCH,  
BUT THE PROUDEST THING I CAN SAY I DID FOR THEM WAS LISTEN.  
AND I REMEMBER.



I REMEMBER ALL MY BOYS.



FIN





## **FROM THE ARTIST**

The topic of HIV and caring for those struggling with it reminded me of stories I had heard about (mostly) lesbians working at hospice facilities in the '80s/'90s that took horrible abuse from people who were scared and left to die alone. These women continued to show up and be there for these people, showing empathy and compassion to them when no one else would.