

a mouth in motion tends to stay in motion

by Jerry Ratch

I remember a big Walgreen's Drug store (maybe in Elmhurst, or Oakbrook Center?) and this shopping expedition we went on. That's where you bought your first Dust Buster, I believe (or was this another man?) Anyway, you made me carry everything. We didn't take a cart and you kept loading everything on me. And I remember a woman in one aisle who was gabbing constantly to her friend and you turned to me said, "*A mouth in motion tends to stay in motion. That's Newton's First Theory of Blabbing.*" (Only you would say something like that, so this had to be you.) And the woman turned around and bore a hole right through me, staring, after first looking me up and down like I was a little hooker. She didn't say anything, but gave me that look (I did have my midriff showing!)

"I don't have enough room for another tattoo," I remember saying. The woman threw her nose in the air so far she probably got a nosebleed. *"On my ass anyway!"* I added. Well, they quit gabbing, I'll tell you. You laughed so hard you snorted.

I remember so many things ... do you remember who *I am* yet? I attached pictures to jog your memory, including the house on Euclid where I lived.

