

Florence, of Irvine

by Jerry Ratch

Then there was Florence, of Irvine, a favorite around there. She'd been given every imaginable form of financial help and scholarship. And I guess you could say, she was pretty talented.

Florence was tiny, and so skinny it hurt to look at her. You wondered how she could even stand up in the wind. One day at school Florence came up to me in the hallway and when I asked her how she was getting along since she had just arrived from Louisiana or Texas or wherever she was from, she said, point blank, "Can you help me? I need a lover, and a friend."

"I can be both," I said. I don't know, I just opened my mouth and out it flew. You don't even stop to think what you might be saying at a moment like that. I mean, she knew I was shacking up with this waitress girlfriend of mine. They'd even met at this party in Laguna Beach at a young writer's house where we had all gotten smashed on wine and stoned on the strong dope that young gang of poets from Fresno always toted around with them. I remember at one point Florence laughing so hard that she had to lean on my arm to steady herself.

So we went back to her apartment that evening and she stripped off all her clothes and she took off all mine as well and told me to just lie down on my back on her bed and she would take care of me.

Now Florence had the body more or less of a boy. I mean, she had practically speaking no tits at all. I've seen men who had more on their chest. Her nipples were purple, but tiny. She had posters of Jimmy Hendricks taped to her walls and one on her ceiling right above the bed. And while she put her mouth over my cock I kept staring up at Jimmy Hendricks rocking the world with his magical guitar.

Problem was, Florence was still a virgin. And I didn't feel comfortable dealing with that again. I'd already been through that

scenario once before with a girlfriend back in Chicago, and once was enough for me. Poor Florence was so tight I couldn't even get my little finger up inside her. I kept trying and trying, but she squirmed around and couldn't loosen up.

Finally I gave up, and made some excuse, so I wouldn't have to go through this again. Can't remember what miserable thing I might have said.

So that was yet another one-nighter without a stand, even, in L.A.

Florence changed her name after that. And I'm pretty sure it may have fallen to the famous head honcho poet, who'd gotten her into the writing program, to be the one who deflowered her. But I sure remember Jimmy Hendricks, who kept watching me from the ceiling of her apartment, like an angel

