

# Flying Into the Sun

*by* Jerry Ratch

To answer your question, “Do you think you left your soul there?”...

No, my soul isn't floating around in your bedroom anymore... you took it with you when you walked out my door for the last time.

Well, maybe there's still just a *little* smudge up on the ceiling...

Looking back, you couldn't possibly have known how I felt about you. But that's ok... there's no need to be sorry for anything, and I have no regrets. Being in love with you was a little like flying into the sun. I knew I would come out burned, but the pain was exquisite and I guarded it carefully. And if you had asked, I would have done it again.

You need to stop writing things I want to respond to!! Oh, by the way, there's no Danish in this blonde... I am 3/4 Swedish! (I think I just heard my grandfather turn over in his grave...*Danish?* Never!)

