

From Eternity To Here

by Jerry Ratch

I don't know how the nights can be so long when life is so short.
Can you tell me that?

I always thought you were maybe fooling around a bit when we met, with that evasive bull about your initials on the brandy snifter, with that JAM person! I just didn't know how much. Or how hurt you were inside. I guess I was blinded by the romantic side of you, that's all. And when I had my infamous out-of-body experience the first time we had sex — well, it just does not happen that often.

I guess you're gone now. That's okay, I can live with my own ghosts. Everybody needs a soul. But tell me this, if you can. Just what is the length of eternity? And how do we get all the way from there, back to here?

