give me a real moment with a living god and I'll go all the way

by Jerry Ratch

I remember, when I was selling real estate, how you could always tell when there'd been a divorce. One room was conspicuously left emptied of its contents, and these rooms were never swept or tidied. Instead they were left just as they were when the partner left, taking their possessions with them. The room echoed when you walked across the bare wood floor. Meanwhile life struggled forward without them. The rest of the house tried to go on as if the barren room didn't exist, but the weight of that empty room made the heart of the house sag. I felt like one of those houses, after you left, I have to admit.

Somebody needed to take my clothes off. Somebody needed to moisten their fingers and stick something up inside me. Somebody needed to whisper something in my ear and get me going and have me get on top and never stop until I came and came again. Somebody needed to stop drinking and shut the hell up and kiss me and fuck me over and over until I grew up or became a virgin again or gave birth to something. Someone needed to tell me I was needed in their lives.

I've had it with religion. I've had it with clothes and laced up boots, hair dyes and perfume. Give me a real moment with a living god and I'll go all the way!

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