

# Going Along for the Ride

*by* Jerry Ratch

You could hear her coming from a long way off  
like she kept trying to catch her breath,  
like she was getting the fun rattled out of her bones.

But it was laughter, always laughter that kept on  
filling up her belly from the inside

and she was having trouble sitting on top of that flaming ride  
and keeping her balance, and her cool,  
as if her cool wasn't all that important anymore.

