

It's My Life

by Jerry Ratch

Look, "Wolfie," (or "Pharaoh," or whatever your name is now) a little too much information, don't you think? I don't need to hear all the details about you and Sharon. It's my life, and I'll cry if I want to — to alter the song just a little. So let's just stick to the details and the facts, okay?

I remember you with the same beard (just a different color!) and slightly longer hair.

I remember your Mom serving ox tail soup for dinner one night. I had never had that before but thought it was very good. I didn't actually know what I was eating until I hit something on the bottom of the bowl and asked what it was. Your Mom looked at me with surprise and said, "Well, that's the ox tail, of course!" I'm not sure, but I don't think I could eat another spoonful.

Maybe I should have, but I wasn't Bohemian like you. I was English, maybe with some Danish thrown in there? (accounting for my blond hair, I guess) among other things. I did a whole family search one time and came up with relatives from all over the world. Argentina, Australia, New Zealand, Canada. Even Uruguay, and South Africa. U.S. of course. I can trace my ancestors back to 16th century England. So you could have said hello to Shakespeare through me! Bet you didn't know that!

Maybe if I'd had some Swedish thrown in the mix (like that Lynda girlfriend of yours,) you might have stuck around. Who knows?

I think that time melts and means nothing in the landscape of a poem, or a great book. Think of it. Just melts! Honestly, I don't know

how the nights can be so long when life is so short. Can you tell me that?

Someone needed to tell me I was needed in their lives. Everybody needs a soul.

