

just one more time, God, I promise

by Jerry Ratch

The last time I was with Terry, she surprised me by crossing herself just before we had sex. She too had been going out with this Mario pimp, with his ski boat out on Fox River. The guy who was going around sniffing after most (if not all) of my old girlfriends. (Sharon, etc) Where did he get the list of them, for God's sake? I wanted to know. It was like they were sitting targets on some kind of radar screen around the Midwest! Who was this guy? And was he teaching them to go around crossing themselves after they took off their clothes? Was he trying to become some kind of saint? Sinners and saints made a strange lot!

Well, I never went back to her place again, needless to say. I don't even remember how I ended up at her apartment that last time. Whether she called me out of the blue, or what, I can't say. I just remember her closing the bedroom door and taking off all her clothes, standing near the door, and giving that quick sign of the cross the way they do. It's just plain weird, if you want to know the truth. It's like apologizing to God, or Jesus or somebody, for breaking down and giving in again to the way of the body, the will of the flesh, the inner drive, the need for pleasure. *Just one more time, God, I promise, and that's it.*

Well, okay, God, (or Jesus, or whatever!) you got your way with that one.

