

karmic youth

by Jerry Ratch

We were so easy, so willing to be drained, that to start making those puffed-up stories about us now, our courage, etc. would be purely misleading. Put a bottle, or glass of wine in our hand, and our panties flew off, and gladly we would have followed you down any road. Let's not even try to pretend otherwise. We were not foolish, we were wanton!

Ah, that karmic youth, how I used and misspent mine! But if given the chance, I would do it all again. You cannot know how simple the choice would be. I remember clearly the song they sang to me on my eighteenth birthday. *"Happy birthday, you're finally legal. Keep those legs from going spread-eagle!"* If they only knew!

Thinking about you — it's too delicious, and sinful. It puts butter on the heart to think about it. One has to resort to living in the moment a little more, or trying to, whenever I get around to remembering my times with you. You don't want to have to turn back. You don't want to think of the future either. Just be.

Someone should stop me, before this goes any further. Definitely. It's too delicious, and sinful. I have to tell myself: think about it, before you commit. But just think about what you do to me.

