

L.A. Blonde

by Jerry Ratch

Then there was Marsha, the blonde bombshell, at Irvine, who slept over one night only. As in the original one night stand, your standard L.A. blonde beach-girl bombshell ex-cheerleader tear your heart out and spit it as far as she could. Wrench your balls off, get what she could. She slept with me that one night just so she could get closer to the head honcho famous visiting poet teacher. I won't mention any names. But she wanted so badly to sleep with him that she climbed all over me to get nearer to him, so much that I could smell the heat of her as her body passed overhead like a long blonde 5 ft 10 inch hot air Barbie-doll balloon.

Her tits and belly hanging out in the shower that we took together the morning after. Nice large nipples that stood out, I remember. For some reason she had a belly, even though she was otherwise pretty thin. Had she been pregnant once? I don't know for sure. She didn't like me touching her tits. In fact she didn't like being touched much at all. And there was a certain faraway sadness in her eyes. Couldn't figure out what that was. A distance of some sort. Or a vacancy of the soul, maybe. A coldness. Of being used to the certainty and finality of the one night stand. So that she wouldn't ever have to come back for more.

Onward toward the new conquest, looking for the famed, and the infamous. Destined to have one child and live alone for the rest of her life in a little beachfront apartment in Venice, or Laguna Beach, or more likely Redondo. To lie and brown in the sand and the sun, forever. She's probably still there, if you want to go find her, O infamous poet. (You know who you are, or may be.)

