

not all scars are the same

by Jerry Ratch

All I wanted to know was: Am I coming close? You could have given me a clue. How was I to know how deep the scar ran? I always thought scars were superficial, but I was young, and willing — what did I know?

What would they have done if they had come into your bedroom and found me floating near the ceiling? I know what. *“You come down off that ceiling, young lady!”* they would shout. *“And put some clothes on! Where’s your self-respect?”*

They should have asked that when I first met you out in the street, when I was still with Louie Weezer. They should have warned me when I threw your keys onto Shel’s roof right after that. They should have warned me when you invited me over to your house and into your bedroom, when you lifted the blonde curls off my neck and kissed me like that, and gave me chills on my opposite hip. When you made my soul shudder through and through, and turned me into a real woman.

A girl likes to be asked. Though I know I wouldn’t have listened. I would have stuck out my pretty little neck, with its blonde curls and all. And if asked, I would have done it all again. And we would never discuss whether there would be more sex in heaven, or some sex, or any sex at all. And I was awfully close to being a human wind chime, I know, when I started chirping (or whimpering) like I did, whenever I got close to coming. But not all scars are the same. And bending the rules a little is a necessity of life.

