

One Night Stand with the Birthday Girl Near Lincoln Park Before Leaving on my “Honeymoon”

by Jerry Ratch

She took me home to her flat one night because I was too drunk at this literary party where we met and started making out on the stairs. It was her birthday. Come on, she said. She pulled me into someone's bedroom and took my clothes off but I was too drunk to do anything right then, so she put my clothes back on and took me home to her place near Lincoln Park where we were finally able to have sex on her couch as it was turning dawn and I could see the cockroaches scurrying for cover.

Then I went back to Terry's place and we did it before we left on our “honeymoon” vacation to Wisconsin. And we had sex all over the map of Wisconsin as Terry marked each spot where we did it with a red “X” on this map she had taken from my dad's gas station. In those days gas stations gave out maps for free. We had sex everywhere we went that summer. In state parks in the front seat of the car, up against a tree one time I will never forget, with her bare back rubbing up against the bark of this big tree I had backed her up against, and I swore that tree sensed it as I slipped in and out deeper and deeper, with one of her legs up on a giant root so that she could spread open wider, because she was just barely past being a tight virgin.

And another time way up a trail, out on a rock ledge, as it was turning dangerously dark all around us, and then we could barely see anything getting down the trail in the eerie dark.

That was the end of my life of one night stands for some time to come.

