

poetry seductress

by Jerry Ratch

And then there was this girl from Boston, named Pat, who was a little on the hefty side and wouldn't get off me. And I was skinny then too. She wanted sex so much and so often that the whole time I visited her apartment in Cambridge, after I graduated from my writing program, for two whole weeks she wouldn't let me leave the apartment. I never got to see Boston. It was like being chained to the bed. I felt like a human sex machine. The only reason I got out at all was because she had sprayed some Raid accidentally on some Triscuits and I developed a really bad case of hives and had to go see a doctor. Then I got to see *sunlight!* and experience the crazy drivers slamming into each other at the intersections there because they had no stop signs. Also, in a matter of two weeks I was developing a distinct Boston accent, it was so infectious.

I knew her from Irvine, where she was in the English PhD program. She relished seducing all manner of poets. It was her specialty, professors, students, whatever. The last time I ever saw her was in Santa Cruz in the fall of 1971 when I was working on my long 22 page Suburban Poem. I was holed up in this tiny beach cottage on Front Street, real near the Boardwalk, and drinking gallons of Red Mountain Pink Chablis and composing this long poem. And she would come into my little one room apartment where I had a mattress on the floor and all my note cards laid out on the bed and she would push me down flat and take off my clothes and put her mouth on me and then get on top and ride me until I came. And she never used birth control, so I suppose it's possible she could have given birth to a son after that overwhelming campaign. Though we never spoke after that, because I ran off up to Berkeley to get married to my first wife, the nut case with four children by another man. Ugh! Don't get me started! Where to even begin? I guess it would be fair to say I needed to have my own head examined, with

that one! Just trying to save the world, I guess. But who among us hasn't?

