

Sinning and Sinning and Sinning

by Jerry Ratch

Then I learned she was revealing all our sexcapades to this young priest.

Forgive me, father, I have sinned. We had sex outdoors against a tree in Wisconsin and the tree was blending with our act and becoming one with my back rubbing up against the bark.

And then the priest began following our sexcapades.

Forgive me, father, I have sinned. We had sex on top of a rock outcropping in a state park and I felt the earth move beneath us.

And it was like someone was watching our every move.

Forgive me, father, I have sinned. We had sex in an open boat on Fox River and mosquitoes wouldn't stop sucking our blood as we made love and they were enjoying it so much!

I know, my child, the lonely priest said. I know.

Forgive me, father, I have sinned. We have sex in every imaginable position.

I can only imagine, said the priest.

