

that part of life I forgot to live

by Jerry Ratch

You won't find me shopping at University Housecoats. There's a vast gulf between being pretty, and pretty dangerous, I've learned. Oh yeah, and that part of life I forgot to live? I would live in the past too, if I thought I could re-achieve youth. At some point my halo fell around my ankles. That's all I know.

I remember so many things. I saw one woman who was holding herself as she walked past, as though a fire was about to lunge out of her insides — she was in such great need of being held! I know there's love, that's a given. But life's other goal ought to be laughter. Because the despair that comes and goes is here again.

I know I was told not to go sticking my neck out too much — because if anything has too long a neck, the urge to have a hand ringing it will be irresistible. But with you, it was okay. I stuck out my pretty little neck, with its blonde curls and all. And if asked, I would have done it again.

