

The Creator of the Nipple

by Jerry Ratch

Speaking of stiff nipples, I heard you once wanted to become a painter, because of your fondness for nipples. Feeling like Gauguin and his little Polynesian women/girls, are we? So, you're going to try to out-paint God, are you, Mr. Sistine Chapel of the Soul? Honestly — the creator of the nipple? Good luck with that!

I remember how you made mine feel, under my skimpy white top while we were lying on the beach down in Chicago that summer, when you were applying Coppertone Suntan Lotion along the ridge of my bikini. (Ah, the smell of the beach.) They wouldn't relax for hours! I don't think they relaxed the whole time we were going out, if you want the whole truth and nothing but the truth. I remember so many things...

Why did I write to you anyway? To indicate friendliness. For the fondness of the heart, the tenacity of the soul. All those things, I suppose.

Looking back, you couldn't possibly have known how I felt about you. But that's ok... there's no need to be sorry for anything, and I have no regrets. Being in love with you was a little like flying into the sun. I knew I would come out burned, but the pain was exquisite and I guarded it carefully. And if you had asked, I would have done it again.

