

The Heart Does Not Know What It Cannot Have

by Jerry Ratch

“I take him to see all those sexy movies,” she said, “because it puts the passion back in him. I love what he does to me when we get back home after those movies.”

“Yeah,” I said, “but don't you think he's like all hat and no cattle?”

She frowned, and I could see I had crossed a definite line. These two suited one another, like a dark streak crossing a dark path, even as he was sucking down the cream of her heart. There were reports of her cooing like a dove, then yipping like a puppy, when she was underneath him.

Alfie, my dog, hated him. Every time he came over Alfie would just keep barking and barking, like he was a mailman in his other life.

But trying to reason with her was a little like winning the Woody Allen Prize for Poetry. You couldn't be sure whether it's a blessing or a curse. Either way it's not enough to buy two #2 yellow pencils, pre-sharpened.

But at night, unlike me, they sit before infinity, touching. And she still covers their shadows, I bet, with suggestive lipstick.

