

# the last day of the world

*by* Jerry Ratch

I thought that was the last day of the world (when I floated up near your ceiling,) but it was the first. I thought I had seen the worst. But that was nothing. I know you had no idea what was coming when I first met you. But when we looked in each other eyes, I know what we were thinking. Both of us! "Very fuckable." That's what!

You were racy and aggressive, and dreamy, and I liked it! It was thrilling to be with you, and I liked it. I remember sitting in your bedroom for hours, just watching you while you wrote. I remember looking for some trace of myself along your ceiling, where my soul had floated for a few moments our first time. And I loved it!

I would have said your shirt was on fire, if not your pants, but that was not because you were a liar. In fact you were never a liar, as far as I knew, except for that bull about the initials of that JAM girl on the brandy snifter in your bedroom. Oh, and maybe I asked if you loved me once, after I uttered the immortal French words, "je t'aime," (which I learned from a movie.) So maybe you had learned to be somewhat evasive, that's all. What's the harm in that? I want to know. A little evasion in taxes, a little evasion in love, what the heck, right? Exactly! How's a body to learn, otherwise? Well, I guess there's a little criminal element in every crowd. Even in the spiritual crowd, as it turned out.

I remember sneezing in the car one time when we were parked somewhere. A cat came up and looked at me. I said I wanted to pet him, but I sneezed again and he ran away. I think I was wearing those boots you bought me, that laced up the front. (I don't know if that had anything to do with it.)

