

The Summer They Walked On the Moon

by Jerry Ratch

That summer I fucked Kathi R. from Wheaton, as much as I could. She called me Professor Obsessor. She was short and practically without tits, but must have had the longest arms, because she could somehow reach down around my ass while I was on top and she would play with my balls at exactly the right moment to make me spurt out about a quart of come inside her.

Then there was the waitress from Lombard who was already engaged, but who liked the way I sucked on her beautiful perfect nipples and asked, "How do you do that?" and she kept saying, "Don't get me pregnant, don't get me pregnant," but was maybe really saying, "Come inside me already, will you? I want to be a mom." Who had her life planned out before her with her perfect house with its white picket fence and 2.5 kids.

I fucked Terry for the last time, who crossed herself after she undressed by the bedroom door, after taking off all her clothes and letting them drop to the floor in the apartment where she was living with a loud brassy woman named Brandy, who obviously disapproved of Terry's "first lover." I'll never forget seeing that quick sign of the cross before she came to the side of the bed. The hold that church had on her soul, as though this was one for the road to hell.

Then there was one more time with Sharon after meeting her at this loud nightclub in Elmhurst and she went back to my basement with me and we fucked one more time, and she wanted to show me how she'd learned to give a blow job, with her big tits swinging down as always. One last fuck, for old time's sake.

And they walked on the moon that summer and we drank the days away, just before the stabbing at the Rolling Stones concert at Altamont Speedway, which signaled a darkening change in the

wind, as the Sixties began to end in earnest. And we sang: "I can fuckin' dream like everyone. I can fuckin' dream like everyone. I can even dream like you. But your love will let you walk on water. Yes, love will let you walk on water, to the edge of time. To the edge of time. And I can even dream like you. I can even dream like you."

