

# this was very symbolic

*by* Jerry Ratch

I remember this vivid dream I had once. Maybe you were in it? I'm not sure. There was a gang of spitting men outside this bar, standing beside a whole row of gleaming motorcycles, with tons of chrome, and I remember my dreams were their feathers. They had beaks, some of them, and wore helmets made of fur. (It was the good thing I never did drugs again, after that one time when I was "jetting." That was awful. I vowed I would never go there again!)

I was dating one of them and I got on the back of his motorcycle and he got on and went "Vroom! Vroom!" like with his mouth (somehow it was also his beak, don't ask me how!) and we were going nowhere fast, and I remember thinking, *This was very symbolic*. And I quit going out with that guy after that, and tried looking you up again, but you had already gone back out to California with that slut Jolene and her 3 kids. You left all of us alone, in Illinois. And I remember hearing you were back the following summer, when men walked on the moon (1969,) and for a moment I was floating on the ceiling of your bedroom again, looking for my own soul. God too.

