

Very F_able

by Jerry Ratch

I know what you were thinking.
I know what I was thinking.
We both looked in each others' eyes
and thought: "Very fuckable."

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When I pulled up in my metallic silver-pine green '55 Chevy with 4-on-the-floor, and revved up the engine in the middle of the street, you came right over to my car and leaned in the window. "This your car?"

It was warm out. Your arms were bare, low cut tank-top with your navel showing. Glowing short-cut hair, like a cheer-leader. I looked right down your shirt. There wasn't that much there, but we both grinned, nodding. "Wanna take a ride?"

"I'm with him." You nodded in the other car's direction.

"Your boyfriend?"

"Louie. It's not serious. Are you going over to Shel's house?"

"Yes, I am."

We both looked in each others' eyes.

"See you over there then."

I thoughtfully watched your small delicate ass as you walked back to Louie's car.

She's no cheer-leader, I thought.

