

When I Lied To You

by Jerry Ratch

You thought you dated wild girls? They were tame compared to how I turned out. Ever hear of the Chicago motorcycle club called the Hell's ___? (Chicago's watered down version of the Hell's Angels, but we did party with some of them, and the Outlaws, once.) I ended up with a guy who was a member and we rode with the Hell's ___ for 2 years. Now there's some stories for you! Some scary stuff....

I remember one time when you said, "Keep your shirt off, will you?" That struck me as so funny that I remember doing just that. I remember a girlfriend saying to me once, "There's an ass for every saddle." Not even sure what the heck she was saying, though I've had an inkling at times.

I remember so many things... Do you remember who *I am* yet? I attached pictures to jog your memory, including the house on Euclid where I lived.

I have another memory, but I'm not sure if it's a memory or a dream I might have had. I don't think we were still in touch by the end of 1967, were we? Yet that is when I remember you coming to my little studio apartment in Hillside. The memory (or dream) is so cloudy ... I can't remember how or why you ended up at my place, only that you were there and you made love to me for the last time. (You did mention that my tits had grown, which was after giving birth.)

And that was when I lied to you.

I knew it was the last time I'd see you and I guess that was how *I* approached "*emptying myself of the pain*"... bury feelings so deep that they will never surface again ... not for anyone. I effectively put

genuine love out of its misery that night, and replaced it with a pale copy that I've carried around with me the rest of my life.

If this was real, and you were really there, do you know what I said when I lied?

I had to fill myself up with something, though, and that's when the partying started. The bars, the motorcycle club, bad boys in general. *"Something wild in nature. Reborn, in other words."* Yeah, yeah, been there, done that. There's nothing to romanticize about the next few years. I was just rowdy, a little crazed, and have stories to match.

Are we still telling secrets? My turn, I guess. What did I say when I lied to you? *"I guess I'm finally over you!"*

