who really wants to be a virgin anyway?

by Jerry Ratch

I remember thinking virginity was highly over-rated. Who really wants to be a virgin anyway? I got out of that state as fast as I could. Sixteen years (okay maybe 15 and a half) is long enough of not knowing what to do with your body. Screw that! But the worst part was being a virgin of the heart, which took maybe another 4 years after our first time together, to get over. I guess I lost that state of innocence the last time you walked out the door of my little studio apartment in Hillside. When I lied to you, saying, “I guess I'm finally over you!”

Then the bar-crawling and motorcycle clubs and fun began. I'd been released from that warm cage into the wild chase of the rest of my life. Oh, yeah, let the good times roll!

But I remember one time seeing this older woman hobbling along with a cane, out walking a small white dog named Snowball, while at the same time holding a red Japanese umbrella to ward off the sun, and suddenly her little dog wouldn't budge, and she kept tugging it along, trying to make it go forward. And I said, “That's a defective dog.” And she just snarled, and coughed, saying, “Oh, dear, oh, dear, so, so, so…” And then another time seeing her, and thinking: *She's not hobbling anymore. Maybe she had sex this morning and it lifted her soul.* (I know it lifted mine, when I was with you!)

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