

wine, women, song

by Jerry Ratch

Details may be missing from our lives, but you can fill them in any time you want. Fill up the cup again with me. Come in and be warm, anytime you want. Wine, women, song, whatever. I sat on the curb once, in Mexico, saying, *"Give me your salads, your omelets, your huddled masses."* And yes, I remember you.

It took awhile to get what we were after — the spirit dissolving into clouds of laughter.

Keep an eye out for me. Watch out you don't run me over. I'm not a human shock absorber. I'm more tender than I look. I found out virgins are just people without know-how. Well, I had know-how, as you know.

This has been another fine piece shot full of memory. I remember so many things ... do you remember who *I am* yet? I attached pictures to jog your memory, including the house on Villa Ave where I lived. That's a picture of me when I graduated high school, with my blonde hair cut short at my neck. And the other is me lounging on the back of someone's Chevy Impala convertible, when my hair was longer, in 1968. A year after our last time together, when I lied and told you, *"I guess I'm finally over you."*

