

You Do Not Exult Over the Held-Out Heart

by Jerry Ratch

You can't know everything you want to know, about anyone. (Especially about me!) You can't even know everything you want to know about Sharon, and I probably know more than you do. In fact, I'm sure I do. For instance, did you know about that guy she was with, Mario(?) maybe, after you? Who also had a ski boat out on Fox River. And who taught her a few things?

Let me finish. I happen to know what he taught her about oral sex, giving head, etc. And yes, she told me about meeting you once at that nightclub on the Elmhurst/Villa Park border on Highway 83, the one near North Avenue, where everybody, but everybody, from high school hung out when they came back from college. And that she went home to your basement with you one last time and showed you what she knew. (I got an earful!) A little too much information!

The good thing about you, though — you do not exult over the held-out heart. (That would be too much to bear!) And you could have spotted me there on your ceiling, just for that one (eternal) moment, but I think your back was turned to the ceiling (because you were on top of me!) So, how could you possibly have known that I was up there — like God, like an angel, a butterfly, a moth with speckled wings, but a pretty moth with short blond hair at my neck? (Though I let my hair grow longer after you left, to try and draw you back. I saw how Sharon wore her hair long, so that it hung down over that chest of hers.) Don't think for a moment that a girl doesn't notice that!

I know you told me (about that experience) “You came, that's all.”

That's all? *THAT'S ALL!* Well, thanks for the unsolicited advice!
That's all I have to say to that. Like I said: Give me a real moment
with a living god and I'll go all the way!

