

You Were a Hard Act To Follow

by Jerry Ratch

This wasn't my first time, ever, but it was ours. This wasn't the life of a pigeon after sex, you know, sucking some soda pop off the pavement. This was real. This was me up there on your ceiling! And I'm not so fond of lightning either.

If you thought for a moment that I wouldn't harbor memories of you, you were wrong. If you thought they would just weaken, and fade away, you were wrong. In some ways our ghosts only grow stronger with time, like a hurricane. Like an infinite and internal storm of our essence.

At least I had my moments on your ceiling. At least I got the chance to be out of my body, watching us make love our first time. I remember so many things! And I wouldn't trade them with anyone or anything.

Do you remember telling me, "Call me when you don't know what else to say?" So I did, that one last time, when you came over to my little studio apartment in Hillside and made love to me. That one last time when my heart flew up into my mouth and I watched myself fluttering around the ceiling of my little apartment like a speckled moth with short blond hair. I didn't think I would ever get down from that spot. Ever.

And I remember the greatest lie of all, when I said, "*I guess I'm finally over you!*" Someone just needed to tell me I was needed in their lives. Was that so much to ask? Honestly, I don't know how the nights can be so long when life is so short.

You were a hard act to follow!

