

Your dog, or hazelnut gelato - which would it be?

by Jerry Ratch

It's hard to lose. Harder than you think. I guess the ultimate question is: If I had to give up one thing, my dog, or hazelnut gelato, which would it be? I'll tell you, between those two, it would have been easy to choose. But losing you, that was a whole other thing. It was not easy at all. But there's no need to be sorry for anything, and I have no regrets. Being in love with you was a little like flying into the sun. I knew I would come out burned, but the pain was exquisite and I guarded it carefully. And if you had asked, I would have done it again.

I knew this woman who had jewelry up the wazoo, and when pressed she couldn't decide which piece to let go of — even if it meant losing the love of her life. She couldn't let go, and she lost everything, except the jewelry, that ever meant anything to her. She became known in our circle as The Girl With the Pearl Earring. Myself, I'm more of a Girl-With-the-Diamond-Earring sort of gal. I need the primal touch to give me life. I need the fireflies caught in the hair of night.

Who really needs such opulence? Give me those chills on my opposite hip anytime — and I'll go all the way!

Look, I know what happens in life. Along comes a young girl with her midriff showing, with a navel about the depth of a shot glass, and all is lost. Done that, and been there. That's what I did with you, when I was still with poor old Louie Weezer. I used him mercilessly, I'm afraid (mostly to get to you.) Oh, well!

The thing I remember about that (dare I say?) slut Jolene was that she sang on her phone machine. I hated that! Oh, by the way, here's my old phone number, 548-7899. Remember? Call me. It will ring somewhere in the past. We can make amends.

