

carbon dating

by Jerry Ratch

I became infamous, in certain circles, for what I achieved, maybe more so for what I did not. I invented a dating service for seniors called “Carbon Dating.” I wrote a book called “What Real Estate Did for Me,” which was very brief and to the point. It was just a bunch of Before and After photos, and it wasn't a pretty picture.

If you ever had an inkling of what I would become, like Dylan Thomas or something, you were more than likely wrong. But at the same time, I didn't die (guess I'm just lucky) and I never killed anyone. I suppose you could say I worshipped certain faces and bodies more than I should have. And I saw my life passing before me, as in a painting.

I saw three white-hooded heads riding out to the city limits in their jalopy on large balloon tires that were pink like skin under a blood-like sky, past the buildings and factories crowding the landscape. They'd come out to the city limits (after chasing us) to get a clear view of things, with eye-slits cut into their stitched white hoods, splotted with a smattering of pink. Smoking a cigar. We were probably a clear and present danger, in their eyes.

