

Shootin' the Breeze



by Bummer

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It's been a long time since I've seen my old riding buddy Earthwoman, but I ran into her at a swap meet a few weeks ago. We rode together up to Buffalo NY to visit her dad and to see Niagara Falls twenty five years ago [my God where does the time go?]. Shortly after that she moved down to Atlanta where she got a gig singing in a club band. We kept in touch, but as is often the case with even good friends, we drifted apart. Her long blonde hair [which she's always kept in a long braid] was mostly gray now, but other than that she's still pretty much the same. She even still rides the same old Shovelhead with a beautiful airbrushed mural of the King Crimson album's screaming face in shades of red and pink.

I was bending over looking at a high old fashioned sissy bar I was considering for haulin' my guitar when she ran up to me and goosed me screaming, "BUMMER!". When I jumped and stood up she continued with, "My God!! You sure filled out!"

I smiled and gave her a big hug with my standard reply of, "Honey, I'm twice the man I used to be."

We slid over to the beer tent and sat down. She proceeded to tell me that she's back in Ohio 'cause her mom isn't well. Then she went on to say that she was doing good in Atlanta with her band, before going solo and doing even better recording as a studio artist for a while singin' back up and doin' commercial radio spots there in Atlanta. Then she busted out singing a little ditty about "Buying your car from Merle's Chevrolet".

As we sat talking about old times and catching up on what's happened to our friends I came to a realization that she hadn't changed much from the old days and it occurred to me that I haven't either. I mean, sure I got fat. I don't drink or party NEARLY as much as I used to. I'm a Hell of a lot lazier than I used to be. But the facts are that though many others have aged gracefully and changed the way they acted and thought, some of us haven't. When it comes to many of life's mysteries I still haven't a clue, and apparently Earthwoman doesn't either. And I think that's a good thing! Some things are SUPPOSED to be a mystery. It always amuses me that some people act like they KNOW things when they really don't. All they do is guess and assume they're right. I always think it's a bit

presumptuous to assume ya know what's right about almost anything.

I still laugh out loud when maybe I shouldn't and I still say things that might be inappropriate [without intentionally hurting people's feelings]. I still believe that way down deep MOST people are good and those that ain't are gonna eventually suffer for it [even if they don't realize why at the time].

I still think this is a great country to live in and I consider myself fortunate to have been born here rather than just about any other place in the world. I just wouldn't wanna live anywhere else [Australia seems kinda cool, but it's way too close to the craziness]. I think [like I always have] that MOST of our politicians usually do us more harm than good, and MOST of 'em don't really care or have any idea what we need and want. But other than that and most of all, I really do value our freedom to live and think the way we like.

As I sat looking at her I also realized that another thing that hasn't changed is my attraction for mature women. Even when I was a teenager I was drawn towards women in their thirties.. I dated girls my own age and even younger, but soon tired of their adolescent immaturity. As I got older THAT just became too much of a negative and although younger women were and are still fun to look at as eye candy, I desired more. My buddies would be oggling over some young hottie, but I'd be lookin' at her mom! That age bracket soon expanded to women in their forties and fifties as MY age progressed. Now I'm lookin' at grandmas and I wonder what's next? This could get weird when I'm in my seventies and eighties, but what the Hell. Whenever I see one of my friends with a young chick I can't help but wonder, 'What in the Hell do they TALK about?' I realize that conversation isn't what these guys are after, but speaking for myself, that's an absolute necessity.

As we ended our little get together and agreed to hook up again sometime I looked over her shoulder to see someone buy that sissy bar [damn!]

I gazed after her as she walked away and I couldn't help but think that the only thing hotter than a biker chick is a MATURE biker chick.

Well, I'll be yappin' at ya next month,

Bummer