

and I told her, 'why did you bother that man? why did you ring his bell? he wasn't doing anything to you!' but no, she had to go and tell the authorities.

he phoned me from the jail, 'well, I did it again!' 'why do you keep doing that?' I asked him. 'I dunno,' he said, 'I dunno what makes me do that!' 'you shouldn't do that,' I told him. 'I know I shouldn't do that,' he told me.

how many times has he done that?

Oh, god, I dunno, 8 or 10 times. he's always doin' it. he's got a good lawyer, tho, he's got a damn good lawyer.

who'd you rent his place to?

oh, we don't rent his place, we always keep his place open for him. we like him. did I tell you the night he was drunk and out on the lawn naked and an airplane went overhead and he pointed to the lights, all you could see was the taillights and stuff and he pointed to the lights and yelled, 'I AM GOD, I PUT THOSE LIGHTS IN THE SKY!'

no, you didn't tell me about that.

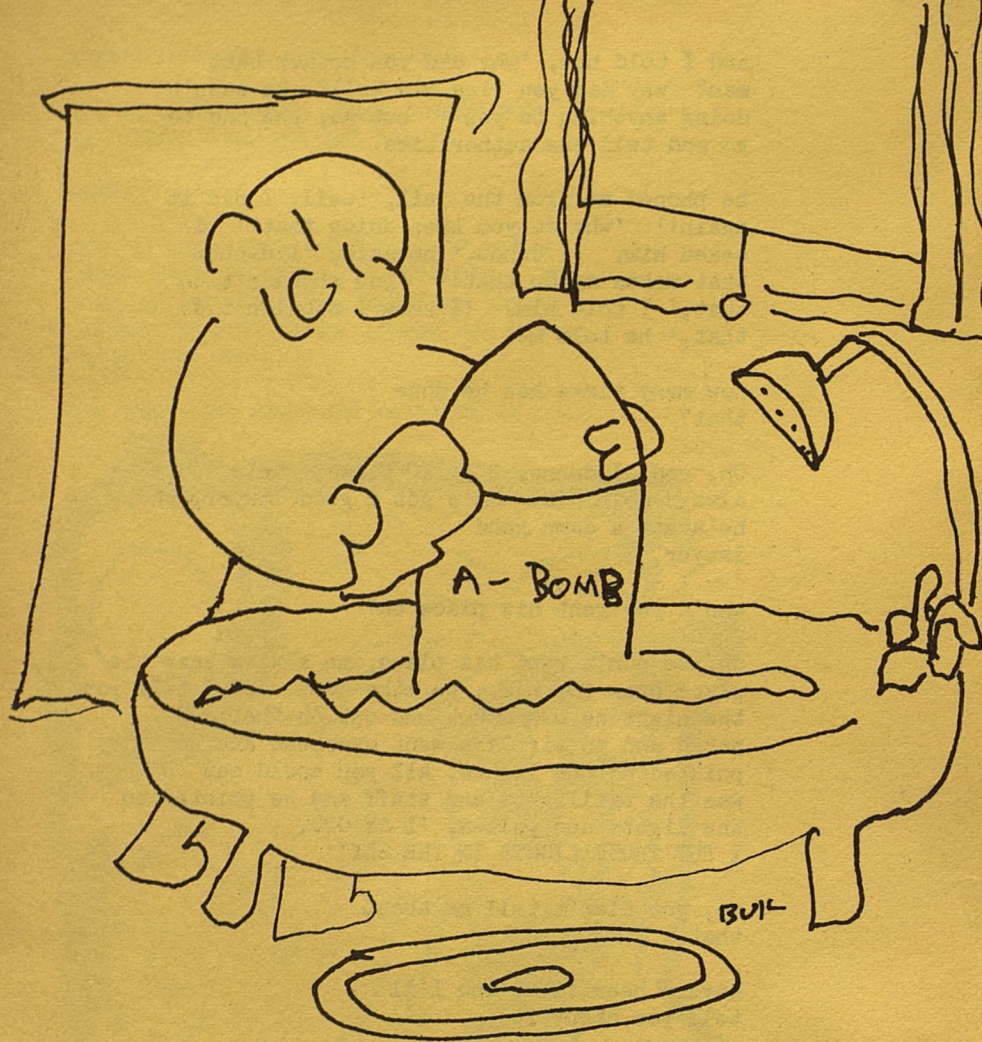
have a beer first and I'll tell you about it

I had a beer first.

a little atomic bomb

o, just give me a little atomic bomb
not too much
just a little
enough to kill a horse in the street
but there aren't any horses in the street

well, enough to knock the flowers from a bowl
but I don't see any
flowers in a
bowl



enough then
to frighten my love
but I don't have any
love

well
give me an atomic bomb then
to scrub in my bathtub
like a dirty and lovable child

(I've got a bathtub)

just a little bomb, general,
with pugnose
pink ears

smelling like underclothes in
July

do you think I'm crazy?
I think you're crazy
too

so the way you think:
send me one before somebody else
does.

The colored Birds

it is a highrise apt. next door
and he beats her at night and she screams and nobody stops it
and I see her the next day
standing in the driveway with huge curlers in her hair
and she has her huge buttocks jammed into the same black
slacks and she says, standing in the sun,
"god damn it, 24 hours a day in this place, I never go anywhere!"
and then he comes out, proud, the little matador,
a Jewish pail of shit, his belly hanging all over his bathing
trunks -- he might have been a handsome man once, might have,
now they both stand there and he says,
"I think I'm goin' for a swim."
she doesn't answer and he goes inside to the pool and
dunks into the fishless, sandless water,
the peroxide-codeine water,
and I stand by the kitchen window drinking coffee
trying to unboil the fuzzy, stinking picture --
after all, you can't live elbow to elbow to people
without wanting to draw a number on them.
everytime my toilet flushes they can hear it. everytime they
go to bed I can hear them.

soon she goes inside and then comes out with 2 large colored birds
in a cage. I don't know what they are. they don't talk. they
just move a little, always seeming to twitch their tail-feathers
and shit. that's all they do.
she stands there looking at them.
he comes out: the little tuna, the little matador, out of the pool,
a dripping unbeautiful white, the cloth of his wet suit gripping
clearly against his balls.
"get those birds in the house!"
"but the birds need sun!"
"I said, 'get those birds in the house!'"
"the birds are gonna die!"
"you listen to me, I said, '-- GET THOSE BIRDS IN THE HOUSE!'"
she bends and lifts them, her huge buttocks in the same black
slacks looking so sad.
he slams the door. then I hear it.
BAM!