

11/11/78

the best of friends

she was a "frisco" poet  
dressed in black  
wearing knee-high boots.  
she drank vodka  
blew offensive smoke at the ceiling  
while other poets read.  
her poems were as friendly  
as pissing on the pope  
letting me know she'd knock me  
on my ass if i so much as looked  
at hers.

she left with the poet who had  
read just before her  
(his poems being tormented  
closet-homosexual screams)  
and they looked like they were  
the best of friends.

2/1/79

workweek

mondays, i approach my job with the attitude  
of an offensive guard. only i can truly appreciate  
what i have to do. i don't want the glory,  
only recognition of the fact that i'm there.

on tuesdays, i feel more sure of myself than the day  
before, but like the defensive tackle, i hold my ground,  
don't take any chances. it only takes a cleverly  
disguised draw play to keep me honest.

wednesdays will find me cradling the ball  
as i attempt to go wide, stutter-stepping all the way,  
looking for that moment of hesitation created by  
a good head fake. then, darting through the line,  
dodging arms and shoulders like a scared rabbit  
zigzagging between the trees. and even though i hear  
footsteps, i can never look over my shoulder, knowing  
the moment i begin to do so my game will never  
be the same.

thursdays are do or die. like the wide receiver  
running that dreaded pattern over the middle,  
at the mercy of sadistic linebackers and defensive backs,  
i wonder why i do it. leaping into the air with antelope  
grace and abandon, i prepare myself for the blow that

will leave my head ringing for the rest of the day,  
my body wracked with suicidal pain. but if i'm lucky,  
i'll catch 'em with their thumbs up their asses, and  
before they can disengage 'em, i'll race past, make a  
1st down, keep the drive alive.

on fridays, like the polished quarterback, i've got my  
ground game established, allowing me to fill the stadium  
air with beautiful, spiraling bombs that descend with an  
accuracy that would have given even hitler a hard-on.

i'm looking good, really good.  
and slowly i begin to realize why somebody  
created this crazy game.

2/26/79

outta luck

imagine that you have just walked  
into a party, ready to have a good time  
a wild time  
cause the smoke in the air don't smell like  
anything out of Marlboro Country  
making one ponder what juan valdez really  
grows in colombia.  
when all of a sudden this guy you haven't seen  
since high school corners you, starts talking  
about his 35 grand a year, his 280-Z, his ex-wife,  
his bachelor pad and regular jacuzzi orgies  
under warm summer skies at the swinging singles  
apartment complex.  
then he has the nerve to ask,  
"so what do you do?"  
if you've got style, you don't tell him to  
fuck off,  
you tell him that you're a poet and walk out  
the same way you came in.  
but if your thirst demands immediate attention  
and he's bought the beer  
then you're shit outta luck.

3/7/79

guilty, with an explanation (a 380 dollar poem)

it wasn't my fault, your honor.  
the evening just started out bad.  
1st, i got my ass kicked at the pool table  
not once, but five times. it may not be the same