

as having your dick disappear after being informed  
that you've won a free night's use of a real, live  
harem, but the feelings are similar.  
and later that evening, at another bar  
down the street where kirk and i had decided  
to make our last stand,  
i see this waitress that ...  
well, let me put it this way,  
if i could be the seat on anybody's 10 speed  
in the whole wide world, it would have to be hers.  
so i give her this note that says i think  
Helen of Troy must have looked like her.  
and you know what she did, your honor?  
she asked me who Helen Troy was.  
that's what kind of night i'm talking about, judge.  
so when i got pulled over by two of  
the california highway patrol's finest,  
i wasn't weaving so much because of the beer,  
but because i was considering whipping the wheel  
and flooring it, doing something right for a change.  
obviously, i failed at that, too.

so i plead guilty, your honor.  
i plead guilty to being a loser  
for one night too many.  
now i dare you to insult a man who has nothing  
left to lose.  
i dare you.

3/19/79

i got them dirty underwear blues

we were taking a break between clutches  
in the motel 6 darkness,  
waiting for our second wind.  
when, for no reason at all, she started.  
1st, i heard about the episode with a perfect stranger  
in san diego, a hitchhiker who turned her on  
to some acid, and left her in the backseat of her car  
at a local drive-in, her panties on backwards.  
then, there was the middle-aged, recently divorced  
business executive who kept falling asleep  
despite the romantic fireplace setting and  
a hundred and twenty dollar a night view  
of the beach.  
this led to her 1st time, a high-school jock  
who came in three seconds and asked her if she  
was alright.  
the clincher, though, was a one-night stand who led  
her to believe that he was single, and while wrestling

between the sheets at his place, what should her feet get tangled in except for a pair of his wife's dirty underwear.

i sat up, wondered what she'd say about me, the poet with a pecker shrinking like an elongated balloon with a slow leak.

3/25/79

choices

it was all so simple, then.  
like the bold little punks that we were,  
we'd approach perfect strangers outside  
the local liquor store and ask them to buy  
our beer for us. eventually somebody would,  
and we'd head for the sanctuary of the nearby  
railroad tracks, drink our adolescent asses into oblivion.  
we almost always found ourselves pressing our ears  
to the cold steel of the track, listening to the  
music of strange noises coming towards us from far,  
far away. but the impatience of youth never allowed  
us to sit and wait for whatever was coming our way.  
and as the years raced by, we went separate ways,  
finding our own modes of transportation.

that was 10 yrs. ago, and now we're sitting in  
the garage of his new home, and he's chain smoking  
cigarettes faster than i can keep count.  
he's talking about a marriage going down faster  
than one can say "Titanic,"  
and how painful it is to see his hopes and dreams  
drifting on the glassy surface like  
lifeboats in limbo.

and while the crazy woman he loves prepares dinner  
in their new home, he takes another drag from  
his cigarette, contemplates how yesterday's decisions  
can become so important today;  
the compounding complexities of missing a train  
and catching a boat.