

FIGHT

pretty boy was tiring
punching against useless junk
his arms were weary
and the wino closed in and
it became ugly
pretty boy dropped his hands
and the wino had him by the
throat
banging his head against the
wall of a building.
pretty boy fell
the wino paused
then landed one kick
in the genital area
turned and walked back through
the dark end of the alley
toward some of us.
we parted to let him
through
and he walked past us
turned
looked back
lit a cigarette
and then moved on.

when I got back in
she was raging:
"where the hell you been?"
pink-eyed she was
sitting up against pillows
her slippers on.
"stop for a quickie?
no wonder you haven't
had it up for a week!"

"I saw a good one. free.
better than anything at the
Olympic. I saw a good ass-
kicking alley fight."

"you expect me to believe
that?"

"christ, don't you ever wash
any glasses? well, we'll use
these two."

I poured two. she knocked hers
right off, well, she needed it
and I needed mine.

"it was really brutal. I hate
to see such a thing but I can't
stop watching."

"pour another drink."

I poured two others. she needed hers because she lived with me. I needed mine because I worked as a stockroom boy for the May Co.

"you stopped for a quickie!"

"no, I watched this fight."

she drank her second drink right off. she was trying to decide whether I had had a quickie or whether I had watched a fight.

"pour us another drink. is that the only bottle you've got?"

I winked at her and pulled another bottle from the sack. we seldom ate. we drank and we drank and I worked as a stockroom boy for the May Co. she had a pair of the most beautiful legs I had ever seen.

as I poured the third drink she got up, kicked off her slippers and put her high heels on.

"we need some god damned ice," she said and I watched her as she walked toward the kitchen. then she vanished in there and I thought about the fight again.

INDEPENDENCE DAY

it was the 4th of July and I was living with this Alvarado Street whore, I was on my last unemployment check and we had a room on the first floor of a Beacon Street hotel next to a housing development and it was 11 a.m. and I was puking, trying to get a can of ale down, the whore in bed next to me in her torn slip mumbling about her children in Atlanta