

THE AUDIO PORTION

I used to be on a media retreat ("Father, forgive me but I have a tiny Sony in my otherwise bare room."). Now with time on my hands and knees I go around the channels a lot. I need to see who's kissing, just like the only part of the museum for me these days is Fooling Around Through The Ages. If I don't watch t.v., Missing You fills my mind like patients in the office of Dr. Jesus Lourdes. Today Channel 7 went to droll boudoirs. I still think about what we did on Oct. 24, now called Pass The Salve Day of recherche calendars. Saying goodbye we were once again bedecked with lust. Can't you love me back (as they say in Australia)? Or at least call? I have the phone right here and I only take my hand away to graze the air waves hoping that on some obscure channel they'll show a little-known documentary of you in the shower. If you don't, call me, I mean, this simple poem could go on forever just like we did before we stopped.

RALPH NADER

As he helps her off with her coat he says, "This style gave 100 rhesus monkeys blisters under their arms."

She tells him to relax: the kids are asleep. He has to check. Sure enough! Pajamas that burst into flame if any 3 yr. old lights up for a post-Grimm smoke.

She hugs him, anyway. His suit is so sincere. "Do you like me, Ralphy?"

"That bra causes hypertension in test animals."

"I love your hair."

"You want a Corvair?"

"No, I want love."

"The FDA. We're checking. So far the mice are acting odd. Some have swellings and want a VISA card. Anyway, it's late. Duty calls: the ozone layer, lead-

free paint, my little room, don't
use the phone, that plastic
causes cancer of the ear, okay?
Goodnight."

ROVING BOY

A nice name for a horse
even though he spent his whole life
bound to an ellipsis of dirt.

Black-type 2 yr. old and plagued
by injuries at 3, he came back
to win his tightener and then
a middling stakes, two yards
past the wire going down like Grendel
had come up out of the earth
to seize his hocks.

This is not in memoriam: he did
not touch me as others have.
But I am moved to record this
because yesterday at the paddock
Carl said, "Why couldn't that bastard
have died 20 yds. earlier. I had
Various Others big."

No one said anything, least of all
me. Carl often has good information
and I am not a roving boy. I am
here for good and I need a winner.

WRITTEN ON SPOTLESS GAUZE

Jesus, I miss you tonight.
Now -- does that sound like prayer
or a love poem? Good guess!
The prize is me or you can go
on and try for the layette.
Others certainly have. Remember
the one with white picket fences
in her luggage? So you haven't
had as many lovers. Yours have
been beauts, especially that runt
who broke your heart. "Do you
have reservations, Ms?" "Lots." More
Chardonnay? Or maybe a trip
is the answer. SCREWING IS FUN
ON AMTRACK. I've been dying
for you nearly 30 minutes now.
That's about my limit these days
packed in ice as I am, having
barely escaped from that burning
cottage with my life.