

"come on out, shithead,
or I'm going to start
breaking
glass!"

he gave a small nod
to his
woman.

I saw her reach
into the glove
compartment
open it
and slip him the
.32

MACHO MAN

the phone rings.
I answer.
it's a woman.
she says,
"you are a sick
fucker and I thought
I'd tell you
this ..."

she hangs up.

I am supposedly
unlisted.

it rings
again.

"you write this
macho bullshit
but you're
probably a
fag, you
probably want to
suck
black dick!"

she hangs
up.

I am watching
the Johnny Carson

I saw him hold it
down low
and snap off the
safety.

I walked off
toward the
clubhouse, it looked
like a damned good
card
that
day.

all I had to do
was
be there.

show.
he amuses
me;
he's so
straight-backed
dressed in his
high school
go-to-dance
suit.
he touches
his nose
his necktie
the back of
his neck.
he's a
giveaway:
he wants
desperately
to be all right
just like his
audience.

it rings again.

"you don't know
what a real
woman is!
if you ever met
a real woman
you wouldn't know
what to do
with her!"

she hangs
up.

Carson jokes about
his jokes being
so bad
but he has probably
consumed and
murdered
more writers than
Bobby Hope.

then she's
back:
"why do you keep
listening to
me?
why don't you
hang up?"

I hang up
then take
the phone
off the
hook.

Carson has
finished his
monologue.
smiles
is delicately
concerned
yet
pleased.
he goes into
his little golf
swing

THE END OF AN ERA

parties at my place were
always marred by
violence:
mine.

it was what
attracted
them: the
would-be

as the commercial
descends
upon
me.

it's just another
dull night
in San Pedro
as all my
male servants
Kitcha Kubee
Des Man DeAblo
La Tabala
and
Swine Herd Sam
stand
with their
black dicks
extended.

I decide to have
my unlisted
number
changed
but meanwhile
remote control
the tv
off,
shush the
fellows
away
and reach for
the pages of
Sam Beckett
as my
cross-eyed white
cat
leaps upon the
bedcovers.

writers
and the
would-be
women.

these writers?
these women?
I could always hear
them