

## An Aleatoric Lunch

"I like eating," the Fat Boy said,  
picking up a curlicue carrot  
and a dazzling picture of Banana Pie  
in the Gourmet of January 4, 1964.

"And reading," he said, carefully  
placing a banana-skin between the pages  
of Post Impressionist Imagery  
and guzzling a glass of Instant Oxygen.

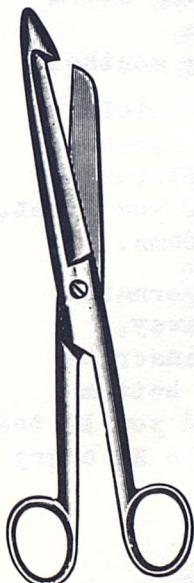
"And intercourse," he said, ogling the nymphet,  
turning the dial, accepting from a lily hand  
a fricassee of Modern Art  
and nibbling at a candied haiku.

— Mary Graham Lund

Los Angeles, California

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### Catullus: 14



If I didn't love you more  
than my eyes, dearest Calvus,  
I'd hate you, the way everyone  
hates Vatinus, for this present  
of yours. What did I do?  
what have I said? why  
should you inflict upon me  
all these miserable poets?  
May the gods rain evils upon  
that client of yours who sent you  
such a collection of villains.

But if it was Sulla the critic,  
as I suspect, who gave you  
this "newly discovered" gift,  
then I'm not angry, but delighted.  
You got just what you deserved!

My god, what a frightening  
damned book! To think that this  
is what you sent your Catullus