

smelling like underclothes in
July

do you think I'm crazy?
I think you're crazy
too

so the way you think:
send me one before somebody else
does.

The colored Birds

it is a highrise apt. next door
and he beats her at night and she screams and nobody stops it
and I see her the next day
standing in the driveway with huge curlers in her hair
and she has her huge buttocks jammed into the same black
slacks and she says, standing in the sun,
"god damn it, 24 hours a day in this place, I never go anywhere!"
and then he comes out, proud, the little matador,
a Jewish pail of shit, his belly hanging all over his bathing
trunks -- he might have been a handsome man once, might have,
now they both stand there and he says,
"I think I'm goin' for a swim."
she doesn't answer and he goes inside to the pool and
dunks into the fishless, sandless water,
the peroxide-codeine water,
and I stand by the kitchen window drinking coffee
trying to unboil the fuzzy, stinking picture --
after all, you can't live elbow to elbow to people
without wanting to draw a number on them.
everytime my toilet flushes they can hear it. everytime they
go to bed I can hear them.

soon she goes inside and then comes out with 2 large colored birds
in a cage. I don't know what they are. they don't talk. they
just move a little, always seeming to twitch their tail-feathers
and shit. that's all they do.

she stands there looking at them.

he comes out: the little tuna, the little matador, out of the pool,
a dripping unbeautiful white, the cloth of his wet suit gripping
clearly against his balls.

"get those birds in the house!"

"but the birds need sun!"

"I said, 'get those birds in the house!'"

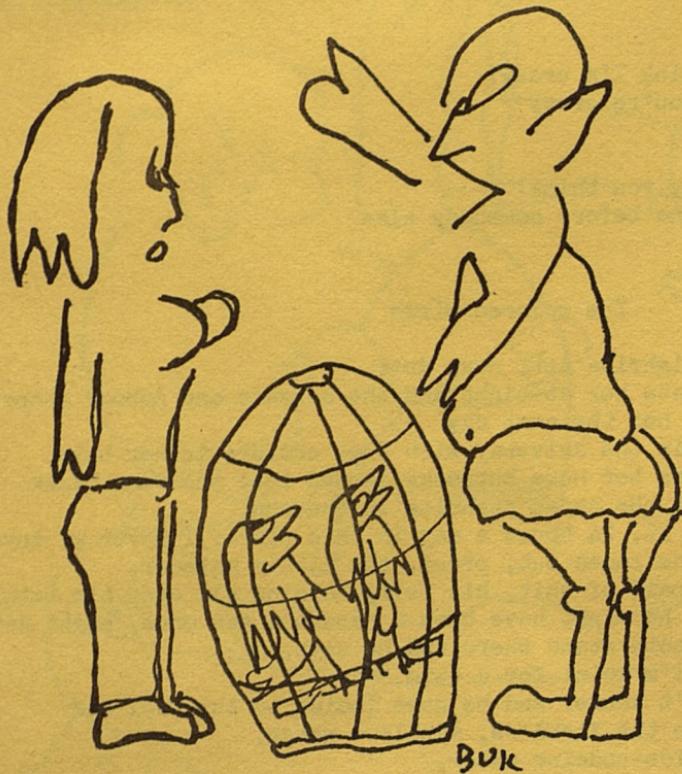
"the birds are gonna die!"

"you listen to me, I said, '--- GET THOSE BIRDS IN THE HOUSE!'"

she bends and lifts them, her huge buttocks in the same black
slacks looking so sad.

he slams the door. then I hear it.

BAM!



she screams

BAM! BAM!

she screams

then: BAM!

and she screams

I pour another coffee and decide that that's a new one: he usually only beats her at night. it takes a man to beat his wife night and day. although he doesn't look like much he's one of the few real men around here.

Somebody always breaking my dainty solitude ...

hey man! somebody yells down to me through my broken window,

ya wanna go down to the taco stand?

hell, no!

I scream from down on the floor.