

oh yeah, well, I've got bugs in my hair, mice and fish in my pockets and Charles Atlas is in my bathroom shining my mirror.

with that, he leaves.

I get up, brush the beercans off my chest and yell at Atlas to get the humping hell out of there, I've got business.

fag, fag, fag

he wrote,
you are a humorless ass,
I was only pulling your leg about D.
joining the Foreign Legion, and
D. is about as much fag as
Winston Churchill.

hmm, I thought, I am in contact with the
greatest minds of my
generation. clever!: Winnie is dead so he
can't be a
fag.

the letter continued,
you guys in California are fag-happy,
all you do is sit around and think about
fags. just the same I will send you the anti-war
materials I and others wrote, although I
doubt it will stop the
war.

ten years ago he had sent me a photo of
D. and himself at a picnic ground.
D. was dressed in a Foreign Legion uniform,
there was a bottle of wine,
and a table with one tableleg
crooked.

I thought it over for ten years and then
answered:

I have nothing against 2 men sleeping together
so long as I am not one of those 2
men.

I didn't infer which one was the
fag.



anyway, today I got the anti-war materials
in the mail, but he's right:
it won't stop the war or anything
else.

The Screw-Game

one of the terrible things is
really
being in bed
night after night
with a woman you no longer
want to screw.

they get old, they don't look very good
anymore -- they even tend to
snore, lose
spirit.