they say that you can learn from adversity. you can. what i learned is that there is a god, and that he is malignant. i learned it on a trip to the supermarket in my miserable clunker. to drive two miles in that atrocity of withering valves and shameless misalignment is an ever-renewable rite de passage. picture

then my wrath upon arriving there with neither money nor a checkbook. consider my dismay back on the road as steam begins to seep from its benighted nostrils. make it to the service station just to scald my hand. i curse, of course, and getting in the car i rip my pants my only pair, because the springs are coming through the seat. and god has both forseen and probably ordained the whole of it.

ah, about suffering they were never wrong, the old comedians. they knew it happens in a taxi or a bakery or cleaning a chimney. and what is worse they knew it will defeat us: the kingdom lost for a horse; the poem for a ball-point pen; love, for a contraceptive.

sunset fats

one of my neighbors at the beach has been pestering me for weeks to write a poem about him.

his name is joe god's truth but because he's the only guy at the beach with a bigger beergut than mine they call him sunset fats.

he wouldn't be a bad guy except for always saying stupid things like telling girls he wants to make that their hair is ratty as a coon's which might work in the mouth of a brando or a cagney but which doesn't get joe anything but shit on.