Monody

Being happy with someone just makes me nervous. Even when things are best around here I start in on myself. Either the black pixies come and stomp around in my skull or the inside of the oven starts looking good. On this good day I think of my wife: her sweetness, her postures, her cheating heart. Oh, she does not philander now, there are no cigar stubs in the ash trays or jockey shorts in the glove compartment, but somewhere out there is a boy hitchhiking in from Topeka. He has more style, more grace, more hair than me. And though she will not condone the theft, he is going to stride into one of her classes in his seven league desert boots and steal her ghostly heart. I see him now leading her behind the bushes outside the library. Listen -- "Oh, daddy, give it to me daddy. I never had nothin' like this at home." Oh jesus. Scared to death I sprint downstairs and put my head in her lap. She looks down fondly as I say over and over, "I love you, I love you, I love you." She does not suspect that I am talking to myself.

Chuck, Gerry, Karl and I are doing fine in Long Beach's 49er Bar. During our comic pool games we talk about ontology, pussy, the state of the nation, pussy, rights of the individual vs. rights of the world-at-large and of course pussy.

But then, right in the middle of an important discussion centering around the length of time a lady could be dead before she was considered absolutely out of the question, the hairdresser from next door walks in.

She is an attractive girl, one of the sort who turns men's heads so often that the chiropractic business is up 22% in the beach cities. So we look at her legs and watch her walk and creak our own necks. Then she leaves with her ham and cheese.