

"shit to hell"

When angry
he growls
a
full
hearty
and toothless
growl
and cries out for the world to hear

"fuck'em all"

Two months only
since
old Joe
the Pole
arrived
and already
a master of English.

On Old Mike's Quitting

I wasn't surprised.
I knew he had gone.
No
smell of cherry blend
in
the men's room.
always it smelled cherry blend.

No scandal sheet by No. 3

and Sophie!
Sophie was gone!
Ripped off the wall.
now
only pieces
of
yellow tape
where once hung

the nicest looking
broad
in Chicago.

Horace

Horace,
how I wish
I had treated you better.

You brought me
coffee
and nuts
and the National Inquirer.

You gave me
Kools
and clung to my side
wanting
only a smile

but

I laughed at you
I laughed
at your looks
at your clothes
at your awkwardness
at your stupid sentimentality.

and now

now you're my foreman!

Horace,
how I wish
I had treated you better.

-- Philip Marchesseault

Moosup, CT

looking for Jack Micheline

like the rest of us, Jack didn't always shine too brightly:
"the whole game is run by the fags, the Jews and the niggers,"
stamping up and down my rug, grey hair hanging over hook nose,
he was a Jew, "look, Hank, lemme have a five..."
he slept on the couch and always awakened too early,
walking around and around the block,
coming back, stamping the floors,
he wanted to get the game rolling, he wanted to conquer
the world...
"damn you, Jack, I usually sleep 'til noon..."
he had a little black book filled with names...
touches, contacts...
I drove him to a large place in the hills
and he woke the guy up. the guy was good for a
20.
"they owe it to us," Jack said.
whenever he got ahead -- that meant 40 or 50 bucks --
he took it to the track and lost it all,
had to walk back...
"nobody beats the horses, Hank, nobody, we're all losers,
poets are losers... who gives a damn about the poets?"
"nobody, Jack, I don't like 'em myself..."
I saw his early photos when he was a young man from Brooklyn.
he was quite handsome, quite manly...at the front wedge of
the Beat Movement. the Beats died and Jack's been crashing
ever since. when his father died he left Jack 5 or ten grand
and he got married and blew it in Spain--
his wife ended up in bed with the Spanish mayor.