

the undergraduates do  
carry their lampoons a bit too far,  
especially around exam time, when their  
self-made pressures tend to cook their geoses.

so i asked the long-haired dude  
stuffing junk mail, and he said,  
"yeah, slit his wrists and ankles;  
didn't have the decency to shoot himself."

so then i asked the secretary, and she said,  
"yes, he apparently was paranoid, he thought  
someone was following him. wouldn't you think  
his wife would have gotten him in to a doctor."

she also said, "it goes to show, it's always  
the ones you least expect, the quiet ones."  
well not always, but old weldon  
was a quiet one alright, a woodrow

wilson sort, although i'd heard  
that he displayed a dry britannic wit in class.  
he was a thorough lecturer, replete with  
the hugest briefcase in captivity.

he visited my class last fall  
to advertise the honors program, and i  
showed unusual (for me) restraint in not alluding  
to that stuffed portfolio. now i'm glad.

i'm also glad he tripped out so in character,  
his final grades signed, sealed, delivered,  
the semester tied up neatly in an academic tassel.  
we're rare birds, us eggheads.

poop

my daughter, blake, is in kindergarten. they are teaching  
her to be a docile citizen and, incidentally, to read.  
concurrently, like many of us, she has become a trifle  
anal compulsive. complications ensue.

i ask her what she has learned today. she says, "i learned  
the pledge of allegiance." "how does it go?" i ask.  
"it goes," she says, "i poop allegiance to the poop of  
the united poops of ameripoop."

"that's good," i say, "that's very good. what else?" "o  
say can you poop, by the dawn's early poop, what so  
proudly we poop . . . ."

for christmas, she improvises, "away in a pooper, all cover-  
ed with poop, the little lord poopus lay pooping his  
poop."

she has personalized other traditional favorites as well.  
someone, perhaps her grandmother, tried to teach  
her the "our father." her version goes, "our pooper,  
who art in poopland, hallowed by thy poop. they  
poopdom poop, they poop be pooped, on earth as it is  
in poopland."

surely hemingway would feel one-upped. surely the second  
pooping is at hand.

a fortune teller told us blake would be our greatest  
sorrow and our greatest joy. already, it is true.

-- Gerald Locklin

Long Beach, CA

### Image

She becomes the Blonde Beast,  
she puts the Blonde Beast  
ON,  
she's under the image of the  
Blonde Beast,  
men and women grrr at  
the Blonde Beast,  
but she's hiding inside,  
takes the Blonde Beast  
off every night and puts it  
in a drawer,  
when she sleeps identities  
float through her like  
alligators in sewers,  
when she wakes up she re-  
creates the Blonde Beast,  
watches people react to it,  
but stays way, way inside,  
like a single cookie in a  
big cookie jar.

### Utopia

I live in a race-tensionless  
town  
with pure air,  
low crime-rate,  
although there was a robbery  
last month and the robber  
kidnapped a sixteen year  
old blonde clerk and  
killed her ... found her body