

he doesn't consider himself gay.
the way he puts it is: "i don't think
sucking an occasional dick makes you queer,
do you?"
still, it's there: in the way he loves to touch you,
in the merest hint of a wiggle when he gets high,
in his forms of address, like "oh my dears ..."
some of the queening is for laughs;
some i don't think he's aware of.

here, however, is the irony:
he does more numbers with the fairer sex
than any other guy of my acquaintance,
and not ostentatiously, not so as to prove anything.
in fact i've never seen him on the make;
the girls just flock to him.
he worked two weeks in a resturant once
and scored one-third of a waitress staff of twelve.
it was during an august that he looks back
upon as a dry spell.
his present true-love is fifteen,
a little sweetie of good family,
whose parents have come to accept him,
and who doesn't seem to mind if he kills a little time
with someone else on nights when she has to do her homework
when i see them together i shake my head in envy.
even his younger sister admits she's sometimes tempted
to find out if he's as good as she's heard he is.

i wonder what his secret is?
it must be his lack of inhibitions,
or the breadth of his experience,
or maybe it's just that he's such a good guy.

at any rate, dear reader, let us ponder this sad truth:
we may not be as homosexual as my friend,
but apparently we are not as heterosexual either.

mama bell

i know a girl who works as a
customer relations representative
for the pacific telephone company.

every call she answers is monitored.
she has 20 seconds to dispose of one call
and get to the next one on the board.
she has to answer the customer in his own words.

customers are referred to as contacts.
she is referred to as a wierdo

because she goes drinking beer on her lunchhour
instead of sticking around to trade stories

concerning the contact who insisted
she had made no long distance call
to any city known as
"total."

automation may be a blessing in disguise.

bobby fisher

i don't like anyone who kicks a guy
when he's down, and the europeans were
exultant when he went behind 0-2.
their press excoriated him

as vain, aggressive, jejune, materialistic,
a typically arrogant american
to be contrasted with the obedient and undemanding russian
(who incidentally had had things his own way for years).

yeah, they exhausted the pejorative entries of roget's,
and i'll admit i got a little nervous
that he might be cracking up, steaming in a
pressure cooker of his own devising.

but when he showed up for the third game
i knew everything was going to be all right.
the european press has vietnam on the front page again.
but where is j.d. salinger to chronicle this newest glass?

on the present state of affairs in dixie

i.

jim smith is just back from
tuscaloosa, alabama, his home town.
he says the favorite conversation
piece is still the recently dead.
he was regaled on several occasions
with the one about the kid whose
motorcycle collided with a diesel
truck and he had been one
hundred sixty pounds, but all the
pieces they could gather in a sack
just barely inched the scales to 86.