

where i live. when i come home, i am
really home, no interruptions from the outside world.

i have my books and booze and cans of spaghetti.
i have a television and a typewriter.
i have a telephone for when i get drunk
and start calling my friends and relatives, collect.

on weekends i seldom venture outside.
i send my girl out for the sunday paper.
i live a block from the beach and i haven't
had the sand between my toes since 1965.

my girlfriend is beautiful and excites me greatly.
i love her most when she is asleep and she sleeps a lot.
she is gone to work when i wake up in the morning.
god, i've got it good.

it's too good to last. she'll probably catch me
slipping off for a little sampling of the strange stuff.
or else one of these days when i get pissed at her
and storm to the door, she may not bother to call me back.

or marriage.
if i marry her, well that's the killer.
if i don't,
she'll eventually have to find someone who will.

but for now i only have to discourage a move.
if necessary i'll accompany her apartment hunting.
what landlady is going to rent to a chick
with a two-hundred-forty pound mole for a pet?

bobbie at slumber

i'm glad your new job tires you.
you sleep, and i set up in bed.
i watch the news and johnny carson.
i watch you.

earth has not anything more fair to gaze upon
... especially on these hot nights
when you are tangled with your comforter,
bare-titted, and your wet pants

cleave to your little crack. it is that
stasis that joyce talked about:
i do not even want to fuck you then,
or anyone.

i feel then that i am to blame.
i fear the losing of you.
i vow not to fuck around.
i leave you funny notes.

tonight's note will compare
hoyt axton to hoyt wilhelm
and will conclude:

i've never meant to hoyt you.

my six-year-old

i take my daughter out to lunch.
she reads the wine list
and remembers fine points of oenology.
she inquires about the function

of the cork and soon has mastered
the fermentation process from the grape
to vinegar. she's sensible in ordering
and takes an interest in cuisine.

in fact she's about the only member of
the gentler (sic) sex whose conversation i enjoy.
for one thing she may be the only girl i know
possessed of a genuine intellectual curiosity.

and she escapes the tyranny of the obvious.
if we are dining at el matador, and i explain
the principles of the corrida, she doesn't
take the side of the goddam bull.

she doesn't tell me i shouldn't drink so much.
she doesn't want to marry me.
she doesn't regale me with anecdotes of the office,
memorabilia of the student cafeteria.

she asks about paris; she asks about rome.
she finds the world funny; she finds its words
wonderful. we love each other.
i think i'll go see her right now.

old fucks

i had just enjoyed my ritual
half-bottle of chenin blanc
backed by a hearty bowl of albondigas soup

and in the parking lot i came upon
these old fucks necking in a white-and-blue
'57 buick special.