

## The Wind

blew hard last night and I woke up making that sound again. Some people hear it once and never come back. The brave or faithful or desperate say that it is

terror, preceded by sprinter's breath.

I turned on all the lights, looked in the closet, behind the drapes: the dead were scattered through my dreams like kindling. Even awake I could feel the sound wearing at the edges of my heart.

Across the way, beyond the arroyo, I could see other windows, pipes of light at whose ends people wept or puked.

I turned back to the living room, car-lot bright, my breath as thin as a cat's.

## The Get-Together Where We All Got To Know One Another

The head of the department wore blue, Scandinavian clogs to show that he wasn't stuffy and he stayed close to his wife to show that he wasn't queer.

The girl from Maine with the dancer's legs and a spectator's body took down names and addresses and phone numbers with a red felt-tipped pen.

Beside us was a couple from Minnesota. They were from a Catholic school and they were both blonde. He smoked a corncob pipe, she did not. But she did say that she was going to pamper herself and only look for an 8-to-5 job. He was twenty-one years old and had gotten both his poems back twice.

The husband of the girl with the big breasts sat on the floor and she sat in a chair and put her knees together. Once he said, "That's just another way the university rips off those of us who are sensitive."

His wife kept her mouth half-open all the time and was always the first to laugh. The pale girlfriend of The Beard tried to laugh before her once but Big Breasts was too quick and The Little Poet had to start his joke all over again.

The Big Poet and The Novelist sat in the other room and watched television.

Henry James  
Fails The Phone Company's Vocabulary Test

"Can you think of a word that means a place where an artist works?" asked the personnel manager.

"Certainly," said Henry James, "atelier."

"I'll ask you to name some foreign countries in a minute, Hank, but right now garret would of got you through that one. Try and put your mind to it this time and tell me what you call a man who's good at sitting around after dinner and keeping folks entertained.

"Deipnosophist," said Henry James.

"Well, that's closer, anyway; some of those guys do drink too much. I would've taken story-teller, Hank, okay? In fact I would've been satisfied with all around good Joe. Once more now: what do we call the young people who fly all over the world looking for fun?"

"Jeunesse dorree."

"Just a minute. I'm sure Janie What'shername's story would be very interesting and to tell you the truth I'd like to hear a little about what those jet-setters do up there for hours, but it's the company's time and not mine. And speaking of time, I can save us both a lot of it if I just come right out and tell you in all honesty that I don't think you'd really fit in here at Ding Dong Bell. Isn't there something else you might be happy at?"

"I have written with a considerable amount of success."

"Then I'd say write again. And if your parents won't send you any more, try uncles. What are relatives for, right? And if you want that personal touch, there are special rates after 6:00 and on the weekends."

"You're a coprophagous fellow," said Henry James.

"It's the suit that does it," said the personnel manager.  
"This baby is imported from England."