

tattooed above her right wrist  
as the world spit out the rose  
and one of the bums fell to the floor  
losing the fight  
and as the other kicked him in the ribs  
I bought Gregory another  
drink. I liked him very much, a very  
fine sort.

### Eleven

now I've been to the tracks for 32 years  
and I've seen some strange things  
but the other day  
it's the first race  
they're putting them into the gate  
I'm 3 or 4 away from the betting window  
I want to bet five win  
when the announcer says, "The flag's up!"  
I am about to say, "Eleven,"  
and this arm comes up from below me with a five  
in its hand and the voice says,  
"Eleven," and I grab the arm by the wrist  
and look down and here's some guy on his hands and  
knees, he's crawled up under me and  
I hold his wrist and tell him,  
"just wait a god damned minute!"  
and then I say, "Eleven,"  
and I get my ticket just as the buzzer rings  
shutting off the machines  
and I go out to watch the race.  
the Eleven runs up to fourth around the final curve  
then falls back.  
I lost my five dollars  
and I saved him five,  
but I wondered what could look so good about a  
fifteen to one shot  
reading up off of an eight to one morning line.  
this man actually crawled on his knees,  
his hands and knees and came up under me  
with a loser.  
I almost hit him  
but I got my ticket  
and I saw the cop running up to ask this man  
what he was doing  
and then I went out to see the Eleven come up to  
4th., then fall  
back. I still don't understand  
it. it was a bad bet.

I think the next time I see that track cop  
I'll ask him what he did  
with that guy.  
I've never seen him before.  
I know they put the Eleven horse back in the barn.  
the winner paid \$11.40, which is reasonable,  
and the girls were wobbling and shaking and looking  
for a winner, but I tell you  
after 32 years at the track  
this guy crawling on his hands and knees to bet  
a loser  
was one of the saddest acts I have ever  
witnessed  
as the girls wobbled and shook and the sky  
was almost  
blue.

no bra, no panties...

the lights are on, the lights are  
off, I am sitting in an apt. on  
S. Oxford Ave., I am 53 years old  
and I do not answer the door and the  
telephone co. says they can't give me a  
telephone, well, there are many things I can't get  
and now that I think of it I really don't want a  
telephone because whenever it rings it is usually  
somebody I don't want to see who wants to come over  
and we end up drinking until 4 a.m.

but the other day I did let one  
in, she had on a light green smock  
no bra no panties...  
looked like she'd been living with a jazz musician  
who was on the shit and beat her 5 or 6 times a  
week.  
anyhow, she sifted about the room, ass wobbling,  
standing in front of the blinds  
letting me look at her cunt and her ass  
and she said she knew  
Bob Dylan, Ginsberg, knew Kerouac too once, even  
met Mailer (a real shit), and Capote (a real shit) and  
she knew McClure and some of the Beatles and even  
Rod McK., and she knew Neal too once, and Ken, and she  
knew Edward A. and this guy on the Rolling Stones, she'd  
met Burroughs, Captain Kangaroo and x-mayor Yorty...

"what can I do for you?" I asked.

she stood in front of the blinds and said,  
"do you have a shower?"