

## THE STAR TREATMENT

the photographer used about four rolls  
& we must have hit ten bars  
that day  
& there would be pictures of me with old men  
& pictures of me with peroxide floozies  
pictures of me with bartenders  
pictures of me pissing  
pictures of me shooting pool  
pictures of me passed out at the bar  
etc.

I was driving home drunk that night  
listening to the Giants game  
on the radio  
feeling like a real star  
my picture would be on the book  
a book of my own poems  
I was on my way  
on my way to  
something or other.

when the cop pulled me over  
for missing the stop sign I  
kept the radio on  
& when he asked to see my  
registration  
I told him to be quiet  
to wait just a second  
the Giants had the bases loaded  
& Bonds was at the plate.

the warrant check turned up  
two outstanding parking tickets  
so he was afraid he'd  
have to take me in  
& he kept apologizing all the time  
asking me about the ball game  
while twisting my arms  
behind my back &  
snapping on the cuffs.

on the way to the station I  
told him I was a poet  
& I told him about the  
picture taking session  
& how it seemed ironic  
that my day should end  
like this.

not much was said after that.