

He's worrying about becoming bow-legged when a group of nymphs and fauns scamper into a clearing a few feet away, and begin an orgy. Some of the nymphs look suspiciously like girls he dated in high school, who told him they were saving themselves for their husbands.

"Help! Over here!" he calls, just as the head faun is saying "This is a great spot for an orgy, as long as you ignore the talking trees."

MICKEY AND THE SHERIFF

Mickey had just opened his music shop for the day when a man with a bright silver badge and a sawed-off shotgun walked in and told him to reach for the sky.

"Who who are you?" Mickey stammered.

"The law!" came the stern reply.

"But but your badge says, I think -- please correct me if I'm wrong -- says 'I. M. Adildo.'"

"Well, you gotta Marksalot pen?" the man demanded.

"Sure." Mickey pulled one from his shirt pocket.

"Well, cross out the name and write SHERIFF." Mickey did.

"Convinced?"

"Yes. Of course. What can I do for you, sheriff?"

"Lemme see what's in them coffins. Everything you or I say will be used against you."

"Please sir, those aren't coffins, they're guitar cases." He opens one at random.

"My God, the poor kid!" The sheriff turned away, hand over his mouth. "You monster!" he choked.

"But it's just a guitar."

The sheriff whirled on Mickey. "What kind of trash are you? Because a kid has a birth defect, looks a little different, you want to kick him out of the human race. Why I oughta..." (as he spoke he scrawled BOY across the guitar).

"Please sir, I'm sorry he's dead sir. But I didn't kill him. He was like that when I bought him. I swear it," Mickey pleaded.

"Tell it to the judge, slave-trading, necrophiliac scum!" And the sheriff herded Mickey into a guitar-teaching room where Zeke, Mickey's cat, was curled up sleeping. "Judge, I got a bad one for you. Oh, you don't think he's a judge? Give me some cardboard." The sheriff wrote JUDGE on the back of an enrollment card, punched a hole in it, and tied it around Zeke's flea collar.

"What's the sentence judge? Death? O.k." and he raised his shotgun, pointed at the blanching Mickey, and pulled the trigger. There was a click, a pop, then a red flag wrapped around a stick poked out the barrel and unrolled, spelling BANG!.

"What a relief," Mickey sighed. "It's all a stupid joke." He was just noticing the word DEAD stamped in purple on his hand, when his head started to fly apart at the seams.

-- Charles Webb

Seattle WA

POET-BONE

I have an irregular bone near
my elbow that makes me lie.
I call it my poet-bone:
it is very contemporary.
a poet-bone is a passport
to fabrication. it twitched
last week & I wrote about how
tuff & quick-witted I was;
how I drank a quart of jim beam
in three hours;
how my heart had been broken
by the blonde down the court
& it really didn't hurt.
I love that damn bone,
it's better than any costume, mask,
or the most sophisticated wizardry:
at once, I am the image of starshine
& I needn't wear underwear.
some folks call it a crazy-bone.