

Some tents were for eating.
Some tents were for sleeping.
Some tents were for drinking.
Some tents were for screwing.
Some tents were for relieving
the bowels.

The King of Arizona had thought of everything.

When the King died the slaves left the labyrinth. They left untouched the palace built on flat rocks.

They left the tents of the King of Arizona flapping in the furnace air and sailed beyond the sea of empty A-B beers in search of a new master.

JENSEN WITH TELEPHONE

Speaking from the fast lane
the young prince pressed his mount
which leapt ahead with heavy breath.
Satisfied he placed the receiver on the hook
and smiled.

Life doesn't allot every man
a Jensen with telephone.

The numbers will always be unlisted,
few, hair styled, slightly handsome,
They will telephone desires.
They will have a Jensen.
They will smile when speaking.
They will eat seedless grapes.
They will study supple-bodied women
like scholars.

Life doesn't allot every man
a Jensen with telephone.

Speaking from experience money
will out.

Your phone service will be better.
Your Jensen will get the best
a friend deserves.
Your smiles will have a silver lining.
Your grapes will not be sour.
Your women will be supple objects
of close study.