

(because i'm a masochist, he thinks) -- because i want to, he says.

-- no, i mean, why subject yourself? all those manuscripts, raising money and taking none. what's in it for you?

*

to all of them he apologizes -- i am a poet. i must speak the unspeakable. i must find ways.

THIS CAT DON'T DANCE

1

sure they want to hold you on their
lap stroke your fur hear

you purr
so what?

it's what you want to do
anyway

2

they put you in a paper bag
so they can stand around and watch
you fight your way out

so swat claw bite until you make
the paper crackle like it never
did before then

get up
walkaway

you know the food is in another
room

3

when they're putting your food in the
bowl and it's that chow-chow you
really like and you never did give a
damn about p's & q's anyway

be obnoxious

meow. rub their legs climb up the
counter MEOW. stare them in the

eyes and when they give it to you
sniff it
walkaway

there'll be time for it
later.

4

when you've been out all night cattin
around and they've let you inside
and you're sittin down and your
eyelids are droopin but you
don't want them to think
you're losin your touch

be cool

let your eyes close
and head erect
fall asleep

who cares

it's none of
their business
anyhow.

THE EXECUTIVE

36 years old, shaves his head bald
once in the marine corps he mastur-
bated in front of his platoon so he could
challenge the Article that made playing
with yourself a court-martial offense.
They let him be.

He writes with a pen that is at least
an inch in diameter, drives a '50
studebaker that he starts with a screw-
driver and signs his name with a capital
"D" that looks like the number "1"
inside a circle.

Once we fought over a woman.

He is Don Alexander, executive vice
president of Security Pacific Bank
high-school dropout, bullshit artist
who handles eight billion dollars
of the bank's money.