

(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.