

"I saw it! he did it!"

"let me lift that son of a bitch!"

he couldn't do it. they all came and tried again. the steel weight wouldn't move.

they went back to their various jobs. at about 11:30 a.m. a truck backed in with a crane in the back of it. the crane reached down, clamped the steel and lifted it, with much grinding, into the truck.

for about a week after that blacks and Mexicans who had never spoken to me tried to make friends. I was looked upon with much respect.

then not long after that everybody seemed to forget about it and

I began to get verbally sliced again  
challenged again  
mocked again  
it was the same old  
bullshit.

they knew what I knew:  
that I'd never lift anything  
like that again.

#### LEGS, HIPS AND BEHIND

we liked the priest because we saw him buy an icecream cone once  
we were 9 years old and when I went into my friend's house his mother was always drinking with his father  
they left the screen door open and listened to music on the radio  
his mother always had her dress pulled high and her legs excited me  
made me nervous and afraid but excited somehow  
those black high heels and those nylons -- even though she had buck teeth which stuck out

when we were ten his father shot and  
killed himself with a bullet through  
the head  
but my friend and his mother went on  
living in the house  
and I used to see his mother going  
up the hill to the market with her  
shopping bag and I'd walk alongside  
of her  
quite conscious of her legs and her  
hips and her behind  
the way it all moved  
and she always spoke nicely to me  
and her son and I went to church and  
confession together  
and the priest lived in a place  
behind the church  
and a fat kind lady was always there  
with him  
when we went to visit  
and it always seemed warm and  
sunny  
1930  
I didn't even know exactly  
that there was a worldwide  
depression  
and madness and sorrow were  
almost everywhere.

#### CHILLED

we went to see a play at a small playhouse and it  
was so bad we slipped out at the first intermission  
feeling we needed a drink to get us back to our  
blue and yellow walls  
we went to the first bar east  
sat down and here was a woman gyrating on a tiny  
stage  
roaring and ripping and twisting her pelvis and her  
pulp and her ganglia and her hips and her vagina and  
her bungy  
ow  
the red wine was served chilled  
there was a fat man and a thin man and a medium  
man watching and we were watching and there were  
3 girls working  
no band  
the music came over the intercom and I feared the  
urinal