

and as I parked
in the area in front of me
I saw this man pushing a
shopping cart filled with
bottles, pieces of cloth,
magazines, wires, bits of
scatological debris,
and each hair
on this man's head was
perfectly combed and a
majestic grey.
he had a square chin
a bit of scarf around his throat
but it was hardly a frowzy piece
of linen
and he strolled
poised
puffing upon a pipe
he looked natty and almost
intellectual
he looked just like
Cary Grant looks now
in this 1978
he looked a hell of a lot
better than I
did
or maybe better than
you
this shopping cart bum
there at Gower Gulch
on Sunset boulevard
just east of
Mark C. Bloome
tires
at 11:45 a.m.
in
Hullywo d.

SILK PINK GOWN, SILK BLUE
GOWN, SILK PURPLE GOWN

I'd leave this house about 10:30 in the
morning to go back to my place in the
city.
the houses up there were expensive
and all the automobiles were
expensive
and I'd walk to my car
hoping that it would start
and when it did I'd have to warm it

for a lengthy period
and as I did each morning
the screams of a young woman would
begin in the house across the way.
she sounded truly in agony and then
I'd wait
and out of the house and down her
garden path would come this
blonde long hair flying
breasts loosening out of her morning
gown
slipperless tender white feet
this body rumpling and breaking through her
silk pink gown or her silk blue gown or her
silk purple gown (whichever she was wearing
that morning) and her eyes would be holy and
demented
the breasts so much like explosives ready to
go off she'd run at my car screaming and then
the words would form:
"GET THAT FUCKING HUNK OF SHIT, GET THAT
EYESORE, THAT FARTING, BELCHING MACHINE
OFF OF THIS STREET! GET IT OUT OF HERE,
DO YOU HEAR ME? YOU FUCKING FRANKENSTEIN!"

such beauty! never on stage or on the screen
or through the tube had I ever seen such.

and driving away
looking back through the rearview mirror
I would see her bending twirling jumping
flouncing
pulling at her hair while screaming her
head would fall back.

and she did it every morning until
the other lady (whose house I left each
morning) and I separated our relation-
ship.

I didn't miss the other lady but a day
or two
but that girl of the hills who
disliked me and my automobile so much
that one took me a little more time
to get over,
if I have.

BLACK

my first wife was from Texas and we came
to L.A. to live
she came from money and I came from
some place else.