

HIS HANDIWORK

observing the sunset over the pacific,
the man said, "how could anyone experience such beauty
and not assent to the existence of the deity?"

"i couldn't agree with you more," i said,
"and furthermore i am compelled
to make the same reflection
each time i visit an insane asylum."

A PLAGUE GREW IN ANAHEIM

i've always been a yankees fan,
but i take almost as much pleasure
in an angels' loss as in a yankees' win.

i felt a little guilty this year,
because for once it meant pulling against
such outstanding players as rudi and grich
and ryan and tanana and bonds.

but as one by one they got injured,
mostly through managerial stupidity,
i was freed to laugh from the depths
of my being when ken brett was pitching
last week, with runners on second and third,
and the manager ordered him to put
the next batter, amos otis, on base
with an intentional pass, and otis yelled

some sort of insult, so, in spite of
the catcher's leaning far out the other
side of the box, brett threw at
the batter's head.

the ball rolled to the backstop
as the runner scored from third.

otis charged the pitcher,
the benches emptied,
and the umpire ended up beneath the melee.

the catcher retrieved the ball
but since he had no one to throw it to,
the runner on second came all the way home also.

i wonder if albert camus was an angels' fan.

NEWLYWED

since i recently got married for the third time
a number of acquaintances,
obviously hoping i could articulate for them
a justification of their own commitments to domesticity,
have asked me to comment on the institution.

(my close friends, knowing that i must have had
a specific reason for terminating a nine-years' love affair
by marrying the girl
do not make inquiries of me,
although, of course, i nonetheless provide my reasons,
free of charge,
at tedious and obnoxious length.)

so for those who would like to hear
my ringing formulation of the joys of matrimony,

here is what i have to say:

the only good thing about marriage
is that it doesn't last very long.

-- Gerald Locklin

Long Beach CA

HAPPY ENDING

King Kong does not die. He gets hip to the biplanes,
lets them dive by and ionizes them. Halfway down
the Empire State he leaps to another skyscraper,
then another and another, working his way way North
and West until people thin out and he can disappear.

Fay's boyfriend is sure she is dead OR WORSE
but just as he is about to call up the entire U.S.
Army, a scandal mag breaks the story. The couple
has been seen in seclusion at a resort somewhere near
Phoenix. Long lens telephoto shots show them sunning
by a pool. There are close-ups of Fay straddling
the monster's tongue and standing in his ear whispering
something Kong likes. Look, his grin is as big as
a hundred Steinways.