

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.