

NARES MORIBUNDO

You lie in her bed wondering if she is in the other room calling the boyfriend who stormed out of that bar just before she picked you up and then under the streetlight said, "You certainly looked a lot better in that dim, corner booth."

Meditatively you disengage a booger. You stare at it. Carefully you place it between the mattress and box spring.

Soon the boyfriend will rush over. Reconciled, they will make passionate love and at the height of pleasure he reaches for a new handhold and discovers

She will deny. He will scrutinize: Whose is this? No one's. You met a nosepicker and brought him up here. No, never. Then it's yours. No, no. Good Lord, all these months in love with a secret sloven. What next, turds among the tea towels?

She pleads but he dresses and leaves. She weeps, heartbroken. She tries everything to win him back, even has her nostrils sewn shut. Nothing doing and she commits suicide

while you sit in some dim, corner booth, your nose in its jeweled scabbard.

A RETURNING STUDENT TAKES UNDERWATER BASKET WEAVING

My husband made fun, but three easy credits were right down my alley. Really, I just wanted to get my feet wet! But this is not easy. My teacher is so young. He guides my slow hands. Tucked in his tight, black trunks is his big roll book. Nearby young girls work, their baskets smooth as their breasts; now long, downy thighs float past my eyes. Lord, I am so distracted. How can I work like this? Oh, for the rigors of calculus, the dusty sleeve, the comic professor with his accent.

-- Ronald Koertge

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