

tequila bird poems

4/13/77

ain't it the truth

i was spending a very busy saturday afternoon
trying to watch "wide world of sports,"
consume a six-pack, and baby-sit my 4 yr. old
niece.

maybe it was my fifth beer, or the nasal monotone
of loquacious howard accompanied by two lousy
amateur pugilists, or a combination of both
that made me do it. i don't know.

anyway, i got up and went into the kitchen,
took a chicken fryer out of the freezer,
and called little veronica to come into the room.
"look," i said, holding the chicken high over her
head, "i caught the easter bunny last night
and now we'll eat him for dinner."

she looked at me, then the chicken.
she expressed her wit and wisdom with a deadpan
face that would put w.c. fields to shame,
she said,
"you caca head."

you know, i think the kid is onto something.

.. **R Vargas**