

8/17/77
apology from the kid

when fresh out of high school, the kid landed a summer job with B of A. he was low man on the totem pole. the shit detail. he found out soon enough when, after being there 2 wks., the bank president called him to his desk. he gave the kid a file with a name and a checking acct. number. he said:

"the i.r.s. is requesting all deposit slips and statements on record in regards to this guy. they want the goods on him real bad. it will probably take you 4-5 days, but start after your lunch break."

4-5 days turned into 7-8. the man's stuff was everywhere. the basement, upstairs, nooks and crannies that even the president didn't know existed. and the kid found it all. he started with 1974 and went back as far as '55. then it was off to an orange county warehouse where he found stuff as far back as '49.

the kid was relentless. tie off, sleeves rolled up, sucking on mountain dews and pepsis, sweating like a prospector digging for gold. each yellowed piece of paper bringing another smile from the boss, an imaginary pat on the back from uncle sam.

on the kid's last day, he asked the president about mr. what's-his-name and whatever happened to him. "they got him by the balls. he's good as gone. the i.r.s. said we did a good job."

i have my regrets, now. i should have shredded up the whole fuckin' mess and dumped it from an airplane high over the shores of san clemente. i just hope that when my turn comes, it's not because of some green punk, and i manage to come out of it with my cojones ... still whole and healthy.

10/12/77
the job, a swing shift lament

when lunch time comes around,
we head out to the parking lot,
a migratory herd of caribous looking for greener pastures.
we pull out our pipes, our papers, our smoke.
we talk about getting fucked by the bossman,
the union,
our women.
and always the new job we're going to go out looking
for tomorrow.

when we return to the warehouse,
the old guys sitting down with cups of
coffee in their hands notice our arrival,
smelling the lingering smoke and saying nothing.
these oldtimers with the thick skin of a rhino's hide
have known the pain.
they look the other way,
and in our silence
we know it's just a matter of time.

1/26/78
true love

the only one never to treat me shitty
remains in my room. she is there, always.
when i take her for granted (which is
often), she doesn't bitch or try to make me
feel guilty.
upon my arrival home from a typical sat. nite
bout with beer and tequila, no shrew-like screams
are waiting up for me, but instead,
soothing silence.
i also know that the fingerprints on her hips
are mine
and only mine.

and when i want to make love, there are never
any excuses as to why we can't,
and if i'm good, she gives me babies,
crisp and clean babies to be held up
to the dark nite sky ...
me a proud daddy passing out cigars.

but being the typical male that i am,
it is my fate never to be satisfied.
there's an ibm selectric in the display window
of a typewriter shop downtown. lately, when i
pass by, she winks or smiles at me.

and i have begun to take notice.

2/9/78
playing safe

loading a truck in the rain for 3 hrs.
had left me and carlos looking like a pair
of wet wharf-rats.
we were huddling around the coffee pot during
our break, shivering and wondering how it had