

will leave my head ringing for the rest of the day,  
my body wracked with suicidal pain. but if i'm lucky,  
i'll catch 'em with their thumbs up their asses, and  
before they can disengage 'em, i'll race past, make a  
1st down, keep the drive alive.

on fridays, like the polished quarterback, i've got my  
ground game established, allowing me to fill the stadium  
air with beautiful, spiraling bombs that descend with an  
accuracy that would have given even hitler a hard-on.

i'm looking good, really good.  
and slowly i begin to realize why somebody  
created this crazy game.

2/26/79

outta luck

imagine that you have just walked  
into a party, ready to have a good time  
a wild time  
cause the smoke in the air don't smell like  
anything out of Marlboro Country  
making one ponder what juan valdez really  
grows in colombia.  
when all of a sudden this guy you haven't seen  
since high school corners you, starts talking  
about his 35 grand a year, his 280-Z, his ex-wife,  
his bachelor pad and regular jacuzzi orgies  
under warm summer skies at the swinging singles  
apartment complex.  
then he has the nerve to ask,  
"so what do you do?"  
if you've got style, you don't tell him to  
fuck off,  
you tell him that you're a poet and walk out  
the same way you came in.  
but if your thirst demands immediate attention  
and he's bought the beer  
then you're shit outta luck.

3/7/79

guilty, with an explanation (a 380 dollar poem)

it wasn't my fault, your honor.  
the evening just started out bad.  
1st, i got my ass kicked at the pool table  
not once, but five times. it may not be the same

as having your dick disappear after being informed  
that you've won a free night's use of a real, live  
harem, but the feelings are similar.  
and later that evening, at another bar  
down the street where kirk and i had decided  
to make our last stand,  
i see this waitress that ...  
well, let me put it this way,  
if i could be the seat on anybody's 10 speed  
in the whole wide world, it would have to be hers.  
so i give her this note that says i think  
Helen of Troy must have looked like her.  
and you know what she did, your honor?  
she asked me who Helen Troy was.  
that's what kind of night i'm talking about, judge.  
so when i got pulled over by two of  
the california highway patrol's finest,  
i wasn't weaving so much because of the beer,  
but because i was considering whipping the wheel  
and flooring it, doing something right for a change.  
obviously, i failed at that, too.

so i plead guilty, your honor.  
i plead guilty to being a loser  
for one night too many.  
now i dare you to insult a man who has nothing  
left to lose.  
i dare you.

3/19/79

i got them dirty underwear blues

we were taking a break between clutches  
in the motel 6 darkness,  
waiting for our second wind.  
when, for no reason at all, she started.  
1st, i heard about the episode with a perfect stranger  
in san diego, a hitchhiker who turned her on  
to some acid, and left her in the backseat of her car  
at a local drive-in, her panties on backwards.  
then, there was the middle-aged, recently divorced  
business executive who kept falling asleep  
despite the romantic fireplace setting and  
a hundred and twenty dollar a night view  
of the beach.  
this led to her 1st time, a high-school jock  
who came in three seconds and asked her if she  
was alright.  
the clincher, though, was a one-night stand who led  
her to believe that he was single, and while wrestling