

shorts. Inside the dryer, a dark-haired beauty is shouting, "Viva revolution!"

Panting, I bolt the bathroom door, sigh of relief catching in my teeth as I hear behind me the gurgle and turning see the smile behind the snorkel.

BULL'S EYE

She got all the ducks, bears, windmills, pendulums. She rang all the bells. Lined up in front of her were goldfish, coasters, vases, sets of pilsner glasses, teddies, Snoopies. "That's all folks," said the man in the KNAVISH SHOWS T-shirt to the shooter plus the hundreds who had swarmed in behind her. "All gone," he added to the empty shelves and riddled gallery. "Really," he assured everyone as the rifle came up and the crowd began to heave, "there's nothing left to execute," beginning to dart back and forth in a crouch.

SLEEPING BEAUTY

When the word went out, the princes began to show up. The first tried a few pecks, shrugged and wandered off. Another couple pried her jaws open and got down to work. Some liked her a lot and had to be dragged out by the guards. One or two really let her have it, so when Prince C. did show up she was slightly bruised, a little puffy and very damp. "Not this mini-monarch," he said backing out. But even his voice worked a kind of magic, waking her just enough to enroll at the state college, graduate in three years and get a job as a high school English teacher.

PLUS ÇA CHANGE

Remember how it was supposed to be in the mashed potatoes and some boy from the East painted such a vivid picture of big Baptist cooks dumping it

in by the handfuls that pretty soon you knew for a fact that the president of the university drove down to the factory and there, assisted by creepy guys whose noses even drooped, loaded the truck himself.

Today two students call me over. They look all around, then whisper through the curtain of their hair, "Wow. Forget the poison herbicides, man.. That's media-rot. The present administration really doesn't want us to, like, reproduce so they're spraying the fields in Mexico with saltpeter."

-- Ronald Koertge

South Pasadena CA

A HOLE IN THE HEAD

In my afternoon composition class
I hand back a paper on which
I have crossed out the word "holistic."

"This word is without meaning,"
I have scrawled in the margin.

Later that day a department memo
informs us that
"a team of twenty readers
will grade the finals holistically."

THE MIND IS SELECTIVE, AND I GUESS I JUST HAVE A BETTER
MIND FOR WINE THAN FOR CHURCHES

"What was the name," she asks me,
of that Christopher Wren church I dragged you to
near Liverpool Station?"

I don't remember any church near Liverpool Station.
I remember Pettycoat Lane and Dirty Dick's
and Wormwood Street, though.

Later she says, "Where did we have that great bottle
of Pouilly-Fuissé?"