

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?"

and I say, "That was at the Pleasant Trees  
three years ago October.  
I had stroganoff and you had halibut.  
We had two bottles actually,  
bill came to a little over 20 dollars, tip included.  
It was a Louis Jadot selection  
and when we got home we made love  
twice."

#### PEOPLE ARE GOING CRAZY IN BAKERSFIELD

People are going crazy in Bakersfield. The cause has  
been under the most intense of investigations for months.  
The investigators have begun to go crazy.

The problem does not seem to lie with the fog, although  
the fog extends for seventeen miles and even t.s. eliot  
is rumored to have once remarked, "That fog would keep  
a bloody prufrock off the streets." The fog never drove  
San Bernardino loony in the past.

There's neither more nor less oil from the oilfields in  
oildale than the oil companies have come to expect.  
The town still shuts down at dusk; the beer-bars at two.  
Farm labor relations long ago normalized. Cable t.v.  
and the proximity of Magic Mountain have enhanced the  
quality of life. The mountains remain two hours to the  
east, the ocean two hours to the west. The water purity  
is no worse than ever. Piss-analysis has proved nothing.

Meanwhile, people are going crazy in Bakersfield at a  
geometrically progressive rate. Nothing has ever  
progressed at such a rate in Bakersfield before.

#### "A PEECE OF THE CONTINENT"

my memory's in other people's minds.  
because i am increasingly forgetful,  
i tutor them, they teach me back.  
they always seem to tell me what and when  
i need to know for a poem.  
unlucky in so many things,  
and never having mastered how to charm,  
in this i'm charmed.