

the tires now switched around,
I sit by her, ask her for a walk,
she says okay, I think,
takes a half-hour getting ready,
and we drive to the Tasty Freeze,
and accidentally we bump each other
and accidentally hold hands.

-- R. E. Blaisdell

San Francisco CA

THE MULTI-COLORED COUPLE

At first they were very happy. Everything was rosy. They woke up pink like anyone else. One day the wife realized that nothing they touched had turned to gold. They had one little white car, a tiny orange house. A neighbor had two big black cars with shiny chrome bumpers. The wife turned green with envy. That night, as the sky turned purple, the wife said, "I'm blue." "Why?" asked the tan husband. "Look at what everyone else has. Big shiny cars and summer homes in Greenland. We have only this tiny house and one old rusty car." The husband turned red. "You're right," he said. So they packed everything & went looking for greener grass. After many years of moving from town to town, things grew blacker & blacker. One day the wife said, "Let's move again." The husband, fed up with moving & afraid to try for another job, replied, "No. I will never move again." The wife said, "Then I'll hold my breath until we do." They sat there for days. The husband was yellow, the wife was blue.

THE HUSBAND & THE WIFE

The husband throws himself against the wall. The wife thinks nothing of it. Just yesterday she did the same thing. A splash of Boston fern on the chair beside the swing has her attention. On the left: jade, cactus, philodendron. The wife sticks her finger in

the soil & waters the dryer plants. The husband sits on the couch & tries to think of an excuse. The wife comes in from the porch, she sees the hand on the wall.

-- Philip Shirley

Birmingham AL

THANKSGIVING MORNING

Loading luggage for trip
north noticed flats.
One on each car.
Knife punctured.
Neighbor also lost two.
Must have been
random slashing.

Small relief.

SHORT

Quit painting but
can still get
a poem off
if I keep
it short.

MISSED WORK FRIDAY

Been sick. More
ways than one.
Headache keeps me
awake. Gutache
keeps me on my toes.
Heartache keeps
me guessing.

FOUR CONNECTIONS

To shoot well
you must hit
the target's center
regularly.

An expert shot
rarely misses
the bull's-eye.

An artist can
hit the bull's-eye
without looking.

An enlightened man
recognizes himself
& doesn't shoot.

FIX

Gotta be a little drunk
to drive safe thru
Sacramento at nite.
Natives take over
warp traffic patterns
to fit their fix.
Gotta get in rhythm
with em or risk
riding a gutter
nitemare home.