she had a period as
a young woman when
dogs appeared in her dreams.

later, when she was
pregnant she learned of
the link between dog-hair

and literacy in children
and foreseeing the suffering
this would involve

had a fence built
around the house.

nowadays the kids
can wipe their own asses
and lately she's been
eyeing me as i trot by
5 times a week on the
way to the carnival.

"look," i heard her say
the other day to someone in there,
"it's the big dog with
long toenails."

a nice laugh
she has.

down at the local
beautiful person's bar
she slipped her arm
through mine
and leaned on me.

i told her she looked
like mia farrow
but i don't think
she knew the name.
her mind was very

beautiful and she
said the right things
about coke and how fucked up she was and which bartender was all right and which one wasn't.

meanwhile in 5 minutes time at least three guys gave her a deluxe massage as they squeezed past.

somehow my arm became disentwined and i started getting in on the action. she leaned even closer.

"so-and-so wants to dance. he's a friend, but ...." "not the kind of guy you want to dance with."

she smiled. her hand which was light and beautiful moved across the front of my pants. i had a piece of her ass in one hand and a tit in the other. when we stopped kissing i caught our reflection in the mirror.

"damn," i thought, "here i am with zelda fitzgerald." i caught her looking too. apparently i was not her idea of f. scott.

by last call she had been thru two after me and was telling a third that it was about time to get back to the guy she came with. i thought i had it bad.

-- Christopher Daly

Seal Beach CA