

"and let him go."
I didn't say anything.
"you know what they're doing when they do that?" she asked.
"no," I answered.
"they're whacking-off," she said.
"Jesus," I said.
"and I think this one's funny. you probably won't think it's funny...."
"go ahead...."
"well, you know what a hand-mirror is?"
"yes...."
"well, after I got off the freeway, here came this other guy ... he was really quite common-looking, nothing exceptional ... but he drove up alongside of me and he had this card in the hand-mirror and it said:
'WANNA PARTY?'
and I laughed, I shook my head and I said, 'No.'
we drove along like that and he replaced the card. the next one said:
'ARE YOU ATTACHED?'
and I nodded my head up and down in the affirmative, then he replaced the card
and the next one said:
'DO YOU CHEAT ON YOUR OLD MAN?'
and I shook my head, 'No'
and then he put in another card
and it said
'GOODBYE'
and it was all right because he was this quite ordinary-looking fellow and we were laughing all through it...."
she had finished.

"listen," I said, "did I tell you the time I went to THRIFTY'S to get a pair of stockings and some shorts and this young woman walked up to me and do you know what she said? guess what she said...? understand I just went in there to get a pair of stockings and some shorts...."

time is made to be wasted

I had just bought some boxer shorts
and a pair of bluejeans
and I had just purchased a box of popcorn
and was walking by the shoe dept.

when I heard the salesgirl say to the man seated,

"now I'm just here to help fit you into some shoes. you needn't get personal."

the man was old with a bent neck and grey hair.

"all right, all right," he said.

when I got out into the parking lot

2 cars were crashed together

and a young man in a new car was

saying to the lady in the old car,

"madam, why did you do that? look at my poor car."

the woman was built like a

linebacker for the Dallas Cowboys

and she screamed out:

"OH SHUT UP! SHUT UP, YOU DUMB SON OF A BITCH!"

I ate the popcorn in the car and drove in. the phone was ringing.

"hello," I answered.

"where've you been?" she asked.

"I've been ringing and ringing."

"I went shopping."

"shopping?"

"yes...."

"you haven't been to see Cupcakes, have you?"

"no, besides she's moved to Glendale."

"Glendale? how did you know?"

"now, come on, Linda...."

"I want to know...."

"I got some boxer shorts and some bluejeans."

the night was a little better than the day. the police helicopter

circled overhead, they had a stake-
out on an apartment house on
Serrano Avenue.
the police crouched behind bushes
with rifles and shotguns and pistols
and they brought one man out in a
white shirt
and the blood ran down in front of him
in a red mass
and he was handcuffed in
back. there were one or two others
inside and the police spoke to them
over a loudspeaker....

strangely, I lost interest
and then as I walked back toward
my place
I got a toothache
and I didn't have many teeth
left
and suddenly a grey and crippled cat
ran across the sidewalk in front of
me
its back arched
tail high
I saw its bunghole in the moonlight
and then it vanished under a
bush.

and titles too

don't worry Dostoevski,
the fish and the hills and the harbor
and the girls and the horses and the
alleys and the nights and the dogs
and the knives and the poisons and
the wines and the midgets and the
giants and the lights and the guns
and the lies and the sacrifices
and the flies and the frogs and the
flags and the doors and the windows
and the stairways and the cigarettes
and the hotels and myself have been
around a long time

just like you.