

back in bed we sat upright  
eating. I finished my corn  
and my sandwich. she put her  
gizzards down.  
"they just don't taste right,  
they just don't taste like they  
used to."  
she stretched out.  
then her mouth opened  
covered with brown lipstick  
and bits of chicken  
gizzard. she began to  
snore.

I sat and listened to the rain  
then I switched out the  
light.

I had to get out of east Hollywood.  
they didn't even bother to  
fix the streets  
anymore.

#### EDITH SENT US

you just get in from the track  
after losing  
and taking the wrong freeway  
lost in the dark  
the workers roaring around you  
eager to get to their tv sets.  
you feel very subnormal,  
idiotic.  
splendid people don't get lost on  
freeways.  
you finally get off 91  
onto 7  
into 405  
into the Harbor freeway  
into the Hollywood freeway,  
off at Silverlake for your 3 bottles of  
wine.  
then down Hollywood Blvd.  
to the side street and on in.  
a book of poems in the mail.  
you read 5 or 6 poems in the bathtub  
then hurl the book from the tub to the wastebasket  
get out, towel, then into the yellow robe



for the first drink.  
there is a banging on the door.  
they want to see you.  
2 boys with motorcycle helmets.  
"Edith sent us," says the bald one,  
"she said she knew you and it was o.k. for us  
to drop by anytime we were in town."  
"I don't know an Edith," you tell them.  
"we thought we'd get a case of beer and talk,"  
he says.  
"look," you say, "I just got my ass beat  
at the track. I even got lost on the freeway.  
I was just going to have my first drink. I'm  
beat. I was just going to sit down ..."  
you indicate the glass of wine by the  
Olympia.  
"we thought we'd get a case of beer and  
talk," he says.  
the other one never says anything, he just  
looks.  
"I'm beat, don't you see?"  
you ask.  
"look," he says, "suppose we come by some Saturday  
with a case of beer when you're not  
so beat?"  
"no," you say, "I'm no snob but I just can't  
do it."  
they go into the night with their helmets.  
they'll get on those freeways  
they'll roar in and out  
angling through steel without  
doubt or fear or confusion.  
they don't need you.  
  
you sit down.  
the first drink, as always, is  
the best.

#### NIGHT SCHOOL

at the drinking driver improvement school  
assigned there by Division 63  
we are given yellow pencils  
and take the test  
to see if we have been listening  
to the instructor.  
like the minimum incarceration for a