

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



2nd drunk driving offense is:

- a) 48 days
- b) 6 months
- c) 90 days

there are 9 questions.

when the instructor leaves the room  
the students begin asking each other  
questions:

"hey, how about question 5? that's a  
hard one!"

"did he talk about that one?"

"I think it's 48 days."

"are you sure?"

"no, but that's what I'm putting  
down."

one woman circles all 3 answers  
on most questions  
although we've been told to  
select only one.

on the break I go down and  
drink a can of beer  
outside a liquor store.  
I watch a black hooker  
on her evening stroll.  
a car pulls up.  
she walks over and they  
talk.  
the door opens.  
she gets in and  
they drive off.

back in class  
the students have gotten  
to know each other.  
they are not a very interesting  
bunch of drunks and  
x-drunks.  
I visualize them sitting in  
bars  
and then I remember why  
I had started drinking  
alone.

the course begins again.  
it is found out that I am  
the only one to have gotten  
100 percent on the test.

I slouch back in my chair  
with my dark shades on.  
I am the class  
intellectual.