

It's no use, though.
At twenty-three she's had
what may be the closest thing
to a literary insight
that she will ever come by,
and she is not about to relinquish it
in the face of mere facts.
I'm sure that if I'm still around
to run into her twenty years from now
the first thing she'll ask me will be
if I'm still trying to booze it up
like Ernest Hemingway.

BACK FROM VACATION

sergeant roger hotspur goes back to work
at the police station.
he storms into the middle of the office,
thumps his chest and bellows,
"well, i'm back you bunch of pukes --
i hope while i was gone you remembered
everything i've taught you about ripping off
the taxpayers.
i sure hope i don't hear about anyone
putting in a full shift,
or writing his eight citations,
or showing any hint of courtesy to the public."

then he lets a fart that he's been working on
for weeks of chili con carne breakfasts.

finally he sits down at his desk,
picks up the phone,
and says, "yes, this is the police department:
fuck fuck fuck
fuck fuck fuck!"

he raises his eyes
a rookie policewoman
is sitting across the room,
wondering if perhaps she made
a poor choice of careers.

-- Gerald Locklin

Long Beach CA