

## GIRLS WITH OLDER BROTHERS

You are waiting in the living room when he comes in with a sandwich as big as your French book. His name is Chico, he tattoos himself and has hit a teacher. "Whachuwant." "I, uh, want Wilma." Oh, God, he's never heard of a harmless ambiguous verb. Suddenly her folks come in, walking on their hind legs for a change. Jesus, not only can your dad not beat up her dad, he couldn't go two rounds with her mother. Chico says, "He wants our Wilma." You rise and back into the shelf holding Saint Bonzo, patron of the house. Chico is helping Dad make a fist when Wilma comes down and you flee together knowing that soon you may die from the beauty of her underwear but there is a 50-50 chance of going to Heaven, a place Chico could never find you in a million years.

## YOU CAN NEVER TELL

Without a belt, you just don't feel dressed, but when you look in the closet the only one there smells. You put it on anyway and go for a brisk walk in the open air. "Smelly belt! Smelly belt!!" chant some Montessori children and the beautiful teacher in sandals holds her nose and laughs. You hope for better luck at the party but the stuck-up typist mumbles that there must be something rotten in the dip and staggers off. This bodes ill for the one you are really interested in, that dish in the long coat, but guys who drift over there soon turn away pale with rejection. So you're in the bathroom determined to make a good impression and just about to lather up from buckle to tip when she bursts in shouting "Dream Lover" and throws open her coat to reveal a pair of the skimpiest panties you ever saw held up by suspenders that stink to high heaven.

-- Ronald Koertge

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