

but i see where kate says she's not concerned  
with overthrowing just any old government,  
she wants to overthrow all of them,  
especially anything that smacks of  
what she refers to as "patriarchal government."

she has a few words on pornography too.  
what a disgrace it is that for three-and-a-half dollars,  
(i suspect the prices have risen)  
a man can watch  
the humiliation of a woman on film.

when the subject of civil liberties is raised,  
kate says that she is of course opposed to censorship,  
but that women have about had their fill of pornography  
and that they'll put an end to it  
by economic pressures.

she also says that women are fed up  
with being beaten and raped and robbed and exploited  
as they have been, by men, for centuries.

i'm hoping that my wife doesn't get wind  
of all kate has to say about us men  
or she may forbid me to borrow her car  
to drive to l.a. for my reading.

CLASS

"You got class all over you."

-- Count Mippipoulous

you know how things happen at the unlikeliest of times?  
well, i suppose that's why i was sitting  
in the bar on a tuesday evening  
with a comely young divorcee.  
i had forgotten that i had also told  
this married girl that i've been going out with  
that i might be in there,  
so here we are approaching the point of the conversation  
when the second girl comes walking in the door.

she came to the proverbial screeching halt  
and looked like she might be about to turn  
on the proverbial heel and depart  
but i saw her and went to her and said,  
"what are you drinking, the usual?  
join us at the table."

she did. and when i came back with the drink  
i found the two of them hitting it off famously.  
so, knowing that the married girl would have  
to go home to her husband soon, i didn't interrupt.

after i had eventually seen the married girl to the door  
and returned to the table,  
the divorcee said, "that girl is interested in you,"  
and i said, "nah, you're imagining things."

"the only thing i'm imagining," she said  
"and it's not imagination, is that you're a bullshitter,  
but let me tell you something -- if you're fucking  
that broad, you better keep fucking her,  
because that broad has class!"

the both of them  
had class all over them.

-- Gerald Locklin

Long Beach CA

MUTT!

i.

It shared my first apartment. It expected all the  
'rare bits' in return for protecting me. It got them.  
It had Its own name for me: so secret not even I could  
figure it out.

ii.

I've had It in bed with me. Always 'fixed.' Always  
a 'he.' He? It. Grew old many times and I would  
lose It. Then one day It would reappear emptyhanded  
at my door, but dressed, always dressed in a tuxedo.  
The neighbors would warn me, "there's a four-legged  
penguin waiting for you," when I came home. They  
never learned the routine (I never stayed in one  
apartment long enough), but one time an old lady  
gathered all Its turds from her front lawn and tried  
to sell them on the next street as 'rare dung.'

iii.

One day I saw It nearly run over in downtown L.A.:  
a wheel and It spun together momentarily, then split