

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

apart. "Was that intimacy for you?" I asked. It hoisted a leg and peed on a Yellow Cab door, looking up at me as if to say, "I've seen you masturbate."

iv.

It may not have attracted the girls, but the fleas sure loved It. I was always dropping bombs on them but even so they would sometimes hop right out of my hair at work, landing in my best friend's coffee cup.

v.

And now I wonder about Its real (secret) name. Here are some final guesses:

Benjy Moogey Luxy Laxy Monocle Kilo Hashbin Yellow Peril Comrade Red White and Blueboy

SARAH KASSEM ZADEH

Sheilah's sister became an Iranian while Sheilah was driving up the Harbor Freeway. Sheilah's sister and her Iranian husband became punk rockers

while Sheilah was driving west on the Santa Monica Freeway. When Sheilah found all this out she wondered whether she should drive up the San Diego Freeway.

PUNK BUTTONS

The sun in a cloud without my permission a drunkensnob in my doorway asking for a smoke 2 two men in the courtyard fixing a car it's a Saturday Thursday Tuesday Saturday Monday Sunday (stet) Wednesday a month a night