

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

without my permission black  
yellow pink people a walrus  
(John Lennon) in the lake a  
marijuana cigarette a Van  
Gogh a Long Beach a career  
a beautiful boy named Jamie  
a cartoon the Third World War  
Judas Jesus Esau without  
my permission polka-dots  
jade Robert drives to the  
Pandemonium tonight I go  
to Hollywood on the Pike the  
owner dies prayers oral sex  
without my permission 20 beds  
in a room a shot in the bum  
a black girl beating 4 white  
boys at 7-card stud me  
remembering the time I won  
an \$80 pot at Booeray when  
\$80 meant without my permission  
I give up go to hell  
cuss out all my friends they  
cuss back I love my uncle  
my sister her husband the  
German shepherd puppy at Mike's  
place without my permission I've got  
all these permits in my room for  
15 punk buttons a shot but no  
one wants to part with 15 punk buttons.

#### ONE MORE ROUND FOR HIROSHIMA

I've always wanted to do it with  
my mother. Fly to Australia,  
that is, with her in the baggage hold,  
and me in the first class with  
earphones on, listening to  
something quiet and undemanding.  
And, possibly, by the time the plane  
touches down in Sydney, she'll have  
been dropped on Hiroshima.

-- Nichola Manning

Long Beach CA