

I got out and dried off, selected my short-sleeved blue shirt  
tan pants  
loafers ...  
green bikini underwear ...

the good life of the California sportsman.

## SLAUGHTER

the first seven rows were roped off for The Counsellors of Exceptional Children, the Airport Group, and the German Society.

it was a Saturday at the track and they were all talking at once, standing up, sitting down, waving, laughing.

when the winner of the first race came by, most of them leaped up and down screaming and some of them hugged each other.

it was difficult to believe that they all had the same winner.

I tried to pick the Exceptional Children people from the Airport people and the German people  
but they all looked very much alike, and as each race went by they became quieter and quieter, and some of them vanished.

by the last race only about one-ninth of them remained and they looked very tired and very sad and said nothing. they had learned something: losing one's money was very much like death  
and although the horses were very beautiful, it was easier being with the German people or with the Exceptional Children and to fly about the country at reduced rates.

the racetrack was finally nothing to jump up and down about and to scream and hug each other about.  
it got dark and it got cold and the wind came off the Sierra Madres, and as they put them into the gate for the last race, even a winner couldn't cure them now: the jocks hustle from the gate in various colors as the machines have shut down, taking the last bite, freezing the odds forever.

the favorites don't win enough  
the longshots don't win enough  
the medium prices don't win enough



next Saturday they'll bring in 3 new groups  
and rope them off.

#### THOSE

they sit down  
batten down  
talk  
move their arms  
they have nothing to  
do  
and since they have  
nothing to do  
they'd prefer to do it  
around you

I am astonished at the  
many people with  
nothing to do  
but batten down  
talk  
move their arms

they knock on doors  
like people with  
nothing to do

and when they talk  
their desperation is  
without agony  
it's more like a nervous  
affliction with  
nothing to do

sometimes I simply tell them  
to leave  
and they do  
and then I feel guilty  
as if I had misinterpreted  
their mission  
I feel that I have offended  
them

not so  
they return  
they always return  
each and every one of them  
they sit down