

No more notices of spaniels missing.
Goodbye to the co-eds washing their underwear.
Wrongly have I cut myself off
from the dangerous and the grotesque
and the merely sexual.
Everybody where I live now
is too proper, I say.
Why can't we share our machines?

-- Hunt Hawkins

Tallahassee FL

PARKED

sitting in my car
on Catalina Avenue in Redondo Beach
I see a fellow of 19 or 20
riding his bicycle upon the sidewalk.
he wears sandals and blue shorts,
slows down, stops, puts one foot down,
sits upon his bicycle seat.
it is 4:30 in the afternoon and
he is tanned a deep and even tan,
his yellow hair and mustache.
his face is smooth
unmarked by pain or experience.
then something animates him
and he pedals off.

another crosses the street,
he must be 21,
very large of chest, blond,
blue-eyed, very tanned, wearing
green shorts and sandals.
it is a Tuesday afternoon.
he stands a moment
looking down the street.
his face is the same as the
other face:
untried, without purpose.
a long cigarette is in his mouth.
he finally enters a liquor store,
comes out a moment later
holding a can of Bubble-Up.

these are the kind my parents wanted
me to be
the kind my country wanted me to
be

the kind the girls wanted me to be.

I start the engine and back out of there thinking about Leo Durocher, James Cagney, Rocky Marciano, Two-Ton Tony Galento and Dutch Van Gogh.

PARTS DEPT.

first moved into this neighborhood was having trouble with the Volks went to this place for parts thin German fellow with one arm missing (had the other sleeve, the empty one, pinned neatly down by the waist) was told to come back the next day, the part would be ordered. came back, the part was there, paid and left. drove on in, said: "Linda, a really strange thing happened. went in one day and there was one arm. came back and there were two arms. the other arm wasn't fake, it had natural fingers and all that. it's not understandable."

later driving near the area Linda wanted to see the man who had one arm missing and then had two arms.

drove down 5th street, the building was not there. drove down 6th street: nothing.

San Pedro is not a large city, at least the downtown area is small. drove up and down all the main streets, the building was gone.

hung a right and headed for McCowan's: remembered the cats needed cat food.