

I TAUGHT HER TOO WELL

it used to be that when a john denver special
would conflict with monday night football
i would blithely announce, "oh that's all right --
i'll just catch the game at clancy's,"

and she would plead, "no, don't go out;
you can watch your dumb game
if it means that much to you."

now she says, "there's something i want
to watch tonight. if there's a game on
you can watch it at the bar."

and i protest, "but this is the first night
i've been home this week!"

"well look," i say, "do you anticipate
having any need for me around here
anytime at all this month?"

she says, "i doubt it."

so i stay home, put a t.v. dinner in the oven,
and, pen in hand, i try to ignore the rhymes
of "rocky mountain low."

A PIECE OF UNSOLICITED ADVICE

you, young man,
you the creative writing major,
if you must go to bed
with female creative writing students
(and unless you are sure you will be proud
of your performance),
try to limit yourself to those
who are very beautiful
but cannot write at all.

then, even if they write of you,
there will be a good chance
that what they write will never see print.

but, for god's sake,
avoid like the bubonic squirrels
the b-minus student.
she is apt someday to write a bestseller.