

## PATTERNS

i read in bukowski, "it was true  
that life was unbearable ... now and then  
there was a suicide or somebody entered a madhouse,  
but for the most part the masses went on and on  
pretending that everything was normally pleasant."

and shortly thereafter i notice  
that my infant daughter  
who watches nothing on t.v. except sesame street  
is evincing some interest  
in the public theatre production  
of samuel beckett's happy days.

i perceive the similarities.

## REVERSING FIELDS

my daughter, who is taking high school biology,  
asks me, "was your grandfather bald?"  
and i say, "he was dead before i was born,  
but i can remember my mother telling  
how all his daughters had to take turns  
combing his long silver locks."

she says, "probably your hair won't fall out then,"

and i say, "i know, i've always had thick hair,"

and she says, "baldness is caused by sex hormones,"

and I say, "i am a little thin right on top."

## ONE ASKS ONSELF IF ONE IS LOSING ONE'S MIND

it's one of those twenty-four hours  
when i have actually put in  
a hard day's night and day  
and, a little before two a.m.  
exhausted but feeling i deserve a little reward,  
i pop a beer and turn on the electronic barbiturate,

and tom snyder is asking trevor howard,  
who is looking like he served  
not in the original film version of mutiny on the bounty  
but on the original bounty herself

whether he would ever appear in a nude scene.