

we somehow inherited hypertension  
and faithfully pass it along  
to each generation

i've got it

my son may get it

at 36, i've been taking pills  
for years that make me pee  
and sometimes inhibit hard-ons

i should lose weight and cut  
more salt and booze from my diet

though I swim a mile with ease  
can do 40 pushups and walk several  
miles daily, weather permitting

i don't smoke or ingest caffeine  
and rarely run around on my wife

i write poetry, smile at babies  
and butterflies and haven't punched  
a hole in a door in years

i may die young or may beat uncle  
bill's longevity record, even my  
hairdresser doesn't know for sure

so kindly indulge my periodic  
outbursts of weirdness

it's what separates me  
from those who talk to their shadows.

#### THE TIME I PAID FOR IT

oddly enough the affair  
ended with us the best of friends

a flame still flickered  
though i couldn't convince her  
friends could be sometime lovers

once, on a whim, offered  
\$20 and she quickly said yes,  
we all have our fantasies,

she was perfumed and sexily  
dressed when i arrived though  
everything soon came off

even the black nylons

so i could feast  
on her pert breasts  
and bright red pubes

as i was leaving  
she asked for her money  
i grinned and said, "find it"

she did though it took  
nearly an hour and i suspect  
she enjoyed the searching as  
much as humping a horny poet.

### THREE GUYS GETTING OLDER AT LUNCH

-- for Ed M. & Bob J.

lunching at milo's taverna  
eyeing the waitress's  
round, firm ass

comparing gray hair  
and receding foreheads  
the youngest, i sport

the least gray and most hair  
but am the heaviest  
and have hypertension

we unanimously agree on  
the excellence of the reubens  
jerks we've known and loathed  
who's buying the final round

they take me home and return to work

i put on a bob dylan tape and  
start typing trying to think of a  
good excuse for getting drunk  
knowing the day may come  
excuses are etched in my face.

### HE KILLS CATS, YOU KNOW

four star crazy, often  
in the loony bins, large, hulking,  
in his 20s, adrenalin wild eyes

claims he's moving west  
i close his case (per request)  
two weeks later he's in

throwing a fit about reapplying  
the manic misfit never left town  
confirms the landlord, who adds

"he kills cats, you know. i'm  
always finding them in the trash."

"fine with me," i quip,  
"i'm allergic to cats."

the landlord wasn't amused.