

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.

i recommended no one in the office
purr around the wacko.

THE MILK OF HUMAN KINDNESS

fascinating was
the cat's deadly ritual
stalk/catch/tease/release
stalk/catch/tease/release
except to the chipmunk
and sue who didn't like
to think her pet capable
of such cruelty
i reassured her it was
merely the cat's natural
instincts at work
hell, it was more entertaining
than a pro wrestling match
but i finally tired
waiting for the kill
cut the doomed chipmunk
in half with an axe
throwing the remains
in the bushes
sue, grateful i'd ended
its suffering took me to bed
and screwed my brains out
all the damned cat
gave me was a dirty look.

SOMETHING'S CLICKING

something's clicking juices
flowing it's 9:15 a.m. i
feel like sitting at this
goddamn typewriter all day
drinking writing getting
into a creative groove
it's cold overcast may even
snow j.b. has a night meeting
will be home late and pissed
if i drink all her wine i've
just enough money for a pint
of bourbon and quart of beer
christ it's nearly 2 miles
round trip to the store i'll
have to walk don't have any