

then heart attacks began  
exactng a deadly toll  
though he fooled the doctors  
by surviving two of them  
dad loved life too much  
to leave without a fight  
the tough son-of-a-bitch  
who couldn't write  
this one's for my old man.

#### WHITE ANGEL

-- for Marg Daly

adult services is often  
a frustrating, depressing  
fucker of a job, but  
White Angel manages to  
give purpose to the performance.  
"face it," she said, "a  
lot of our clients are  
the pits of the community  
care system, too poor or  
too much of a problem for  
the other agencies. sure,  
they're old, sick, senile,  
disabled, retarded, crazy,  
alcoholic or whatever, but  
they're human beings who  
deserve a chance. our job  
is to be the ones who care."  
it's a catharsis talking  
to White Angel, a doris day  
lookalike inhaling gentleness  
and exhaling compassion.

#### MATURITY

my 19 year old nephew  
and 20 year old niece  
stop by to visit  
and for once i don't  
do my crazy uncle stan  
routine, we just talk  
about my experiences  
in social work, their  
college educations,  
what they want to do  
with their lives,

how happy i am writing,  
even though it isn't  
making me rich.

gary is now 3 or 4  
inches taller than i  
and kelly is very  
attractive and sexy  
and poised.

it's very strange  
this talk, so damned  
casual and intelligent,

with people whose diapers  
i used to change, and

now we're behaving like  
responsible, mature  
adults, until now,

an aspect of my personality  
they didn't know existed.

fooled them again.

JACK

jack's a nice guy  
loves his wife and family  
is fun to drink with

but isn't a man to fuck with  
his look alone  
can chill your bones

years ago, he killed a man  
with his fists  
after the guy groped him  
in a bar

figures the goddamn queer  
had it coming  
the 8 years in the slammer  
time well spent

transplant jack to an Old West  
saloon and the toughest and  
craziest gunslingers would turn  
their backs to the wall

and wild bill hickok  
a reputed frontier fairy  
would pray  
his wrists didn't suddenly  
go limp

-- S. K. Morgan

Lansing MI