

IT'S THE BEER THAT DOES IT

I have a purple eye
where my glasses rammed my face
I got worked up and angry on beer
attacked my sweetheart
but can only recall his retorts
I fell over the clothes hamper
while I was trying to drag him
back into the bedroom
I'm sore all over
have a swollen face, wrist,
bruised legs
I also fell over the hassock
chasing him out of the livingroom
I'm not gonna drink beer anymore
it makes me mean
I should know better
Wineheads are wineheads
I don't get mean on wine
Don't beat myself up
I just quietly pass out

-- Lynne Walker

Toledo OH

IMAGINARY FRIEND

It is not uncommon, I am told, for a child to have an imaginary friend. A make-believe playmate to wile away the lonely hours of one's childhood. Some psychologists go so far as to maintain that an imaginary playmate is the mark of an intelligent, highly imaginative and creative young mind. All very reassuring, all very nice to know. It's almost commonplace I've heard. My mother had an imaginary friend. Lots of kids do. My case is, however, slightly different. I didn't have just one imaginary friend, but rather a whole bunch of imaginary companions. And they weren't exactly friends, either. They were a nameless, faceless, vociferous, adoring crowd, from whom I gleaned nothing -- save applause. They were, in short, fans. Imaginary fans. I was a three-year-old with imaginary fans. A psychologist could have a field day with that one.