

be polite, and I thought how great it would be, like television said, how the Santacopter would come down from the sky, dropping all kinds of wild and good candy all over the kids, and even the cars, and maybe everybody would be happy.

Then Paul came running up with wild grief eyes, and said how Santa was dead, on television and everything, with his beard hanging on a high-line wire.

All I could do was go home, and be sick, and watch the T.V. news that told the Santa-man's real name, and write a poem:

When I grow up
I wanna be a great big cloud
so big even the dogs will bark at me
that's what I wanna be.

FIRST MORNING

grey through blue morning curtains
no glint off brass posts
dawn and both of us tossing
strange how sleeping's such a
more private thing than sex

-- David Breeden

North Liberty IA

ONLY IN AMERICA

A couple who'd lived together five years before working up to tying the knot, decided they'd liven up their tardy honeymoon by spending it in a video motel featuring a full library of erotic tapes. My friend who knows them says they were so satisfied with the whole experience, they returned to the place for their fifth anniversary. One of the tapes available was called "Honeymoon Fun" and they were really in the mood, so they whipped her on. Quite the sentimental journey. They were watching themselves.