

## THE AUDIO PORTION

I used to be on a media retreat ("Father, forgive me but I have a tiny Sony in my otherwise bare room."). Now with time on my hands and knees I go around the channels a lot. I need to see who's kissing, just like the only part of the museum for me these days is Fooling Around Through The Ages. If I don't watch t.v., Missing You fills my mind like patients in the office of Dr. Jesus Lourdes. Today Channel 7 went to droll boudoirs. I still think about what we did on Oct. 24, now called Pass The Salve Day of recherche calendars. Saying goodbye we were once again bedecked with lust. Can't you love me back (as they say in Australia)? Or at least call? I have the phone right here and I only take my hand away to graze the air waves hoping that on some obscure channel they'll show a little-known documentary of you in the shower. If you don't, call me, I mean, this simple poem could go on forever just like we did before we stopped.

## RALPH NADER

As he helps her off with her coat he says, "This style gave 100 rhesus monkeys blisters under their arms."

She tells him to relax: the kids are asleep. He has to check. Sure enough! Pajamas that burst into flame if any 3 yr. old lights up for a post-Grimm smoke.

She hugs him, anyway. His suit is so sincere. "Do you like me, Ralphy?"

"That bra causes hypertension in test animals."

"I love your hair."

"You want a Corvair?"

"No, I want love."

"The FDA. We're checking. So far the mice are acting odd. Some have swellings and want a VISA card. Anyway, it's late. Duty calls: the ozone layer, lead-

free paint, my little room, don't  
use the phone, that plastic  
causes cancer of the ear, okay?  
Goodnight."

#### ROVING BOY

A nice name for a horse  
even though he spent his whole life  
bound to an ellipsis of dirt.

Black-type 2 yr. old and plagued  
by injuries at 3, he came back  
to win his tightener and then  
a middling stakes, two yards  
past the wire going down like Grendel  
had come up out of the earth  
to seize his hocks.

This is not in memoriam: he did  
not touch me as others have.  
But I am moved to record this  
because yesterday at the paddock  
Carl said, "Why couldn't that bastard  
have died 20 yds. earlier. I had  
Various Others big."

No one said anything, least of all  
me. Carl often has good information  
and I am not a roving boy. I am  
here for good and I need a winner.

#### WRITTEN ON SPOTLESS GAUZE

Jesus, I miss you tonight.  
Now -- does that sound like prayer  
or a love poem? Good guess!  
The prize is me or you can go  
on and try for the layette.  
Others certainly have. Remember  
the one with white picket fences  
in her luggage? So you haven't  
had as many lovers. Yours have  
been beauts, especially that runt  
who broke your heart. "Do you  
have reservations, Ms?" "Lots." More  
Chardonnay? Or maybe a trip  
is the answer. SCREWING IS FUN  
ON AMTRACK. I've been dying  
for you nearly 30 minutes now.  
That's about my limit these days  
packed in ice as I am, having  
barely escaped from that burning  
cottage with my life.