

of a decaying old hag.
She didn't remember me from ten minutes before
when she had handed me the forms.
I vibrated but didn't explode.
I was humble, I'd do whatever she said.
I wanted to cause her horrendous pain.
I wanted to be the cause of her excruciatingly
deliriously horrible and painful death.
But I just calmly and meekly asked her what forms
I was supposed to fill out.
I waited quietly while she flailed about in her own
confusion for a few minutes until
she got it all figured out.
As she handed me the new forms
I saw in her dead eyes that she remembered me from
somewhere.

I refuse to feel sorry for the bitch.
All I want is my fucking money.

MORNING SICKNESS

"This is totally disgusting!"
She's standing in a drooping black bathrobe
in the middle of the kitchen, her belly hanging out,
and her face buried in her hands.
I look up.
"I feel awful. I'm sick!"
She goes back into the bathroom and closes the door.
I roll over on my back, stretch, yawn,
try to guess what time it is.
It's after eleven, for sure, from the sounds outside
and the sun.
"This is horrible!" she moans, doubled over on the toilet.
I decide to go look at the newspapers on the corner,
maybe she'll go to sleep while I'm gone
or kill herself or something.
Then the phone rings.
I answer it, expecting money and encouragement.
A sniveling voice comes over the line:
"Hello?"
"Hello."
"Hello? Is Pagen there?"
"She's on the toilet."
"Oh. Could you tell her that George called?"
"O.K." I hang up.
In the kitchen all is chaos. I step around it and look
out the window,
down through the fire escape and into the back yard.
The Puerto Rican kids are singing bible songs and playing
with a pregnant dog.
"George called," I say into the bathroom.

"What did he say?" she says.

"Nothing."

I open the refrigerator door and gaze in.

"I'm going down to look at the headlines," I yell, letting the refrigerator door swing shut.

"Get me some laxative?" she pleads.

"What kind?"

"The chocolate kind."

"O.K." I say as I slip on my clothes and escape down the stairs.

As I push through the front door of the building, daylight confronts me.

And it's ugly, really ugly and loud

in Queens

in August.

And everywhere I see women with children, many children.

And I see pregnant women too,

proud, waddling and protruding

and I want to kill them all, crush their melon bellies with a tire iron

while their greasy husbands inflate with rage.

Then I stumble across the parking lot, between cars.

A beat-up Cadillac drives by, full of family.

I can almost hear their conversation with the windows rolled down

but I try hard not to.

-- Douglas Goodwin

Los Angeles CA

MY BIG FLING

it was a bad night

one of those

where all the talk

only makes it worse,

uglier and uglier.

I was never one

who cared much for

"discussion"

anyhow

so I slammed the

door

got into my car

and I was

on the freeway

radio on

driving north

into the

big town.

I still knew a

few girls

from the past.

I got a motel

on Sunset Boulevard

opened the bottle

had a drink

undressed

took a shower

came out

turned on the black

and white tv

got on the bed