

few years, and as a result, I'm running awfully low on the ones I like, the dark ones. But I always have managed to find at least a single pair to put on at any given time.

Until lately. Now, every morning, all I can find are the goddamn green socks. Every time I look at my feet, I'm in green socks.

Two weeks running, green socks every single day. People at work are beginning to think I've got a thing for green socks. Just shows how misleading appearances can be.

#### OVER THE HILLS TO MEXICO

A 30 year old photograph hangs over my desk. It shows my brother and me standing along the side of a movie theatre in Tijuana. We've both got on wide brimmed sombreros and leather sandals. He's six; I'm three.

The day is very hot. The sun is beating down. It must be noon as our shadows are right under us.

The sidewalk is covered with decorative tiles, and a festive design is painted around the base of the wall. Two empty cases of coke bottles are stacked up against this old movie house wall and around the corner you can see the hood and front fender of a late forties automobile and some buildings across the road with Mexican billboards painted on their crumbling old sides.

I remember the day that this picture was taken, and I

remember how a few minutes later  
I began crying. I thought  
my parents had abandoned me  
in Tijuana. They'd  
only gone up to the ticket window.

This is my favorite  
photograph of myself.  
Someday I'd like to go find  
that movie theatre but I  
know I never will.

#### ME AND HOWARD HUGHES

Listen, I've got a great start on a receding  
hair line, a real Howard Hughes look, I mean  
it's high now, getting way back there, like  
one of those guys you hear about, those old  
guys who make it through, who never give up  
and somehow carry on, and they all wonder how  
he does it like that, never realizing that  
there is very little choice involved and  
that it's either this and merely this or  
nothing.

My clothes are getting pretty shabby now,  
especially the cords, they're worn smooth  
at the knees and the shirts are just poor  
old shirts like you'd see on any ordinary  
working man, just plain old ragged shirts,  
the socks are thin with holes in the heels,  
shit, it's all worn out now, but this is  
no great plan of mine, no new attack on the  
arts, shit, it's just the way things are.

-- David Barker

Salem OR

#### THE BLIMP EXPLODES

a t.v. commercial and a simple twist of fate have  
succeeded in doing for me what i'd always feared would  
be my greatest task and failure as a parent; namely  
to convince my little seven year old that god was  
either dead to the world or had never existed;

the commercial involves two nuns driving down a road  
with a goodyear blimp following them; they console  
each other on their dangerous journey with the