

and they are still a light
purple
and I wash them again
go back to the bedroom
the phone rings
it's only 9:30 a.m.

I answer the phone
a woman asks,
"is this the sales division
of GM?"
I tell her that it isn't
hang up.

the phone rings again:
"is Gabriel Newhart there?"
the man asks.

"I've been telling you
people for 3 years
there's no Gabriel Newhart
here."

"thank you, sir," he says
and hangs up.

the bill collectors never
stop hunting.

I go back to bed.

"god damned telephone,"
says Linda,
"never stops ringing."

FUN TIMES

Harold was always scared.
he was easy.
we had a good time with
Harold.

we hung him 4 or 5 times
a week.

we had this rope and we'd
get him on the back porch
of Mrs. Keller's place.
there was this overhanging
rafter.

we'd put the rope around
his neck.

"this time we're gonna do
it, Harold, we're tired of
fucking around with you.
this time we're really going
to hang you!"

"oh, no! please!"

he would cry silently, the
tears rolling down his stupid
freckles.

"stop your damned blubbering!
now, before you die either you
got to drink piss or eat shit!
now which do you want?"

Harold would just keep crying.

"which do you want? answer or
we'll hang you now!"

"piss," he would always say.

then we'd piss on him, all over
him and his clothing, while
laughing.

when his family moved out of
the neighborhood we set fire to
Mrs. Gorman's chicken coop.

PUZZLE?

I was driving on the freeway
listening to the radio
when the newscaster told me
of a car that ran through
a railing
and into a body of water
and the occupant
drowned.

then there was a taped
conversation with a police
official: