

## THE FAN

I used to be a  
big Yankee fan,  
grew up idolizing  
The Mick, Whitey Ford,  
Yogi and the boys.  
Lapsed for awhile  
in the sixties but  
I came back. Say  
what you want about  
Reggie Jackson,  
he could make things  
happen on the ball  
field even George  
Steinbrenner couldn't  
undo. Class Yankee  
acts are a thing of  
the past; rooting  
for the Yankees now  
is like rooting for  
the IRS

## HOT STUFF

She was real hot stuff  
Hair by Sassoon  
Face by Revlon  
Wardrobe by Calvin Klein.  
Wanted something  
that would Light  
the Inner Fire,  
if I knew what she meant.  
I guessed that I did.  
Made her a Bloody Mary  
with enough Tabasco Sauce  
and horseradish in it  
to kill a full grown  
German shepherd in  
the prime of life.  
When I asked her if  
her drink was all right  
she was speechless,  
had tears in her eyes,  
was fanning the air  
all the way down her  
Throat by Mt. St. Helens.

## SOJOURNER TRUTH IN THE SCHENECTADY PUBLIC LIBRARY

All morning she sits in the far  
corner, behind the three hundreds,  
tracing geometric patterns on an  
open racing form with a felt-tip pen,  
has seven of the first nine at Saratoga  
in the margins, a full card at Yonkers  
and half of Hollywood Park to go before  
1 PM post time. She flips through  
the pages of A Reader's Guide to  
Periodical Literature, looking things  
up at random, pausing over an entry  
from Time, she smiles, draws a box  
for a daily double combination, writes  
in the letters B and J, gathers her  
belongings stuffed into large brown  
garbage bags, mumbling, "B and J, that's  
the ticket," to all she passes, describing  
in detail, the dead heat on a Florida  
flat track.