

And Kenney Kesey quipped:

"The rain is there -- it will not go away."

Even our word Oregon appears to come
From the French word ouragon meaning "violent storm."

But now listen, I tell you,
The rain does have its advantages:
It makes us appreciate the sun,
It promotes social and political moderation
(Just look at all those fanatics who live in the desert).
It provides us with a supporting ecosystem
(We don't have to steal our water from somewhere else).
And then, it brings us closer together --
A sort of common enemy.
And then, too, it gives us
Something to joke about
("Oregonians don't tan -- they rust").

But you, a refugee from Los Angeles,
Here only two rainy weeks,
Are not joking at all
When you turn to me and say:
"Now just when is this
Damn rain going to stop anyway?
And who's this Diane Arbus chick?
Another one of your ex-girlfriends?"

ANOTHER BEDSIDE HISTORY OF ANGST

"It's always something."

-- Roseanne Roseanadanna

No matter how many times
I blow my nose
It tweaks itself
And keeps on
Whistling and whistling
Like the soundtrack
From some spaghetti western.
"Too bad you're not in politics,"
Jokes my nose doctor,
"You could have a great
Whistle stop campaign!
But seriously," he frowns,
"You're not just whistling Dixie --
It's all in the alignment

Of your nasal hair.
And I'm afraid you're stuck with it --
Science has yet to come up
With a decent nasal hair realignment."

The diagnosis pushes my life into a nosedive:
Girls call me "whistle bait,"
My no-longer-favorite bartender greets me with:
"Didja come in to wet your whistle, Anderson?"
And the girl next to me at the office
Had the nerve to ask if I take requests:
"How about 'I Cain't Say No'
From 'Oklahoma!'" she chuckles.

And if all this
Weren't a noseful enough,
Now comes the real angst
When I've run out
Of nose jokes
And there's no Locklin,
Koertge or Bukowski nosing
Over my shoulder to get
Me out of this damn poem.
We all know what happens
When you run out of nose jokes.
Ask Jimmy Durante.

-- Michael Anderson

Ashland OR

OREGON CRISIS HOTLINE

i get a call in the middle of the night:
another friend of ours is thinking
of moving to oregon.
the call comes from a fellow member
of the oregon crisis hotline.

i swing into action.
within minutes our posse is bearing down
on that house.
possessors of an open-ended warrant,
we smash our way through windows and doors.
we find our friend on the phone to western airlines,
his wife and kids packing bags and pulling on socks.
protected by gas masks,
we subdue them with