

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

a mild thorazine spray.  
seconds later they are being rushed by ambulance  
to a geographical deprogramming center.

when they emerge in a month or so  
with their sanity cards revalidated,  
they will thank us from the bottom of their hearts.  
they will walk and talk like humans.  
they will do all the things that men and women do,  
in the way that men and women do them --  
not like ducks.

#### THE FOG COMES IN ON FREE VERSE

when i first came out  
i would panic in it.  
i couldn't tell the ceiling from the floor.  
i would end up on freeways i had never heard of.

i still don't like to drive in it,  
but it seems less thick now,  
though i know it isn't.  
i know it comes when desert days meet offshore nights.

i never saw the end of sunday bloody sunday  
because we were at the lakewood drive-in  
when the fog itself drove in.

there was a bowl game televised from florida  
and you couldn't see the football  
because a fog rolled in. perhaps the refugees  
from haiti brought it with them, like a curse.

in california people speed up in the fog.  
they drink more to brazen it.  
they bulldoze light-posts  
and each other.

i never believed in humidifiers.  
i don't want the fog in my lungs.  
or in my poems. let london poets  
see their poems in front of their faces.

they say the seasons don't change here,  
but hayden fry, the iowa football coach,  
went home with a 28-0 rose bowl loss  
and pneumonia.

some words for you to look up  
in your o. e. d.: fogbow fog-dog