

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

fog-fruit foggage. apparently the word,  
perhaps the thing as well, came from denmark.

fog is ontological.  
it takes  
the world  
away from you.

#### CEREMONIAL

my bald bartender friend, paul hyde-nor-hair,  
had been living with this very attractive woman  
for about a year. i think he'd been supporting her  
financially as well as emotionally.  
one day she said she wanted him to marry her  
and he said, "give me time."  
so she gave him nine days  
and then she married a guy she'd only known  
for a week. she arranged to hold the ceremony  
on the sidewalk in front of the home  
where she knew paul always got together with friends  
on this one night of the week. then she invited  
all the friends she'd met through him  
to the reception, which was held  
in the luncheon joint right next door  
to paul's bar.  
she and her very new husband  
subsequently took up residence  
in a trailer across the street from the bar.

did i forget to mention that,  
before moving out of his apartment,  
she stood on the street in front of it  
and abused him at the top  
of her considerable lungs?

i suppose it's redundant to mention  
that paul seems to miss her.

EASY ENOUGH FOR YOU, JEAN-PAUL SARTRE, TO TURN DOWN  
THE GODDAMN NOBEL PRIZE

i never could plot worth a shit.  
i could write, but i couldn't  
think up plots.  
i wondered why.  
the other day it came to me.