

in her underpants. Eat at 5,  
walk back, teach three hours  
and walk the two miles home,  
eight for the day.

#### AN EXQUISITE OMBRE EFFECT

Walking the asylum grounds,  
a village by itself, really,  
gaining on two men walking,  
one trailing a stick. By  
their extreme sense of leisure,  
they almost seem tourists. But  
they are so self-contained.  
Lovers? Dragging a stick?  
Large children -- which is  
impossible! So, peasants  
on a large estate! And I  
a guest ending a stay with  
their master, having eaten  
and made wisecracks with him  
and his lady, shattered nuts,  
drunk, seen the estate through  
their eyes. For some reason these  
two are delighted to see me, but  
I hardly know them and walk ahead  
to the pharmacy, closed with a note,  
return a few minutes later, etc. etc.

-- Jim Klein

Rutherford NJ

#### ONLY THE ORDER OF EVENTS HAS BEEN CHANGED

I don't make up these  
stories. I don't have to.  
Just three days ago a  
battery thief shot it out  
with the cops under our  
house, although I missed it  
since our air conditioner  
is far too loud. Shortly  
thereafter, Lee telephoned  
to say that Moonyeen  
in Australia had finally



been able to ship Reggie  
the kangaroo head he wanted  
for his skull collection,  
but since it's illegal to  
mail kangaroo heads, it  
arrived in a box labeled  
MODEL, WITHOUT GLUE. Then  
I left the house, and  
the woman next door had  
ejected her drunken husband  
onto the sidewalk and was  
flinging his clothes at him  
piece by piece, including  
individual socks, and he  
was taking pot shots at her  
with a heavy-duty Sears  
staple gun. I decided  
there were a dozen things  
I should be doing and that  
I should do them immediately.  
But when I got in the Datsun  
the words on the rearview  
mirror said THINGS IN THIS  
MIRROR ARE CLOSER THAN  
THEY APPEAR, and then I  
really began to worry.

#### O RACCOON

I was driving through Albany  
with Richard the trapper  
and he told me, "I visited  
your city of New Orleans  
some years ago,  
mainly Bourbon Street  
where I was introduced  
to a fuchsia drink  
they called a Hurricane.  
Later, I was lying  
on my face in Jackson Square  
protecting my tongue  
and listening to a man  
on a nearby bench  
talk to a black raccoon  
which wasn't there.  
He was patting its head."  
"If it wasn't there," I asked  
"what made you certain  
it was a raccoon?"