

ONE DAY

One day I discover a closet full of fedoras, derbys and berets. Each one fits as though I had picked it out myself. I try them all on, just to be sure, then shut the door behind me and go for a walk. I enter a store and the shopkeeper shakes my hand. He smiles and seems pleased to see me. I return home sporting a new bowler. No comment. But when I take the hat off and set it on the table, I see that the color of my wife's hair has changed. My children's bearded faces brood from the mantle. My favorite chair is in another room, in another house. A house where I used to play in a closet full of my father's hats.

THE LOWEST FORM OF CHICANERY

Hired to clear a drain, a plumber found a woman in the pipe under the house. "What are you doing down there?" he yelled into the sink.

"Mind your own business," the woman replied. "I own this house. Now are you going to unblock the drain, or shall I call a professional?"

Insulted, the plumber rammed his snake down the sink and destroyed the clot. When he opened the faucet and water ran freely through the pipe, he imagined with satisfaction the hair and debris that would soon empty into the ocean.

Then he realized that he'd been had, that he'd never get a thing out of her.

-- Greg Boyd

Mission Hills CA

the old man
and the pea
fowls:

the racket
those damn
guinea hens
make in the morning
would raise
Lazarus

look homeward
angels:

the presence
of pins
and a lack of
pricks

-- Saul Manilla

Pest TX