

salesman, social worker
and writer of poetry

i've longer hair, a goatee,
mustache, large gut, suffer
from hypertension, rampant
cynicism and grinning
half-drunk idiots

"good god, i certainly hope
so," i quip, brushing past

escaping into the emptiness
of the crowded room

WEARING JEANS AT THE GRAND TRAVERSE RESORT

some patrons
of this fancy hotel
overlooking grand traverse bay
wear clothes worth more
than my car.

there's money galore
in this neck of michigan,
especially in summer
when the beautiful people
float in on long, sleek yachts
designer sails billowing.

hell, a small glass of beer
costs a buck-fifty and

i'm strolling about in faded,
old jeans, pullover shirt
and paint-spotted, blue suede
tennis shoes with bright orange
laces. maybe it's the laces,

people are staring, as i smile,
nod and keep on walking.

so far, only the maids
have smiled back.

TELL ME YOU LOVE ME, JEAN-PAUL SARTRE

the loudmouthed
obnoxious jerk at the end
of the bar is black

and

everybody else
is white and somewhat reluctant
to try and shut him up

idiots in bars
never accept responsibility
for their behavior

and

this one will undoubtedly
go into a honky-racist routine
the moment he's confronted

which is exactly
what happens when the bartender
tells him to cool it

and

i realize the self-centered
prick will never be a devotee of
existential syllogism

"isn't," i ask, "it possible
for people to dislike you simply
because you're an asshole?"

and

suddenly it's so quiet
i can hear the ice melting
into the bourbon

BRICKS

mike plays tennis
works in corporate
public relations

has a beautiful wife
two, quick-witted sons
a house in the suburbs
the sanctity of regular
church attendance

yet it bothers him
how everything seems
so blandly preordained