

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



nags at his contentment  
like lust in a confessional

he writes he's envious  
of me penning poetry  
doing my thing  
pursuing mad dreams

while he awaits executive  
action on his proposal  
to distribute commemorative  
bricks from the company's  
old headquarters building

obviously, it's excitement  
by the pound in mike's mighty  
world of corporate conquest

#### RUBBING IT

rubbing it  
stroking it  
the dick the  
ego the poetry  
parties w/ex  
co-workers still glad  
to see me  
after a two  
year absence  
reading penthouse naked  
hand pumping  
j.b. will be  
tired when  
she gets home  
other swimmers  
impressed i do  
so many laps

without stopping  
showing poems  
to those who  
comment favorably  
rubbing it  
stroking it  
the dick the  
ego the poetry  
a never ending  
cycle the  
ceaseless charging  
at windmills  
afraid to stop  
it might all  
be illusion  
rubbing it  
stroking it  
again and again  
ad infinitum...

#### AIDING AND ABETTING

the final irony  
is his sweaters on the table  
at the rummage sale

the dude was cool in  
his gold chains and v-neck  
pullovers, attracting