

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