

the kind of fine
white pussy that grooved
on his jive est act

until one night while
stepping out to do his thing
he got shot in the head

by his pissed off wife
who smartly dumped the gun,
hired a fancy lawyer and

at \$2.50 each, the bargain
hunters are really making
a killing on those sweaters

as relaxed and acquitted,
she rakes in the money
hoping it doesn't rain

CIVIL WAR SUMMER

my best friend in memphis,
a towering 12-year-old, more gangly
than graceful, rarely beat me

at tetherball, wrestling or running,
much to his chagrin, as i was a short,
yankee kid who snuck drinks from

the "colored only" fountains
and stubbornly insisted the south lost
the war, so donald took up

teasing, made fun of my size,
belittled the north and preached
the Great Moral Victory

then one afternoon, in my room,
we bared budding bodies to discover
my cock was bigger, and don

muttered oaths of rebel dismay,
as we lay on the bed, wagging our
hard-ons into history

sherman was burning atlanta, as
grant knocked on richmond's front door,
summer was over, at last