

YEAH, RIGHT

i remember
mingo the indian
from the daniel boone
tv series mingo'd been
saved from savagery
by an english benefactor
who sent him
to oxford
dan'l'd say
whal, mingo, them traps
gotta hev ketch in 'em
b'now -- let's g'down
thar by th'river
n'see
& mingo'd say
my word!
before tea?

DROPPED

bathroom scale
on my foot
i'd never considered
what it weighed

i think he was really
the first mr. spock

-- Cory Monaco

Bronx NY

GETTING DRUNK WITH MY THIRD MOTHER-IN-LAW

She laughs the way a madam might
having finally found herself
a thousand-dollar john.
She's the only woman I know
who can outdrink me
and she likes me to pour hers
half vodka half juice
then two-thirds vodka a third juice
then she winks
we drink
communal beasts
nothing else mattering.
My first mother-in-law nagged me
for not diapering the baby enough
my second one didn't like me
knowing I wasn't a virgin
and my third one
just wants to laugh and have a good time.
Once the two of us
alone sitting on barstools
drinking gin she told me

her first husband walked out on her
the second one beat her.
I told her my second one beat me too
tried to kill me with his bare hands
and my third mother-in-law
looked me straight in the eye
for the first and last time
and told the bartender to bring two more
and not so much juice this time.

GO-GO GIRL REUNION

Those who don't show up at reunions
either have something to hide
or think they're too good. So since
go-go girls once let it all hang out
of bikinis and can neither claim
that vice nor the virtue, we all
showed up at the Playgirl Club
where 10 years before we'd slung
beer and shook our tail feathers
till 2 a.m. Jenny, the most
beautiful and best dancer was there
wearing shantung and Joy parfum
the only one of us to marry a
millionaire (the boss) although we
all tried. Roxie showed up, now
thinner and a reborn Christian;
Sunni, too, in spite of warrants
out for her arrest. Judy was still
a barmaid, but now lived with a
younger, better-looking, better-
shooting pool hustler; Carol Lee
just got a new Z, a nose job, a
boob job and an abortion too, all
paid for by one of her old sugar
daddies who wasn't the daddy. And
Dinah, wearing thick glasses, her
eyes having gone bad from taking
too much LSD, had gone straight,
and now drank nothing but Southern
Comfort on the rocks. Betty had
given up macrame and now taught
aerobics; Jimi got her real estate
license and a perm; Sharon got her
Ph.D. in psychology but said she'd
seen more weirdos when she worked
at the Playgirl than she ever had
in a psycho ward. The new Playgirl
owner, Dick Dale, had the band play
"Night Train" and all the old go-go
girls drunk enough got up on the stage,