

PLANT NURSE'S STORY

Some guy walked in  
and said he had to get a pass  
to go home.  
I said  
what's wrong with you?  
He said  
I just need a pass to go home.  
I said  
there has to be something wrong  
with you  
or I can't send you home.  
He said  
I'm gonna kill my foreman.  
I said  
calm down for a few minutes.  
He said  
I'm gonna kill him  
then walked out  
so I never knew  
who his foreman was  
till they brought him in  
all smashed up.  
He was a mess, I tell you.  
  
I didn't think  
he was serious.  
I mean I hear  
that kind of talk  
all the time.

-- Jim Daniels

Pittsburgh PA

GOING ON

down at North Avenue 21 you just slept on the floor and  
there was always some guy who just about stepped on  
your face on his way  
to the crapper --  
for that you had to curse him good, set him straight  
so the other fellows would know enough to take another  
pathway or just  
forget it and hold it.

there was a large hill of green, you could see it in  
daylight from the lock up  
and many of the fellows after kick-out, they wouldn't

go back to the row, they'd just walk up into that hill  
and they lived there like animals --  
part of it was a parkground and some of them lived out  
of the trashcans and others trekked down to the row for  
feed and then returned  
and

they all sold their blood for  
wine ("the one who gets my transfusion is going to be  
drunk for a long time!" was the old  
joke.)

there must have been 18 or 20 of them up there and  
they were more or less as happy as corporate lawyers  
stockbrokers or airline  
pilots.

civilization has sections just like an orange and when  
you peel the skin away, pull it apart, chew at it, the  
finalization is a mouthful of seed which you can either  
swallow or spit  
out.

most swallow it  
like the guys at North Avenue  
21.

## PRACTICE

in that depression neighborhood I had two buddies  
Eugene and Frank  
and I had wild fist fights with each of  
them  
once or twice a week.  
the fights lasted 3 or 4 hours and we came out  
with  
smashed noses, fatten lips, black eyes, sprained  
wrists, bruised knuckles, purple  
welts.

our parents said nothing, let us fight on and  
on  
watching disinterestedly and  
finally going back to their newspapers  
or their radios or their thwarted sex lives,  
they only became angry if we tore or ruined our  
clothing and for that, and only for that, we understood  
them.

but Eugene and Frank and I  
we had some good work-outs  
we rumbled through the evenings, crashing through  
hedges, fighting along the asphalt, over the