

A PRESCRIPTION OF KRYPTONITE

a young woman calls the talk-show psychologist to complain that her husband of ten years still masturbates once a day, sometimes twice or three times. the doctor asks if he exhibits any sexual inclinations towards the wife. "oh yes," she says, "he wants to make love to me three, sometimes four, times a day. he always has."

"in addition to the masturbation?"

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"what about his other appetites?"

"he's a compulsive overeater, an alcoholic, and he smokes a lot of dope."

at this point i'm sure the host is going to tell the wife to knit her husband a pair of superman pajamas,

but, as i should have expected, she instead declares the guy an addictive personality, a sick man beset with anxieties who owes it to his wife to seek professional assistance in getting to the root of his obsessive/compulsive abnormalities.

IT STILL DON'T WRITE ITSELF

some of my young friends think you can be a writer without fucking up your life. they don't want to write any poems that will hurt anyone's feelings or be an embarrassment to themselves or their families. they don't want to waste time writing that could be better spent with the kids or making a few extra bucks or making someone or other a little happier.

i like my kids and i scramble around for money too, and i generally try to keep the peace,

but if i get too far from writing
i'll still pick a fight with a wife
or mother or girlfriend or best friend,
or all on the same day,

just to have something to write about
and nothing else to do
but write about it.

THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN-LOG BRIGADE

at my kid's progressive pre-school
all the kids go potty
on a row of toilets
along one wall
without any stalls or doors.
frankly, i have always preferred
a bit of privacy,
but i realize that has a lot to do
with my upbringing
and that i was never in the armed forces.
so i'm glad my kids are growing up
much more comfortable with their bodily functions.

in fact, i would go one step further:

when i ask my wife whether the pre-school teachers
also do their duty upon a row of open stalls,
she says, "no, they have a couple of regular bathrooms
with doors and locks upstairs."
well, why are we adults not leading the way?
example is the best teacher, and i propose
that all of us, teachers and parents and guests alike,
at the pot-luck suppers and the halloween party
and the easter egg hunt should sit and shit
side-by-side as the festivities go on around us.

after all, i know progressive parents like ourselves
would want to avoid any taint of hypocrisy.

IN THE REIGN OF THE GOOD SHOGUN BONAPARTE

he seems like a bright kid,
so i assume he's kidding when he says,

"you know, london used to be all these
winding little streets