and i say, "he can be pissed off because he's a man."

the place gets as quiet as if e. f. hutton were pontificating,

but the silence is no testimony to the esteem in which my opinions are held --

it's in astonishment that anyone would publicly promulgate a double-standard (one favoring the male, that is) in our enlightened era.

of course the statistics say that more young wives now fuck around than young husbands.

and i suspect this is one time that the statistics do not lie.

THE LOST DECADE

a friend and colleague comes to the door of my office to see if i have time to read over his younger daughter's senior thesis. i've known her since she was a child and i say, "that's not a bad idea, having senior thesis in high school. she must attend a good one." "oh no," he says, "she's graduating from college."

i think it's time i embark on the research for my senior citizen's thesis.

MY NEW SHOES

i had to go to three shoestores before finding a single pair in sasquatch size -- 12 E.

the pair i finally slipped like cinderfella into cost me nearly fifty bucks which i can't afford, and they're so light and comfy that they'll no doubt wear thin soon. but for now they are as exquisitely comforting and sensitive as the most expensive of prophylactics.
my new shoes are made
of deerskin
and i call them "bambi."

ATHLETICISM IN AMERICA

in the food line of the tailgate party
a mutual friend introduces me
to the coach of a woman's volleyball team.
her first words to me are,
"come to a game sometime!"

i tell her that i'd like to,
that i have a daughter playing volleyball
back east and that i watched a lot
of the Olympic volleyball on t.v. and
that i jockeyed my kids to one of the
Olympic volleyball sessions at the Long
Beach arena.

"come to a game sometime!" she says.

"i'll try to," i say, as if i have
nothing better to do than attend the games
of every professional, amateur and interscholastic
athletic team in Southern California.
i fill up my plate with beans
and turning from the buffet
tell her i am pleased to have met her.

she says again, "come to a game sometime!"

afterwards i'm really kicking myself
that i didn't think to invite her
to bring herself and her entire team
to one of my poetry readings.

AREN'T WE FUN?

i read that coleridge described
william hazlitt as "brow-hanging, shoe-
contemplative, strange ... kindly-
natured ... but jealous, gloomy and
of an irritable pride,"

and i find myself jotting in the
margin: "typical literary personality."