

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  
publically 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."