

## THE GOOD OLD DAYS: POUNDING A BEAT

You remember that shootout down on Delaware Ave: when was that, ten, twelve years ago? I was still pounding a beat then. That guy had an arsenal in there. After an hour of bang, bang shoot 'em up there was so much smoke down there you could hardly breathe. That was one hell of a way to spend a Monday afternoon. Those were the good old days before the APD Special Qualifications training. Half the force, thinking they were safe, were hiding behind the gas pumps of the Shell station across the street. Not likely you're ever going to see anything like that again.

## THE STREETS OF BOSTON

"Do you know what the streets of Boston are like?"

"Yes, they were installed in 1793 and they haven't done any work on them since."

"I can tell you from experience there is nothing quite like a high speed ride through Boston.

We were doing a help job up there. We had this heavy duty Mafioso ironed in the back seat and a full police escort.

I mean flashing lights, motorcycles in front, squad cars on both sides, motorcycles in back and more squad cars. I mean, they wanted this guy secure and he was secure with a Capital S. It was really wild doing sixty miles an hour through the city, I mean nobody does sixty miles an hour in the city, never."

"Not on cobblestones."

"I'm glad I don't have to pay for the suspension work all those cars are going to need."

"Maybe if you work it right  
the Mafioso will take care  
of it."

"That idea would get a lot  
of laughs downtown. I mean,  
it was serious craziness like  
a high speed parade only everyone  
was afraid to open their mouth:  
teeth would do a lot of damage  
to a tongue rattling around  
like that. The worst of it was,  
I was hungover. That was one  
headache I thought would never  
go away."

-- Alan Catlin

Schenectady NY

## WINNING

I just got an advertisement in the mail today,  
How to be a winner. I don't even have to read,  
just listen to these cassettes.  
How did they find me out? Do they know  
how badly I am doing? Do they keep computer records  
of how many losing lottery tickets I buy,  
how the good life is passing me by?  
What did they do to find me out?  
Am I part of a random sampling, end result  
of a statistical analysis? Here's a loser,  
send him all the junk on how to be a winner,  
are there that many losers?  
Am all I am an ink mark on the page  
an electrical impulse held in suspended animation  
a speck of blank type caught between the pages  
of the deeds of trust, a birth certificate,  
a death certificate? I no longer have any life.  
My history is available to anyone  
who has \$18 and access to a computer.  
I've been guilty since grade school of  
not trying hard enough to win. I don't care if I win.  
Yet they come after me. Promises of winning  
fill my mail. Look for meaningful work.  
Be a winner every day every way.  
Be productive, win, win, win  
Luther and Calvin knock at my door  
They are angry. Their anger burns  
through me like a laser beam