

JUSTICE

you take the train from  
Germany into Paris  
and you know when you've  
crossed the border:  
the train stops and these  
French soldiers jump  
on.

two of them run into  
our compartment  
they seem very angry as  
we flash our passports  
but they seem  
more interested in the  
black American soldier  
who is sitting  
across from us.  
they speak to him  
rapidly  
one of them grabs him  
by the coat  
while the other  
rips down his suitcase  
from overhead  
opens it  
dumps the contents  
on the floor.

then they  
pull  
the American soldier  
up  
indicate  
for him to  
put his things  
back  
into his suitcase  
which  
he does  
then they yank him  
out of the compartment  
and  
take him away.

the train sits a  
while  
then goes  
into motion.  
soon we are at  
full speed.

"that was terrible,"  
says Linda,  
"I wonder what he  
did?"

"he was looking  
up  
your legs,"  
I tell her.

"that's nonsense,"  
she says.

"I like the French,"  
I say  
opening up  
two little bottles of  
red wine  
for us  
as the little villages,  
the landscape  
limbers by.

#### THE MEDIA

we sat around her plush  
pad and  
she asked me,  
"how come you never got  
into the media?  
you've got this talent.  
how come you wasted all  
those years  
at common labor?"

and I sat there  
with this class lady —  
I didn't answer her  
right away —  
but I thought,  
what do you do?  
knock on doors?  
what do you tell  
them?  
I'd often failed  
to get a job  
as a dishwasher.

then I told her,  
"it never occurred  
to me."

"you should have,"  
she said, "it would  
have saved you a lot  
of agony."

soon there was a  
knock on the door, and  
soon another, and  
they started arriving —  
many of the famous:  
a famous cartoonist, a  
famous columnist, a  
famous actor ...

soon they were all about,  
especially in the  
patio where food was  
being served.

I'm lucky to be here,  
I thought, I could never  
afford a place like  
this.

I told the lady that  
I was retiring  
early  
and I took a fifth of  
whiskey to the bedroom,  
had a few drinks  
in the dark  
then switched on  
her cable tv  
and watched it while  
finishing the  
fifth ....

after the lady went  
to work the next  
day

I got into my car  
and drove slowly  
out of those  
Hollywood hills  
knowing I'd never  
go back there

and I got back  
into town  
to my front court  
with the busted  
windows  
and I got inside

locked the door  
got a tall  
can of beer  
from the refriger-  
ator  
opened it  
had a hit  
sitting there at  
10:30 a.m.  
on that  
derelect couch

it was one of the  
best cans of beer  
I ever  
tasted.

MY DOCTOR

I walked into the waiting room.  
it was full.  
mostly of old  
dying women.

I went up to the reception-  
ist:  
"where the hell is he?"

"I don't know," she said,  
"he hasn't phoned in or  
anything.  
these people have been  
waiting for hours."

I walked out and down the  
stairway,  
got into my car and  
drove to the  
racetrack.

I parked, paid for clubhouse,  
went in  
and saw him standing there with  
a hotdog and a beer.

he saw me: "Henry, can I buy  
you a  
hotdog and a beer?"

"listen," I told him, "I was  
waiting in your office.  
you weren't there but