

scoop out of my thigh;
The first two years after the drunk rear-ended me, and
every time I bent down, I remembered;
The little league game where a line drive smashed me in
the balls and I threw out the runner, then threw up;
My first talent show, when I dared an Elvis wiggle,
dropped my guitar on my foot and broke my toe;
Homeroom, 9th grade, being publically stripped of the
Class Presidency, after a "friend" told Miss Birchett
that I called her "Old Bird Turd;"
The night at Tommy Sloane's when I laughed so hard I peed
my khaki pants in front of his big sister, who I loved;
The Saturday my parents squashed my 8th birthday party
because Terri next door hit me, and I hit back;
The afternoon my novel came back, shitcanned, crushed by
the Post Office, soaked by the morning's rain;
The night Craig and Tim squeezed me out of my own band;
The night I put away my velvet pants and Fender Strat for
good;
The night I learned my mother's lawyer had left for
Barbados with her insurance money, one more attorney
proving crime does pay;
Each day I see my father wandering around the house, half-
blind, after a mugger bashed him with a rifle at
age 73 —
All the things I've whined and cried and raged and
groaned and blushed and cursed about for 37 years
file by our tent in the mountains as we make love.
One by one.
They pull off black hoods and snarling masks, revealing
smiles, tears tracking kind faces
Sad to have hurt me,
Happy to have led me here.

WITH THE AID OF COMIC BOOK ADS, WEEB
FINALLY MAKES SOMETHING OF HIMSELF

Weeb, with his Pocket Spy Telescope,
Two-Headed Nickel,
Unbeatable Self-Defense Course,
Flashing Police-Light,
Stop Watch (98 cents),
Fake Bullet Holes,
Silent Dog Whistle,
Police Handcuffs,

Foaming Sugar,
Encyclopedia of World Records,
Planet of the Apes Mask,

Weeb, with his Hercules Wrist Band,
Hypnotizing Record,
1001 Great Put-Downs,
Playboy Decals,
Secret Pocket "Pen Radio,"
X-Ray Vision Glasses,
Live Sea-Monkeys,
Rubber Dollars,
Karate and Judo Medals (with Ribbon),
Vibrating Shocker,
U-Control-It Life-Sized Scary Ghost.

HIS DAY

"This just isn't my day," he used to say, several times per hour, every day.

He said it when the drunk rear-ended him en route to pay his overdue auto insurance.

He said it when he wrapped his neck-brace on too tight, passed out and suffered a concussion.

He said it when he finally won the big Pick Six Exacta, and excitement made him have to crap before cashing his ticket, which, just as he flushed the toilet, fell in.

He said it three days later, too, trying to convince his wife he really had caught herpes from that racetrack toilet seat.

Today was different, though.

He couldn't explain it, and felt no need to try.

Explaining was for days that weren't his day.

All he knew was, he'd awakened by the woman of his dreams; and he was a better lover than he'd ever been in dreams.

A better singer too, he realized, flinging scarves to a stadium full of screaming adorers.

There seemed to be as many of him as he needed, he observed, piloting his space-shuttle to a perfect landing, crossing the plate after his World Series winning Grand Slam homer.

He parried an eye-patched pirate's cutlass-thrust, lopped off the black-bearded head and leapt over his burning frigate's side.