

Fat Bob was tipping 2 dimes instead of just one, and Suzie Q was getting married instead of getting an abortion, and two celebrities wanted to date us, and the 3 tables of El Toro Marines were back from Nam, and a customer who was cute gave Carolee a real pearl ring, and after I danced football signals — off sides, time out, touchdown — to "Mony Mony," my favorite customer who only came in every 6 months gave me \$5 and told me again that I was as funny as Carole Lombard and how for sure soon I would get discovered, and afterwards at Belisle's for breakfast, we were all still happy, and I could afford steak and eggs and a slice of fresh strawberry pie.

And later in bed before sunrise
I'd think how fun it had been, how
someday I'd look back on all this and think ...

but then, tomorrow
was another day.

FRYING PORK CHOPS TOPLESS

Brandi Blue thought the topless craze would cure us all — even The Establishment — of our uptight ways and so she got silicone shots to size 38C to dance topless for 10 dollars an hour at the Purple Haze.

Brandi Blue wasn't a very good dancer but she smiled and bumped and grinded and the guys liked it, gave her lots of tips, and one of the regulars, a pool hustler, wanted to take her to bed.

Brandi Blue took him home with her and cooked him his favorite food, fried pork chops, topless, him grinning, while the pork chop grease-pops flew onto her jiggling breasts, making her nipples good and hard.

I didn't approve of her frying pork chops topless, especially in front of her little girl, but Brandi Blue just tweaked, don't be uptight, be out of sight.

Brandi Blue married the pool hustler,
had his son, but the pool hustler
ran off with the babysitter, and the
topless craze got mellow, the Purple Haze
only paying \$5 an hour, so Brandi Blue
had to work stag parties, model for
soft porn, until her silicone went bad
and she had to have a mastectomy at age 29.

Brandi Blue became a reborn Christian,
had her name legally changed to Brandi Blue,
studied real estate, tried to learn to type,
went to manicurist school and graduated.
Her daughter turned out to be weird and wild,
her son dyslexic, and now they rent rooms
in her tract home she bought with her
topless dancing money.

Brandi Blue had a hard life, all right,
but what bums me out the most was me not
approving of her frying pork chops topless.
It was the happiest time of her life.

A GROOVY KIND OF LOVE

Crazy Fred,
a Registered Sexual Deviate
for homosexuality and Navy- and Nietzsche-macho,
was a gentleman, my Don Quixote, and when
a biker or a pool hustler called me Twiggy,
he yelled at them as loud as he could,
"The meat's always sweeter next to the bone,"

and on slow days when I whined
I only made half the tips the other
sexier and bolder go-go girls did,
Crazy Fred always handed me a dollar,
put his hand on my shoulder, and told me
I was too good for All This,
and would someday marry a prince.

I would never marry a prince,
but on some Sunday afternoons,
Crazy Fred would fatten me up
on to-go steak and lobster dinners,
and some Sunday mornings,
when we were the only ones in Abner's 5,
he'd bring me Dom Perignon we'd sip
from a coffee mug, and Melba toast,