

## KING OF SPRING

He's black and blind, always impeccably dressed,  
suit, button-down white shirt and blue and red striped tie,  
walking in front of me with this beautiful blind  
blonde, white pantyhose, white leather sandals,  
talking the whole time,  
she listens,  
he's got her by one arm,  
in his free hand a white cane  
with a red tip,  
walking fast, imperceptibly feeling the beginning of  
grass/sidewalk edge,  
at one point he twirls the  
cane in his hand for a moment  
like it's a baton,  
King of Spring,  
and just watching him I'm  
King for a moment too.

## UNPLUGGING THE DRAIN

It was the first hot day of  
Spring  
and the refrigerator finally  
died,  
I heroically went in and  
emptied everything out, the  
wilted cabbage and exotic  
salad dressings, a dish of broccoli  
and carrot bits left over from a  
party we'd had two weeks  
earlier ...  
we hardly ever eat at home,

everything into the garbage  
disposal  
and that's that.

Two hours later Bernadette  
tells me  
"It's all plugged up ...  
the sink."  
She works on it  
for an hour,  
I'm trying to watch a  
program on Elizabeth Bishop,  
finally give up,  
go upstairs and get the  
toilet plunger, into the  
kitchen,  
one, two, three, four, five,



six,  
snap,  
the water goes down,  
crisis over,  
came back into the living  
room and started watching my  
show again,  
she looks at me with hatred,  
"You'd like to kill me  
wouldn't you?" I ask.  
"Yes."  
Of course I didn't JUST  
unplug the drain did I,  
that's not the way I DO  
things.

— Hugh Fox

East Lansing MI

## OLD PHOTOS: 2

Here's a picture of my dad only 6 years old  
standing on a vacant lot in Indianapolis  
the buildings on the verge of falling down behind him.  
"I can't believe they're still standing there," he says.  
"And that people still live in them."  
He'd been back there last summer he tells me  
just to see what kind of progress 50 years would make.  
"The old neighborhood still looks the same," he assures me,  
easing back into the sofa. "Only the people are different."  
I think back to all the stories he used to tell me  
about breadlines & cabbage soup  
& suddenly it's easier to see why  
he'd want to live in a big 2-story house with a fireplace  
drive an air-conditioned car  
& look for ultimate contentment in a job he hated  
8 hours a day 5 days a week 48 weeks a year 39 years to  
retirement.  
Back then it was totally immaterial to suburban-born me  
that I got here just in time  
to enjoy the world's highest standard of living  
& was a teenaged credit card carrying member  
of the first American generation to grow up on T.V.  
& shag carpets.  
The first thing I wanted to do  
the very first minute I was old enough to do it  
was to break out from all this suffocating opulence  
& run wild in the open air  
pursue the bluejean bhikku life  
be a genuine wandering tennis-shoed mendicant