

doors would open

I enrolled in college
the GI Bill money came every month
until I dropped out
the interviewer told me
I could be a William Morris agent
after four years of training
writing comes first was my reply
the man at the talent agency said
that I was very NOW looking
a biker film was about to start production
could I handle a Harley?
the answer was no
a secretary handed me a stack
of Beverly Hillbillies scripts
learn the characters she said
I never opened a page
a dj in Boston wanted me
to go down to DC
& write a show
for a club called The Cellar Door
I said alright & wrote nothing
open doors were distractions
for one in pursuit
of the perfect poem

the only poetry book store around

do you recall that scene from The Big Sleep
when Bogart pulls a bottle from his pocket
& Dorothy Malone closes her store for a while?

I started out as a customer
worked my way to the back room
& eventually married her
if anyone understood poets
she had to be the one
never never marry
just to keep your word
it can lead to asinine results
we had a fight right after the ceremony
about naming kids
she couldn't have in the first place
my throat was always sore
from the endless fights
she dismissed me as a Romantic
T S Eliot was her god
we were supposed to spend Thanksgiving
with her family

we had a fight & she went alone
I wasn't there when she returned
the marriage lasted 4 months
since then
I seldom encounter anyone 'in the field'

\$10

in 1971 I hocked a black star sapphire ring
it was the only way
to get out of Key West
ten dollars looked better than a kick in the ass
it put some gas in the tank
got us to Miami
where we were hired to work at The Flamingo Lodge
in the Everglades

we eventually made it back to the northeast
my mother noticed the missing ring
I told her it was too big
she said she'd have it fixed
I told her the truth
she'd given it to me after Marvin Moncour's untimely demise
he hadn't meant much to me
his ring meant even less
if the ring was so important to her
she should've kept it
that ended that potential conflict

Dora Flynn gave me a pocket watch with inscription
for one of my birthdays
even though I had told her I didn't like watches
Dora is out of my life
the watch was even tougher to shake
nobody was interested in a Calibrei
I took it to a hock shop where I was photographed
& finally unloaded it
for how much?
ten bucks

the boss

I remember when he started
driving for Yellow
nobody liked him
it was his attitude
sort of a combination
spaceshot/great white father