

put it to his lips
inhaled
exhaled

I lit up
also
and we stood
smoking.

that's the way the cop
found us
when he opened the door
behind
me.

"son of a bitch," he said, "that's
beautiful, I wish I could let
you go."

"I wish you could too,"
I told him.

"let's go," he
said.

as we walked toward the door
the madman grabbed the wires and
screamed
screamed
he rattled and banged the
wires
those thick yellow wires
with the yellow paint flaking off
showing areas of
steady grey
beneath.

THE MIRROR GAME

Peter was the freak, Peter was fat, Peter was dumb, Peter was clumsy, Peter stuttered and Peter stumbled and the girls giggled at Peter and the boys taunted him, and Peter was kept after school and Peter's glasses always fell off of his nose and his shoelaces were untied and his shirttail hung out and his clothing was unlike anything sold in the stores and Peter always sat in a back seat with lines of snot dripping from his nose.

that was then. that was grammar school and
partly through junior high, and time went
on and

now

Peter never drives his expensive car over
two years and he always has a new and
beautiful girlfriend and he no longer wears
glasses and he has thinned down, looks al-
most handsome but certainly assured, he
has a home in Mexico and a home in Portu-
gal and he has purchased the two estates
which border his and he rents them out.
Peter deals in law, artwork and the stock
market, he speaks seven languages, has a
yacht and a private plane and he also
sometimes produces movies.

those who knew him then don't know him
now.

something
happened, what the hell
was it?

and most of the golden boys of then
who are still around now
are misshapen, beaten, inglorious,
idiotic, homeless, senile or
dying.

it seldom works the way we think it
works.
in fact, it never
does.

POEM ABOUT A LADY WITH A RED FACE AND LONG BLONDE HAIR

I met this female poet many years ago.
we were to read on the same card
for our hundred bucks
with 3 or 4 others.

the university got us our dinner with
wine
and the 3 or 4 others didn't drink much
wine
but the female poet and I kept ordering
more bottles.

at the time she was writing about the
terrible times she was having with
men