

THE ARNOLD & ANN SHOW

i.

The man shouted
OH MY GOD,

He was over
7 feet tall
she about 4
which made
over 11 feet
of loud wealth
just in
from America.

We were quietly
waiting our turn
to go up quietly
to the restaurant
on Eiffel's tower
for another quiet
credit-card lunch.

OH MY GOD DON'T
THEY KNOW I HAVE
TO PEE WHERE IN
THE HELL IS THE
ELEVATOR DAMN IT.

Arnold,
hush.

BUT I HAVE TO PEE
OH MY GOD I WILL
EXPLODE IF I DON'T
PEE OH MY GOD SO
I'M GOING TO SING
SO I WON'T THINK
ABOUT HOW MUCH I
NEED TO PEE DAMN IT.

Don't sing.

WHY NOT?

Arnold.

IT'S EITHER PEE
OR SING WHICH DO
YOU WANT DAMN IT?

We were 12
or so in the
dumb line.

WELL?

No one spoke.

ALL RIGHT THEN.

Out came a bit
of an Italian
opera.
He was good.

A couple of
idiots applauded.

DO YOU THINK I
COULD JUST USE
THIS ASH CAN OH
MY GOD I AM DYING.

The woman with him
said to everyone,
I don't know him,
seriously.

A couple of
idiots nodded.

YES SHE DOES TOO
KNOW ME YOU KNOW
ME ANN YOU DO.

She studied the
wall.

ii.

We got in
the elevator.
He sang some
more opera
and everyone
looked sadly
down at the
world.

I GET TEARS SOMETIMES.

The maitre d'hotel,
a chilly bitch,
assumed we were
together and made
sure
we had
adjoining
tables
way

out
of the
way.

I don't know him,
she said again.
We smiled and
she smiled
back.
A little meeting
of the minds.

Then he returned
from the can and
stood there by
the table.

OH MY GOD DON'T THEY
EVEN HAVE ICE WATER
IN THIS PLACE WAITER
BRING SOME ICE WATER.

Sit down, Arnold.
He sat down.

OH MY GOD THIS
IS GOING TO COST
ME A FORTUNE.

There was a long
pause.

HOW ABOUT THAT NOTRE
DAME TEAM? HUH? HOW
ABOUT THEM BOYS.

Yes, said a man
at another table.

GOOD TEAM HUH?

Yes.

ALL RIGHT YEAH.

Somehow we ordered
and ate and stared
out at the city and
drank.

iii.

until she said I
want to go to
Hermes.

OH MY GOD.

By now the wine
had brought us
much closer to Ann.
Arnold was on ice
water.

OH MY GOD HERMES.

Ann, go to Hermes,
my friend said.
Go for it, I added.

DON'T DON'T.

I think I will,
said Ann. I need
a new scarf.

She didn't look
like she needed
anything, but
touched her neck
where the new
scarf would go.

OH MY GOD HERMES.

Get over it,
Arnold, we said.

Yes, Arnold,
said Ann, chill
out.

Then Arnold
slapped
his
forehead.

iv.

Here, my card.

It said ANN'S IDEAS.

I run a little
interior design
shop down in
Flada.

She had enough
gold on her to
open a big bank
in a big city.

Coming to,
Arnold said

YOU DON'T NEED
ANOTHER SCARF
JESUS CHRIST HERMES
DO YOU GUYS REALIZE?
DO YOU
RE-
A-
LI-
ZE?

What, Arnold?

OH
MY
GOD.

v.

WELL IF YOU'RE EVER
IN PALM BEACH OH MY
GOD LOOK AT THIS BILL
WAITER THIS BILL HAS
GOT TO BE WRONG HEY
WHAT IS THIS JESUS.

Have some
water, Ann said.
Then we'll go
to Hermes.

OH MY GOD.

Is he always like this?

Lovely, isn't
it, she said.

Someday, she added,
I'll have to lock
him up.

That would be
terrible, we said.

Wouldn't it,
she said.

LOCK WHO UP?

MODERN MAN

3 A.M.
at the cash machine
drunk as hell.

OLD COWBOY

I'm waiting for the bus
when all at once five
shetland ponies come
running down the street.

No one moves at first.
Then the old man beside
me jumps out in front
of them and begins
to wave his arms.

Spooked,
the ponies cut away
onto the highway
and gallop straight for
the Arc de Triomphe
with a thousand Mercedes
in pursuit.
In a minute they
are out of sight.

The old man comes back,
dusts his flannel pants,
lights a cigarette
and says, I think I've
seen just about everything.
A couple of people laugh.

Sirens begin to blare.

SAVED: 2

We finally got a new girl
at the post office. Before,
we had a couple of old hags.
This one is nice, patient,
and has long tanned hands.
She doesn't understand it
all yet but this is better
than the others who worried
about being sure you knew
they were right, always.
Now we like to go mail
letters, even the bills.
Somewhere, someone made
a bold and perfect move.