

APPRECIATING THE CLASSICS

i remember my mom giving me a copy of the great gatsby when i was just a little shit; telling me i ought to read it, that it was a CLASSIC, i

ignored her, choosing detective novels and cheap fuck books instead but now that ive got some time on my hands and a library card i

check out a book of old f. scotts short stories from the downtown branch of the tucson public library and try to read it in the park across the street while i drink a pint of early times but i just fall asleep and when i wake up my bottle is gone but

of course they left the god damn book — figure ill discard it on the way to the liquor store where ill buy another pint of early times — hell, i might even spring for a pint of jack, now thats a classic that i can truly appreciate.

FULL COLOR

on our way to little rock to eat or drink or trade some tapes with my buddy who has a used tape shop when my lady says oh shit, did you see that wreck it looked really bad i say no i didnt see anything (though i did see a twisted crumpled body)

but do you want me to turn around and go back and she says no i see an ambulance coming so we go on and do our thing and when we get home im watching the news, drunk when the accident comes on the screen, full color my lady is in the bathroom taking off her

face i dont call her in
to look at the crumpled

body that we both saw
earlier i take another
drink of my beer and
switch the channel until
i find some pro wrestling.

NO, I DONT REMEMBER THAT

i was reading the paper
saw an article about
a convicted killer
who had escaped
from prison and
eluded authorities
for weeks, stealing

cars, double tracking
through streams, living
in the woods and when
the cops finally caught
him in some womans back

yard he showed no remorse;
said that they were all
pretty goddamn stupid and
that yes, he had robbed
a bank while he was out
and yes, he had kidnapped

a couple of women but
just for their car and
maybe he had busted a
red light or two while
making good his escape

but damned if he knew
anything at all about
that dismembered body
that they had found
behind his last known
place of residence.

NAKED BY THE TRAIN TUNNEL

paul tells me that he got fucked up
with some girls this weekend and
a buddy of his and that the girls