

a pony of muscatel  
a bowie knife  
nude photos of my spring classes  
a lengthy juvenalian and scatological  
satire on certain vaguely  
disguised university administrators ...

i'll leave you the pleasure  
of adding to the list.

"GERRY," ROLAND PLEADS WITH ME, "PLEASE FORGET  
YOUR IMAGE AND REMEMBER YOUR JOB!"

by the final hour of the faculty bash  
i am announcing loudly enough to  
be heard throughout the adjoining rooms,

"i might even have married one of those  
geisha-girl stewardesses on japan airlines  
and brought her back with me, except  
that the first thing she would have done  
upon entering the country would probably  
have been to sign up for a degree

in women's studies."

I'LL LEAVE THE HEROINE ANONYMOUS

when sending in my travel receipts, i write,

"i've been meaning to nominate myself for  
promotion to table leader, although in all  
honesty the only leadership quality i  
have ever displayed is that of leading  
my table directly to the hotel bar."

two weeks later i receive an invitation  
to participate in the next essay-scoring session  
as a table leader.

MUSICAL COMEDY

i ran into a guy in a bar  
who thought rogers and hammerstein were  
competitors of smith and wesson.  
he also thought lerner and loewe had  
murdered little boys in chicago.