

RESULTS

i talk to the therapist
don't know where i'm getting
but wind up owing some money

i talk to con edison (the power company)
they listen as patiently
and let my bill slide for 30 days

— Cory Monaco

Bronx NY

BAD COP

I heard on the NEWS today
that a cop was shot in Turtle Creek:
a member of the Wall Police Force.

Once a bunch of Wall cops
beat my brother with a flashlight,
took all our shoes off
to check for hidden coke,
frisked us by the balls
until we keeled over,
then took me for a night
in the holding cell.

The lone reason for our harassment
was that we were dressed too nice
to be in such a dump.

We were just four guys
who got drunk enough
to head down to the Wall Hotel
and look at the strippers.

By the time the NEWS cut to location,
I'd already created the crime scene
in my mind:

white tape around an overweight cop
dressed in a yellow and orange
flowered Hawaiian shirt
opened to the belly
to expose a dozen gold chains,

the bullet hole in the head
bleeding strawberry filling,

the hole in the heart puffed out
like a chocolate creme filled,

the eyes glazed over,
coffee dripping from his nose.

THE VALUE OF LITERATURE

I wanted to get a tattoo which meant something
only I didn't have a wife, girlfriend, lover
or even a steady fuck.

I was also against the prospect of having MOM
scribbled across my bicep.

What remained of my life was
booze and books;
booze taking a very close second to sex,
occasionally nudging ahead
during dry spells.

The prospect of having a beer can
on my arm for the rest of my life
(until laser surgery do us part)
wasn't so good.

I thought about getting a poem
but figured reading my arm
wouldn't bring much enjoyment.

Finally after deliberation with a bottle of vodka,
I decided on the cover of Gerald Locklin's
THE FIREBIRD POEMS:
a beautiful bird with green beak,
orange and red feathers
swooping with claws out.

Like most other small press readers,
I'd elevated Locklin from Jesus to God
shortly after the world discovered
the wonders of Bukowski.

I dropped off the book a day early
so the artist could draw the bird.
He asked what the book was about,
laughed when I said poetry, the tattoo
on his jugular vein jerking with every laugh.
I believe he was
of the "books-are-for-pussies" type.

He said the tattoo would cost \$100.