

## THE BRUNO EFFECT

bruno brando  
bruno von braun  
bruno giordano bruno  
bruno the ripper  
bruno the knife  
bruno the kid  
bruno lenny bruce  
bruno marco polo  
bruno coeur de lion  
bruno django reinhart  
the honorable bruno muhammad  
bruno richard starkey  
bruno ringo starr  
little bruno  
lucky bruny  
brunipero sera  
j. bruno hoover  
bonnie & bruno  
pope bruno XXIII  
orville & bruno wright  
bruno villa  
bruno lingo mungo  
bruno h. christ  
gautama bruno  
bruno sebastian bach  
bruno alonzo stagg  
bruno lloyd weber  
bruno q. public  
bruno of arabia  
matinee bruno  
brunowulf  
bruno nogursky  
bruno chi min  
cobrunicus

— Chris Daly

Seal Beach CA

## THE VORTEX

When I left him he fell into a vortex  
she tells me. He couldn't deal with anything.  
That's when the children moved in with him.  
They became the anchor to steady his life.  
It's still the same. Their 15-year-old son  
moved back with her before Christmas. Before  
the dust had settled, he was on the phone,  
pleading with his son to come home, a grown man



crying into the receiver. It's been over 13 years she says. I guess he'll never change. I listen intently as she rambles on, knowing the truth is a bitter pill we all have to swallow. Later I pick up the receiver and dial my little girl, 3,000 miles away.

#### ALWAYS MOVING

I clicked the projector into slo mo when Tom's bike scene came into view, just like Butch Cassidy, I said, remembering the way Tom would glide through life, drinking Soave Bolla, topped off with a joint, maybe a beer, always moving, long days of driving, eyes ahead, facing an el lay sun that never set, finessing his woman, his male lover, sucking in every nanosecond of life, always moving till the day he flew the small aircraft on acid, laughing like hell, I'm sure, at some crazy stunt right before the crash.

#### CLIP JOB

For over a year, she's been cutting my hair, shaping it, working the length for a ponytail. She keeps the front close to the scalp, runs the back through her fingernails, ties it fast and voila, I'm back in '72. Admiring her work in the bathroom mirror, I notice a separation, a line of demarcation. One good thing about aging, you learn — if it doesn't feel right, why have it. So I say to her on a recent Sunday morning, Let's do it, let's cut the fucker off. We move onto the patio with fresh decafs, scissors and comb and she cuts, shapes and creates a hip buzz cut — working those damn cowlicks into place.

— Marc Swan

Centerville MA

#### ONE OF THE WORST THINGS

One of the worst things is to be inside a house when someone breaks the door down.