

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

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#### ONE OF THE WORST THINGS

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