

BETTER LONG HAIR THAN SHORT

"where'd this come from?" she asks,
lifting a long hair from my shoulder.

"john's dogs jumped up on me," i say.

"that's not a dog's hair," she says.

"if it's a woman's," i say,
"she must have been old and gray."

"not gray," she says, "blonde."

i shrug and go back to unpacking.
she shrugs too, secure in her belief
that no one else would want me.

"MAY BE TAKEN WITH YOUR FAVORITE BEVERAGE"

when the toad reads that
on the metamucil package,
he wonders if they realize that
his favorite beverage is cream sherry.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

he urged his daughters
into eastern universities
where they learned to regard him as
remote from "the canon."

MAYBE THEY THINK ALL POETS DRIVE THEM

yesterday i received in the mail
a large four-color fold-out poster
inviting me to a special test-drive
of the latest-model BMW.

either they know something i don't know,
or else they've noticed how often my poems
in the wormwood review set the table for bukowski's.

— Gerald Locklin

Long Beach CA