

#### WHAT IT USED TO BE LIKE

Tonight drove downtown  
to an art show with  
Lisa (on vacation from  
school back east) & Pat.  
Visited with old friends  
but never relaxed. Still  
learning how to behave  
without booze. Then there's  
the question of art. Most  
of the work looked weak.  
How do you tell friends  
you truly care for that  
their art is weak? I don't.  
I could be wrong. I talk  
about pistols or what  
it used to be like  
to teach. Or sex.  
What little I  
remember of it.

#### A SOBER FEAST

Reading A Moveable Feast,  
listening to Hemingway  
detail his conversations,  
his writing, his eating  
& drinking & the wonderful  
landscapes of Paris,  
I yearn for a glass  
of bourbon to savor  
with this clean writing,  
but wanting more to  
keep a clear head so  
I can see what he  
saw then, I choose a  
cup of hot British tea.

#### A WARRIOR

Today almost took home  
a pup 1/4 wolf  
to replace one  
I got. He's 14,  
has trouble getting  
up & down &  
catching his breath.  
Other day he jumped

a rottweiler but  
his hind legs gave  
out & I had  
to save him.  
Sometimes I catch  
him staring at me.  
Get the feeling he's  
tired of waiting  
& wants me to  
make my move.

#### RIGHT MIND

Bill's an ex-marine  
in his late sixties  
& blind in his  
right eye.  
Friday morning he  
shot out the X  
ring with five shots  
from a Colt 45  
with fixed sights  
he bought in 1950  
for 19 dollars.  
You could have covered  
his one hole group  
with a quarter.  
He did it right  
handed aiming  
with his good eye.  
His mind, I would  
guess, was as placid  
as an early  
morning pond.

#### AT THE CONTROLS

This guy I know owns  
a big revolver that will  
push a 335 grain hand  
loaded bullet thru a  
12 inch fir log. I mean  
BOOM it's thru & dirt  
flies. This guy loves his  
gun like some guys love a  
Corvette. At the controls  
he feels invincible.