

after the car was gone from sight.

"Who knows what he said? And who cares?" said Charlene.
"It was just some jerk-off shouting."

"Really," said Julie, chewing gum. "Who cares?"

"I care. Listen, I think he said, 'Unravel the mysteries that plague the past!' Is that what it sounded like to you guys?"

"Why are you like so worried about what some guy you don't even know said, Miss?" Charlene said. "God. Get a grip." She squinted her heavily mascara'd eyes as she took a drag of her cigarette, then handed it to Julie. It was a Kool cigarette.

"Yeah, don't hassle it, Miss."

Missy frowned. She thought about her past. She hated her past.

The car contained Richard Druck and Pete Tremmens, both 27. "I HAVE JESUS UP MY ASS!" had been Pete's actual phrase. Blasphemous. Anal. Ignorant. Off the top of his head. Perfect. It was ART.

GAGAKU DREAM

Steve appeared
just to tell
me: "Hit hard
but don't pay
attention to how
hard you hit."

I woke up and
wrote it down.

SHE SAID,

If it was worth
writing then it is
worth saving, smoothing
it out and looking at me
(I force a smile)

HELEN MORTON

The phone rang, I picked it up.
"Yes, is Helen Morton there?"
asked a man. "Wrong number,"
I said. "Oh sorry." A couple
minutes later it rang again.
And again. I knew it was the man.
It might not have been him but
it had the same ring and I just
had the feeling. I let it ring.

My answering machine picked it up.
My message played and then there
was a beep followed by a dial
tone. The caller had hung up. If
it was the man, certainly he had
recognized my voice. Certainly
he had. And hung up.

— Mike Daily

Northridge CA

GAGAKU

no need to hear the words first
as he used to when a young
excuse me
poet

so he clears his throat
of some crap
and goes into kitchen
for glass of arrowhead
water

non
distilled

and it is fine
tasting and he notes the glass he uses
he has used for more than one
year

has
Ramada Inn
upon it

and his demons clap & laugh
and roar
they are just happy with
him

or so it
seems