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When Is It a Good Idea

Well Jak carried his swagger (maladjusted due to a high alcoholic content) along with a lather of aftershave, through the deserted suburban streets (it's 3 a.m., you know) towards the house containing his girlfriend, Lise, currently sleeping peacefully in her room.

He had ripped a hole in his pants (left knee) because when he put his foot down, the ground wasn't where he thought it was.

He thought: Why'd she have to live in the suburbs? Why can't they live together in some field somewhere? He'll have to bring this up when he sees her. If he sees her.

How'd I end up in someone's garden? Damn. Well, that fence shouldn't have been there anyway. Am I on the right street? Focus. Focus. Focus on the sidewalk, extoll your holing shirtsleeves, and a missing tie. He had found her house. Is that her window? He decides, for a start, to try coyly-introverted-shynessing declarations of his feelings for her.

Suddenly, doubtful thunder rolling from a too quickly upthrust window. His girlfriend.

It's 3:00 in the morning, she shouts in a whisper.

I have to tell you I feel a tr'mendous love for you, seasoning the puking of guts and reasoning with respect for her neighbors.

Stopping him, telling him, you're drunk.

But I'm in love with you, while lights in other houses are now being turned on.

I'm putting my foot down! And he did indeed try, but only succeeded in missing the ground (again), this time passing into unconsciousness.

When he wakes up, he's in her room, in her bed, in her arms.

Home, he sleeps softly.

Banter on the Counter

The coffee rings and the footsteps sing, spring all over being. Macaroni buses sliding up near downtown's brain, creamy green, lovers and the others living a neon dream, seemingly seedy, tires whirling a warped speed on top of a con's crete. Neat. Smokey dopers loped hopily along simmering sweat socks and a manic beat competing for air space on wavy raves and mellow shaves, knave!

Gigantic doors and reams of glass shone sheeky and cheeky on sheets of skin and cloth. A huge maze of floors, pipes, types, and lots and lots of.

Racks.

Huge stacks of racks, jack, and alluring odors on every corner.

Mirrorball Blues

It is some place. In a hip bar, in a hip part of a hip city, mirrorball blaring all over the dance floor. He's at the bar, croaking out to the bartender with a mouth full of bilious regret, "I'll have another." The bartender smiles sympathetically and presses a button behind the bar. The jukebox is playing a slow song, and there's only one couple out on the floor, swaying to the languorous beat, clinging to each other, unaware of anything else.

Outside, the buildings are yawning overhead, making a money-grab at the sky. All of which causes Trix to feel smaller than she is. She's hurrying. Why is she always hurrying? This time it's to meet Bo. Bo, who always reminded her of America. Anyway, late for this date, she can't be. The details elude her. Is this a restaurant? She gets seated at their table. And there Bo is, America in all its sinewy permutations. Such a big place to be sitting at a table. "Good evening. My name is Fritz. May I take your order?"

A Frank Good-Bye

Trembling in my knees, along with a steady breeze blown through trees, beneath a sinking sun the seas won't freeze. Driving through towns full of dressing gowns and suits that cost more than I make in three weeks. I'm giving bums twenty-dollar bills and having dinner at eight. I'm screamin' dreamin' of dyin', and the high cost of past loves' labor. Finding my time and ideas that I savor. Taking a cab over drains and ditches that train people to lose all hope. Sometimes I cry when I see the American flag, and never go skiing on slopes. I'm throwing salutes to the workers in bars trucks bikes and cars, swearing at stars that can't hear them.
Can you?

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