

SOMETHING'S ROTTEN AT DENMARK HOPKINS

at the bay area hotel bar
i'm drinking a gin-and-tonic

and, honest-to-god, every single
one of the businessmen occupying

the rest of the stools is coddling

a hideously overpriced glass

of white wine.

A SECOND LOOK OR, NOT TO MENTION THE OCCASIONAL
CAPSIZING OF A WINDSURFER

they give me a seat at a window
looking onto the entire upper san
francisco bay, from the oakland side.

people on breaks wander over and gaze
across towards the transamerica building:

"what a view you have of the skyline!"

"ugliest city in the world," i say.

they take a second look, then say,

"but what about the bridge?"

"ugliest bridge in the world," i say.

"you mean the bay bridge?"

"no," i say, "i mean that suspension
monstrosity off there on the needless-to-say
fog-ridden horizon."

they take a second look at the horizon,
a second look at me, then turn back
towards the coffee and cookies.

but one of them says, "do you see any
beauty out there?"

"yes," i say, "i get great pleasure from
the traffic jams."