

YOU DON'T NEED
ANOTHER SCARF
JESUS CHRIST HERMES
DO YOU GUYS REALIZE?
DO YOU
RE-
A-
LI-
ZE?

What, Arnold?

OH
MY
GOD.

v.

WELL IF YOU'RE EVER
IN PALM BEACH OH MY
GOD LOOK AT THIS BILL
WAITER THIS BILL HAS
GOT TO BE WRONG HEY
WHAT IS THIS JESUS.

Have some
water, Ann said.
Then we'll go
to Hermes.

OH MY GOD.

Is he always like this?

Lovely, isn't
it, she said.

Someday, she added,
I'll have to lock
him up.

That would be
terrible, we said.

Wouldn't it,
she said.

LOCK WHO UP?

MODERN MAN

3 A.M.
at the cash machine
drunk as hell.

OLD COWBOY

I'm waiting for the bus
when all at once five
shetland ponies come
running down the street.

No one moves at first.
Then the old man beside
me jumps out in front
of them and begins
to wave his arms.

Spooked,
the ponies cut away
onto the highway
and gallop straight for
the Arc de Triomphe
with a thousand Mercedes
in pursuit.
In a minute they
are out of sight.

The old man comes back,
dusts his flannel pants,
lights a cigarette
and says, I think I've
seen just about everything.
A couple of people laugh.

Sirens begin to blare.

SAVED: 2

We finally got a new girl
at the post office. Before,
we had a couple of old hags.
This one is nice, patient,
and has long tanned hands.
She doesn't understand it
all yet but this is better
than the others who worried
about being sure you knew
they were right, always.
Now we like to go mail
letters, even the bills.
Somewhere, someone made
a bold and perfect move.