

OF OKIES, CHEESE, CHICKEN & BREAD: ROAD FOOD

"I wonder if eighty-four-year-old Colonel Sanders ever gets tired of travelling all around America talking about fried chicken?"

— Richard Brautigan

us Okies never ate Brie
i never even knew the stuff existed
until moved back East
in my 30s
it was of a flavor & consistency
that took some gettin' used to
— rich people food —
but us Okies is generally hungry
all the time, at least us males
of the species are
tho i much prefer a hard sharp longhorn cheddar
& a hunk of sour-dough bread
& a heartily spiced fried chicken
crispy wing.

SHE

likes to think that
she's the medical expert
in this household
and was exasperated
struggling to figure what
this Dunlap Disease was
that i kept referring to

when she finally got up enough nerve
to ask and reveal her ignorance
i said, "Dunlap Disease is
generally endemic among the male
of the species
diagnosed by a characteristic
large stomach or belly
that has done lapped over the belt."

ETIQUETTE

another one of my Grandfather's tricks
was
when he was about to burp
after a hardy meal
he'd call one of us kids over
and say, "Here, pull my finger"

which we would do
then he'd belch
and say, "Thank you, I needed that"

usually we would want to
explore this phenomenon further
pulling on his fingers
but he'd chase us off.

SUPERBOWL SUNDAY MORNING COMIN' DOWN

asked Janet if
she ever wanted to be a cheerleader
she said not even for a minute
did such a desire cross her mind,
"besides, I didn't have the body type
to be a cheerleader."
"Well," i said, "I'm sure there's a lot
of chubby girls that have wanted
to be cheerleaders."
we were watching a bunch of them
bouncing around in their tutus on tv
shaking their money makers.
"I actually never understood why
anybody would want to do that. I
always wanted to play," she said.
and even though the girls are
awfully cute
doubt i would have ever done
such a thing either.
Janet says nowadays they give
college scholarships to cheerleaders,
which, amazes me.

A DRINKING BUDDY

he's exactly twice my age
and i have a grey beard

of all the poets one reads
in the little magazines

unless you move to Albuquerque
there is no thought of meeting them

on the phone Judson asks
"You do drink don't you?"
"Sure do, sometimes too much."
"Oh good! Then we have something in common."