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Monologue. Polylogue. Mollylogue.

(or: A musing of a young writer
as a poor man. Hee hee hee.)

Brrring. Brrring. Brrring. Too early but. Things a day a do. See Bob but oh . . . no twelve lunch. Nothing to do about nothing. Brush top brush twoth too.

Out. What would I say. Yes oh? For a living? Well I'm an aimless wanderer. Yes about town, up down allaround. Springtime. Buds mud and skimpy duds. Look! Oh beauty wraparound skirt. Winds blow, skirts flow, up up whoa! Catch a glimpse. Alisa, if you only knew. I know it well — I've got a boyfriend at home, blah blah woof woof. But you're lonely. I could change that but. No. Ah well. It wouldn't be right . . . Right left wrong right rite write. Words. If she only knew.

Old man on that bench daily. Not even any ducks to feed. Bet he's had many a duck feeding day in his day though. Eyes Old Ancient. You can't look like that if you try, comes with time. Son, I can remember wan't no goddam cars, jus horsenbuggies. No damn television neither, wanteda know somethin hadda talk to folks or read, not jus hit the damn switch. No smell like petroleumfarts. Hell no! I betcha never smelled the world, have ye? Ever smelled the earth? Fresh plowed earth? Smelled a cow, not the plastic milk jugs and indy viggily rapt slices of cheese. No boy it aint the same namore. Was a time wasn't no bench here just a rock. And folks was folks too. Say howdy to ya, stead athinkin yus gonna murder 'em or somethin. Women wuz women too. All ya got now's a buncha damn plastic makeup. Can't see their faces. Bet they go to sleep at night'n wake up with their faces stuck to the pillers lookin back at 'em! Hee hee! Why in my day folks was jus folks.

Kids though, look at that little girl. Onesies, twosies, threesies look at all the treesies. I wanna be a actress when I grows up. Movies and T.V. And I can stay up late whenever I want. I donwannaidonwannaidonwannai goto bed O.K. you don't have to. Evereverever. And I can get dirty and eat what I want. I want two choklit milkshakes and a snickers bar — all at once O.K. And I wanna car. A big red one. And I won't let any booyoys get their cooties all over it. And I wanna big white house and a husband, and a dog, and a kitty, and two birds and a goldfish. Foursies, fivesies.

Need smokes. Deck a 'boros. Though some things in life transcend, some inspire, some dopress, 'boros are always there, always the same. Gasoline, jesus, buckenahalf a gallon! Then they have the guts to sell you hi-octane gas. Here folks, our regular gas will make your car hesitate and ping. BUT for a few cents more, we'll sell you our "extra". It's the same gas we used to sell you for fifty-seven cents. But a Marlboro is a Marlboro is a Marlboro. Sure the price goes up, but the quality doesn't go down, at least.

The Stuff Store. What a place. Lots of stuff. Foodstuffs to stuff yourself with until you're stuffed. Then you try to stuff into your clothes and stuff. Then you go inside and since you've got all that stuff on, everything feels stuffy. Bad stuff, man. Weird stuff. Good stuff.

X-rated theatre. All through elementary school, middle school, and high school, the most infuriating thing is the pursuit of x. There it is. Wonder what x³ is like. Maybe x is love, all elusive, uppessive. The best to have the worst to lose. Y is a hot fudge sundae. With nuts.

An alley filled with boxes. Worked in a box factory once. Yes sir, I drive a forklift in a box factory, but I hope to move up to metal containers someday. But metal containers come in boxes! Everything comes in boxes. See that car over there? All the parts? Came in boxes. Even boxes come in boxes. Boxes of boxes.

Why are there holes in swiss cheese? Who puts 'em there?

Stationery store. (E for Eaton's corrasable bond). Cards. San Francisco. Uncle Fred. He's a gambler down inside. He played blackjack with me that time I passed through. What a family. Memumndad raised me liberally. Her sister, auntie, Fred's wife, totally opposite. They adopted John and Peter and raised 'em strict as hell. Same age as me. I show up in San Francisco, P & J go to bed at nine. I'm up 'til twelve thirty dealin cards with Fred. That was the first time I realized what playin cards was. We weren't playin for cookies anymore we were playin for matchsticks, ya know? The real stuff.

San Francisco. If Shakespeare had been a Californian, Romeo and Juliet would have committed common law suicide after a T.M. meeting by O.D.ing on secanol and sangria. Love them cable cars though.

Look at that woman! My God. What I could . . . guess I shouldn't think like that. Ah bullshit, everyone does; either that or they're a better person than I. Nah they're just lyin. But . . . I don't . . . wow I. I can never just fantasize sexually about a woman. I always start thinkin about us together, handinhanding it down the road. Up the altar. I wonder. Excuse me miss, I was just fantasizing about what you and I would look like as a middle aged couple. Old couple. She'd call a cop!

Oh well. Woof woof ahrrahruff. Hey dog. I'll bet you're an enlightened being. Just hangin out. Keeping an eye on the world goin by your window, huh? How is the dog's life? Whatta ya think about? You must think we're all crazy (no visible response). Tell ya what, we'll switch. I'll hang out bein a dog and you be me. How's that? You're not talkin are ya? I know you can. You just don't wanna be on the Johnny Carson show answerin alot of dumb questions. You've got the best kept seret in the world. Even the C.I.A. doesn't know you can talk. Hey, you think if I got some long ears and a collar and trucked around, all the people might pat me behind the ears? No you're probably right. You got a monopoly, kid. Wellp, see ya later.

Bet he knows the english word that rhymes with orange. I shoulda asked him the answer to that riddle: Say you have three sacks of gold coins. Two of the sacks contain real gold. One is fake. The fake coins weigh one point one ounce each. The real ones weigh an ounce each. It is impossible to tell by feel which weigh more. You have one of those scales into which you insert a penny and it gives you a card, telling you the weight. You only have one penny. How do you decide which sack contains the fake coins?

Popcorn and candy. Do you make popcorn with butter? No, I make it with Olive Oil. Sly dog, that's Popeye's girl. Hee hee!
To do is to be, to be is to do, to dobedoobedoo!

Think I'll buy a knick knack shelf for my odds and ends. Twelve odds and ends on the knick knack shelf; eleven fall off. Whatta ya got, an odd or an end? a knick or a knack? a kit or a kaboodle?

New apartments. Snapemtogether. Fall apart in two years. Probably have all the same pictures above the fireplace. Cheap moaningleaser repros. Eight forty three a.m. husband kiss wifekids bye bye. Pick one of the two sedan wagons and vroom off to work at the inn sure aunts cumpnee. Marty and Tina for our lunch. Back behind the desk 'til five then back home for frozen din-din with the fambly. Two hours T.V. To bed for a good ole american manontopgetitoverwithquick then nightly night 'til tomorrow. Not me.

Must be havin fun there on the dock. Fishin's fun I like to fish, doo dah doo dah, I think fish is just delish oh dee doo dah day. Love to fish all night . . .

Seagulls. Wish I could fly. Soaring high, swooping low, gobblefishes Flappity flappity flap whoooooosh! Wind on the feather-wings sleek and silky. They can walk too. Fish can swim. People can walk. But birds can fly AND walk. What a life. Suladed. Nothing worse than to be a bird in a cage.

Look! Another beauty. My lucky. Excuse me miss, I think you'd look great in a bikininky. Would you mind taking off your clothes? Aw c'mon. How bout your shirt then. Oh please. Well . . .

These are supposed to be liberal times. But even now you can't. Or even. Not without getting. Or. Next thing you know you're. And having. Getting. Getting a. Drinking too. Lonely. My grandmother probably had less hangups. But. What can one do.

Oh shit. Well. Think I'll cop a squat. Ah better. Wandering can be tiring you know. Clouds. Looks like . . . Boyoboyo, it's been too long. Must do something about this suchyoutation. They do though, no denyin that.

Remember the first time. Scared? Oh yeah. Thirteen. Oldher. Have you ever? Before? Uh, sure lotsa. No. Relax. Let me.!!!! Laid back looking at the sky. All of the sudden. Surrounded. Halleluja! Halleluja! Hahlay loo yaa! Long blonde tum-mytickling. Reach up never felt anything softer, smoother. Iron tense. Sounds uncontrollable. Up down all around. Sweatsweat. That sweet smell of success. Rapture! Finally. Aaaaaah ex. I found it! XXXXXX. Then Marlboro. The one I'd wanted for years.

Do you smoke after sex? Don't know, never looked. Hee hee hee!

Thanks for the mamemories.

Feel so sorry for Beautiful women. Like Lori. She's SO foxy, smart and together. Every guy I meetsays — Hey! Who's that? what's she do? who's she go out with and on and on. Pisses me off! She probably has to be defenseful all the time. Lecherous guys sniffing around like poodles, tryin to get behind her levizipper. Just wanna hump and split. No wonder women are edgy around us male types. But we're not all like that. All I wanna do is fall in love. But how do you bridge that void? Like when. O.K. You got a close friend, you'd like to get closer, and you think maybe she would too. But you're happy just to spend any time with her at all. You don't want to blow what you've already got together. 'Cause you know if you bring it up, and she's not into it, then she thinks you're just another tailchaser. Something will have changed. So what you had once is gone. Oh hell, everyone's so uptight. Whatta ya do? I guess if I knew that I wouldn't be livin on memories. Oh well.

Three sacks. One penny. One card. Hmmm.

Nice stream. Moving fast! Must be lots of snow in the mountains. Wild, wet, winding, Whoooooosh! wending sshrruhoosh! Can't tame that thing. Dive in and go with it, flow with it. Our around down through the rocks, logs and frogs, fish and leaves. Can't stop 'til the end, maybe it won't. O.K. go with it.

Trees, hundred years old. STanding tall. Leaves come, leaves leave. Branches strong yet supple. Tough yet tender. Dancing through the moonlight, sunlight, rain, sleet, snow; bending rarely breaking; willing to shelter. Wonder if they get bored standing there all that time. Never get to travel. No conventions (International Oak Association). The Colorado Home for Wayward Saplings call toll free. If you're down, out, ready to snap, tired of life — don't take the plunge. Reach out to us — Magnolia Anonymous — we can help (a branch of the National Association to Prevent Cruelty to Trees).

Rub my face in somebody's new mowed lawn. Weird tradition that. Mow the lawn with the ridearound, catch all them clip-pins in the catcher, take 'em to the dump. Stop at the hardware store on the way home and buy some Scott's Quickgro. go home and spread it on the lawn. Same thing in the fall except its leaves then. Guess it keeps the kids off the street — justify allowance.

Rainbow in a sprinkler. Suburban rainbow. Have both ends in the front yard. No pots 'o gold in the suburbs though. Make a tornado worth it, if you got over the rainbow. Auntie Em . . . Ran once, yelling, going blinzak in very intoxicated craze, through a sprinkler at night — fell flat on me face. Flat face.

Bubbles. Millions of little bubles dancing through the air. Zipzooming, colliding, stickingtogether — tune inn one! cascading down into the white frothm. Good head, inches. Nothing can quench like ice cold beer. Bier. Schmeckt. Schmeckt gut. Schmeckt immer gut. Trinken; trunk, ist getrunken. Schlecht!

Does anybody really know what time it is? Who decides? Spring ahead fall back. Couldn't just say: okay everybody, come in to work an hour earlier and you can go home an hour earlier. People wouldn't understand. But twice a year, because God knows who decided, we move time around. People so uptight about time. Who cares? Abitrary. Obituary. Mortuary. What timed jagit home? Oh, bout dinnertime, Where were ya? Some party. How many people were there? Just enough. Not enough. Too many.

Who's counting?

Wonder what'd be like to be a monk. Most religions have 'em. Hang around all day and become spy rachelly enblighted. Sit under a tree by a stream in a brown robe with a brown bood, rap with the animals, dogs and Gods. Be alright. Vows of chastity though. Somehow I don't think that'd work out.