

"Tell it to the judge, slave-trading, necrophiliac scum!" And the sheriff herded Mickey into a guitar-teaching room where Zeke, Mickey's cat, was curled up sleeping. "Judge, I got a bad one for you. Oh, you don't think he's a judge? Give me some cardboard." The sheriff wrote JUDGE on the back of an enrollment card, punched a hole in it, and tied it around Zeke's flea collar.

"What's the sentence judge? Death? O.k." and he raised his shotgun, pointed at the blanching Mickey, and pulled the trigger. There was a click, a pop, then a red flag wrapped around a stick poked out the barrel and unrolled, spelling BANG!.

"What a relief," Mickey sighed. "It's all a stupid joke." He was just noticing the word DEAD stamped in purple on his hand, when his head started to fly apart at the seams.

-- Charles Webb

Seattle WA

POET-BONE

I have an irregular bone near
my elbow that makes me lie.
I call it my poet-bone:
it is very contemporary.
a poet-bone is a passport
to fabrication. it twitched
last week & I wrote about how
tuff & quick-witted I was;
how I drank a quart of jim beam
in three hours;
how my heart had been broken
by the blonde down the court
& it really didn't hurt.
I love that damn bone,
it's better than any costume, mask,
or the most sophisticated wizardry:
at once, I am the image of starshine
& I needn't wear underwear.
some folks call it a crazy-bone.