

ABSURD FLIES

"James, these flies are absurd."

"Very good, Madam."

"Why couldn't they have all been born butterflies? With colorful wings and graceful movements, brightening up the garden or fluttering across the veranda?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Madam."

"I don't believe I like the tone of your voice, James."

"Excuse me, Madam, I was merely attempting to deal with your question."

"It was a rhetorical question, James. I wasn't looking for an answer from you. Don't be absurd."

A REAL HOTDOG

"Hey!" Jeff yells upward to where Stan is manning the largest spotlight which is suspended from the ceiling rafters, "don't turn that one-eyed monster on until you're signalled. It's a waste of energy otherwise."

Stan switches the spotlight off and nods his head to show that he understands.

"I've gotta watch that happy-go-lucky sonuvabitch," Jeff confides to the Donut Man as he chomps into a chocolate glazed, "or he'll cost me a mint. My wife's side of the family -- a real hotdog."

HUMID PAPER

Lois Lane sits in her apartment kitchen, stark naked, waiting impatiently for Superman. "Even the sparrows fly home at dark," she says aloud to the coffee pot, to the curtainless and open window, to the piece of paper she is sitting on in this dead 90 degree plus heat.

A drop of sweat rolls down her pliant back and off the curve of her left buttock. It lands on the white paper as she lights up a Lucky Strike and blows a flower of smoke up toward the fly paper near the kitchen light.

She stands up to go into the bathroom, but the paper sticks to her well-rounded ass. She disengages it with both hands and places the paper back on the seat of the

chair. She walks to the bathroom, hesitates for a moment, and finally walks in, closing the door.

Superman's head pops up over the windowsill and he looks into the deserted kitchen. He crawls in the window, sees the paper on the chair, snatches it up and flies out the window.

CLIENTELE

-- for Len Durso

Wesley wakes up in his bed and looks around the room. The same as every morning. Nothing out of the usual for Wesley. His life has always gone that familiar, middle of the road line. Nothing to fear, nothing to hide. Good old. Dependable. Wesley the Responsible. Thorough. Always There Wesley. You can count on him. He ties his orange tie in the mirror and combs his hair. He walks into the kitchen and breaks two eggs, sunnyside up, into a frying pan. The same pan every morning. The same kitchen. The same Wesley. One of the eggs says, "Hello," to Wesley. The other says, "Goodbye." Wesley burps. Too much spaghetti last night. There is a knock at the door. Wesley stands still. The knock repeats. God, Wesley moans to himself, I hope it's not one of my clients, not this early in the morning. He stands by the hissing eggs.

DIRECTIONS FOR THE WEST COAST

I stole the directions
from a one armed,
unemployed Indian scout
for 24 joints and a Mars bar.
He had never seen chocolate
before.

-- Joel Dailey

Endicott NY

My daughter tells me she may be pregnant. "How's that?" I ask, and am instantly sorry, because she reels off figures, facts and dates that only a statistician could comprehend.