

that's what I told them.
Sure enough, #6
came out without my poem

-- Steve Kowit

San Diego CA

CLOSING TIME

At two-fifteen
they scatter
from the bar
in all directions.
A whore from Milt's
asks for company
and gets it.

A LOCAL LEGEND

If Tom Parrott drinks
one more black russian
we'll have to drag him
out -- it'll take three
or four of us and he'll
be grabbing ass all the way.

THE SPARROWS

My God, the birds are everywhere,
flying through my windshield,
underneath the dashboard and nesting
in the glove compartment. You would
think they would have flown south
to get away from all this metal,
but no, they've taken to eating
concrete and stale McDonalds buns.

Bedini was hugging Ann
at the Apollo lounge, at
the end of the night. She
was continually unwrapping
him. "Never mind," he said,
giving up, "it's too much
trouble."

"Not," she said, "you're
just too drunk."

They were both right.

-- Robert Spiegel

Albuquerque NM