

CHEAP SEATS

We had a double date with a friend
of hers
who wrote romantic novels for a living.
And she
asked me who my favorite writer is,
and I said I didn't have one.

We had a disagreement on where we should eat
and the guy she was with recommended "Le Saucier."
My girl asked how much it would cost, and
he said 200 bucks.

I suggested we go to the nearest Beef Steak Charlie's,
because at the time, they had a special all-you-can-eat
for 7 bucks.

With that his girl said,
"Where did you ever meet a guy like him?"
And she said, "You write like shit."

As it turned out we insisted on paying the tip,
which of course wiped us out.

PASSING GRADE

Last week
Tom Zubicki invited me to play tennis.
Neither one of us knows how to play properly.
Our longest rallies
consist of four times over the net, not both ways.
Half our passing shots end up atop of HARRY'S AUTO PARTS
which is directly across the street
from the courts. But we figure if we dress proper
and move somewhat in a way as if we know what
we are doing, who is any wiser?

Next week we're enrolling in an avant garde pottery class.

-- Matthew Boylan

Bayonne NJ