

WHAT DO I DO?

I drive throughout the north-western sector of Los Angeles,
visiting grocery stores.

I see people in Malibu.

I see people in Simi Valley.

I see people in Agoura Hills.

Each grocery store has its own back room,
its own supervisor,
its own break room,
its own customers,
its own me,
making orders,
breaking down pallets.

The order arrives,
I show up,
put the merchandise on the shelves,
hundreds of items,
replenished,
week after week, after week.

*

I meet employees, some of whom I don't care for.

Some of the employees care for me.

Some don't.

I go to the next store.

Customers say, "Do you know where the agave is?"

or,

"Where's the restroom?"

I say, "I think aisle five,"

or,

"Sorry, I don't work here,"

or,

"One second, let me find somebody."

If anybody ever asked me,

I could tell them

which store has the best salad bar,

or which carries canned lobster.

*

I fill mouths,
I fill stomachs,
I fill cabinets,
closets,
cars,
lunch bags,
refrigerators,
landfills.

THE CHILD IMITATES THE FATHER

The boots don't fit.

The pants don't fit.

The jacket doesn't fit.

I wouldn't wish this upon anyone,
year after year.

The insanity is justified.

The murders,

the killings,

the death,

the hopelessness,

the agony,

the fear,

the pain,

it's all justified.

GENES/TIME

It's nobody's fault,

if we kill somebody.

It's nobody's fault,

if we get drunk and try to drive home.

Someday soon we'll know the susceptibilities of man,

what we're made of.

Self-responsibility will sound an absurd notion,

and everyone will be safe.

We have very little control.

You can't hold someone responsible forever.

We can't even remember forever,

even if we lived long enough,

we wouldn't remember.

DESTROYER OF WORLDS

The fat slob approached the seafood case.

"Some sad looking salmon.

Some sad looking salmon.

"I moved to Dallas, down there they have it all.

The best fish,

the best beef...

This--"

The man shook his head.

The man *shambled* off...

I thought, *Not for long...*

Not for long...

HOW TO GET OUT OF BED IN THE MORNING

Think about the girl you knew.

Don't think about what happened after that.

Don't think about the hours you'll be wiling away for a paycheck.

Think happy thoughts.

Lift your legs,

walk to the bathroom.

Take a piss.

Comb your hair.

Go to work.