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## WHAT I AM NOT GETTING

Ex-wife #1 – Joy (1/2 Irish & 1/2 Canadian)

I do not feel you really love me. I am not getting the love - ***that I want from you!***

Ex-wife #2 - Kelly (1/2 Anglo & 1/2 African American)

I want to quit work and for the husband to give me spending money. I am not getting the free money - ***that I want from you!***

Vanessa – (Dominican) If you loved me, you would know what I want. I am not getting wants or needs met because you are terrible mind reader – you should meet my needs without me telling you – ***that I want from you!***

Leah - (Whitebread) I want to be friends without nookie. A boyfriend who is a eunich and stays in the friendship zone not wanting physical touch - ***that I want from you!***

Teresa - (1/2 Filipina & 1/2 African American)

I want to get married. A marriage with health benefits and a step-father for my 8 year old daughter – ***that I want from you!***

Tiffany - (Irish & English) I want to go into NYC as much as possible, dine at restaurants and see Broadway plays. A straight man, who loves NYC, and commuting 80 miles, crossing the GW Bridge, paying for parking, restaurant meals and Broadway shows –

***that I want from you!***

## **FEMINIST X**

(circa 2013)

We started dating in 2012  
and there was a possibility  
of her getting a pink slip  
from her job.

She was afraid she would  
would lose her apartment  
and become homeless.

I told her,  
“Should you lose your income,  
you can live in my spare bedroom  
until you get on your feet again.  
That is a benefit of relationships;  
couples buoy each other in times  
of hardship.”

She was grateful to know  
she and her doggie had  
a plan B and  
would NOT go homeless  
or hungry.

The following year  
When I lost my job,  
she said,  
“Relationships change  
when a person loses  
his/her job.”

Translation:

you don't  
take me  
out as  
much as  
you use  
to for -  
Dinner,  
Movies,  
Day Trips,  
The Bar,  
Concerts,  
Broadway Shows  
Etc.

“When ‘my boat’ is sinking,  
I gladly cling to your life raft.  
When ‘your boat’ is sinking,  
I will quietly drift into the foggy  
abyss sailing past my lover  
no longer able to supplement  
my sugar daddy urges  
as a stranger and  
hope a large piece of driftwood  
comes your way.”

My 21<sup>st</sup> Century  
American Feminist  
ex-girlfriend's  
definition of equality  
changed when the  
other had a penis.

**FEMINIST X (part II)**  
(circa 2014)

She could work from home three days a week.  
She ended up living at my place 5 days a week  
with the doggie, a Boston Terrier  
name Ellie after Eleanor Roosevelt.

I had the summer  
off as a teacher  
and one day I needed  
some alone time and  
told her I need to go  
to a meeting  
of the 12 step kind.

She said,  
“What will I do  
the next three hours?”

Incredulous, I make  
the following suggestions.

“You can  
knap,  
watch a movie,  
take the dog for a walk,  
read a book,  
sun bathe on the deck,  
go for a hike,  
have a campfire,  
mow the lawn,

vacuum the house,  
wash the windows,  
change the oil in your car,  
write a letter to a friend  
    or your Congressman,  
write a poem,  
make some phone calls,  
go for a run,  
work on a peace plan for the world,  
do the laundry,  
paint the shed or  
go on an internet  
search engine and type in  
‘things to do’.”

For my feminist girlfriend,  
I am shocked by the  
codependent behavior  
I am witnessing.  
Where is the  
“I am woman  
hear me roar  
inner spirit?”

As I drive to the meeting,  
I listen to Rodriquez’s song  
Hate Street Dialogue lyrics  
on my 2007 Ford Focus  
standard CD player,  
“Woman just be gone,  
you’ve stayed here  
way too long.”



**Derriere Affair**  
(circa 1991)

I visit a friend  
In Vermont, the  
Green Mountain State.

In his rest room  
next to the toilet  
are moist wipes.

At age 24 I hear  
about the miracle of  
moist wipe  
refreshment.

I use the wipe  
only to feel my  
sphincter muscle of  
my bum catch fire.

The tall round plastic  
container are not  
moist wipes,  
But Clorax Wipes  
full of bleach and  
cleaning chemicals.

I scream like a bobcat  
in the middle of the night,  
sounding of a  
screaming woman  
getting murdered.

It was as  
refreshing as an  
East Indian  
funeral pyre.

Always read  
the label  
and instructions  
before application.

## **TWO SPEEDING TICKETS IN TEN MINUTES**

(circa 2014)

I had a hot date with a Filipina  
named Helen I met online.  
We were meeting in NYC at 10am  
this fine August Saturday morning.

I drive down Warwick Turnpike  
towards Ringwood.  
At the stop sign and old dump truck  
gets in front of me driving 25 mph.

I pass going over a double line  
to pass the behemoth and  
hear the siren and pull over.

The West Milford officer  
asks me what the rush is,  
and as I had him a Police PBA Card,  
I tell him I have a hot date in NYC  
and did not want to be late  
because I was stuck behind a slow truck  
for the next 10 miles.

He laughs, and says  
“That was honest.”  
He takes the card and says  
“Enjoy your date, and don’t  
pass on a double yellow line again.”

I get back on the road and  
begin speeding again  
by the Monksville Reservoir,  
and see a Ringwood police car  
pull out with the lights on.

It is a young police officer,  
and he asks what the rush is.  
I tell him I have a hot date in  
NYC with beautiful Filipina.

I lie and tell him I left my  
PBA card on my dresser drawer and  
I have friends who are police officers.

He laughs and says,  
“Wow, you are honest.  
I have to give you a ticket for something.  
I will give you a ticket  
for not wearing a seatbelt,  
that has not points, it will cost you \$25.”

Pulled over twice in 10 minutes,  
only \$25, not bad.

I get back on the road,  
and make my NYC rendezvous  
meeting place on time.

We married in January of 2016.