

## WINNING ON “THE PRICE IS RIGHT”

A male contestant added \$1.00 to the heavy homemaker’s bid.  
The prize package was an assortment of hiking gear, definitely

Not the prize she was expecting anyway. What do you know—  
In a second, he is the winner! He quickly bounds onto stage,

Grin plastered from cheek to cheek. He exclaims, “I’ve just  
Hiked some of those dangerous trails!” With a spin of the magic

Wheel, he is smoodged with a trip to *Patagonia*, land of serenity  
And hiking trails infinitesimal. Hike till the island makes you dizzy.

No boredom here, lots of fish, hiking, relaxation, and fine dining.  
You won’t have to worry about noise. No clowns to bother you.

No movies to titillate your senses. No air pollution to escape,  
Just fresh air and the quiet of rattlesnakes, lizards and birds

Serenading you to sleep. No glaciers to keep your hot flashes  
Zinging. No chance of a snowstorm! No worries, the kitchen is stocked

With fresh fish galore, a variety of vegetables and music,  
Lots of soft meditating music. No disco lights to cause double vision,

Or to feign madness, when your wife wants a rum coke,  
And she’s back from rehab, only two weeks. Life here seems

Too serene, to cause any stir, even when the leaves rustle,  
And a Peeping Tom peers in, from the miniature window outside

Your room. No alarms go off— no worries. The phone isn’t connected  
Yet. There are no local Police, just rangers with *Uzi*’s, to frighten away,

Any rehabilitated alcoholic, who left her wallet, back on flight 777,  
Destined to provide her with a preview, of the heavenly island,

With her husband’s new Toyota L, equipped with automatic transmission.  
Life could be worse— her husband could have won a Jaguar, with a trip

To Africa, to romp with the poachers, roaming the wild, determined to skin  
As many pellets of fur, to sell to a westerner for trophies, to garnish their walls,

And to stimulate conversations with their *conservationist* wealthy guests,  
About creating ways for how they can contribute, anonymously,

To *Save The Wildlife Fund*, which will earn them a million *Karma points*,  
In the paradise of their choice. This seems to her better, then listening to the MC,

On *The Price Is Right*, who says repeatedly in manic speech, faster  
Then you can process Abracadabra, “You’re having quite a day,

Quite a day, how about that folks!” in his southern twang,  
After the lilting ring of the winning bid, jerks her better, then the *Rehab Director*.

## RENDEZVOUS AT THE AZALEA GARDEN RESTAURANT

“You have the shape  
Of a fine manicured lawn:

*Neat and clean.*

Let me take your hand—

you just won the award  
for the most photogenic,  
handsome man with the best musky aroma!

Do you travel a lot?”

“No, my wife is waiting for me—  
At the Azalea Garden Restaurant  
A mile away, I gotta go. See ya.”

“This is the most sensual dining &  
Cuisine arrangement. Look honey  
At the view. We made it—

Overlooking the sunset.”  
From a corner booth the woman hides  
& watches under antique tinted

Pince Nez silver tone eyeglasses.  
“Damn that arrogant slimy ring-necked snake!”  
*She looks just like me except*

*Her hair is red and her clothes  
Are shabby. My neighbor's dog  
Wears better clothes and I*

*Don't have the time to own  
A dog; I have no patience  
For such problems—the urinating*

*On the floor—the endless hours  
Of training them to not eat my shoes;  
The doggy hair enmeshed in my cereal bowl.*

*And the potential lawsuits after it bit someone.  
I have better things to do with my time!  
Life is short; I could be traveling the world—  
Listening to beautiful music, meeting with  
Scholars and peacemakers and artists—  
Oh, such is the soul that touches me*

*When I least expect it. Life with its red  
Red Carpets plastered all over walls  
Stretched out from New York*

*To San Francisco is only better  
Then Roses on Valentine's Day  
Or my lover's tongue stuck in*

*My ear and I'm feeling nothing  
But disgust, no zing of cinnamon  
Or a twang of mango or papaya*

*To sweeten things up—  
No Taj Mahal, No Nirvana  
From the sun splitting open my brain.*

## A SWEET MEMORY

When I was five-years-old, my drop-dead handsome Papa with the looks of Clark Gable, stopped his shiny, blue 4-door Buick

Skylark sedan, on Amsterdam—the west side of New York City—the epicenter of bustling opportunity and raw creativity

where he did business. I remember a smiling Greek mom behind the counter pleasantly charmed by little me, who fixed me a triple decker

strawberry ice-cream cone. It was so delicious. My papa was a Borden's Ice-cream salesman, and she owned a mom & pop ice cream parlor.

She smiled so sweetly, like a kind relative! It was great being Papa's little girl— one of the perks of happiness and living in New York City.

Years later, when I was a rebellious teenager, I worked in his Real Estate office and every summer morning, we would indulge in sticky buns and sweet coffee

before I would retreat to sit at the back desk where a ceramic heart that I had made for him read "I Love You Papa" as I read *The New York Times*.

When I was bored, I would rifle in the desk drawer and sort through all the junk left from Jib, a real estate agents' crazy kid who once urinated on our porch roof.

He would leave packs of baseball cards, with sticks of gum that I treated myself to. He was the type of kid you knew would probably get into trouble one day.

Next door was a Chinese handbag store called "The Can Can," that sold cool, colorful duffel handbags but no tickets to any dance shows.

Sadly, they eventually went out of business, then years later Denny, the owner of the coffee shop died of cancer. And the best memory remaining is of the picture

of a straggly grey haired, ugly, withered, old American Indian woman, smoking a big fat, brown, smelly Cuban cigar,

photographed on a poster from the American Cancer Society that hung in the front picture window of my Papa's office, and said, "Aren't I glamorous"?

## A BOTCHED SUICIDE ATTEMPT

There is something prophetic about a *Crazy* man, driving  
down the road, in his SUV and so angry, that you might be  
  
a recovered sex-addict in a healthy relationship or maybe you *look*  
like the *perfect victim*, he might want to land in heaven with  
  
or at least nuzzle up to the pearly gates with, to beg for  
forgiveness, where he'll cry and shout and dance around nude  
  
saying "I haven't had any sex in years. My wife left me years ago  
and ever since, I've been masturbating, but lately the batteries  
  
in my cushiony, electric vibrator had a power glitch  
and I got semi-electrocuted!"  
  
that he has got to wipe you out, before you do anything *fatal*—  
something he wouldn't mind consider doing, like trying to hit  
  
you head on, with your handicapped daughter in the back  
seat, because *your life isn't important*, and neither is his  
  
thinking how he would like to end it all, and use you, as a  
catalyst, to ignite that rage bottled up inside, and now he's  
  
ready to commit, half suicidal, after his wife slammed  
the door in his face, after catching him looking at his neighbors  
  
wife scrunched up in a too-tight Barbie doll-like dress,  
painted on her shapely buttocks, the size of a  
  
*oriental good luck lantern*, lit up in red crepe paper, with  
the words "resurrect me baby," printed in black Helvetica font.  
  
I looked that wild cat straight in the eye, and told him  
with my Scorpio venomous eyes, *you better not you Sonofa!*  
  
and he retreated like a dejected king cobra snake  
realizing his bite, wasn't powerful enough, to kill anybody  
  
not even his ashamed, cheating, self-loathing self.

## WHAT I THINK OF THE BABYSITTERS WHO TELL ME THEY WON'T BABYSIT MY DISABLED CHILD

1. Don't tell me, you have no capacity, to change a child's pull-up.
2. Don't tell me, you forgot to put her on the toilet, because you forgot, she ever urinated like *a real person*.
3. Don't tell me, you could *never learn* how to play, with a cortically blind child, who smiles and laughs, after you tell her, "*your beautiful*."
4. Don't tell me, you *don't know* what it feels like, to want to be accepted, and be like all the other kids, in your neighborhood.
5. Don't tell me, you never wanted to make a difference, in the life of a cerebral palsied child and help them feel *normal*.
6. Don't tell me, you don't feel the desire to *give back* to your community.
7. Don't tell me, you never *once* thought, you could be me: a single mother with a disabled child whom you love to death.
8. Don't tell me, my life is *contagious*, and you might catch hell, when you're having kids, if you babysat mine.
9. Don't tell me, that people like me, deserve to be discriminated against, and that my life, and my child's life, *don't matter*!
10. Don't tell me, I'm a *bad parent*, for wanting to go to work, or to go out for a few hours *alone*, to refresh my mind, and lighten up my life.
11. Don't tell me, what you think about me, *inadvertently*, with your poem directed at your lover, where you tear apart their looks, and act like I'm supposed to feel frightened, because maybe I could fit the bill too, or be the *stand-in* for them, whenever you felt like it.
12. Or is it this *anti-feminist* thing, where all females are the enemy, and I should have known that I got mine?
13. I never knew that a person, could be such a catty bum, and *kruk-you so and so* and never have anything happen, to their perfect baby bag of dreams!
14. I know you want to believe, that your life is *perfect*, and I'm supposed to know that, by the way you lie, and say you're always *busy*, when I ask you to babysit.

15. Why act like you're such a *superior A hole*, with so much education and experience, when you can't even *assist* lifting, a *100-pound* bag of salt, or save anybody from *choking*, or perform CPR, or wash a kid's face or hands, or check their pull-up bag, or help them play with their dolls, or blow bubbles, or give a kid a squishy toy, or laugh, *or help* a kid feel ok, or even *happy*.