

I cleaned up your place: he says.

She shrugs: No one asked you to.

Scuse me: says the little drunk, trying to weave past them, on his way to the door. He is holding the half-empty bottle by its jagged neck.

The thin girl catches the dangling end of the belt & pulls him toward her. He falls against her, spilling a hiccough of wine. You didn't tell me you had company: he says reproachfully.

You mean *him!* she laughs, pointing her chin at the poet: He's a poet; he's no company.

She snatches the bottle from the man's hand. & cuts her thumb. Which is bleeding slightly. She pays no attention to it. Get down! she commands: On all fours, if you want it back . . .

Wouff wouff: says the little drunk, weaving to his knees.

That's a good doggie: she laughs: That's what I like . . . Why don't you bite the poet, doggie? Bite a nice big hole in his pants.

Rrrrrrrrrrrrrrr: says the little drunk, heading for the poet's legs.

He jumps over the man & runs out. The thin girl's laughter follows him down 3 flights of stairs.

The Most Erotic Man / James Mechem

The Marquise went out at five. "Darling," she said. "Ring up Caresse Crosby and tell her I've met the Most Erotic Man." Caresse Crosby arrived punctually and the Marquise introduced her to the Most Erotic Man who proceeded to brush his lips over her White Gloved Arm.

Umbrellas for Rainy Wear & Parasols for Fair / James Mechem

I scooped up the sand by the handful and sat down beside her. She said hello. I said hello. That seemed to be that. I helped her build a sand castle. The sky overhead was very blue I noticed. I lay on my back and watched it