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Salesman's Blues

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THE OTHER WORLD

"Oh, and are you now?" She put her hands on her hips and her button eyes glittered with fire.

"Yes," Frank said, and his voice sounded loud and unnatural in his ears. He noticed helplessly that the axe was vibrating from the trembling in his hands and arms. "All of our marriage I've been listening to you prattle and bitch and I'm fed up with it. Do you hear," he screamed. "I'm fed up."

"Don't you talk to me like that, you gutless bastard. Don't you dare talk to me like---" Her face paled, and a look of amazement congealed there as the blade of the axe split the top of her head open.

Frank stepped over the spurting stream of red and the still, upright handle of the axe. He walked dazedly into the kitchen. He sniffed the cold stew that set in a pot on the dead stove. Gingerly, he tasted it. "Needs to be warmed up," he said to himself absently. He moved ponderously into the living room and sat down on the couch.

Everything was peaceful and quiet. The air was clear and crisp and there was the smell of pine trees and the odor of pipe tobacco. A brook ran close by, clear and fresh and brilliant in the noon-day sun. The brook made a sound like music, a gentle, endless, rushing symphony. Trout leaped from the gem-like waters, twisting and flipping in majestic defiance.

It was a fine day for fishing.

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SALESMAN'S BLUES

housewife (happy old tigersnarl)
with your teeth and eyes wrapped in hair
and love in your bedroom only
why ruin this morning with dripdrop
sighs mourning
someone else's rainbow?

John Murphy