



1975

Humanitarian

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PETER J. REED

HUMANITARIAN

We were on the third floor
and she had some dog
with her.

"Whose dog?" I said.

"I found it." That was her.

"That means it's somebody's."

"Yeah, well I guess so," she said.

"Best thing to do when you find somebody's dog," I said,
"is kick it in the ass and tell it to go home."

"Oh. Yeah?"

"Yup," I said, knowing she would ask me why.

"Why kick it?" I had this one all figured out.

She was the humanitarian type.

"Oh, that's just so it won't follow you," I told her,
"so it'll think you don't like it."

"Oh. Yeah."

"Ummhumm." That was me.

MYSTERY TO ME

I feel so bad tonight.

My shoes go

 shit

 shit

 shit

on the pavement.

It's cold and wet

and I have no idea

where you are.