

They try to be good? Not really.

1.

Could there really be a girl whose parents would name Carmen Elektra?

Who would know instinctively, tragically, how the slap of her father's hand could arouse so much more than apology. Before ten, she'd dismiss the indecisive 'bottom' and 'bum' her mother preferred for the flirt, then dare, of 'ass'.

Or was it the Playboy screen-test? For she was so perfect a heifer no digital rebirthing was needed. And not even a subtle pillow to elevate her 'ah' and 'ah' to delicious heights that begged for a playful slap, a fatherly midcourse correction?

2.

Or how about a thrilling game of avenge-the-murdered-father?

No wilting Iphigenia, she plotted with Orestes to blood-lust against her mother. No Freud, no non-directive role-playing, here, no knife dulled by the prattle of social renovators. You did, or you didn't.

And this daughter found her tunnel both narrow and simple.

It was tough in those days before psychology had ordered the disorders that flesh is prone to. Outlawed smacks on the bottom.

Subjected confessions to control groups. But this was one Daddy's girl who wasn't going to take it any more, who kept her undies on from start to finish. Bravo!

Love in a French Patisserie

I was acting the part
of the Naked Chef
trying to think of better
openers than a *cherisette*
to start up a chat
with the starlet behind
the counter

I want to lick the *farine*
from her blushing cheeks
but my french gets twisted
and I end up with little more
than butter on my fingers
and a twisted bagette
(not even *pain complet!*)

But I carry away the thought
of her in a tight brown wrapper
to chew at my leisure
to that middle earth where
dreams are premeditated
and she takes off her blouse
before I get up the nerve
to ask if she can lend me
a cup of *sucre*.

More than a Sniffer

Rex is more than a TV hero
and so much more than a sniffer dog.

For one thing his German is impeccable.
And he reads his master's mind
before his minder can decide how
to outwit the crim.
And he knows better than to pause
to sniff a bottom – however musky –
in the line of duty.

It's really not that hard
when you've memorised the scent
of every Rin-tin-tin script (in English)
and know where Lassie needs to go
even before she gets lost.

You disarm a terrorist with a lip-curl
and find the stash for the hash
in the sole of an Italian shoe
with one paw tied behind your back.

Getting off the lead is its own
reward so you couldn't care less
about Equity rates. As long as the chow
is business-class and you have your pick
of starlet from the Pal Meaty-bite ads.

On your mark
Get set
Snarl!

I'm a prisoner
of the information I'm given.

– Gareth Evans

I see him every morning on my walk
an old man in pyjamas
barefoot even in the chill
sitting at a desk in an open garage
studying junk mail as if it were science
newspapers as if they were scripture
licking his lips for current affairs
but settling for gossip

the other day a pollster rang
she was young enough
to be his granddaughter
she kept to her script
and had no interest
in the micro-sprinklers
he'd just installed at great
expense she couldn't see
what that had to do with
what he was willing to pay
for cable TV *agree disagree*
strongly agree strongly disagree
those are your only choices

he had to excuse himself midway
his bladder was calling
on the other line
though he told her someone
was knocking on the door
don't go away I'll be back in a tick

he coaxed the pale stream out
shook his member only once
didn't even bother to flush
but she'd already hung up

strongly agree he told the dog
when she came in for her feed
scanning her for signs of fleas
that's the right answer isn't it?

you're still in your pyjamas
the dog yawned

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