

bad fun

I keep a
wo-
man
around
because
she's
bad
fun

she'll
telephone me
every few
months

and talk
about how
we'll one day
get married

and I say,
“*yeah, yeah.*”

“we've had
a very strange past,
haven't we?”
she asks

“very strange.”
I say

“when we were
lovers,
I wasn't ready
for you.”

“*yeah, yeah.*”

“I was young.”

“you're still young.”

“I was *younger!*” she says,
getting pissy

the simplest
statement
can get
her hot

and I know
just which ones
they are

“You were a real
handful,
that’s for sure.”
I say

“What does that mean?!”

“It means you were
a pain in the ass.”

and we are
off to the
races

her shouting
into the receiver

and I,
all the while
am laughing
under my
breath

because
sometimes
it feels good
to scrap,
to kick things up

to pick little fights
that have no

real consequences

for in a few months
she'll telephone me again
and talk of our
marriage

and I'll start up
a whole new
argument

I suppose
it passes
the time
better
than watching
the tomato plants
grow

or counting
the hummingbirds
in my
neighbor's
mulberry tree

and it
keeps you
young

to have
a little
bad fun