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Bad News

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Jim Daniels

Bad News

Sight is a funny thing.
It's like a bad haircut.
I hate bad haircuts.
Take these glasses, for example.
We're all going to die.
Even you know that.
I once played in a rock group
called the Human Beans.
Nobody ever believes that.
You hate me. I'm trained
to recognize hate. To be hated.
I know you'll write me
a check and be shocked! at the amount.
The suit's nice. The tie—ch—
time for some new ties. My lips
like each other. Not everyone
can say that. You don't even wear
glasses and you're feeling
the temple pieces pressing into your head.
Every time you make a mistake
you get a little dent in the side of your skull.
I've done research on this. Touching
a skull is like an orgasm. Of course,
everything's like an orgasm.
You can touch the hem of my garment.
My right hand is always blurry.
I had to practice for years to get that
right. Nothing comes easy. They call me
the Human Streetcleaner.
They call you a sucker,
am I right?