

Open My Heart

by Nebbisk Oh

Ask that I open my heart
So our hearts may beat together
In the timeless rhythm of love
And I will say no
For my heart is a stone.

Ask that I open my mind
So you may offer an outlook
That makes me a happier person
And I will say no
For I am a stubborn old cuss.

Ask that I open my soul
So we may worship the god
Who brought us together
And I will say no
For god is as nothing to me.

Ask that I open my trousers
So we may join together
To revel in sweet carnal bliss
And I will say no
For my suspicions outweigh my desires.

Ask that I open my door
So we may sit together
And enjoy a cup of tea
And I will say yes
For that is everything I need
For now.

Tax Day and Rubber Eraser Day

I used to date a woman who, when asked if she wanted “This” or “That,” would always answer, “Both!” Well, when I found the other guy in her bed, I stormed out hollering, “You want both, huh? Fugeddaboutit!” But that’s neither here nor there, my point is that I learned from her that you often CAN have “both” so this story is about both Tax Day in the U.S. and Rubber Eraser Day elsewhere.

While in High School in Brooklyn, I worked part-time in a “drug store,” which is what we called a pharmacy in those days. This helped fund my habits of Rold Gold thin Pretzel Sticks -- rip off the side flap, fold in and you get “Pricks,” what fun! -- and Wham-O Super Elastic Bubble Plastic -- aka “we don’ need no steenkin brain cells.”

The pharmacist was quite a kidder... he used to tell me all sorts of nonsense, for example he claimed that he used to take his dates for a “pine tree float” -- a toothpick in a glass of water, hardy har har. But I promised that this story would be about taxes and rubbers, so let me tell you his favorite story:

One day a customer came into the store and asked Lou (if that was indeed the pharmacist’s name, I think his real name was washed away in bubble plastic) for a pack of three Trojans (all condoms, aka rubbers, were “Trojans” in those days). After convincing him to get a dozen (“Three? You only want three? Maybe you’d better take some vitamins too”), Lou asked the fellow for -- remember now, this was in the 1960’s -- five dollars and eight cents. The customer said, “I thought the price was five dollars, what’s the eight cents for?” Lou told him, of course, that the eight cents was for tax -- and the customer replied, “OH! So THAT’S how you put them on!!”

April Fibs

(Fibonacci poems)

i
squared
is one.
funny how
imagination
makes mathematics compelling

up
high
above
the whole world
twinkle little star
just like a diamond in the sky
oh how I wonder what you are
first star of the night
that i see
starlight
star
bright

thrust
gasp
caress
make love
with wild abandon
throbbing, rigid poetic form

we speak endlessly of new love
time in its fullness
brings boredom
so we
just
fuck

shades
shapes
faces
surroundings
juxtapositions
baby's emerging awareness

ring
ring
wake up
telephone
telemarketer
wants to know how you are feeling

tick
tick
heroes
of our age
aspiring to heights
systolic and diastolic

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umm

shrug

google

computer

wikipedia

anyone can be a poet

hai

wii

manga

unagi

new western culture

domo arigato baby