

The Good Life "Album of the Year"

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The first time that I met her I was throwing up in the ladies room stall. She asked me if I needed anything; I said, "I think I spilled my drink." And that's how it started (or so I'd like to believe)

She took me to her mother's house outside of town where the stars hang down. She said she'd never seen someone so lost, I said I'd never felt so found "and then I kissed her on the cheek" and so she kissed me on the mouth.

Spring was poppin' daises up 'round rusted trucks and busted lawn chairs. We moved into a studio in Council Bluffs to save a couple bucks. Where the mice came out at night, neighbors were screaming all the time. We'd make love in the afternoons to Chelsea Girls and Bachelor No. 2, I'd play for her some songs I wrote, she'd joke and say I'm shooting through the roof, I'd say, "They're all for you, dear, I'll write the album of the year."

And I know she loved me then, I swear to God she did. It's way she'd bite my lower lip and push her hips against my hips and dig her nails so deep into my skin.

The first time that I met her I was convinced I had finally found the one. She was convinced I was under the influence of all those drunken romantics "I was reading Fante at the the time" I had bukowski on the mind. She got a job at Jacob's serving cocktails to the local drunks. Against her will. I fit the the bill: I perched down at the end of the bar, She Said, "Space is not just a place for stars" "I gave you an inch, you want a house with a yard." And I know she loved me once, but those days are gone. She used to call me everyday from a pay phone on her break for lunch "just to say she can't wait to come home.

The last time that I saw her she was picking through which records were hers. Her clothes were packed in

boxes, with some pots and pans and books and a
toaster. Just then a mouse scurried across the
floor. We started laughing 'til it didn't hurt.

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