

Paddle/ Pedal/ Piddle

by Robert Vaughan

Tuck Your Head

It took a really tall one to see it. The balls are always coming. It's a benefit the neck is as flexible as a goose debating take-off. Down it goes, chin on chest. Woosh. Balls fly by, just inches above, they graze the premature bald from your head.

Duck at It

They're "at it" all right. They never stop. You say rabbits, I say nah. You say moisture. I say gay puffy cotton clouds. You say boxer briefs, I say pillbox hats, before Dad dated Joan Collins in that dream where Joan duked it out with Mom.

Gut it Out

They would hang upside-down in our garage. Suspended from rafters. He tried to clean all the blood and gore away. But it seeped into the cracks like sewage. On carnival July days it stank. We had to skate outdoors or we'd gag.

