

## All Men Are Bad

There's no Pavlov to speak of, no synonym  
for gun. *This is my house*, he said. *Emily Bronte*  
*moved*. And so I stood a half-inch  
from a microphone—nested hair, blood  
in the cowl. I said, *This is for all the recently divorced*  
*teenage girls*. Wild crowds for the wide-eyed  
baby. They can't do anything  
besides take me to another lookout, show me  
their impersonation  
of Ponyboy. Wingspan away  
from the Hollywood sign—is that all  
you have to offer? One more place to spray paint  
my name, come time

for the Zombie Apocalypse. *Baby*, he said,  
*Everyone knows who you are*. Which is an easy thing  
to say from the back of the bar  
with an arm around me like a stiff  
ferret. *Will they or won't they?* Will they  
what? I take back what I said  
about the second skin of the leather  
sofa, about Bukowski. He gripped my arm  
hard and I said, *I'm sorry—I'm so*  
*sorry. I'll do anything*  
*you want*. Either he's pathetic or just plain  
evil, clad in his plaid pajamas. Can I announce, now,  
my sinking suspicion?