

sitting off Ft Mason to watch  
the sun set its multi-crazy colors over  
Golden Gate Bridge ... with

always enough wherewithal to panhandle for a  
flop and  
pick up a free meal at St Anthony's Kitchen ... me

unemployed as usual with  
nothing left to do but  
live

## SLIM CHANCE!

Always  
kind of funny sitting on my  
17th St stoop as

the family of fat Falbos every morning leaves  
the bldg ... 1st  
bitter, angry Frank Falbo carrying his

lunch bucket and thermos of whisky, too  
big to get down the stairs almost if  
I don't get out of the way ... then

the fat Falbo twins, Mark and Mort, carrying  
their lunches to Catholic grammar school ... then  
pretty Patty if she weren't so immense wheezing

her rolls of butter to high school ... and (only  
if the need is desperate enough) out  
squeezes old tub of grease herself, enough

to make the stone steps crumble, Mrs Falbo on  
her way to market to  
buy the tons of food to maintain them ... all

the Falbos as miserable and morose as  
they are large, none  
ever greeting me or exchanging so much as

a pleasant glance ... until  
pretty Patty, over the months, seems  
to melt, still

passing every morning on her way to high school but  
less and less of her to pass, and  
after 6 months of this, she's

slim and gorgeous, the main attraction of  
17th St ... and  
that's the way she is when she goes to the top of

our bldg to jump 5 flrs to  
splatter her pretty brains all over the hood of  
Max Goldfarb's Volvo ... and

the dope goes she got knocked up by her  
gym teacher ... so  
maybe it's better to be fat and unwanted than

beautiful and loved, but  
at least she didn't make as big a dent in  
Goldfarb's Volvo