



a poem by Doug Dvorakin

mailman

Don't fuck with the mailman
one of those blockheads
even told me once

he knows what's going on
with everyone
who's on welfare
who owes money (and to whom)
who's in jail
who's fucking
who's wife
he is the Jesus Christ
of your neighborhood

don't fuck with the mailman
the power-hungry bastard
eats broken glass
right off the shit-stained concrete
when your back is turned

he'll do whatever is necessary
take your broken ass downtown
to the docks
so no one can hear you scream

The mailman doesn't waste time
he's out busting heads
with the chubby boys
down the block

he'll bust a few before dark
and talk about it tomorrow
swinging rounds on his smoke break

