

Mary Harris

Junk Mail

Ed McMahon swears I may already be a winner.

"Sabrina" is looking for a swinging couple,
encloses her photo and asks for stamps.

The hospital claims Randy owes them \$419
for treating the black eye, cuts he got in a fight
on leave from the Navy.

Another rejection notice.

A one-dollar rebate check for buying Mother's Cookies.
The black Jets t-shirt I ordered for George
after I accidentally bleached his.

A pile of advertising mailers and flyers.

"Have you seen me?" Missing Children pleas.

Reader's Digest, Golf Digest, Bon Appetit.

The new Spiegel catalog, thick and glossy.

Charge card statements from Sears and Saks.

An urgent report from the school nurse dated one
month ago;

George has severe hearing loss in both ears.

Another invitation to a party at McDonald's.

A letter from my mother-in-law who drinks tomato beer
all day,

then writes to me because her son hangs up when she
calls.

A wedding invitation from John the Bachelor
who was once married in a mock ceremony
in a motel shower during a live broadcast
by Sweet Dick, the disc jockey.

No joke this time. Send bath towels.

A chain letter threatens I will suffer
grave consequences if I break the chain.

And I do.