

Bobs, Santa Ana Woman

The next thing I knew, there was a pain in my head like my sinuses were cracking. The Santa Ana winds had come back, and the whole city of L.A. was acting like it had PMS. I heard high heels on the linoleum floor of the outer office. She came in wearing a pair of clam diggers that had obviously never been to a beach, and a halter top that had been in a dryer for three weeks on high. My contact lenses popped out and went looking for water. She said she'd give me three hundred clams if I helped her find her uncle...

"Sure, baby."

So I went to her apartment at eight
to get a down payment of clams

I knocked on her door

There was no answer

I knocked again, hard this time

The door swung ajar..it wasn't a pretty sight

It looked like a moonscape

The plants were all brown and shriveled and the leaves
were falling off her banana fern

The Pup and Taco I'd had for lunch
was doing lesson three from Arthur Murray

I ran to the bathroom, but she was there...

Out cold

Indiscreet

In the flesh

In the tub

Surrounded by countless empty bottles and jars
of skin care lotion

She was so slippery I couldn't pick her up

I had to slap her around to bring her to

Her eyelids fluttered, she looked at me

And I saw

In the eyes of my Santa Ana Woman

In the eyes of my Santa Ana Woman

In the eyes of my Santa Ana Woman

We spent the next three days
raising the humidity in her apartment

And then she got a call from the Amazon

It was her uncle

She didn't even bother to pack the chapstick

The next thing I knew she was gone and the smog was back

And I can't help but wonder:

What made her think I was a detective?

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