AIDS Zen

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A Night on the Town

Fun defies morality.
Nightclub entrance: CUSTOMERS MUST HAVE ID.
Even in good company, some friend is missing.
If you talk on the dance floor, it better be important.
The unintroduced must take the initiative.
It takes pain to learn to enjoy painlessness.
New love is now like a drive in a rented car.
The experienced man opens seltzer slowly.
The free drink is small.
The buffet that looked awful is actually passable.
Which will last longer, the nightclub or you?
The wages of sin is depth.
The evening ends, but that doesn't make it pointless.

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A Walk on the Street

This little day is more real than the great future.
Children walking up the down escalator love getting nowhere.
The fool pulls and pulls the door marked CLOSED.
Errands are the opposite of death.
Hope against hope: Flirt with someone hailing a cab.
Futility: Panhandler in front of Unemployment.
Many discarded flowers still look good.
The boy with no money pounds the Coke machine anyway.
A rack of beautiful dresses blocks a lane of traffic.
Delis have clocks; restaurants don't.
Time fades all tans.
Grocery bags become garbage bags.
Threadbare card shop: MOTH DAY IS COMING
Sign in abandoned stationer's: ALL CALENDARS, HALF PRICE
Blossoms near store window: EVERYTHING MUST GO

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