

# EVIDENCE 2

My first job paid \$2.15 an hour. Fifty years ago, that was minimum wage. My kids don't want to hear about this, but I tell them anyway. "You've told us a million times, Dad," they say. I don't know why I continue to do this.

The home me and The Gunk were living in at the time was decent enough.

The Gunk brought all her fishing stuff over in a decrepit old station wagon she borrowed from her friend, who we called The ~~Omelette~~ Omelette. The Omelette was a quiet little man whose farts smelled like cheese.

Some days at the end of the day, there is no evidence that I've done anything. Kitty says, "So what did you do today?" I don't know what to tell her.

SHE USED TO BE AN ANGEL. SHE USED TO FLY.  
SHE LIES IN BED NOW, THIS OLD ANGEL.  
MAYBE SHE CAN STILL WALK, THE MAN THINKS,  
BUT IF SHE CAN, SHE DOESN'T SHOW IT.



I LOOK UP IN TIME  
TO SEE YOU DRIVE  
AWAY

INSTANTANEOUS SOUP AND  
ATE IT ON THE COUCH  
WHILE WATCHING TV. THE  
GIRL CAME HOME WITH  
COLD AIR ON HER AND  
HER EARS PEEKING  
THROUGH HER HAIR, THE  
RED TIPS OF THEM  
TINGLING.

Ken Sparling