The Gate Keeper

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The Gate Keeper

Nobody gets from LaGuardia
to Manhattan without seein’ me.  
Some cabbies take the midtown,  
but any shlong with brains knows  
his meter takes the Triborough,  
Gives ‘em a chance to hunk  
some hookers down in Harlem.  
Tourists get a kick out of it—  
No English spoke in dem places.

Speakin’ of Spicks, this Chicano  
pulls a quarter from his pants  
the other day, smelled like it grew  
in his underwear for a week,  
“Can’t touch this,” I tell him.  
With all that AIDS and shit,  
I bought some of those yellow  
Playtex gloves like the wife has.

Take ‘em off when a limo pulls up.  
All sorts of stretches too;  
Madonna came through the other day  
in a Great White. A champagne  
fountain in the back seat. Piss me off,  
flicked her ashes right in my face.  
Her chauffeur, all decked out in black,  
offers me Visa Gold and a Washington  
for my troubles. “Company policy,”  
I tell him, and he peels off without payin’
Cops couldn’t be reached on the phone, they’re too busy escorting Gorby and troops around town for the weekend. The Post said, “Fifty Car Motorcade!” I only counted twenty-six. The cop told the boss to flash ‘em through, city’s picking up the tab. Don’t bother me, I’m runnin’ on the clock. (But you figure a Commie would wanna pay.)

-Oren Safdie