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Dear Ev, Dear Everybody

Edwin Honig

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Dear Ev, Dear Everybody

(A letter found on a Maine country road)

My boyfriend was mugged by hoodlums near Union last night.
It happened so fast he hadn't a chance to get out
Of his car that was parked in the woods on the way to the graveyard.
One guy came up with a knife, another one came
From behind and rapped on my boyfriend's head like a drum
With his knuckles. I guess it was awfully hard for my boyfriend
To take sitting down. The third guy spit in the face
Of whoever it was was sitting in front by his side.
This friend of my boyfriend (he writes me) was terribly bright,
Bent down in a flash, switched on a revolving light,
And that was attached to a siren that right away started in
Screaming like millions of cats in the night. I'm so glad
He was able to back up the car in all that confusion
And get back to town before those hoodlums got wise.
I'm so glad my boyfriend (he writes me) saved his allowance
For years to buy those gimmicks he put on his car.

But Ev, I've a favor to ask you. You live near Union,
Know the kids, and have been to so many parties this summer.
Maybe by now you know of my boyfriend's new friend.
I've lived all my life in Union—excepting this summer
I'm here at this camp as a junior lifeguard instructor—
And the only hoodlums anyone's seen in Union
Have been in the Saturday movie; besides, it's a mile
Off the road to the woods near the graveyard, and any old time
After dark in the summer the cars are so thick there with kids
Parking out, you couldn't back up if you tried without busting
Somebody's fender behind. Did he back up a mile?
Well, Ev, I know being mugged must be something awful,
But who in the world is my boyfriend's friend who's so bright
In a pinch with a siren, and maybe you'll tell me, dear Ev,
If my boyfriend was mugged (like he writes me) by hoodlums near Union,
Or was he just hugged in the moonbeams last night by a siren?

—Edwin Honig