

Joe Friday's Harbor

Pig buried or burned
(& eaten) maybe chicharrones
for Kanakas
& town building. Barges
w/ shacks from B'Ham Bay's old
mining camp &

rot gut
cots &
Indian women
escaped slaves
sailors, marines
as johns
drinkin/fornicatin
in (of all places)

Joe Friday's Harbor.

It's awkward having a policeman around the house. Friends drop in, a man with a badge opens the door, the temperature drops 20 degrees. You throw a party and that badge gets in the way. All of a sudden there isn't a straight man in the crowd. Everybody's a comedian. "Don't drink too much" somebody says "or the man with a badge will run you in." Or "How's it going Dick Tracy? How many jaywalkers did you pinch today?" & then there's the one who wants to know how many apples you stole. All at once you lost your first name. You're a cop, a flatfoot, a bull, a dick, John Law, you're the fuzz, the heat, you're poison, you're trouble, you're bad news. They call you everything. But never a policeman. Maybe she's right. It's not much of a life unless you don't mind missing a Dodger game because the hot shot phone rings. Unless you like working Saturdays, Sundays, Holidays at a job that doesn't pay overtime. Oh, the pay's adequate. If you count your pennies you can put your kid through college. But you better plan on seeing Europe on your television set. & then there's your first night on the beat. When you try to arrest a drunken prostitute at a Main Street bar & she rips your new uniform to shreds. You'll buy another one outta your own pocket. & you're gonna rub elbows with all the elite: pimps, addicts, thieves, bums, winos, girls who can't keep an address & men who don't care. Liars, cheats, conmen. The class of Skid Row. & the heartbreak. Underfed kids, beaten kids, molested kids, lost kids, crying kids, homeless kids, hit & run kids, broken arm kids, broken leg kids, broken head kids, sick kids, dying kids, dead kids. The old people that nobody wants. The relievers, the

*pensioners. The ones who walk the street cold and those who tried to keep warm
and died in a three dollar room with an unvented gas heater. You'll walk your
beat and try to pick up the pieces...*

But not that Joe Friday.

Joseph Poalie Friday, a Native Hawaiian. Kanaka
meaning maybe a man, maybe an animal man
maybe a wild man, a man who Got Poi,

a free man. Maybe a man who just wants
to make a buck. Maybe it's how
Canadians became Canucks

biting Bruins in the Cup finals
inspire their fanatics to
set it on fire.

So,

no matter your Joe Friday
you're w/ the riff raff, yr

tryin to make a go of it on an island
nobody knows who owns, yr
in what's now the county seat
(tryin' to raise sheep) now,
the only incorporated town in
San Juan County, then

a fledgling town
a whorehouse
a tavern
a site from which
to launch drunken
letters-to-the-editor
ridiculin' that coward
Harney.

Courage ain't courage when it's
actin' cheap &
even in San Juan August
might
need a fire & sheep
won't tend themselves
& a Kanaka got to
make a buck & Harney
he'd call Douglass' bluff
raise him Lieutenant Colonel Silas Casey
from the warm fort (Steilacoom) &
three more companies
& heavy guns & maybe they know

pro pelle cutem - get some
skin in this game like the
Hudson's Bay Company, August 6, '59

*no other island in the Puget Sound besides Vancouver's
south of the 49th and east of Canal de Haro*

Harney'd inform
the War Department.

& with the 8, 32 pound guns
of the Massachusetts there to defend,
the rights of the riff raff
(the whores & johns
& foreigners)
to drink & fornicate
wd be unabated
fer a few years
make a little hell
in this island paradise
while Casey
took the *Julia*
& troops to Griffin Bay
in fog.

Joseph Poalie (Joe) Friday
 (a Kanaka) was free
 to sheer his sheep
 or have a lamb chop

free
 to watch those white men do
 what they do best

plan war.

11:10A - 5.17.13
Subud House