

HOMELESS IN PARADISE

November 24, 2017

Column #163

In Their Own Words - Part 4



Time Well Spent
by Darby Moss Worth

*Coloring absorbs
Attention and bright shades merge
Pleasant interlude*

GROPING: IF YOU HAVE AN ITCH, SHOULD YOU SCRATCH IT?

By Wanda Sue Parrott

“**GROPING.**” If you weren’t familiar with this newsy term last Thanksgiving, you’re probably an expert on it by now. Right? Test yourself by circling the correct answer:

1. Grope: a verb meaning to search or feel blindly.
2. Grope: an adjective describing one-sided sexual advance involving two or more people.
3. Grope: a noun meaning any uninvited pinch, punch or pat also, called everything from “copping a feel” to “pinching ass.”

Obviously, a groper is the one doing the groping.

If groping oneself, there’s probably no reason to complain, since the act can be considered consensual, whether or not sex is involved.

In other words, if you have an itch, scratch it—wherever it’s located.

If, however, another person is involved in a physical act that can be construed as unwanted, he or she could become the gropee, depending on one’s take on the act after it’s been committed or consummated, as the case may be.

Since the current administration took office in January, groping is like a smokescreen for undetected or under-reported political actions. Example: recent lifting of Obama’s ban on such imported trophies as elephant heads, which the president, a self-confessed groper, reversed when the public roared like an endangered lion.

So, groping's gone public. Let's discuss it. Why? Because not only have I experienced being grabbed, groped and other grrrrr-word touchy felt, so have countless women on the Monterey Peninsula.

Here are two reports, paraphrased in essence, to fit space constraint.

A Bag Lady's Plea

An unidentified woman left this message a few months ago:

"You recently wrote about a homeless prostitute in her nineties. I know her. She's an alcoholic.

I'm a retired nurse who had an accident and my insurance needs to be straightened out so I can afford rent. Your column gave the impression all unsheltered women are easy touches. We aren't. I've had several men try to assault me. I may be a bag lady, but I'm a good person and I'm scared as hell. Please tell homeless men to leave us alone."

A Victim's Defense

A woman using the alias "Wild Fire" addressed the Monterey County Board of Supervisors at the recent meeting at which, by a 5-0 vote, permission was given for a one-year pilot safe parking program for those who live in their vehicles to commence Dec. 1 in the county offices parking lot in Marina.

Wild Fire, who spoke on behalf of the Lapis Road Homeowners Association, said, "I use the name Wild Fire because I was abused and don't want my abuser to find me."

A Poet's Perception

Emery L. Campbell is a 90-year-old poet who shines a different spotlight on bag ladies. Would you define this woman as a proper, grope, or simply a good old girl?

Bag Lady

By Emery L. Campbell

A woman, stooped and old, is walking down the street. She drags two plastic garbage bags behind her. Every now and then the brown one sheds a twenty-dollar bill. The hag's accosted by a cop who asks her, "Ma'am, are you aware that twenty-dollar bills are falling from your bag?" She mutters, "Damn! I should have known there'd likely be some spills. These bags are worn and really not too strong, and dragging them was bound to cause some holes. I'd best go back to have a look along the way I've come. It's not as if I've rolls of money I can spare. I thank you for the warning." "Not so fast," replies the cop. "I wish you'd tell me just a little more about that money. You've got quite a crop

of twenties. Where'd you get them? Did you steal the lot?" "Oh no," she says. "You see, the ground behind my house backs up to where it's real nearby the ball field parking lot. Around the time a game's to start a lot of fans are used to peeing through the bushes there, directly on my plants. The park's got cans for that. Those people don't take proper care. So with my big hedge clipper revving true, I stand behind the bushes and I wait, and when a beer-soaked sprinkler sticks it through it's, 'Twenty bucks or thingie meets its fate!'" "Hey, good idea," laughs the cop. "OK, I hope it works the way you tell it, yup. The other bag, what's in it, by the way?" The woman says, "Not all of them pay up..."

How did you score on the questions at the start of this column? They're all correct!

Thanks to Darby Moss Worth of Carmel Valley for this week's illustration.

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