

whores little girls again
maids kissing my photograph
on the plaza wall haha
and old warriors
rubbing their blue stiff veins
and hoping for one more day
of bravery.

I practice for you, death:
your wig
that dress
your eyes
these teeth.

I too am an old man frying a steak
in a small kitchen.

when I run out of luck
I'll run out of whiskey
and when I run out of whiskey
the land will not be green,
and my love and my sadness ...
who needs these?

I practice pretty good,
send in the bull
send in the girl whose white flesh
maddens men on the boulevards,
send in Paris,
send in a car on the freeway
with 6 people going to a picnic,
send in the winner of the 8th.,
send in Palm Beach and all the people
on the sand,
and I practice for you
too,
and the man sweeping the sidewalk
and the lady in bed with me
and the poems of Shakespeare
and the elephants
and the queers and the murderers,
I practice for everybody,
but for myself mostly
pouring another drink now

at 9:30 in the morning,
the Racing Form on the couch,
the mailman walking toward me
with a loveletter from a lady who
doesn't want to die and a letter from the
government
telling me to give them money;
and I practice for the government too,
and I'm red, all red inside,
punctured with heart and intestine and lung,
I hope they don't arrest me,
I practice pretty good
and I've got a steak, a cigar
and a fifth of scotch,
I've read most of the classics
and I watch the birds fly this morning
and I can see most of them,
many of them that you can't see,
and I'm going to take a bath pretty soon,
put on some clean clothes
and drive South to the track.

it is not an unusual morning except that
it is one more,
and I want to thank you
for listening.

— Charles Bukowski
Los Angeles, California

The Smith's Sleep

Awake, I am a common smith;
asleep, I am a megalith,
to whom nude Druid maidens pray
at green awakening of day.

— Harry Smith
Brooklyn, New York

Cruise

All at sea, the elephants,
Americans and middle-class,
labor at their timid masquerades,
in heavy-footed joy,
prompted by an outward-going, fun-loving
master-of-ceremonies boy,
and titilate their senses
dressed as falsie-bosomed girls
and ridicule the aging
of their disappointed wives,
or, as retrogressive fathers,
tired of manly standards
their former actions advertised,
pretend -- at last! -- to be
mother's fat and happy child.

In narrow bunks and dead asleep,
their exhausted bodies dream
of nightmares in a jungle,
of islands drowning in a sea,
where the blacks and the mulattoes
sweat when they dance
and scream when they sing,
and their lean acrobatics
move with abandoned manners
whose sociological meanings
are probably incorrigibly obscene.

-- Kirby Congdon

New York, New York

Received & Noted

Iowa Workshop Poets/1963 (edit.: Marvin Bell with
preface: R.R. Cuscaden) \$1 from Midwest, 289 East
148th St., Harvey, Illinois

Green Hunger (Louis Newman, intro. by Tambimuttu)
\$1.25 from Poets of America, 5 Beekman St., N.Y. 38

An Existential Nerve Cell (Richard F. Henchey) is
available from author, Williston Academy, East-
hampton, Mass.