

my hands tell me so.
this small circling
from shoulder to shoulder
from neck to belly,
it wanders and whirls inside.
I would most love to please myself.
tonight my angels all sit about
and we counsel each
other ...
all we need do is exist and continue --
that is the answer and the answer is that
simple.
my devils and my gods are asleep
this moment.

Vacancy

sun-stroked women
without men
on a Santa Monica monday;
the men are working or in jail
or insane;
one girl floats in a rubber suit,
placid and waiting ...
houses slide off the edges of cliffs
and down into the sea.
the bars are empty
the lobster eating houses are empty;
it's a recession, they say,
the good days are
over ...
you can't tell an unemployed man
from an artist any more,
they all look alike
and the women look the same,
only a little more desperate,
strips of cloth about the butt and the
vagina, awaiting better
moments ...
we stop at a hippy hole
in Topanga Canyon ...
young boys with red and blue bandannas
about their hair,
smooth-skinned, as supple as ladies,
so soft-eyed you almost like them,
they shoot pool. lounge
and wait, they wait, wait;
the whole area of the canyon and the beach
is listless
useless
demented ...
VACANCY, it says, PEOPLE WANTED.

the wood has no fire
the sea is dirty
the hills are dry
the temples have no bells
love has no bed

sun-stroked women without men

-- Charles Bukowski

Los Angeles CA

Hard Times

In a VW bus
I see it coming hellbent
across the cleared acre
shoot out
the lights they'll be here
before I can flip off the switch

You Would Like

To think of me
you sitting there
in Europe

Me back here
eating this
dumb cucumber

You left
in the
refrig

Well, I can tell
you, in
the garbage she goes