

PRETTY BOY

we drank together
I was 59 and he was 29
and he could catch girls
like a spider catches flies
only faster than that:
he didn't have to wait.

he was a pretty boy,
well, he wasn't pretty to
me,
just to the girls --
slim body, tightly-fitting
clothes,
blue eyes, blonde locks,
perfectly-shaped
ears, nose, chin and so
forth.
also, one of his x-wives
told me he had a
big cock.
besides that, he had a
private income.

he held a mixed drink
while I sucked upon
beer after beer.

"when my old lady
goes out to fuck somebody,"
he said,
"I just put on my pajamas,
pull up the covers and
go to sleep."

"I can't do that,"
I said.

"it's just a hole,"
he said,
"you worry too much
about it."

he got up and
changed the record
on his stereo.
he moved like a gazelle.
there were no wrinkles
in his pants,
no spots or stains.
he was like something

off a drawing board.

with my pants
the pockets ripped open
the zipper didn't run
to the top
the belt curled,
cigarette holes appeared.
the pants were either
too long and
I stepped on them
with my heels
or they were too short
and showed stockings
which didn't cling.

he turned the stereo up
loud,
came back and
sat down.

"with women," I told him,
"I get attached,
I get sentimental."

he grinned at me
showing even white teeth.

"you know," I said,
"her pillow next to my
pillow; my car pushing
her stalled car down the
street; and when it rains,
you know, we listen to the
same rain from the same
bed. I could make you
a long list"

his grin increased.
he knew my women;
he managed to get into bed
with most of them.

"I don't like your women,"
he told me.

he got up
moved into his kitchen
and mixed himself a
new drink.
he had seltzer bottles,
and machinery which
hummed and clicked and
whirled.

he stood a moment under the kitchen light his hair looking more golden than ever. then he walked out with a glass tube sticking out of his drink. the tube had little colored veins running through it. he sat down and stirred his drink with the glass tube.

"o.k.," he said, sipping at his drink, "first, you don't dress right: you got to wear tight pants so your cock shows."

"wait a minute," I said, "I'm almost 60 years old"

"just listen to me," he said, "they got to see the cock, they like to see it, and if you don't have a big cock you wear a dildo: lots of guys do it. and it doesn't matter because once you get into them it's too late for them. and you've got to learn to dance good because women relate dancing to fucking. they think if you can dance good you can screw good."

"is there," I asked, "some truth in that?"

"of course not," he told me, "but truth has nothing to do with this thing."

"is there any more beer?" I asked.

"down by your leg," he said "you brought down three six-packs, remember?"

I said, "this beer is kind of warm."

"with a woman," he continued, "you must always make yourself seem to be unavailable. you must act disinterested; once she's solved you she's done with you; she needs a problem to work on."

"maybe," I suggested, "if they think they can control the man they can raise the child?"

he smiled gracefully, "no, they have the child to control the man."

"why don't you turn that god damned stereo down a bit?" I asked.

"just remember," he said, "there are 6,000 boats down at Marina del Rey with at least two beautiful whores on each of them and you'll never meet any of them."

"I've got to go," I told him.

"o.k.," he said,
"be cool, man"

I walked down toward
my court and
before I could get
to my door I had to
stop and vomit in the
bushes.

I finished
opened my door
and I went inside
and there was the bed
and there were the walls
hello
and the problem was
that it had happened before.
I went to the refrigerator
and found
a cold beer,
cracked it.

if you got up
in the morning
and if you had a
car on the street
and if that car
hadn't been stolen
and if you
got into it
and it started
then that was
miracle enough.

I drank the
cold beer.

I CAN'T STOP

people keep telling me
you know,
you ought to stop writing
those race track poems,
you have no idea
how boring they are.

well, I was at the track
the other day
and I had to go in
and take a piss.
I unzipped and stood there
grabbing and groping
and tugging;
I tugged and I groped and
I grabbed
and the guy next to me
said:

"my god, you must really
have a lot of it"
and I told him,
"nothing like that, sir,
I've got my shorts on
backwards."

I got it out
from underneath
and pissed half of it
down my leg.
then I went out
and caught a
six to one shot
who won
by four lengths.

this is
just another
boring poem.

-- Charles Bukowski

San Pedro CA