

often times in the mornings when I awaken I don't feel like getting up and doing my toilet and dressing and beginning to do what should be done, instead I feel like staying in bed for 3 or 4 days and nights

or  
often times when I have stopped my car at a red light and there aren't any other cars about I have this desire to go through the red light  
and then when I get that thought I get another thought like

who is allowing me to drive this car?  
it doesn't seem sensible that I am allowed to steer and stop and start and speed this machine just like I saw that old lady in the blue hat doing a few moments ago as we passed each other on a steep hill.

or sometimes at night I awaken and sit upright and I stare straight ahead out the window at the night but meanwhile I can feel my dumbness sitting there next to me, stacked up next to me like a set of rubber tires,  
and even when I am copulating sometimes I think, what am I doing copulating?

I am spooked continually by having to do all the ordinary things, the things most people can do so easily.

I sit here drunk now at 12:09 a.m. and I want to light this cigarette and I keep picking up the same 5 or 6 empty book matches, opening them and staring at their insides. anybody else would have a cigarette lighter, anybody else would be asleep, instead at this moment I think of a totally insane woman I lived with for 3 years who could do all those many tiny things properly and without thinking, and still probably does.

#### PROMENADE

I am taking a walk about 2:30 p.m.  
pass a group of kids standing around looking at the engine of a car.  
the hood is up and one of them appears to be working on the motor.

I walk by  
am thirty or forty yards away from them  
when one of the kids yells:  
"hey, old man!"

I stop and turn, wait  
they don't say anything, look down  
at the engine.

I wait a moment longer, then turn  
and walk along.

I hear one of them laugh, "I don't think  
he liked that!"

I don't mind at all: at the age of 62  
I can still kick ass  
or  
drink any of them under the  
table.

close to the grave be damned, there's  
not a one of them  
I'd prefer to be.

it's a good afternoon.

I hope they solve their  
engine.

-- Charles Bukowski

San Pedro CA

#### SPOUSAL SUPPORT

when i bring the beautiful german edition  
of my selected works  
home to my wife, she sniffs,  
"it looks like a real book --  
too bad it isn't in english."

later a former wife calls me  
about our kids  
and i tell her about the german book  
and how a number of our mutual friends  
were involved in the cover photo,  
art work, frontispiece, and afterword,  
and she says, "it sounds incestuous."

later i get in a fight with my present wife  
over whether my former wife  
has deliberately complicated  
some travel plans of ours.

she goes to bed  
and i sit up by myself  
finishing some cheap champagne,  
some saki, and some other left-over wine,  
celebrating the publication  
of the german book.  
since i don't read german  
i mostly just admire the pictures of me