

Thank God For Alleys

jr. hummingbird make yr mark he said and then something about
an arab and a son of a bitch and I hit him in the mouth and
we fought in the snow for ten minutes spotting it with red
blossoms -- breathing is a blade -- and I kept thinking of men
up there circling the earth like a rowboat around a pond
all out of trouble and in trouble, and we finally stopped
or somebody or something stopped us and we went into Harry's
for a drink and the place was empty and Harry kept looking
at us as if he hated us and pretty soon we began to hate him,
him, his money, his hate, his hate of us without as much money
or as much hate, and my friend threw his glass against Harry's
mirror and then he did hate us, and we ran out down the alley
and the dogs barked, and about all the essence that was left
was remembering
the time
the last time I was asleep
and the earth obeyed
everything.

-- Charles Bukowski

Los Angeles, California

Where Her Teeth Were

No one knew where her teeth were,
Where they had gone...

 Anyway,
She laughed & laughed,
 more & more
With everything except
Her teeth. Her lips, breasts, her hair,
Hands, belly, gums,

 everything
Except her teeth. And they were
So big, white, someplace,
 even,
Laughing, like 'cats or dogs, milk
Or bones.

-- Robert Sward

Peterborough, N. H.