

for Jane

225 days under grass  
and you know more than I.

they have long taken your blood,  
you are a dry stick in a basket.

is this how it works?

in this room  
the hours of love  
still make shadows.

when you left  
you took almost  
everything.

I kneel in the nights  
before tigers  
that will not let me be.

what you were  
will not happen again.

the tigers have found me  
and I do not care.

-- Charles Bukowski

Los Angeles, California