

## the sharks

the sharks knock on my door  
and enter and ask favors;  
how they puff in my chairs  
looking about the room,  
and they ask for deeds:  
light, air, money,  
anything they can get --  
beer, cigarettes, half-dollars, dollars,  
fives, dimes,  
all this as if my survival were assured,  
as if my time were nothing  
and their presence valuable.

well, we all have our sharks, I'm sure,  
and there's only one way to get them off  
before they hack and nibble you to death --  
stop feeding them; they will find  
other bait; you fattened them  
the last dozen times around --  
now, set them out  
to sea.

-- Charles Bukowski

Charles Bukowski's latest, **Run With The Hunted**,  
is available from: Midwest, 2207 West Lunt Ave.,  
Chicago 45, Ill., and his **Longshot Poems For  
Broke Players** can still be obtained from The  
Seven Poets Press, 620 East Sixth St. (no. 3),  
New York 9, New York. Both are \$1.00 each!