

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 Pomes 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!