it's not

who lived here

but who died here; and it's not when but how;

it's not

the known great

but the great who died unknown; it's not

the history

of countries but the lives of men.

fables are dreams, not lies,

and

truth changes

8.5

men change,

and when truth becomes stable

men

will

become dead

and

the insect
and the fire and
the flood
will become
truth.

-- Charles Bukowski
Los Angeles, California

Poem For My 43rd. Birthday

To end up alone
in a tomb of a room
without cigarettes
or wine —