

I have seen Spring taken out of rivers,
I have seen dresses dyed grey,
have heard the grasshopper protest the
course of the market, I've heard Gabriel blows
other than his horn; I've seen slaves in the land of
the free; I've seen whores, I've seen wives
grow fat and bald, I've mixed enough alka-seltzer
into my hangovers so that the death-wish has grown
fat
and licked its lips and licked its balls and said
Bukowski's next, that bitter bastard has had it;
I have seen the hours rammed in and out of bodies,
I have seen the white skull in the professor's
cabinet,
I have seen the grave diggers stumbling over
the frosty lawn of morning with their loads
I have seen the horses chasing the people,
I've seen the horses grow fangs, spit fire,
I know that they sweep the blood clear before we
awaken,
I know too much I know too much
and I am a sad hanky flowing
I am a mound of dirt
I am drinking my beer again
looking into the eye of everything
thinking of you thinking of you
dropping the bottle into the bag
then looking over my shoulder
and smiling
as the last camera clicks.

— Charles Bukowski

Los Angeles, California

Lady To Lord Chatterley: An Aside

Don't give the pony
a doughnut, Mellors —
I just heard him
say neigh!

— M. K. Book

Lincoln, Nebraska