

and I pick up this breadknife and walk into the dining room ...

Larsen says we mustn't take ourselves so seriously. Hell, I've been telling him that for 8 years!

There is this full length mirror in the hall. I can see myself in it and I look, at last, as if I could do anything. It hasn't rained in 175 days and it is as quiet as a sleeping peacock. a friend of mine shoots pool in a hall across from the university where he teaches English, and when he gets tired of that, he drags out a .357 magnum and splits the rocks in half BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! while figuring just where the word will fit real good.

In front of the mirror I cut swift circles in the air, dividing sides of light. I am hypnotized, unsettled, embarrassed. my nose is pink, my cheeks are pink, my throat is white, my god the night, the shoe fits good, the wood, the wood ... the phone rings like a wall sliding down and ... "nothing," I answer, "no, I'm not doing anything..."

it is a dull conversation but it is soon over. I walk to the window and open it. the cars go by and a bird turns on the wire and looks at me. I think 3 centuries ahead, of myself dead that long and life seems very odd ... like a crevice of light in a buried tomb.

the bird flies away and I walk to the machine and sit down:

Dear Willie:

I got your letter, everything fine here ...

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When You Wait For The Dawn To Crawl Through
The Screen Like A Burglar
To Take Your Life Away --

the snake had crawled the hole,
and she said,
tell me about
yourself.

and
I said,
I was beaten down
long ago
in some alley
in another
world.

and she said,
we're all
like
pigs
slapped down some lane,
our
grassbrains
singing
toward the
blade.

by
god,
you're an
odd one,
I said.

we
sat there
smoking
cigarettes
at
5
in the morning.