

and the same young man from the nudist
magazine phones and we talk
and I get the idea
that we each hang up
mildly thinking each other
somewhat the fool.

now the woman calls me to dinner.
it's good to have food.
when you've starved enough
food always remains a
miracle.

the rent is a little higher here
but so far I've been able to
pay it
and that's a miracle too
like still maybe being sane
while thinking of guns and sidewalks
and old ladies in libraries.
there are still

small things to do
like rip this sheet from the typer
go in and eat
stay alive this way.

there are lots of curtains here
and now the woman has walked in
she's rocking back and forth
in the rocker behind me
a bit angry
the food is getting cold and
I've got to go
she doesn't understand that
I've got to finish this thing
but it's just a poor little neighborhood
not much place for Art,
whatever that is, and
I hear sprinklers
there's a shopping basket
a boy on roller skates.
I quit I quit

for the miracle of food and
maybe nobody ever angry
again, this place and
all the other places.

— Charles Bukowski
Los Angeles, Calif.

We Are The Blue Ties

we are the white shirts,
blue ties,
shuffling notes and pens,
sharpening ends of calculations,
dreaming figures,
listening to nicotine clocks
going round round round
and smoking into fog,
blinding us in notes, envelopes,
and we do not know if it is real,
nine in morning, five in afternoon,
things close in.

we are in white shirts,
blue ties,
and wait for the world to come
and take us away.

-- neeli cherry

San Bernardino, Calif.

One Of Many Judys

Danced like a Scorpion Queen
but made love like a rich kid
entering a toy shop.

So, kisses were always a problem
of who kissed who
and desires too subtle for lips.

Anyway, the voices seemed too loud,
the laughter too long and brave
for anyone in particular.

"Especially me! Especially me!"
I always thought I heard --
though I was wrong.