

somehow I'm glad we're through
finished --
the works of Art
the wars
the decayed loves
the way we lived each day.
when the troops come up here
I don't care what they do for
we already killed ourselves
each day we got out of bed.
I go back into the kitchen
spill some hash from a soft
can, it is almost cooked
already
and I sit
eating, looking at my
fingernails.
the sweat comes down behind my
ears and I hear the
shooting in the streets and
I chew and wait
without wonder.

FEMALE AND BREAKDOWN AND PEACE

...the automobiles have big eyes and horns and scratch
themselves and puke black vomit and rot inside very
quickly, and you see them shining and broken and new
being dragged in by white-uniformed idiots looking
angry and calm and final as God Himself, and the
women paint themselves and tighten themselves all over,
jack themselves up to the sky CLICK CLICK CLACK and
they rub their skins with oils and spray them with lotions
and place them in smooth sheen fabrics and act very high
indeed and do not talk to anybody and they wait and they
tease until everybody gets all HARD and then they wait on
the biggest MONEY and then they
give way, they give themselves over like vomit into a
bowl, and they age
quickly and they are forgotten and they spread their days
in supermarkets
wrinkled and officious and angry
arguing sniping spying
praying for the death of everyone
meantime taking up everybody's time
and they have the blues
the most terrible blues
but the brain they never used
now too far gone to
cry.

well, hell, we know that the race falters and that the heart gives way; I can't condemn all these women because of bad climate.

yet it's a shame that only the ugly young women are human.

6:21 P.M.

to run out of dogs
that is what the clock
says to run out of dogs that is what
the worn automobile tires
say
and now the orange-red afternoon comes
creeping like a wounded dog and
lies before me
while blackbirds still pursue the game
like motorcycle policemen hounding
tired traffic

my soul is wrinkled
I turn on the light and read the
evening paper.

-- Charles Bukowski

Los Angeles, California

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