

around the blue pool. my miracle crowd. my future  
leaders.

to make it round out, I decided that the night before  
the young man (not the one with the thumb) had tried  
to screw the ugly girl in the pointed hat while  
they were both  
drunk, and that the ugly girl in the pointed hat  
felt -- for some reason -- that this was a damned  
dirty trick.  
she acted bit parts in little theatre -- was said  
to have talent --  
had a fairly wealthy father, and her name was Gig  
or Ging or  
something odd like that -- and that was mainly  
why the boys wanted to  
screw her: because her first name was Gig or Ging or  
Aazpupu,  
and the boys wanted to say, very much wanted to say:  
"I balled with Ging last night."

all right, so having settled all that,  
I put on some coffee and rolled myself something  
calming.

footnote upon the construction of the

masses:

some people are young and nothing  
else and  
some people are old and nothing  
else  
and some people are in between and  
just in between,  
and if the flies wore clothes on their  
backs  
and all the buildings burned in  
golden fire,  
if heaven shook like a belly  
dancer  
and all the atom bombs began to  
cry,  
some people would be young and nothing  
else and  
some people old and nothing  
else,  
and the rest would be the same  
the rest would be the same.

the few who are different  
are eliminated quickly enough  
by the police, by their mothers, their  
brothers, others; by  
themselves.

all that's left is what you  
see.

it's  
hard.

-- Charles Bukowski

Los Angeles, Calif.

The Son of a Fisherman or the Electronics Dealer

Jim sold some.

Jim souled sum.

imson weed.

The son of James, his soul.

swimming Jim sloed fishily.

selling to the shoal, he sank

down in his chair and settled

telling himself its selfish to

shell all these starfish alone

or solely for honor and beauty

he entered the market and

began shouting himself into

a circle and was from that

day forward considered a saint

by those who had interest in such

things.

p.s. He was called Saint Jim

played organ for an R&B band

from Detroit and had several hit

records,;: it was said of him:

"Saint Jim is a Soul Man" ... Sam & Dave

-- D. r. Wagner

Sacramento, Calif.