

if he can give a reason
he does not; if he can't,
there isn't
any.

strange and invisible arrangements are
made and his books and paintings are
auctioned off
but no new work has appeared in
years.

but they can't understand his
silence--
if he is dead
they want to know it, if he is
insane they want to know it, if he has a
reason...

they walk past his house
write letters
ring.
they cannot understand
it.

I rather like
it.

Ice

swine under the purple moon in
platinum curlers,
lilac leaves beneath the flea
tree,
bum beneath the honeymoon tree,
barber with the shakes,
photo of Tom Mix,
dirty underwear of sweet little
girls,
thin wire about a chicken coop,
the beard of Castro
the bread of Communion,
DiMaggio lighting a cigarette in Oakland
as through the streets
lady torturers shake their priceless
bungholes;
the Kennedy deaths now like old gangster
movies, the real-estators shall
inherit--
who will bury the undertaker?
who will swallow the geek?
who will scrub my kitchen
floor?

I went to a hockey game the other
night
trying to measure and decipher
victory and defeat and
exultation; when the game was over
we walked to the parking lot
got into your cars and
drove away as
meaningless as
ever.

-- Charles Bukowski

Los Angeles, CA

Journey

In case of
accident a bookshelf
is missing out of
nowhere comes
a rocking rigid horse
machine in front
of a grocery store
with no child riding
carrying an unseen
visitor to
 noplance.

Heritage

Born in California by
mistake
I am of Nebraska
they brought me back
at six months stayed
awhile moved
to Colorado left
me I am realistic
about
the anger.

The Dream

I had a child
in a dream
In sin.
The birth was easy,
the child small.
I took it home
and bathing it, dropped it.
The rigid shell of skin
shattered and it died.
I picked up the face--
smiling and, in death as
it was in sleep, open-eyed.
It looked like a doll I'd had when I was six
which my father had bought me
when my sister was born.