

you damn fool, you know what I
mean!
we drink a while,
silently.
then she grins and looks at me:
Mr. Dubuckski
Bukowski.
Mr. Burdowsky, you know the niciest thing I like about us?
uh uh.
well, Mr. Burchooski, all the times I been down here,
we never done nothin',
have we?
not yet.
an' we're not going to do anything, are we, Mr. Bur....
Bukowski.
I mean, thas' what I like, I mean, I can come down here
and nothin's gonna happen, is
it?
I hope not, Mrs. Hansen.

she lifts her quart, and the night,
pardon me,
the morning has
begun. but for all my landladies, Mrs. Hansen
is the best I've had. we've got something in
common, although what it is
I haven't exactly
arrived at
yet.

-- Charles Bukowski

Los Angeles, CA

A Very Long (but true) Story

I went out with this Hungarian once
and he really didn't believe
I was divorced or had two kids
or lived where I told him I lived.
So he came by one evening
and I answered the door with a towel
wrapped around my wet hair. I asked
him in. It seems after that
all he wanted to do was argue
about the insipidness of women
and America's need for a nice-nice image.
One evening he came over and nailed up
a large printed sign that said:
IT'S NICE TO BE NICE.
He said it would remind me how phoney

everyone was.

After that I grew a little cool.
He stopped coming over, but he called
a few times to test my position.
Finally he called to say he was flying
back to Hungary.

I said that was nice. He ignored my remark
and asked if I'd like to come and join
him for a few farewell drinks.
I said no, that I didn't want to share
much of anything with him and frankly,
I was pretty damn glad he was going.
Well, he answered, at least I've
left you with something!

K Street 1952

Dragging the main
used to be
the thing to do
when I was a kid.
Everybody turned up
at the same place
on a Friday night.
We'd drive up and down
the streets, waving
and shouting at friends,
making smart-ass remarks
and feel BIG.
Later on
we gathered at
Stan's Drive-In
to watch some more
and take in the usual
fist fights.
We had beer on the floors
of the cars which we
drank practically
under the nose
of the cops. We thought
that we were tough
and clever. And we
probably were.