

mountains and I remembered the factories and the slaughterhouses and the railroad track gangs, I remembered all the dumpy 2 bit slave jobs, the low salaries, the fear, the hatred, the tiredness ...

so this is what killed Dylan Thomas? I thought, sipping at my drink.

bring on the next reading.

-- Charles Bukowski

Los Angeles, CA

Morte D'Arthur

When my cousin Arthur was alive
he drove two Mercedes and a Lancia
had an extra woman in Short Hills
smoked opium hash in a gold pipe
wore a Cuban cigar to my father's funeral
was a friend of Duffy the Lark
and ate mountains of fresh strawberries and yellow cream
in February at the head table in L'Overture's,
washing the mess down with Moet.

Now that my cousin Arthur is dead
he lives with his mother's glaucoma,
packs machinestamped hamburgers
in the Jiffy Meal factory in Hoboken,
masturbates in bus terminals,
squeezes pimples
and sits staring at his hands.

He knows that he is dead when he cuts himself
and he bleeds.

Zeno's Arrow

couldn't move, occupied
an infinity of points --
stationary at each --
or never passed them.
Either way,
motion is illusion.
The way to disprove his point
is to wing an arrow
to his heart.