girls coming home in their cars

the girls are coming home in their cars
and I sit by the window and
watch.

there's a girl in a red dress
driving a white car
there's a girl in a blue dress
driving a blue car
there's a girl in a pink dress
driving a red car.

as the girl in the red dress
gets out of the white car
I look at her legs

as the girl in the blue dress
gets out of the blue car
I look at her legs

as the girl in the pink dress
gets out of the red car
I look at her legs.

the girl in the red dress
who got out of the white car
had the best legs

the girl in the pink dress
who got out of the red car
had medium legs

but I keep remembering the girl in the blue dress
who got out of the blue car

I almost saw her panties

you don't know how exciting life can get
around here
at 5:35 p.m.

75 million dollars

now there's Picasso
and now he's gone.
I know. it's in the papers.
there has been much about Picasso
in the papers.
we know he painted.
now there's the division of the estate. there seem to be many Picassos. it will go to court, probably. 75 million dollars.

I like to think of how he worked with the brush, doing it. wet paint, canvas, whatever. light. him standing there. the process unwinding and smoking. there's light and air and smell and the idea, the smell of the idea. and something to eat. and there's a clock there. don't eat the clock, Pablo. the clock will be along. it came along.

the man leaves and his work remains. but to me it's much more splendid when both the man and the work are about. yes, I know, I know. 75 million dollars.

well, Picasso's gone.

immortality and fame are sometimes different things. Pablo had fame, now he has the other.

I think of Henry Miller walking up and down the floor at Pacific Palisades and waiting.

we're all such good tough creative boys, why do they let us die? 75 million dollars.

some picnic

which reminds me I shacked with Jane for 7 years she was a drunk I loved her

my parents hated her I hated my parents it made a nice foursome