

LET'S BE ORIGINAL

now look, say the editors,
that's a Bukowski poem.

now look, say the editors,
that's a Bukowski ending.

can't you cut out that Bukowski
line? it'd be a good poem
otherwise.

well, fuck you guys, I used to have
the same trouble with
Turgenev, Ernie and
Fydor.

-- Charles Bukowski

Los Angeles CA

A PERSONAL CREDO

he arranged a poetry reading featuring the local high
schools and the board of education objected -- what's in
it for you?

-- nothing, i guess.

-- there's got to be something, they insisted and vetoed
the project.

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the day he turned 30 his brother asks -- now that you are
30, what are you gonna do with yourself?

-- oh, i don't know, just keep on writing.

-- no, i mean, what are your goals? you know, what are
you working for?

(peanuts, he thinks) -- to write better, he says.

-- no, you don't understand. like me, i'm gonna be rich,
so rich i'm gonna retire at 35. what're you gonna be?

(a failure, he wonders) -- i'm it already, he says.

-- al, the brother pities, you'd better get your shit
together.

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his friend, a professor and accomplished writer, asks
him -- why are you publishing a small magazine?

(because i'm a masochist, he thinks) -- because i want to,
he says.
-- no, i mean, why subject yourself? all those manuscripts,
raising money and taking none. what's in it for you?

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to all of them he apologizes -- i am a poet. i must
speak the unspeakable. i must find ways.

THIS CAT DON'T DANCE

1

sure they want to hold you on their
lap stroke your fur hear

you purr
so what?

it's what you want to do
anyway

2

they put you in a paper bag
so they can stand around and watch
you fight your way out

so swat claw bite until you make
the paper crackle like it never
did before then

get up
walkaway

you know the food is in another
room

3

when they're putting your food in the
bowl and it's that chow-chow you
really like and you never did give a
damn about p's & q's anyway

be obnoxious

meow. rub their legs climb up the
counter MEOW. stare them in the