

from Disney, for example. Yes,  
she'll be quite confident about that  
some day. But not now.  
A few of the ants in our queenless "Ant Farm"  
still tunnel. Some god is on the loose  
putting an orange spot on the trunks  
of trees and making them die.  
I put my belly up against the desk.

-- James Klein

Passaic, NJ

### IT'S STRANGE

it's strange when famous people die  
whether they have fought the good fight or  
the bad one.  
it's strange when famous people die  
whether we like them or not  
they become like old buildings old streets  
things and places that we are used to  
which we accept simply because they've been  
there.  
it's strange when famous people die  
it's like the death of a father or  
a pet cat or dog.  
and it's strange when famous people are killed  
or when they kill themselves.  
the trouble with the famous is that they need  
to be replaced and they are never exactly  
replaced, and that gives us this unique  
sadness.  
it's strange when famous people die  
the sidewalks look different and our  
fingernails look different and our bedmates  
and our curtains and our automobiles.  
it's strange when famous people die:  
we become troubled.

### THE VERYIEST

here comes the fishhead singing  
here comes the baked potatoe in drag  
here comes nothing to do all day long  
here comes another night of no sleep  
here comes the phone ringing the wrong voice

here comes a termite with a banjo  
here comes a flagpole with blank eyes  
here comes a cat and a dog wearing nylons  
here comes a machinegun singing  
here comes bacon burning in the pan while we shit  
here comes a voice saying something dull with authority  
here comes a newspaper stuffed with small red birds  
with flat brown beaks  
here comes a cunt carrying a torch  
a grenade  
a deathly love  
here comes victory carrying one bucket of piss  
and one bucket of blood  
and stumbling over the berrybush  
and here comes a little lamb  
and here comes Mary at last  
and the sheets hang out the windows  
and the bombers head east west north south  
get lost  
get tossed like salad  
as all the fish in the sea line up and form  
one line  
one long line  
one very long long line  
the veryiest longest line you could ever imagine  
as my wristwatch sits on a piece of brown wrapping paper  
and we get lost  
walking past purple mountains  
we walk lost  
bare at last like the knife  
or the electric shock  
having given  
having spit it out like an unexpected olive seed  
as the girl at the call service  
screams over the phone:  
"Don't call back! You sound like a jerk!"

-- Charles Bukowski

Los Angeles, CA