

certainly don't want you to leave here thinking those people are liars"
the old man smiled.

they talked of things. the old man said he'd always wanted a fire engine for a toy. then the old man talked about how he used to borrow money from his friends. he'd knock on their doors and ask for a dollar and they would say, "how about 50 cents?"
the host found this amusing. then he read the old man the message the old man had on his door. in a shortened sense the message stated that the old man would rather not be bothered by visitors. "Hesse really wrote that," said the old man, "but I use it. you see, I still write, I paint, I just can't be bothered"
"but when I knocked you let me in," said the host, "why was that?"
"well, I knew that you were coming, you made an appointment," said the old man, "but I just can't see everybody. I still write, I still paint, I ... don't like to be interrupted"
"before you get cranked-up," said the host, "we are going to have a commercial break"

they came back and talked some more. then the host thanked one of America's greatest writers for appearing on his show.
the old man said, "is it over? is the interview over?"
the host said: "I've already thanked you for appearing" the host went on to say who was appearing next week and the next week and the week and weeks after that and then the program was over.

RISE, OLD PURPLE SNAKE!

one thing.
when the women aren't about
a man gets his work
done.
and getting it down is just as
important as
getting it up.
more so,
I think, though I prefer a bit
of each.
right now
I'm getting it down.

the day will come (?)
when I can do neither,
and I can't imagine it:
when the girls stop knocking at the door
and the editors turn it all away
and all the critics say that I am
bad.

a death to live until death.

I am disgusted with the machinery of myself.
only young girls
rosebuds of girls
can help me forget.

see how nicely
I am getting it
down?

FIRING SQUAD

Mati Hari smiled into the throats of the rifles
as the birds sang
and the roaches climbed the walls
and people flushed toilets.
you can go into death smiling
and it can be a bluff or
it might be true.

every man there
wanted to mount her upon his soul
wanted to fuck her.

one of them did
but none of them knew
which one.

some climax.

-- Charles Bukowski

Los Angeles CA