

next Saturday they'll bring in 3 new groups
and rope them off.

THOSE

they sit down
batten down
talk
move their arms
they have nothing to
do
and since they have
nothing to do
they'd prefer to do it
around you

I am astonished at the
many people with
nothing to do
but batten down
talk
move their arms

they knock on doors
like people with
nothing to do

and when they talk
their desperation is
without agony
it's more like a nervous
affliction with
nothing to do

sometimes I simply tell them
to leave
and they do
and then I feel guilty
as if I had misinterpreted
their mission
I feel that I have offended
them

not so
they return
they always return
each and every one of them
they sit down

batten down
talk
move their arms

but I know
that I am not the only one
who suffers them

they go from one to another
and when they go to another
I get the one who has been to
another
and
they sit down
batten down
talk
move their arms.

-- Charles Bukowski

San Pedro CA

BAIT SHOP POSTCARD

Stopping to get worms at the bait shop on the way up, Dad showed him the funniest postcard that had some dumb lady trying to balance in a canoe with its bow lurching toward the camera because her rod was bent down to where the line was trying to reach right under the canoe's hull, practically through her legs, toward the other side, almost flipping the boat, over to where she couldn't see but the hook was snagged onto a fish with a head the size of a bathtub whose gaping, finely-toothed jaw was surging up from the lake about to take a giant chomp from her unsuspecting but sticking way, way out rear end.

"Just like your mom," Dad chuckled.

"What is?"

"Butt stuck way out."

"Oh," Tim said. "Is that fish real?"

But Dad pushed him to get back to the car because Mom was waiting.