

## PRETTY BOY

we drank together  
I was 59 and he was 29  
and he could catch girls  
like a spider catches flies  
only faster than that:  
he didn't have to wait.

he was a pretty boy,  
well, he wasn't pretty to  
me,  
just to the girls --  
slim body, tightly-fitting  
clothes,  
blue eyes, blonde locks,  
perfectly-shaped  
ears, nose, chin and so  
forth.  
also, one of his x-wives  
told me he had a  
big cock.  
besides that, he had a  
private income.

he held a mixed drink  
while I sucked upon  
beer after beer.

"when my old lady  
goes out to fuck somebody,"  
he said,  
"I just put on my pajamas,  
pull up the covers and  
go to sleep."

"I can't do that,"  
I said.

"it's just a hole,"  
he said,  
"you worry too much  
about it."

he got up and  
changed the record  
on his stereo.  
he moved like a gazelle.  
there were no wrinkles  
in his pants,  
no spots or stains.  
he was like something

off a drawing board.

with my pants  
the pockets ripped open  
the zipper didn't run  
to the top  
the belt curled,  
cigarette holes appeared.  
the pants were either  
too long and  
I stepped on them  
with my heels  
or they were too short  
and showed stockings  
which didn't cling.

he turned the stereo up  
loud,  
came back and  
sat down.

"with women," I told him,  
"I get attached,  
I get sentimental."

he grinned at me  
showing even white teeth.

"you know," I said,  
"her pillow next to my  
pillow; my car pushing  
her stalled car down the  
street; and when it rains,  
you know, we listen to the  
same rain from the same  
bed. I could make you  
a long list ...."

his grin increased.  
he knew my women;  
he managed to get into bed  
with most of them.

"I don't like your women,"  
he told me.

he got up  
moved into his kitchen  
and mixed himself a  
new drink.  
he had seltzer bottles,  
and machinery which  
hummed and clicked and  
whirled.



he stood a moment under the kitchen light his hair looking more golden than ever. then he walked out with a glass tube sticking out of his drink. the tube had little colored veins running through it. he sat down and stirred his drink with the glass tube.

"o.k.," he said, sipping at his drink, "first, you don't dress right: you got to wear tight pants so your cock shows."

"wait a minute," I said, "I'm almost 60 years old ...."

"just listen to me," he said, "they got to see the cock, they like to see it, and if you don't have a big cock you wear a dildo: lots of guys do it. and it doesn't matter because once you get into them it's too late for them. and you've got to learn to dance good because women relate dancing to fucking. they think if you can dance good you can screw good."

"is there," I asked, "some truth in that?"

"of course not," he told me, "but truth has nothing to do with this thing."

"is there any more beer?" I asked.

"down by your leg," he said "you brought down three six-packs, remember?"

I said, "this beer is kind of warm."

"with a woman," he continued, "you must always make yourself seem to be unavailable. you must act disinterested; once she's solved you she's done with you; she needs a problem to work on."

"maybe," I suggested, "if they think they can control the man they can raise the child?"

he smiled gracefully, "no, they have the child to control the man."

"why don't you turn that god damned stereo down a bit?" I asked.

"just remember," he said, "there are 6,000 boats down at Marina del Rey with at least two beautiful whores on each of them and you'll never meet any of them."

"I've got to go," I told him.



"o.k.," he said,  
"be cool, man ...."

I walked down toward  
my court and  
before I could get  
to my door I had to  
stop and vomit in the  
bushes.

I finished  
opened my door  
and I went inside  
and there was the bed  
and there were the walls  
hello  
and the problem was  
that it had happened before.  
I went to the refrigerator  
and found  
a cold beer,  
cracked it.

if you got up  
in the morning  
and if you had a  
car on the street  
and if that car  
hadn't been stolen  
and if you  
got into it  
and it started  
then that was  
miracle enough.

I drank the  
cold beer.

---

#### I CAN'T STOP

people keep telling me  
you know,  
you ought to stop writing  
those race track poems,  
you have no idea  
how boring they are.

well, I was at the track  
the other day  
and I had to go in  
and take a piss.  
I unzipped and stood there  
grabbing and groping  
and tugging;  
I tugged and I groped and  
I grabbed  
and the guy next to me  
said:

"my god, you must really  
have a lot of it ...."  
and I told him,  
"nothing like that, sir,  
I've got my shorts on  
backwards."

I got it out  
from underneath  
and pissed half of it  
down my leg.  
then I went out  
and caught a  
six to one shot  
who won  
by four lengths.

this is  
just another  
boring poem.

-- Charles Bukowski

San Pedro CA