

"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