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I  
would rather  
write badly and have fun  
than write well and be miserable

I would rather see my words here  
swell out like a growing organ

yesterday I completed a prose novel by john fante  
ask the dust fante breathed new spirit into me and I was  
gleaming and healthy mad trotting  
about my house  
all day and even now

I'm full of the life of that  
wonderful book

it is the definitive los angeles novel  
I know  
I was raised at  
alvarado and temple

grow a little fat and write in relative peace

it's  
a way of getting  
them to leave you alone

a little roll around  
the middle a  
a bit of  
pleasant fat

it's a way  
to  
keep the men and  
women off you  
for me it's  
women  
keep them from  
picking the pubic  
hairs