

## CONFESSION

now look, Benny, he said  
(blowing the cigar smoke into Benny's  
face),  
we don't want to circumvent the  
truth, do we?

ah, no, said Benny.

look, the only way I can defend you is  
if you tell the truth.

sure ....

then, tell me ....

what?

you raped and killed this little girl,  
right?

no, no, not me, it was somebody else ....

you like little girls?

sure ....

then you did it?

ah, no.

o.k., Benny, I did it. you defend  
me.

I got no law training.

tell me, did you like it, Benny? what  
did it feel like? he asked (blowing more  
cigar smoke into Benny's face).

it was like eating an icecream cone ....

what flavor, Benny?

all the flavors ....

I'm not going to let them put you in the  
chair, Benny, I'm going to get you a life  
sentence ....

thank you, Mr. Markovitch ....

no thanks needed, Benny, I only do what I have to  
do ....

I guess we're both lawyers then, Mr.  
Markovitch ....

## THE MUTILATION OF THE SPECIES

sweet mama,  
she like to eat icecream, candy bars  
and chocolate doughnuts;



breakfast at her place was  
lemon meringue pie and hot chocolate.

she was 20 years younger and  
the weight gathered upon me  
easier.

after a while  
when we made love  
my belly got in the way.

"you're not as good as you  
used to be," she said.

"get on top," I told her.

I had to throw away all my clothes  
and get larger ones.

I kept getting fatter so that even  
her getting on top  
stopped working.

that finished us ....

the next one I met  
was 30 years younger.  
she took pills, drank  
and went to bed  
with everybody.  
she worried me sick  
and I couldn't eat  
at all.

I had to throw away all my clothes  
and get smaller ones.

"you look awful," she said and  
ran away with a younger man ....

the next one was about my age  
and we just sat around  
at her place and drank and talked  
about what a terrible place  
the world was.

we also drank at cafes  
and while we were there  
we ate something.  
I was soon back to  
my normal weight.

then Sweet Mama  
saw me one day  
all slimmed down and  
asked me to  
come back to her  
and I did,  
only I didn't move



back in,  
I stayed at my  
place.

and then the one  
who was 30 years younger  
saw me and  
told me I was looking good  
and she started coming  
by

and I decided  
I'd keep them both --  
one to worry me sick  
and thin me down  
and the other to  
pump me  
full of sweet.

but I screwed that up.  
I met a 31 year old  
divorcee  
from Texas  
who looked like  
a young Katherine Hepburn  
and I went down there  
and she introduced me  
to the works of  
Borges.

-- Charles Bukowski

San Pedro CA

#### THE HUNDRED-WORD STORY

A man decides to write a story that will be a hundred words long -- not ninety, or a hundred thirteen, but exactly a hundred. He knows it must be a real story, with a plot -- in this case, a man writing a story -- and some conflict -- the need to make the story exactly a hundred words. About halfway through, he begins to worry that he will not be able to do what he wants. What if he cannot say everything in a hundred words? He is afraid that he will either have to stop in the middle of a sentence.

-- F. Keith Wahle

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