

OCTOBER SECOND

rain. woke to it this morning,
and it stayed around for the entire
day. took a ride out of town with s
in the afternoon. ended up at a university.
checked out the gallery there, but came
away dissatisfied. went for mexican food at
a place that seemed to serve food from all
over the world. found a stone in my chili
and complained about it, mildly. rain.
our conversations slow. old roads we've been
over a hundred times before. old roads and
old laments. i think we made the mistake of
not taking any weed with us. found myself
falling into a bit of a depression walking on
the grounds of the university. everyone seemed
so incredibly young. like children. this
didn't seem to bother s though, who is older
than i am. gallery was poor, so s just used
the bathroom there and that was that. we took off
from the precious parking spot which had taken us
so long to find. went to the bookstore out on
the highway. s bought another bukowski book.
it astounds me the way he consumes bukowski.
and the money he spends on him. i bought a
couple of post cards. one was of a painting
by monet, and the other was of some german dolls,
antique ones. also bought a large rubber insect,
a big green thing, a grasshopper with red eyes.
it was only thirty cents. i thought it was a
good deal. rain. the windshield wipers
going for most of the drive. conversations
slow. laments concerning escape from the
lives we live. a stone in my chili. i'll
give the big green insect to my mother for
her birthday. old roads, passing under a
dreary bridge, dreaming of the night's wine.
a drive taken for the sole desire of getting
the hell out of town. town with its dead stores
and miserable dirty water. s looked like
the only crazy on campus. the only animated
creature. the only bald character with
dangling black ponytail. walking fast
between buildings. the gallery nothing special.
some photo work. s had to take a wicked
pee. young faces. i felt over the hill.
a stone in my chili. the waitress did take
a dollar off of the check.