

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.