

Chinese wench," he
says, "and"

"OW! CHRIST!"

"that's your
pancreas," he
says.

"thanks," I tell
him, "move over to
the kidneys"

LONDON BRIDGES

"London Bridges falling down,
falling down! ...

all
fall
DOWN!"

and the little girls
would all fall
on their butts
laughing

and I'd see their
panties

then we'd get up,
hold hands
and
circle:

"London Bridges falling down,
falling down! ...

all
fall
DOWN!"

and I'd see their
panties
again.

"Hey, Henry," the guys
would say to me,
"you're always playing
with
the girls!"

"you guys are too

tough for me," I'd
tell them.

they liked that.

and my mother would
ask, "Henry, how come
the backs of your
pants
always have
grass stains?"

"what stains,
Mom?"

you don't know the
trouble I had
just to see
those
panties

and it's never
stopped.

A CAT IS A CAT IS A CAT IS
A CAT

she's whistling and clapping
for the cats
at 2 a.m.
as I sit in here
with my wine and my
Beethoven.

"they're just prowling," I
tell her

Beethoven rattles his bones
in majesty

and those damn cats
don't even care
about
any of that

and
if they did
I wouldn't like them
at
all:

things begin to lose their
natural value

as they near
human
endeavor.

nothing against
Beethoven:

he did fine
for what he
was

but I wouldn't want
him
on my rug
with one leg
over his head
while
he was
licking
his balls.

RIFT

"I can't live with you
anymore,"
she said,
"look at you!"

"uuh?" I
asked.

"look at you!
sitting in that god
damned
chair!
your belly is sticking out
of your
underwear,
you've burnt cigarette
holes in all your
shirts!
all you do is suck
on that god damned
beer,
bottle after bottle
what do you get out of
that?"

"the damage has been
done," I told
her.

"what're you talking
about?"

"nothing matters and
we know nothing matters
and that
matters"

"you're drunk!"

"come on, baby, let's get
along, it's
easy"

"not for me!" she screamed,
"not for
me!"

she ran into the bathroom to
put on her
makeup.

I got up for another
beer.

I sat back down
just had the new bottle
to my mouth
when she came out of the
bathroom.

"holy shit!" she screamed,
"you're
disgusting!"

I laughed right into the
bottle, gagged,
spit a mouthful of
beer across my
undershirt.

"my god!" she
said.

she slammed the door and
was gone.

I looked at the closed door
and at the doorknob
and strangely
I didn't feel
alone.

I wasn't.

I lifted the beer bottle and
took another
hit.

— Charles Bukowski
San Pedro CA