

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