

I HAVE THIS ROOM (1985)

I have this room up here where I sit alone and it's much like my rooms of the past — bottles and papers, books, belts, combs, old newspapers, various trash spread about. my disorder was never chosen, it just arrived and it stayed.

in the time of each there's never enough time to place all things right — there is always breakdown, loss, the hard mathematic of confusion and weariness.

we are harangued with immense and trivial tasks and times arrive of stoicism or of horror when it becomes impossible to pay a gas bill or to even answer the threat from the IRS or termites or the papal doom of serving your soul (?) up for self-surveillance.

I have this room up here and it's much the same as always: the failure to live grandly with the female or the universe, it gets so stuffy, all rubbed raw with self-complaint, attrition, re-runs.

I have this room up here and I've had this same room in so many cities — the years shot suddenly away, I still sit feeling no different than in my youth.

the room always was — still is — best at night — the yellowness of the electric light while sitting and drinking — all we've ever needed was a minor retreat from all the galling nonsense: we could always handle the worst if we were sometimes allowed the tiniest of awakenings from the nightmare, and the gods, so far, have allowed us this.

I have this room up here and I sit alone in the floating, poking, crazy ultimates, I am lazy in these fields of pain and my friends, the walls, embrace this once-gamble — my heart can't laugh but sometimes it smiles in the yellow electric light: to have come so far to sit alone again in this room up here.

— Charles Bukowski

San Pedro CA