

declined dramatically. the traffic flowed smoothly. efficiency and safety both flourished. all the attempts at human engineering had proved not only unnecessary but downright counter-productive.

TO GET WHAT YOU PAY FOR IS THE BEST YOU CAN EXPECT

i overheard how bukowski had these incredibly reasonable mortgage payments on his very nice house in san pedro and yet he had this constant worry that he wouldn't always be able to make them.

i can understand that. he didn't, after all, have a steady job, and who would not be a fool to count on the continuance of literary income, especially anyone who'd known the years when royalties were zilch.

so he knew well the way employers and the government can get you by the balls, and now he had a chance to learn, before dying, the way s-and-ls can get their claws into you.

so why did he do it?
no doubt partly for his wife,
a woman whom he loved and who was giving him
a better life than he had ever known,

but he also enjoyed the place,
the garden and the view,
a good place to raise cats,
a bit of spaciousness, a little privacy,
room to garden, room for a narrow lap-pool,
some shelves to keep his books on,
improved audio for bruckner and ludwig b.,
some neighbors and some distance from them,
a little girl across the street who
brought out the grandfather in him.

and who really wants to end up living in the gutter,
dying in humiliation?

so, a little mortgage-worry wasn't all that bad a
trade-off.
and anyone who thinks that you don't pay for
what you get in life
is either an old fool
or a very young one.