

would it be arrogant and prideful
of me to admit
that i always felt it was healthier
to aspire to do such good work onself
that one day the famous might want
to meet you?

that's how it happened for bukowski,
who is one of the famous i did meet,
and that i am glad to have met,
and who did not,
to the best of my knowledge,
ever aspire to meet andy warhol
or anybody else.

DAVID HOCKNEY: MY BEDROOM

how neat, how english.
how purified of passion.
i realize that it deliberately states:
i am not van gogh.

how true.

AT LEAST IT GRANTS US A CULTURE

i read in the catalogue,
"more than any other artist,
hockney is identified with the
culture of southern california."

jesus: hockney on the one hand
and bukowski on the other.
what an image the outside world
must have of us. it's no wonder
no one ever comes here
legally anymore.

DAVID HOCKNEY: DE LONGPRE AVENUE, 1976

five years earlier i met bukowski
in his bungalow on de longpre,
between normandie and western.

hockney's segment,
of palms, pastels, clear skies,
neat dwellings,
must have been
considerably west of there.