



I'd always hoped to  
meet him.  
Perhaps at Santa Anita.  
Drinking a beer from a  
plastic Budweiser cup  
and scarfing a ham on rye,  
he'd be eyeing  
the asses  
of the pretty, young girls  
wating to place  
their bets.  
I'd stroll up to him  
and say  
HELLO. I REALLY LIKE YOUR WORK.  
I WANT TO WRITE LIKE YOU.  
To which he'd smile  
and belch and  
try to pinch my butt.  
This dream ended  
eleven days ago -  
the day Bukowski died.

# I NEVER GOT TO MEET MY HERO

## KELLY CHARLTON

Clifford Kane

IT'S

NOT

HER

AT

ALL

God knows  
it ain't easy  
her just screaming  
for life that ain't  
what it is  
and me just red and black  
and shutting down  
and seezing up  
and doing  
my best to think  
with a mind  
that's quit  
and what is she  
now clay  
now doing  
now giving  
to my red and black  
getting away and out  
and me letting her pass  
can't she do  
can't I be  
I'm not as  
I am  
looking in glass  
and see red and black eyes

and looking  
at what was  
and what is  
and sick tomorrow  
trying to explain  
why it's not  
her at all