ner just screaming

**God knows** t ain't easy for life that ain't

what it is

and shutting down

and seezing up

my best to think

with a mind

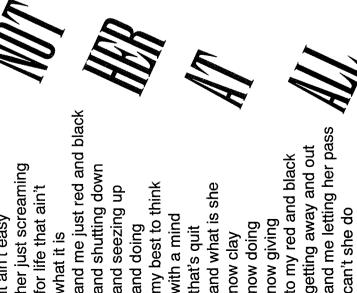
I'd always hoped to meet him. Perhaps at Santa Anita. Drinking a beer from a plastic Budweiser cup and scarfing a ham on rye, he'd be eyeing the asses of the pretty, young girls wating to place their bets. I'd stroll up to him and say

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 KELLY CHARLTON

and sick tomorrow rrying to explain at what was and what is and looking ner at all



and what is she

now doing

now clay

and me letting her pass getting away and out to my red and black can't she do now giving

'm not as can't I be

and see red and black eyes looking in glass

