## OBITUARY

from hollywood i drove to the westside ate lunch then shot down stocker east through south central up martin luther king boulevard jazz till 2 a.m. and watched crossing guards escort boys and girls across the street passed sunshine bright clear the calling card lounge the ski hut's chain-locked door the menlo room closed since 1948 and the coliseum cracked and beat 2 riots and 7 earthquakes to figureoa turned left and moved beyond julie's trojan barrel green light red light cachao and eddie palmieri oscar 'd leon and war pumping through air a black lincoln cuts in front booming bass cruising into downtown civic center next to beggar jack the shoe shine boy
and the one-legged
wheelchair-bound
vietnam veteran who whispers good morning every afternoon subterranean park up the stairs sit and dial you have 1 message press 1 to listen press 2 to ... press

"hey lawrence
this is your brother sean
i don't know if you
heard
but they're saying
on the news that
bukowski's
dead"

- Lawrence Welsh
Los Angeles CA

## THE SHIMMERING WALL

On the wall of my workroom are pictures of writers that I admire, photos I've clipped over the years & tacked up there to give me a little help when the blank white sheet starts staring back at me:

Pound lounging in his Paris studio with friends, F. Scott with Zelda on the deck of an ocean liner, Hemingway drinking in a crowded Havana bar, T.S. giving a reading at Sylvia Beach's bookshop, Joyce at a tea party playing his mandolin...

Then there's the picture of Céline alone, an old man alone in the dining room of his ramshackle house at Meudon. It's dead of winter but the fireplace is dark. He sits at the large round table wearing an overcoat & scarf. The table's cluttered with his writing, some of it in stacks, some scattered among the pencils & pens, a bottle of ink, two knobby apples, half a sandwich, a cup & saucer...

Céline looks up hopelessly at the camera; he's waiting for death to knock, death does knock.

Now Bukowski's dead, dead as his beloved Beethoven.

Bukowsi & Céline were brothers; a couple of pirates, two lone wolves, who loved their cats more than they did humankind.