I'm sure sorry for those bastards, said Gus.

all around us was grass and trees and brush. a white cat ran by. we sat there smoking our rolled cigarettes. by the time those bastards got home we'd be asleep.

-- Charles Bukowski

Los Angeles, California

The Beautiful People

They gather together like gnats swinging in circles, massed in columns of air, holding uneasy motion. I watch them from my window. They saunter around the oval pool in swim suits that allow large breathing They fondle their spaces. cigarettes and drinks. Even above the buzz of their voices, I hear the ice in their glasses clink. I watch the water churn occasionally as they dive under the shadow of the sun. Then surface, gulping air. They hold their smiles in place along with their skimpy clothes. They accept their place. They consider themselves the beautiful people. And they are.

A Story

When they married everyone said how she was beneath him. No one, family or friends, would have anything to do with him after that. And so he just stayed at home with his new wife while the years went on and for the entire length of their marriage (successful) she was always beneath him even though they never had any children.