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the day will come (?)
when I can do neither,
and I can't imagine it:
when the girls stop knocking at the door
and the editors turn it all away
and all the critics say that I am
bad.

a death to live until death.

I am disgusted with the machinery of myself. only young girls rosebuds of girls can help me forget.

see how nicely I am getting it down?

FIRING SQUAD

Mati Hari smiled into the throats of the rifles as the birds sang and the roaches climbed the walls and people flushed toilets. you can go into death smiling and it can be a bluff or it might be true.

every man there wanted to mount her upon his soul wanted to fuck her.

one of them did but none of them knew which one.

some climax.

-- Charles Bukowski Los Angeles CA