

a couple of weeks later we got a package in the mail from this lady and the lady had enclosed her book which had been published in Europe by this major press some years back

she signed it "love" and asked in an enclosed letter if I might get my editor to re-publish her book here in America.

I read it
disliked it and
mailed it on to my editor.

that was eleven years ago, as yet my editor hasn't published that book
but here's a poem about it:

not much, you see, maybe never should have been written
except for the Spanish gate.

I liked
it.

EMERGENCY

"if you ever need to find
Charles Bukowski
there is a very good chance
that you will find him at
the racetrack (whichever
one is running)."

along with various addresses
and phone numbers
she carries this message
along with her I.D.

I find this particularly
enchanting
even more so than
when she says,
"I love you, Reebers ..."

her pet name for me,
I hope.