

Table of Contents

01. Bukowski reads Bukowski	pg.2
02. Dza Cat	pg.6
03. Some Sort of Show	pg.7
04. Noster	pg.9
05. I Wonder	pg.10

01. Bukowski Reads Bukowski

Death isn't too different
than two flies walking around
like a pimp hitting on a high
school girl

she swallows her own

VOMIT

and now drinks

this hair down

Down below

her knees

And oh fuck,

fuck.

life

til it comes

and til it cums

I want to slap

The shit out of

YOU

lets take a shit

on top o that hill

and oh lets fuck til

we can not longer

walk

death is at your window

lets keep quiet

it will never know we are hea.

Bukowski reads

“A fatal attraction is common

and what we have common is pain”

boo-caw-skee reads,

he reads
chasing after the past
foaming at the liver
Death is nothing new
its two bottles of tequila
a bottle of whiskey
twelve beers, rum
love and other drugs...
I sit and listen to Bukowski
reading, and he reads
florida, and california,
i sit to listen to
bukowski reading pain
and reading death,
and he reads with the voice
of tom waits....

he reads

“I don’t know. I only know that, if you’re
with me still, it’s because of all those nights we’ve
had together, nights of fierce, joyless pleasure; it’s
Because you alone know me as I am.”

Reads after the rain, reads after the heat,
Reads after the rain! Reads “lonely as I am”
reads while howling
reads ignorance
reads a few pages
reads a whole life
reads love in a I am going
a muddy road, a start at the night
a star in the sky, a scar in an eye
its opening little infernos
its opening the palm of a hand

bukowski reading the cards
reads love in a 'I'm coming too!'
"really want
a plain
where I can lay"
reads "is it strange to dance so soon"
suddenly he reads
in the voice of michael
and bukowski reads bukowski
to nietzsche and zarathustra
to didi and to don
"you been drinking?"
reads to the hips of de beauvoir
"and every fair from fair sometimes declines"
reading out the signs
of the road and the cross
reads while driving
death is it's just another rock
inside a boot
death just another bush
yes, just another hush
a silent sec before the act where/when and how.
helen and i sit and
we listen to bukowski
helen ill rock your life
helen i'll spank you
helen i'll use a paddle
at first ill only press the wood
against your angst
ill softfilthily caress
your anxiety and
yaur sex

yesqueen

your servitude

your death at my fingertips

til you drop your fears

and til you've dropped.

this rock our tomb

bukowsky

reads "without bread,

Without beer,

Who are we?"

i sit and see death

in the screen of my phone

and it isn't too different

than texting someone

helen, you are by my side

helen, you and i listen to

bukowski and to sapho

to the beats, beatles, n beatless

we listen to bukowski reading proust

and singing from the bottom of my heart

-“I like big butts!”-and I cannot lie.

And Bukowski looks at us and says

“It's all in the voice”.

02. Dza Cat

Datz dat

cat memes

my week

its gone

the mostest

wasted hours

the dankest

memes of all

Drumpf

president

people are rioting

and dats dsat

dzaaiom

women wants

a bad boys

I hears it

thru the vine

ma girl wants

a cat and I a dog

people are rioting

there is no need to argue

getting a dog is betta

do a catdog would be

better.... Its dza cat

again, when she sees it

all she wants is one.

Oh dzat cat in a box....

03. Some Sort of Show

A falafel on my walk to Times Square
some gallery or other should be open at this hour
the American Museum of Natural History
lighted with white blue lights
“It’s a long walk, you should take a taxi”
I have walked all Madison, all Broadway
Gone around Columbus Circle
Hot dog after hot dog, thought after thought
my brain spinning in the green,
my body seated at the Knickerbocker Bar & Grill
with a burger and a beer,
and after another old fashion
the American Museum opens
and I walk the Mondrian streets
and I get inside the cab
Queen Bathsheba walking by
and I hear the installation
the great american tourist
some person more important than god
who cannot walk amongst us she it is
some sort of instigation, an insinuation of is,
what columns hold the Public Theater
there goes the water
the pitcher brakes, the woman stares
we all keep walking down 47th
Madison n Park, on the sidewalk did I just wake up?
To the starbucks, the Museum should open soon
for now, I see this other exhibition,
there inside the windows
someone dancing with a broom,

this other person being old fashion sips on coffee
and reads the times on paper,
I should probably try and catch a train,
so I walk to bryant park, three couples
walk and talk about chick-fil-a being closed
does it have to do with praying mantis
only the artist can know, I have a bagel
and an orange juice, what did this place
said to me? It called me sometime ago,
putting together some sort of show.

04. Noster

Once,	Once,	Once,	Once,	Once,
there	there	there	there	there
	was	was	was	was
	was			
the	the	the	the	the
	end.	end.	end.	end.
				end.

I call you oh god
for dreams and reality
neither are truly at rest.
I call you oh god, again
for my mouth is thirsty
and my heart is thirsty
and I've left my soul.
I call you oh god, as always
when profound loneliness
when I am convinced that all our
ancient formations, our own
less improved parent, that us
live a lonely and silent passion.

05. I Wonder

I wonder how the sliding benches
and the tanbark creatures react
to the warmth of the sun

I've seen them playing hide and seek
in the lamp lighted playground
When the sun has been kicked

I've seen the air move like snakes,
chasing swings playing tag.

You know, the breathless run isn't safe.

The sun jumps so high just to get rid of us.

And I wonder just how bright the whole park stands

And what happens to the twisting metals in the heat

I've heard that little monsters

Chew time in the playground,

They say that's how they foster,

Fully enjoying the merry go round.