

BLUES SONG

pardon the territory of my grieving--
it's improper I know,
maybe even
hostile

but the bacon's burning
the bacon's burning

tall nights
armed with machineguns
circle my dizzy and cowardly
bed

the
bacon's
burning

so let's wipe our silly
arses
pretend that we are pleasurable
meaningful things

isn't that the tune
to try to beat
the dirtiest trick of them
all ?

CHARLES BUKOWSKI