



MR CHARLES BUKOWSKI
69 CACHINNATION ROW
CATATONIA CITY
00100



DEAR MR. BUKOWSKI:

I'VE READ YOUR
POEMS. WOULDN'T YOU
LIKE TO COME OVER
FOR A CHICKEN AND
RICE DINNER? I'VE
GOT A 4 YEAR OLD
DAUGHTER, SARAH, AND
SHE ASKS ABOUT YOU.
WHAT WE ARE
WONDERING ABOUT IS
WHAT IS YOUR
TYPICAL DAY LIKE?

CINDY

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THEN, STRANGELY, I FIND MYSELF
AT THE RACETRACK AGAIN,
LOSING WITH MY NEW SYSTEM.



7

I GO HOME AND DRINK 18
BOTTLES OF BEER.



8

NEXT I SMOKE SOME BAD
SHIT, REAL BAD SHIT, AND THEN
I FEEL SUPERIOR TO ALL THE
FUNCTIONS OF SOCIETY.



9

THEN I GO OVER TO MY
GIRLFRIEND'S PLACE. I CALL
HER A WHORE. WE FIGHT.



WE CALL A PAUSE FOR
NEGOTIATIONS.



WE SLEEP AT HER PLACE. SHE SLEEPS.
I LOOK AT THE CEILING AND DRINK
BEER. I DON'T KNOW WHEN I WRITE THE
POEMS. AND

THANKS BUT I DON'T
LIKE CHICKEN + RICE. =
YRS. BUK