

fencing with the shadows

CHARLES BUKOWSKI

really feeling old sometimes,
pushing off to get off of the couch.
puffing as I tie my shoes.
no, not me.
Jesus, please, not me.
don't
have me in a fucking walker next,
plodding along.
somehow, I can't abide with all
this.
have a few drinks, light a cigar,
feel better.
at least I still make the track
every day they're running, slam
my bets in.
keeps the heart warm and the
brain hustling.
I still drive some of the side streets
in the meanest part of
town.
I glide down back alleys, peering
around.
I'm still crazy.
I'm all right.
and I'm in and out of doctors
offices, for this, that, joking with
the nurses.
give me a few pills and I'm all
hell.
got a refrigerator up here
stocked with cold ones.
the fight is still on.
I'm backed into a corner and
snarling at the dark.
the redemption and the glory.
the last march of the summers.
try to put me in a walker and I'll
kick your ass.
meanwhile, another cold one.
and another.
see you at the finish line,
sucker.