

ME AND BUKOWSKI



A SERIES FROM FREETHOUGHT
FEATURING

A. D. WINANS

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**POEM FOR ALL THE KIDS
WHO COULDN'T GET
ENOUGH OF BUKOWSKI**

Charles Bukowski



by Christine Fullwood



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BUKOWSKI

Those kids could never
Get enough of him
Not in books or magazines
Or on rare occasions in person
They wrote poems for and
About him
They bemoaned the fact that
He hadn't been accepted
By the academics
As if this were somehow a liability
They flattered away
At the establishment
Supposedly on his behalf
But suspect that
Getting their names in print
Had more than a little
To do with it
A few chastised him for
Not using semi colons
But were quick to forgive him
Because he was a genius
And a genius can do whatever
He wants to do

To his credit
When fame came knocking
At his door
He quit writing hate poems
To those who had befriended
him
And if success can do this
To you
She can't be half the whore
We make her out to be

For a man who lived a one
Most of his life
He did remarkably well
And if he conned the small
Press editors and publishers
It was only because
He had the money to do it
And selling your soul
To the post office
All those years
Was no easy task
I know I have been there

And the readings never
Came easy
Puking his guts out
Back stage
Or in a bar room
Or that one time
In San Francisco
On the side
Of Ferlinghetti's van
But fate was kind to him
It gave him Linda Lee and
A new lease on life
A home in San Pedro
& now many years
She tacked on to his life
We'll never know

He would have been the first
To tell you he was an asshole
And he was
And so are you and I
Sometimes more so
Sometimes less
But rarely with
As much class

He would have been the first
To admit he was a hustler
& a con man
& he was both
& he did it with style
Which is more than
You can say
For most of us

What he wouldn't tell
All those kids
Was what they wanted
To hear the most
That yes they were poets
That yes their work was dynamite
That yes they too could make it
If they flooded the
Littles with their work
For the next twenty years
And fate was kind to them
Failing that
There is always suicide
Or a job with the Post office
AMEN

Rest in peace

For Hank

I tried to picture him
Battling leukemia
But still managing
Just twenty days
Before his death
To send a poem
To Wormwood Review
Filled with life
To the end
Perhaps a wry smile
On his face
For the doctor
And a hand on the ass
Of the nurse
Playing out the game
Like only
The old man was capable
Of doing

This Chapbook is limited to 100 numbered and
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NUMBER 2 IN A SERIES

**POEM FOR ALL THE
KIDS WHO COULDN'T
GET ENOUGH OF
BUKOWSKI**

M. Montfort

**COVER PHOTO OF BUKOWSKI
COURTESY MICHAEL MONTFORT**

**COVER PHOTO OF A.D. WINANS
COURTESY A.D. WINANS**

PEN AND INK PORTRAITS OF

CHARLES BUKOWSKI

AND

A.D. WINANS

BY

CHRISTINE FULLWOOD

FREETHOUGHT FLYER#11



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