

Number 1 in a series

THIS DAY IS SHOT

by

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M. M. 2/27

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Me And Bukowski

A series from Freethought
featuring

Linda King

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THIS DAY IS SHOT



This day has had it
This day has gone sour
And I'm going to fuck it up more
I am going out dancing
and leaping and swaying and flirting
And you are going to be
so tired from the track
That you are going to bed
But I love to dance
And you love the track
I will dance... you will bet
I won't object to your sport
You won't object to mine
I'll see you
When I get back in the morning
Hopefully before you leave for the track

I'm sorry I couldn't wait for you
To come home from the horses
Like a good woman
And have a hot dinner waiting
But we are not married and a good wife
I am not
I may be a good fuck
But I might even lack that ability

I realized the last few months
Have been dominated by your desires
And I'm getting meaner by the day
Because I have given up
All the things I like to do
In favor of what you like to do
These feet like to dance
And dance they will
Dance... Dance... Dance

You said I would give you a hard time
Couldn't help it
You are right
I can't help it

It is good not to be married
So that I might please my self
I have a ten year long habit
Of trying to do what the man likes
But it is useless

Naturally you will assume this is a break
you will run out to get as drunk as possible
But that is just another
Form of your blackmail
To keep me in line
You bad boy

If you get thirsty... drink
I can't worry if it kills you
It will kill you sooner or later anyway
If you die because I go dancing
It will only mean
Dancing has won

Drink like the wind
Drink like the stream
Drink, I demand you drink
Get deliciously drunk
So that your mind blacks out
And your soul flees
Drink, my darling
You can find many nurses
Drink like you were a god
And write how you sat with your
Bottle of beer
It is such a dramatic picture
The horses, the beer and the bad woman
This is all a great poet needs
I am the bad woman
And I have gone out to be bad
So that you can write more powerfully still
I do this to you

...Linda King

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