

REGULAR GRIND: the coffee
life

now sores on the palm
but better than driving nails
through
and I have sat up in this bed
5 hours
listening to dump trucks
trash trucks
(between 12 a.m. and on)
listening to elephants being
washed in

Pakistan,
I once leaped up
ran into kitchen
and between a slit in the
window
saw a newspaper deliveryboy
being eaten
soundlessly
bloodlessly
by a mammoth
golden snake, and
tattooed on the snake's
side in very faint
lavender:

FIGHT ON FOR OLD S.C.!

then about
a quarter past 4
something like death came
in,
sat about my toes
pinched my veins
gave me a
toothache,
I got up and pissed
worried about something—
had I locked the car?—
but I couldn't lock the car:
the windows were
broken, and I flushed, killed an
ant, looked in the mirror
was sick was sick,
turned down the hall
went into the bedroom
quivered like a
fairy.

dying is like spitting:
it neither feels too good nor
too bad.

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