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Charles Bukowski

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Charles Bukowski

I lived it in Singapore.
My companion was a dwarf captain.
We got jackrolled on the docks,
and ended up in a Chinese jail.
30 days on 300 nails with 30 thousand fleas.
The high life is not the same on the inside.

What kept me alive,
was music drifting up from the street,
and a preacher on the soapbox.
Billie's Holiday blues.
God's guilt.
Sachmo blowing blue air.

It seems I always ask,
what happened to these missing years?
Life is nothing if not double entry bookkeeping,
but it is wicked when you lose all your dreams.

It takes a strong arm to waif up the zephyr.
You can find grace in the most unusual places,
like in a dirty white cat,
like in a men's room,
like in L.A.,
like in a Singapore jailhouse sling.