you look around and no longer
see any
old men

real estaters, subdivlders,
landlords, freeway
engineers arguing.
this is their land and
I walk on it,
live on it a little while

it was still playing-
a magic radio
a radio with guts,

I used to get drunk
and throw the radio through the window
while it was playing, and, of course,

what bargains we have made we have kept

nothing can be taken from us but our lives.

age is no crime but the shame of a deliberately wasted life among so many deliberately wasted lives is.

roll clear

photo | bdonnelly

words | c bukowski

sometimes all we need
to be able to
continue alone
are the dead
rattling the walls
that close us in

it's been a tough fight worth fighting
as we all drive along
betting on another day.