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You Get So
Alone at Times That
It Just Makes Sense

Charles Bukowski

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**You Get So Alone at Times That It Just Makes
Sense**

 HarperCollins e-books

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listening to Wagner
as outside in the dark the wind blows a cold rain the
trees wave and shake lights go
off and on the walls creak and the cats run under the
bed...

Wagner battles the agonies, he's emotional but
solid, he's the supreme fighter, a giant in a world of
pygmies, he takes it straight on through, he breaks
barriers
an
astonishing FORCE of sound as

everything here shakes
shivers
bends
blasts
in fierce gamble

yes, Wagner and the storm intermix with the wine as
nights like this run up my wrists and up into my head and
back down into the
gut
some men never
die

and some men never

live

but we're all alive

tonight.

red Mercedes

naturally, we are all caught in
downmoods, it's a matter of
chemical imbalance
and an existence
which, at times,
seems to forbid
any real chance at
happiness.

I was in a downmood
when this rich pig
along with his blank
inamorata
in this red Mercedes
cut
in front of me
at racetrack parking.

it clicked inside of me
in a flash:
I'm going to pull that fucker
out of his car and
kick his
ass!

I followed him

into Valet parking

parked behind him

and jumped from my

car

ran up to his

door

and yanked at

it.

it was

locked.

the

windows were

up.

I rapped on the window

on his

side:

“open up! I’m gonna

bust your

ass!”

he just sat there

looking straight

ahead.

his woman did

likewise.

they wouldn't look

at me.

he was 30 years

younger

but I knew I could

take him

he was soft and

pampered.

I beat on the window

with my

fist:

“come on out, shithead,

or I'm going to start

breaking

glass!”

he gave a small nod

to his

woman.

I saw her reach

into the glove

compartment

open it

and slip him the

I saw him hold it
down low
and snap off the
safety.

I walked off
toward the
clubhouse, it looked
like a damned good
card
that
day.

all I had to do
was
be there.

retired

pork chops, said my father, I love

pork chops!

and I watched him slide the grease

into his mouth.

pancakes, he said, pancakes with

syrup, butter and bacon!

I watched his lips heavy wetted with

all that.

coffee, he said, I like coffee so hot

it burns my throat!

sometimes it was too hot and he spit it

out across the table.

mashed potatoes and gravy, he said, I

love mashed potatoes and gravy!

he jowled that in, his cheeks puffed as

if he had the mumps.

chili and beans, he said, I love chili and

beans!

and he gulped it down and farted for hours

loudly, grinning after each fart.

strawberry shortcake, he said, with vanilla
ice cream, that's the way to end a meal!
he always talked about retirement, about
what he was going to do when he
retired.

when he wasn't talking about food he talked
on and on about
retirement.

he never made it to retirement, he died one day while
standing at the sink
filling a glass of water.

he straightened like he'd been
shot.

the glass fell from his hand
and he dropped backwards
landing flat
his necktie slipping to the
left.

afterwards
people said they couldn't believe
it.

he looked
great.

distinguished white

sideburns, pack of smokes in his

shirt pocket, always cracking

jokes, maybe a little

loud and maybe with a bit of bad

temper

but all in all

a seemingly sound

individual

never missing a day

of work.

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