

Charles Bukowski

"To The Whore Who Took My Poems"

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Some say we should keep personal remorse from the poem,
Stay abstract, and there is some reason in this, but Jesus;
Twelve poems gone and I don't keep carbons and you have my paintings too, my
best ones; it's stifling:
Are you trying to crush me out like the rest of them?
Why didn't you take my money? they usually do
From the sleeping drunken pants sick in the corner.
Next time take my left arm or a fifty
But not my poems !
I'm not Shakespeare
But sometime simply
There won't be any more, abstract or otherwise;
There'll always be money and whores and drunkards
Down to the last bomb,
But as God said,
Crossing his legs,
I see where I have made plenty of poets
But not so very much
Poetry

Submitter's comments:Â

The video I added belongs to Opera Chaotique, I believe they play it well.

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