

The Golf Links
Sarah N. Cleghorn

The golf links lie so near the mill
That almost every day
The laboring children can look out
And see the men at play.

A 340 Dollar Horse And A Hundred Dollar Whore
Poem by Charles Bukowski

don't ever get the idea I am a poet; you can see me
at the racetrack any day half drunk
betting quarters, sidewheelers and straight thoroughs,
but let me tell you, there are some women there
who go where the money goes, and sometimes when you
look at these whores these onehundreddollar whores
you wonder sometimes if nature isn't playing a joke
dealing out so much breast and ass and the way
it's all hung together, you look and you look and
you look and you can't believe it; there are ordinary women
and then there is something else that wants to make you
tear up paintings and break albums of Beethoven
across the back of the john; anyhow, the season
was dragging and the big boys were getting busted,
all the non-pros, the producers, the cameraman,
the pushers of Mary, the fur salesman, the owners
themselves, and Saint Louie was running this day:
a sidewheeler that broke when he got in close;
he ran with his head down and was mean and ugly
and 35 to 1, and I put a ten down on him.
the driver broke him wide
took him out by the fence where he'd be alone
even if he had to travel four times as far,
and that's the way he went it
all the way by the outer fence
traveling two miles in one
and he won like he was mad as hell
and he wasn't even tired,
and the biggest blonde of all
all ass and breast, hardly anything else
went to the payoff window with me.

that night I couldn't destroy her

although the springs shot sparks
and they pounded on the walls.
later she sat there in her slip
drinking Old Granddad
and she said
what's a guy like you doing
living in a dump like this?
and I said
I'm a poet

and she threw back her beautiful head and laughed.

you? you . . . a poet?

I guess you're right, I said, I guess you're right.

but still she looked good to me, she still looked good,
and all thanks to an ugly horse
who wrote this poem