

I'm tempted and see
with the tail of my eye —
I'm going to choose
the pastoral scene
that Bukowski hated and hated,
with a house planted
midway two mountains.
Time won't find it,
this is the place —
as pastoral as ludic as heavenly — as
wrong to have
as it'd be.
And edible as delectable
as oozing plums are
as the poet's face bleeds
and nobody
will stand a chance but me.

Seattle, 11 September 2014
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