I’m at Work Reading Bukowski and the Store’s Back Light Is Out

the rain comes to Arcata and holds steady

playing notes along the pavement

Bukowski wrote a poem *For Jane*

I’m heart broken all I do is look up from my desk

out into the rain beyond cold glass

and watch cars hurry to an inevitable stop sign

a woman comes in to have

her phone repaired so I give her a price

she sputters into how she can’t afford it

but I’m not really listening

Bukowski is still smoking a cigarette in my head

and my perception is clouded

she leaves I sit the lights wont be fixed

until Monday I’ve already forgotten

how bright this place used to be

I watch the rain fall and cars go

then read another Bukowski poem