

After Bukowski

by Mark Reep

The night she left she claimed she fucked Bukowski. Couple months, when she was twenty-two.

I watched her pack. I couldn't do the math. I said bullshit. What year'd he die?

Check it out. I'm in that documentary.

Which one?

She shrugged. It's on YouTube.

I said what about *I leave young women to young men*?

She laughed. How's it feel writer boy? Followin' a real one?

Doncha wish I'd told you sooner?

I never knew whether to believe her. Why didn't you?

Cause you'da used it, like you use everything. Everybody. You never even ask.

She stuffed clothes into a plastic bin. I wanted to say not everything. Not everything.

She snapped the lid shut, looked around. She said she was taking the electric blanket.

