

Miracles – Walt Whitman

Why, who makes much of a miracle?
As to me I know of nothing else but
miracles,
Whether I walk the streets of
Manhattan,
Or dart my sight over the roofs of
houses toward the sky,
Or wade with naked feet along the beach
just in the edge of
the water,
Or stand under trees in the woods,
Or talk by day with any one I love, or
sleep in the bed at night
with any one I love,
Or sit at table at dinner with the
rest,
Or look at strangers opposite me riding
in the car,
Or watch honey-bees busy around the
hive of a summer
forenoon,
Or animals feeding in the fields,
Or birds, or the wonderfulness of
insects in the air,
Or the wonderfulness of the sundown, or
of stars shining so
quiet and bright,
Or the exquisite delicate thin curve of
the new moon in spring;
These with the rest, one and all, are
to me miracles,
The whole referring, yet each distinct
and in its place.

To me every hour of the light and dark
is a miracle,
Every cubic inch of space is a miracle,
Every square yard of the surface of the
earth is spread with
the same,
Every foot of the interior swarms with
the same.

To me the sea is a continual miracle,
The fishes that swim—the rocks—the
motion of the waves—
the ships with men in them,

**What stranger miracles are
there?**

THE LAUGHING HEART

your life is your life
don't let it be clubbed into dank
submission.
be on the watch.
there are ways out.
there is a light somewhere.
it may not be much light but
it beats the darkness.
be on the watch.
the gods will offer you chances.
know them.
take them.
you can't beat death but
you can beat death in life, sometimes.
and the more often you learn to do it,
the more light there will be.
your life is your life.
know it while you have it.
you are marvelous
the gods wait to delight
in you.

By Charles Bukowski

“If you're going to try, go all the way. Otherwise, don't even start. This could mean losing girlfriends, wives, relatives and maybe even your mind. It could mean not eating for three or four days. It could mean freezing on a park bench. It could mean jail. It could mean derision. It could mean mockery--isolation. Isolation is the gift. All the others are a test of your endurance, of how much you really want to do it. And, you'll do it, despite rejection and the worst odds. And it will be better than anything else you can imagine. If you're going to try, go all the way. There is no other feeling like that. You will be alone with the gods, and the nights will flame with fire. You will ride life straight to perfect laughter. It's the only good fight there is.” — Charles Bukowski, *Factotum*

Bluebird – Charles Bukowski

there's a bluebird in my heart that
wants to get out
but I'm too tough for him,
I say, stay in there, I'm not going
to let anybody see
you.
there's a bluebird in my heart that
wants to get out
but I pour whiskey on him and inhale
cigarette smoke
and the whores and the bartenders
and the grocery clerks
never know that
he's
in there.
here's a bluebird in my heart that
wants to get out
but I'm too tough for him,
I say,
stay down, do you want to mess
me up?
you want to screw up the
works?
you want to blow my book sales in
Europe?
there's a bluebird in my heart that
wants to get out
but I'm too clever, I only let him out
at night sometimes
when everybody's asleep.
I say, I know that you're there,
so don't be
sad.
then I put him back,
but he's singing a little
in there, I haven't quite let him
die
and we sleep together like

that
with our
secret pact
and it's nice enough to
make a man
weep, but I don't
weep, do
you?

"We Must" -Charles Bukowski

we must bring
our own light
to the
darkness.

nobody is going
to do it
for us.

as the young boys
ski
down the
slopes

as the fry cook
gets his last
paycheck

as dog chases
dog

as the chessmaster
loses more than
the game

we must bring
our own light
to the
darkness.

nobody is going
to do it
for us,

as the lonely
telephone
anybody
anywhere

as the great beast
trembles
in nightmare

as the final season
leaps into
focus

nobody is going
to do it
for us.

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