





SMILE

“I said. I said, SON OF A BITCH YOU’RE BLEEDING!”  
you check your limbs, her ass, the bed.  
he laughs something terrible “... AND SHE SAID, SON OF A BITCH; IT’S A FUCKING MISCARRIAGE, SHE SAID!”  
he grabs the last bottle of wine, unbothered by you staring at him. it’s open and has a combination of cigar ash and regret in it.

if it’s your penchant for alcohol, your attraction to writers with a loose relationship with punctuation. if you’re a lowlife. maybe you’re a little mole of a man. Charles/ Hank Bukowski/Chinaski, he’s not for everybody.

# DOGSHIT. Notes on a dirty old book.

but if you’ve ever found yourself wondering about the depravity of America’s lowlifes, their whores or the inevitable depression of the city;

*Notes of a Dirty Old Man* is the discharging wrinkled pussy you think about when you fuck the smooth cunts of literary excellence.

Hank has a genius for creating atmosphere, Charles is the skeleton of your id, ripping the world apart and spilling its guts on your lap so you can count all the pieces of regret amid the shit and blood that never got out.

And if you’ve made it this far, you can buy it at your nearest Bukstore.