

*Busted*

I'm busted again

in a world of squares  
I'm back at one  
looking out the window  
at a sad and lonely sky

if I were talking to my great uncle  
he'd say to me:  
"You spend your money faster  
than a Nigger on payday!"

but he was a racist fool...

I was having a good go of it  
for a while there  
but I have this problem, see

when I've got money  
I spend it too freely

I buy women  
drinks and food  
and I take the taxi  
instead of the bus

I tip 5 on a 7 dollar bill  
and valet instead of parking in the lot  
and walking a quarter mile  
to the entrance

I buy top of the line cigars  
and good whiskey  
I dress in the finest  
of swim wear

I splurge at the record  
store  
buying up  
every  
Reed, Waits, & Costello

there is

every Chopin  
every Bach

then I buy  
the bargain vinyls  
and fling them out of  
moving cabs  
laughing  
and kicking

god it's good  
while it lasts  
but  
when  
all the woman  
are gone  
and the cupboard is empty

the hard, cold  
typewriter  
stands alone,  
glorious

and I approach it  
as if it were a sleeping lion

the weather is bitter cold  
but the sun is out  
and untouched by clouds

all I want it a glass of water  
but there's only a 22 FL. OZ.  
Fat Tire beer  
with the name Colby  
written across it  
left in the refrigerator

I drink it down

it doesn't fill the place  
that buttery mashed potatoes

could have  
but it will keep me alive  
for tonight

and now the place  
has gone back to its  
comfortable and funky self

and I can write again  
for I write my best when broke

it gives me incentive  
and a place to start

it gives me  
a peace  
and  
a  
quiet  
that  
I've grown  
to adore