

Chopin Bukowski

this is my piano.

the phone rings and people ask,
what are you doing ? how about
getting drunk with us ?

and I say,
I'm at my piano.

what ?

I'm at my piano.

I hang up.

people need me. I fill
them. if they can't see me
for a while they get desperate, they get
sick.

but if I see them too often
I get sick. it's hard to feed
without getting fed.

my piano says things back to
me.

sometimes the things are
scrambled and not very good.
other times
I get as good and lucky as
Chopin.

sometimes I get out of practice
out of tune. that's
all right.

I can sit down and vomit on the
keys
but it's my
vomit.

it's better than sitting in a room
with 3 or 4 people and
their pianos.

this is my piano
and it is better than theirs.

and they like it and they do not
like it.

(in *Love is a Dog from Hell* - 1977)