



# Bluebird

By Charles Bukowski (1920  
– 1994)

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.

there'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?