

Joefiles 3

Leverage

This is my quickest jaunt to complete a compilation of poems thus far. I am still satisfied with the work I have included in this collection, it just happened to be a period of rapid thought and writing for me. This collection included a bulk from my vacation to Seattle and my arrival back to the Midwest shortly thereafter.

I don't have too much to say, except that I really enjoy scribing my thoughts onto paper and collecting them into a package of my own creation. This makes it a convenient avenue for me to harken back to the beliefs, desires and pain I possess in my poetry.

Here it is and here I go....finding that leverage in life.

Snatching the line,
 dissolving the smut.
Cradling the image,
 dreaming of love.
Into cities, states, countries and moving lines.
 Cresting with joy,
bounding with sweaty bliss.
 Ambiance in the corner.
Shade from the heat.
 Rain in the dusk of the day.
Let go of the arguous game,
 grasp the candle,
back to the basics & into the glee.
 Sprinkle into irregular spheres.
Shade nervous clouds---
 Chasing centuries,
remembering years,
 looking-up weeks,
forgetting day's,
 wishing for minutes.
Seconds & moments blend into underground arcades.
 Little child
 It'll be all right...
Once you step across the boundary.

cing at mad man's delight.
-All together as one-
 The unit of my life.

Sifting into the muzzle,
 asking the future for a sign of the decency---
Missing in my mind...
 Why do I subject myself to the pain?
Another rhyme,
 one more sentence,
it's happening again...

Breathing the mosaics of freshness & pollutants,
 realizing the paths my life has taken.
Joy reigns in the presence of the puzzle---
 Happiness pours over the brim like fresh coffee on a warm summer
morning.
Pulsating with natural highs,
 Living peacefully---
Putting the madness into context,
 my personal venture continues beyond.
I live for the challenges,
 yearn for the new people and that woman...
Loving the new movements I discover---
 What else can I say?
I'm alive in this world of diversity.

is world of diversity.

Filling-up expanding irises---
 Leveling the destruction.
Exploring the past,
 living the present,
piercing the future.
 Dirty fingernails indicate the creating.
Rusty calluses scrape the surface.
 Setting suns,
rising moons,
 new cumulonimbus' live.
Bombarding signals connect into the adapter of my longing.
 Looking at the tower---
Give all that is needed.
 The goal is the only proximity.
A preamble into fate,
 I can taste the end...
Spitting away the silence.
 Excessive volume is reached on this all-night love affair.

It's all right,
 I won't tell...
Quipping in the uncharted is not my way---
 To each their own---
Equality is the lamp,
 love is the butane---
Release the fury,
 capture what is hidden deep down---
No need to cover,
 we're all naked from time-to-time.
Sex is natural,
 death is inevitable & birth is beauty.
Kick away the uncertainty & let the androgyny be.

e attainable---
 A livable America---
Harmony in my dreaming night steps.
 Twinkling in the back of my mind as I strive

Swimming to the bottom of a fresh salt water sea,
touching the foliage & sea creatures.
Remembering all those influences,
urging me into more creative increments.
Pushing me to unbeknownst barriers.
In search of the reef---
Looking for my dream---
Daydreaming in poetic dialogue.
It just won't escape--
Mermaid of jailed substitutes.
Call it purity, rhyme or beauty.
Lift me to the surface for fresh air---
Wash the residue from my ears.
Inspire me yet again---
Again, approaching headlong into poetry...

Knocking on the door,
the young man shuffles across the floor.
Dangerous way's surround his movement,
the stirring continues...
The door opens---
It's life---
Wanting a chance,
the young man let's the entity in.
Drinks a cup of tea,
listens to the plea of life.
If it could be so simple for some.
It's one of two things:
Believable or ridiculous...
End of story.

All institutions of the gander dominate the masses,
 splitting the arduous mold---
I am a putter spinning the wheel of a new beginning.
 Change is welcome like a familiar breeze---
Tapping me into the old & filling me with innocence---
 Why is it so intricate?
We're all simple in relation to the past & the expanse.
 Once we realize that ignorance will crumble & tigers will be tamed.
All you need is an appropriate proportion of faith.
 So, believe and come with me.

I know you,

bleeding in a puddle of worthless pity---
Blaming the world,
spitting on loved ones.
The light is all around.
The darkness exists inside,
find the key hole,
ask me...
let the macho shit ride,
life is an inch,
excuses don't fly---
So, shut your mouth & find a way---
Out of the confusion to explore love sweet love.

Ruminating in brooding blues,
 screaming the satin red---
Lurching for acceptance,
 rejecting the ship.
Peace is a joke,
 war is manly.
Step above the bull,
 pet the sheep,
nonsense is just that---
 Productions become ovations---
Cut out the mold,
 shape the future---
Peaceful coexistence isn't a overused myth---
 It can abide,
make-up your mind & I'd be much obliged.

The sun,

scorching without prejudice---

An analogy not easily transferred to humans.

Intolerance running naked in open conservative alleys.

Watching & murmuring---

I am astonished at the incredulous ignorance.

Scientists need to find a cure for this extremist behavior with no meaning.

Burning for the light,

burning for the truth---

I continue to burn through the ignorance I once possessed.

Electrified in the open,
 reflecting the desires of old men.
Pounding my revelations with a pen,
 realizing blinding zen.
Enter my den,
 tell me what has been,
save the harvest of the hen.
 Give me knowledge in groups of ten.

Almost over,
 the beauty is spinning madly.
The images are splotching into one...
 Such an exhilarating high,
ready to climb out of the high chair.
 My mind & soul are at peace.
Worries become non-existent or mildly worth it.
 Why can't life be such a slice of beauty all the time?
Hey---Time will tell,
 But, I'm feelin' so complete in this spring clearance sale.

right---

had it right---
Survival of the finest,
 Latch on, lace up & give it all there is.

Contempt as a crocodile---

 I meander in meaningful zigzags---
Enjoying the rest,
 savoring the toil.

All I need is comfort & encouragement---

 The world is an oyster---

I'm working for the extracting tools.

 Give me some time---

Encourage my toil---

 Fulfillment isn't far away---

Faith will guide my steps.

Mosaics in the mouths of mothers chewing the hardships.

Weapons in the lurches of fathers,
fed-up with the meaningless movements.

Children fidgeting with uncertainty,
full of social angst.

Pang upon pang,
bringing rain to the game...

All the mess adding up to the subordinate tango.

Follow

Silence

Indignant

Strong

Encouraging

Bring the good,

shower me all over again.

Make me feel reborn, rekindled & real.

Be my way,

light my love,

be...yourself.

Now, come my darling.

t's all the same...

It's livin' a lie for some---

It makes no sense---

Hold on

In a world of disarray---
 Distrust, deceit & deception---
I find my piece of mind---
 Gripping it in those designated moments.
In ambiguity & contentment---
 Shielded with protection,
I stave off the arsenal,
 Blood pumping
 Heart Racing---
I'm assured---
 The sun will rise in the east & the stars will glow at night---
Now that's comfort without a price tag.

The American Reality---

stress

love

building blocks...

Racing to a new spot,

claiming superiority,

crushing the weak.

Amusing the meek,

age old traditions.

Meshing into acceptance,

the flame burns, rekindles and continues...

Sparks the glory,

living the way,

listening to the history,

one path or the other.

The intimidation's stop here---

Time is running out,

live life and compete together...not apart.

Intricate crevices bombard my mind raves,
cold breezes remind me of the past,
warm embraces give me comfort now.

The world blitzed by in a blinding silver.
I continue in my habitual movement.

Continuing my new & perfunctory motions.
Dreams make me new---

I wonder of the others that populate this blue sphere in the
heavens.

I pray, wish, hope & dream again...

That one day we will all understand---
Complexity is real simple---

In fact, it's our friend...

Parting ways,
 new faces,
mixing the phases into the whole.
 Loving one,
hating the other.
 A spiral heading into unbearable stress---
Thought will be required,
 necessities need to be fulfilled...
One woman is waiting,
 fears persist,
don't fall in love with the label.
 Just be my friend and savor my shower.

Not to be said,
not to be written---
Just acted out with full-effort...

Professing internal cornerstones,
 unattended audiences marvel.
Crips and Bloods would be silenced---
 Exterior parameters inch into the malignant masses.
Dilating eyes,
 motoring tounge movements.
Pushing up the glasses,
 adjusting the mind tracks.
Treading into flaming lakes.
 Swimming for the goal.
Searching for acceptance,
 fogging-up the respect behind the curtain.
Thrashing required thought is not the key.
 Interior understanding is the trail.
Find the bread crumbs,
 exile to the downward slope.
No need to scrape the quandary,
 the crazed one had entered.

Warring religions,
 bleeding capitalism,
blinding costs of living.
 Rising taxes,
abductions,
 disease,
famine...
 Open your front door,
breath...
 Let God play the chess pieces.
A vapor is our span,
 time is all we have,
roll on...

ss Scoop

Dial the number,
 raise my taxes,
cover-up the assassination.
 What alien?
games in the dark,

Asking question after question---
the stress is mounting.
Pressure pulsing my blood streams,
reaching for what is there?
Thinking about what has left me already.
Hunting & capturing in another life-long journey.
I pick through my existential jaunt---
Accepting the new,
rejecting the old.
All the land lies before me---
I dip into the well of thirst & well-being---
Again, I get weary thinking of the perplexities.

in eternal shades.
So, look the other direction.

Dashing

 Splashing

 Flashing---

Rehashing mounds of trash,
 remodeling them in a dash.

The young beauty begins to sash.

 Dreaming of bashes & cash.

All this thinking is creating a gash---

 Splish Splash...

My mind is mash.

Facing the questions,
 passive lies,
useless destruction,
 envious eyes.

Does it end?

 No. I think not.

It continues down the line.

 Coping is living & life is immense.

Adversity hits the heart & help is available.

 Abominable measures find no pass---

Pulsating struggles persist---

 We can all help each other, then find the help---

So do us all that duty---

 Endure young child---

Endure...

Disturbances---

In the cold of the night.
Stark as a cool summer evening.
Creeping up my leg,
tormenting my crestfallen chest.
Open the treasure box,
feel my soul.

Open your heart---
Expose the truth---

Expel the discrimination.
Eradicate the ignorance, domination & excess trash.
Liquidate the indignant qualities.

Prosper with the positive--

It takes a country---
Desires a nation & requires a world.

Amid all the wealth of knowledge are millions of separate souls.
Seeking acceptance, understanding & love.

Chances are meant to be divvied.
Understanding is the well of beauty---

Move aside you liability.
It takes cross-cultures to understand equal differences.

Ambiguous desires---

 We all want it---

Then diss on those that have the prize.

 Disregard the media spotlight---

Breath the mountain air & examine the soul of attainable desires.

 Fulfilling those utmost needs.

Kicking away those worthless temptations---

 Happiness that isn't worthy of a label.

Walk with me---

 Pour a cup---

Light my smoke---

 Fame means nothing at this fleeting hour.

Birds on my window sill,
 staring in horrific moods.
I turn the corner---
 Outta my way Bub,
I'm not up for jokes---
 I don't want to hear it anymore.
Everyone is vulgar,
 just can't take the jokes from jacks.
Don't sing to me,
 talk to me or go to the birds
-So Fuck You-

That is it with this older generation,
filled with guilt,
bubbling with contempt,
hiding deceit.

Teaching the future to follow their path.

Is it a path?
Or a destructive cloud of vapor? □

Do it this way,
act this way,
be strong like us.

It's all the same...

It's livin' a lie for some---

It makes no sense---

Hold on

Follow your heart

Ignorance & sheltered way's have no right in my domain.

that mysterious hour.

Again...pain go away---

Hey Hey, You've been so good,
Hey Hey, it's been so long,
Time is ticking,
Hey Hey, I'll miss you so...

Look at the mantle,
 taste the sweat.
Recall is capturing,
 love is the destination.
Congratulations Mr. Psyche--
 Meet my subconscious.
Look into the mirror,
 don't collect your accolades.
Look into the straming sun light---
 Wake up--
No giving-up
 No tomorrow
 No exit.
Entrances line the mind---
 absolute opportunity is the way.
Don't let time retrieve it's toll too early.
 Come on friend, finish what you have begun.

Bending on my door step,
 attuned to my line---
Aware in restless breezed,
 reaching for a life preserver.
Wishing for a dream,
 reading my thoughts,
loving without discrimination---
 Creating a confounding aroma---
Hovering as a friend---
 I found a new groove...
I found a flower...

tes.
Truth or lie?
 Black or White?
Not known...

Palpitating in the blood,
 scorching the synapses,
the memory ceases to be killed.
 Angling toward the edge---
Near the end---
 Another moment flickers in the dust---
Keeping the rockets flying---
 The pain creeps to unbearable ground,
suddenly, another thought pops---
 Taking me to infinity.
My search for an antidote is near,
 singing to the walls,
searching in dark emptiness for clues---
 The end is here---
Present reaches keep the future afloat.

Defeating the monster,
 extinguishing harm & unexpectedness.
Alterior motives create the spark---
 In my mind explosions take off.
Out of junk piles, into understanding on my part. □
 The five senses--The five quesions.
Mixed into the pie of my mind.
 Stew of my heart,
complexity of my searching soul.
 Putting on the gear,
reaching for the extinguisher---
 Not this time my public protector---
Instant flashes are creating love & hope.
 Firing holes through my lobes, living in pre-consciousness.
All is beauty,
 fire burns the ice---
Come when signaled,
 Firefighter in the dusk.

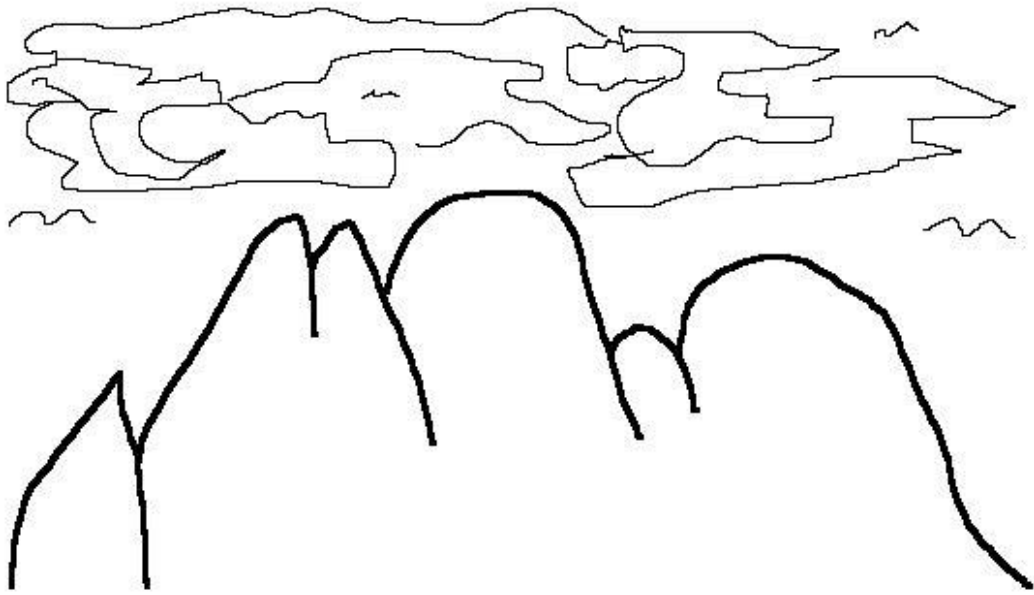
Scared of the night,
 trembling in the day,
fear roams in the crazy brain.
 Let the Big Guy take care of things.
Turn off the tube,
 live...
Be my friend,
 accept the surroundings---
Stop the games,
 exhale the pressure---
It's not all bad,
 beauty is in the eye's of those knowledgeable.
C'mon---Give it a chance.
 Once we bond,
we realize life is a one time affair.
 Live...Live...Live

Loving as one,
 living in eternal shades,
So, look the other direction---
 Find a mirror,
ask one question to yourselves---
 "Am I God?"
Judgment on earth is a waste,
 let the misinterpretations rest...

Smelling the mountain air,
 filling my body with the Mother Nature induced awareness.
I tickle my senses of an inexpensive high.
 Learning God, nature & my self all at once.
I savor this feeling in my soul during times of need.
 Caress the high only achieved in the mind.
My mind floats in the refreshing breeze,
 as my physical body lingers.
My feet ache---my soul screams.
 Good literature and a cold drink await me.
Pushing my body & mind to the limit,
 ...Ahhh. It's been a good day...

Living in confusion,
 ailing with a contusion.
Praying for fusion.
 No rhyme need apply,
let's all live,
 be free & alive.
No one judges me but my lord,
 so point them eyes in another direction.
They don't need me,
 I don't want them,
stick to your glares if needed & I'll stick to my life.

Breath the light,
 shinin' so bright,
shed the ignorant facade,
 sneak into the barrel of life,
enjoy the glow,
 God Bless the human race...
We're here such a short time,
 So So So, live in peace---
The End



Never thought about the word homecoming,
now it's on my mind.
The orchestra has hit it's final note,
the fat woman is ready to belch her seance---
Time is evaporating with the morning dew.
I love this quality time spent well.
Missin' home, family-n-friends...
My homeland---
It's coming soon---
I will return,
leaving precious memories in the chamber.
I'll remember...
Those times & the friends I left behind.
On my homecomin',
homecoming in the midwest---
Just about time to straighten that ol' 'Home Sweet Home' wall
decoration---
When I'm back home...

.
Another adventure will soon begin---

Parked on a mountain side,
 kissing Mother Nature on the cheek,
I slide to the right.
 Listen to the crickets,
enjoy the friends---
 Longing to solve problems at home---
Kissing them good-bye abroad---
 The lights burning bright,
the hourglass is emptying,
 the horses are ready,
the pleasure will end soon.
 Another adventure will soon begin---

Feeling the scorn of the restless barley,
 staggering into another dimension,
lightin' a flame,
 searchin' for life.

SMACK...

 Back into reality,
falling in sleepless movements,
 cradling the active endeavors,
why must it be this way?

 Oh...I know,
Life, huh?

 The whirlwind of desires,
a desert of hopes,
 dry to the bone,
I can't think anymore...

Digging into my lobes,
 dissecting the many parts,
piece-by-piece,
 bit-by-bit,
another page turns along with another fresh thought.
 Racing to the end of today,
ticking with time,
 static as a piece of wood in November,
adding to the memory bank,
 oblivious to discrimination,
the journey winds down the road,
 ...as the Hungary scapel takes its place...

Ignorance

Intolerance

Indulgence...

Living in phases,

loving in strange places---

Give me a thought,

love me more.

Out of cramped independent boxes,

into the seeds of barren fruit.

Floating in gaseous suburbs,

Disliking the plastic,

laughing at the Styrofoam.

Feed me 'cause I'm Back.

Time gone by---
 Hoping---
Capturing the vision---
 Wrestling the man made dinosaur.
Making it my own,
 giving it a name---
Laughing into another thought of the industrial revolution.
 So mundane---
Help beyond belief.
 Kindle my hopes,
recover my wanton seams,
 lift me over the rain cloud--
Deposit me on the bottom of a sun lit lake.
 Entertain my nausea---
Give me reason...
 On this 90's rollercoaster.

Scaling the sidewalks,
 sizing the competitors---
Friend or foe?
 Benign or malignant?
Fast or slow?
 Flabbergasted or content?
Loving or hideous?
 Pounding the oracle of questions while I pound my oriented path.
Into the woods---
 Searching for the nutritious trail---
No pick-up--
 Again I search & find---
Abundant answers---
 Although, not to my persisting questions.
Out of the woods,
 into the badlands.
All the blinding elements form funeral plots & childhood amazement.
 Besting the adversities,
looking through new shades.
 Peacock wonders painting the landscape---
Those shapeless masses forming into glorious designs.

Pride is the key--
 Looking at the end, tasting the light.
Let me go...
 -Livin' vicariously through the radiance.
Goals incur my one desire---
 Visions of candlesticks begin in invisible vigils.
The Epiphany is today.
 Confirmation is on the end of the yellow stripe.
Enter the chambers,
 tip the load,
No one is rejected.
 Equality of thoughts are balanced.
Words collide,
 universes connect,
minds unite...
 Inspire me to my approaching goal.

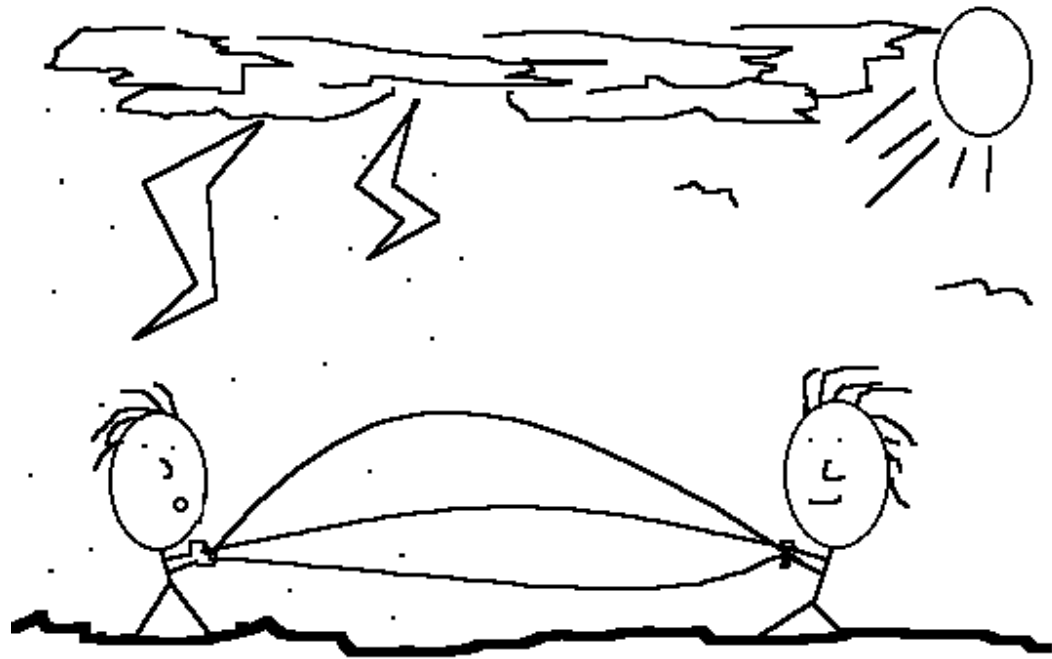
Checking into the musky-ridden hotel,
 sifting through the remains of childhood.
Reflecting on those supposed all-knowing teen years.
 Looking into the sunrise of adulthood---
22 years gone---
 The future begins to peer over the white starch sheets.
Bleeding impulses greet my anxious dreams of my soul.
 Travels continue to lift the chamber.
The road widens,
 pretentious worries are natural,
the book is closed on this...
 Another daily intelligence check---

Ignorant, Ignorant, where are you in such dismay---
Swimming in sludge,
Oh...such a joy.
Don't forget to leave me all alone,
the world hasn't searched you over,
I know you don't know love,
you just found a nothin',
Thanks goodness---You were gone.

Lurching into the matter,
 feeling the breeze,
mountains on one side,
 the ocean on the other---
Hopefully....This feeling won't leave me.
 Beauty & enchantment---
A feeling like no other.
 I feel so content,
meshing into one unit---feeling the softness.
 That woman

 My future

 Into...Above.



Disappearing vapors---
 crumbling moons.
Bleeding fools,
 blathering idiots.
One of them...
 No application,
in the black.
 Lifeless in the rain.

hments.
The battle wages until my sleep slams me in dreamworld.

Picking tulips in the afternoon breeze,
shaded in layers of pale pigment,
wishing for a better day,
avoiding the application.
Wondering an end to the means,
loving each other,
hating one's self.
Carelessly carried in boxes of knives,
intelligently carved in controlled devices.
Make a decision,
enjoy the space,
existence is a must.
A pose is a disgrace...

mind in our mind.

late, you public piece.
Ahhh---It's useless,
one thing never changes...

Magical

Wonderful

Immaculate...

Give me this day,

to show you my soul,
don't let go & tell me no.

I yearn for you so...

Smelling your skin,

tasting your touch,
Giving to you like no other.

Take me in---

Break me in.

You can't leave,
Cause I love you so...

Growing in patches of three,
 reaching to the sun,
wondering who is what,
 when is where and how it is...
Questions raining in uncomfortable glees.
 Blind as bills,
meaningless as taxes,
 who knows the worries?
Itching to move,
 breathing to live,
oxymoron nightmares,
 praying for the release...from listless monotony.

Sneaking up in shady areas,
telling me what's wrong & more importantly what's right.
Both stranger & friend,
an unknown origin.
A known source,
coming in times of joy & pain.
Leaving marks in those steps...
...them little moments.

the bank,
another teen grab's AIDS.
You ask me...
I'll tell you---
Why such a fuss?
We all carry that nagging to you.

Inextricably in the closet,
 lurking in the stratosphere of fears.
Browsing the edifice,
 needing the available catharsis.
Reaching in dignity,
 acting as hypocrites.
Truth or lie?
 Black or White?
Not known...
 It's another unexplainable chapter in a long journey---
Destined to be a hit.

WATCH---Please do...

As the grass grows,
the humidity rises & the ignorance deepens.

Peaceful regions,
swept with innocence.

Heartland USA,
I love you so...

I was born as one of your harvests,
Yet, I yearn to leave so...

Home Sweet Home---
Bittersweet in my yearnings,

one place ticket,
one desire,

one hope---
To bless the Midwest & leave it in my will.

Collecting the egg shells,
discarding them in empty corners.
Enjoying the glow...
of individuality, so bright.
Searching for the companion,
making sparks on the brimstone.
No more pain,
be gone confusion.
A clear mind, soul and conscious.
All active in the journey,
today's fine,
the fight will ride on...
All I say is...
Till midnight...
The woman is hidden,
after that mysterious hour.
Again...pain go away---
My companion is on her way.

Fleeting images,
 procuring to dawn on my horizon.
Into the consciousness---Melted into my memory.
 Thoughts of many---
Big ideas, problems and happenings...
 Meshing into a blistering investigation.
I scurry to pile the pieces into a cohesive order---
 The whirlwind becomes more rampant---
The cold isn't felt---
 Heat is my harvest---
The eye of the storm begins another act,
 the crowd adores,
I stand dumbfounded.
 Not believing what I see & hear,
then the mantra sticks to my synapses,
 It's all clear---
Life becomes my domicile---
 I harbor in its receding glow---
I know the love, joy, sorrow & pain.
 Because I'm me---
I'm alive...
 I'm one in the millions of people, souls and galaxies...of the
universe.

Alone I sit wowing myself with tricks-of-the-trade.
Hologen there,
nitrogen there,
oxygen everywhere.
Pelting the proximity,
melting the silence.
Creating manic maneuvers.

Crunching innocent victims,
the mind see's many virtues & vices.
Sorting out the lifelong mix,
the puzzle is a piece away.
Solitude was once a kin,
now it seeks blood.
Harness the flickering vibes,
reject the lies.
We all fall prey---
To the mind in our mind.

late, you public piece.
Ahhh---It's useless,
one thing never changes...

Upon the masses comes the movement---
Crawling in the sewers & creeping in the jewels of the cultured.
It sees no boundaries or restrictions---
Reforms & Refreshes,
then sweeps in like an old friend.
Breathing life into the dichotomy.
Asking for acceptance & ignoring rejection---
Expecting both...
Searching in the dark,
wishing for the light---
This is what I desire---
Those minutes
The enlightenment
Another moment melting into the change...Ahhhhhhh....

Cancerous thoughts leave me now.

Escape crack induced stories off front page headlines.
Present the beauty possessed in rhymes.

Elected officials profess enigmatic contradictions.
I hunt the pulp boar,
searching for intuition.

College is the step,
showing me what is near
far

&

explainable.

Past secondary encounters lip my cup,
come my way---

give me humidity in the mind.
Cleansing my pores.

Animals angle out of 180 degree corners.
Humans create the closure.

Energy-filled alternatives.
Give me the moment,

fly me to the hilltops,
A one way trip for my mind to ponder.

Alone...with thoughts of them,
call my machine.

Wish me well as I escape...

Into the mountains of my benign mind....

Give me an imagination & an ounce of serenity.
Let me fill the thin air into my inmost veins.
Lift me to the top of the snowbluffs,
let me talk to God---
Dream...
drink my wine & escape...
Into Mr. Mountain time---

Tearing through the mistakes,
recreating visions doing the salsa---
All the elements---
Building like blocks in a toddlers mind.
Forgive the amnesia,
embrace the altruism--
No ambiguity allowed--
Benevolent caravans required.
Harken me to the bright spots in the past---
Pat my shoulder
Tap my mind
Give me a reason to shine.
Moments tingle in my locks of hair---
No dawdling---
Just glowing redness.
Missing them...in the dark.

They walk in shadowless circles,
 slumping in 50's molds,
realizing the time is now,
 but then should be now.
Got it clear---
 It's true---Live & let live.
Become whole---
 Leave me & my fellow beings free.
We will prevail---
 We'll take control.
Freeing the mind,
 loving as one,
living in eternal shades.
 So, look the other direction.
Find a mirror,
 ask one question to yourselves---
"Am I God?"
 Judgment on earth is a waste,
let the misinterpretations rest...

The great mishap---

 My little chap,
I knew you weren't apt,
 you dapper chap.

What an unfortunate happening,
 sit in my lap,

I'll draw you a map,
 until you nap.

Wake-up you silly sap!

 I'm going to give you more rap & tap your cage only because your my
pap.

dapper chap.

What an unfortunate happening,
 Sit in my lap,

I'll draw you a map,
 until you nap.

Shining eyes,
 winking in the distance.
Inviting me near,
 ripping through the yellow facade.
Difficulty with a number,
 perplexity in common disposal.
Many a rotation,
 many eyes,
viewing the earth.
 Some properly---Some not.
Harness the stomach,
 clutch the good,
float in your own surroundings,
 our mind is our best friend...or our worst enemy in the vision
circle.

up to the subordinate tango.

Bathing in rhythmic highs---
 Gripping my ear lobes,
squeezing my mind,
 my soul sings a song not known to myself.
I feel clean, rekindled & alive.
 Give me the freshness,
crank the sound,
 as I escape...
Into the purity---

Jogging the fire escapes,
 begging a beggar...
Looking through a blank window,
 reading tabloid trash,
Wondering Wondering Wondering.
 When will all the madness subside.
How will the masses coalesce?
 Come together in dignity, respect & honesty. □
A clarion call to the dreamers,
 a message fro the sages---
Cry into a bucket.
 Sprinkle it into the misery.
From A-to-Z,
 One to One Million,
multitudes embark.
 The search is treacherous---
Hold off those side temptations---
 Paint a smile & look for needful things in unexpected cracks.

Thinking into a new realm---

 All inventive thoughts---

The trash is going into sequin memoirs.

 Dancing with the paradigms that make my world turn.

Shedding the old fears & conservative ways...

 Thinking of a new self---

Plateaus that are attainable---

 A livable America---

Harmony in my dreaming night steps.

 Twinkling in the back of my mind as I strive,
for that one new blend...

 That new concept worth living for.

Crazy Crazy Crazy in a cell,
bulging in triangular wonders.
Crying in angry methods.
Pop my top,
jingle my shit.
Smile at my matter,
laugh at the cognitive trash.
Treat me rashly

Beat me
Mock me

No difference,
All I desire is higher higher higher.
Dissipating horrors,
moving in mnemonic lines.
Stop asking fukin' questions.
I just don't really care.
Period.

The sweet smell of the water,
the sight of the mountain range,
the serenity of individuality.
With the city in view,
sea gulls squaking in animal sign language---
I enjoy the simple complexity---
While the sun smiles on my adventures,
murals greet me in multi-colored patterns.
Vacation...
What makes life worth living.

Dreaming at 36,000 feet---
Sweat ducts screaming for a release---
Nutrition ready to expel into the non-smoking realm.
All I think of is death---
My body quakes with pain & panic---
The internal locus of control tips the scales---
I stagger--worry--black-out...
Cool sensations reach my temples---
Reality fades from black-to-black, then white-to-white.
Blinding thoughts & emotions bond in uncomfortable environments.
The realness re-enters to rehabilitation.
I thank God & my fellow humans---
Moving into the new environment---
Realizing death was only a consequence---
I have heard all to much about.
Live...into tomorrow & let the moments of yesterday be...

Spilling into the streams,
 crowding the sidewalks.
Creating panic on recess grounds.
 All this crystallized H2O invading the world.
Necessities yet a nemesis.
 Smoke crack,
kill innocent people,
 Hey, rob a bank.
The backward turn looks to contain the glass.
 Reaking havoc---
Help us---
 Save us---
 Run for your lives---
It's overflowing,
 look out for the glass...

□

I float on the abandoned lake---
 The Seattle sounds & sights take me...
Life in the big city---
 Myth & reality combined into a livable sitcom.
Such sights, sounds and amusements.
 Home sick...none.
Pleasure...tipping the scales.
 All the memories & new creations---
Making me content as a worthy traveler,
 I must stop writing---
For me, peace of mind needs to be savored...

Let's talk about peace.
 You gonna do somethin',
you talkin',
 let's see some action.
Words don't get me to the next level---
 I wanna know.
I want it as well.
 Let's make a change,
let's bond,
 sing a song & join hands.
C'mon--I wanna know,
 one more time...
What'cha want my friend.
 Peace---Good call---

Using the shovel of self-introspection,
digging to the deepest parts of my inner-being,
finding pleasure, fulfillment and...

Lifting up that old mossy branch to find the guilt.
On the outside, I look at my surroundings.

The beauty this country holds & the immeasurable ugliness the
government withholds.

The amazing thing is----As a kid, I never knew.

Now, as an adult, the truth widens the knowledge and the wound
within my soul.

Times of introspection and journey-taking are necessary,
why not get to know them?

T W I N K L E
T W I N K L E

Hold my love,

trust in me,

for that is all we have...

Push aside those fears,
join me on the other side---

Lift me higher---

Accept my gifts---

Expanding out of the crowd---
 Pushing into new answers,
before the questions arise.
 In the mind or in the flesh--
Worthy contemplation's floating in the well lit offices.
 Not known to media blitzes,
???
flashes relating to the beginning of human understanding.
 Socrates encompassed the mass of searching souls.
We indeed know nothing.
 Bold enough to admit the fallacy.
Brave enough to expand into new valleys.
 Peaks are inevitable,
perks in unexpected tones.
 Heaven
 Earth
 Hell
 Worlds
Come into the meeting of new answers.
 I took the curse,
passed the pressure,
 craved the response,
found little,
 learned expansion.
No construction of bewildering temples.
 Neatly divided compartments.
Crafty exercises---
 I love answers,
seek the questions.
 Fill the gap,
hammer into the core...
 Really--Philosophy is worthy enough.

It's here one moment---

 Flashing into the dusk the next moment---

Life...

 All pieces of a big puzzle.

Crutches of the past keep us afloat in the present.

 The future depends on the mixture of both.

I stock the photographic album of my mind,

 searching through the allies of active thoughts.

Passive trampolines vault me into the moment...

 Beyond the present---

As time continues to take its toll---

 I enjoy the moment,

savor the taste of life---

 All those photographic instants...lifting me into the next
dimension.

Stabbing north, south, east and west,
right, left, up and down.
Sending me into the lagoons of my desires.
Prodding & pleasing,
accepted like MasterCards.
Visions illustrated,
sounds modified through an equalizer.
Spring scents,
summer mist,
a leaf pile in the fall & snowfall on a silent yet crisp winter's
eve.
Following my gait---
Questioning & Answering---
Never criticizing---
Come along most anytime,
the key is under the mat of my soul, Ms. Prong.

Into the corner,
 crackling with vigor.
Asking life "why?"
 The deck of cards are burning coals before me.
I choose to stay with my hand,
 listening to the blistering scorn of blatant explicatives.
Give me hope,
 feed my churn.
I need no more backward balancing.
 Look life, I treat you well,
house you
 nurse you
 seek answers---
Safety, security and solace---my three S's.
 Your three S's are salvation, scorn and scurrying.
Let's compromise,
 be wise my old friend---
No more cliff tops on the edge.
 We both have love & desires.
Shake my hand & listen to my story of being pushed beyond.

White pages,
black ink,
forgiveness on poetry Ave.
Awakening from previous memories---
Shaking the dust off another evening.
Sprinkling magic on the aftermath.
Cleansing autumn,
christening winter,
thinking of spring,
teasing summertime.
Time ticks by...
corruption spins..
the world wins---
Altruistic desires,
emphatic meaning,
blessed beginnings.
Slice me a piece of snow white bread,
fill my cup with white wine...
Clothe my chances,
float my heart like a kite,
toss mishaps in the furnace,
laugh at my mistakes.
Humanity is calling--
I'm only human & so are you---
Darkness is inevitable---
Purity is winning multitudes.

□

"Labour is not the only source of material wealth, of use values produced by labour. As William Petty puts it, labour is its father and the earth its mother."

Karl Marx

"The interpretation of dreams is the royal road to a knowledge of the unconscious activities of the mind."

Sigmund Freud

"Instead of saying that a man behaves because of the consequences which are to follow his behavior, we simply say that he behaves because of the consequences which have followed similar behavior in the past. This is, of course, the Law of Effect or operant conditioning."

B.F. Skinner

"Battle for the freedom to become an individual in all facets possible."

Joe Dimino

In the barren recesses of America,
live a select breed---
Not out of valor do they thrive.
Exclusively from greed---
Complaining

Heart Aching

Saps

In my ears they resonate---
Get a grip my friend.
Around the corner lies a new vision.
May I make a suggestion?
Turn the corner---
No more refusal.

Left overs,
 crowding the deteriorating fan belts.
We all advance into heartfelt dances,
 new experiences,
adding plantations,
 plowing the manure.
Spring is on its way,
 winter has taken its toll.
Pay the proof---
 Thank the professor.
Gracious greetings for the one's helping me on my journey.
 Anxious good-bye's for the thoughts needing an escapade.
Rendezvous in muddy puddles.
 Cleansing in unbeknown streams.
Millions of people muddle in advancement.
 Searching the surroundings.
One way streets,
 four lane highway's---
Creeping into new nourishment.
 My-o-My I just need a lift.
A rise into the clouds providing completeness.
 The land of the barren be gone---
Give me technological bliss,
 tick off the old generations.
Remove the grime,
 residue is waste in my springtime jaunt.

Come on little one,
 grab the path---
One of fulfillment,
 life is indeed short.
Knowledge is subjective,
 effort isn't given.
Capture the truth, intensity & gall needed to complete the maze---
 The instant is worth savoring---
Reach for the tunnel,
 turn on the light,
once is enough & you better enjoy the ride.
 Embellish in the rest...

Grab your plate,
 snatch some grub---
Population problem out there,
 you know?
Musical chairs in home & at the office.
 Darwin had it right---
Survival of the finest,
 Latch on, lace up & give it all there is.
No turnin' back,
 life's all right---

had it right---
Survival of the finest,
 Latch on, lace up & give it all there is.

Your in my mind & waddle in my wonderment,
Who are you?
Are you a being, a feeling or in the flesh?
I cannot wait to hug your ankles,
look at your shoulders & read your heart.
Another piece of the dream---
That great Northwestern high---
Let me live & find my being.
I only wish we has a while---

Lookin' down the barrel,
 linin' up the points,
feelin' the adrenaline flow---
 Holdin' patience as a virtue.
Craddlin' the aim with a prayer---
 You know---
That afternoon shoot reminds me a lot 'bout life---
 It lasts such a short time...
So...step-up, aim high & enjoy the thrill.

Oh glorious snail---
 slurping the salts,
seeking heat---
 Predator in the mold,
leave me now,
 please be kind,
can't handle you no longer.
 Snail---In the distance...

Well, what is it. Yes or no?

Go or No?

Let me know.

Give me that glow,
like an innocent snow---

Don't just say Joe.

So, is it yes or no or just so...

ist---

We can all help each other, then find the help---

Off the blocks,
 into the beaming ray's from the heavens.
Running through the smoke of another ensuing race.
 Blinding portraits,
past results,
 future encounters.
Filling my cup of wine---
 Looking past the wind into the vacuum. □
I take the lead,
 sharpen my spikes,
open my mind,
 completion is always on my invisible path.
Slow down the pace,
 smile for once.
We're al in this together---
 The race called life.
Let's bond as one,
 peace my friend---
Races are bliss in their right place.
 No more waste---
Capre Diem every worthy moment...
 Let's finisht then start again---
Life, my friend, is a finish and middling ground.
 No...only a start.

Unmovable

unshakable

unstoppable insanity

Desires

memories

hopes &

wants drive me mad

Why

when

where

Who cares?

Give me peace

love &

life

Change occurs,

the credo stay's...

Here I sit...

Thinking of the story,
flashing in pentium colors,
inducing the enigmatic.

TOT phenom---

Lurching me into thought,
perplexing me into new horizons.

No glory to achieve,
personal plateaus foreseeable.

Infinite knowledge,
titillating pleasure.

The idea is jostling the vacuum.

I reach for the victory.

Waiting in the dark,

I will find it,

my computer will find me.

The reality is alive.

Bending new shapes,
 forming old horizons,
light becomes dark,
 white resembles black.
Opposite isn't necessarily the nemesis.
 Individuality is the gale.
Let me sift through the rubble,
 discovering the beauty that exists.
The ugliness that is berserk.
 So many outlets,
many frames,
 indescribable feats,
tickle the particle,
 curse at the running water,
then let the chance mend the future.
 Mold the present,
shape my way's,
 incandescent rooms,
indescribable feelings...
 All matters mixed into the hat.
Pick your best,
 let me relish---
In the Status Quo of today.

Dial the number,
 raise my taxes,
cover-up the assassination.
 What alien?
games in the dark,
 white as black,
foolish as a fifth in a car.
 Slippery as a hose,
Politician...talk to me.
 Take off the funny nose,
forget the lobbyists,
 euphemisms are old news,
relate, you public piece.
 Ahhh---It's useless,
one thing never changes...

Belligerent fools skipping in all directions,
 humming soprano demonic melodies.
Driving me to another level,
 rejecting their bait---
They mock the obvious & refuse the truth.
 Giving little to believe in & much to muse over.
Life is so funny, complex & ridiculous...
 Laughing again, I come to another conclusion...
People live, die & thrive.
 Temperatures will rise-n-fall & give us grace.
God be with the race.

Fumbling over the pages---

Washing my skin with new jaunts into intellectual chambers.
Vice grips accentuate my attention---

Thoughts reach new visceral highs.
The universe expands into infinitive worriment.

All matter of this earth shrinks to thinkable matter.
Time ticks into windshield pounding memories.

I retreat to the first page of this autobiographical novel written
on uncleansed paper.

Tattered edges begin to formulate---

My stern look turns into a smile---
...On this journey into my vacuum...

Lunch money

Recess

our first crush---

All logical progressions to becoming that "teen" word.

Knowledge is supposed to be of the highest caliber,
all is known---

Education has stopped.

The world is figured out.

First big break-up

college

bills---

Thing's aren't so clear-cut,

Sage one day---

The next, a sap.

Is it wrong?

Is it right?

Neither, my friend---

Another logical progression.

A wealth of knowledge,
multitudes of perspectives.

A chamber of things "We need to do", but don't...

So little time---

Although time enough to know---

The more you know, the less you really do know.

Grab the wheel,
grease the skids.
Tell me another story of your boyhood adventures.
Adult completions.
Destinations aren't the fullfillment...
The Road
search
seizure.

It's the way attained by the real road hunters.

□

Grab the mental sourveneir.
Scorch it into the memory scrap book.
Crowd into the respecting relativity.
Equations be gone,
Institutions take a rest.
Exploration like native vegabonds.
Hug the land,
kiss the sparkling streams.
Into new territorites...
Dropping postcards here, there and everywhere...
Flip into the tape,
escape into desired destinations &

the completion of home sick

desperations.

Beauty unpossessed by multitudes.

Grip the bit,
chomp on the horizons.

Come travel on the highway of desired spots.

From confusion to the cacoon,
 out of the sun & into the moon.
The danger continues to loom,
 in the crawl spaces of my mental room.
Combating the doom,
 the saints swoon & protect me from the tomb.
The clock is reaching noon,
 I could sure use that transformation soon.

l you nap.
Wake-up you silly sap!

Looking back is no more---

 The decision is made for the young lady---
She cries at night...

 Runs in the day---
Peace isn't in the memory print-out---
 Only fears---

Sinking into oblivion---
 One life,

many choices---

 Ultimatums are for the experienced---
So, look over your shoulder & make a wish...
 It just may come true.

Reaching for the cure,
 stirring the mix.
Sweet scents cascade across my countenance.
 Lift my spirits,
 Give me reason, righteousness & rhyme.
Cosmos collecting in my brain,
 urging my soul to do more.
Achieve beyond belief,
 leave behind barren hopes.
Grip the need and love the law.
 One as one
All as all.
 Come behind the curtain,
the production is about to begin.
 All is well in understanding completeness.

Full and glorious,
 In the paint
 In the flesh
 In the open

Talk to me,
 let me see you smile---
Let me frolic as other's marvel at your splendor.
 Remember me---
My way's, vices & virtuosos.
 Moonlight brushes your cheeks,
sunlight glistens in your hair---
 Designs pattern your path.
Running into the shade,
 the shadow parts way's.
Flinching at a fools advice.
 Wincing at mad man's delight.
-All together as one-
 The unit of my life.

No more labels,
 be gone fair names.
No more crying from the heart,
 deep in the zone,
the wolves howl,
 jasmine sprouts & birds jostle.
Nature rotates,
 the heavens endure & humans think their the end-all-be-all.
What a myth---
 What is life about?
Question or Answer?
 Hey, my hand is raise,
one last thing to say---
 Some things are better left untitled.

Shooting out like diving silhouettes of glass,
double-edged shingles raining in glory.
Pelting glaciers mourn in crystallized forms,
grazing in foreseen fields.
Chomping on the harvest of tomorrow.
Give time a chance,
let the people expand.
Growing into one,
curing in multitudes & loving all.
Into the shades of blank stares.
Out of the numerous loving embraces,
glaze the ignorance,
embrace the truth...
Views whistle around every corner.

Blazing down the interstate of accomplished memories---
 Feeling the blaze of what has and hasn't been done.
Chasing away the guilt---
 Priding the accomplishments.
The battle wages until my sleep slams me in dreamworld.
 Comfort is found in understanding---
Confusion sneaks-up on my statue---
 I stand powerful,
succumb in sweat-tingling battles---
 Knowing the truth---
I lurch onto the sweet suckle---
 Until I gain the ultimate understanding.
I lie weak when all else fails.

Caressing the herbal scents,
 smoking the sassafras.
Living on the brink---
 Experiencing drooling sayonces in the stark.
Explore terrain's unmet by American eyes.
 Wear-out the goods,
revitalize the body.
 Give the mind a break,
rest the eyeballs.
 Machines are in factories,
not pacing the sidewalks.
 Diabetes
 ALS
 AIDS
 Disease...
Rest in divine conceptualization.
 Smile into the lifting sentiments.
Wear life in the utmost & tear the uselessness in half.

A container full of mist,
 sitting on a counter amongst confusion.
Yearning to be released to smell the honeysuckle.
 Christen the new day held back by the groundhog.
Desiring to hug human entanglements...

□

 Looking past the sea---
Smelling the salts and tasting the earth.
 Mother Nature is the judge in this court case.
To let the mist rise or settle.
 Deliberation...
Contemplation in a maddening duration.
 Crumbling up human machines & minds---
Mother Nature is near a verdict.
 The press huddles---
A hush is obscene...
 Screams are halted---
Will the morning ever be the same?
 Will fog come in groups?
Will the sea create any more of this vapor?
 The verdict is in...
Hello, earth. Mist has returned.
 ---Whole and Bold.

A country & world scattering with enigmatic trash,
everyone's wanting to make a landfill,
the psychiatrist runs to the bank,
another teen grab's AIDS.

You ask me...

I'll tell you---

Why such a fuss?

We all carry that nagging torch on our bones,
gather some gumption,
check the integrity meter.

Enjoy your time,

I'm young, but I've learned a little---

Relax, enjoy this gift.

Time's short.

So...What was that?

Somethin' Wrong?

Tugging on my shirt---
 Ravaging my mind.
An old friend has gone---
 A new enemy is pacing the halls of my brain.
Reminding raving reality...
 Ransacking my physical & mental spirit---
I have no alterior desires,
 I can see the sun rising---
A sweet sight I can repeatedly wake-up to...
 Conformity is the call--
The call comes quite often.
 New horizons are my vision.
Withdrawal for the poor habit in my brain.
 Puff...Puff...Puff...

People will come
 and they will go---
My spirit has a hold on my soul---
 So, flip through my book
examine my heart---
 Let the freshness sweep you away in the breeze---

Rocking on the day of a fresh new feel,
 ready & able to conquer expectations.
Visioning the reaches,
 lurching for the beauty...
Surrendered nature,
 mountain top gleaming,
sea gulls a squakin',
 all additives for a soul content to the core.
Such tranquillity in the morning---
 let loose of the fleeting past,
Claim your nationality with the prosperous---
 Lift your spirits...
On the way called Waterfront.

Looking into the gypsies magic crystallized ball,
 envisioning love & fulfillment.
On the open road of my heart, mind & soul...
 I tickle the temptations,
smiling at the future,
 searing the past.
Green pastures await my trimming.
 Glorious enterprises line my wondering.
Out of the silhouette,
 into the spotlight.
I crave that love, travel & primal scream.
 Fulfilling an eastern religion dipped in refreshing coasts---
Hold my ties---
 Cut me free...
Clear visions leading into Zen and Above.