

# Joefiles 6

Inverted Rain Puddles

The morning after  
a discursive night of  
successful peach roses &  
foundation establishment,

quickly the morning whisked  
me through  
fruit & vegetable work  
and relaxed smiles,

thrift store bargain  
in a bag,  
floating jazz above  
moon roof breeze,

into hometown  
familiar roads  
homes &  
buzz.

Again smokes & coffee  
sustain my sanity  
until the red ball in the sky  
sets  
on vision for miles  
into headlights on cars.

Good-bye our sun  
in the autumn air above,  
I will treat the night stars  
in the same reverence,

For I can remember the  
advice one  
high school teacher  
provided--

"No matter what happens,  
the sun will rise tomorrow"

So will I before 5pm.

Sunk over a puddle of  
icy water  
on a wry clothes line  
collecting the lint & sunshine of another  
365 day  
segment  
dry.

Coarse words of unruly  
media men  
E-Mail masturbation  
Hot Coffee cups mixing the  
juice of my stomach.

The phases  
relations &  
incurable doubt  
crowded into a slice of  
baker berry pie  
for hearty  
recollection--

The final toll of  
college bells  
shook by retina set  
into  
misty thoughts & virtues  
four-and-a-half years  
aging.

This crap toss  
into another unknown chunk of  
loving life  
has spliced the  
final trumpet note.

Humbling my  
outlook on personal events  
to the  
reality  
that this year was  
indeed sprinkled with showers of  
salt & spice--

Although the hope holds true  
that years  
ahead  
can dish me such a  
dose of  
solid recollection  
reminding &  
defining  
what is the meaning  
of life.

Living in a decade  
abound with living fools  
spouting garbage  
the liberators  
cannot comprehend.

Ignorance translated  
into bigotry &  
stereotypes tossed into  
a cavity-filled salad.

Sitting in a booth  
aglow with streaming lights &  
rational thoughts pacing  
the right of humanity,

to my left  
the disease of indulgence  
is gaining weight  
with assumptions  
empty like back alley garbage bins,

while my group  
paces the love  
of living

again the illusionary left  
digs into their thoughts  
of the American religion  
they contradict in  
humorous irony--

on  
open Ethiopian prairie  
reached his powerful neck  
to  
the heart of Eastern Asia  
to whisper words  
of untold splendor  
to people on  
open street market  
that the euphoria  
of  
contentment can be attained  
by watching the  
clockworld brilliance  
of  
wildlife in the routine  
of daily survival.

Something magical occurred--  
Morality increased  
Fidelity was heralded  
Vigor for children  
Birth outweighed death,  
in one  
24hr.  
period.

Tonight I realize  
tomorrow will be different

for life has moved on  
without regret or strife--

My endeavors have treated me well,  
I have made good use of time.

I still feel in my soul  
a love for her  
much like moral obligation.

My course has granted me  
friends of incredible virtue  
and pursuits of free existentialism

Now, I look back on unexplainable grief  
like the loss of touch

sessions of repair  
occurred in my due process of movement.

One year advance,  
I did learn to forgive,  
love my brother,  
new women &  
the person I discovered within.

Instead of curt thoughts  
of you,  
I must bid you a heartfelt "Thank You"  
for I am  
truly free.

Below the final try of  
ruined cigarette filters

my body releases the  
stench of my solid surrounding

Opaque with black remains &  
ruined lung matter

atop nothing but callow swallows &  
deep heaves

Feeling the filth of rising ashes &  
usable tobacco

My transparent glaze corrodes  
under the blurred remix  
of false candles

stacked like bums  
screaming truth in city bus.

Could this evening be  
the juxtaposition of  
immovable trays in  
ruined pieces

or is there another tomorrow  
that will ease the burn  
of grating sounds  
pelting my chest.

On top  
of a bold new  
crater called a Grand Canyon,

expelling emotions  
new to my body &  
inhaling crisp air sharp to the lungs  
in  
newfound familiarity.

Above the valley  
on  
precipice of mountain rock

I shout to  
aloud to the  
silence of nature--

A colorful collection  
of bobbing helium

sharing the patience  
of birth into full expansion &

the dejection of quick  
pending death when helium was the soul &  
the natural environment was the death.

Parading at parties  
for retirement warrior

cheering the sick  
in unfortunate accident &

pleasing a lover  
after quarrel at night.

The pack of balloons  
beg the comparison to  
the life people lead--

Enjoying the twists,  
mourning the turns,  
cheering all walks of nature.

Here so short,  
gone too quick.

the end.

Grated over the  
sharpened rivets  
of patchy cheese grater,

this back of mine  
raw like forgotten mold  
of soggy monzorella

Leaks the fluids of  
puss blood  
when destructive chatter,  
deaf to my ear  
pelts my skin  
into  
mesmorizing scars.

Never to be forgotten  
inside this flow of  
world hatred

I comprehend  
through  
the Back I  
feel the pelt of  
painful stab.

The passion of Benny  
lifted him through debt,

ignited a lucky mirrors  
over his head,

amazed the women  
behind brown doors &

caught up with him  
in supermarket square.

Then Ben decided  
that nothingness with pistols

should come to an end  
tonight.

Beneath his breath  
visions of youth returned &

fury lifted his passion on top  
of the petty crook which

rescued a portion of  
humanity he once knew &  
can meet again.

The ferocity of machine bound  
man  
crash silently through  
criss-cross paths  
on another noon  
Liberty afternoon.

Music choking the air  
exhaust belching pollution  
tires shed particles of hockey pucks  
&  
the little Blue Bird  
in this world fills the scene.

A body crammed with  
virgin feathers  
sunset orange beak and  
eyes able to shed the  
black in the eyes of  
human pain.

Casual glances in  
naked splendor,  
one little creature  
beating with a heart  
smaller than an almond,

grooves the jive  
this winter cold  
cannot  
create.

Mighty Blue Bird,  
blend of  
God's art--  
The most innocent &  
natural aspect of  
such a  
perfunctory scene.

The sad young  
girl

lost the game of  
dodgeball,

had bad  
karma

of a time  
when

future childbearing would  
be

the gift of  
life.

powdery with mountains  
of fresh snow calling me to protect  
a country of my desire.

Small groups of  
disease cells  
torture  
my conscious state,

brain tumors without  
color or  
label  
gather in poker assemblies.

They mock my intelligence  
squeeze sleep out of  
nighttime  
lift lemons into my mouth &  
ignite damage to be  
soon repaired.

The quirks of personal relations,  
daily turmoil through  
debt & work  
paint a list

while I sit with  
no eraser on the  
end of my  
lead-filled pencil.

Virtue is the only  
medicine  
this pain can absorb,  
otherwise further dents  
of fire  
shall continue  
to crackle daisy  
comfort.

Raised my hand  
to scratch my scalp

noticed a colony  
of brain dust  
covered my arm  
from elbow to pinkie

Shook the magic  
on  
sheets of lavender paper--

Sprouts of live  
flesh  
grew Alfalfa thick  
into the eye of  
the beholder,  
ripe to  
the art of expression

Top to Bottom  
East to West,  
the specter  
begot those  
ready to venture  
above the  
sublime--

Poetry,  
the color of fresh orchards  
bestowed  
with verbal treble.

To lie  
on my back

under the light scream  
of the breeze

staring at the  
oak free

in foreign state &  
cool flight of mind

shall be the sublime memory  
only attainable through

moments on the clock &  
desire fought within the inner heart.

Around the cuticles  
of my  
frostbitten toes,  
shavings of broken mirrors  
slice my veins into  
a pool of  
warm blood puddles.

My mind slowly  
feels an aura of  
blue nausea  
that freezes my bones  
into a state of  
content punishment,

suddenly the  
image  
changes to a brown body  
wading  
through a tub of  
soap bubbles  
that lift my soul into  
a red glare  
of liquid glory--

Between the  
polar pillars  
on the right &  
left  
of my magnetic body,

free will becomes  
my only such  
move  
in the hour  
of  
palm sweat movement.

From those day's  
of  
High School stress  
into college expansion--

My dream of  
broadcast excellence  
soared behind a shower  
of  
bright red sparks.

Education  
of  
this  
wide world of ours  
then  
shook the  
nook.

My rocket of hope  
suddenly  
exploded into  
a  
shower of burnt  
debris,

into this yearning  
that strawberries  
can be as  
enjoyable  
as life is to this very day  
of  
unsure optimism.

ctory  
generations  
past & present  
marched into with a  
glimmer of cries.

I try, I fall down  
I try, I fall down

Thanks for the hand, friend.

As I sit beneath  
my lamp of nourishment,  
I wonder where the President  
must be--

while I scurry the monitor of  
computer haven,  
Clinton's hams could be  
Jogging  
    Jogging  
    Jogging  
another tax-free mile.

In my real-life drama  
finding my relief impasse,  
I wonder where the President  
must be--

driving the mull again path  
to my educational cathedral,  
Clinton could be  
Golfing  
    Golfing  
    Golfing  
an extra nine.

Beside my digital clock  
running my daily routine,  
I wonder where the President  
must be---

Within my mind,  
I scream--  
Stop  
    Stop  
    Stop  
this pretentious thought.

...I wonder where the President must be...

Four deaf  
brokers  
sat around  
a  
silent campfire  
eating  
spoonfulls of  
Neosporin.

\*\*\*

The black  
i  
n  
k  
decided  
to  
succumb  
to the empty  
spots  
of white paper.

\*\*\*

Poetry teachers  
congregate  
behind buildings during  
poetry workshops  
to feed  
small kittens  
effedrin.

\*\*\*

Conscious  
Unconscious  
Extroverted  
Introverted  
Repressive  
Monks waved at me  
off the side  
of a  
Wyoming Highway.

\*\*\*

Lost my  
mind  
last night.  
Ate stacks  
of Camel Cash  
until  
my genitalia  
turned

light blue.

\*\*\*

3 four leaf clovers  
grew  
under my stool  
at  
the Riviera  
one  
spring morning.

\*\*\*

Wished a  
p  
    i  
        t  
of  
venemous Copperhead snakes  
to lea  
    ve  
my si GH t.  
Turned into a  
stack  
of pennies  
ready to  
be dropped  
into  
    a  
Plaza Fountain.

\*\*\*

Sorrid  
    Torrid  
        Florrid  
Maestros  
waved ReD  
blankets  
in front of  
my  
Boston Bulldog  
in Liberty's  
ciTY PArk.  
The dog  
quickly  
took  
a  
healthy  
shit.

\*\*\*

Had a  
shower  
of  
pure  
sand  
pelt  
my  
greasy  
pores  
with  
a  
shot  
of  
light  
g r u b.

\*\*\*

Orchestrated  
an  
8 ft. line of  
happy pagers  
to  
play  
the "Peanuts" tune.

\*\*\*

Brought  
a  
handfull of  
red licoriche  
formed into a  
glob of  
red  
roses  
to the girl  
who used  
to  
date  
clowns.

\*\*\*

Rarity  
swallowed-up  
the  
Sports b a R & G r I l L.

\*\*\*

These  
red & blue

lines on  
flat  
white  
p            a            p            e            r  
cause  
m  
e  
sleep apnea.

\*\*\*

"TV  
killed  
the  
Talk Show Star"

\*\*\*

Horse feed  
is  
grand  
at  
brunch time.

\*\*\*

Loony

    Loony  
in  
a  
dry lif            E  
                  B            o            a            t.

\*\*\*

Whips cracking  
Vaseline splicing  
Violins playing.

Inside Nevada  
horror house.

\*\*\*

Broken windows  
send  
veteran plumbers  
to tears.  
In fancy galleries.

\*\*\*

OFFICE SUPPLY STORES

OVERTAKE THE WORLD.

\*\*\*

Think Poker Face Cards...  
3 Kings on a burning cross.

Images of dreamtime  
preclude my waking  
thought  
via Salvador Dali.

On an open stretch of  
free ocean  
rifles collect the  
sweat of my forehead,

tigers yearn  
for my blood,  
fish view me as a worm &  
sea shells think of  
a way  
to excavate my toe nails.

Between consciousness &  
fantasy  
these image make me  
content.

The mix bleeds into  
my understanding of  
paint &  
beauty.

Steady glances  
into the past  
when passion  
created desire  
to sweat the exercise  
on feet.  
The crisp autumn air  
slicing my ears  
when speech slowly became  
incoherent.  
My love  
crystallized into the mind,  
the flow of blood  
boiled my race.  
A desire  
absent of disease &  
failure.  
A stream of praise  
lifting to my sight  
from sparse spectator &  
the honor of  
award  
in both spirit &  
ribbons.  
A separate life  
lived,  
extinguished like  
a cigarette butt.  
The new move  
into  
fresh fields of  
passion  
strong as a mile,  
propitious in completion.

The 1980's  
happened only a decade ago,  
when TV, Atari & parachute britches  
pulled me over  
the brown snow,

into technological parenting  
MTV intrigue &  
the scurry to recount the was in 90's block.

It was the liquid flow of  
umbilical need,  
a feel more than  
a century could hold.

Reganomics, Letterman  
grade school love  
neatly tied into  
the center  
of this twine ball  
I nearly forgot  
made the  
world glow  
only  
a decade ago--

Lifting mist  
battle my fear,

crowding ray's  
foil my inequities.

Streaming passion  
release my true kindness,

air of black  
leave me now.

Leaves of crimson  
gather in my yard

birds of humor  
fill my tongue

ashes of pain  
release my frolic

F l o a t i n g    love  
crash into narrow inroads

Pieces of beauty  
make my wishes  
adult rhapsody &

fill childhood song's into  
breaths of greatness.

Multitudes of inventions  
lining American homes.

Sold blindly on  
electric highways.

Released into the wind  
of human emotion,

evoking the selection  
of channels trash models & prices.

The grand influence of thought  
inside a rage of gifts.

Sweltering judgment  
of overabundance in rich colors,

pandering to ages  
of circus delight

to consume the myth  
so hard to let go.

Underneath the craftsmanship of men,  
lie the liquid remains  
that present the reflection  
of shimmering paces.

Relentless to humans  
set to pace in underground world  
where simplicity  
knows many a freedom.

Inside the lurch  
of my thoughts  
bleed the vision I have  
of the droplet

landing in a puddle of minds  
coalescing into masses  
nourishing the soul,  
tickling the organ &  
blind to the process  
that keep a race  
alive & content

for generations aware.

Eloquent alterations accentuate my surrounding,  
distant galaxies dance in windless silence--

Potted plants gloat in post-heat calamity,  
blank walls close invisible irises--

Neighboring pines cease to whisper approaching weather patterns--

A cluster of motion  
in concentric serenity--

Leaving me in nightfall toe steps  
through the explanation  
that fixed properties are beauty  
inside my world  
outside.

Beautiful Spanish  
madams

flower into well kept  
secrets

filling a man's dream in  
grace

towering with succulent  
nipples

sweet to the tooth  
animals

could only  
imagine.

The young maid  
predicted  
her fate

in the house  
of diamond blue  
behind strife.

A destroyed mind  
reserved  
the right to speak.

Children tend  
in the nest  
built within her womb

yet the little mouths  
of strangers  
occupy her muttle--

Sample for now  
acted before  
another disgraced  
crowd  
questioning beyond contention.

The timid flame  
reaches the core of its glow,  
for the end is inevitable &  
the sorrow is reachable.

Elegance wrapped in fibers  
of red  
releasing 162 reasons of beauty  
for a course  
provided by nature.

Mice pay tribute to the prowess  
while the live flesh  
extend their grip  
for solemn endurance.

The time arrives  
for humans and felines  
to reach the near &  
return to the powder  
enveloping our memories.

Mournful thoughts  
collect on the dexterity  
of agile & graceful bodies  
collapsing into the  
joy -- grief  
behind the family animal  
able to outlive  
the charm  
of the group.

For a  
slice of time

the vibe came  
to mind

Soon the  
temptation followed

and regret was  
the fate

my weary  
mind

had to contort  
into

a sunrise or  
sunset.

Behind the  
forest  
of crimson red  
ripe orange  
lemon yellow,  
the young  
archer  
found love  
after  
he fired  
an errant Arrow  
into  
a web nest  
of  
wheat brown honey.

The Alpha of this  
bodily grab  
into the world  
offered not a  
stitch of clothing.

Two parents  
one body &  
a virgin soul existed in  
the dust of hospital odor.

Time  
took a furious lick  
that scavenged my entire  
nervous system,  
in turn  
provided material and emotional  
possession.

At this  
23rd stage of life,  
the person  
is being  
parceled out into people,

many humans touch this  
foundation,  
the tentacles have  
felt the nourishment  
&  
grown into a colony of  
plump grapes.

Knowledge  
Lands  
Experience  
spoon the spindle  
around the  
world I perceive

fitting enough  
to answer those introspective  
questions  
with a  
"For Lack of Nothing At All"

Fortified lumber stacked by labor  
unrest  
Colorful wires plowed by numb  
electricians  
Venomous insulation laid by coughing  
unioner  
Posh white paint spread around window  
sill  
Prepared for weathered love  
alive  
around the enigmatic American  
dream.

The moment of  
composing gripped  
my fancy

Beside my hand  
sat the shiny silver  
of tired fingerprint smudges  
echoing  
from the pocket size  
harmonica

My intrigue moved the  
German instrument  
to my mouth  
for the personal meaning  
of the truest sort

Those nine slits of  
dull orange,  
the color of fresh  
leather  
met my lips  
for that voyage that was underway.

My mind agreed  
with the melody  
I forced through  
the whistling wind  
showered into the sky.

Driving the chords  
high-n-low  
to a kinship  
as sweet as the  
memory of warm embers  
over parched  
campsite.

Jumping off the  
perch of my musical voyage

A smile pleased me like few pieces of notes  
could have provided.

When is  
the last  
t i m  
e  
someone  
spit on you?

\*\*\*

56 different languages  
worldwide  
elude  
Americans

\*\*\*

Destruction  
correlates  
to  
sheer  
ha p  
less  
direction.

\*\*\*

Electronically transmitted  
messages  
are  
playful enemies.

\*\*\*

The one way  
street  
signs  
had an open  
battle on Main Street  
in broad  
day light.  
Doesn't anyone  
have direction anymore?

\*\*\*

The gray-n-white seagull  
mistaken me  
for a shell on  
the beach--  
Picked me up,  
dropped me in the

middle  
of  
the  
wandering  
    wandering  
            sea.

\*\*\*

Mother Nature activity  
sleep  
beginning  
conclusion--  
Given's next  
to  
death & taxes.

\*\*\*

Flew on  
a  
sting ray  
today.  
The sting was  
pure bliss.

\*\*\*

The Ad industry  
committed  
subliminal  
rape of  
the mind today.  
Again.

Wide awake amid  
the repercussions of  
withdrawal nightmares

awaiting the fury  
of fast food  
craze.

Drinking the food & drug  
recommendations  
for blind lifestyle.

I create the resin  
potent enough to choke  
my flesh

alive in the smog  
beating the stimulants  
to keep me content &  
ready for old age misery

dancing on the stage  
warned by sages  
dangerous in first sight

Yet I still indulge  
my weary ventricles  
with the disease of  
consumer status quo.

In the end  
jovial politicians  
swimming CEO's

neglect to send me  
get-well card.

My trail through  
this space of time  
called  
life

began with a spore  
of collective  
ignorance.

Soon the mass  
took on the shape  
of colorful corners  
spacious folds &  
detailed crevices.

Full thrust into this  
world  
ready to bludgeon  
the enemy &  
carve a groove  
as deep as  
personal salvation can offer.

Eventually the shapes  
& flow  
will shrivel  
with the tick of the second hand &  
the cruelty of  
life's erosion,

Then, I can recollect  
memories a priori  
inside the  
whicker  
of tarnished white--

Reminiscing the harden &  
graving the shrink.

The familiar turn of the key  
fails to receive the lifeblood  
of my daily response.

Into the cold night air  
to great stars  
revolving in my brain  
how it could be & the expanse ahead.

Destination arrived,  
my comrades lift my soul  
from the sweat canvass

to recharge the volt &  
restore faith in the humid heart  
humanity possesses

open to the reliance  
I indeed have  
in modern machinery.

Those young years of  
my tutor days as a  
child  
releasing the  
extinct worries into  
kick-the-can hours

turned into evenings of  
stale nightly community programming  
with Letterman prototype  
in  
Salvation Army gear.

One evening  
his plea moved me  
to finally live out a  
fleeting dream  
to hit the studio on  
benign  
historic square region.

Saddled up  
turquoise carpet steps  
for the lights of hometown  
exposure &  
compete in Hawaiian shirt night

Bill and I were  
the few faithful  
that took the plan  
to foot

We were  
presented colorful  
caricatures of  
stretchy gumby-n-pokey.

Led out onto  
the street once more  
with sweaty necklines &  
an early life lesson in  
contests  
    guests  
        & television highlight.

Even so I was  
12  
my lesson was in motion  
before the talk show  
glamour of today's  
screen

Learned T.V. is a

gag  
Hawaiian shirts  
rarely come in handy &  
rubbery cartoon entities  
appeared real  
on one occasion

So, I have to ask  
myself  
"Why do I still watch television?"

Inside my musically tinged  
walk  
through transaction haven

Brilliant fluorescent bulbs  
trip my eyes &  
invert the mind,

they lead to the  
charlatan laughter of  
middle-aged  
mother delight.

Reminds me of those  
in fear  
flicking  
inauthentic respect  
to those abiding  
b  
e  
l  
o  
w.

The hate in a handshake,  
the vengeance in a kiss,  
the wave of a rude mate  
inside the perplexed mind  
of mine.

Only to wish  
a candlelit  
desire  
this New Year's Eve--

For better  
or  
for worse  
reality would suffice.

The distinct echo  
follows a brisk plea  
of nature's gift as

I follow my palate  
to the second ceiling

My bosom absorbs the  
chill of the night air  
with ears that flow mid-stride on  
the familiar howl from a distance.

In the beginning  
wonder accumulated into  
a peculiar bond of  
future connection

The scream  
follows my heartbeat  
into a contest  
of  
reverberation

Beyond the pasture  
pent in a nest  
unfamiliar to my taste,  
the perfunctory  
enjoys the night air

The trend flows melodically  
with strings of  
curiosity  
leaning me for more  
jaunts  
to another ceiling  
for a sample of midnight speech.

I bounce between  
these  
narrow spheres  
of delicate prescription  
glass

through the piles  
of  
powdery sand dikes,  
hurling back-n-forth  
between  
half-to-half.

My senses deceive  
me  
into believing  
that time between  
toes &  
fingers  
is the handlebar  
of my  
life.

Eventually I  
realize that  
granulated enemies  
scour my skin.

The less my  
emotions feel the  
reality

the more I slowly  
feel  
time speeds into  
uncontrollable  
entities  
of  
black candor.

Dreamtime  
Adrenalinetime  
Drifftime  
Lifetime  
Lovetime  
Bigtime  
Chancetime  
Flytime  
Staytime  
Drytime  
Livetime  
Brighttime

All occur in my mind  
during the movement  
within  
Downtime.

Standing in front  
of the participant  
calculating the sum of my present state.

I slowly examine  
questions & answers procured  
by my father,  
so that he can accomplish his  
solemn wish.

The unfulfilled connection  
to transform his youngest  
into a man.

A constant struggle,  
to push & pull the mold  
into approved  
pottery.

Mangled & confused,  
the distortion awakens  
my  
body,

while my father  
gleams with  
further  
toil.

My mouth daring not to retort,  
for I know the motivation  
my father holds  
as benevolent lies.

Yet, I wish he could see  
I'm his friend  
through blood & decree--

I am free, father,  
be my friend  
and learn to accept me--  
for time is the variable.

Two small  
children

rotate the question of  
pregnancy.

Thoughtless wax figurines they  
presume

come from aglow  
ferries

that deliver money for  
teeth

along with dreams for the  
deceased.

The stern picture  
of a watercolor  
face  
paints the floor  
of piano blues.

Sounds of water  
touched with  
ancient hymn  
live in his flowing feathers of  
a conquered hairdress.

Looking then  
at the sun drenched figure appear &  
slowly vanish

strums a chord  
not worthy of full emotion &  
lacking lively  
language.

Impale me  
with the  
eye glaze  
cold.

Scorch my waist  
with  
humid heat  
drive.

Throw me the  
weather,  
Mother N

that shall formulate  
the theme to  
my  
love of poetry.

waist  
with  
humid  
humid heat  
drive.

For the duration of my life  
I never experienced the  
true side of my father's youth.

Two frames of yellowish  
black-n-white photos  
stirred my soul,

bursts of blind laughter &  
new perspectives of his teenhood  
rose to the surface of ambiguity  
to swim alone.

A concerted look of  
youth on the  
left,

the opposite side  
bore my father with  
cockeyed hat & eye.

From the moment my emotions  
made a placement with his  
image

the bulb was lodged into  
my marrow  
for his surprise of life set ahead,

producing three children  
grandchildren  
and the road past the half-century mark.

Tears of pleasure &  
humor  
truly stamp the label  
--Better late than Never--

My body clock  
is  
beaten below  
26hrs. of  
sleep deprivation.

Organs under  
my caste  
feel  
similar to large  
Jell-O masses of  
lava  
floating in numb fluid  
below the light  
of  
content neon  
entertainment.

Christmas lights  
chase me  
to a time  
when I used  
to fixate myself  
with the red trickle  
of their winter glow.

Out of my room  
with the levelor blinds  
pulled high,  
set to angle  
the gaze  
toward the east  
on cultisac corner.

I would recall  
the jubilee  
of Christmas morning  
doing my best  
to dismantle the  
electric race track.

Those electric wonders  
on the  
edge  
of Marion street

refract off my  
window  
through the  
icy screen  
before my reminiscent decor,

lines of splotchy  
red glow  
around the gutter rail  
below the window sill  
into my room  
for my Christmas memories  
to fly.

Scared of those lonely  
streets of  
sorrow in  
downtown  
broken alley

Afraid of  
pistols  
in criminal hands

Threatened by  
venereal disease  
within  
eye range of  
body extension

Fearful of this  
life  
full of diversity  
in sorrow

Blind to the beauty  
in the  
well of  
heart rims

Take a look away  
from the wanton  
media massacre  
in front  
of threatened eye

True life with  
mix of bliss  
lies  
in front of  
the beach front  
fire wood

Turn the  
evolution beyond  
the 20th century  
into  
a  
momentum  
called  
Live Alive.

An aluminum vat  
of high school piss  
percolating.

No change  
on the gap of  
new times

only the static aging process  
that burps  
no new hope or  
word.

A mutter of amusing  
worthless salt  
that sifts to the bottom of a  
slowly rusting tank  
void of  
conclusion  
dreams &  
achievement.

Frantic within  
the afternoon affair

waving reality trials  
in lieu of a pressing affair,

neglecting the friend  
casting the glow

in the midst  
of the glory

emitted by editors  
printers & stubs.

Aging escapades  
to cover the event  
that will create a new step  
to visage dreams &  
byline glory.

Multitudes indulge,  
many neglect  
the toil trapped within  
the package  
young reporter compiles.

Today's worriment,  
tomorrow's lining in floral delivery

all in the realm  
of reporting events

captivating anxious writer  
moving novice reader.

Flippant  
souls  
of different  
origins  
passed in front  
of my  
view  
while I  
sipped  
philosophy over  
coffee  
with a group  
of white folks  
against  
cultural  
ignorance.

baker berry pie  
for hearty  
recollection--

Four t r e e s  
lined in  
petrified s o l i t u d e  
groan  
with the  
whistling wind--

\*\*\*

Could  
bills of  
crisp green  
still bear the  
same meaning  
as  
blue notes?

\*\*\*

Those city council  
members  
inside  
scotch guard  
cans  
spray shit  
on the  
regular people.

The young deity  
had to flee from the  
dense thoughts of secular & religious  
lifestyles  
commanding his views.

Decided that thought inside  
stone walls  
were the demons  
he denounced.

Made the decision to act on  
years of dreams &  
purchase an old jalopy with  
the clothes on his bones &  
toothbrush in backpocket.

From K.C.  
to Cali  
was the goal,

bought sunglasses on  
the way,  
Sooner specials,  
and kept a journal  
of his travels.

Content that one stretch of  
paved asphalt  
would free his karma &  
look so innocent through  
his new pair of  
shades.

Passion anew--

Viva Monastery.

The innocent plea of a  
child

begged his  
mother

what my presence in retail  
gear

was indeed all  
about

this very  
daybreak.

In times of hectic  
thought

my own intelligence failed to  
inquire

this simple  
question.

Although, it took a small  
boy

to break this issue through my thin  
attention.

tanzas have  
proceeded  
this block,  
my

The moon  
broke  
the sun,  
yellow juice  
flowed  
from  
the nebulous  
sky  
while  
small children  
behind  
churchyard  
during breaktime  
reached out  
their  
arms  
to catch  
the glory.

Scurry  
    Scurry  
young sponge  
of  
foul courage.

\*\*\*

Be limp  
in the nose--  
Sniff a  
railroad yard  
&  
eat a bottle-full  
of  
humid tar.

\*\*\*

Sweat on the  
side  
of  
ice-filled glasses  
make  
teasers of love  
j  
p  
into  
Quick Sand.

u

m

\*\*\*

The gameless  
hunter  
killed the  
Mockingbird  
on Times Square  
billboard.

\*\*\*

Empty  
Pea  
    nut  
But  
    ter  
Jars  
fill the  
holes  
of  
    a  
King's  
    b  
r

o k  
e

n

dreams.

\*\*\*

Flickering  
l i g h t s  
on  
noon  
bank sign  
make elderly women  
forget to  
use their blinkers.

\*\*\*

Racism  
is  
AIDS.  
A disease  
that has the  
potential  
to find  
a  
cure  
someday.

\*\*\*

Cement trucks  
hauling  
piles of salt  
to french fry factory  
make  
litt l e  
g i r l s  
gi  
gl  
e.

y father holds  
as benevolent lies.

Yet, I wish he could see  
I'm his friend  
through blood & decree--

Several months ago  
I stood in front  
of the glittering mass of  
blanketed lies  
on the Puget Sound.

Strapped on tunes  
of my thought process,  
tapped into a pond of  
yellow imagination,

dove into the  
frigid waters that  
soon turned warm &  
relieving to the skin.

Shook the toe  
of poetry maker  
abound

tapped my fingertips  
washed my greasy splitends &  
laughed at the monotony life  
hides behind  
hallow  
American Cries.

Pangs of  
true love  
surfaced to  
the top of ripe waters,

It was only before  
I toweled off,  
sauntered away from  
water's edge

that a lodge of  
pure pride  
rose to my livid throat &  
shot the electricity of virtue  
through my body clock,

next to the mass of  
water  
so kind to let  
me expand into  
the  
depth of experience.

Inside this box  
lies the discovery

my mind will soon  
divide multiply add

to the shelf of  
information so hard & free.

Lying in my bed,  
my mind breaths before the task of learning

sets me free  
with watch work vision

feeling the water of  
free flow splash my synapse cells

with new air  
so releasing & worth the talk I tire  
in my mind.

A palace of  
frosty wet grass  
exists above the world  
inside my mind.

Blades a sparkle  
of forest green  
autumn yellow  
instruct my  
dance steps into my  
view down humanity.

A world busy  
at work  
war  
love.

Blind to the position  
my conscious has  
erected,

I doubt & flux  
for the reality  
their thoughts ignite,

I cannot shift  
the  
magenta  
into shades of rich harmony  
for this red fire unknown to  
cold blue waters,

ready to squeeze the  
punch behind the fire &  
liquid  
that motivates the layer of  
lava  
inside this wet eye  
around my soul.

On a dusty playground  
in the back of a  
Springfield, Illinois school  
three little boys &  
four pig-tailed girls

caught the remains  
from one massive comet  
that ignited the  
winter night.

They shoved  
the cosmic remains in their  
Osh Gosh pockets,  
wished for world peace  
longer recesses &  
no chance of attending Junior High.

Twelve years later  
their wishes failed  
to come true.

Now,  
in their coffee house stupor  
they wish  
a  
better fate  
for their children  
in a world that  
could accept humanity &  
shooting stars  
with  
more candor.

The enigma of writers  
block  
grips the mind in a  
friend\foe battle

Time to succumb  
or humiliate intelligence

Liquids to dissolve  
the brick facade or  
erect a sky of  
blue words

A necessity looming  
over the nerves  
like a friend believed yet  
hated  
all at once.

This puzzle with a  
consistent missing piece  
pulls me closer to the  
ideas that paint  
the human properties  
of  
my pumping heart.

Could it be the  
curse  
that is craved in time  
of reflection  
or the murderer that  
steals beloved household pet  
never to be seen  
again.

For now,  
knowing stanzas have  
proceeded  
this block,  
my decision rests  
in reflecting  
on the beauty  
constructive pitfalls  
wrought forth  
for the ink  
of poetic thought.

Forgive this tattered  
young man  
alone on the streets  
of unknown American Fortress  
with mere  
jock strap  
stirrups &  
charcol socks  
to cover his  
Adam-n-Eve fear--

He picks up twenty butts of  
parched cigarette death  
to stuff in  
worn Whopper container--

Kicks around empty bottles  
of Mickey's Malt &  
vivaciously sings the  
tunes of old  
Smother Brother fame.

His life lay in  
defeat  
before his hungry  
eye's,

only to realize  
his soul is his mere security  
that  
suffering remains  
cannot find  
no comfort within.

His only hope  
is tomorrow  
the lottery &  
random dollar bills next  
to  
mysterious street corners.

Yes,  
this is the  
future  
&  
the past  
is gone.

Signals of daybreak  
rush in front of the  
ravid alarm clock  
altering the young man  
for corporate labor.

On his balance beams  
thrown into the monotony  
in brightly lit canopies  
within the glamour  
of wax-tied apples.

His time card dictating  
a journey before his toil  
to accomplish the commands  
mastered by  
brokers  
growers &  
servants.

Multiplying the cycle  
created by horticultural beings  
for the check stub  
on hard-earned desk.

His exit from the show  
applauded by  
Daikon &  
Garlic alike,

So he can nurture the public  
for partitions  
to keep his life  
beneath the levels of power  
in front of farmer grief  
& increasing bourgeoisie.

The young father  
raced to the attic  
hoping he could

catch a loop of thoughts  
long extinguished  
by the ashes of  
dying childhood prayers &  
distant urges to  
recount the passion  
tearing his

memories into  
scattered failures  
spread over the expanse  
of a destroyed  
cellar.

Now, naked in  
cold solidarity  
created years before  
his present rash of  
deja vu

He prolonged his  
dash to the attic  
of dreams some find &  
others merely feel.

In my ride  
through the peaks & valleys  
of the city,

landscapes of frozen  
rain  
barricade all foliage  
grass &  
trees  
in a shimmer  
of white sparkle.

No electricity  
nor television  
transported me  
the joy I received.

Coils of overnight  
frost  
lining telephone voices  
indignant sycamore oaks &  
expanses of  
hibernating landscape.

Visuals of a cold  
December morn  
in midwest tranquillity,

provide me with the  
beauty  
prescribed to those  
living with curiosity.

Come ye faithful  
elderly child soul

roll from the bed of  
sleepless eve

Into the awe  
of strungout hopes

for the black can only hide  
as long as white streaks lie.

"Power tends to corrupt and absolute power corrupts absolutely"  
J. E. E. D. Acton (1887)

"Drama is the artistic expression of empathy"  
Alfred Adler (1927)

"If all the world were just, there would be no need of valour"  
Agesilaus (444-440 B.C.)

"It is not the possessions but the desires of mankind which require to be equalized"

Aristotle

"The Left is dominated by three ideas, which are not necessarily contradictory, but usually divergent: liberty, against arbitrary power and for the rights of the individual; organisation, for the purpose of substituting a rational order in place of tradition or the anarchy of private enterprise; and equality, against the privileges of birth and wealth"

Raymond Aron (1955)

"Printing, gunpowder, and the magnet...these three have changed the whole face and state of things throughout the world; the first in literature, the second in warfare, the third in navigation; whence have followed innumerable changes, insomuch that no empire, no sect, no star seems to have exerted greater power and influence in human affairs than these mechanical discoveries"

Francis Bacon (1620)

"Herein lies the tragedy of the age: not that men are poor, -- all men know something of poverty; not that men are wicked -- who is good? not that men are ignorant -- what is Truth? Nay, but that men know so little of men"

W. E. B. DuBois (1903)

"There is something eternal in religion which is destined to survive all the particular symbols in which religious thought has successfully enveloped itself"

Emile Durkheim (1912)

"One does not dream: one is dreamed. We 'undergo' the dream, we are the objects"

Carl Gustav Jung (1943)

"In attempting to avoid those who think differently from themselves, people lose their quasistatistical ability to assess correctly the views of their environment"

Elisabeth Noelle-Neumann (1980)

"Ideas, like all other mental experiences, are not objects, but processes, occurrences"

Wilhelm Wundt (1894)

"Human beings do not wish to be modest; they want to be as expressive -- that is, as immodest -- as fear allows; fashion helps them solve their paradoxical problem"

Edward Sapir (1931)

A shout of sparks fly  
onto this blank expanse  
in front of my  
passionate eyes,

white pleaded soldiers  
defeating drunk Aristocracies,

Wandering college genius  
alive on University campus  
setting up the tent of  
voracious protest.

My jaunt onto the ink-filled  
shout,  
ready for the Nation  
to indulge.

A competition of  
reform inching toward the respect  
hidden behind  
dim lights.

Could someone know the  
emotion packed within  
these tourette words?

Or could I extinguish  
into another voice  
that yearned for the  
victory  
generations  
past & present  
marched into with a  
glimmer of crystallized hope?

Shrouding my vision  
in craters of blood,  
the old nose  
dances across the web  
of freedom  
guaranteed decades before  
the death slowly appeared.

Shadows of dank guts  
create a stench  
stinking the nostril,

below the haggard weather currents  
every sense is trapped within  
my rotting body waiting  
for mid-life crisis laughter.

Dust on wheels  
traveling between stray animals  
of worriment foul  
viewing the destruction  
within the eye of my soul.

I must confess  
all I have is  
gone,

except the soul  
within my decomposing flesh.

This rain stained  
window

wil not procure a  
move

from my  
room

It remains in a  
trance

collecting a river of  
debris

ready to exist in transporting my  
eyes

into venues of yellow  
sun

and lark  
optimism.

Roots & Poetry

The docile pine tree  
waves in infancy  
as the elements embrace her  
trunk & needles  
in passionate encounters.

Time slips into years  
as the remarkable  
youth  
sprouts into the masonry king.

Experiencing the patience of years  
drop-by-drop  
the photosynthesized object  
sprouts above electrical lines

listening to the harvester  
in wise motions  
curved in nature

over time  
weathered through the motion

of mother earth.

Short and Long of Day

Sprinkle of fresh rain  
dash of cool sun  
hint of thin sand in toe  
half-naked attire

Mixed within  
the  
clamor  
of enchantment shore.

Saturday Morning

Flip on  
through  
the night,  
squeeze a  
jazz note--  
Rag a  
drum line,  
play my head  
like a  
trombone,  
strum my chords  
like  
a  
worn ukulele  
Create strings  
within my  
crevices,  
the  
belt of lyrical  
verse  
Between the  
masses in  
Frisco  
    New York  
    London  
Pump the  
sweat  
like  
frost on a  
lemonade mug  
deep in  
the south  
of Alabama  
Make my night,  
forget the morning arrive  
Flee my  
love of music  
to  
a  
new experience  
I cannot  
point  
pins  
below--

Ocean of Sea Brown Coffee

A steady gallery  
of brown coffee grains  
send the smell of  
used kitchens  
catch my nose &  
remind me of a  
refilling duty.

To add more  
watered cocoa bean mix  
to my tan USA china ware &  
sneak legal drug  
into  
weary caste.

A process repeated  
every Tuesday  
beneath oldies  
tune

Away from the venue  
I'm told  
the process in  
degrading my organs &  
shaving earthly time into  
rivulets of wood.

To listen is easy  
for agreeance would  
be rejection  
of my pleasure.

All people have  
the choice--

To full up on life  
or let those waves  
of doubt  
tame the body clock.

It becomes a choice  
rather than  
another blind decision--

Happiness or  
compliance.

Short Poem

The grand bookstore  
loaded with portly shelves  
creates content intellect &  
opens my mind  
to a world much larger  
than the one I possess  
as a young man  
inside this relative crystal ball.

Shouts of Water

The simplicity  
of writing

A catharsis in the  
form of  
slow natural high  
ready to scrape  
the pain &  
passion  
ridden inside my  
ventricles--

An origin on  
the blank  
of red oak pulp &  
ink molten,  
from the ferocity  
of  
creative multitude  
to relinquish  
form.

Power fired  
through  
fingernail cannon  
of nerve juice  
into  
the abyss of white space  
ready  
to feel the  
comfort  
of smooth uniform flow.

Fresh Sirloin

Simmering on an open grill  
with licking flames of  
opulent amber  
squeezing the surrounding oxygen.

Sending smoky memories  
of the plentiful cow  
chewing the grass of  
farmer plantation.

Humans & cows,  
leading a life of voyages that offer  
beautiful sunsets &  
painful loss  
all gathering for the day  
we expose of ills & the drama of life  
on burning liquid.

To be the enjoyment  
of awaiting consumers  
ready to divulge our full course.

The ingredients of  
thighs mind & matter  
leading to another chain  
that will greet our next great will  
on this earth.

The Emergent Slope Inside

Natural materials  
of blood pigment &  
adrenaline

pace my organs  
and sustain my breath.

Building the invisible  
incline  
for a ride.

The leap  
into winds  
so sharp  
my brows and pupils  
evolve into a timeless chill.

This continual  
process of adding  
new fate  
to the incline  
reaching across free thought  
into my dreams.

Steam Above The Mug

Cooling in the air  
of abundant pollution.

The coffee emits  
the vapors of tongue soothing  
bliss,

kissing the oxygen  
much like  
human drive.

Here for a cup-full  
of pleasure so divine  
waiting for a customer in  
pearly plaids  
to encounter our beauty.

Soon our mist will vanish  
with the laughs we curtailed,  
then mother atmosphere  
will swallow our  
vigor  
fight &  
right

While others wipe their mouths  
clean of the past  
with future coffee beans sprouting  
like little children  
under the soft glow  
of apartment burgundy  
in Sinatra blue--

Glory to Mr. Steinbeck

Shopped in the thrift store  
yesterday

found a treasure in the scramble for others  
trash

felt the tinge of a quality  
purchase.

A master creation incepted in the twentieth  
century

peeled off the  
dust

covering the history of a  
man

brilliant to touch our  
age

with the simple  
engine

in raw  
thought.

It was a grand event  
indeed

to purchase history as prized  
jewels

advantageous of a single discarded  
mistake.

State-Side Traveler

Tell those blind  
in  
TV reckroom

Where these states of  
United Culture  
wind

How Europeans sip  
cold coffee

When Asians greet their  
fellow neighbor

Why Russians buy  
shiny vehicles

Where the sun sets  
in  
South Whales--

Relay all this  
in  
the time

The Price is Right  
should  
be glamorized  
on commercial band.

Summer Solstice, 3:07pm

Coconuts whipped  
lightly by  
afternoon heat breeze

fatherly waves  
of suds  
in the sea  
collect like children on Santa's lap

symbolic monkey  
screaming vine-to-vine  
in bubble habitat

soft gray bird  
draped in the sky  
like  
a dragon kite  
for miles of ground work  
to partake

boulders of  
hardened  
volcanic flows  
with iron claps  
near the shore  
of sparkling water

the graceful source of  
solar system substinence  
searching the kingdom of  
earth  
for no plausible  
fee--

Another clipboard  
of visions  
pasted onto  
gallery lit by  
the spark & nature  
of spine-to-brain  
inside this shroud of cold  
staring at my body--

## Swingset Hopes

The tight swirl  
of tornado brown  
rotates underneath  
the eyelids of  
consumer culture.

Colors of  
primary & secondary  
stature  
provide diluted  
images in the  
vortex of the fury.

Fluffy Masimo caps  
Nirvana death  
McDonald fry container &  
Nike apparel  
are the grab bag  
of pop culture  
boys.

Activity within  
the pit of  
cotton candy vat

ready to be served  
to mindless  
girls.

A Tale of Thinking Endlessly

Shacks of wisdom  
crowd my mend

enshroud my toil &  
create prolix equations.

Pressing to dissect the unknown  
born to philosophers  
long ago,

Along on my stool  
of blinding contemplation  
racing beyond the screws  
that lie beneath the fool

Painful thoughts  
continue into sleep  
for the curious man  
inextricably stubborn to  
recourse  
justice  
&  
greed.

The Theft

Fear is  
an  
occupation  
mulled throughout  
this  
forest above.

To rob  
the flow of my soul  
or  
the breeze through  
my dreams

would be  
grave treachery  
I couldn't  
dare  
to fathom

for faith  
in the invisible smooth  
I reside

keeps my blood  
a  
warm flow  
of comfort  
in  
the mist--

## The Thought Mill

Alone on the island  
of isolated thought,  
my mind is friend  
& emptiness is dank.  
Pushing the praises  
of literary triumph  
into my cerebellum  
for minute lapse.  
Sensuous reality returns  
to paint a mirage  
of pleasure & pain  
wrapped into  
a magnet that distorts life.  
An escape into sleep,  
the discovery of palpable figurines  
in the routine  
of life is shed  
oh so blind  
in a numbing lift.

The Tidal Moon

Scooping shells of  
death

into skinny  
fingers

created by mom-n-dad  
magic.

Looking at distant mountain  
shelves

feeling the cold ray's of  
tears

cool his new  
birth

into a  
world

of strict  
colors

and deliberate streaks of  
pain.

Alone on a patch of  
grass

inside a bottle of frontier  
future.

True Healing

Over the  
expanded pieces of  
smooth skin that travel the  
feet of  
my lanky body,

lies a centimeter thick  
layer of  
translucent  
ice,

patches of dull  
white,  
blotches of  
dank blue  
&  
mistakes of  
leather brown.

Flow to and fro  
the length of  
the  
striped chill.

I ask no  
questions,  
nor order flagrant  
directives--

All my survival  
wishes  
is for  
warm flow  
of cool touch  
form true friend  
in  
snowy glaze.

The Vibe

Friendly colony of  
amoebas  
form on my spine

Do a sunshine dance  
through the barnacles of  
bone in my cerebral cortex

Multiply soundly  
divide maliciously  
into the expanse of  
rigid brain cell regions

Keep the smile on  
my soul &  
shiver of warmth  
abound  
the heart.

The collection of  
raw drum  
thirds  
Or  
beauty in talk  
before my eyes

shall transform the vibe  
into mutations of love  
throughout my back & brain  
for the entire body  
to wrangle for joy.

## Lifting the Volcano

My mind is exploding like a pot  
of boiling water

jumping over the rim into my  
red-lined eyes that pick at

hard gray clay around  
the bubble of my brain.

Uncovering the ignorance of humanity  
watering my rapid transit

with the hope that beauty  
can whisk me into a conscious dream

of weightless dogs licking  
their paws.

Giving the people on earth  
insight into the opposite side of the universe

resembling an electrical cord  
ripe with hot white embers

cooling over the logs of fire  
that engulfs my last cell,

ready to wither  
into a speedy death.

Welcome Home Chauncey

My old  
calico cat

was in my dreams  
last night.

I felt her  
spirit move through  
my chest & back  
into the  
land of water below.

Image bites of  
her gray face &  
wagging tail  
darting in three stances  
before I  
suddenly fell into reality.

The colorouy warmth  
lined my body,  
for a layer of sweat  
kissed every duct.

Decided shortly  
after  
collected thoughts  
that chauncey  
has a spirit that  
touched my skin  
sleep &  
fear  
shortly after 4am  
in my  
helpless wonderment.