

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
I try, I fall down
I try, I fall down
I try, I fall down
I try, I fall down
I try, I fall down
I try, I fall down
I try, I fall down
I try, I fall down
I try, I fall down
I try, I fall down
I try, I fall down
I try, I fall down
I try, I fall down
I try, I fall down
I try, I fall down
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 muttles--

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 codorouy 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.