

# **Joefiles 7**

**Naked Calligraphy**

Story idea 2-23-96

Make a twist on a local coffee scene in small town suburbia

Use Liberty as a theme or strong reference

Make a documentary style book on the current culture thought and doing  
The boring time, intriguing conversation, Hackey sacks writing poetry,  
drawing

smoking, hoping, dreaming

The collection of people and souls looking for some excitement on the  
weekend or trying to save their sanity away from the house during the week  
There's no time constrain. You can usually find someone hanging out in  
your coffee spot

A unique culture in the 90's

Could make for a very interesting investigation

Dig into a story, look at the other side of the line in life. Analyze and  
look at Turbo's, ignorant people, those people that barricade themselves  
between four walls and empty hope.

Particular focus on the local coffee scene, but take a blunt look at other  
options and people that exist out there in the world.

Mention the bar scene, different types of people in the Coffee scene.

Erve, Dog and the rest of the gang.

Harken to the converstion flow

Etiquette in converstions, actions and topics discussed. The joy in free  
for all's.

The two hang-outs of a small town coffee scene, Winstead's/Perkins

The depression, angst, and giddiness of the scene. Outside the coffee  
scene,

the activities of the coffee gang when smoking cigarettes and downing pots  
of coffee become somewhat bored for that day.

What these people do away from the coffee scene.

Crazy antics, lunatic suggestions, those people that suck. The criticism  
sifted regularly through group converstion, either brutal or a helpful  
criticism or critique.

Take a good look at the thing, its unique, addictive and enjoyable.

Some people see this as a waste of time (Turbo's/parents), but it doesn't  
faze me. I'm am not going to quit the shit.

Describe certain relationships, crazy haps in the scene, conflicts, the  
such, use them as examples as I flow through the fictional overview and  
analysis of the coffee scene in small town America.

2-27-96 (1:08a.m.)

Wild Bill  
ate  
goat feed  
before bank  
ro  
berr  
ies.

\*\*\*

King Tut  
worked  
as  
a barber  
in  
Egyptian Strip Mall.

\*\*\*

Psycho  
women  
ready for  
individuality  
rape  
innocent  
men,  
if handled  
with  
hazard.

\*\*\*

Have  
a  
heart  
for  
the  
M u s i c  
M i n d.

Story Idea--Fiction (3-1-96)

The world does have problems, that is established day-in-and-day-out on the television screen people watch so blindly throughout their lives. One major problem in front of our eyes occurs in the form of talk shows. This explosion of mindless garbage, some good shows sprinkled sporadically, that hit the airwaves for the brainless to indulge within. Jerry Springer, Tempest Bledsoe, Rikki Lake, Richard Bey, Jenny Jones, Carnie Wilson, and Gabrielle are a smattering to name a few. So, armed with this knowledge, a way to clean up our society would be to execute this simple idea. Primarily in America, before the idea catches on.

The intelligent people of the world should always have a microphone in their back pocket, along with a camera crew with boom mike and all. They should film a majority of the population in their normal everyday living. Make people stars. That should clean-up some dumb ass behavior. For instance, I work in the retail business, if someone asks where an item is in the store I get the crew going. Relate to the person like their on a talk show with a camera in face, microphone addressing the person and boom mike toddled softly above. This would make the people think that their on television and the chance for stardom would make them act like intelligent beings. That could trim crime. There would be less politicians, police officers, hospital staffs and various other public servant postions that would have been required before. Fill the world with television cameras and let the film roll. People would be oblivious to the fact that this scheme would be used purely to clear the fucked aspects of society. With lights, mike and camera the world could indeed be a friendlier place to live in. Establish beauraus that could institute this wide sweeping ideas. It would create jobs for those that have no job even after the crunch of those long years of college degree work. People could make money, serve humanity and instill some security in their daily lives. So, come on morons out there in the states and across the world, piss the intelligent beings off and you'll be permanently on film. There will be some shit cleaning. Taking care of business one person at a time via film. Have them in all facets of living. Candid camera in their faces. More to come...

hows sprinkled sporadically, that hit the airwaves for the brainless to indulge within. J □ '

The story tolled heavily through the hidden classified ads of every metropolatrain newspaper across America. It was news never experienced by those of the United States, or the world for that matter, over the nearly two centuries of civilized culture of the states. Headlines splashed with 48" pica space obliterated mystery and raised the conscious of those curious enough to venture beyond the black-and-white print of the pending spectacle. A spectacle set to deconstruct the heavens to the ranks of one of the many Nation Parks across America.

A precipice of anchient rock perched on the edge of San Diego and Tijuana wrapped into a ball magnanimous specacle of sight and sound that only NASA intelligence and the U.S. Government holds the delectible blue prints to.

'96 Journey

The chart of my trip.  
A journey into  
the mouth  
to the intensities.  
Unravel the intestinal  
tract  
from Costa Mesa, CA. to  
Liberty, Mo.  
From this  
aerial pictorial  
to my mouth  
turning into  
a  
cigarette  
that  
I smoke--  
At the conclusion  
an ash tray of  
gray-white  
ashes remain--  
If you look hard enough  
you can see the specs of  
gold  
hidden  
illustrating the beauty of  
LA LA land,  
the west  
Grand Canyon  
and the trip home.

down the Walk of Fame.

2-27-96 (4:23p.m.)

Put me on  
a  
postcard  
in the Middle East &  
mail  
me to  
Sydney, Australia.

\*\*\*

Never denounce  
the  
Mother of  
Nature  
&  
Flesh.

\*\*\*

Picture  
the  
world in  
Egalitarian freedom.  
Smile upon  
new employer....  
Someday.

\*\*\*

Ice cream  
CoNeS  
&  
Large DOGS  
make  
the women  
pitch  
a  
squeal.

\*\*\*

Frozen toes  
heat  
the bed  
of  
farenheight fright.

\*\*\*

Be limber





Artifacts of Chance

Spined museum  
lurking of farmer machine

crawl to the fountain head of  
childhood thievery.

They tumble onto slips of  
silk radiance,

this spore lined fence of  
pocketed road  
winds down the gravel path  
of  
antique gifts.

Crashing together cymbals  
of drunk brass  
for ears of furry  
infidelity  
to tumble past the dance  
into the walk of  
adult sobs.

Change for the midday  
wire bird  
watching the wish of  
chance fall  
on the venues  
of  
my moped trail.

## The Art of Smoking

Pack the guts of  
broken lung hair,

smile at the refracted image  
in the mirror

because New Year's resolution is like  
casino litter.

Chew the generic  
inhale the price of chosen fate.

My path is a draw bridge of  
parched match sticks

counting the minutes extinguished  
with the  
stench of old ash.

I crave the liquid of  
porous drug

embedded in the chemical  
bubbling within late night headaches  
trepid naps  
flesh brown breath  
ash tray smooch.

All stick through  
this  
day-to-day  
relationship tied to  
pretty paper  
enveloped around  
20 class A reasons  
to  
breath the breeze tainted  
alongside the turn  
of clock arms.

Blank Shift of Comfort

A ring emits  
from my eardrums,

winds of mill wood  
fail to gather,

the pine holds still in  
cloudy overcast.

Distant chimes of  
dog talk

chips the block of  
AM tranquil

for the feather  
continues to brush my toes

between valued comfort &  
unreal shadows.

## Breaking the Concentration

Pulled into the  
lisp of mystic poetry

public tranquillity  
fielding music of contemporary blaze.

Ride the title of a  
new thought

flic the ash through  
aspired sentence.

Heed the warning of  
cowbell welcoming the boisterous party  
of four.

The clot of  
imaginative juices

shall override the quip of  
foreign intruder.

Bring

Support new  
Relic the old  
Listen to the worn  
Smell the torn  
Sneak the surprise  
Steal the Woman  
Snicker at criticism  
Forget the lost,

Take a turn  
on  
the  
magnetic spin  
of  
loose wheel.

Brunchtime

if i could substitute as  
the source of gravity for  
mother earth

race to the moon in the car travel  
from k.c. to des moines

i wouldn't dream inside this  
coffee shop.

if i could tease a beautiful woman  
with gifted laughter

feed myself sweet cantaloupe on  
mountain timber

i would head for the  
pacific coast.

the temptation of the could  
should  
and would

are overshadowed by those ifs  
i shall make my own.

Burrow Your Hole

Continue in love  
breath &  
need  
For the familiar  
follows the instincts  
that  
happen to make  
the human  
unique.  
Instead of listless  
mass  
enveloped in  
timid fright.

California Strip Show

A landscape  
drenched with  
the hearth of  
jagged dry  
weed bushes,

stretched like fresh  
water taffy  
over the  
hemisphere  
into a soft marshmallow  
roll  
of  
shadow filled  
mountain caps.

Against the blatant back drop  
of bright light blues,  
scant cirrus clouds &  
pure painter deseos.

The slowly setting sun  
wades above  
the closing day,

with trees of Joshua intensity  
vintage brown &  
numbing oranges

receding in my irises  
that coalesce for  
this mindscape  
of  
illustrated bliss.

Parched visage of  
life lived &  
glory possessed.

Fine enough  
for  
picture page  
tucked behind  
homebound struggles.

Casual Decisions

Outside this roadside  
carnival

life twinkles in  
dim optimism

beside this mysterious checkerboard  
of poor kings & queens  
receding in oceanic mist  
of manic doubt.

Inside the possibility  
of human  
thoughts

the will to be  
alive  
comatose  
dead  
presents deadlier wounds  
than any wretch  
could wage in the flesh.

Danger alone  
intrigue unique,

the choice is  
mine  
to share  
with  
family  
beads.

(Classic) Rock Doll

The rock star  
vomit  
death  
turned teenhood  
games  
into  
idolatry before  
frozen  
computer  
screens that  
teach  
children  
that classical  
notes  
are  
beauty for  
only  
the  
fresh string  
of  
rain  
on the  
spring  
pavement  
can still  
the  
sense  
with truth  
that  
has  
held the  
hands  
of  
father time  
behind  
clear  
glass of  
content  
labor.

Continual Breach

The Eskimo never spoke to  
American T.V. producer

The Doe never whispered  
to the bloody hunter

Old woman on motorcycle  
didn't wave to the young lad

Frozen peas packed by green midget  
for human consumption inspired the boss--

Cranks on the turnstile  
of  
clock arms  
swing while folks  
live in oblivion  
to  
the miles  
that  
span horizon earth.

Continue On

Healthy young  
man

dressed in pazely  
plaid

peddle your bike to local  
pond

swim in Speedo  
sweat.

Carrot juice  
shake

topped with soybean  
burger,

jog till eyes turn dizzy  
vision.

Thou shall not  
stop  
until lungs follow  
heart.

## Dead Tires

The used  
car  
ceased to  
start,  
armed with  
the  
rust  
that loaded pellets of  
death  
could recede into  
slow  
corrosion for both  
maker  
&  
prototype.

The Death Toll

Forgiving beacons  
of dripping light

clear the lines  
of worry  
between contemplative question.

Toward the east of Heaven or  
west of Hell--

Shall the wings of  
fabled angels  
sweep the hillside pasture?

Finality on earth  
requires an ink splotch period,

the mind is left with  
the uneasy remark

of a good-bye without the finger five or  
flesh filled hug.

Down on the Western Vine

Sunny ripe  
scape  
has turned  
to a  
cluster  
of tight barking  
maroon--  
Dikes of solid  
grass rock  
poke from the horizon  
into the CJ window.

The majestic gleam  
of California  
habitat  
pose life  
a glassy  
silhouette  
with hidden virtues &  
deceit.

Although I am able  
to lift the  
mountain top & swim in the  
cool liquid  
on this  
Western Evening.

Drive Thru

Took a short drive  
last evening

smoked a North\*Star  
cracked the window  
to feel the breeze

Thought about the loss  
of love

Gain of new life  
endeavors

And turned the key to  
the end of the jaunt

that reminded me of  
free thought

on local streets  
telling me

the answers I  
was never told.

Family Question~

Never felt  
childhood reap

on pool bottoms  
with  
friends and  
confidants.

What do bedtime stories sound like?

Do parents still know affection?

Could my father ever sit down & casually chat with me?

Sometimes  
peripheral day escape  
scorns  
me for spoiled virtue,

although I  
don't drive  
for  
crimson perfection.

Only attention  
bound to skip between  
the confidence of this  
wanderer in  
nurturing  
life  
as I know.

Thursday Feb. 15, 1996

A fictional story about a young Italian kid by the name of Gill Demora. Born and raised in Liberty, Mo. The story will be explained through his eyes at the present day state, at 25 years of age. He is a man that has seen the depths of poverty, emptiness, shame, moral high, religiously zealous times, a plethora of feelings has passed through his veins over the course of his life. He grew-up in a household where his parents have and are still married to this very day. He has one sister and one brother, he is the youngest of three children, who grew up basically in a pretty typical, or so he thought, midwest habitat. He questions many issues, feelings, emotions and thoughts throughout his present and past walk throughout life.

This story will focus on one young man's struggle to make it in an newly emerging world that seems to change, but still stay the same from day-to-day and each year throughout the duration of his life. Pangs of doubt and bells of truth shroud young Gill in his walk throughout his life. The story will begin somewhere in the middle of his life, a certain grade in grade school, then jump back to the very beginning, and then bolt to late adolescence and adulthood. The beginning will foreshadow the beginning, the beginning will shed a bold perspective on the end and the end will tie together the strings that dangle in the end after the previous two sections. More to come...

Another Flame On The Birthday Icing

Envelopes stuffed with  
perfunctory greeting  
parade in mailbox black

friends of greeting genre  
wish another year  
survived from the induction into  
life.

Gifts wrapped in pazely colors  
reveal the warmth of  
tack ties  
swift sweaters &  
certificate spree.

Clamors of praise &  
nostalgia  
encompass this new turning  
of being alive,

hold the bus at the stop  
body clock knowledge  
congratulates my  
being.

Thanks for the concern,  
worry no more.  
I'll be friend  
lover  
confidant.

I shall wear my  
seat belt  
to savor more day's  
to another  
candle gathering wish &  
remember the day's of  
surprise.

## Family Strand

Fortified by the limber  
of generation timber.  
Walking in the shadow of  
humid family nutrient  
to hear the echo of expected allocades.  
Troubles of evil loss  
on wailing wheels from empty  
diamond back threads.  
Sever this strand from  
the loving DNA,  
I'm my own man to  
chisel the ice of my  
sculpture.  
I'm one with a credo  
that  
exudes individuality with  
a heart of  
blood &  
soul of enthusiasm.  
Live in the glow  
of  
momentum inspired.

Fog School

The steady roll of  
white fog

swiping over windshield  
wipers

in early morning  
exhaustion

reminds me of the  
stark fear

of entering the realms of  
unknown glaciers

in grade school lunchroom  
horror.

Forward to Healing

The steps  
not  
taken  
inside the challenge  
to  
make the  
vision,

halls of regret  
close in like slow molasses  
on  
porridge heat.

This need to  
fulfill  
cherish  
of  
heat  
within the  
cranium of career  
chess piece.

Relationship waters or  
faith five,  
the future dawns  
the dusk of  
this irreversible  
creed to  
fix the confusion  
of  
conversation repair.

slow molasses  
on  
porage heat.

This need to  
fulfill  
cherish  
of  
heat  
within the  
cranium of

## Fortune

Stale laughter of  
flickering lights  
carry the laughter & eye burning  
smoke above  
the Keno number and scathed  
gambler coil.  
Gas station number of lotto madness  
spits portion of social security tag  
for gamblers to dream of  
31 bedrooms at night.  
The wheel of roulette gravity  
twists & contorts  
my white ball through a trek  
into the outer boundary  
of personal universe.  
Sectors find their fame in  
crisp bills of finger pointing divorce  
Bermuda cruise  
showroom floor sleek.  
This balance of dream/reality  
kindles my  
legal drug nourishment,  
hoards my hope.  
Essentials are the battleship of  
war  
or  
serenity  
depending on the  
breadth of thought.  
I look from the Pacific dock  
and teeter with  
my vision of the future.  
Does my fortune reside  
beneath my feet  
or  
somewhere lost in  
the lurch of  
unseen sea?

The Good Weight

A tight box  
of  
unwrapped  
beauty

portend to  
squeeze my  
eye sockets

onto the surreal  
reds

of the basin  
as grand

as a stretch of  
canyon rock

could be for the  
souls

of the dead  
living inside.

Reverence to this range  
in the crater

of the sun in  
Central Arizona.

a  
cluster  
of tight barking  
maroon--  
Dikes of solid  
Grass

Hammer of Glass

Leave the light alone,  
My Dear

for the clouds could  
break the rain  
that burdens  
the heart

peel ripe peels  
of  
warm drifts  
into breaking  
shifts of sun ray's

that could sneak  
through the window  
wandering  
beneath the clout  
of  
the year that  
has procured lonely  
nights  
beside rolling 45's.

Grand Canyon Nature

On this hedge of  
historic  
rock  
covered with  
decades  
of  
ashen dirt  
red rock aglow &  
cold glaze--

The mounds of  
eternal rock flow  
in smooth convex mounds  
peering above the  
God given horizon  
below the perch of  
lithium paint--

In forms of foothills  
firebrown &  
dusty yellow  
formations of  
panoramic bliss  
fill the scene  
soul &  
nature talk.

A silence  
lifted through pine tops  
&  
mountain rock.

Fortified by the weather  
of Mother Nature  
now on display  
in the  
most extraordinary  
silent  
of  
thought  
ever imagined in  
this lifetime.

Here for There

Nests of liquid  
larva

sneak below  
the  
locust buzz

of salivating  
formation in  
peach fuzz growth.

Groups of hopscotch  
tikes  
smile  
while free spirit  
Mexican  
glides off mountain coast  
in  
parachute green  
for American freedom.

This aroma  
of humidity  
fills the land  
border to U.S. border  
in tune with the  
clock  
of  
time zone share.

House on the Hill

Told the voice  
hemorrhaging in  
my mind

that meaning  
defeated greed  
before the crowd  
in Athens

before the apocalyptic  
scene in Newspaper gray  
crossed the nation  
of ephemeral success.

Implosion

To d

    r  
      a  
      i  
      n

space  
in empty minds  
is  
Altruism  
in  
dis gu ise.

\*\*\*

Nude silhouettes  
of  
bikini white  
play cricket  
in backyard  
Bar-b-Que.  
    Beer  
    Pregnancy

\*\*\*

Smile upon  
the stars  
at  
twilight  
galaxy solstice.

\*\*\*

Stand forthright  
in the  
thoughts  
that  
tickle the brain  
after  
confrontation  
Cl ean-  
    Up  
scenArio.

\*\*\*

The yawning  
awning  
Downtown  
drooled on the  
bald

Jeweler.

\*\*\*

A group of  
14 nightingales  
gathered on  
a  
silver barbed wire fence  
over  
the duration  
of  
the candlelight vigil.

\*\*\*

No    th       ings  
      i        s  
W    or       ry  
      for     giv   ing  
          i       s  
S    P   R   O   U   T   I   N   G.

\*\*\*

A bunch  
of rotten  
Dole Bananas  
threw me  
into a  
pan &  
cooked me  
into  
Banana Nut Bread.

\*\*\*

The orthodox  
Protestant female  
wondered about  
existentialism.

\*\*\*

To water the  
garden  
of my mind  
with  
pelts of liquid truth  
is  
finding  
one friend.

\*\*\*

Mental anguish  
lies  
on soiled bed spreads  
in  
Hospital odor.

\*\*\*

The threat of  
seclusion  
pulls me  
to near  
in TRU sion.

\*\*\*

Privacy  
values  
need--

\*\*\*

Jaws of greed  
threaten  
blue collars  
in  
hot sun of  
proletariat brilliance.

\*\*\*

Primary colors  
fought  
to mix with  
secondary shades  
on sappy canvas  
of creative marketability.

\*\*\*

The 90's  
wishes  
upon the 60's  
star  
above (the past).

\*\*\*

Clubs  
Groups &  
Organizations  
battle individuality  
sought

by  
all  
members of society.

\*\*\*

Happenstance  
formulated  
happiness  
for a basketful of  
happy  
NuPtIaLs.

\*\*\*

Gentle grooves  
need  
colonization in  
America.

\*\*\*

Presidential campaigns  
fill clinics  
with dizzy  
virgin ignorant  
to  
sexual debauchery.

\*\*\*

I'm the  
cap  
to squeeze  
on tight  
into  
the red  
Ketchup bottle.

\*\*\*

Candidates  
trample  
people  
emotions & money  
in striped Jack Ass--Elephant

BL                    red                    UE  
                  w h i t e.  
  
                  r  
                  a  
                  i  
                  n

space  
in empty minds  
is  
Altruism  
in  
dis gu ise.



Indian Left

Wild grit of  
tan sage brush

sprout over the  
western sun slopes

like tired & worn Indians  
on peyote downslide in  
Teepee kin.

## Inside the Temperatures

I knew  
what I thought

when the  
cold was hot

seas were split  
into open palms of green foliage

the stars rained on the plantation  
like sizzling hail stones.

Ride through the night  
young lad,

because thoughts  
never lie

for the mind that  
won't disclose

the inner  
to outer beings.

## Invisible Habitat

Built this home of  
see through essentials

preserved with a stack of  
trails

attempted within windows &  
mirrors

They serve as telling tales for my  
mind

to create the impression of my  
present

vessel of the future & reap of the  
past

smoldering in bursts &  
gusts

on silver chrome presented  
daily

for brain erection to  
separate

in storytelling to those that  
shall

inhabit this home of rent free  
journey

for the years that fail to be  
numbered.

Tuesday in Jakarta

Plane ride over  
the  
cold Atlantic.

Into the open  
to  
culture blind for  
inner heed.

Open Oxford stretched  
like table cloths  
for chest to read  
the storied spikes of  
sun over coffee &  
Albert ash.

Maybe the earth  
will shake,  
volcano light up my  
imagination.

For this time  
I  
breath thought onto  
a  
new country  
inside pen pal  
adventures.

Send me to postcard  
new &  
fresh paper of  
Indonesian thoughts.

While  
I sit  
in frozen factory steel  
could Titut Rosawati  
come greet me  
or  
remember American stamps.

Flesh sweeter  
than paper,  
language foreign in  
this surreal state of  
free.

Take me  
beyond  
to the center

of this  
tempting Tuesday  
vortex.

## When Jealousy Killed The Victim

Broad shoulder to  
in-grown toe nail,  
galleries of people  
across this land to  
win  
loss  
fought between success &  
failure.  
The downtrodden of donkey yelps  
aim to the Mecca of their  
living room prize.  
Tip the highball of 90 proof anguish  
topped off with  
plant of fit comfort.  
Gun beside thigh,  
hatred in the white of  
knuckle flow,  
those packs with eyelashes of  
angry spite  
look into the past to refuse the  
doctor.  
Toss darts at Newt's gray &  
set fire to toddle photos of  
parental pride.  
These souls feel the  
signs of construction stop,  
swallow handful of gravel,  
pump the powder  
to ignite piano finale  
with creed to  
murder  
their kin with  
dreams that needed fate &  
futures that envisioned footsteps.  
Only the tomato peels  
of rotting red  
scurry  
beside the flame.  
Regret  
Jealousy  
that couldn't see another  
daybreak without  
the black of  
reaper cloak.

## Joker Smile

Next to the side  
of Joker bells

painted mouths mimic  
clean fairy tales

that lend self-doubt into  
worried phrases

to lean on tomorrow  
for today's pain

quickly changed with the  
sweep of west wind.

The man in baggy trousers  
takes buckets of warm water

telling my soul that  
the done is to be blamed

and that the future  
is beyond potential.

Jan. '96 L.A. Segment

What            In                    Could            Big            Questions  
Who                                    These                                    To  
When            The                    Be                    City            Ask  
Where                                    The                                    A  
Why,                                    Wrong                                    Person?

\*\*\*

A man in  
L.A. Helicopter  
shouted to  
me  
to toss him  
up an  
In-n-Out burger  
shake,  
Vanilla.

\*\*\*

In May of 1998--  
L.A. should deem  
this month  
Broken Dream People Week.  
Let the bums  
have  
a parade down Sunset BLVD. and  
hurl  
wheels from shopping carts  
at  
passing patrons.

\*\*\*

Miles of  
torrid brown smog over  
Downtown L.A.  
could tear-up virgin  
vacationing eyes  
like  
the chop of  
red onions.

\*\*\*

The fisherman  
off the Newport pier

pulled a  
lost InViSiBLE  
soul  
out of the cold

cold

black  
North Pacific.

\*\*\*

Woke-up yesterday  
morning  
with sea shells  
lining my gums  
where tee        th  
us            ed  
to reside.

\*\*\*

Ate 3 coconuts  
yesterday,  
grew a palm  
t        r            EE  
out of  
my chest.

\*\*\*

The Hollywood sign  
on  
the  
HILL  
physically  
flipped me off.  
Not enough privacy.

\*\*\*

Southern California.  
Fashion show  
for  
the economically (dis)advantaged.

\*\*\*

We  
normal people  
make the Hollywood dream  
come true  
for  
entertainers.  
They should view us  
in splendor

in a long line  
down the Walk of Fame.

\*\*\*

Commercial (Beverly)  
Success (Hills)  
Abounds (Dreamers)

\*\*\*

If The Matter Was Willing: What I Would Destroy & Create

In world climate of  
turning coin  
in gunshot blasts & maternity inception,

giraffe would bow down like slingshot bend  
in city streets for young girls to feed  
wheat pellets.

Sandwiches would be free to all on  
second Tuesday of every month,

criminal would be programmed with internet hope  
to think twice fold.

Homeless populace would run  
thrift shops next to apartment dwelling,

women would feel free from  
male hatred,

the African-American could cease to  
comprehend an Aryan population  
inside the arms of Japanese nurture.

This axis of pivotal need  
would soak into a towel of  
blue & green,

talk show extinction  
money glamour secondary,

the latch of finger joints  
would corral the  
flesh  
next to wood fire of  
drizzle laughter when  
Orion  
Andromeda  
Nebula Wonder.

For the time is  
shaved like  
ice  
each second,

breath is the sacred  
dive &  
matter could allow all  
to untie the rope  
in order  
to gallop on the salty sand.

Mr. Machine

He awoke this  
morning  
feeling as though he could  
find himself again.  
Gathered particles of lemonade & coffee  
to sip new juice  
smoked cloves &  
hitchhiked to work.  
Figured new muddling &  
indulgences would  
fill a flailing view on  
his world.  
The swelt of emotions  
failed his crave  
as the old man behind  
the wheel of Roadway thunder  
rolled across the straw fields  
of cemetery cluster  
that harkened him back to  
a time  
when he tried to end  
his life  
in front of the graveplot  
of Mother Future  
with 9 millimeters of fear  
in one hand &  
rosary of egg noodles in  
another.  
Maybe the man will  
break the dawn of despair  
one morning &  
realize the soul  
espouses  
more clear than  
the cloud of rain  
which  
teases his  
loose boundaries of  
living.

ses his  
loose boundaries of  
living.

Nearer than Far

Pleasure becomes  
me

when the sun is propped over my  
shoulder

like a nurturing nap  
sap

when sea gulls squawk in large circle  
trash

while ebb-n-flow of the ocean fixate  
eyes

during calendar June July  
August.

Fresh green ray's of  
trees

in ripe spring & summer  
fashion

become a part of my  
living

enough to forget the cold of damp  
memories

hard to erase between the concrete  
walls

of cold month  
unrest.

The New Dig

The parade  
of youthful smiles

graze by my wanton  
breath

as if the dream is about  
to come down the curtain,

paragliders from the 47th  
infantry division

rain onto the scene  
to encompass the geography

of one curious event  
in small town square  
of Midwest calamity.

The unlikely group of  
government wings &  
parade gadgets  
swap intriguing story  
of brisk narrative

with the shower of  
calm music  
cleansing the emotional strings.

For only humans could  
cure the  
disease of desolation  
felt in this crowd on  
the 17th June 1998.

Newport Wave

The tidal moon of  
soaring wave  
up-down  
up-down

Pacific coast  
bubbles of rage  
lift the shimmer of dark  
on top  
of water front.

From the shore of  
water sucking  
angel soft sand,

a sky of surreal primaries  
cotton candy billows  
above  
gulls perched.

They reside as my mantra &  
ink  
for the thoughts of art  
raised into  
blunt appreciation of  
God's work.

True existentialism,  
the will I forked to  
feed on this moment.

of  
ashen dirt  
red rock aglow &  
cold glaze

## Ordinary Hero

His clothes hang  
on  
green fluorescent retail dollar.  
Wrinkled like old flesh to  
the tune of brown rock,  
shoes of dull blacks laid  
like slate before landsite of history.  
Climbs into the glove of  
torn leather '74 Buick,  
pumps gas 4 times  
before trying 5 starts to success.  
Smokes ex-girlfriend in pink dress'  
cigarette.  
-Chesterfield Hope-  
Toddles into the rank down  
boy's home,  
kindling hope Grandma Rose taught  
him through sunny childhood hike.  
Now, his material debris scattered in  
mothball stench,  
although the souls of those  
he unravels  
applauds through streamers of  
rainbow satin  
as he trumps & collects  
through  
his ordinary life  
as a collected hero.

Perspective

Struggle  
Karma  
Coin Toss  
Heart on a Cross  
Wings of Rib Bone  
Force of Love  
Waking Stimulant

Played on oblong sticks  
before  
a crowd of mimes  
comedians &  
fools.

The lantern of judgment  
is for me & higher order  
blamed on blind transcribing.  
Known to few  
who feel the perspective  
this jumble on the mind  
subdues  
in the blanket  
covering the  
wave of perspective.

al  
bubbling within late night headaches  
trepid naps  
flesh brown breath  
ash tray smooch.

Pray Young Woman

Cold curls of  
frozen twirls

curdle above lipstick  
hot like candlesticks

Fingernails scorn the regret  
of pool hot blood.

The young woman  
felt her life was in order

although the past  
frayed the mind

into unintelligible sorrow  
that mates twist through during nights

of contemplated copulation &  
teary fragments of empty philosophy.

The Religion of Equal Proportion

Flocks of gray  
shadows

flew over the congregation  
in

Sunday prayers--

Pious smiles waiting  
for the possibility  
of tarnished jewels  
to  
grovel before  
cowskin wealth.

True divinity  
lies  
in the redeemable  
cloud of  
self truth  
that form the  
halo  
over  
heads of  
free children.

Ring Around

Ring around  
the pinkie

was the collar  
of torn jewelry

wrapped through  
the adventure

which could  
view the reality

that witnessed  
crazy death

greedy life &  
broken tails of forgotten hope.

Random Grand Thoughts

A playground of  
sculptors  
delight.  
Multitude of foothills,  
flat rock  
lines of sediment aging--  
piled in layers of  
rainbow splendor.  
Nature speaks  
eloquently.  
A flow that  
touches the boundary of  
my soul &  
the range of  
this mesmerizing scene.  
Tree a pine  
rocky,  
squirt gun filled with  
pure beauty  
pounded  
in Grand Canyon Country.

## Raised Eye Brows

Thaw these bones  
beneath the meters  
of skin  
that crack the Mercury of  
shiny silver.  
Feel the flow of red river  
blood  
turning my smile into  
upside down depression.  
Misconception is human  
in this cultural climate  
of inevitable judgment  
jaded racism  
historical misogyny  
damned male of white costume.  
Faith has shed the  
shake of  
God's throne  
willing to act as  
my sole shadow through  
the  
tearful discrimination  
that shall fall on human sin  
continent-to-continent.

The Route of 66

Stretch of  
procured history

laid through the  
Spanish villas

of the Indian  
pride west.

A highway of  
fame

glorified locally &  
dried on the film of Hollywood bunk.

Two numbers  
after five

on the interstate  
painted white & black

in this melting pot of the  
spacious west.

## Sachet of Emotions

Are you the one smoking  
in the corner cafe?  
Does life induce thoughts of  
empty malady?  
I sit in the angle  
sipping frosted coffee  
elapsed into a mound of  
yearning love.  
My broken stool fails to  
support abundant hope.  
Leave me the envelope  
that  
shall erase the doubt  
torturing me in petrified solitude.  
I need the touch  
that favors comfortable indulgence.  
Be the hummingbird within  
my nectar fall,  
desires of simplicity  
shall erase your pain  
which tears our  
heart lines  
into a sachet of  
wasted time.

## The Shed of Change

Waves of change  
impale my soul with  
thoughts of an  
easier day.

Those friends who  
moved away

confidants that blossomed  
away.

The past that was swallowed with  
the mantle of the earth

sheets of the memories  
have been sheared into  
paper cut dolls  
sprinkled into  
a field of amnesia.

A radiant collection of  
yearning & forgetting  
have  
evolved into  
embryo sentiment shelves--

Rabies into hope  
dreams into ash

the tug & push  
forward  
backward  
that shall float in  
my mind  
through the shears  
that speed into  
new questions  
of  
daily revelation.

## Southern California Trip '96

The tales and travels of Kelli Cook and Joe Dimino across the western portion of the United States.

My first glimpse of several cultures, states and experiences along the way.

Los Angeles

Costa Mesa

Orange County

Hollywood

Bel Air

Beverly Hills

Sunset Blvd.

Beautiful Women

Arizona

Williams, Arizona

Joshua Trees

The Grand Canyon

Flagstaff, Arizona

New Mexico

The pan handle of Texas

Amarillo, TX.

Shamrock, TX, Eatery experience

The menus

Hotels

Incredible experiences

On the edge of the rock in the Grand Canyon

In-n-Out burgers, fries, shakes Incredible

The crazy adventure, soul searching, shots of the landscape, The stars at night on the side of an Arizona Highway while I took a piss.

Old CJ-7 Jeep Wrangler

The oil

Stalling leaving the Southern California College

Strict christian college

the driving on LA freeway

the smog

First class flying

Having no idea what to do with the hot towels offered to this poor midwestern boy in the spacious leather seats of first class flying.

Incredible five days

Sunset on the Beach, beauty as it should be

Coffee in real coffee scene

Friday January 12, 13, 14 (Left Southern California--delay w/Jeep), 15

(Grand Canyon), 16 (22 and a half straight hours of driving through four

states, viewing a total of five, in one day's worth of traveling. Arrived home at 7:00 a.m. the morning of Wednesday Jan. 17.

Delirium on Kansas Highway, Topeka, Wichita

Barren on Kansas Highway

Going through Oklahoma and thinking about the federal building that was bombed in downtown Oklahoma City

Intensity of the Grand Canyon scenery

Beauty of New Mexico

Being surrounded solely by mountains around the landscape in New Mexico

Clines Corners stop on the edge of New Mexico, Learned of the Jackolope,  
Horned bunny rabbit, fucked-up (Phil's key chain)  
Route 66

Most coffee in small spanish joint off Route 66 in Arizona, wanted to  
steal a menu, to keep up with our pace, but couldn't pull it off  
Our goal was to get free souvenirs in each state along the way home that  
would have sentimental value. We traded off on each state. So, in each  
state we would have to kipe a menu from a resturant, felt like convicted  
killers on furlow in a twisted Pulp Fiction sequence scaving the joints  
for menu pleasure. Completed the task, best menus were torn tattere and  
worn paper beauties from the little resuarant/diner in Shamrock, Texas.

Air  
Beverly Hills  
Sunset Blvd.  
Beautiful Women  
Arizona  
Williams, Arizona  
Joshua Trees  
The Grand Canyon  
Flagstaf

Standing on the outer rim of one giant boulder in Southern California. In a dream last night (2-19-96), I felt like I was near death and on top of the most intense adrenaline high I have ever felt in my life. I was standing on this boulder, several inches from falling to sure death and I was looking at our solar system, globular clusters, star formations, asteroids and several neighboring galaxies. I heard the movement and activity of this outer space scenario. It was the most incredible thing I have ever felt in a dream.

#### Story Idea:

This lookout precipice can be a real thing in the root of southern California. Certain people are selected to view this spectacle and the cost will be minimal for them. Pictures and video can be taken of the spectacle, but to see it first hand, some sort of Ambassador will have to choose people to see the view. People will flock the area to try and sneak a peak at the beauty, but the government will have it blocked off like Hanger 18 in New Mexico. There will be border control and restriction will be tight and casualties will be nothing out of the ordinary in this region.

There will be moral questions of picking people, but who should play God? Decide on the measures to protect this region? This could open the hearts and minds of people to really inspect their lives. To realize that there is a wide universe, or space, out there that is amazing and intriguing. It could be a very incredible event in the history of mankind during the 21st century. People on earth will fully encompass the fact that they aren't as magnanimous as they believe themselves to be.

Assuredly there will be much plot development and data that will go into this operation.

Its full speed ahead, the road will not stop to let those who want to enjoy, get through the door.

More to come...

Lights of Stars, Rocks of Planets

On the brink  
of bodily existence

the death below my toes  
sustained the view of  
masses yearned to be met  
with this adrenaline inside.

Planets brim like  
hot lava

asteroids move like  
flying leaves

while crashes of thunder  
behind flashes of light in  
star cover  
believed in my heart

the scene of  
God

    Creation  
        Eternal Humbling  
overtook the  
dream that slept me  
last evening,

before the reality of  
earth captivity  
filled  
this hope  
with  
liquid Dramamine.

Succession of Movement

High tide  
sun in the  
sky,

sweep weeping  
chrysanthemums  
into maturity.

Low lying  
gulch  
rising the crest of  
water  
trail,

pour into the  
grain of rich soil  
&  
coalesce.

Turn of  
nature inside,  
vortex of gravity chemistry

believe in the love  
between boy & girls  
man-n-dog  
those men & women  
living wise.

Sunday in the Morning

The man with  
lopsided  
shoulder joints  
refused  
to  
talk to  
surgeons  
in  
broad daylight.

\*\*\*

Bad love  
fails  
to discriminate  
in  
Divorce Ave.

\*\*\*

Broken bits  
of old  
vinyl 45's  
make-up  
the talent  
of  
my novice  
musical fingertips.

\*\*\*

Overhead,  
thick slices  
of  
planetary history  
remind  
earthlings  
that time  
is precious & limited.

\*\*\*

Volcanic Ash,  
fill the  
soup  
of my disenchanted  
look  
through  
television dismay.

\*\*\*

To refuse  
leaving  
haven of comfort  
in tired fear,  
is to  
give up  
early  
on the rise  
after the risk.

\*\*\*

Number 5  
engine  
of divine life,  
take this  
body of  
mine  
into a new sunset  
that dissipates  
the old faces  
that  
crowd anger.

\*\*\*

Circle  
Circle  
Square lights  
of rectangle  
province, hemorrhaging  
on octagonal  
corners of pentad  
pain,  
in this Proportional State.

\*\*\*

Generations are  
like  
skin cover.  
Let the callused ignorance  
be gone  
and the new fleece of warm thoughts  
enter  
the house of temperamental humanity &  
we  
can  
all then sing as little children  
is  
masks of invisible hominy.

Swank Limbo

Ages of whispers  
swallow  
through the mind day  
after day

skies of toneless  
musical verse corrode  
brain juice in  
hourly intervals

grabbing the specter,  
dusting the  
pleaded cloak  
to raise me bosom  
above the  
noise

into validity  
to check into  
peace  
that the ignorance  
of price  
press through  
narrow tubes  
or  
carbonated ash.

Tickle The Earth Bound

Bitter romance  
Fate erased  
Food absorbed  
Healed loss  
Damaged flesh  
Vases of salty tears  
Cribs of escaped blood  
Jump ropes around my neck  
Band aids covering my coccyx  
Flint blinding my eyes  
Torture by mental defeat

Ruptured through my vision  
as I tried  
in the whirl of  
life beyond bitter resentment.

Aided with the  
credo  
that giving up is the living grave  
of former light.

the whirl of  
life beyond bitter resentment.

Aided with the  
credo  
that giving up

## The Topic of Life

Blurred onto piles of  
cramped newsprint

the scavenger voyage through the  
times of my life

have been barricaded inside the  
tireless travel through educational suites  
death of fortunate lovers &  
passing old democracy.

The sail tears through four winds  
of my satin sheet  
searching through the maze  
on tap  
to figure repression in  
psychological analysis.

Stacking painted wood of  
childhood blocks  
to set the compass needle in  
the direction  
of decoding broken & fortune  
of  
the  
23 years  
that have passed on this  
link of living  
through the meaning &  
question  
of my creation in  
the conception of thoughts  
mystery has instilled.

Toast to Health

A free & open  
gift hides below my  
frame  
each day I collect the  
memories  
in my wake.

A swift breeze that  
helps me breath

a coat of fresh rain to  
soothe skin cells

fresh sun to replenish forgotten  
vitamins

through the nuances,  
broken trust in confidants  
encountered through the  
bed ridden  
of the day.

Hope in the form of  
a free gift  
leaves the smile on my face

Knowledge in health--  
the grace of legs  
sight  
sound &  
learning  
kindle the dim  
away from the bright  
day-in-day

for this endowed pleasure  
held sacred  
like a present  
from  
guardian creed.

## Travel Luge

The  
terrain  
of pavement bound  
travel  
through the heat  
cool  
of South Cal  
to the tight  
cold  
of  
Arizona Mountain  
elevation,  
strips of bright  
white stripes &  
colony of  
convoy lights.

The caffeine high  
of physical worn

combination of crisp elements  
burst into hotel lights.

Ready to caravan into  
next segment of road life

U.S. street  
new cultural faces.

On  
down  
the road  
to K.C.  
in  
beauty  
met of  
free will.

## The Verbal Sign

On a  
level plane

with the casted  
lump

of living nature &  
beings

I walk a straight  
rope

to the center of the bleak  
source

to exclaim with dignified  
honesty

my allegiance &  
reverence

I hold for my trust in  
trees

love for the  
mountains

and respect for  
fellow human.

e key to  
the end of the jaunt

that reminded me of  
free

Western Glance

First glimpse  
of the mighty  
Grand of Canyons.

Shimmering in  
montage color  
faint fog &  
dank shadow.

The earth has  
sprouted indeed,

thousands of feet from  
physical walk,

the joy meshed through  
eye folds in the distance  
of the waning countryside.

Computer multimedia wonder  
National Geographic pics &  
Discovery flash  
fail,  
where the present has succeeded.

Barely 12 inches long  
near horizon  
in fuel seat,  
mighty crater in grasp.

Wet Sweet Woman

To wish upon  
the North Star

parallel to the elliptical line  
of planets above,

I crack the fortune cookie  
abound

for the chutes of celestial  
dust

to rain on the land  
the karma of a beautiful woman.

To read essays in  
the nude,

feed fruit on the  
top of water stool.

Could this hope  
find comfort in my home of love?

Or does the wet drops of sweet desire  
only exist in magazine print.

The Weight of the World

Alarm creaks  
avalanche of sun yellow  
dilate cylinders.

The craft of viewpoints  
&  
temptations

shower on my  
fluctuating  
scalp.

As the break of vases  
pave the walk  
through a new calendar segment,

into the forest of new faces  
familiar friends  
packed with ease in my mind.

The today means  
the same  
from bounce to return.

Tanks in Somalia  
bananas in Honduras &  
papaya in Guatemala

grow with  
the swelt of  
fly larva

that keep  
emotions  
alive within

for the  
beat  
of bongo leather & morocco rocks

make me  
write  
think & paint

the weight of  
issues  
that fall to subside

unlike the  
strike of sulfur  
on charcoal pavement.

Winter Surprise

Crisp of sun filled  
February day

the glow of dew on  
the headlights

flow of air  
through dust vents

fleshed into herbal  
mushrooms

cried over winter months  
stretched

in stale position on  
covered clothes line.

Feet putter in the warmth  
for chance

only visits near the  
yearn  
for summer bird song.

Windy Water

On top of a  
brisk glass of  
water,  
crunch the shelf  
for  
white ice shavings.  
Viewing the patrons  
from afar  
feeling the volley  
of brimming conversation  
inside the coffee scene.  
Small town blather  
in  
intellectual tinge  
of  
clean dirt.

## World Shift

The world  
shall  
divide on aging  
fault lines  
into the  
open  
sea--

Water of oceanic  
salt  
glazed with piles  
of anxious  
colors  
that shape.

Continue evolving  
long  
after  
the throng  
of  
human life  
will  
collect  
earth  
into  
unity.