

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

&
Slim
for the
encounter
of
Big

City

Dream.

Money
killed
the Menthol Addict.

Young Mexican
mistress
stay
in my Life.

Below my
bed
lies
the thoughts
I shall
never dispose.

Trash cans
of
furious
fish bones
take flight
in
empty
High Noon
Arizona SUn.

Indians
rule
the WoRlD
of
Post-Modern Man.

20 Class A
Cigarettes

kill
coach passengers.

Freedom
belongs to those
careful
beings.

Revolution shall
not
mix
with Angry Anarchy.

C h a n
g e
B o r n e
N o m i n a l
c y .

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 deseo.

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.