

Joefiles 9

Vacation From The Past

A Bag Full Of Money In My Hand

Shredded bills printed in
capitalism.
Taken to soda fountain
phone companies
worn between the fingertips
of the wise.
Warm to the touch of
selfish miser.

This anarchy
tied within a plastic bag
in golden metaphor,
we should all share in
the glory of the walk.
Jaunt through the land
to please the people
grace the culture
pet the lopping ears of young hair.

Fitting condition for this
bag of currency,
sheared to the condition
set to many souls.
Shave or be shaved.
By looking into money
you can indeed tell more than the
ink & former president.

There is hope
inside this sack.

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Boy As Rainbow

Petrified
by
the imposing rainbow
across
abandoned county field,
one
young boy
raced
to the east.

In the direction
of
supposed security,
he
found nothing of the sort.

In the imposing sky
above
the young lad saw,
thunderheads launch rain & thunder
tormenting
the grounds.

Dashing through forming
puddles,
the rainbow
disappeared.

Little boy
dissolved
into the remains of mist
from
passing rain.

Then,
rising with the heat
to
become part of the rainbow
he
could never understand.

In the sky so
free,
exposing the truth
of
gentle colors.

Bridge In The Edge

The old swig
through creamy sky piece.
Greeting the north side
of the city,
open to punishment
from sunny torment
unabashed beneath
electrical crashes tending to nocturnal dance.
Scripted to the part
orchestrated by architect & convenience,
lassoing the rope
into needs
born forth
dendrites delivered from God.
Outpost unfolding into the
variety of inhabitant,
pacing the crux
of need
loading the hand slapped by
in-law.
This modern connection
meets the need
requested by the
throng
requesting sacred grant.
To bridge alienated spaces
between lifted end &
confounded means.

Broken Oath

Oath afloat
throughout sparse town.

Decree
to rile the wrong
sent by fire.

The antidote
found
in smooth waters,
was the condition
of their
disease.

The congregation
surrounded by provincial habitants
created
an objective oath--

"Thou shall
never adorn
the broken"

We,
humans from
small
to
large
dwelling on thy broken.

Cut graciously
from the slate
of
God's plan.

Chipped
reunited for reality
working towards truth,

we are
the broken (beautiful)
which cannot
be
denied.

Loose In The Dandelion Field

Groves & groves of yellow growth
brushing my knees,
tempting the forgotten.
Flush bundles picked like jewels in department store heist.
Hoisted home to MoM,
smothered in water to sprout into further creation.
Possibly explode
into butterfly sky line
or float across the ravine
in search for water behind feathers.
Childhood treasure
livid larva
stretching beyond stream of imagination.
Cursed later by BrotheR
telling of the weeds they are.
Their nature ripe in petals to mirror yellow on the chin.
Four leaf clovers tackled viciously like Santa Claus
for little children to lose faith.
I hold hope,
I'm the florist in a field of negligence.

Eat Me, Drink Me

It has been
said
volumes of description
could never explain the emotions
felt between
lover
foe
siblings.
While we curdle into one
before
the smooth warmth
we have toiled for,
follow these blatant instructions &
move slowly.
Eat Me

 Drink Me
to the movement of the low lying clouds
in the
night sky.

Electricity Abound

An evening set to the sounds of electricity
lighting the four corners
dusk-nightfall.
Like God was angered by
madness on foot,
told the people
without electrical outlets.
Providing further hints
that nature is Queen,
humans are the subordinate.
Bound to scurry
across landscape tray.

Crashes of rumbling
inducting
gusts of rain
pelting background music,
enough to make sense &
soothe the burn of doubt.
Peeled slowly for
boys-n-girls
to duck behind
the torment,
so comforting
in the future.

When The Eyes Close At Night

March into the procession
thinking of sultry Sara,
about the true love
which pangs your inner sleep.

Taken into the foyer,
past the banister
lined with rides
the few toss in
tortured gain.

Stroll on feet
powerful
to pace continents.

Let the cool climate
of the night,
be the opening
into
geography
that make walking
a
marvel.

Flip Into Pace

The barrier is
within my grip.

Life-long journey
to the comfortable state
in reproduction
frivolous tidings &
devout upkeep of soul in spirit.

I see the ghost which
eyes my defeat.

Taste the crouch
of victory in the veins.

There are three sides to
every story
to be mulled over.

My story
will be
solo.

The path
into the
solemn,
pleasures by
providence philosophy.

The page soon
to be
flipped into
part two.

Fruit Decay

Beast of human deceit
loose in the grip
strong on the shoulder.

Around from the socialization
of the Paleolithic inception,
teaching those of the pure
in Cenozoic era.

Haphazard in distrust,
tossed on midnight bingo card.

I escape
into the freedom
felt for my skin alone,
to relate
to
other skin.

Souls ripe
for the
truth
pressed against pride.

Her

She touched the seams
holding my genes,
gently plotted her line
over intersection cross-walk
jostling white cigarette
in hand.
-She never saw Me-
We opened to each other in
untold rite.
She crashed the plates from the cabinet
onto my floor
in pure artistry.
I felt the drum
overtaking my chest,
her presence was limited
as well as mine.
Although
I shall never
forget her way,
set to live beyond the time
our existence
crossed
before the twist
life
orchestrates on occasion.

Here I Am

Delivered from higher course
to change the paint in frame.
Restructure the wanton
enlighten forming wrinkles
be the reflection to touch the harvest.

Sent by orders
out of my command,
here I am
on crooked wooden table
sipping waters
sprung from porous fountains.

So, relaying again
to you
I am here.
Troubles will continue
success will pace the barren streets.

No need for
sentimental failure,
It will turn to optimism.
The mind is the key.

On The Highway I Know

A tousel between
the woman.
Maligned between polarized
comfort
waiting for an entrance.

Beam of hope scraping
the tenderloin emotions,
screaming into a solid white wall.

"This one,
I know."

Tired like tire tred on
Highway 9,
my answers again failed
the inquiry.

Time for mending
the bleak,
look in favor on
Her
'cause I haven't the
energy
to boost this
vehicle alone.

te.

Over & over in the head
like gerbils in metal cylinder.

Honesty

Their instructions
were simple.

They told me to
remove my clothing

scream to the night,
tell of my sin

dreams true love.
I was honest.

Still woke-up naked
feeling free

that I released the truth,
sober incantations

could not abide.
I am me

not another.
Let's live free

free as the Nature in the Sky.

In The Distance

Out in the distance.

Parallel to
temple of peace,
rape of minds vanished
vertigo went obsolete
cancer ceased to enter thought.

The winds
blew the chimes
created by higher deities,
boats lopped softly
in coral gem.

Love making
became unconditional.

Away from
furious furnace,
the distance provided
opulent comfort.

Exposed to few
yearned by provinces,
available exclusively
to travelers
down
a long winded path.

The Jester or The Saint?

Another death
 hail the birth.
Sun down
 the morning woke her up.
Dispute waged
 peace preached on the radio.
Psychological breakthrough
 philosophical battle.
Books pumped into print
 Hollywood hit vilified for sexual overtones.
Cigarette extinguished
 coal miner pitches can of chew.
Submarine departs
 airplane arrives.
Up the tunnel
 down the tube.
Such a cycle
 replayed for both jesters and saints.

June 4, 1996

I lay between
the lifted buildings,
renting this
concrete
in Park Memorial.
Here for short time
to scribe a ritual.
Protected by the
reflection donned
by gallery.
Man-made monuments
around this habitat
screaming within my mind
for time to erase
this environment
set to subdue
the words.

Life Is A Movie

Hold the show
I blunted the line.
Powder my nose
blemishes are such a bore.
More bottled water
paparazzi hidden beneath snow.

When being normal
becomes much less than glamour some desire,
our imagination sinks into a land
fictional for viewer & actor.
Dancing madly
the crowd begins to grow.
Scurry across the stage
we stub big toe.

Only to return
to ground,
firm in the realization
that
Life & Movies
surely make existing tolerable.

Leave Them Be

Leave the thinkers
be
to matriculate into
the
wayward wonders.
Allow them time to expose
allowed
scopes of intrigue.
Freedom to expose corroded
bones
to a colony.
Landscape parched for new
interests
fumbling along the ground for morsels
deemed
frightful to the digestive juices.
Intellectuals deserve
their
air to grow.
Leave as soon as this
decree
is posted.
For the mind
is
the center of chaos.

Lies

Two twins
barrel into sleep.

The raging streets
outside

blow bullets
hookers & sirens.

Adults know.
Their purpose

is living to please
mother.

My smile
forces back the truth around

moonlight beams.
I hail the innocence,

the feeling we never
truly savor.

To roll softly on
blankets

mother provides,
diaper below

only the sky above.

reaching
reaching.

They will grow
in subtle ways,

while I age
then begin the questioning.

When we collectively
grow sick of the lies

that lead
backbone to many truths.

Literary Song

Thoughts in literary land.
Rampant writer
exposing the truths of
personal imprisonment.

Solitary man
beyond
the range
human mind finds complacency.

Ready
to will powers
apart from the reach of telescopic technology
into celestial sky.

Carving
deep roots
embedded strong below
human soul.

Ability to cheat the thief
corrupt the rapist
purify the angels
ignite the passionate.

Tear into a gallop
few have witnessed
past wrought galleries
of human dignity.

Tracing shelves of
paper heaps
luncheon halls &
war memorials.

Connection into
the possibilities.
Chance encountered
the epic momentum rang from land-to-land.

Constantly keeping
the race
on edge
for the antidote to death.

The Little Things

It is the small moments in life
to keep optimism clean.
A solid talk about sacred moments
with older sister,
catching sight of spider web lightning
ricochet
across humid sky,
the inexpensive necessity
bought by accident
casually with a friend,
pleasant chat with old lover
pumping adrenaline over body wave.

It is the little things
that halt the sharp end
of a dull day.

Unexpected thank-you for
perfunctory action by strangers.
Recognition for the
existence
you lead.
Those emotional blocks
spelling
s-e-l-f c-o-n-c-e-p-t.

Cherished
like the sound of music
leaving a ringing sensation
in your ear
deep into the summer night.

Meet Me Before The Fountain

Blades of water
brewed
over stone.
Violent vertical leap
into stiff liquid,
ripples chronicle across
the geography
set to the surrounding
roving to discover tranquility.
Cut the engine
turn off the office light
mail the correspondence immediately,
we shall talk
of
the truth
here before Vietnam doom.
Keep the talk
above pillars of creation,
we can all dance barefoot
before the wake.
Pull away the glue of
meaningless toil,
meet me before
the fountain
here in Downtown Kansas City.

Mr. Who

Solo man
sold his integrity
to the poor

cashied his riches
for fame

lit a candle for
the shame
in angry nations

lashed his scorn on
historical achievements

ultimately tied on
a maroon ribbon,
above his collar

symbolizing a
personal search
for
his identity

which never existed
in
his mad dash
to resolve
a petty fortress.

The New Country

Fully aware
that night was day
day was night.

The tiny island
east of Australia

walked into salty openings
ignorant to civilization,
intelligent to
food gathering beings
of early earth races.

Their digression appeared
to be
limbo without skill.

Yet,
they conquered
the beast of technology
deceitful corporations.

Living in a surrounding
void of la.m. &
electricity,
they were saddened
by occurrences
of drought.

Not by the laborious
lampshade
covering lids
on the border
of
21st Century paupers.

News In The Air

Over the blue sky
one week has passed,
acquiring now new knowledge
in events of the world.

Skirmishes in far east
quelled revolutions in Israel &
Hollywood dreamers in interview plantation.

Float over the sea
boundless wonder of water
to lovely visages
for most souls to anticipate.

News slips into the past
quickly
over 24 hour terminals.

Intense spectacle
called the ocean mountains spruce tree,
encamp the breath
for many emotional binges to come.

Private chatter
shared over public showers,
health fed to the masses
from mother philanthropist &
Almighty God.
Providing the thick soled shoes
shaking the foundation
breeding beauty.

Down the long-winded road
into another day of heavens above.

Enormity
capture like Art.

Beauty bestowed entirely
in the mind of the possessor.

A New Tune To Befriend

Tired old tune
running frail through
blank corridors.
Drunk on new bleach
refreshed for morning coffee.

Shoulder length locks
disheveled on FM tone
under stench
crowding the kitchen window.

The haggle in contemporary society
content within
comfort found in torrent
called logic.

His essentials
narrowed to
sighted focus
clothes-food-music.

Breathing the traction
soul wrangles,
his speech is muddled clarity
dress from personal creation.

Realization
that there is no time
to tap brother
on
the
shoulder.

They demand the
time
to be noticed.

Picture On The Wall

Hope shall be the
family ahead

Hope shall be the career
craved

Hope shall be the security
in the ground

Hope shall pour from the piety
modestly instilled by Almighty

Hope shall be vacationing in lands
bordering the Atlantic and Pacific

Hope shall ferment
in the future
so
promising.

Yes, the dream for
new meaning.

Prediction Over A Fortnight

Habitual horoscope
set spinning
in the
psyche.

Loose needles
on the wooden circle
pointing to the Pices,
cursing the Sagittarius.

A shot
on the horizon,
witching direction of constellations.
Enough to
cure spirits
or
toss the naked infant into absurdity.

tual horiscope
set spinning
in the
psychie.

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

Aristotle

"The ego is not dedicated solely to its own enhancements. It needs and wants to be concerned with its surroundings, to bind itself to others, and to work with them...Accentuation of the self is often a response, not to powerful ego-centered tendencies, but to the thwarting and defeat of the need to be a part of one's group, to know that one is respected and liked, to feel that one is playing a part in the lives of others."

Solomon E. Asch

"Knowledge is power."

Francis Bacon

"Thinking...is...not simply the description, either by perception or by recall, of something which is there, it is the use of information about something present, to get somewhere else."

F.C. Bartlett

"It is the greatest happiness of the greatest number that is the measure of right and wrong."

Jeremy Bentham

"The sociology of knowledge understands human reality as socially constructed reality."

Peter L. Berger & Thomas Luckmann

"Comprehension, inventiveness, direction, and criticism: intelligence is contained in these four words."

Alfred Binet

"I am as free as Nature first made man
'Ere the base Laws of Servitude began
When wild in woods the noble Savage ran."

John Dryden

"You could not step twice into the same rivers; for other waters are ever flowing on to you."

Heraclitus

"The Perfect Christian and the Economic Man would have one thing in common: neither one would have any friends."

Frank H. Knight

"Man is born free; and everywhere he is in chains."

Jean Jacques Rousseau

"'Mind' is understood to mean simply the sum total of mental processes experienced by the individual during his lifetime."

Edward B. Titchener

"The nature of peoples is first crude, then severe, then benign, then delicate, finally dissolute."

Giovanni Battista Vico

"Technology has finally surpassed humanity."

Albert Einstein

Rain Language

The rain falls
steadily outside,
telling me something
the sunshine
cannot.

Squeezing fear in lightning,
sharp ray's have
never repeated.

Languid
on the new day,
the wind of summer.

Take me back to the
knowledge,
rain provided
inside the puddle of one.

Wading scarlet
in the irises
before the slowly
approaching cumulonimbus.

The Rusty Lock Without A Key

Fables leashed onto
many grids
left to weather
disasters
easily avoided.
Cramped in meek positions
bore to silence,
the monastery in Ireland preached.
There was a method
when the key was soft silver.
Years flew
into agony,
key followed suit.
Forgiven in the
days approaching,
too many alternatives failed
to uncork the answer.
Now,
the secret is shivering
for vacant obsession.
The fascination
with an environment
no less forced
than lifted.
There
in the tampered condition,
the vile of truth
lies for another solution
to
creep into the keyhole.

This Sabbatical--June, 23 1996...

Sabbatical.
Into oneself

learn to chisel
proficiency

talk to the silence
push through the dark

Dejection of the hangover.

Free time
for a fortnight

to clutch quality

with all
the might
buried
beneath my being.

The Battle Between The Sexes

His knuckles
crackled across her
mouthpiece,
another night of ceiling tiles
counted
on the couch beneath his hereditary storm.
She teaches
him the game
he never played,
naked alone.
She bore the seed
he adored the Rhine.
Never conscious
of the rain
that drowns him
deeper into denial.
She protests
the past
she cannot mend.
Together,
they assemble a necklace
of tears.
All-the-while
he chants silently
on the dance floor,
as she screams into a microphone
on stage
to a room of beloved silence.

She Stands In Front Of The Mirror

In front of
the oval mirror,
she is angelic as the
humid grasp I inhale
at the acceptance of new day.

Her swiveled flesh
termed "love handle,"
delicate bosom
foreign tummy.

Lavacious flesh
pulled firmly from
scalp
to face of foot.

She is the tear
in my coffee,
sweat on my lemonade mug.

The woman
I have always
been
In Love With...

Even though
I have never
encountered
her
gaze.

She floats with
the satellite
on
smooth Arizona evenings,

her eyes
twinkle seductively
to the pulse
of
my fond desires.

His Name Is Silent

Sad torn man
enraged by the
confusion,
created by distraught hands
carried
each solid minute.
Making each patron &
family
pay for the mistakes.
Harried within eyes
crazed to an interchange
played in mind.
Maniacal cymbals
shatter to the sounds
of ignorant syllables.
Idolatry in those men
never worthy of bronze cast memorial.
Set to wither
with no one to blame.

"Thyself will fall to
amenity of cruel geriatrics"

Slowly into rapid
demise,
you will eventually
win
the battle
lost many years before.

Sky Above

Above me slow
the earth on air.
Raining pillars of
cloud,
patience on foot.
The time has changed
to vapors
beheld.
They gallop through
the mind
for thoughts to release.
Many mirages collide
gently
in the show hidden
within the upper stratosphere.
Low enough to be humble
high enough to soar.

Simple Pleasures

Pleasant dream
recalled
soon after opening the morning eye.
My domesticated pet
greeting
return back to home base.
Relieving song
soothing my soul
on ride home from work tonight.
Simplicity.
Talking to new person
inducing
dreams forgotten in the twist of life.
Phone call
from woman mate
melting my ear without her noticing.
Finding ten dollar bill
on my way into new work week.
Simplicity.
Found and created
in many ways.
Their my possessions
requiring the right timing.
Simplicity.
The content in my being.

Space

A harpoon
shot violently
toward the blue
of the descending night.
Livid
above white cries,
loose to integrate
mysteries chanted into
gravity's cross.
His message
wasn't the
medium,
the purpose was
absolute.
Space is
the raucous playground
of both the fool & scientist.
Subdued
 Subdued
to trace its course.

Steady In The Fall

Catapult
to the top of one dime.
Spinning into the
path of one train
above the freeway.
Soon catching flight
on one airborne Boeing.
Sparkling token
of commerce
holding me & my tired boots.
Traveling a stressful night
behind overcooked pasta & watered down coffee.
This is my unemployed ventricle
across the land
with a dime & passion to my name.
Maybe the hustle of traffic will stop
or the train will fail to depart without my luggage.
The truth
stands firm,
this twisting silver & rampant soul
may not desire such wishes to give away this silent joust.
Quenched in the escape
loose from empty love.

The Now

For now
the
crucifix hangs
tea burbling
depression nil.

It is in
the
present.

Past history
five billion years
on earth,
billions to come
are of unknown ancestry.

I have the
pretense in now,

my flicker in
the crowd

wide on a river
flowing without repentance.

The Story

i have this vow
to show the world.

push an understanding
waiting to glow

cure the ignorance
forever

spark the desire to mend
witless heaps.

connect into
diversity

often applied with
fugitive definitions.

let me step in for the post script
to the piece

before my motto crumbles
to ash.

open my pores
squeeze my teeth

into open loathing beyond
quack treatment.

there is more to the picture
in lime,

many more meanings than presented for
one buck.

leash the dirt away
from the fan

lick the ice
cool on the brain.

we know the mission
inside the soul

attempting ignition.

momentum rang from land-to-land.

Constantly keeping
the race

on edge
for the antidote to death.

Tomorrow Was Supposed To Be Next

Hell,
the past was long a g o
the forthcoming
month
seems so far away.

Soon,
I will understand
where the year went with
the month
so far
I couldn't even think.

Getting older
has
been
no Myth.

Time used to toddle
like a
harmless infant
in the crevice of my palm.

Now,
it races with the flow of the
incoming Pacific
never
explaining the impact it has
left b e h i n d.

Truth (Abound)

I want
hope.

Bad as the bundle of
security.

I need it
like another desire to live.

I want you,
flesh & soul

into my being
set to break temperature & delight.

High for the ride
into beauty

like gifts untold,
bestowed freely

to queen in breathable court.

Unfold The Truth

I felt
the sheet
crowd my being
vent over my haste,
whisper in the ear
from
God
"Take ahold of the
liquid lampshade."
I was to drink
the remains of Egyptian civilizations.
Lift my arms into the sky
reaching above evergreen leaves
breath away the waste.
Implode
suddenly into the glory,
glory of what
each
finds secure.

We Keep On Wandering

The generations
continue to strum the chord.
Mystical musical instrument
called earthly civilizations.
Geniuses and Wisemen
from Tesla to Einstein
have filled
library
havoc in many a contemporary man.
Knowledge lent
to the genus tree,
new instructions
in mind gardening.
The growth
induced more confusion.
Eyes fixated into
the
soul nature provides for coaxing remedy.
Even though
burdens lighten,
distant cousins come into being
bearing the resemblance
millions have imitated across human growth.
We exist
with missions to wander
wander forth
for the prayer
to
be
heard.

We Won't Burn Out

We are looked upon
as the
frivolous vagabonds.

Touting
self-confidence
like a one day visa
from the train track.

Wearing tart stitching
to fit
the times
so divine.

That is
speculated,
again
shouting loudly in
the preservation of chaos.

Welcoming the
wrong order
sent by society
bent to cast in our souls.

Yes,
we are marked
in a field
mocked curiously.

No use in
trying
to live the lives
we envision,

they try to decode
their
own fair pictorial.

Tack it
to the refrigerator
laugh with
the billboards.

Our decree
is
living
to the potential
we crave,

freedom under

the
blanket of reality.

Watch,
we will not cease

neither will
the
distinctions.

Woman With One Name

Her angelic
hope
streamed through her
name.
Raced beyond the doubt of her
time
she bellowed sweetly to her
surrounding
soon capturing many
souls.
Love is the hallucinogenic
rising
to tempt bending
tests
accepting of the greed inside
failure.

nds complacency.

Worth Of Experience (Repetition)

The people
we encounter.

Noon sunshine &
dusk planets.

Turnover chanting for now.

Accidental morning
planned date with your mate.

Over & over in the head
like gerbils in metal cylinder.

Reoccurrence
 after repetition.
Slowly leading you through life.

They demand the
time
to be noticed.

Above all,
they should be soaked
for their worth
because MoM always told you
"Experience is Everything."

Mr. Zenith

Estranged at birth
conception a fantasy,

young Zenith bore the fruits
of bilingual trades
in rural & urban
environments.

Ringing his feast bells

he knew his parents
tossed him
like dust on a banister.

Although he felt
the peace of free will

his charter to indelible tales.

Stories written
in
non-fiction eloquence

across the space of the world &
souls
he touched without explanation.

He was Zenith.
A man of character
pure to himself,
an individual
in a field of weeds.

His birth certificate
in a world
he
never lost.