

Joefiles C (100)



ONE HUNDRED SIMPLICITIES .. ONE HUNDRED LIVES .. ONE HUNDRED .. REASONS .. ONE HUNDRED .. TEETH .. ONE HUNDRED RINGS .. ONE HUNDRED KNIVES .. ONE HUNDRED ORANGES .. ONE HUNDRED FACES .. ONE HUNDRED MICE .. ONE HUNDRED KNIVES .. ONE HUNDRED DUSTINGS .. ONE HUNDRED NIGHTS .. ONE HUNDRED SCREWS .. ONE HUNDRED DRINKS .. ONE HUNDRED PENS .. ONE HUNDRED PIECES OF MEAT .. ONE HUNDRED BALLOONS .. ONE HUNDRED REASONS TO EXIST .. ONE HUNDRED TOMORROWS .. ONE HUNDRED NEXT YEARS .. ONE HUNDRED NEW BABIES IN 10 MINUTES .. ONE HUNDRED GIRLS .. ONE HUNDRED BOYS .. ONE HUNDRED ICE CUBES .. ONE HUNDRED PIECES OF MISCHIEF .. ONE HUNDRED .. ONE HUNDRED FLICKERS OF WHAT I WILL FORGET .. ONE HUNDRED TITLES .. ONE HUNDRED INSURANCE AGENTS .. ONE HUNDRED PIECES OF PAPER .. ONE HUNDRED MURDERS THAT NEVER HAPPENED .. ONE HUNDRED ORANGES IN THE MORNING .. ONE HUNDRED GUYS NAMED BOB .. ONE HUNDRED FAILURS ONE HUNDRED MARATHON FINISHES .. BOBBING SMILES I REMEMBER .. ONE HUNDRED DOUR FACES I FORGOT ONE HUNDRED LINES FROM JOHN LENNON THAT MADE ME BETTER ONE HUNDRED PENCIL TIPS ONE HUNDRED GUYS WITH BALD HEAD ONE HUNDRED GIRLS WITH BALD TITS ONE HUNDRED SLICES OF MEAT I HAVE THROWN OUT BECAUSE THEY ARE BAD ONE HUNDRED BITS OF ADVICE I HAV ETAKEN ONE HUNDRED ROTATIONS ON BIKES THAT HAVE MADE A DIFFERENCE ONE HUNDRED REASONS I LOVE MY WIFE ONE HUNDRED FEATURES OF MY SON I ALWAYS NOTICE ONE HUNDRED MICE EARS LISTENING TO MY SILENCE .. ONE HUNDRED COMMAS ONE HUNDRED GOOD HUSBANDS ONE HUNDRED UNUSED EXERCISE MACHINES ONE HUNDRED UNREPORTED EXORCISMS ONE HUNDRED UFOS IN MY EYE LASHES ONE HUNDRED GOOD GUYS THAT NEVER GOT IMMORTALIZED ONE HUNDRED WORLDS MADE OF CHEESE ONE HUNDRED GIRLS THAT DON'T BLEED OR SPIT ONE HUNDRED FLICKS AT MY ADAM'S APPLE ONE HUNDRED PIECES OF ASPARAGUS THAT MY PENT UP SISTER WON'T EAT ONE HUNDRED MINUTES OF SOLITUTED FOR LOVELY LITTLE ZENON ONE HUNDRED MOMENTS OF RESTLESSNESS ONE HUNDRED PURRS FROM A RESTING CAT ONE HUNDRED MORE TIMES AS TO WHY I EXIST ONE HUNDRED DAYS WITHOUT A DIME ONE HUNDRED CAT FIGHTS .. ONE HUNDRED BEEF TIPS .. ONE HUNDRED GENERIC GUM DROPS .. ONE HUNDRED STOLEN EYE LASHES .. ONE HUNDRED LOST ICE CUBES .. ONE HUNDRED BLIPS ON SOMEONE'S PRECIOUS RADAR .. ONE HUNDRED CAT CLAWS AGAINST THE CHALK BOARD .. ONE HUNDRED COVERS OF THE EYE .. ONE HUNDRED MIDNIGHTS WITH SOLACE .. ONE HUNDRED CUPS OF SUGAR IN WATER .. ONE HUNDRED WORD SONNETS .. ONE HUNDRED DAYS TO GET IT WRONG .. ONE HUNDRED LOVERS IN A SMALL PERFUMED BOTTLE .. ONE HUNDRED VERSES THAT GO MISUNDERSTOOD .. ONE HUNDRED DOWNLOADED CANDIES .. ONE HUNDRED DREAMS I CANNOT REMEMBER .. ONE HUNDRED FOOTSTEPS IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION .. ONE HUNDRED .. ONE HUNDRED NEWSCASTS THAT STILL DON'T MAKE SENSE .. ONE HUNDRED WOLVES GATHERING ROUND MY FROZEN MEATS .. ONE HUNDRED HOOKS IN FISH HOOKS .. ONE HUNDRED RUMORS THAT WENT UNFOUND .. ONE HUNDRED NIGHTS WITH A BABY CRYING .. ONE HUNDRED MEDICINE TABLETS .. ONE HUNDRED FRIENDS THAT LOST THEIR WAY .. ONE HUNDRED SHOTS FOR GOOD REASONS .. ONE HUNDRED WORDS OF CONJECTURE .. ONE HUNDRED SMALL ACCIDENTS .. ONE HUNDRED MORNINGS WITH A DRIP .. ONE HUNDRED WHISKERS IN MY LUCKY TIN .. ONE HUNDRED COLLARS THAT ITCH .. ONE HUNDRED MORE BOOKS IN THE WORLD ..

a man's period

is more like a
semi colon,
so when a dude says
that guys have
a period like
women have a period,
know that it's a bloody
lie to bide time and
mask the fact that women
control who is born
and who isn't,
and much more than that
if you believe in history
and the tale feathers of a
a real fairy.

a miles breath

i love
listening
to miles breath
in the
beginning of
the morning
as he takes quick,
healthy gulps and
exhales full bodied
gurgles of baby enjoyment
and when he's on the
changing table looking around
the immediate surroundings for
something to grab as his chest
heaves and i listen to his language
before he will understand the english
language marvel at this
small, perfunctory communication
pattern that blows me around
every time.

A PRIOR JACKASS

if i
were making up
a book
about what i would
have been before i
was a human now
in a game of perpetual
reincarnation,
i would have to say
that i may have been a
donkey because yesterday
i stopped to snap some
pictures of a donkey
that is tucked away in
some field off a
rural roadway i take
about 3 times a
week and after i
got out of the car
and approached
the fence to call
this donkey he came
right up to me
without hesitation and
as i pet his nose
snout he stared into
my eyes wondering if
i may have been the
king jackass he's
been searching for.

all brand new cars

my
father
spent
his
life
as
a
car
salesman.

in the early
go's of things,
he
sold appliances and
other things,
but
the
cars stuck with him.

it was his passion.

and he had three kids.

i'm the youngest of three
and the last to get married.

as such,
we came across
fact.

each of us kids married
someone that has the first three
letters
of their name as car.

CARRIE
CAROL
CARL

huh.

this is the part where
you mix the notion of be careful
what you wish for with the fact that
everything is connected and wonder
for hours as to how the
waters are gonna melt at the ice caps
all
over our familial mysteries.

angling towards the mid-life breakdown

as we amble through our teens,
really find our genitals in our early 20's,
learn how to use our rock shoes in the mid 20's,
contemplate good thought talk during the late 20's,
figure our family life in our 30's,
and wonder what the fuck towards 40,
the reality is that we are all just
pretending to prepare
for our big, fat mid life crisis
that will have no definitive day,
but it is always spelled out in the last
drop of whiskey that
lands on your young,
pink 30 something tongue that will have
to account for all the missed words,
botched birthdays,
forgotten events and
tiny missed issues that will
barrel towards all of your bowling pins
like something so accurate,
that god could only concoct.

animal idolatry

we are surrounded
by the international
house of prayer kids
and all of their animals
and i wonder if
their dogs
actually
pray to the
same god?

be careful

for your family
outside your immediate
family when you decide
to start your own family
because it won't be
the family you always knew
and it could drive you to
an edge full needles and
the only thing
between you and that
bunch of balloons in your
hands is the gumption to
realize that most people
are selfish and that
the world rotates in such
a large, majestic motion
that it's hard to let
the small bleed into your
eye balls a deep, red
that could change everything
foreverandever.

BUMPER STICKER TOOLS

do
I
really
need
to
know
your
embedded,
bought
bumper
sticker
view
of
the
world?

will
your
sticker
or
magnet
on
the
back
of
your
vehicle
suddenly
make
me
think
you
are
some
swell,
decent
angelic
being
or
just
another
dum
dum
with
a
brain
with
an
errant
dollar.

call me coach

i'm a little league
coach now as memories
of living in a shanty,
cool abode in the city
is nearly completely gone.

can a cat lose its mind?

really?

i think one of our
cat's has completely lost its mind?

is it possible?

they are so strong,
independent,
and get humans to do everything for them.

they act like they don't give a shit,
strut around in pure confidence,
catch rodents with ease,
eat as if the world is theirs.

i'm thinking it's possible,
but it's much harder to diagnose
than human insanity.

our pink cat paces,
runs under our legs,
goes back and for from
person to either food bowl or
door without either exiting or eating.

he just wants a bit of attention,
but he doesn't want it at the same time.

and all these other cat's too.

they act fucking loony.

or could it just be me.

naw.

these cat's have nine lives,
and one of them is bound to get
slapped against the crazy wall
and gurney around in sheer insanity.

caroline muse

my
wife
is
a
stack
of
pages,
my notebook,
the best
writing tool
i have ever
known.

chilly polar opposites

the other morning
i read about a
millionaire US senator
that won millions of dollars
in the country's biggest lottery
payout ever.

he just got 4 of the 7 numbers,
but it was enough to make him richer.

money he doesn't need.

then,
later that day,
i read about an old 93-year old guy
that was apprehended at a turnpike
because a human being with severed legs
was wedged into his windshield.

he was an old man with alzheimer's and
he had no idea that there was anyone
wedged and dead in his windshield.

in fact,
he was so out of it that they are not
going to charge him with a crime.

and the day of the news happened again.

how the incredibly lucky continue
to get lucky,
and the once lucky bow to the scientific
hurdle of this existence and finally
get their day in the 15-minute sunlight,
but it's so grisly that he wouldn't want
to remember it if he could.

CHRONOLOGY OF PREGNANCY

i just now
remembered that on
the way home from
our concert show last night
that i took a mint tingle
lubricated condom that some
gal gave me and
smelled it to see what mint
was like,
then blew it up
as big as it would go
and let it flap out of
the side of the car window
and as i looked back into
the car wondering why my wife
wanted me to stop it i just
couldn't believe that a condom
could get that huge and if it
is that big and strong while
flapping in the unpregnant winds
how are there so many mistakes
with the use of condoms and as
that thought got lodged in my head
the damn thing snapped off,
flew into traffic behind us and
i finally knew several things,
first, why my wife kept telling
me to stop and second, how
so many people get pregnant when
women tell you to stop and you
are just dumb about the whole condom
thing.

COLD CIRCLES

one of my savory
childhood moments
were cold sunday mornings
when my dad would load
my brother and i up
in one of his many
loaner cars from the
car dealership and
we would go to the
big, empty wal-mart
parking lot.

in that field of
pure white snow,
he would gun that car
and we would jerk around
in gleeful circle after
circle.

it was delightful.

all of us were in a
triangle of pure pleasure
as the wheels ate the fresh
snow and all the worries my
father carried over his
empty whiskey bottles just
evaporated and we
were all a bunch of anonymous
faces laughing into complete
oblivion.

DEAD MUSIC

mass
media
has
killed
music
and
art
with
the
highest
sales
in
the
history
of
humankind.

EAVESDROPPERS

we saw and heard a mouse
scraping around the inside
of our stove last night
as the cats pace around
the house and the presents
hang with multi santa patterned faces
wondering when the new year
will ever be an old year
while this home trapped in the
ship bottle wavers and we
contemplate giving the mouse
a block of cheese on an open
stove door to extract his bones from
being burnt in our new home incineration
machine as one of our biggest cats leave the
room to think about other ways to extract
the mice of this morning.

ETERNAL SALES PITCH

a sales dude or
individual consultant
or seasoned someone
talking their dull,
monotone drab talk and
i finally hit that
nirvana at the end of
the rainbow knowing that
indeed i have not
entirely wasted my time
because there are many
more things to do out there
that could kill you much,
much quicker.

**everything i learned,
i learned on the toilet**

and everything i forgot,
i forgot over a toilet,
and everything i ever wanted to be,
i dreamed sitting on a toilet,
and everything that went through me,
ended up in the toilet,
and everything the hydrates my body,
ends up in the toilet,
and everything i really want to learn,
should be on the toilet,
and everything we all are ever going to be
just ends up going down the toilet
as the dark eye in the water winks at me
yet again because he's the genius
while i again perch as the wasteful stump
tempting to muse his surface.

final utterance

you
will
never
know
yourself
like
others
know
you
so
you
can
stop
pining
about
why
they
treat
you
like
a
prince
or
poop
and
do
what
you
think
is
gonna
come
out
untattered
in
the
warsh.

food binge

at one point
during a hot night
this summer
i had discovered
that our baby boy
miles didn't have many
jars of food left to eat
because we had been so
damned frantic busy
doing everything else not
involving baby food
that i threw on my flops,
pants and hat for a trip
to the store.

once in my shining oasis
of baby foodum,
i proceeded to buy nearly
75 bucks in jars of food.

i was almost blindingly
grabbing jar after jar
of glass muttering to myself
that no boy of mine is gonna
go without the delicious combination
of squash and pears,
or carrots and beef,
or mere hawaiian delight fruits.

hell no.

i was gonna make my winter
hibernation point and stack
all those little gleaming cans
of glass in my holy cart
and jam them right through
the bar code reader with pride
because these days too much is
just enough when you have
the ever hopeful baby brain of
forgetting and the eternal dwindling
of time.

forever snow

they say it's never
gonna stop snowing,
even when the weather gets warmer,
and i believe this is the
best idea that mother nature has
had for a long, long while as
the bits of new orleans and florida
float through the eye of another
snowflake that is pounding
the ground here in the middle of america
as lightly as a breath leaving a sleeping
wife's mouth,
but if what they say is a lie,
it should stop snowing here in about
15 minutes and again we will be bound to
put our dreams on hold until the next round
of cold dandruff comes plowing down
from the mysterious grin in the clouds.

god bless don lemon.

simple heroes sometimes
come as service men to your door.

on this hot, blistered day,
the man was don.

he worked for an air conditioning outfit
in a neighboring town and our
old chugged up air unit was
dying.

we had a 6 month old,
7-year old and the prospects
of a hot weekend coming up.

our money was low,
and the prospect of getting cold air
onto our skins was the only thing
whipping through my belt brain.

as don looked over the
unit, his stone face
peered over my inquiring eyes and
he explained that i should get a whole
new furnace.

he said ours was shot.

an easy fifteen hundred dollars.

or,
he said he could order us a motor
for an outdated machine and it would still
be 500 bucks or so.

i winced hard.

told him i had to consult with my wife,
and as we talked,
both of us had no idea what to do.

i walked towards don and laid it out on the line.

i told him both options were a crap bucket,
but we needed to get something done.

at this,
he wiped his brow and said that
he could bring over a spare motor in his home,
under the table,
and load it up in a day or so at about 50 bucks.

he peered up and said he knew what it was

like to raise a family with a republican in office
under the weight of a blue collar.

and don lemon walked away.

not sure if he would come back or if the offer was
clear,
because he could lose his job over it,
i toasted to don.

a day later,
he returned and we had cold air.

don came through.

it's don that gives me a bit of faith.

he was the verse.

the cup of water.

eventually i called him back when the
furnace died and his motor was in my garage.

i told him he could swing by and get it if
need be.

he said 'thanks'
and never made it by.

now,
it sits in a heap of big trash for
a land fill.

and every time i drive by that motor
on top of an old TV,
i think that don lemon is really the
star and all those TV characters
are puppets dangling our faith in
their wallets like loose mercy in
a craps game.

god bless don lemon.

grown up pains

my knee is beveled
as i pinch my neck
again with shooting pain.

it's one thing or another
these days as the ocean vanishes
and my 6 month old stares
up at my straight neck without
quite knowing how or what
the hell is going on
here on
this planet.

gutsy melons

i want
my melons to have
utter confidence.

instead of a cantaloupe,
i just once want it be a
can-aloupe.

halves

it
always
warms
my
red,
pulped
libra
heart
when
i
see
folks
on
an
exercise
walk
around
the
block
pulling
hard
of
a
smoke.

HEART ATTACKS IN TIRE TUBES

there's a guy i work
with that always gives me that sideways
slant as if i'm making up most of the
shit that comes out of my mouth.

this has been a common occurrence
over the years.

could be the way shit happens to me,
or the oratory to dramatize and dress up
the comedy like a walking word tuxedo.

either way,
on one particular day this week,
i was gonna tone my story telling down
and give this kid a break.

everything went well until i was coming
home from lunch and the following happened:
AN OLDER GUY, IN HIS 40'S, LIKELY A BIT UNBALANCED
AND HAVING A PARTICULAR QUALITY OF BEING NERVOUS ALL
THE TIME WAS RIDING HIS BIKE DOWN A BUSY ROAD
WHEN I COME CAREENING OVER A SMALL HILL AND HE
LOOKS OVER HIS HEAVILY COATED SHOULDER AND WINTER HATTED HEAD
AND DECIDES TO TRY AND CROSS TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE
ROAD BEFORE I PASS HIM. AS HE TRIES THIS MANEUVER,
HE LOSES BALANCE, TWISTS HIS WHEEL TO THE INSIDE AND
EATS IT HARD IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD AS I SLAM ON
MY BRAKES HARD AND SLIDE MY TIRES WITHIN ABOUT 8 FEET OF THIS GUY.

my heart was racing as i went back to
work and this fellow co-worker was there
asking me how lunch went.

i gave up.

i laid it down upon his fresh ears and
could again see the slight bewilderment going
over the lines of his forehead as my
invisible mouth and supposed fictional life
went flashing over the airwaves.

sometimes the only way to truly stop
is to just keep going harder as the map
unravels just a bit more on the southernmost edge.

hell was a bit cold

i remember
the 5AM jitters
that was only several months
back, but feels like
years ago.

it was my last day of
work and i got up several hours
early out of sheer pleasure
to see that day rise over the horizon
and wink a better future in my direction.

i knew i would never have to see that
boss ever again.

hear his voice.

listen to his vapid stories.

endure his ironic ambivalence.

see any of those squashed people that
work for him in their repressed bubble of
company life looking for a better way
as their wobbly skipper still sleeps
right now in his expensive bed with
horrible wall paper all around him.

i sat with a mug of steam under my nose
laughing because i was gone.

no more was i gonna neglect the lesson
of leaving once and staying gone for good.

i went back to this boss because he offered
me a mercy paycheck that was rather nice,
and i thought the past could nicely notch up
with the present.

my future suffered for it.

so as i slough into another imaginary cup of coffee
and ready for my new job this morning,
i again wake to the notion that there is
always a field of blank canvasses and white coffee filters
waiting your gray meat brain if you allow it.

i knew i didn't want to be in my lane anymore.

the sound of my lovely talking to me,
the 7 year old pounding his fingers away on
a handheld game,
small 7-month old miles waddling into
another thought as the soundless echo went through
my ears.

i was done being in my lane,
going slow,
not taking a chance with my family around,
and decided to taste the salty nectar of punching
the gas and giving our starving jeep a good old
jolt as i fled from all the neighboring motorists
around me for something faster - bolder -
elegant in design.

as i swished over 2 full highway lanes
and let me foot relax down,
the car throttled forward as i saw
a motorcycle cop approach an lit intersection
with a funeral procession
and i just flew by.

behind me was an 18-wheeler and him,
along with a throng of 70-mph traffic had
to come to a death halt for the death procession
going west through the city.

in the rear view,
i saw the motorcycle cop perched before the
blaring 18-wheeler as smoke slithered around
the big trucks wheels and it came to
a crunching halt.

i wondered how the fuck the motorcycle cop
didn't die and how he became so dumb over the years
on his 2 little wheels.

never the less,
my family and i were not stopped.

we were moving forward.

away from the death,
halts,
and hiccups,
flying like a knife through
the present and living like
our collective feet
were stocked with 18 tiny wheels and
nothing in the world to stop us.

even death.

i see love in her

sideways tipped shoe
and it reminds me of
a tipped over cup of
coffee just oozing in
a distracted zig zag of
droplets the distinct
feeling of silvered comfort.

i'm a speech part

and i suddenly
thought the other day,
Oh my god,
I'm a henry rollins speech
and it
just didn't bother me
as i
recall all of those kids
in the cold hallways
smoking cigarettes as
henry's plane was
trying to land
and most of these
kids were trying to
figure out what they are
going to do with their
lives
and now that i have
a better idea,
and am living it,
i can deal with the rollins
rant
and can aptly throw it
back into his
direction.

kid with the horse wallpaper

he doesn't like
to talk about his room.

he quietly declines to speak
about his home life because of his room.

we ask about his room again
and he says he just doesn't like it.

we ask if it's cold,
bad colors,
stinks,
not enough toys,
or another reason we couldn't cook up
if we had all the salt and cooking oil
in the world.

he says no.

then,
he silently utters 'horses'.

we perk up
and ask,
'what about horses?'

he says,
there are horses in my room.

we smile,
perk up and ask
how many.

he stops our dreaming,
and says that he doesn't have
actual horses in his room.

so,
we wonder some more.

silence.

then,
he says above a whisper,
horse wallpaper.

we ask,
huh.

he says,
i have horse wallpaper in my room.
it used to be my sister's.

and the kid is shamed.

we don't say anything to the kid
on the rest of the drive other than,
why the long face fella?

LOVE FEAR DEATH LOVE FEAR DEATH

to
love
well
is
to
fear
death
in
a
way
that
you
have
never
felt
in
your
blood.

i
feel
it
now
because
of
my
wife,
sons,
and
family
that
has
been
created.

it's
excruciating
sometimes
to
imagine
all
of
the
disasterous
possibilities.

but
they
don't
usually
last
long
because

to
love
is
to
live
and
death
is
just
gonna
have
to
wait.

i
think.

lovely dangerous

being
next
to
the
moment
before
danger
is
like
slipping
your
hands
down
her
pants
for
the
first
time
knowing
that
you
will
be
a
champ
or
a
klutz
and
either
way
you
go,
the
smell
of
danger
will
rival
the
flower
you
will
water
so
gingerly
with
tips
of
heroic
fingers.

miles long reaction

i
love
seeing
people
react
to
my
boy
miles
because it's
a mini conceptual
realization of
everything
that is me,
my caroline
and our existence
wrapped up
on
a
beautiful
little
kid
our
love
decided
to
create.

mountains of leaves

lay in two quadrants of
our front yard
as i wait for all the
small animals and kids
to come and collapse these
stacks into small, short
moments that were
just idling to crash
further into the ground.

my ability to be a jackass

went public last week
as i was home alone with
the miles baby and zen boy.

while miles was in the high chair,
and the kitchen window was open,
i started belting out song,
words, assorted varieties of
slang goofiness in all of my
irreverent power
when i look up to the neighbor's garden
and the neighbor bob man scratching his head
in wonder.

i had lost track of time and had no idea
how long my sounds had penetrated the air,
but it was clear it had gone on long enough
to validate him with this bald head and
big belly as he scratched and winced
with nothing but one, big thought he had to
be thinking:
**'MY NEIGHBOR IS THE BIGGEST BAG OF STUPIDITY
I HAVE EVER HEARD IN MY LIFE. THE FACT THAT
PEOPLE GET AWAY WITH UTTERING SUCH SHIT SHOULD
BE BANNED.'**

and knowing that my hole was dug,
i continued without abandon knowing that
when you have kids,
there is no saving face
and absolutely no reason to save that face of yours.

MY APPETIZING MAIN COURSE DESSERT

my wife just
told me that she had a
dream that i went into the
bathroom and ate all my contact
lenses.

she said there were boxes around me
on the bed and that i lifted one
up and ate it in front of her.

at this,
i checked the bathroom cabinet
to see if there were any in there
and they were all snug,
safe and tucked in solution.

then the thought of mustard went
through my brain,
and i thought that if i has some
late night zombie walk fit it would
be awfully tasty to eat a contact lens
with mustard, if i had to.

then,
i realized that my wife had a dream
about vision aids and i thought
that all of this seemed damned visionary.0

my dreams of the old childhood house of ours

off 821 n. ridge have faded
and been replaced with
a new re-occurring dream.

my forgotten locker combination
has even left me,
along with visits from my old
childhood friend matt.

now,
i have dreams that i'm working
for an old employer that fired me
about seven years ago.

his name is lew,
and we never speak.

i see him and never say a word,
while he looks over with apologetic eye balls
and says nothing himself.

they company has re-hired me,
he's the boss in another area
and i'm doing the same thing.

it's the kind of dream that is pure nightmare,
but for some reason i don't panic because
i know it's gonna end.

i know that as i cut free in reality,
i know my dreams will provide the same
sheer comfort.

MY MOMENTS TO CONTEMPLATE THE SUN

i walked around
the auction crowd
looking at all the
pieces of art up for
sale.

i had several in there
for sale,
and there were blank
sheets of paper in front
of them without bids.

other sheets had bids,
and i went for more
finger foods and
bottled beer.

i meandered between my
two pieces,
dropped off some of my
postcards and wondered
who everyone in the room was.

how did they get to be so
wealthy?

did they like their wealth?

would they treat our artwork
with dignity,
or would it just be another score.

as the closing bell came down,
i narrowly sold one of my pieces
for a hundred bucks.

the other one didn't sell.

and as i took the final walk
towards the door with my
hour dourve and beer belly,
i studied a fella that
was peering deep into the
face of one of my post cards
and decided that
trying to fail is
better than failing to try.

my rise into manhood

never happened
until i was in my early 30's.

it's been over the last several
years.

i thought it happened in
my mid-late 20's,
but it didn't.

those were the easy years
of smokes, drinks, running,
anonymous, words, paints,
apartments, and the elements
of no ties, no commitments,
nothing that would require
love strong enough to loathe
loss.

now i have that.

a wife, several boys and
my direct biological son
gripping the bowels of
this reality.

and it's tough with a
new mortgage, responsible job,
remembering the toy before leaving
the house, caring for other humans and
animals as the former me is gone,
a memory that is hard to put my finger on.

but i wouldn't have it any other way,
but i was a boy then.

never knowing the demands of manhood,
i fight with open hands and clean brain
to clench my proverbial bite around
the biggest leap i have ever made
and everything that means everything to
me is the laughter of this family
my wife and i have created.

these poems could burn.

the tangibles could disappear.

my boyhood could fade into amnesia.

it's the momentary bliss of manhood
when all that matters is everything
that i have waited to matter.

and here i am looking at the dull
reflection in this computer monitor
as the pinioned precision of letters
flick before my eyes and i know that
even this line isn't important enough
as the laughter builds and the
boyhood slinks away not wanting to make
full eye contact with
the man
about.

originality meter

of
all my ideas
to get materialized
i would like to
have a web site
that proves whether or
not a single idea
is original or not.

the user would put
in their idea into a
little search box,
hit enter or send
and the results would follow.

it would tell them if
the idea had ever been thought of,
the chances of it materializing,
the cool factor,
the originality factor,
prospects for continuing to think original.

let the fucking
originality begin.

OUR COLLECTIVE SADISM

the drama,
world folly
of the sadaam hussein
trial is
about the most
delightfully
insane thing i have
seen in my entire
short life.

his outbursts.

the refusal to show
up to court.

his avowal for them
to just kill him and get
it over with.

a caged chicken in the land
bordered by turkeys.

the most celebrated crook
in the papers and
we know he's guilty of killing.

but he's gonna try to defend himself
with expensive maneuvers and ploys
to keep this senseless trial going for years.

this trial is yet the most stark example of
how utterly fucked all of us are
in a land of laws that cannot contain
law and further descends when trying
to enforce that law.

it's all unlawful.

parental-hoods

one week
recently i was
reminded of my childhood
where my dad seemed
so seeped into the fabric
of being an adult,
that i wanted to stay 8
for another 22 years.

then,
all the quotes from
already christened parents
as to how bad it can get
with all the adult responsibility
boats floating by.

on this particular week,
i worked all the time and
had no money - we had to tiptoe
sadly towards the next pay period
as the perched goons on the
other side of the street smiled
in wincing accusations.

then,
there was a broken cat in our
front yard with a badly leg and
a meow that was utterly sad and
unforgettable.

at least two in the family were
sacked with sickness.

my sweet caroline had a bad ankle,
no sleep and the wires of tired
dotting her the grays in her
lovely red locks.

my eyes were a red i have
never seen and i escaped that
notion of what it feels like to
be tired or wired.

and the leaves were falling outside
as our dying grass was parched
with the quilt pattern of raining
botanicals and that was
the highlight of a week
that feel from a branch and
decided to see what
i had on this planet.

People

i
don't
like
people
anymore
so
if
this
offends
you,
light
the
match
and
erase
these
words
but
it
won't
help
any
at
all
because
i
still
will
be
saddened
by
the
collective
greed,
gluttony,
laziness,
jerkness,
blaming
nautre
of
you
crawling,
seeping,
leaking
humans.

pomatoe

i'd
love
to
retire
on the
idea of
mixing
ketchup with
a french fry
and calling it
a
pomatoe.

popped cultures

i looked down at the face
of will ferrel on the ground and
thought about our bleeding pop culture
bubble spinning in the middle
of corn syrup and
getting strained by the
slap of
talentless
shoe laces.

SHADOW KILLER

i think
i killed
two shadows
that darted in
front of my car this evening
as i was going to dump
a big back of trash in
front of my retired lawyer
father-in-laws house.

and i was minced with guilt,
and nervousness.

were the shadow cops gonna come get
me?

what were these shadows doing just
darting about in the middle of the street?

will my flesh and blood father in law
represent me in the senseless plowing over
of these innocent shadows?

will the shadow community ignore me?

will i get shadowy hate mail?

are there shadows lurching around my car
waiting to assail me whenever i decide
to drive from this day forward?

it's starting to happen ..

i see shadow hands on the wall coming towards
my throat.

can't write anymore,
the shadows are on my hands.

pounds of shadows collapsing on
my hands.

the shadows are winning.

they say they will burn this shadow
poem if i don't stop now.

bye everyone.

some invites

all
the
stacks
of
tiny
invites
we
have
are
going
to
be
proof
that
we
exist,
but further
proof
that
we
may
never
be
invited to
anything
else
ever
again.

some poor guy

this summer
had a sign tacked
to a tree in his front yard
apologizing to ninny fucking
people living next to him
that he had neglected to mow
his huge, weed filled grass
because his lawnmower was
busted and in the shop.

it hit me then that i
dislike the suburbs with their
cover-up slaps,
and know that if this same
guy was in the city he
would have just tacked a brightly
colored middle finger to his
tree with the declaration,
'HAVE A HAPPY GRASS DAY'

state of kansas

as a lifelong
midwesterner
in my 30's,
i'm firmly convinced
that most kansansites
think that anything not
on TV
is
completely
weird.

sticks of flowers

are hidden
for the dirt's surprise
as the cat's pick
over the bird feathers
in hopes that they can
have something more to look
forward to in their next life.

THE CONTRAST BETWEEN ELATIONS

behind the
refrigerator
was the culprit of
all those stank moments
in the kitchen for
weeks.

a dead mouse.

as i approached the carcass,
i picked it up with a paper towel
and had to rip the fur from
the tile and there was a puddle
of dried blood caked to the floor.

as i sauntered off for some more
bleach and a razor blade to clean
up the crime spree of our cat's meow,
my wife came bolting over towards
me in excitement saying,
'you got your first art check'

as i looked at her hands,
there was a letter and one
50 dollar check.

my first real monetary
affirmation that someone liked
my work a whole, whole lot.

and i had to wipe it away
and deal with the mouse,
and stench before i forgot.

as i raked that razor over
the ground,
i knew that this is the way
life really works.

one good, one bad,
mix 'em up and you have perception.

THE END OF A BURNING BUSH

in all the
spiraling idiocy
that is george bush
and the never ending
folly of tossing darts
at his successful failures,
i realize that ironically he
is the ideal picture of an
american.

he's selfish,
rich,
lazy,
vacation addled,
bad with snacks,
uncoordinated,
unable to speak,
doesn't read,
doesn't like to read,
supposedly smart via fabricated tests,
lies about knowing things he doesn't,
plastered with dummy looks,
walks with aloof precision,
alienates himself from others,
thinks he's something he's not,
feigns strength,
bastardizes the bible,
falsely believes he's knows anything about god,
listens to bad music.

there it is.

a typical american.

you run into them all the time.

i run into them all the time.

and now the cloned moron of all your
bad retail store adventures
sit on the highest throne in the land.

we should all be careful what we wish for
because the greatest comic ever is god
and he has bestowed a minion devil as
our 'leader' instead of hammerhead
locusts to teach us a lesson or 2.

the end of watching

i find not
watching movies,
looking at tv news,
reading the newspaper
or mingling in the
mass of our communication
blow horn hasn't hurt
me too much from seeing the
funny absurd and realizing
that the best stories happen
when out driving or walking
or flying over this blue globe
and some such event took place
yesterday when i passed a man and
a woman in their 30's painting a
funeral home up the street from my work.

they both paced with white paint all over
their hands and clothes,
just looking into the sunny lit living
building of emulation while
they chugged at their cigarettes
and throwing every bit of caution this
life has right against and into the wind
as the dead leaves swirl around all our
feet as if they are still alive.

the full blank

how is it
that the
first couple
of years
in one's life
is so damned vital
but for a vast majority
no one can remember
everything and most is
all but forgotten.

the palindrome quagmire

my
best
most
uttered
bar
question
for
years
was
about
palindrome's.

i
would
ask
what
words
like
Abba
or
Bob
were
called.

and
i
asked
all
the
time
because
the
prior
bar
visit
robbed
my
answer
straight
from
my
brain.

and
now
that
i
don't
go
to
bars
much
no

more
i
know
what
those
words
are
and
i
feel
like
a
big
boob
for
asking
so
much.

the reaction of strangers

to miles when we
are out doing things
is quite cool.

folks catch his gaze and
smile,
while he smiles back.

they stop and say
how good he looks.

others say how happy he
is.

more look at his 12 month old
bones and just admire his existence.

other's come across parking lots
to comment on him.

more just admire a slight
diversion from their day
of repetition.

he's a nice, memorable
bump in the surface
and i'm amazed by him
as well.

your simply amazing miles,
and you haven't begun
to talk yet.

this kansas city town can kill you.

i have seen it happen.

the shadows of a halfway
town with three-quarter of
the way done buildings and projects
mulch around the feet of folks
and yank them down hard.

images of other places,
mixed with a white russian,
another mouth in the same boat,
and you have another kansas city
homicide.

i believe it's the middle
of the america hex that
initially puts the loop around
the victim's neck.

now there have been some that
have escaped to the west,
other's to the east,
more to chicago,
never to be heard from again.

not wanting to utter the words
kc again or get nearer the
large angled borders of this town
because of the health in their
bleeding, pumping heart valves.

but this town is a killer and
it stalks, and creeps about at night
looking for new contracts of compliance.

sure,
it's just a town that supposed to
grow and grow and grow into the tiny
new york city it used to be,
but they have said that since jazz died
and the mob left in the 70's,
and here all the rest of us squatters
scribbled with out mental pens ways
to escape this fort of indian dawn.

i see someone walking by with that
same imprisoned look in their eyes,
slowly walking with eyes withdrawn
to avoid death.

welcome to kansas city.

we're all trying to avoid the fatal

bullet that smears about in an invisible
force just sweating to take out
the next sucker that was supposed
to move to that big exquisite city
years and years ago.

**when i thought i was
on the brink of cool,**

i knew i was eons for
such a distinction as i
sat on my cousin's back
patio in long island, ny
back in 1995 having a
talk with my cousin maria.

as we sat there guzzling
smoke after smoke,
i had a copy of my poems
in hand and passed it over to
her asking who her favorite poet
was.

she said it was a fellow named
c. bukowski.

i had never heard of him.

later that night in Greenwich
village,
i haggled for a copy of his
collected works and we
ran in a sweat film to a small
diner in the back of the village
to talk about the book score.

as we talked, ordered our food,
the lights went out in that
quadrant of the village
and as i stopped in wonder,
there were laughs and loud exclamations
of wonder as folks came more alive,
red lights swung,
and all the lights soon came back
on in this already dimly lit diner
on the edge of tomorrow.

later on that night,
i asked her what her favorite album
was.

she said there were many,
but a perennial favorite and
her more adored at the time was
t. waits' small change.

later that night,
she threw the tape on and
as she went off to be,
i sat there thumbing through
my new found poet and stayed up
for hours wondering how the hell

someone could write such brilliant material.

and more than that,
i was enamored that i could
call maria family after she bestowed
upon me several more articles of cool
that would open a myriad of
large doors in both music and literature.

WHISKEY -

it's the devil
behind the door -
you know it's there,
but you want to open
the door
and see how many horns
it has.

wondering realization

i wonder
sometimes if
i have been
wasting my time
writing all these
poem moments and
prosy plausibility's
then i have to go
to a meeting with
a sales dude or
individual consultant
or seasoned someone
talking their dull,
monotone drab talk and
i finally hit that
nirvana at the end of
the rainbow knowing that
indeed i have not
entirely wasted my time
because there are many
more things to do out there
that could kill you much,
much quicker.

yesterday morning started news

about an old boss and friend
from my non-profit working days
that died at 35 from brain cancer
and it ended with watching a
music video on a national program
that an old friend made because
he's a big fancy musician now
and i began thinking about why we
run into and mingle with the people
that we mingle with and it dawned on
me that we have to spend the rest of our
lives trying to figure that out and
when it's figured out we still need to
figure out what this whole show on earth
has meant and then we can look forward
to pondering whether or not we will ever
find the truth out when we are gone from
this dusty blue spot and if it will all
even matter when we figure it out.

YOUNG GREAT KID BRAIN

the greatest thing about
a 7 year old is that
i can say and theorize about
anything and he always plays
along or acknowledges it with a
huh, shrug or thoughtful repose,
like this morning i told him
that i was wondering about wondering
a lot and he wondered himself about
wondering and we both thought it would
be wonderful to wonder that much
about wondering.

A 9-11 question

the question on the one day
that may have single handedly
made my mind a bit harder than
it was before.

after going through what we all collectively
know as 9/11/01 while on vacation through
europe, a good friend asked me a very important
question.

now, i had flown to paris on 9/4/01
and he asked me if i would have flown out of
my seat to wrestle, defy hijackers if they
were on my flight.

i sat back and thought about it for a bit
because it could have been me on a hijacked
plane and it was all within the realm of
possibilities.

as i sat back and thought about it more,
i said 'yes' that i would have stormed
those sneaky fucks and tried to reverse
shit.

but i knew that i could never answer that
question until i got into that situation.

would collective fear and panacea grip a
group of folks and everyone individually
with knife wielding crazy fucks or would
there be one glimmering jewel in the group
that would charge forth.

i thought i could be that guy.

but i'll can't know that.

and now that i know that
i have adapted in this new world
of ours post 9-11 to be ready
for my first real fight if i have
to get into weird terrorist shit.

not trying to get republican on this,
but i have a family now and
i'd hate to let anything go to
waste.

A little Italian hex

my father seems
to believe that
his sister,
my aunt colleen
has tried to
put the fabled italian
maloke hex
on our side of the family.

she's not a nice woman.

never had kids of her own.

and envious that my father
is the grandfather to 3.

there are other issues of
squandered estate goods that my
father never received after my
mother's death and i have
been told to do what i may,
but colleen is bad news.

recently i wrote her a letter
to catch up after years of not
hearing from her.

i haven't heard anything back
and it's been months since the letter
was sent to her.

so my father reluctantly told
me about the maloke hoax and said
to never send her a picture of my
boy.

i told him not to worry.

there was no need.

he said that she's completely
evil and nuts
and that she would put the fabled
hex on someone if she wanted.

so, as he sits in fear,
i wonder how one gets the power
to throw such a hex down on one.

i know how to get rid of the hex
with holy water in a bowl over head and
drips of olive oil,
but how does the karmic evil of a person

meld into the mysticism of hexing someone's existence?

and i wonder if aunt colleen is strong enough
for this?

or is it all bullshit?

does she really care?

i know i don't give a shit about
her anymore.

and i think this small poem
will be enough to ward off any
fable stupidity she decides to fling
up my avenue.