

**joefiles 101**  
walking on my hands  
to catch my feet



## **afternoon tornado alarms**

shout through the sunlight  
towards all our innocent  
ears as if a test  
is something you have  
to be prepared for.

everyone is walking  
around calmly,  
nice coordinated drives  
between the yellow lines  
as the sound of the  
rotating horn comes over  
the trees and  
down through our water  
spouts of what the  
sirens of titan  
are to sound like if  
mother nature decides  
we have fucked it up  
down here.

and the look of panic  
is no where to be found  
as the rotating sound  
comes closer, louder,  
while groups of school  
children look up towards  
their studious teachers  
and ask,  
'WHAT'S THAT SOUND?'

and the adults, teachers  
alike, come back with a  
very smart, unemotional,  
'OH, IT'S JUST A TEST'

and gloss on over to  
the next calm subject  
rampaging through their  
well groomed heads as  
tufts of eye brows look  
like the tornado has already  
hit.

## album purchase

when  
i think about  
the coolest  
reeces peanut  
butter  
cup  
moment  
in  
my life,  
it had  
to  
be buying  
a  
new,  
much anticipated  
album  
with my son  
snug  
in my arms  
like a washer  
over the top  
of an old,  
rusty screw.

## **an early morning excitement smile**

from baby miles  
is like seeing an old  
friend i haven't spoken  
to in months  
help an old woman across  
the street  
as an errant 20 dollar  
bill comes flying towards  
my feet,  
grasping onto my pant like  
glue is all over me and  
as i look down,  
i discover that the only  
miracle is today,  
and my baby boy  
has everything to do  
with that as his wet,  
open mouth smarts the  
bested world again.

## **baby rip**

one of the  
best miles  
moments was early  
one sunday morning in  
the basement of  
a church.

our zen boy had  
to take reconciliation  
classes through  
his school,  
and during a break,  
a very stiff woman  
was talking to a rather  
stiff crowd about  
something or the other.

during a brief pause for  
air in her speech,  
i lifted the small miles  
baby up into my arms  
and he let out a fart that was  
so loud,  
no one could have not heard it.

my wife's sister was in tears,  
and one other dude in the back  
of the room was falling apart with  
that silent 'you shouldn't laugh at this  
now in this room' kind of laugh.

the rest of the room averted their  
eyes as miles squirmed in joy,  
all the while sucking in more stale  
air from that room to slam another  
solid fart for the sheer  
comedy of it all.

## big time christian hero

the ultimate  
dummy, i give up,  
don't want to participate  
in the march of life anymore  
kind of comment was something  
my sister uttered a bit time  
back ago and it was this:  
'IT SAYS IT IN THE BIBLE'

the incredible, edible  
unrelenting comment that is  
so misunderstood, unresearched  
and invalidated.

so, do you think a gay couple  
should get married?

they come back with a 'NO. IT'S WRONG  
BECAUSE IT SAYS SO IN THE BIBLE.'

you come back with a,  
'WHERE IN THE BIBLE DOES IT SAY GAY MARRIAGE IS WRONG?'

they just say that it's in there.

ask them about any host of sexual and political  
topics that require intelligent discourse  
or debate and you get the  
water tap excuse,  
'BECAUSE IT'S IN THE BIBLE'

i say scrap all these mindless  
reality shows and come out with a  
new blockbuster show called:  
'THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF THE BIBLE QUOTER'

this could follow the trail of a scared,  
unread,  
typical americana snack eater  
with their glowing incompetence  
tackling the toughest issues of our  
times with their tiny fatwa of  
bible knowing.

it would be great.

wind strewn hair,  
invisible red cape,  
always smiling,  
bible under arm,  
the world understood,  
the dummy with a wooden quarter quote  
could save the explanation of humanity

in the once document no one will ever  
come close to truly understanding.

so, be careful,  
both god and the bible quoter are  
looking in on your  
guilty ways.

## bird conductor

the maestro is  
hanging above the  
bare oak in front  
of my work window  
slashing his colorless  
wand to a pack of  
orchestrated bird beaks  
seeking the riches of  
a smashed cardboard  
of old fries.

a group of black wings,  
precise feet  
and hungry bent necks  
all smack at this  
errant human waste morsel  
and when sounds come,  
all birds flit and flop  
up in a synchronized tango.

up and down like  
the conductor will pay  
them time and a half  
overtime if they do this  
well.

and new birds arrive,  
the crowd of huddled feathers  
gets more profound,  
and they still pick up  
the conductors cue  
and flop up,  
to the side,  
and back down again.

no one is tired  
in this hungry sonata,  
not even the sun  
with all of those years  
of tired, orange  
exhaustion.

## **blanket your balls and always thank god**

when i see  
strangers or friends  
nearing the verge of insanity,  
i think blanket your balls and always thank god.

when i slip into a moment  
that may allude to pending insanity  
or mere life confusion,  
i think blanket your balls and always thank god.

whenever i listen to a billy joel tune  
and imagine him playing marbles with my old man  
in some anonymous long island neighborhood as tikes,  
i think blanket your balls and always thank god.

whenever i think about the miracle of my wife,  
7-year old and newly anointed 13-month old miles,  
i think blanket your balls and always thank god.

when i have to pay too much at the grocery store  
for goods the government pays gladly for all the greedy  
congressman taking too many breaks and eating too many  
donut holes,  
i think blanket your balls and always thank god.

when i think of you sitting there all alone,  
reading a poem or looking at a picture to regain  
accumulated strength to make it to your next moment,  
i think blanket your balls and always thank god.

## blues & reds

my wife got a cut on  
her foot months back  
and it gushed a  
tiny, lopsided  
circle of red.

she has had other  
brushes with cuts  
and each time,  
my girl had the color  
red leap from her  
body.

when her month of  
cleansing comes,  
i know that the color  
red comes flowing with  
timed, biological  
precision.

so, when i tuck  
my head against the  
tv screen and see  
a couple of women clamoring  
in a ballet class,  
or on the aisle of some  
studio grocery store,  
there is the immaculate  
segue to illustrate  
the power of a tampon  
or pad.

each time,  
it's a big blue  
cup of water being dumped  
into the sweet spot,  
or a dropper full of blue  
is dripped into the cotton.

do some girls bleed blue?

are they saying that in  
commercial world where  
things are supposed to be  
real,  
but cannot be,  
that there is blue blood?

where are these blue bloods,  
where to they come from  
cause all my girl bleeds  
is pure, chaotic red.

**bob,**

our  
happy go lucky  
atheist republican  
neighbor  
buys the big  
story.

a navy vet,  
twice divorced dad  
of two kids,  
thinks everything  
our president does  
is fine.

he shimmers about it  
and quotes tid bits from  
the popular news channels.

it's hard to get adamant  
with such a guy  
as we sip the golden  
ember of his cheap whiskey shots  
and hear him laugh through  
a cloud of newly formed  
smoke.

bob is the embodiment  
of most americans these days.

blind to the misuse,  
barely thinking about the present.

the blinders are up,  
and bob is the embodiment of  
all of that which is going to  
lead our political ship to  
waters we will find colder  
than the word cold.

but at least he doesn't have  
to worry about god,  
his lungs,  
liver,  
morality,  
yesterday,  
high taxes,  
bad wars,  
limping deficits.

no, sir.

it's all ok  
because we  
are AMERICANS,

and we are in good hands.

sure,  
just flip off the TV and  
the problem goes away.

hell,  
have another shot,  
it will all be a blur  
for someone else to  
deal with.

god bless the  
good atheists.

god bless you, bob,  
for all your hard,  
faithful american work!

## **bob edwards**

my simple early mornings  
over coffee steam and  
the voice of bob edwards are gone.

where have you gone bob?

that trademark,  
non-chelant verbal swagger as  
if you always had a martini in  
one hand and a .44 in the other  
was delightful.

we are now stuck with another  
morning news anchor host  
that has the same tone, pace,  
intonation, blab, blab, that  
all the other news folks do.

we finally found the best  
in mr. edwards and he  
likely knew it and couldn't take  
it anymore.

but, all my mornings just aren't  
the same without bob,  
as the radio stays vacant and the  
a loungy mix of a soundtrack  
trickles out of my morning speakers.

wonder if the news just wounds  
these naturals over the years.

all the stories mirror each other  
as the newscasters life gets swept  
aside as custodial fodder on  
a newly waxed floor.

here's to your blend of news,  
mr. edwards,  
and this concludes today's  
top headline.

## bruised knees

my son  
is up and crawling  
all over the  
uncanny planks of  
wood and floor in this  
home.

and again i am being  
fiddle played by a pint sized  
baby as i plunge into  
thinking over things  
that don't lead to another poem.

i consider cords,  
electrical outlets,  
tiny slips of edible things,  
large objects that are slippery,  
objects he could adequately enjoy,  
and all the other nights of mares  
that may keep evenings sleepless.

and as he moves those legs and arms  
alternately with fresh bruises  
suddenly appearing like a faded colon  
on his flanks,  
i wait for the next stage.

the next epoch in a young life  
that is the epitome of this existence,  
the reason why we bruise,  
the reason demons sip tea,  
the reasons why the elderly are baby geniuses,  
the reason why god isn't coming back soon,  
the reason we all exist in one fashion or another.

it's the reason why tarzan can swing rope to  
rope,  
as our baby miles boy looks around with frantic  
eyes as another thing to pull up on as  
this stage goes tumbling like a stack of 26 lettered  
blocks into the next  
fanatical idea.

## bus world

on my drive home  
from work,  
i study faces in  
cars and other mobiles  
to see how  
people are smashing in  
similar moments around  
them.

many look confused,  
serious,  
constipated,  
unaroused,  
uninteresting  
or exhausted.

the other day  
i noticed the shimmering  
squares of vertical perfection  
on a yellow school bus  
as all the tiny bobble heads  
in the window tossed about like  
tomatoes in fresh salad.

all looked vigorous,  
willing,  
curious,  
well rested,  
intelligent,  
and flat bright like a tiny  
puncture of star.

and as i saw the setting sun  
smash into the side of a tattered  
blues sign tacked to a  
telephone pole,  
i thought that it would be a  
great thing if all i saw on the  
road were busses filled with tiny  
miracle children all the time.

i could drive a bus too  
and hope to be one  
of those kids someday.

## costas tale

the story goes  
that bob costas has  
an old mickey mantle baseball  
card from his father in his wallet  
for good luck.

another guy in the sports world  
that has a superstition that keeps  
them lugging on into the next  
arena.

with this in mind,  
i had a small proposition for  
bob when i met him about  
10 years ago at a sports broadcasting  
camp.

i was going to be the next great  
broadcaster of the century.

i was to be the one with the voice,  
colloquial charm,  
memorable phrases,  
and the like to  
bring the sportscasting industry  
to a halt.

the night before i was to meet  
bob after a routine speech to a crowd  
of pimpled sports hopefuls that couldn't  
make the team ourselves,  
i bought a baseball for bob to  
autograph.

after bob's speech,  
i waiting in a long line for my  
time with the champion of broadcasting.

once i got up to him,  
i handed him the baseball,  
and he asked for my name.

as he scrawled a message across the ball,  
i told him this,  
'HEY BOB, I'M GOING TO HOLD THIS IN MY HAND  
OR HAVE IT NEAR ME DURING BROADCASTS FOR GOOD LUCK.  
YOU KNOW, IT'LL BE LIKE YOU HAVING THE OLD MICKEY MANTLE  
BASEBALL CARD IN YOUR WALLET.'

he finished stamping the blue ink onto the ball,  
paused,  
looked up at me and grabbed my arm saying,  
'SON, THERE'S STILL TIME TO GET AHOLD OF YOURSELF!'

after they,  
he loosed a big smile and sent me on my way.

as i limped off,  
i thought i gave bob the material of a lifetime.

he would slander me in interviews as one of the  
biggest nut jobs to approach him in person.

ultimately,  
i did get a hold of myself, though.

i never go into broadcasting,  
i still have his baseball,  
and i have never, ever taken it onto a job site.

his card had nothing to do with me or my life.

the card was a gift to him from his father.

my decision to stay out of broadcasting  
was a gift to myself.

bob,  
i did finally get a hold of myself.

## **death victory**

the most benevolent  
plots of land in any city  
are the cemeteries that  
city planners had  
to budge around.

the tiny plots of gravestones  
that has a bold iron gate protecting,  
or withering drift wood that would  
merely provide sound in the rolling  
wind.

these tiny plots of victory,  
are usually tucked between  
sandwich shops,  
ice cream stores,  
realty fronts,  
any vehicle of  
commerce that just couldn't  
get rid of the souls that  
took to the ground.

and each gravestone looks  
old, and strong,  
and victorious against the  
living.

they are examples that legacies  
aren't just tv shows at a ratings binge,  
but merely a life lived well that  
continues to live well into death  
as the triumph of history again  
tries to teach us all something about  
right now.

## decoder

if i had more time,  
i'd like to be the SIGN SCRAMBLER ACT.

a one to two to three to whole crew  
group covering this city in the nighttime  
to bring about morning surprises.

the idea is to find various signs,  
billboards, bulletins, that have  
sliding letters for messages.

we would rearrange and put up  
messages like:  
'ASSHOLE!'  
'GAYS ROCK!!'  
'PRESIDENT - 0 / US - 1'  
'FUCK YOU!'

errant messages  
that get folks to stop,  
watch and wonder  
what the real deal is.

what is the real deal,  
anyway?

## **dirty ears**

no one cleans  
behind the ears  
anymore  
as tiny trails  
of sound dust  
trickle off  
shoulder blades.

after absorbing  
the many words and  
mouths of strangers,  
friends,  
others,  
the ears take a pounding  
and collect the residue  
of english dirt.

just reach your finger  
behind the ear,  
take a hard swipe,  
pull that finger to your  
nose and discover  
what sound smells like.

## **earth's best**

the  
mentally  
retarded  
folks  
are  
gods  
on  
earth  
and  
as  
they  
perpetually  
smile,  
we  
will  
just  
never  
be  
able  
to  
comprehend  
the  
beauty  
they  
see  
on  
this  
planet  
as  
we  
race  
towards  
our  
jobs,  
politics,  
sex,  
and  
the  
wandering  
prose.

## end of secrets

i've have lost  
all my secrets  
as i speak truths  
that i continually have  
to convince myself are true.

i used to harbor  
enough secrets to keep my  
existence heavy enough  
to hold intrigue for the  
next morning's sunrise.

but now i'm in love with  
a girl that knows everything  
and in that course,  
i figure if we can both  
know more of everything,  
it will make all of it  
worth bleeding for.

so my secrets have all  
scurried out from under  
stone rocks, and  
leaped from behind the moon  
to take a naked bow.

all that remains is my  
wet, saliva mouth speaking  
and my soft, gray brain  
to come up with something other  
than secrets and something  
deeper than a lie.

## **exposed angelo**

the biggest inspiration  
for my need to write,  
and throw my thoughts  
out on canvass  
came from my old  
uncle angelo.

he's a cantankerous  
old italian man  
living on long island  
and he doesn't like  
many people.

he shouts when he talks,  
looks angry when he's  
content,  
and he creates like mad.

i always remember him  
when i was a kid for him  
having about 2 fingers missing  
on one of his hands.

it was an old meat cutting accident.

he pumps out sculptures,  
paintings and any other  
assortment of art pieces on a  
grand, rolling basis.

i never new this about him  
until later on in life  
and was completely aghast that  
such a fella had a nice, warm  
glow that had to get out of  
his chest.

for all the stereotypical  
fodder i believed he stepped into,  
i was motivated by his  
toil.

the last relative on the block  
that i would assume could write  
the best book,  
still resides on the best seller  
list as of press time.

## finally made it

i have spent  
years, months, minutes,  
thousands of moments  
throwing tiny letter characters  
together on countless  
sheets of paper and digital  
computer screens  
and after all this  
work,  
i'm finally in the library.

topic after topic,  
subject after subject,  
themes,  
characters,  
tiny moments,  
and i finally made it into  
a box in the library.

and this meditated  
local magazine chapbook  
has but only 6 words etched  
on about 10 pages.

it's called Nihilism Monthly,  
and i sold it as a spoof  
in a local coffeehouse several  
years ago.

my toil into a joke  
that contains no words  
is my break into an actual library.

careful of the ironies you  
laugh about late over the  
last of your wine cup,  
because these slow hatching eggs  
do come true and  
there's plenty of pepper and salt  
to spice up  
this dish.

## forever thirty-two cent lottery winner

if i win the  
newest lottery  
i could make  
32 cents a second  
for the rest of my life.

with that kind of money  
i could get enough stamps  
and post cards to send  
everyone a personal greeting  
of thanks for buying  
the losing lottery tickets  
that befell my  
new bank account.

but more than that,  
i could thank them for shit  
they didn't even know about.

i could just send them out  
to confuse them.

i could send them out to  
congratulate them  
on waking in the morning.

i could just send a blank  
one with a nice, bold design  
to make them smile a bit.

i could send them several  
post cards because i make  
thirty-two cents a second.

maybe i could just mail this  
poem to every address in the  
world so you would get the point.

maybe there is no point.

pointless and rich.

remind you of anything?

## **fred phelps is really gay**

have you ever hear of  
someone that just doesn't exist  
in the reality you exist in?

i have.

his name is fred phelps and he  
doesn't like gay people.

he doesn't like soldiers.

he hates america.

he hates everyone but his family.

his bizarre religion is like  
eating a hammer and shitting nails for  
the rest of your existence.

he's a hateful looking fellow  
that exists in a delusional blend of  
nectar that can only be regarded with  
sympathetic caution because he is doing  
it to himself.

with his acrid claims of all  
going to hell but him and his family,  
and further delusion that the entire world  
is hurtling towards a blood droplet because  
we are tolerant to what we don't understand  
is bordering on scary.

he looks wiry,  
pale,  
wanton,  
diseased,  
and hateful.

i won't likely ever meet him.

maybe you will.

and if you do,  
just whisper in his direction,  
'huh?'

do this over and over again.

and never forget that we do it to ourselves.

we do it to ourselves.

## **glass shippers**

of all the unsafe  
shit i have run across  
while touting my stationary bones  
in my fast car down the roadway  
are the big trucks that haul  
panes of glass.

they have an octagon of  
glass panes that are all there  
stacked nicely next to each other  
as the driver of the truck  
looks like he just left the bar  
after a jack daniel's sale.

car bumbling along,  
i wonder how the glass panes  
don't just shatter at the sight of a nasty  
pothole,  
and then i hit that pothole not paying attention  
and the notion of this truck is gone from  
both my immediate vision and periphery.

i'm shattered  
as my mysterious glass guy  
vanishes like looking through a  
window.

## god's nail scratch

each morning  
i have a theoretical  
talk with my seven year old,  
zen boy.

we talk about everything from  
recess all the time,  
to why certain trees are the  
last one's to lose their leaves  
when the sound of fall comes punching  
through the summer crayon stroke.

one morning recently i  
saw a huge tear across the  
orange blue skyline that had  
to have come from the tail pipe  
of a military plane making  
good the skies of post 9/11 fear.

i asked zen if he thought that  
it was a nail scratch from the hand  
of god over the sky because the top  
of the earth itched.

he thought about this with  
finger pivoted gently over his  
lips and said,  
'how could god do that?'  
with a laugh.

i answered,  
'because he has huge hands.'

again he laughed as we both  
peered into the tiny tear in the  
sky as if the other side was going  
to ooze towards a wandering  
toy car driving to a school.

instead, the gulp of yellow sun  
just doused all of us wandering  
around aimlessly trying to decide  
if we want to know what god's  
fingertip must look like.

## good morning, mr. and ms. federal

in the right  
chicken wing  
christian got  
god all wrong  
romp through  
the palisades of  
american politics  
and the dismaying  
of new york city,  
i wonder if  
the fed's are watching  
us all.

from errant phone calls  
on the phones from  
opposing political parties  
wanting you do donate,  
to the aclu mailing  
their wares in the mail,  
maybe it's bait for  
the big, fat orwellian  
worm wagglng in our  
faces.

maybe this very line of  
text is being watched on  
some cincinnati computer  
screen in a federal building  
i have never smelt or  
known was in existence.

maybe innocence is  
pure guilt these days  
as the evil are dressed  
in gaudy outfits  
proclaiming that they  
wave their hands over you  
in a wash to bring the scent  
of god to your doorstep.

or the forced blunder of a  
verbal politician ready to  
lie in your cereal and pee  
in your gas tank.

and if the fed's are indeed  
watching all the time  
as stories of wiretapping  
come barreling out of  
newsprint near you,  
i am not worried about it.

i'm going to rant,

flap,  
plot,  
and flop  
hoping that my set  
of ghosts will at least  
have the nuts to come  
and tell me what  
we are all guilty of  
once and  
for all.

## **greek mythology following me on two wings**

on days  
when i journey  
out of this house  
all alone with  
my cloth and leather  
bag in tow,  
i wish a mechanical  
bird from the greek mythology  
days would follow me around  
from place to place.

tailgating me with those click  
eye lids,  
and clack feet stretched to  
feel the mechanical air.

my own personal lassie  
dog just in case  
the fire gets too bright hot,  
or the crime becomes something  
a joke cannot snuff,  
just to be there with  
his fabled lore loins  
waiting for excitement to happen  
to me.

ignoring the moments around me,  
because he's my personal bird,  
he would casually look at you  
looking at your book,  
or eating egg noodles,  
as i rove around the like a patient  
under the scalpel while my bird  
yearns to get me to the next moment  
in a dance he's constructed  
with him mythological, metal brain.

## **happiness woman**

the happy old  
honda civic woman  
stopped hard for an  
early morning squirrel  
as she broadened her already  
huge smile while heading towards  
the mystery building  
where her friends manufacture  
tomorrows for folks  
that pay attention a  
little too much.

good luck.

## Happy 33rd

my  
mother  
didn't  
call  
me  
on  
my  
33rd  
birthday  
to  
wish  
me  
a  
happy  
day  
and  
that  
had  
to  
be  
the  
most  
unexpected  
birthday  
twist  
of  
my  
entire  
young  
life.

## **hospital church worship**

my father has gone  
into the hospital so  
much over the last 7 years or  
so for a variety of ailments that  
i'm starting to believe that it's his  
version of church and cleansing  
his soul with spiritual redemption.

## **i love the end of a day**

as it butts into evening  
and my eyes sting every  
5th blink or so,  
and i have forgotten exactly  
what i did in the morning,  
how many cups of coffee  
washed over my teeth,  
what was done at work,  
how many cats we have,  
what the president tripped over  
today,  
what allegations have been forgotten,  
what new insects have been designed  
by a nature ready to invent new articles  
of storm,  
and mostly the sound of my boys  
as they do their respective deed  
and my wife rubs lotion on her skin,  
and the smooth part of night rubs  
lotion on me  
so that we call all fall into  
the black hole of dreams full of  
smooth, wet lotion and the notion  
that someday we may remember what  
we forgot,  
but more importantly we will  
remember what we remember to  
make the dry skin  
worth it  
at  
the  
end of the  
days.

## **i'd write a song**

for you  
if i had the time  
and knew how to construct  
such a creation on  
a sleek, gessoed instrument.

but i'm not going to be able  
to do that today,  
or even yesterday.

you are going to have to  
stick with my lyrically best  
poem meter or a collection  
of paint dabs or my  
taking out the trash  
or my making you some tea  
or a little note missive in the  
morning or my cleaning up the  
dead mouse from behind the refrigerator.

my exposed attempts at  
creating little moments can all  
create little tiphonies of sound  
that could ring together a tiny  
tune.

even a microphone at the clatter  
of all these tiny keys could be song  
enough as the end of this song  
ends in the light,  
pinioned smash of the  
period key.

## **idea needle**

i'm going to  
continue the pure,  
unabated enjoyment of  
writing down notes  
and thoughts while  
driving along a busy road  
until i run off the road  
or worse  
while i lean,  
weave into a host  
of bad  
ideas.

if  
you  
could  
bottle  
up  
a whole  
cross section  
of  
people  
with  
a  
liquid potion  
that would  
replicate  
their best  
feelings,  
you could  
load up,  
strap in and  
feel what  
it would  
be like  
to be someone  
else.

## **i'm too busy to write poems anymore.**

children,  
wife,  
jobs,  
the rent,  
more excuses,  
another thing to fix,  
the roof is leaking,  
the floor is swishing,  
someone ate the key lime pie.

did i mention that  
there is just absolutely  
no more time for me to write a poem?

i have too many places to be,  
not enough time to be stationary and  
thinking wandering, wobbling thoughts  
that crash around like a mini dodge ball  
game in a bumper car rink,  
and it is gonna stay that way for some time.

even if i do find the time to  
write a single, small solitary poem,  
what am i gonna write about?

what would be more interesting than all  
my activities that keep me from writing?

what in the world would someone want to know about me?

maybe it's not about the time,  
but more that the mirror just isn't refracting  
what need to be shone upon a strange set  
of eyes.

so, i just wanted to let you know  
that i'm not gonna be using any of my time  
to construct poetry.

i will have to weave together my fictitious  
basket with flimsy, silly string and hope  
to catch cartoon fish,  
because my real basket is just too full of  
shit that keeps me away from these pages that  
cringe for some good, rabid poetry.

good bye,  
whoever you all were for all of these minutes and  
words,  
but i just don't have any time for poetry.

do you?

## incident

incident.  
i  
robbed a  
line of :::: colons  
and  
now  
i'm full  
of shit  
as  
my wife misses her ..... period  
again  
and it's appropriate an  
space  
to be in.  
i'm full of  
shit because of the :::::  
and  
she's  
bloodless  
as  
we continue  
to be separated by  
on  
tiny \\\\\\\ forward slash.

## jack of all shits

my wife and i were talking the  
other day,  
and as i scanned over  
my life of camelion careers,  
job choices,  
creative jaunts,  
i realized that i likely won't  
ever receive a lifetime achievement award,  
honorary ph.d  
or other honors for a lifetime of  
work in one craft.

my caroline mentioned  
a fortune she unwrapped from a cookie  
warning her to be a jack of all trades,  
parceled out into too much stuff.

and that's what i am after 33 years on earth.

from a produce clerk,  
broadcasting hopeful,  
radio jock,  
journalist,  
marketer,  
desktop publisher,  
database designer,  
trainer,  
speaker,  
painter,  
photography,  
poet,  
waiter,  
technician,  
youth worker,  
the list goes on.

into my neck with disciplines,  
i ingest the 'careful what you wish for'  
everyday i jump into my jolly car for another work  
day.

and know that my main job is really at home,  
and doing what i need to do that will  
cultivate my family existence.

so as the rest of the world toils for a good pension,  
honors in their lifelong pursuit of one profession,  
i'll be the guy serving coffee at the event  
wondering how all those bald heads got to be so still,  
pale and dedicated to one thing.

and i think i would go insane if i had to think about  
doing one thing all the time,

every day,  
without fail.

and it forces me to want to pick up a guitar,  
film a movie,  
climb a mountain,  
start a new business,  
wait tables again.

and as the crowd applauds loudly for the nameless  
person receiving a handshake and a plaque,  
i turn off the lights on something else  
as the sun blasts over my new  
trade.

## keaouaclang

most everyone i  
hear about feel they  
are the next  
jack kerouac.

dressed in jeans,  
spitting tobacco bits  
at yesterday,  
they squint up into  
a non-existing light  
source and revel that  
their voice is the one to  
be heard.

trounced like james dean  
in a fire resistant suit,  
they want their  
manuscript treated with  
a good lady blow job  
when their dating history  
is nothing in the middle  
of a slice of wind.

no one is gonna be  
jack kerouac.

at the end of the  
proverbial day,  
i'm sure jack kerouac  
didn't really want to be  
jack kerouac.

dig?

## **kid spit**

everything in this  
world  
of ours,  
from the hair on your  
eye brows,  
to the molten magma  
in the center of our gravity  
is made outta kid spit  
and if you don't believe  
that,  
just spit for yourself and  
see how different it is  
from your  
flesh,  
brain,  
eye balls that dart  
around with nothing  
but unarticulated blobs of wet.

## **little letterman**

our one year old son's  
newly formed upper ridge of teeth  
is quite nice.

two big chicklets protruding from his  
soft, pink baby gums.

and in between is a big, fat  
letterman gap that's utterly delightful  
when he bellows out a big bellied laugh.

and as i watch these two little ivory squares  
jut out in front of me,  
i want to ask him how paul and the band are  
holding up  
because soon these small juts of tooth will  
fall out and will be replaced by another  
ungapped late night talk show host.

## **many miles**

i was so ecstatic  
to see my small miles boy  
yesterday after the  
gummy stretch of work  
was through that  
the fact he shit,  
puked, spit, snotted,  
and scratched me just meant  
another moment  
i could spend with that  
tiny bubble of human  
that is floating around  
me like a small  
dream i never wanna  
wake from.

**meat me,**

meet me,  
moat me,  
mince me,  
melt me,  
mock me,  
mart me,  
man me,  
moor me,  
milan me,  
but meet  
me  
when  
you are  
done.

## never ending grocery list

i used to have  
the idle time and  
devotion to carry a small  
paper filled journal around  
in my back pocket to jot  
down ideas and stories  
while roaming throughout my  
day.

these ideas would become the  
poems and stories that would  
splay from my digital pen  
away from those pages of  
ideas.

those days have flown into  
a hibernation cave as  
the new journal is filled  
with ideas like milk, eggs,  
rice, salad, chicken, trash bags,  
creamer, plastic spooks, saran wrap,  
bread, cola, cheese, and the like.

page after page of grocery lists  
come up through my nose  
and out of my eyes as i pace  
the aisles of the local  
shopping store.

all these ideas cost me money,  
and are consumed by the family  
in swift, precise intervals.

they are divulged in ways my  
poems and musings hardly are.

and it's just hard to write  
about one egg or two trash bags,  
or a bag of cheese,  
or is it?

is that what my stacks of  
unmetered smears amount to?

it's perhaps the best turn  
for any writer to go to the  
grocery list notion for a while  
and just let the cashier take over  
as you watch the fruit of your labor  
go gently over the double sided mirror  
to be 'beeped' with infrared precision,  
wrapped in plastic for a waiting  
hand or mouth or eye to adore.

## **never giving in**

folks  
give up  
on politics,  
music and pop  
societal culture  
because  
age eventually  
obliterates beauty  
and reality  
comes barreling after  
youth like a caged  
bull looking  
for  
red,  
red blood.

## **new artist car**

after over  
3 decades of being alive,  
i still get the best stories  
from my father in very odd ways.

recently, i was featured on  
the front of a local mag for  
artwork.

my mother-in-law sent him a copy  
in the mail and he called me  
saying that he had read it.

i usually don't show him much,  
because after reading an interview  
several years ago by an online mag,  
he looked over at me with wild eyes  
and asked, 'you haven't let you mother  
read this have you?'

so, i figured my old man knows enough about  
me to not have to read an account of  
anything i'm doing in a magazine.

so, after he tells me flatly that he  
read the article,  
he goes on to ask me,  
'have i ever told you about the time  
i sold a car to thomas hart benton?'

well, fuck no, i think.

he tells me that the guy had no personality.

a wooden sort of fellow that didn't talk much,  
and just wanted his brand new volkswagen delivered  
to his kansas city home.

with a pint of bourbon in his back pocket  
and a case of pints in the back of his car,  
my pops agreed and the bet was on.

after delivering the car,  
thomas wouldn't let my old man into his house.

no one was allowed to enter the home.

after the sale,  
all my father wanted to do was shake the man's hand.

just a bit of 'hello' before a good-bye,  
but he couldn't do it.

he thought the man was crazy enough to maybe take  
a swing at him.

i'd like to shake my father's hand for stories like  
this.

and as my old man get's older,  
speaks of death more,  
and goes to the hospital on frequent intervals,  
i wonder how many good stories i will never hear  
from the best story teller i have ever known.

## **old & sick**

i sometimes have the fear  
of getting sick and old  
when i see pictures of  
all of our parents and grandparents  
in aged black and white photos  
with the same smiles,  
unwrinkled brows and crisp hair  
we have as young people now and  
all we do is pay visits to hospitals  
to make sure that the procedure has  
gone as planned or we call to make  
sure that the news the doctor handed  
down as good news and i begin  
seeing the age settle in between  
my eye brows and right below the  
eyes of my lovely, young wife.

## **ouija**

one of the  
more creepy,  
exciting parts  
of being a kid  
was the whole  
ouija board wonder.

my neighbor friend  
bill had one,  
and we used to use  
it in his basement.

it was a dank,  
crapper of a room,  
and we would pull out an  
old card table,  
turn out the lights,  
and set up the board for  
our sack of questions and  
an unimaginable future  
we wanted to crack.

we would lightly place  
our hands on the magnified  
plastic triangle and ask  
random questions.

the piece would whiz and whirl  
about, and i would wonder  
who was moving the piece  
around more,  
me or him.

our sweaty hands  
swiveled the piece to and fro,  
and we would ask questions about  
comic books, girls,  
and going to the movies.

at one point,  
the board said it was king tut  
and tried to keep talking to us.

this threw our hands away from the  
board, and we wondered if  
the curse was about to be let loose.

we always heard stories about how  
kids would throw the board away after  
being creeped out by a random adventure  
on the board,  
and it would show up in their game closets  
the next day.

or, their luck would go south.

so, we knew better than to destroy  
or lose our board.

but, as time went along,  
we gave up on it.

just let it slip away into a lost  
toy chest like all our best infant  
memories,  
just safely tucked away until urgent  
adult moments need us to attach a  
buried feeling to it.

## **possibilities**

it's  
simply  
not  
possible  
to  
be  
that  
impossible  
  
dig?

## puddle of puddle

if i could broker  
or own my own personal,  
anonymous puddle,  
i would rope it off.

then,  
i would visit it every day  
and water it,  
tend to it like a tiny  
pumpkin plant awaiting the  
next carving holiday.

i would name it,  
'jack' and make sure  
that animals didn't drink  
it all up into quick extinction.

i would feed it more water,  
and maybe some sand pebbles so  
that it didn't feel inferior to  
all the other well nourished puddles  
all about here.

and when i got to the point  
that i wanted jack to go on  
and my wandering mind just couldn't  
stomach taking care of it anymore,  
i would mail invites to all my friends,  
invite my family  
so that we could all take thunderous turns  
jumping into the eye of that wet  
spot.

sending sparks of water everywhere,  
melting into that one tiny,  
once insignificant spot on earth,  
all feeling eternal together  
gathered for something much more  
significant than a faceless holiday  
event.

## **shrink wrapped**

in my old grocery store  
days as a kid,  
we all loved one instrument of  
pure procrastinated mischief.

nothing was safe.

from cherries,  
to chicken wings,  
to hands,  
to gloves,  
crabmeat salad,  
everything was bound to be  
conserved forever.

it was a shrink wrap machine  
and once the uppers left the  
stench of that shopping mecca,  
our horns grew and the ideas flowed.

we would strum through our fluid  
brains for new things to  
wrap as tight as we could and to  
defy all tentacles of authority  
and backlash with our tricks.

in our quest to preserve everything  
forever,  
i have only had the chance to  
isolate this memory through the  
clear plastic jut,  
above the smell of  
rotten strawberries  
or mildewed orange slices.

## **silent loudness**

i never know  
just how loud my  
sinuses can  
belch out a  
tearing snore.

i just hear stories,  
hearsay  
from my wife on how  
bad it can get.

one of the few things  
i can never hear first hand  
because i'm so tired,  
the sound of tearing paper  
just won't wake me like a paper  
cut during the day.

so i'm stuck with rumors  
of my loud mouth  
tearing through the night  
with a bag of day residue.

my sirens of night alerting  
the next day that my body,  
and mind will be ready  
for the next round of nose  
fodder to pack my head with  
another does of night vigor.

can you hear me?

cause i finally can.

## sleeping hostage

during weekend afternoons,  
i feel like i'm being held hostage  
in this house.

with hot pistol tips aimed at my flanks  
and angry foreigner shouting in hot breath  
language segments i cannot understand.

i feel ashamed,  
but for what?

i did nothing.

then,  
i realize that i'm really a hostage  
because of my 12-month old son  
sleeping in the other room.

tip toeing like a held up captive  
because of the creaking planks of wood  
beneath my feet.

not even daring to breath loud,  
because if he wakes up,  
i won't be able to write  
things like this  
and evade the hostage takers  
as they go through the basement door,  
outside to smoke,  
forgetting there is wood beneath their feet  
and that i'm an enemy of anything  
while  
my baby is fast, fast asleep.

## **slow approaching cowboy storm**

our two male,  
macho neighbors  
chew on new sticks  
of tobacco  
as they watch the skies  
for a hyped storm  
that's gonna blow  
throw,  
but there's  
nothing but  
sunshine and  
fluffed lies  
gently scooting across  
the sky as if  
a child was moving  
a happy stick over  
the once angry skyline.

## soap coffee

each morning  
i have the faint  
nip of soap  
in my coffee mug.

it wafts faintly,  
but it takes up my  
tongue enough to  
think about cleanliness  
and how my wife's hands  
smell so good.

sure, i would prefer  
to have a nice, untainted  
slug of soap less morning  
suds,  
but the thought of  
my caroline's nice,  
soft smelling skin  
is enough to make this  
brown liquid cause me  
to burp big, profound  
bubbles.

## **the back end**

i have been relocated  
towards the back end  
of the house because our  
crawling baby boy is  
making his way around this  
life just as he should.

i now look into the back yard  
with all the bare, black  
lines of branches slashing the  
sky backdrop with precision.

and i see an empty, small  
dog house that some previous owner  
left out behind.

it's shoved all crooked and  
awkward in the corner of the yard  
as i think about our old black lab  
that passed on last summer.

before leaving us,  
he used to crawl around the yard  
leaving lines of dirt because  
he just didn't know where he was at.

we all have the luxury of knowing  
where we are at,  
for now,  
as the crooked dog home leans  
towards our gaze as a gentle  
reminder that everything was once  
upright, healthy and square,  
but things can turn,  
and turn in the hair slice of  
a nano second.

## the caroline effect

my  
lovely  
wifer  
is  
my  
cold  
drink  
of  
water  
on a  
hurt,  
dry mouth  
in  
the middle  
of  
the  
darkened night.

it's all  
cold,  
tickling,  
cool,  
rather new  
as my mouth  
eases,  
my throat  
feels refreshed,  
and i  
turn  
right back  
over  
to  
navigate for  
her foot  
with my naked  
foot  
as  
we settle  
right  
back into our dream.

## **the falling snowflakes**

land with distinct  
fingerprints that look  
just like my wife's.

all falling with the delicate  
skin structure of my caroline's lovely  
hands.

she's not here next to me,  
but the sky has opened the book  
of her dna structure and dumped them  
like marbles from thirsty clouds  
down into my wandering hands taking  
a break from the devil's dusting.

here in the middle of winter,  
with cold like a metal cloak  
on my shoulders,  
and again i'm warmed by the notion  
that thousands of tiny wife skin flecks  
hurl towards me to make me warm  
once again with the emblem of my  
wife's cold touch ready to melt  
into my next moment.

## **the geese by the railroad tracks**

hobble around  
like healthy hobos  
looking for  
bird seed to burn  
on this cold,  
sunlit afternoon  
with nothing to do but  
wait for a southbound  
train to scream  
by with  
graffiti precision.

neck strained,  
several look around  
for a gander,  
as cars clunk by  
with tufts of exhaust  
and few words that  
will console  
their wandering  
wings.

when i flew by,  
i caught one  
such goose fellow  
that had  
tiny bird eyes  
that screamed,  
'DONT' STOP THAT CAR,  
OR WE'LL CUT YOU!'

i looked away  
and thought they  
would do much better  
in a V formation,  
than a scattered ink spot  
on the side of linear lined  
rails as i kept on  
driving up the forked road.

## **the jesus acoustic folk singer**

invasion came into  
our neighborhood  
for some time  
and it just didn't  
bode well for  
us.

one kid  
would get out  
on his spring laden  
porch and throw  
together hymns  
with his pals  
on their back porch.

it was hard to  
concentrate  
with the kids  
in the back yard as  
the sounds of  
bad music,  
bad lyrics and  
tame overdubbing  
came rifling through  
the new green foliage  
into our  
pink, trained ears.

one night i  
had to throw  
down proverbial  
pliers and pull out a  
radio of my own and  
blare out ok computer  
to keep the sanity alive.

shortly thereafter,  
it started raining  
and all the music died  
down.

and the signs were  
written in the newly  
wet dirt,  
and i wondered  
if our jesus friends  
took the appropriate  
message from all of  
this.

## **the roofer**

several houses away,  
down the street,  
locked eyes with me  
as i stared from the  
front of your windowed home  
towards his hands  
firmly gripping a  
roof hoe and i thought  
that i may be watching the  
murder of innocent shingles  
and the end of cheap american  
labor that grew into an  
ego that isn't worth it's  
weight in fake silver coins.

## **the shine sense**

i think  
my little 13 month  
old miles boy may  
have the shining in  
his head.

he has this far away,  
peripheral glance he  
gives to everything  
when he focuses and  
looks off.

it's not a square,  
solid look into something,  
but more of a head tilt,  
eye quasi aversion stare  
as i wonder if there  
are ghosts standing behind me  
or invisible aliens prowling  
through the house.

possibly all babies get the  
contractual pact before they  
can speak and really retain  
memories to see the spirits  
and ghosts walking around  
our egg shell littered home.

and his eyes bespeak of  
very boring ghosts and spirits  
at that,  
because he is just fixated,  
not moving, rocking or  
giggling,  
just staring.

i know this kid has my back  
and someday we may have  
some invisible ghost talks  
as one stands over my shoulder  
knowing that i'm going to  
misspell the word mispel.

## **the tape mouth**

on the telephone pole  
moved its gray glob of  
tape towards my  
face in  
barely audible  
curiosity.

it looked like it  
was in trouble,  
and didn't want its mouth  
tethered to some errant  
pole and wanted someone  
to come by and unlift  
each lip with care,  
and take it somewhere.

and as i went by i  
peered into the dark brown  
hole that was his  
tongue, meat mouth  
and thought that  
some things are left  
better alone.

the next person  
behind me could try to decode  
what the tape mouth  
was trying to say.

it's a good stick to  
be in for the mouth on the pole,  
it could have just been a pair of ears  
and no one would have been  
able to hear that  
like a mouth.

## **this poem is only a test**

in this  
war happy country  
that is the united states  
in 2006 today,  
i take emergency broadcasting system  
warnings on TV and tornado testing  
signals each first wednesday of the month  
very seriously.

the other day,  
i heard a screech, beeps and  
a voice comes over the TV in the other  
room and listened for a moment,  
then went back to my sausage cooking.

more moments went by,  
and i looked at my boy,  
and walked towards the tv.

it wouldn't stop and the sounds  
became more deep, and grave.

had bush invaded iran?

were the cubans falling out  
of the sky for communist retributions?

did iraq lie the whole time  
and they were coming?

was bin laden in my back yard  
hiding beneath the kiddy pool?

as my boy and i looked into  
the tv screen,  
a low pitched male voice was  
slowly, and deeply reading a  
perfunctory PSA announcement  
as the darth vader voice gone  
wrong spooked me enough to  
stare at the TV as if it  
was Kennedy telling my father  
to get into the proverbial  
bunker.

false alarm,  
and we had to flee the  
dark vocal chords flooding  
the bedroom with unwavering  
doom.

the russians weren't invading.

we were safe for now.

we are safe now.

this whole rant  
was only a test.

## Type-o

i'm so  
full of  
shit.

to prove  
it,  
i  
have  
pooped  
three times  
in the  
last  
two hours.

## unread

my wife  
has quite possibly  
read most everything  
ever written in book form.

at least she has read  
every classic that has ever  
been written.

she's reads all kinds of  
magazines,  
backs of boxes,  
instruction manuals,  
essays,  
poem anthologies,  
and anything else  
with dancing characters  
ready to assail her  
brain folds.

she loves to read.

and as i have grown with her,  
loved her more,  
watched her read everything  
all the time,  
strained under the weight of  
bulky bags of library books,  
i have tried to write more  
new stuff just to keep her behind  
a bit on the reading circuit.

but, it doesn't last long,  
because she will read everything  
that i print and put on a  
flat surface.

the beauty of this poem is that  
she has no knowledge of this in  
real time as these small electronic  
etchings go careening in horizontal  
order across my screen.

then i realize she hasn't read everything.

she hasn't read this vertical tower  
of words.

the one building she hasn't looked into,  
around and through.

a monolith of unread enjoyment.

soon,  
it will be picked away by eager eye  
balls.

her painted and cultured eye lashes.

this one unread poem is for you, baby.

## wandering meat heads

walking home the other  
night with my family  
from a walk around the block  
and we notice a car  
stopped in front of the house.

our 7-year old had already charged  
forward away from our slow,  
angular feet towards home  
as i peered more strangely towards the  
unrecognizable car thinking  
it had to be someone we knew because  
someone was going towards our front door.

then, the car started driving towards  
us and i then thought i was going to  
see the haze of my recognizing.

two fellas pulled up, wrong side of  
the street in a big truck with a  
white deep freeze case in the  
back asking us,  
'DO YOU HAVE ANY ROOM IN YOUR FREEZER?'

i knew their game.

they wanted to see us meats,  
or i was off the mark and they wanted  
to do much more than my relaxed dendrites  
were ready to contemplate.

i came back,  
'WE DON'T HAVE ANY ROOM. IT'S JAMMED WITH  
KID MEALS AND OTHER SHIT.'

their stare lingered,  
as my wife and strollered baby  
pivoted, and walked away from  
the dumb looks from a broken sales  
pitch.

they said nothing, and clicked  
the car into drive as we  
went towards the house hoping  
that we could spend the rest of  
our lives not believing in monsters,  
or ghouls.

## **we pee**

my middle  
of the night  
urine revelations  
teach me that  
the dark is the  
enemy sometimes  
as the relief of  
everything barely  
perceptible around  
me is my own  
slice of paradise  
as an errant slip  
of water slaps my  
big toe  
and i throw my  
eyes wider  
and smile.

## **what if we really know nothing about celebrity**

and tom petty  
really did die  
years ago and they  
are covering it  
up with an impersonator.

what if everyone knew  
the inside trade secret  
that cat stevens  
was a raging pedophiliac.

what if john lennon wasn't  
quite as nice as everyone  
boasts he was.

what if marriages are merely  
fronts to keep photographers  
away from their windows?

what if most of what we  
see, read, divulge and  
ingest is like our government  
officials, but dressed better,  
able to sing better, and  
stocked with enough style to make us  
forget?

what if we are indeed the fools  
plucking dust from strangers  
who happen to have a day job  
every bit as important as us  
because when the final curtain  
slouches, it's not going to matter.

supermarket aisles wondering if  
she's pregnant,  
or why they broke it off,  
as the kids of these parents roar  
for attention,  
while relatives in distant states  
wonder if they will ever hear  
from their sons and daughters again.

## who is that unknown quote person?

that has to be an  
easy gig.

i usually  
see the  
unknown credit on  
a quote in a reader's digest,  
or something obscure  
while waiting in a  
doctor's office  
or oil changing joint.

each time i see the  
anonymous credit  
for a quote,  
i wonder what the college  
kids reference when  
they finally find that quote  
that makes their heat sizzle.

who should i give credit  
to if i want to throw in  
one of their quotes and  
properly give credit.

thanks mr. or mrs. unknown,  
or anonymous,  
or the one we will never know,  
or hidden forever,  
it was nice never meeting  
you.

## wind = god ; god = wind

the wind was ripping  
around the errant bags  
and thousands of hairs  
on heads last week  
as the mystery continued to go  
unsolved.

with no visible beginning,  
and a more vague end,  
the winds tore through this  
town like a flunky tornado  
with something left to prove  
and no ocean around here to  
prove it on.

the window panes roared,  
tree branches were growling  
under pounds of heavy strain,  
as the invisible mystery came  
through and told a story.

i liken all this tough wind,  
and the tiny breeze,  
to the unknowing of god.

we don't see it,  
know when it began,  
and when it gets loud and heavy,  
we finally wonder how it came,  
or why it came,  
and how we could diagnose  
each time the loud breath arrives.

your personal jesus  
may very well be the  
ducts of wind tearing over  
your cloth,  
making your loins think  
about something other than  
sleep, or dinner,  
or a small, wet  
mandarin orange.

## **a chicken nugget party**

our seven year old  
boy got a sloppily  
written invite to  
a chicken nugget party  
at 3 PM, but they  
are not sure where or  
on what day they are going to  
have it.

i don't remember ever  
getting invited to anything  
quite as specific and  
exciting when i was a kid.

it was always just a party,  
or birthday bash or  
celebration of some sort.

these kids today have focus.

with a sharp pair of needle  
nose scissors, they cut across  
the dotted line and decided  
that chicken nuggets were the  
way to go.

i may have to shamefully  
drag my 7 years times 5  
over to this shin dig and  
find out how these new kids  
throw nugget bending events.

## **a feather in her womb**

turned into a little  
thigh,  
that turned into  
a couple of wet eyes,  
that popped into a couple  
of knees,  
that went forward with feet,  
that even sprouted  
tiny hair strips  
before  
he came out  
as an egg that continues  
to crack each and every day  
as the wind gathers weather  
and the ground gathers sky.

## **a lucky launch**

if all else fails,  
we can rely on the  
tiny aluminum foil  
square stuck to a wall  
of a building between  
kansas and missouri.

about 8 years ago,  
after a good romp at the bars,  
a group of us when back to my  
apartment and began rifling through  
old shit in the kitchen.

we had peeps melting in the microwave,  
and promptly made stacks of  
butter, freeze burned pork chops,  
old packets of meat,  
and other varieties of frozen and cold  
items.

clutching onto what we like of our  
youth, we grabbed the refuse of  
cold's neglect, and headed  
for the back porch.

we had a clean view to kansas just  
over the state line on our raised  
city view.

there was a long brick building that  
was a recording studio,  
and the goal was to launch our goods  
over the bar next door to us and  
make it onto the roof of the  
recording studio.

and the journey began.

the were chucks,  
throws,  
long launches  
into the dark, dark night.

thuds,  
clanks,  
slats  
like the pitter of a bat man  
episode,  
and laughter for hours.

the next morning,  
i work in an air condition less  
room to a muggy, hot august day.

after pouring a cup of coffee,  
i looked over towards the havoc  
from the night before and noticed  
a shimmering piece of aluminum on  
the wall.

the butter had melted,  
but the aluminum wrapper stuck.

that was my throw.

i wadded up a warm stick of butter  
and flung it as hard as i could.

it slapped hard against the wall,  
and the laughter ensued.

that tiny sliver of foil  
is still up on that wall.

it's right across the street  
from twin city tavern's side entrance.

and everytime either i,  
or a friend there that night see's it,  
we stop and marvel at the tiny  
miracle that was created that evening.

it was like we helped give birth  
to a litter of pups,  
and now they are out making the world  
right.