



joefiles 102
the revelry of childhood
in a smiling light pole

have you forgotten 9-11?

this government
has gotten so
rotten, bad funny
like a joke you
don't want to laugh
at, but it's ironic
relevance makes your
jug split at the
proverbial seams.

there's a new
9/11 movie about
that flight 93 plane
that crashed in pennsylvania
and they really want
people to get dooped back
into the emotion
of a dark american day,
but i won't see it because
it's all a damned farce.

donald rumsfeld slipped up
and told a group of soldiers
during christmas eve one year
that the plane had been shot down
out of the skies.

no one covered this story,
and it stands as a fairy tale
as the drunken tongue of rumsfeld
likely had clarity that day,
and the events of the 4 and final
plane hide in denial.

there's not even a wolf howl,
but a cup of clown tears as
we were lied about the one
day that has wrought more bush
on everyone and given us reason
to believe that everyday our
own presidential pals shoot us
out of the sky, but hide it
behind the guise of national security
and cute hollywood images of
falsity.

HAVING BALLS

it takes
balls to have balls
and even when you
don't have any balls
you still have balls
and as the small
kid kicks around a
rubber ball back
and forth into
infinity
you know that
there will always be
balls
and the birth of
other balls.

HER SPROUTS

if i could yank
it off,
i would have my wife
shout into a tiny seedling,
then i would seal it up,
plant it,
water it,
place it in the sun and
view it sprout over time
just looking into the delight
it would bring
because
she always has delightful,
inventive ideas
like the sole wheel on a child's
unicycle spinning
to an eventual
beginning.

i dreamed about california

and miles' first dip
into the ocean and climbing up a ladder
to a roof to see the
sunset and miles and i gliding through the ocean
and it all felt, calm,
serene and something that is deja vu.

**i feel way too dry
to be made of this much water.**

as the sky looks
on with it's one
big open blue pore,
i wonder where all

the clouds have gone
and why evaporation
is all around me.

not an ocean for
hours to my right
and left, i may have
to rely on a big

man made pond to
immerse my bones,
but it's much too
dirty to get more

than maybe a half
of a sexual innuendo
ripped from my brow.

so instead i'm gonna
go out back, fill
up my kid's pool
and leap in like

i own the thing
and the sky can
finally look down on my for once as a

cloud swimming
in the enormity of the ground.

i had a dream that i was dustin hoffman

at the oscars
getting a standing ovation
and wondering how
i was gonna
tell them
that
i was joe,
not dustin,
but i just smiled
as the crowd roared forward
and
i wondered
how
my
psyche
was
going
to
explain
this
bizzare,
vanity filled
subconscious
journey
of
petty
indulgence?

i wanna just sit down and watch you

as the poem slips
off the mantelpiece
into the lake of guitar chords
and try to imagine new letters
for notes
as the slowly approaching voice
becomes my new
subconscious voice
and the wind plays off as though
it never knew
what the surface of the
earth tasted like ..

this is what it would be
like to watch you,
miles boy,
as the cup of your water flits
back and fro like a small ocean wave
in your drinking cup just
before it falls to the floor
and makes me accidentally type
a 3,
only to quickly revert back,
hit delete
and continue further more as
your eyes fixate on your diaper line
in pure,
infant silence.

idle time idea

when
i find
the
long
stretches of
time needed,
i'm going
to
write the
great american
novel
based on all
hundreds of pics
i have taken
of strangers over
the past 15 years.

so don't steal
this idea,
ok?

even if you don't
believe in
america,
or strangers,
or the great novel,
or
little old me.

ok?

if this page of words

outlasts your wit
and laughter,
i want you to remember
that the power of
a poem
is only our attempt to
understand the moment we
are born
and that final moment
before death
sweeps us into
the hopes that
we wished
all along this planet
was able to afford on a
stable, consistent basis.

good night,
love kids.

ILLEGAL MUSIC PRISON

i met a fictional
dude one time
that had downloaded so much
illegal music
that he had an invisible
pact with the cosmos,
and this world,
that he could never
ever play an instrument with
any sort of reliability.

but he had the most powerful
ears and a music producer's brain
as his fingers averted musical
instruments as though they were
hot poison that would pull
him immediately into the bowels
of a hell he couldn't
imagine.

i'm gonna write a poem during the middle of the day.

not just a day,
but the creamy laziness of a
sunday
after sleeping in until ten forty-five
in the morning.

restive,
and armed with books to sell,
we head to the city
to see how the other side is supposed
to rumble.

all along,
thoughts of what to do
around the house,
like power spraying
the driveway
like hosing down a hardened
criminal in jail,
then how the strip of traffic
around would
react to a comet plummeting
over the skyline towards
an unknown locale over the
green, mushroomed horizon.

then,
the silence of some city
hipster behind the book counter
sets me off and i wonder
how people get the jobs
they have and why folks
don't just tell them
that they deserve to lie in bed
and not report to work ..

ever.

and then we are back
in the car with our
small baby in the back
as he preens his gaze hard
towards the window dreaming of
a poem he doesn't

know how to write.

and that's where i
come in during this
sunny side up afternoon
with the tree leaves
wagging like a hundred
tiny puppy tails
telling of my boy's
brief 16 months of life
as the wind picks up just
a bit outside.

it's tax time

and i drive by the
low rent tax hut in an
old white castle's restaurant
to always see someone
out front in a patriotic
costume waving people
in to give the government
their due.

the most consistent,
recognizable face
is a local drunk guy
that paces up and down the sidewalk
dreaming of another drink
and a sideways set of fingers
waving peace goes insanely up and
down up and down up and down
up and down.

his eyes are squint,
pink nose,
swollen face,
and the glare of
traffic screams by as he makes no
eye contact,
and usually looks down at the ground.

this man likely hasn't paid taxes for
a decade or more,
but he's your beacon of hope
that's likely getting paid less than
a sweat shop child,
but he's doing it in the cold,
rain, or beating sun.

sometimes he's the statue of liberty,
other times he's uncle sam
and his eyes sparkle towards the ground
he paces with a dream better than
the american one,
and something exquisite like a whiskey
on the rocks.

his cartoon gait,
matched by invisible puffs of cartoon
thoughts escape above his head as that one,
brave person gets inspired by his gimmick
and decides that they should go in
and finally file their taxes because
the smell of old white castle burgers
may still permeate the building's
innards.

LIFE IN DEATH

it's not the doing the will kill
you piece by bit,
it's the waiting.

the idle time in stale offices,
dank holding rooms,
in your own house,
elevators,
empty apartments,
the middle of an ocean.

all the waiting
for the next thing or
expected scenario runs
about the brain like
tumbling jelly hunks.

and in writing this as i wait,
smearing the dried, used pieces
of flesh into this paper
while life continues for a bit over
three-quarters of us.

magic baby hand

my boy
miles has
this magic
baby hand response
that resembles a
pharmacist smashing together
potions for a
prescription
medication.

one finger in a cone
shape
twists, smashes and moves
in rabid moments on another
flat palm.

it's as if he's communicating
with invisible people,
or learned a language from another
planet while in the womb
and he wants me to know about it.

sometimes i look up into the sky
for a descending silvery ship,
or towards the room corner
for a broom to fall or
crumb to move as the invisible
being takes their order from
the smart baby in the high chair.

and at other times,
i think he's just telling me
he knows how his hands work and
we wants me to join him.

there together smashing one hand
into another
as the cats look on with
kind, rustled eyes.

melting into forever

i'm starting to believe
more in forever as the
moment seconds land on
my like flecks of pollen
over the invisible tv
chatter.

i'm starting to feel
forever as my morning
notes are not just
ensembles
of words, but tiny
swaths of black ink
that are making a shiny
shale ocean for us to sail
over.

we are forever as the
tiny slip of silvery
ring from you hugs
to my
finger like a midget
onto a tall man's pant leg
for the last bite of
recognition.

i have seen forever
through your eyes as
photographs of you become
reflections in my
fingernails flipping
over invisible money and found
nickels.

i dig the idea of
forever because
your face is my
clock as the second
hand swipes over
your pebbles of
invisible hairs
singing a tune i'll
never be able to
recreate for you

except to smash these characters into
paper and touch
your fingerprints
as though your
mother created them for
me.

nervous clocks

seems
like
lately
i'm
frantic
to
fill
time
when
time
wants
nothing
to
do
with
me
and
my
time
consuming
pace.

it's
scare
of
my
quick,
and
full
disposal
of
a
of
it's
pals
like
the
seconds,
minutes,
hours
and
days.

nice foil

i loved that small,
tattered piece of tinfoil
that was barely covering
the strawberry tin.

it wasn't as effective
as a new, longer, shinier
piece of tin foil,
but why should a end it's life.

sure, there were several
pieces of strawberry that were
dry like an old woman's toes,
but it was enough of a sacrifice
to keep that character filled,
eternally crinkled piece of aluminum
in our lives.

i just ignored the bad job it
was doing and left without a word.

it sat there gently guarding the
rest of the plump, red woman lips
from the dry air about.

i loved that piece of foil.

there's just no way i could be
foiled, myself, that morning
as the strawberries remained
defiant under their used cover.

one cool tree

there was as
big, exquisite,
origami twisted
tree behind the school up
the street.

a fella in the neighborhood
that has 4 kids and grew up
around here,
told me how he built a treehouse
in the coolest tree ever.

i looked at him and
instantly garnered respect
for the guy who found the coolest tree
ever.

my wife also grew up around here
and always loved that tree.

and would schedule my walking path
around going by that old tree
to snap a photo or look further into
an undiscovered branch.

then one day,
it was gone.

vanished.

the coolest tree was murdered.

it did nothing but
shelter,
and shower all of us
with a bit of mother nature's
finest art.

gone.

who would cut down
the coolest tree ever?

really .. who would?

how could they let it hang
on their head.

the thousands of memories,
and future expectations just
hacked away like a used diaper.

at this point,

my only redeeming hope is that
the paper you are reading this
on was a byproduct of
the coolest tree ever
and if that's not the case,
i'm just gonna squeeze my eyes
tight and remember
the timber roller coaster
sending out
the faint laugh.

one hundred wasted well

politicians want
to mail me a hundred
dollar check because
they cannot do their job.

the legislators on
capitol hill think
it's cute to propose
a hundred bucks towards my
mailbox as they turn
in their gas expense form for this month.

the proposed 100 gas
check can be reallocated
towards the impeachment of bush/chenev/rumsfeld
instead of heading
towards the weary mouth of my bill laden mail slot.

the 100 dollar attempt
to quash the horror of
6 years under a ruthless regime would only be one,
one sixteen millionth
of a fraction of actual anguish these people
have inflicted onto a good country.

go ahead and mail my
one hundred dollar
piece of paper to
yourself and remember to take
it with you for
your next colon check.

ORGASM POINTS

i have finally
hit an solid realization about
the mutuality between men and women
that makes sense.

maybe on of the few
that makes sense.

the reason why women
can have many multiple orgasms
is to give men scant, extra points
to mask the inevitable
stupidity
we are bound to concoct as
the quiver of delight
races
up her spine
and into
pure,
perfection.

our home is fraught with cats.

we have three cats,
one pink one and
two gray ones.

the gray one's don't
get along,
and usually fight with
their full sets of sharp cat
claws.

the pink one doesn't care about
all this bickering.

then we have a black cat
the hangs around,
along with another pink one,
and likely several gray clones as well.

we are done with cats.

with a 15-month old boy,
an 8 year old,
a fish,
many plants,
and each other,
the cats and their piss markings
are all too much.

the hop in the window wells with
thundering scratches to bellow
out absurd meows.

this,
waking the baby,
and throwing off our sleep,
as the cats
sift around our home like
prison guards waiting for a break.

yellowed eyes,
frothing whiskers,
and our home as the beacon.

we can do without the cats
and all their tales of nine lives,
so bring on the squirrels and more
big birds,
because there may be a battle
at the home of
feline dreams.

Perpetual Clinton Longing

i had a dream
last night that
several pictures of
bill clinton popped up
on a hill
with a tiny insect head
piqued over the top
of the smiling photograph.

at this,
i pulled out my camera
to snap some pictures
of such an odd encounter.

but,
as i pulled out my camera,
the tiny insects approached
with that wobbly, doting face
of clinton.

it was like a warm bath
seeing the former face of
solid american leadership,
the face that could bring
all of us some needed ease
in these times of bush ruination.

and after i snapped my pics,
i jotted off to my next dream,
sitting at a seat in a kitchen
along the counter tops,
and noticed that the praying mantis
holding the clinton picture
was sitting right next to me.

looking over me like a killer queen,
spitting water
with it's bright green mouth,
just hanging there on the ground
with those fat candy topping eye ball
granulates,
just looking around with the luck
of the ages trying to remind us
that this political nightmare
hidden in the bushes will end,
very,
very soon via dreamland luck.

plop poop plam

my miles boy had a
shitty night some
months back.

daring enough to
extract him from
his reliant diaper
protection to roam the house, it all
came tumbling down quickly.

from one room to
the next, all over
my clothes and onto
the floor of the shower stall as the
smudges of daily diet
wouldn't end.

after it was all
over with, i sighed
with the clean bubbles
of once tainted legislation
and laughed about
the moments that will
stick with our skin until the final cut.

the next morning i was
in the basement of a
church waiting with the parents of first
communion kids and
smelt the din of my
previous night.

as i looked down, i
noticed that the stench
from my newly washed pants would not leave me and
cling on like a miner
waiting for a rescue in the abysmal below.

running home
to change
into something new,
i figured it was
my boy's right to smear me
with stench and make

me race hard and heartier towards a cleaner life as
he grows another diaper older.

POETRY MAKING MACHINE

if you sift
through the millions of
pages that poets have created you
would encounter most fears that humans
have,
and they would all be elaborated upon
for the worth of pure subjectivity.

and as your eyes drip over these pages,
you would realize grab the ultimate fear of
any poet if a 'poetry making machine' was invented.

that's right.

like a music making machine.

computer programs that plot out books.

any of many modern day inventions that allow
the end user to create, concoct and invent
any number of clever inventions aided by the
invisible jowls of a program that knows
nothing of the inadequacies of the end user.

so take the 'poetry making machine' that could
pump out poems based on selected words and
notions of anyone.

just input bits of pieces of flat,
vapid words and the 'poetry making machine'
would spit out a poem that could make old
high school teachers wipe away tears,
and current girlfriends horny enough to forget
the dull talks they have had.

like pure magic
without all the effort,
years of pounding out bad poems,
many more moments of sacrifice
all dumped into some software program on
an anonymous machine that would make that
pile of trash look like a golden genie home.

and i have now reigned in as the champion
poet hammering home the biggest fear of
them all.

this concludes my scary poem.

POLITICIANS AS FIRECRACKERS

the closest i have
come to
explaining
political candidates
to children
is to compare
them to firecrackers.

as the 4th of july
approaches,
you suddenly see signs for
them all over the place.

flooding the sides of roadways,
and over billboards.

you get excited,
spent lots of time and money to
procure the good.

get home,
light the punks
and shoot them off.

doesn't last as long as the
price and effort it too to get them.

then,
it's done.

almost forgettable
as you have a yard of burnt waste
and an empty wallet.

your political candidate is
burnt and gone
as you wonder where they took your money
as the lid of the trashcan
slams that period onto the end of
another annual sentence.

poor pain

i had several
thoughts about
the economics
and physical solitude
we should all
get from them that
we toil over
and with.

PAINT - the main part of
this word is 'pain'.

POETRY - starts with
the first 2 letters of poor - 'PO'

this is the best way
to begin my artistic resume.

nice to meet you.

post-beaner

my ability to be a good
fake mexican beaner has
nearly been extinguished

from my torrent flame of
the past.

beaner was the nickname
all my rabid, spit toothed
friends and foes from
the fourth grade would call me.

not able to comprehend the
hair on their hands, they
didn't know the dark
skinned difference between
italia and mexico, thus
i was the faithful
beaner.

i played along with my
love of school burritos
and uneda-undeda-arriba
mouse mimics.

age has shaken that
luster off my cloak.

and now when
i tell folks that
i used to be the beaner
i get the
cockeyed stare and a quick retort
that i make a better deigo by.

RAIN BAPTISMAL

as if anything more could
happen as the washing machine breaks for good,
the cat pisses in the last
of our last clean laundry,
birth control for my balls soon,
my wife thinks about the past,
our child is ambling without walking,
trying to sell a home and
the list goes on
while my sweet wife shoves her
head through the car window
into the torrents of rain with
loud pen strokes of lightning about
just laughing,
wiping the cold water
off her face as i grip the
wheel of the car harder as
a sailor skipper,
knowing that she is
recovering from life
with the swift flow of
shower baptismal water
leaving the skies for
the destination called
all of us.

returning voter

as tiring
as voting has
become,
i had to say 'no' to
a ballot issue.

kansas city was trying to
pass a tax increase
to finance a new rollover roof
for the sports teams,
along with trying to keep them in town.

i would rather they all slip into
a secret silver submarine at midnight
and float away from this one horse town
to never be heard from again.

the owners own more money than god's elder nephew,
and together have enough to build a roof
over this sprawling, suburbanized town.

so, i knew my vote was needed to keep
the horned goblins away from any more of
my whittled monthly check.

comfortable with my morning vote,
on the way home from work that night,
i saw a little kid with football helmet and jersey on
standing next to his red bike with a simple sign
that read 'YES'.

and i was relieved for this kid
to simply want the retention of his youth,
shielded from the layered economics of
such a vote.

i almost second guessed my vote,
but i knew that he wouldn't second guess his
as his tarnished, cheap plastic helmet
glowered in that fading evening light
ready for all our clocks to spring forward
in a daylight savings shadow of another
vanishing vote.

RISE OF THE FLESH MACHINE

i saw a video clip
of a table saw that
stops and lowers immediately
when it touches flesh.

instantly ..

and as i replayed the
video several times like
a junior crime squad leader,
i memorized its hidden moves,
paint,
conjecture,
and shapes
because when
the machines rise
to rid the vermin on earth or space,
this will be their leader.

evading flesh
in the beginning,
but set to devour
us all as the nip of sheet covers
our tired,
unfascinating lower lips
before
sleep starts.

SHAPELY FRUITS

all of the squares of my
past, youth & before now
squib down into my
open hatch like circles as I fall in love with
something more than yesterday
and grab my wife like we'll be together
beyond this flesh life,
while my miles tugs at my pant and
zen boy rockets into another verbal joke
beyond the wall
and the sound of my perceptive memory
crumbles a bit more into more melodic
shapes and the sound of my current world
sounds of faint hairs growing into the side
of a mature, juicy nectarine.

showbiz landfill solution

in response
to our burgeoning
trash problem on
planet earth
i'd love to build
the world's largest
landfill trash ball,
then sell tickets to tons
of people so they can
watch firsthand the launch
of this amazing, melded
waste ball pop into
outer space in a contest
i would like to call:
'HOW AMERICAN CAN I BE.'

i think i would
win this ultimate
race.

Sinking Healers

why does she continue
to let them go when
they give her the blends of
healing she speaks
to my lovely so fervently about?

how could she
let the dove
glide from her
grip when all
she wanted was a
feather and an
ounce of freedom
to lift her from
hells that she cannot
accurately voice
except to the surface
of another vodka/soda?

where has she released
her newest cure as the
disease of yesterday wells
into her irises and
spills onto her shirt
like cold, used soup from
yesterday's miracle lunch?

when is so going to
get the hint that our
remedies resemble a
crying
wolf resting in a
miraculous hole
licking the refreshing
rain puddle as
any thought of hell
gets healed with one
open hand towards a
clean shaven
face.

small, happy coupling

a little
old couple off
the main road
i take to work
epitomize the
culmination of wedding vows.

a small red donkey wood cutout
with their namesake
leans gently on their
gas light lamp in
their perfectly cut,
and grown lawn.

off to the side of their
perfectly sized house is
a set of shaded swings
that you can see their invisible
skins holding hands under
the 72 degreed sun.

all the windows of the home
are clean in ways i have
never seen on a home,
and the morning paper is always
folded and expertly placed
at a 23 degree angle for
the awaiting hands of the man
to bring in stories of
divorce, insanity.

and the several times i have
eye balled this couple,
i think about perfect outdoor
weddings and truth behind a vow
as their old bones tote around
as if they are both still barely 10 years
old and the wonder of the world
will never fade because of the
rest of the world breaking the
wrong breads.

i'm sure at this moment
he's pouring her a cup of hot
coffee with a smidge of sugar and
creamer as she
winks at him, and lightly touches
her foot to his as the new spring
tree leaves out front wag just a
bit like a well aged dog.

smashing shadows

at night,
i see the dusk
shadows of the eroding
day literally slicing
through everyone
that drive along the road way.

big bulky black spears,
and tiny dark spikes
ping and penetrate everyone
flying down the roadway oblivious
to one another until the moment
matters the most to them.

stuck in their bubble of music,
or news, or silence,
they act relatively tame
that their bodies, torsos
are getting annihilated by
the continual barrage of shadows
violently throwing their
dark colors all over their bodies.

not even thinking whether or not
insurance covers shadow injuries,
all these people haphazardly just
fly through these dangerous spikes
of dark violence despite my pleading
eyes towards their direction
as the increasing shadows
smash down over my skins.

all of us together here,
no one is safe from the
dark spires that continue to add,
multiply and mount against us.

is there anyone that could defeat
this cloud.

it's as if we all are enjoying
the pain together,
as our invisible foes remain strong,
courageous,
like us in our sure defeating victory.

spreading poems

i finally found a way
to get my poems out to an eager,
diligent reading audience.

you know all those reply envelopes you get
with credit card applications,
loan applications,
membership renewals,
subscriptions requests?

well,
i used all of those innocent glued
envelopes going to neat destinations all
over the country to send out my
finest poems.

my favorite one was about my son's dirty
diapers being the equivalent of getting
trash in the mail day after day.

not only do i now have a thriving fan base,
all of those ad flyers and junket pieces
don't arrive anymore.

it's been weeks and my fans don't want to
siphon neatly pre-paid envelopes to
ingest my words.

i have killed several pages with one pen.

got myself that long awaited fan base without
paying for it and wounding my soul,
along with riding the hex of junk mail in my box
so i can focus on all those rejection letters
from real die hard fans - editors.

strips of scattered light bugs

go whisking over june
like sparklers looking
for the next big holiday
while the baby suckles the
last of soy stuck in a
cow's only white spot
as the cracks of cold air
speed over my insect bites
all over my legs as the
baseballs lie silent for
the night while the bats
go fluttering about like
released prisoners in the
eye of a gutter carrying off
what remains of this day into
the trough of tomorrow.

symbolism

there is nothing
like s
sllpily spelled
picec
of retxyty while
you are a little crotcke dt to get
yo to be laughty an
beleiv3 in bein sibmoe;

the art of living art

is that it
will always be alive,
and never leave us.

art is one of the
very few things that
can cheat death,
evade taxation,
evoke birth,
and come out with
both a smile and a
grimace as the
lights fade to
black in the
sparse hallway.

art is the
grand proactivator
that constantly moves
forward
as most of the world
darts forwards,
then backwards,
then forwards,
back more,
forward a bit,
back some more,
leaping forward,
back,
forth.

it watches all of us
with mild eyes,
and a raging heart,
and knows what is going
to live and what
may die.

in the end,
it's the one thing
you can watch,
stare,
and peer into knowing
that thoughts of
dying can finally
just end
with
living art.

the bard of cancer

is bearing down
on the entire world.

town hall meetings
on war, AIDS, drunk drivers,
the status of Islam, and all of our relatives are
getting swallowed up by
the ever expanding red hole in the carpet
waiting to catch an
eye hold on you or yours.

my father in law looks
about his room and
unread books with a
slight daze as his newly bald
head wavers in an
ocean thought over a life well lived and i look on
appreciatively
that he gave made his amazing daughter.

all the neighbors,
people magazine articles,
the morning obituaries are full of more ink
spots of potential
cures as the cancer wind rages against the window
screens and waits for us all.

the bullet screaming
over the winds in the hood
and the lopping stinger in the bee's rectum
just waits as i look
over the traces of my father in laws balding head
noticing tiny traces
of hair coming back,
hanging on for the next miracle
to come smashing down
on us all like a piano
playing the first note of
our collective sonata.

the eternal animal haven

we are
the home of lost,
neglected, healthy,
jostled animals and
rodents of this
quadrant of
neighborhood.

last night,
for instance,
the tiny squirts of
sound were coming
from the backyard.

in the rain,
with flashlight blaring,
i noticed a tiny squirrel
that was hovering
in a bough of grass away
from light,
and cats.

we took him in,
gave him salt/sugar water,
and have him tight in a
coiled fish bowl.

at other times,
we see injured lizards
on the patio,
strange cats meow at our
window,
the dust of alice in wonderland's
dander in the air.

there are errant dogs that
flit by the house here and
there,
a whole host of big squirrels
that dart about
as the tiny baby eyed squirrel
looked at me this morning
as though he may have recognized me
before.

and with that,
he has,
as have most
all these animals
swaggering around
with faint recollections
of where the
safe haven resides.

THE FLOOD OF MY VACUUM

my creative brain
exists in a fluid vacuum
all of my own.

as much as i try to
get it out there,
it still doesn't penetrate
the audience base my
daytime imagination would
care for.

it reaches out like a slowly
growing puddle of spilled water,
swallowing up anonymous strangers,
close friends,
some family members,
and someone comes by and sops it
up with a huge,
dry sponge.

and i'm stuck there wondering
if i should knock cup over again.

the next time,
i knock over 2 bigger cups.

same thing.

8 bigger cups the following time.

same results.

and hit finally hits me that
i should just blow up a water tower
and laugh as the people swing through
all the cascading rivers of
blackened letters,
finally seeing a bit of it,
as the rivers slam up against
the doors of several local bookstores
and suddenly i have to decide between
writing or promoting.

then,
the notion of an anonymous
vacuum becomes a small quiet vessel
by which i can watch my fictional
water tower crumble into a
mass of lovely confusion.

The Following Recorder

a guy
in my dream
a while
back
said
that he records
my thoughts
religiously
and hopes
that i'm not
leading him
astray
and before
i woke up,
i remembered
that
i hadn't caught
his
name as
i knew
that i likely
already
led
him somewhere
he
wasn't used to.

the fuzzy pre-winter worms

are the leaders
drumming the news of
all weathercasters.

many of them crawl in
through
the casters ears and
grab the brain
microphone to lead
us all to the weather
stalls.

with their many legs,
and prophetic hairs,
they are the ones in control
of winter around here,
and lounge in the spring.

but they are always the ones
that tell us which way the rains
will arrive and how many
berries will grown on the frozen
spring trees.

and when you see them crawling
around on the ground,
or on the side of a home,
or over a cold rock,
remember they are heading towards
their studios the
enter the voices that pretend
they know how it's going to
happen with their swami cloth,
and used loins.

so trust the hair worms,
as they walk towards you ears
with delicate
precision.

THE HAPPY DIAGNOSIS

being too
giggly or happy
can land you in a precocious
spot amongst doctors,
so conceal the smiles.

if you have to laugh,
wait till they leave the room.

if you cannot do either of these,
you may have to take medication
to curb those impulses.

you may just be one of the
abnormalities that are
written on the walls of
stranger urinals.

or you could just be another one
of the few that don't believe
in people because you found yourself
and nature trustworthy enough
to laugh and smile the way you do.

so go ahead and shit laughter all over
the doctors chairs, office and clipboard,
and once you get that prescribed dope,
give it to your friends for having to
deal with your happy ass.

the last collection

i've been
thinking lately
about not collecting
anything anymore.

even pages of unpublished
poems.

so, you may never
see this one ever.

and if you do
find your fingers holding this
page,
it will only be a testament
to the fact that i cannot
keep a promise to myself,
and that i have so
many
things that i need to
share it with others.

so, when you are done with this,
get rid of it,
collecting is a nasty,
american sort of habit
that needs to be broken.

broken word by word,
letter by letter.

the local mayor

there's a little
stately man that
lives by where i work
who is referred to as
'the mayor'

a tiny black man
with bright white hats
lined with fake floral,
he usually has on a paisley jacket,
clean one toned color pants,
shirt,
and he strides like a
jet line towards the next
altitude plateau.

usually on the way to the
library about a mile away,
he strides back with a full plastic
bag of knowledge for his brain
to quickly swallow.

his claim to fame is taping
big, fat marked signs on the windows
of any car that decides to park in front
of his house.

he paces up and down the block in
a panic as the fat pieces of
gray tape on the sign for the trespasser
to gawk at after their meeting,
or short jaunt to wherever they
are going.

his warnings always say that he'll call
the cops the next time
and that his wife is sick and
he cannot be bothered with careening around
a strangers car.

i've never seen him in a car in my life,
and i'm thinking he's just an anti-car kind
of guy.

so stay away from the mayor's house,
i hear he's running out of tape, markers, signs,
but has plenty of well, multi-edged rocks.

the lonely kid hero

i watch one lonely kid
walking along
the roadway past my work
window religiously
every morning and afternoon
as though he is a page
in a book i will one day
finally understand as the
full meaning continues
to pass me like a
speeding 18-wheeler.
one day he skipped on
by in fully davey crockett
battle gear, all alone
as usual, while the tail of his coonskin
cap dangled triumphantly in the
sunshine and i got saddened in the miracle
of this titan of schoolyard walks.

his strong, lonely
striding each day
epitomizes the loneliness we all
feel now and will feel
later on - from my red headed
wife to my tiny
18-month old miles boy and it
pitted my olive.

i want to talk to this kid,
shake his hand, tell him life
is a blinding
8-track of beauty that will
floor him someday, but his hesitant and
hobbled walk already knows
that and as that coon tail
waggles like a real

animal perched on his scalp,
i know that loneliness is one of the few
diseases we never hear about,
but we can beat as we walk forwards and
backwards each and every brim filled day.

THE PREPARATION

reading to brace yourself
for the worst is like preparing
for death as the tap of a commander's claw
falls down on a pile of gold skulls that
are meaningless unless you buy the tokens
dropped into a well and as the neurologist
washes his hands anonymously,
i wring my fingernails for a tiny gust of
hope that can look in another puzzle piece
of god's big, wide face.

the water spider baby

our boy miles
ambles over the thousands
of tiny wood lines along the
floor as if he's
an experienced water bug
on a search for a jesus plank
of concrete water.

careful not to fall through
the surface of his invisible
water wood, he
stares with deep concentration
as we watch in wonder at
how he'll make it
from one end to the other.

after his water bug crawl,
we just may get him to maneuver
his hands
over a bag of grapes for our
thirsty and alcohol desired
tongues.

and as he crosses the threshold
to the cat box to dump a toy
into the
fecal abyss, i race over to
his imploring hand and almost
fall face
forward as i smash and slip
on a tiny green grape towards my tiny
tentacled hero.

THE WORRY

there is indeed always something
as you turn into the parking lot
to stop,
breath and approach being
barely significant.

there will always be
something as the wind shifts
and her hole grips harder
as the mystery of half a lifetime
escapes her front lip.

always something
as the kitchen faucet drips
errantly
and the sound of forever
is a bit you will
hear in all her night dreams
and forget over the
blast of yellow morning sun.

THE WRITTEN SCRAWL

i haven't sat down
with a pen in
so long that i feel like
an animal sequestered in
a zoo for a crime
some token god committed on accident.

the letters bleed and
bend about with Confucius
glowering as
A's feel like E's and
all are equally unrecognizable.

there are missing dots
over the I's and
the T's and H's stand
as parallel monoliths
craving more sugar
than the recipe called for.

i may have to
end this now because
the further i travel
away from the initial
'I',
the further I leave
myself and this hazard
scrawl of poem.

TINY MEANING REVEALED

a tight rolled
circle of my wife's
pink panties
lie square on the edge of
our bath mat
while traces of new
shedding exist on unused
pads and thoughts
of my pending vas cut
go through my brain
i wonder
for one of the few times
in a while
if tomorrow will
be the finest
day yet,
or the end to what
all of us could call
a premature end
to a dance
we
want to be
wholly included within.

Us vs. Animal

regular wild animals
will last so much
longer than human
beings because they
don't carry the drama, smokes,
cognac bottle,
needles, guns, AIDS
and government lies that we have to.

remember the strength
of that zoo visit as
you peer into those
caged eye balls gleaming back,
or those ignoring
flanks of animal parts
living their simple lives
because they are the winners.

furthermore, the wildlife
shows merely illustrate all
the winners you laud in magazines, game shows,
lifetime achievement awards
and other academy awards as they
triumphantly waddle about
with beautiful ignorance as creatures that begrudgingly
may have to be reincarnated
into one of us someday.

Vibrant Conspirators

someone told me
recently about a
little chicken sized
conspiracy of jets
spraying dangerous toxins
into the air
from their tiny
white fingernail scratch across
the sky.

it was supposed to be
the government's covert,
dark coated way of
littering the population
with dangerous chemicals
to give us cancers
and hold the population
at bay.

and when i hear
these tiny gum droplets
of talk,
i wonder if the
government has finally
driven many folks mad
or if they are so mad
that their fake smiles,
and expensive ties
have all the sheep
meandering in a precise
line towards our
certain guillotine.

and even that i know
this tiny dust trail
could be littering all
of us with showers of
nasty fallout,
i look into the trail
with a different view now
knowing that
the older i get
both the truth
and the lie
are likely the same
3 sided cube.

wares of our lives

i find myself
looking at
silverware
sometimes for long
stretches.

of all the mouths
it has touched,
how many tongues
it's had to endure,
how many scoops of
food it has served,
how many teaspoons
of sugar it has
bestowed,
how many gulps of
medicine it has
surveyed,
how many different
dish soaps have
made it new,
and how many rust
spots that never
came to fruition.

and i fall in love
with silver,
and the job it does
all the time.

the silent, salient
heroes of the
kitchen drawer just
waiting to
be your best friend
for the duration of
a meal, or the
coaxing of a cold.

and as i stop
looking at the
silver stretch of
utilitarianism,

i listen for a

small whisper or a

faint voice
to possibly come
forth

because the
personality in a
spoon or fork
is about as thick
as a richly woven
character
in a morning
cartoon strip.

WELL, THERE IS NO FAIR REFORM

you start feeling the
sting of being a lawful,
tax paying, full-time worker in
America when you go to pay
for your groceries at the store
and some hispanic woman and
others from 'poverty' status
swipe an EBT card over hundreds of
dollars worth of groceries and their
totals just vanish like the 30 percent
from my invisible pay stub.

all these people are able bodied
and limber to work, but they
shop instead.

recently,
a woman had 12 cents remaining from
the explosion of her thunderous EBT swipe
eating my tax donation and she gave
a dumb look to the public crowd
while swimming through her dress pockets
with sun looking off into nothingness
as the cashier dug into her broken pocket
and gave her the rest of the allotted
pittance.

the welfare woman smiled,
meekly said something inaudibly faint,
and shuffled off with her quite obese frame
to the next lobster claw
dripping with free golden,
battered oil as the cost of
crude oil breaks my
rule abiding balls.

WHAT NEEDS TO BE SAVED

i wanna save my
miles boy from any
inadequacies that he might
have throughout this life
as the docs boil
over suppositions,
then i realize that he
has saved me.

he's a promised child,
and his beam of gap toothed
smiles is everything that
is normal about this world
as he pawns at the legs of
strange doctors attempting
to be important.

and when his drool litters
the front of his shirt like a
spilled cup of water,
i always realize that he's
the smartest person in the room
as we all sit ashamed in clothes
with our aged brains and
flimsy notions of justice.

miles boy just whalers about
with happy abandon as the chess match
moves forward and
in one huge moment of instant surprise,
he turns around with a beaming smile
and utters a loud, knowing sound
signaling that we are all
in check mate.

where's everyone slinking off to?

i find
myself staring
at all the faces
in passing cars
coming home from
work at night
wondering where
the hell they're
all going.

out for a beer?
picking up siblings?
to dig up the hidden treasure?
no where?
to oregon?
to kansas?
to another job?

and i wonder if
they wonder where i'm
going
or if wondering is worth
it all.

then,
i catch that one face,
with enough determination
to lead a fighting army,
and i'm snapped back down to
a song lyric or string
of words coming through my
headphones and
i simply forget that
the world is slipping around me
like a big stick
protruding out of a rushing river.

and at once,
the gentle glide of a
high flying bird
is much, much more
interesting than
anything remotely
human
going
by
in
a speedy
piece of colored metal.

wife poem

my wife just got her newly
published journal with her poem
in it yesterday and i was happier
than any poem i ever got published.

sure, she's been published
before, a much better poet
than i am, and has a master's
degree in the craft, but she
got in there and fought the
words well.

now, the city, and country get
roll into the collective
verve and meter of her life.

they get to see the woman i
married through their own
mental visage and experience
her breath in an invisible
pentameter that will only be
gustosed by a passing wind,
if lucky.

but i get to hold her ungloved
hand as she peers wide eyed
through her dark sun glass
bulbs into my whole face
with that tiny smile of
knowing that her poetry is
next to her in hand and
stroller and walking in
front of her as the world
tries to penetrate ever
so slight
and persistent.

WINNING VIETNAM

for the first
time ever,
i had a vietnam veteran
neighbor tell me that we would
have won the vietnam conflict if the
peace protestors
back in the US wouldn't have been so powerful
and pesky.

he continued forth with his combat boots
that we were several big conflicts away from
shutting down the enemy and coming home victorious.

with whiskied breath and done with my
venom against the current lot of crooks running
this country,
he continued that the same could happen
with the war in iraq.

while the explosions of another 4th of july
careened over both of our
eager american ear drums,
i neglected to ask him about all the living
veterans that contribute will to this society
instead of coming home in body bags for a war
that would have never been won.

and i think about the other 2004 political candidate,
john kerry,
and how his surviving the losing vietnam war
would have been a shame if he wouldn't have
taken on the colossal loser known as
our current president leading us into
another useless vietnam.

wrong call donnie

i got into work
several monday's back
to have seven messages on
via my red light on my phone.

in this new digital age,
i hardly get 7 messages in
one week.

the first message was from
some correctional prison
in kansas.

the operator was going through
a pre-ordained recording,
then the inmate said his name
with the rustle and clack of
prison commotion in the background,
he said 'DONNIE'

as the operator continued her
request to accept this phone call
into the analog void,
i deleted the message.

the next one was donnie with
the operator again.

and call 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7 were
the same way.

i figured the 7 would be a pleading
from donnie as his weekly allotment of
calls went wasted on the wrong number,
to some dude working for the school district.

to this day, i keep getting messages
with long stretches of silence as it
takes donnie longer than most people
to figure out that he's called the wrong
number.

it might be why he's in jail.

and for just once,
i want to pick up that phone
and tell donnie to call another combination
of numerals because he's wasting all
his time looking for his girl as i
hit the delete button once again
on another call, another jailed day for donnie.

YEARS

coming up on a year
that last year happened
as the distance between planets
shrink like cotton in a hot dryer
and the re-sellability of last year
will be a dollar a day and when
we collect the \$365 allotted to us,
we will try to
release these memories to you as this year becomes
a moment no one will trace in for
any mound of sweat.

your horseshoe ambitions

rattle around the coffee can of my morning
that gave me enough cotton around
my heels to leave the house.

the horseshoe dreams crash around
my fan blades like a trapped bird
looking to find a double doored
cage to set fire to.

all the horseshoe aspirations that ruck
around your nostril hairs are the sum
accumulation of the things you have smelt,
but refused to be a part of your vision.

your right side up horseshoe floats
around the open archway like a mistletoe
looking for the end of december to
arrive on a blank calendar.

AFRICAN MYSTERY

without spending
many hours trying to
put together the facts,
how can so many people in africa
continually die through
hunger, genocide and disease
on such a huge,
defeating way?

year after year,
the UN, US, celebrities, and the lot
have to intervene to help save the
smallest soul and biggest man in
their dark african skins.

it makes no sense.

how can these governmental factions
in africa allow it?

they always looked well fed and groomed
with their loafers, military medals and
tightly woven afros,
but all their people are dying in miserable
conditions.

the story of africa is the
mesmerizing notion that
history teachers us
very little
and the notion of human governments as
kind beacons is flimsy.

ali

i'm officially
2 degrees away
from muhammad ali
because of some teacher
at a school i visit
as the bumblebee i
saw the other day
in the garage was
big, and robust enough
to tear through a
butterfly
and today it's going
to be a record april
high of 89 degrees
as the boxer
enters the ring
and
gods leave for
spring break.

ANIMAL IMMIGRATION

our house has
become a smuggling point for
cats,
as my dreams recount.

in through the dryer vent,
out of mexico,
into the US as the border control
dogs prowl and
itch their inner ears as though the
infections are coming
while the rats plan for their
next pig vacation to Canada
which just happens to be
above ground
and right down the street.

ANTI-TRAGIC

when i hear
tragic,
i think that beauty
is tragic,
thus this life is
tragic.

smashed into the
biological differences
and sociological squabbles,
we are all augmented to
rely on the brain to get
us over the pimple,
or under the mump.

and as the tragedy
takes on a flower in a
wrestling match of wit,
you can guarantee that
both will get entangled
in a blur of speed that
any final result will
be of both squibbed like
a smashed packet of mustard and
ketchup all over the
street just drying for the next
pair of eyes to decipher.

attentive poem

i fear i don't give
you enough attention
as stacks of pages flit
over the
hungry winds like
lost music the world
was to hear for the
healing to
begin.

i'm not so sure i have
spent enough time with
you all as the smell of
paint fumes and baby
spit fill my laundry
basket below our covered feet.

i am beginning to think
that you may need me
to personally pen these
words onto a page
just so that you
can fulfill your
empirical twitch to
confirm
everything and
deny something.

here in the beginning
of nothing we stand
like a satchel of
wooden gods
wondering where the
carver went for lunch,
and i believe i can give you
the attention you
deserve if you can
define the next
moment along this

trail of hot dogs
and napkin rolls.

birds of moon harbor

the brown hawk
on a neighboring
telephone pole
stares at two
friend crows
on their own
utility pole
across the street.

racked with
beaks of potential,
the wind races
over my human
eye balls
wondering if
the 2 against
one will work
in this scenario.

can the lone hawk
steal the ire of
the crow's pole
and run away with the
folly of another
fading day of sunlight?

or will the crows
wake up the
scarecrows with
a pair of harrow
screeches
to end the day on
a high note.

after a stretch
of toiling in my
own soup, i lost
track of all
3 birds as
they went on to
battle, or barter
another stick for
a nest to be made.

either way, the
only thing that
remains are the
poles carrying
electricity to my
silent machine much
more silent and
less exciting that

the lost birds of
moon harbor.

BOOK WIFE

i always wanted to marry
a woman that was well read and
still reads quit a bit
and my dream bucket was
heaped with
so many covers, spines, words,
ink and pulp that i have
no idea where i'm supposed to begin.

my caroline has read everything
printed - classics, suspense, crime,
law, murder, non-fiction, bios -
it goes on -

she divulges books as most do
food in an all you can eat buffet.

done with books in days and my paltry
read sits like a convicted criminal waiting for
retrial.

as the books melt into the sap of our
existence, i don't know what
to say to someone that asks if m y
wife reads.

i go blank for all the fullness
as another book slips from her
powdered, perfumed hand
into the proverbial 'read' pile.

chocolate city king

some guy with a loud,
brightly colored
chocolate city shirt
was taking up two lanes
at the meager spaced gas
pump at the 7-11.

as i yanked my car in,
trying to fit my needle through
the tiny slip of thread,
i snorted under my hot breath,
and came up to the pump cockeyed,
ready to illustrate the
idiocy of this gas starved
stranger.

as i hopped out and
pulled the golden horn to
my car hole,
he yells over,
'THIS MUST BE THE ONLY
CAR IN THE WORLD WITH A GAS
CAP ON THE RIGHT SIDE.'

i stopped,
looked around
and gave him a polite laugh.

he was tossing out a veiled
excuse as others looked on
in befuddlement,
and i went on ahead and winced
at the rising price of gas.

with that in mind,
his hogging both pumps didn't
seem that bad
as my dollar amount went
past 30 and i thought
i'd like to ramrod OPEC
for hogging all our money.

again,
all i never really wanted
to learn came to me
through a benign visit
to the gas pump.

cold goblin gone

i got a note the other day on the internet from a kid we used to drink with named 'goblin boy'.

he was the one that would eat a fist of habaneras and wash it down with a bottle of Tabasco.

he was the one that would rubber mallet a package of big thumb tacks to his inner thigh out of boredom, and looking for a laugh.

he had the look in his eye that could tame a wild cougar looking for a steady diet of human meat.

and he now lives on the outer rim of Antarctica, while his profession stays a mystery.

we are linked because of the one teacher in 8th grade that all guys had to shift in their seats to look at as we plodded over the algebraic solutions that most have since forgotten.

her name was mrs. james.

one day over a string of coffee cups we talked about this teacher and how she was a delicious break in our puberty addled junior high days.

it was the brightest i saw this dark, yet courageous kid glow under those dirty yellow bulbs of a suburban coffeehouse.

a week or so after we talked about this, he came up to me somewhere and shook my hand with a hearty thanks.

our talk, and junior high rehashings saved him from having a bad acid trip

the night after he left his coffee mug.

it was all in a days work as i look at
the image of him all alone there on
the Antarctic ice breathing gulps of
cold air all alone as if under a newer,
more clean source of yellowed light living in Antarctica

Colossal Gush

one
afternoon
while going to the store,
or somewhere to eat,
my wife and i saw
a big water main break
in the park jutting out
enormous gusts of
water.

like an elephant trunk
telling the world
that water is good,
and sunlight is the reason
why we remain alive.

and for that brief moment
of chaotic gushing,
i felt at ease from
newness of fatherhood,
husbandry, politics
and the lack of
good clean water.

CONSTANT MOTION

when the notion of everything
in around us constantly moves,
never stops,
always changes from one moment to another,
i think about my 19-month old boy,
or 8-year old son
constantly moving.

several weeks ago,
while holding my baby or lying next to my older boy
i noticed that they never stopped moving.

whether they itched their face,
moved their foot,
wiggled their fingers,
flipped their heads up briefly,
grabbed at something,
jostled something else,
or blinked really hard,
they didn't stop moving for
one moment and it was amazing.

like a thousand daffodil heads in a field
moving in random,
chaotic movements as the petals,
pistols,
and stems raced to the next moment as if
the prior moment just wasn't enough
to satiate their cup of active atoms.

and as these kids move more in 10 minutes
than most human adults do in a fortnight,
i'm reassured that
evolution is the most powerful
thing that humans have
ever discovered.

current state of friendship

my
old
friends
know
current
rock
stars
and
anymore
that's
about
as
interesting
as
a
used,
wet
paper
bag
stuck
to
the
top
of
a
shiny,
black
limousine.

dangerous bulbs of radishes

explode over my
skins like gorged
beets as the trolloping
elves that carry
my past away piece by piece are
thinking about
when their fruits
of labor
will finally come to fruition
and carry
them on into the future.

DAYS GONE

day confusion has
settled in so bad
that i may never
pay my bills on time
again
and the appointments
will just be toy darts
in a treasure chest i won't
know how to cash.

so as my confusion widens,
i may just start making up names for my days,
develop my own calendar
and melt into something more
significant than following the orders
of an old haggard
timeline.

dead robin bird

the sight of a
dead robin in
the road is
about as backwards
to me as a rhino
outpacing a leopard.

it's a sight
that shouldn't
be played out
in a busy roadway,
but it shows that there is as
much slowness as their is quickness.

what kind of diet
was that bird on?

did he get a hold
of a buck of saturated
fat and peck his beak
in a puddle of mountain dew?

was it a bad worm?

or was he just the
slow bird?

i honor of this bird,
i swerved hard out
of the way and gave
him the name of 'duke daring'
as the swirl of
summer dandelion
spores usher us all to another living moment.

dry living

i enjoy
the cactus family
and beta fish clan
because they are
the most water frugal
things on earth,
next to the humped camel.

but,
i'm a bit uneasy around them
because i'm so full of water,
and use water like a hippo
bathing in a big zoo pool.

we have an understanding,
though.

i give the fish all the food
his tiny rotating mouth needs,
and toss the cacti in my life
towards the sunlight.

their tall appetites for food
are equaled to my daily
toil to keep my body washed with
cool, clean water.

and together,
with our skin, pricks, and fins,
we all strive one more day forward
to fight off the
dull, dull dry spells.

Elton John

the one musician
that looks as though
he has the most cash out of
everyone and
could afford some
cosmetic,
surgical help
is elton john
and as the years
easily fly away,
he gets
worse looking.

fighting for something

generations of
shifty kids looking
to fight something
more than the bully on a suburban playground
with all their volcanic
angst have found it in 2006 america.

in beautiful afghanistan
or exotic iraq, and maybe
soon the hot erotica of iran, one can journey
with gun in hand.

fighting to keep king
george and his pals in
the upper tax brackets
as the planes of 9/11 haunt

the newborns of 2001,
the kids take it on the chin.

the tune of vietnam
that won't end and the
shadow of korea blaring though

the journalist's dark 1
windowed office for a
memory to be recalculated.

the halls of current
military uniform remind
me of bright oranged
fatigues worn by inmates,
except the soldier as admitted themselves into

this prison as the spiked
republican regime sleeps
comfortable on white
starched sheets tonight.

thanks to all the kids that
are gutsy enough to face the
bullets, bombs

and depravity of war, i'm

just the lone kid with a us flag on his home
and a white kerchief in his
front pocket hoping that death
isn't the end
and tomorrow will finally
be acknowledged as forever.

FRIENDS

it's a fight
to keep up with
people
and the older you get,
the younger some
get until they resemble
mucus sacks of
embryo's flitting
into the wired glue
of a long lost
bottle of adhesive
holding everyone

apart.

gary mullet

a local realtor guy
in the neighborhood
needs to get a different
handle or trim his legal
rights to a new name.

his handle is gary mullet
and he sells homes in the
name of god's new
militant christian army
in south kc.

the plain, unassuming, not
ugly home has been on the
market so long that
gary's mullet has to be
close to his anklets as the sun
lashes down on
his maroon, blood red sign
like a sign of something
amiss in the next
june jet stream.

and no one is ever out in
front of the house except
for new recruits to
this god's army aimlessly
walking by with wobbly gait, and not
recognizing the silent,
loud comedy of such a name
screaming to
conversing traffic.

there lies gary mullet
in a head of hair we can
all guess at while the
white washed sounds of
quiet riot rise and the empty
vodka bottle of
yesterday merely becomes
a vessel for this tiny
message gary will never
get.

goose belly

the white underbellies
of a straight line of flying geese
through my moon roof
is enough to make the sun
not all that important anymore.

they're precise flow of wings,
and allegiance carry the sky's blue,
and cottony clouds along their
strong wing feathers.

looking like they are going to
dine at some restaurant south,
they have that distinct forward
progress that could teach us all
a little something about finishing
something before it's not done.

and as i think about their fading
wings from my view,
i throw my eyes quickly forward
to see the green light ahead and
concentrate on the slight arc
that i'm going to make through
the intersection.

all delicate,
and strangely hazardous
like the arrow of a morning
goose migration.

gravy on everything

i have added something
else to my sprawling list
of desires in this world
and it's to have gravy on
everything.

i don't want much.

don't need much, but i do desire gravy.

buckets of golden,
metaphorical, delicious,
potato staining gravy.

all over my wife's shoes,
my sons winter gloves,
my 8-year olds game
console,
my toothbrush,
my father's diabetic needle,
my mother's english
bulldog's dry nose,
my brother's two kids,
my cats constricted eye balls,
and all over the morning
streets i drive to make
some more money that
will be dutifully spent.

heaps and heaps,
never ending in a torrent
of metaphoric glory in a
thundercloud as big as
god's knee cap.

dumped all over the earth
like that sherwin williams
logo to litter this
planet with the right trash
for everyone to dip their
tiny fingers in and
marvel.

hairy question

the one big question
i will have for
god when and
if i get the chance to hold some
serious council
with him is why do
we have to have
so much hair around our genitals.

huge tufts of thick,
wiry hair protecting
us from the perils
of the rest of our mainly
hairless bodies
has always eluded me.

i cannot grow
hair on the contours
of my face to feign
a decent beard, but i have to
harbor enough
hair downstairs to
mimic a good 70's afro.

it seems like an excessive
waste of hair as our genitals
hide behind forests of thick brush
to be approached by a
hairless hand or an intimate opposing genital for
some quality time.

here's to all the
brave clippers, razors and
waxes that have kept the downstairs free of
too much clutter for
all the years of our
hairy human stay.

HARDER THAN FIGHTING

i've laid down my arms
because the fight is
illegal and the only barter
to be gained is another
scar covered by a bruise as the
retired general shouts into a
bullhorn at my ear drums as though
i'm a hack in a fast food lane speaker,
and as the breath exhales for the
90th time this morning,
i see the wet on my wife's eye balls
and my son's tongue as though
it will be dew waiting to
greet me with something more
powerful than a blistering
fist fight.