



**joefiles 103**

everything has been collected

## HUNG OVER LIGHTNING BUG

as i lurched my hand  
towards the lunchtime door handle,  
i noticed a lightning bug just  
hanging to the metal of the  
outer door  
not moving.

it had to be exhausted from all that  
honking of its yellowish green light,  
and rapid bug movements through the air.

dang bug couldn't even take his  
lunch break after a hard night.

clinging onto the rail with a nasty  
morning hangover that won't leave  
his tiny insect exoskeleton.

i sure know that if i had to fly around the neighborhood,  
and further,  
honking my ass about in bright colors  
i would feel pelted and burned like  
this tiny light bug  
just waiting for the burn to come back  
as the day wears into more day.

## **i am a zoo.**

i have eaten the lion.

devoured the hippo.

swallowed the giraffe.

bitten the head off a tiger.

snarfed the zebra.

and it all took me  
less than 10 minutes without  
any blood to spare.

and as the crumbs of these  
cookies crumbled down my shirt front,  
over the mouth of my son,  
and over my wife's teeth,  
i realized that we are all the zoo  
as the jungle burp awaits  
the clink of the zookeepers  
final twist of the  
cookie  
key.

**i keep losing my  
fucking place in the story.**

it doesn't end.

i cannot get off page 6.

and when i do,  
i get stuck on 13.

then,  
on 34.

and it happens over and over like  
this.

once i finally throw the book  
to the floor,  
the slight opening of the book  
laughs at me like a hyena that  
just killed all the other  
pages  
in  
it's ardor to  
derail my  
pursuit to find  
the future in  
a  
simple,  
little  
read.

## **it's horrible how people have to rediscover love.**

not that they lose it,  
but they have to unearth it at times  
as though it was a bit of treasure rashed out  
to sea and burroughed beneath other memories  
and needs.

painted on the faces of marriage counseling ads  
and other colored announcements of getting connected again.

the best,  
and most cruel thing about the love ride  
is that you have to lose that slab of  
pheromone emotives and at any point down the  
line you have to pick them back up.

i love, love and love the most amazing caroline  
love of my life,  
but the tendrils of life sink in and  
a  
hug  
in  
the hallway  
on  
the way  
to something that requires  
you  
like  
a  
needing  
child  
is  
just the way that it is,  
and in  
all it's beauty,  
and ugliness,  
i take it in as something  
i want to cage,  
sequester and figure  
so  
that  
i won't have to figure it out again.

## jinxing

it  
was suggested yesterday  
that i may have a jinx,  
or bad skid of luck  
barreling down my  
periscope and no directive  
on how to escape it.

as the sound of moby's 'alone'  
goes ambling about looking for  
company,  
i have never felt so alone  
as we tear through the  
leaflet of this existence  
finding nothing more than  
a memory and lightly scented aphorism.

there were dreams last night  
of long lost friends calling to meet up  
with me for a minute,  
and there was the image of our zen boy  
looking out the side window with a  
patch over his eye at the man  
in front of the abortion clinic  
walking calmly with a blasted fetus  
on his paper billboard.

and as our miles boy gets ready to  
do his therapy for delays in his  
development,  
i wonder how things come down to  
this as the water glass remains half  
full for me to sprinkle  
the flame of hades that wants  
to suck me under and whisper more  
secrets into my annilated brain  
waiting for  
the charades of  
mirror  
to return to his hardened  
water state  
once  
again.

## **kindred blast**

when i think  
i cannot look at another  
anonymous face blasting by  
me on the roadway,  
i see the flashing lights  
of a passing car,  
and all i remember is that they  
were a dark outline.

kind of like comic book  
outline of the hero before  
the illustrator plops  
the swaths of color to make  
them flexible,  
bold,  
breathing,  
and ready to  
comb their super hair.

and this car saved me  
from getting a ticket  
as my speedometer went down  
about 15 MPH instantly.

as i adjusted the  
rear view mirror to  
see what kind of car  
this anonymous hero  
was driving,  
i couldn't quite make it out  
and have now all but lost  
memory of its color.

this while the blasts  
of anonymous faces like  
headlights went over my  
eyes more,  
and instantly i wasn't done  
with people like i thought  
as the hero kept flickering their  
lights to more people  
for the benefit of  
everyone with a first name.

## learn your words well

if  
you  
had  
to  
follow  
an  
average  
person  
around  
all  
day  
and  
record  
every  
word  
they  
had  
muttered  
then  
maybe  
you  
would  
be  
more  
careful  
afterwards  
in  
what  
you  
mutter.

## liquor marketing

my favorite ironical  
twirl is the bright,  
smooth,  
creamy,  
sensual,  
lovely,  
daring,  
hip,  
and all at once utterly cool  
beer and liquor ads  
that shout 'BUY THE FUCK OUT OF ME'  
and then  
drink,  
fuck,  
run,  
laugh,  
fuck some more,  
and drink all of it,  
but - oh,  
please  
drink responsibly.

instead,  
the ending should be replaced  
with a  
very small  
fonted  
'puke respectably'.

## LOCUST DANCE

not sure what it is with  
these locusts this year,  
but they are swarming like  
ants after a summer watermelon slice.

they are deafening at night,  
and swallow up all other ambient sounds about  
in a jet blast of chaos.

in the morning they smack my legs and arms  
with their hungover gesture at finding  
a new tree branch to lie for a minute longer.

there are shells everywhere like a halloween  
exoskeleton museum is our  
world around us.

their stuck on slides,  
clothes,  
the grass,  
errant pieces of trash on the ground,  
and in my brain with the tiphony of tinnitus  
that won't leave me.

and the most any of us can do is thank them  
for the lack of other bugs that may naw  
away at our flesh and brains during  
this heavy sweat roll of late summer  
as the rumor of winter just  
jammed into my ear drums  
and all i hear is a small,  
tiny minute of silence  
as a lazy house fly sketches across my  
eye sight in  
an instant  
flash.

## **my brain**

of imaginary myopic  
bus stops as the kids  
yearn for more,  
the wife needs a hot tub,  
the cars probably need new tires,  
the environment still smells new,  
the socks still have thread,  
and the neighborhood dogs how at the  
passing cop sirens  
that remind us all that the world  
is about as safe as it is dangerous.

## **new ball competition**

i  
know  
it  
sounds  
very  
unintelligent,  
trite,  
insignificant,  
and such,  
but when  
i see  
shows that  
have  
air guitar  
competitions,  
rock-paper-scissor matches,  
mini-golf championships,  
hot dog gorging contests,  
i start  
convincing myself that  
ball scratching could be a  
well oiled,  
and timed event that  
could pull  
as much  
or  
more audience viewers  
as the other  
odd ball  
competitions.

## numb knuckles

the point has  
come that if anything else  
sordid or bad happens,  
it will just make everything  
a bit more numb.

life could become more comical  
by virtue of the fact  
that the seriousness cannot  
be taken to heart anymore.

just a lowly skipper on the  
concrete waves figuring  
there should be land with food and  
drink soon,  
but instead the phone rings again  
and the smell of hospital walls  
comes charging again.

or it could be watching your young  
son get blood drawn by an inept  
young nurse that supposedly  
'knows what it's like'  
and as i blasted her out of the room  
for better health care,  
i realize that very simple  
notion of health care that  
has kept me sane and out of  
hospitals for years.

the best health care  
is always provided by  
one's own self.

the collective god complex  
on holiday,  
i just waiting in the waiting  
room with money enough for a lollipop,  
but funds enough for a bugle.

## old men and women

i always look extra  
long and hard  
into the eyes of a determined old  
woman and wonder  
if they still love their  
husbands.

whether they are still  
alive or long gone,  
i wonder if that twinkle is  
from the man that came through like  
a depression era wind and sucked them  
off their aprons.

i wonder if all the tending,  
washing, cooking, servitude  
didn't kill their will and the  
passion in their eyes are for  
other dreams other than their men.

do the old women love their men?

as with all the other mysteries  
that criss crag through a woman's intricately  
woven synapses,  
i have to wonder.

and if you can figure it out,  
you make have opened another huge, metal  
door into love's sacred inner flame  
barely licking the humid air.

## **PENS**

when i  
get down  
to  
the point at  
the end of the  
day,  
i'm  
just glad  
i  
got  
a  
free  
fucking  
pen  
out  
of  
the deal.

## **PLANET OF THE NAPES**

if hollywood  
mistakenly decides  
to make a sequel to  
'THE PLANET OF THE APES'  
i think  
it should be called  
'APES RELOADED: PLANET OF THE NAPES'

and it's just a bunch of people  
glorifying the napes of their  
neck.

in fact,  
their napes will have tiny  
piranha teeth and  
will make people attack  
each other with  
fierce determination.

people will fight with  
their napes  
as naw away at  
the enemy.

## **poop plugs**

i have developed  
into a huge proponent  
of optional ear plugs  
in all bathroom stalls  
around  
the US,  
and world.

they would be  
soft,  
inviting,  
and yellow for weak eyes  
to pluck.

this way,  
you don't have to listen  
to all the crap  
some shithead has to offer  
his or her stool.

just the silence of  
your own brain,  
and the mumbling of your own  
bowels.

next,  
i'm going to find out  
a way to  
get non-invasive,  
brown,  
nose plugs.

all in the pursuit  
of more pleasant  
public pooping and peeing  
for everyone.

## rag tag dog hero

there's a small  
shack, rag tag home  
on the corner of a busy intersection  
i move by daily.

there's bright,  
neon chairs on the  
front stoop,  
plastic on all windows,  
plastic flowers tacked onto windows,  
torn siding,  
broken cars,  
dirt drive,  
and the image of several big women  
smoking out front as the children  
race towards another future  
as the smoke wafts over the  
passing mass of cars going  
away from these tiny kid's futures.

along this way,  
i also notice a floppy eared black  
dog that lazily swallows up the best  
of life in the back yard.

from side to side,  
around a bowl  
and over the bone in the moon,  
he redeems everything about this house  
that sits about waiting for child services  
to come by for a visit.

but the dog in the back is  
clearly the genius  
as another round of monthly bills  
are miraculously  
paid late at the anonymous house  
on the corner.

## **Reality #148,978**

in  
all  
reality,  
i  
realize  
that  
we  
ultimately  
amount  
to  
one  
click  
above  
absolute  
nothingness.

## SACRED LIBRARY ILK

i'm beginning to  
love the library workers  
about as much as my  
book,  
media  
selections lately  
as i make my weekly pilgrimage  
to the local library.

it's been about two years  
that i have gotten syrupy with the  
current staff,  
and there's one man that  
takes the flag for the highest  
waving worker on the floor.

not sure his name,  
but he always has bad timing  
and talks way too loud  
for the peculiar silence  
that always penetrates the  
halls of historical knowledge.

he gushes as the number of holds i have,  
comments on my mood when sifting through  
the materials i check out,  
and makes unrelenting comments to my  
20-month old that never emits a  
single, solitary response.

the other day was the best.

as i waltzed up to the counter  
with my boy in arm,  
it was an unrelentingly quiet  
day like i have seldom seen,  
when he shouts,  
'HI SIR, HOW MAY I HELP YOU TODAY AT THE LIBRARY?'

after his long, loud splash into  
the quiet,  
heads began moving from quite computer terminals,  
as i almost whisper back,  
'I HAVE SOME STUFF ON HOLD'

from there,  
he takes about 5 minutes while looking  
in the wrong alphabetic section,  
which i almost yelled that he was looking in the  
wrong section,  
but didn't want to further break the invisible  
water of our library silence.

finally,  
he trudges back with a stack of books,  
slams them down on the counter,  
heads turn again,  
and says loudly while my son begins wiggling  
and making gurgling baby sounds,  
'UH, YOU HAVE SOME LATE FEE FINES, YOU WANNA PAY FOR THEM TODAY.'

i tell him 'no'  
as he begins telling me the titles  
of the books,  
and i stop him after the second book title,  
which was Mary Leyner's  
'WHY DO MEN HAVE NIPPLES'

from there,  
he apologized  
for taking so long,  
shouts a hearty good-bye  
as i leave wondering  
why do men really need nipples?

## **save the crazy**

i have found that the  
jovial crazy people  
keep me grounded in the  
terse,  
and often fake universe of  
bastardized knowledge.

i spent 3 hours of my  
day today at a computing conference  
listening to a professor from  
the university of michigan wave,  
rant and espouse his views on  
technology as though jolted by lewis black  
and santa claus during the lean months.

he talked about teacher google founder  
larry page,  
and the kid that invented the ipod,  
but his thrust was a huge cup of  
geniuses.

he did what he did.

treated me and my wandering question  
with intelligence and wit.

and it restored my flame  
that all is not hopeless.

he was a crazy,  
insane,  
perfectly happy man  
that wears most people out,  
but redeems the dirty laundry without  
having to clean it.

we need more fuckknocks like  
elliot from michigan shouting,  
ranting,  
raving,  
screaming,  
indulging,  
and making this life  
much more than some  
silent herd of faces waiting  
to be inspired by  
something barely audible.

## SECRETS TO PROPAGATING THE HUMAN RACE

now that  
my wife and i  
are on the border of  
sanity's flimsy  
runway,  
i hear that it's  
real hard  
to have  
and raise kids.

the whole time  
we were in the  
pregnancy  
zone,  
the world sifted  
in a memorable stillness  
as everyone congratulated  
and sang eternal phrases  
on the beauty  
of raising kids.

no one let one  
that it was gonna  
be the amount of  
sacrifice,  
sleep loss,  
and the like,  
instead,  
they just smiled and waved.

that's what you have  
to do though,  
or you would scare the  
human race into extinction.

i realize now that everyone  
who had kids harbored  
that slight twinge of insanity  
in their eye balls  
and hid it well as to knock  
knock the shit out of my  
optimistic wind.

and now as the  
barrel gains steam  
and we all grow older,  
i wouldn't move back in  
time,  
i would just be more  
forthright with those  
that isn't sure what  
contraceptive to use  
or if they

are the types that should  
bring another life  
into this  
big,  
wide,  
filling  
world.

## secular bible study

as the holy bible  
sits spit open on the paisley  
hotel bed on the second page of  
revelations,  
i wonder about the life  
my miles boy will have as  
he gets visited by a battery of  
therapists wondering agape  
as to why he isn't walking or talking.

and i do the same.

and my wife does the same.

all the while  
israel rains terror down  
upon terrorists  
and the dust of a jesus casket  
rocks the baby basket into a  
small murmur we hear worldwide  
and i forget about the medical limitations  
as my miracle boy miles smiles  
a thousand slivers of hope  
to light the darkest reaches of  
any diagnoses.

with the flaring red cover  
of the Gideon's best just  
waiting to be jostled by  
living fingers,  
i peer over to its spine  
and wonder of the backbone  
of it all.

with it rain fire.

can frogs come tumbling down again.

where are all the old friends at.

how hopeful thorns can be in historical context.

i close my eyes  
as the wonder of our ignorance  
as the governments ponder  
this grand amusement park that  
means something different to  
each and every one of us.

## SMALL FAMILY TRIPS

at times when  
my mind boards in translucent  
afternoon daydream trian,  
i flop around with untold memories  
of my father's early life,  
my unheard from cousins in NYC,  
my lost & angry aunt colleen,  
my cool & ambiguous uncle rico  
and all the unknown familial voices that come  
from the tiny block of land called babylon in  
long island, ny.

at other times,  
i hop on the long, shiny  
and barely visible plane to fly  
through the clouds of my mother's  
lack of family,  
her alcoholic father that gave up  
when she was a girl  
and her cancer addled mother that died  
after getting her dress caught on fire  
in a freak stove lighting accident.

and as i sift through the  
papers of these people and sparse memories  
that has been verbalized to me over the years,  
they all make the best of a fictional book  
that could be plucked like a free lunch off  
book shelves in your favorite paper shop.

now that i'm a grown man with a family  
of my own,  
i try without trying to open the impossible  
mayonnaise jar when speaking about my familial  
history,  
but it's an unrelenting feat  
as the crickets crow and the ghost clamor  
around our wooden floors.

then,  
i suddenly snap out of my small daydream on  
my train and plane to see the fogged over windows  
with multitudes of fingerprints all over the windows  
with their circle outlines,  
defined lines,  
and think for a moment that they all look so familiar,  
yet they could be anyone's  
brief imprint waiting for  
the approaching evaporation  
to  
arrive.

## **spray the republican way**

come on,  
let's do it,  
it's the new republican way.

get a whole bunch of  
rich politically connected  
old men,  
get twisted in drink,  
rife with hunting regalia,  
grab some guns,  
and go hunting.

then,  
in your abject attempt to shoot something  
barely 10 inches long,  
you shoot the big bulbous head of a  
friend and  
blame it on him.

sure,  
go ahead,  
it's fun.

you'll win points with all those  
current politicians  
that were staring down your weenie  
in the high school shower stalls  
wondering how they would get back at everyone  
for the cruelty fate gave them  
to not be with the 'in' crowd.

sure,  
shoot more than one friend.

come on,  
you can do it,  
you can be as negligent as our  
sloppy vice prez.

## SPREADING DARKNESS

there's a woman  
i work with who is in her 50's  
and hates her four grown kids.

i asked her today if i could  
use her as a character in a book  
i would like to write some day  
and she said,  
'sure, and i wouldn't have married  
my husband if i could go back in time.'

and as the tech phone rang  
and she continued to help folks figure  
out their problems,  
and provide antidotes,  
i went on my shuffled way into  
my next wrangle of moments.

some hours later,  
i went up to her for a question  
and she looked like she was on the verge  
of tearing up as if  
the movie wasn't going to pause during the  
crucial moment.

she simply said,  
'are you ready?'

and before i could ready myself,  
she stuck her tongue out and there  
was a huge black spot growing  
on the side of her tongue.

confused,  
and trapped in a bubble of loneliness,  
i told her it would be fine,  
doctors always cure shit like that.

she just shook her head,  
loaded up her purse,  
and went out the door with her  
disdain for her kids,  
and package of regret dangling invisibly  
at her feet.

and the whole reason why this is important  
is because you would never expect a woman  
like this could harbor ill will towards her own,  
but she does,  
and it's like that with many others i know.

the book jacket is a funny anecdote,  
as the horses rail over the ground

in a glint of black shadow riding  
towards the next soul to heal  
as the door closes on this woman's  
mid morning exit.

## SUMMER CRY BABY

i relish the summer months  
because i finally get to cry  
without quivering lip  
or red eye lids.

it bleeds from my pores as  
i press on in the garage under  
a tool or paint brush,  
and it drapes me like a hot shower  
reminding me of how the desert must  
feel like any time of the year.

and as this summer bears down with  
it's turn after turn of  
luck's brunt deal,  
i cry from my pores as my red cheeks  
soak up another gulp of air that will  
hopefully be the miracle the neighbors have  
been looking for during  
fall's absence.

and as my clothes get ruined by  
the cups of waste seeping from my  
pores,  
i find that my tears  
shun all the new tissues that could  
absorb our collective pain,  
and figure it's better on my clothes  
because it's a fitting reminder  
when i do the laundry that  
i do have a good cry every once in a while  
even if it's  
under the  
sad,  
honest cloak  
of  
pure  
denial.

# TALENTLESS

if  
you  
want  
to  
know  
something  
contrary  
to  
popular  
thought,  
then  
think  
about  
this:

EACH  
&  
EVERY  
BIT  
OF  
TALENT  
IN  
EVERYONE  
AND  
EVERYWHERE  
IS  
REALLY  
JUST  
LUCK  
AND  
IF  
YOU  
DON'T  
BELIEVE  
THAT,  
THEN  
ASK  
GOD  
WHAT  
WAR  
IS  
GOING  
TO  
END  
THIS  
TINY  
HUMAN  
EXPERIMENT  
WE  
CALL  
COLLECTIVELY  
COLLECTING  
MEMORIES.

## **the innards of a vortex i cannot describe**

is happening now  
as we get ready to  
take our 8-year old  
to surgery on his broken eye,  
prepare to meet therapists  
about our 20-month old son,  
see a sad bank account,  
deal with an insane ex-husband,  
watch the dwindling account of  
america flit under the bush,  
eat more morsels of home time  
as vacation fades further into  
obscure fiction,  
listen to the cats fight out back  
as the urine soiled towel lean hard  
on our floors,  
and all at once i have forgotten where  
i was going with this and  
instantly realized that this is not a fair  
poem to subject onto you  
and then i realize further that  
life is not fair,  
but that's not fair for me to say  
because there is beauty beneath the  
tragedy and tragedy is only  
hard because you have once felt  
what perfection could feel like  
and as we protect our balls,  
ovaries, feets, heads, ears from  
what we think will harm as  
the referee blows a loud whistle  
ending this wobbly poem leaping over  
the side of a mountain range,  
with such serene precision and  
calm air swirling amid the  
next fall ...

## **the last bird in a group**

isn't the weakest  
loop in the chain.

this bird is made of might,  
the kid in the back of the class  
taking notes,  
checking out the landscape,  
and perpetually keeping  
it's eye on all quadrants of action.

and as this bird teeters about  
like a lost french fry on the floor,  
it does this on purpose so that the  
other birds don't bother him.

but when the day comes for some  
advancement,  
this bird is gonna open that tiny  
wise eye and soar in ways  
that the gods with shift up on their  
hands to watch.

and as this bird fully evaporates from  
my sight,  
i look down at my palms and wonder  
how i could fly  
if it weren't for my  
heavy feet.

## **the ultimate dreamer club**

would be a group  
of folks that  
would meet to promote  
the furtherance of procrastination  
in some abandoned bingo hall.

and in the process,  
they would blatantly avoid following  
their dreams.

in the meantime,  
they would surf the web and  
openly talk about what they were never  
going to pursue and why and how  
and research these broken dreams on  
the web.

in the process,  
they would accidentally find their  
dreams of finding camaraderie and outreach  
with fellow dreamlessers.

in the end,  
the ultimate twist of irony would  
fall into their liquor cup.

they would achieve a level of  
dreams come true that the  
'regular' societal's dream come true's  
could  
never,  
ever achieve.

## **tiny hotel**

crisp white sheets,  
stuck in some forest in the middle of missouri,  
used pocket sheets of paper,  
light strewn about the floor,  
sun errantly flickering on walls,  
reflections everywhere,  
the whiskey has escaped a barrels invasion,  
and i lie here as though  
there is something more to  
do as the notion of relaxation comes  
descending down upon my flying brain  
as though the thought should have  
been massaged before  
and in here this hotel minute  
that hangs on like the 61st second,  
i dream of dreaming  
while the thought of night  
coming over the windows like oozing black acrylic paint  
puts my spine into a comfort  
that would be hard to smear all over  
the final line of this  
hotel plop.

## walter mattheau

if there  
is any original  
bad motherfucker  
of the screen,  
it has to be  
old walter mattheau.

his performances as the  
'i don't give a shit' alcoholic  
tough guy was so natural  
you could feel the sentimentality  
rising from the TV screen.

he's one of the few guys  
that was natural enough to wanna  
have a talk with,  
or invite over for an afternoon  
bacon sandwich as the birds  
our profits and the government  
laughs at our job  
and our bosses wonder how we  
make it on our wages  
and the devil tosses in another  
chip on his poker hand  
and god walks over to another cloud  
for a better cup of water  
and jesus moves into the abandoned house  
up the street while the small kosovo village  
welcomes some more bad news from  
walter's bat wielding bears.

**want another  
real good writing challenge?**

fuck coming up with  
a good story or poem,  
this one involves real determination.

give someone  
a sack of 100 black ink pens and  
tell them they have to hand write  
all of them free of ink  
over the span of one week.

at the end of that time,  
they are sprinkled with lavish  
dreams and prizes.

also,  
a free carpel tunnel evaluation  
with a doc  
to count all of their newly won  
money and to throw away all the  
wasted paper  
they  
created.

## who really wants to die tomorrow?

stanley tookie williams didn't?

even jack kervorkian says he doesn't.

others down the line  
have said it was all rumors,  
and macho shit that made them say  
they were ready to try  
russian roulette with god.

they said a whisper match with  
the devil would be wetter than a  
puddle of blood  
and much too overrated.

so,  
who are these people that  
want to die tomorrow?

are they are ailing parents?

the demon in a little girl  
in maine?

a tragic teenager unable to  
dig the needle from the inner thigh?

i never met anyone who wants to die tomorrow.

and if i did,  
they would never admit it.

so take that,  
livers.

## **abortion**

is  
exactly  
like  
war.

it's  
the  
snuffing  
of  
a  
beating  
heart  
to  
merely  
qualify  
a  
decision  
no  
matter  
how  
right  
or  
wrong  
it  
may  
be.

## ask god

most of all you  
need to know about  
another fellow  
human being is  
this:  
'what would be  
the first thing you would  
ask your god, if you believe in one,  
once you have the chance?'

this answer could save marriages,  
deter divorce,  
end friendships before they get nasty,  
create debt free nations,  
restore respect to wrongfully convicted inmates,  
make the sun a bit more yellow,  
create moon spots of wonder in a child's eye ball,  
make all of us rendered pure human.

just the way  
god would want  
it,  
i suppose.

# **ATTACK OF THE PLUNGING NECKLINE!**

it's coming after you,  
better duck.

it's the flesh and  
open apparel of a new  
spring fashion.

it's gonna leap at you.

it's stealthy.

it's smells of perfume,  
but it could pounce you without  
a thought of recourse.

it's all flesh,  
with a slight divot slice  
of a black dip.

it can be scary to young kids,  
but flat hexing for the adults.

the girls twist to escape it  
while the guys peer on in  
pure enjoyment as it approaches  
slowly, and deliberately.

please take shelter.

this is your last warning.

ahhh .. the old man is going to  
announce it soon ..

**LOOK OUT,  
LOOK OUT,  
IT'S THE PLUNGING NECKLINE.**

**DAMMIT,  
I WARNED YOU,  
THE PLUNGING NECK LINE IS HERE.**

**THE PLUNGING NECK LINE  
HAS DEVoured US ALL.**

**END.**

## **broken parts of error files**

come creeping over  
the printer heads  
as i look forward acting  
as though the sun is gonna  
rise for the second time again,  
but the mistakes know.

they glower in an odorless lurch  
and move slower,  
but get larger  
as i peer about  
wondering if this is being filmed,  
or if i finally lost my mind  
for the middle of an imaginary  
purgatory.

then it's on my hands,  
sticky and clear,  
and the keys start to stop moving,  
and all i can do is  
think back and forth  
what is gonna happen next  
as my arms freeze,  
my mouth fills  
and as i begin screaming  
towards the screen that i will not  
be able to finish the poem  
i hear a small  
cough from my boy in the other room  
and fight  
harder to save  
him from the invisible,  
odorless,  
eternal stickiness  
of the poem  
that oozes  
slowly,  
calmly  
with wild  
eyes towards  
the next  
unknowing  
set of hands.

## CAT PEOPLE POLITICS

i hit  
the political wall  
recently and decided that  
i couldn't write about  
the nadir of our political  
system  
and bush,  
bush,  
the burning bush.

instead,  
i picked a new topic,  
our 3 cats.

these felines have ravaged me  
and the household since having  
my own little baby boy.

they piss all over the place,  
shit incessantly,  
fight each other,  
puke in inopportune places,  
rip up every sort of bird, mouse and rodent  
in the neighborhood  
to be placed in well view to mortify  
our 8 year old and my wife.

the carry on with free food,  
room,  
board,  
and abandon  
as i  
inhale another huge gulp of air  
hoping they  
would just wander off for a couple of years  
to return when it's  
a more opportune time for  
me to deal with their cat tales.

i have written too much about this  
topic,  
as well.

i have a journal that focus on the  
nadir of these tres gatos.

and i'm done with it finally.

no more moxy for cats or politics,  
as i flounder to find my next topic.

dog?

naw,  
i love dogs too much.

ahh,  
got it.

people.

which people,  
you wonder?

how about all of you.

each and everyone of  
you motherfuckers.

here comes my  
written moxy to  
poetically strike at all  
movement.

## **chewbacca lurch**

whenever  
you  
are  
unsure  
what  
the  
hell  
is  
going  
on,  
or  
going  
to  
happen,  
or  
just  
happening  
in  
general,  
know  
that  
somewhere  
out  
there  
on  
some  
distant,  
yet  
close  
world,  
chewbacca  
wants  
to  
kick  
your  
ass  
all  
over  
the  
millennium  
falcon.

## **coffee & chocolate with jesus**

this  
wednesday,  
sure,  
chocolate and  
coffee with  
jesus,  
sure,  
bring napkins,  
uh,  
won't jesus  
have some with him  
when  
we meet?

## **cottage cheese ceilings**

many ceilings i look  
into have  
that dried cottage cheese  
feel to it?

now, i  
love the pang of cottage cheese  
and relish it's creaming,  
milky goodness,  
but does my ceiling have to look  
like dripping food?

haven't architects and painters  
alike come up with better  
ways to adorn ceilings.

there are so many different colors  
and textures to choose from,  
but they opted to tip over the upside  
down cottage cheese bin.

sometimes i want to brandish my  
spoon and napkin  
just waiting for my side dish  
to fall down for  
hearty consumption  
as the architects and painters  
walk by me with wry looks in  
their eye  
wondering when i'm going to  
end this  
unfashionable hunger strike.

## CY LIVER DIMINO

if i could  
go back in time and  
convince my  
folks to name me something  
else,  
i think i would.

don't get me wrong,  
joseph alfonso  
has been a solid,  
built moniker to endure  
in this life  
that can beat,  
pelt and destroy names  
that are flimsy  
and weakened.

but,  
if i could be that tiny  
reincarnated talking rain droplet,  
i would have fallen on my folks mat  
and whispered over and over again  
the following name:

'CY LIVER .. CY LIVER DIMINO'

## **dick**

is  
a  
name  
you  
give  
a  
kid  
when  
you  
have  
run  
out  
of  
time  
before  
birth  
and  
there  
is  
just  
nothing  
more  
to  
be  
done  
and  
something  
very  
small  
to  
hex  
an  
innocent  
life  
with  
before  
they  
can  
even  
comprehend  
that  
they  
will  
spend  
a  
lifetime  
as  
a  
dick.

## DOG VEGETABLES

his leg  
was perched  
high  
and he peed for  
what seemed like a good  
5 minutes or so.

slender,  
beautiful neighbor  
greyhound was pounding  
the labor of fresh tomatoes  
and beans in the garden.

and he just looked towards the house  
as though he knew what he was doing.

animals know how to punish us.

locked up all day,  
they will get you back.

animals own us,  
and will continue to  
as the pissed on vegetables  
glean in sheer defiance knowing that  
they have both animal and sub-animal outwitted.

## DR. WHO?

why do we  
all get so  
worked up about  
someone that  
has a Ph.d?

sure,  
they worked hard,  
deserve a couple more bucks,  
but do folks have to laugh and gawk  
like they are around a god?

smart, sure.

no doubt.

but i think the thing that separates most  
from the doctorate is an insane need to  
feel pain through insane amounts of research.

and writing that regurgitation out.

and at the end of the time,  
they have to get the highest pinnacle of education.

shit,  
that could kill most people.

so,  
do you want sure suicide or a doctorate.

pick the doctorate.

so,  
i take it back.

lavish these people with adoration.

they have earned it for their  
firm adherence to pain.

## early retirement

as i get older  
my  
main job  
is to  
jostle,  
grab,  
wrangle,  
and tame  
the  
raving,  
roving,  
vicious notion  
of  
early retirement  
as the  
sun glowers over  
sunny californians  
and  
the  
used slips of lottery  
numbers that couldn't fetch a dream  
slap my  
legs  
as i trudge  
into the  
7-11 to  
pay for something else  
out of  
my dwindling,  
meek  
fortune.

## **ending**

when all of this  
ends,  
i'm going to place a journal  
of napkins  
stitched with used  
food  
over  
your  
bruised  
belches.

## **enormous downsizing**

sometimes  
i feel like super, super sizing  
down my fast food order.

with a tasteless blob of  
residual grease on my yellowing teeth,  
guts raw from putrid meats,  
mind numb from high end sugars and higher end salts,  
i want the girl in the fast food hat  
to shove through the microphone an option  
to reduce my order size.

no more upping for me.

i remember one time in high school  
we went through the drive through in reverse  
and they simply wouldn't serve us.

i'm gearing to do that again.

next time in line,  
i'm gonna ask for one, solitary fry.

that's it.

i'm willing to tip as well.

## **errant beeps**

rip  
through  
the room of slow  
movement and  
monotone  
talk  
as our  
miles baby moves  
incessantly  
to the  
older  
people's chagrin,  
as the  
continued flow  
of silence  
moves around  
my  
small boy  
baby  
with the intensity  
of  
actual  
sound.

## **faint suburban sirens**

reach out towards  
my ear drums  
like long lost sounds  
from another lifetime  
that has since  
gone packing with outstretched thumb  
towards an ocean far away from  
these arid lands  
as the gangsters  
plot their tithings  
with yellow swinging dollar bags  
full of enough fear  
to make another hit  
evening drama about blacks  
hitting the violent drug streets.

## father tale

my dad has  
gone back into the hospital  
bloated with clinical explanations  
of fluid all over his  
badly diabetic,  
overweight,  
overwrought bones  
as i again pen a small  
memoir about my father.

he is done with all of this,  
i know,  
as the phone lies in silence,  
and the  
smell of a hospital stands  
as the final smell before death.

and as my old man lies in a  
bed as i do,  
i think of my son,  
crawling or walking somewhere now  
as 2 generations lie about  
in different states trying to  
make some kind of sense of  
this huge colorful existence  
down here that will somehow  
end without us ever knowing how  
it ends and i think that is the  
severe tragedy of this existence is  
that we will never ever get to know  
how we finally bowed out of  
the grandiose,  
beautiful waltz  
i was privileged  
to complete  
with my father the hero,  
my son the miracle,  
and my caroline family  
the reason  
why tears taste salty  
and the sky rains  
pure sugar  
each and every  
day we are all still  
alive  
somehow.

## fictional vasectomy tale

i know this  
fictional guy  
that based this poem off  
an original guy.

he had a vasectomy recently.

and before he  
did this procedure,  
he snuck a bunch of  
cups from his urologist's office  
during the initial vasectomy consultation.

and in the week leading up to the  
procedure,  
he filled up about 8 cups of sperm and  
decided to send them to sperm  
banks around the country.

thinking that if he had to ever adopt  
in the future,  
these banks throughout the united states  
would use his sperm for fertilization  
for either infertile couples or gay couples  
and his child would exist out there and could  
be either adopted or visited later on.

it was just a thought  
and he did it.

he knew he may never know if those  
vials would be used,  
but every time he went about  
to a strange airport in another city  
or traveled in the US he kept his eye wandering a bit  
for his likeness in a youngster just in  
case the last of his legal tendered biological sperm  
was used  
to create  
one  
more  
human  
life  
on  
lovely  
little  
planet  
earth.

## friendly poem

my father used to warn  
me that friends  
leave,  
forget to flush,  
and the only thing you  
have is immediate family  
as you get older.

i used to toss out that notion,  
and barrel against it because  
i didn't want to adopt the same  
mouthpiece of  
despair,  
but you grow into  
your parents as you grow older.

rid reluctance,  
nature has a way of echoing  
through the Darwinian chamber  
and there's no way to avoid the  
bullet,  
even with a well armored vest.

i have noticed that friends  
fade,  
give up,  
don't give a shit,  
never respond,  
die,  
evaporate,  
leave,  
quiet,  
silent,  
against your efforts  
and you arrive  
at that OK feeling.

i used to have friends.

i used to know what it's like to have friends.

now,  
all i have are vapors of  
ghosts that are broken  
rock stars going no where,  
alcoholics,  
petrified kids broken by love & singly alone,  
lorn loins from childhood,  
perpetually broken,  
and the list goes on  
as they bleed into other quadrants  
of this life  
as another hair grows on my 20-month

old's head  
and my  
wife  
and i  
discuss  
the same things  
in  
different ways  
as the  
sun edges over  
the gloriously dusty summit.

**go ahead**  
**hollywood guy,**  
and eat the placenta,  
while your at it,  
slip some packets of hot sauce  
in your back pocket just in  
case it's not hot enough for you  
as that circling face of you and  
yours plasters another magazine screen  
and everyone  
ogles in awe of your strength  
and virility in  
those massive taste buds in you  
big, fat  
celebrity mouth.

## **gum chomping insanity**

i can listen to  
the sound of water  
drip for hours  
and not let it  
effect my brain,  
listen to an 8-year old  
say the same thing over and over,  
and endure the best of everything  
in annoyance,  
but today my line snapped.

after three hours in a car,  
so tired that i thought  
my foot wasn't going to be able to hold the  
gas pedal down,  
i peel my hot body from the  
car and wait in the long registration  
line at the hotel.

immediately,  
a woman is behind me chomping  
loudly  
and with multitudes of fresh spit,  
just clanking around like a  
sack of prison chains  
ripping up a fresh green chalkboard.

and it wouldn't stop.

she just chewed louder,  
more erratically,  
as she swished her final ice cubes in  
her cup and  
gnawed,  
gnawed and gnawed on in  
miserable  
consistency.

i had to close my ears,  
itch my ears,  
think of foul thoughts,  
and row to random islands  
to keep the painful pang from  
my fresh ears.

and as i finally got away  
from this sound,  
i told the front desk  
girl to ban gum chewing in the lobby.

she just laughed as the  
gum chewer came up to the next  
lane beside me and as i looked

over at her,  
i finally realized why many  
old men don't like people and  
avoid the public like  
anthrax is floating about like  
errant bubble gum bubbles.