



Joefiles 108 (CVIII)
Many Still Praying for the Wrong Things

HELL TRASH

looking out of
our fourth grade
classroom window
as the loud crash of
the trash truck
would empty our
used lunch and
old memories.

when the back half
retreated in it's
transformer mouth lurch,
i would see the big
white letter's 'HEIL'
come through the window.

i would instinctively
omit the 'i' and muse
at the fact that the trash
truck picking up our school's
wasted trash is called 'hell'.

the appropriateness of such
a company name for a trash truck
would blare through my kid brain
in a fit of appropriateness
that none of the regular books
and math equations could teach me.

when the mouth of trashy hell
pulled away up the street,
i would listen to the
fading engine descend into
the sunny youth of heaven
surrounding all the heads
of that 4th grade classroom.

in the year 2020

my plastic coffee lid
with have finally decomposed and
become a part of our organic planet.

only a mere fourteen years
as the days ooze by like
small drops of coffee satiating
our short term memories.

i'm gonna mark 12.16.20 on the
calendar as the day
that my lid will finally
be legal organic tender on
earth.

and what a day that will be
as all the other lids wait
in line to be the
bag of coffee grounds
dumped into my
grateful plastic trash liner
this
miraculous morning
that has not biodegradable,
breakdown
shelf life.

jesus
is
on
an
old
railroad
overpass
everyday
looking
down
on
all
of
us
speeding
car
souls
blaring
by
as
each
spray
painted
letter
hangs
frozen
in
that
first
slip
of
spray
paint
heading
towards
pure
white
icon
status.

KIND COP

each day
around noon
i see a
cop in full
garb walking
south up the sidewalk
with a huge, furry
teddy bear under
his right arm
and he always has
an extra serious look
on his face to diffuse
the fact that he's
got the equalizer under
his arm as the kids
expecting his arrival
whisper about the future
to a friend while he
slips out of my
small window glance and
i get back to feeling
good about the world
once again.

LIQUORY QUESTIONS

liquor store owners and
workers never know the
origin of things.

news of the day,
yes,
but the past,
never.

true stewards of
liquor, beer and wine,
their short term memories
gone.

and i never learn my lesson.

i always ask how a poster,
sign, piece of art or relic
go into the hallowed gallery
behind their counters or on their
walls.

and each time i ask the
bleary, shaking, unsure
attendant about the relic's history,
the stop,
glare down a bit
and always answer,
'hmmm .. not sure. a lot of people ask,
but i'm just not sure.'

this happened yet again the other
night when i looked up at a
large painting shoved between a
shelf of liquor and the drop ceiling.

it's a painting that has a lot of
white space.

on the right side is a big lion,
and on the left is a tiny mouse
with a small mouse sign that says,
'think big'.

and i should have thought bigger
of my attempt and not ask
the boys at terrace lake liquor
where the painting came from.

i asked.

again,
no response.

walking to the car i vowed
to never ask those happy dimwits
behind the liquor cabinet anything
other than what they would
obviously know.

then i thought asking nothing
at all would be better.

then i thought,
fuck it,
i'm going to ask them
more involved questions on
purpose because i'm an
educator and they need me
to keep them on their toes.

and that's exactly
what i intend on doing
on my quest to figure the past
through the eyes of a
liquor salesperson.

MILLION DOLLAR COMMENT

i rescued a teacher
from a computer issue
she had.

all of this done
rather daft,
and in a quick pinch.

as i was cleaning up
my tools and shutting
down some errant operations
on her machine
she said that i should
be making a million dollars.

as the programs finally ended,
i laughed and said
that her small comment was funny.

not only do i make a fraction of
a million bucks,
i wouldn't know what to do
with all of that money as my
poor mind wallows around
in a poor bank account that
yearns for nothing more than
to stop yearning for money.

that would be worth a million
as dollar signs leave my body,
slip down the sink
into the city municipality
bleeding my turnip so dry
that it's a mere shell of
a vegetable.

MINTY CORDS

that last,
neglected mint
in the dryer
slipped past my
watchful gaze
and steady eye
as my brown corduroy
coat is all minty
fresh with flecks of
white and a sparkling
dense breath of
every single day after
this one.

MONDAY MORNING HANGOVER BEST

i like monday
mornings at work
the best.

several times
a month
i go into my
work chair dripping
with hooch from
the night before.

still slightly drunk,
i find myself stammering
and laughing as simple
realizations from
worker mates.

simple stories that
send me into elaborate
story telling of my own,
as the haze of caffeine
pours through my bones
and my adoration for
morning rises.

sunday night is the night
for me to meet the bottle.

weekend still not done,
i dance with the shot
glasses and whistle into
my cups as
monday morning waits
behind the curtain to
receive its long awaited
jury prize.

and when my car begins
heading down that early
sun beaten morning,
i know that tuesday doesn't
matter and friday is
a page from a book
i may never read.

MORNING JITTERS

after
my fourth cup
of morning coffee,
my brain is still
in a daze
as the daily dose of
living heats up and
i have no choice.

i used to have a choice,
but that is gone.

once you have a family
and more than one depending
on your caffeinated morning
to vault you through the
quick insanity of
task
after
task
during the work day,
it's telling the choice
by for good.

sure,
anyone can give up,
but sustainability
in a world like this is
enough to keep me
dreaming of the
fifth cup of coffee
to snap me out
of the invisible middle ground
between
eternal sleep
and wake.

MOVIE CENSORS

i used to think
that custodians or
trash throwers
had the worst sort of jobs
on the planet.

that ended recently when
i watched 'pulp fiction'
on commercial cable and
was assailed with
unclever ways to mask
the original cussing
the actors so eloquently
tossed in a
cult masterpiece
it is.

it's the job of the
network censor that
takes the prize as the
worst job on the planet.

akin to the muzak corporation,
how could you take the fuck
from john travolta's mouth and
make it a 'fudge'?

what makes it right to take
the 'shit' word from eric stoltz
and make it a 'shoot'?

what evil man or woman
has done this to the voices
that ring pure profane verbosity
that is the hallmark of classic
movie language?

do they admit these acts of
hollywood treason to their friends?

do they sleep at night?

do they cuss?

what would posses a human mind
to aspire to such a shameful
adult job to cover the original
script of a hollywood film?

fuck.

shit.

damn.

and no one will cover these
words as long as i'm breathing
on this planet.

mysterious machete machine

there's a
machete machine
that chops all
the side brush on
roads in one,
huge sweep of fatality.

one day there
are ripe boughs of
tree, grass, vines
and growth
in their spring splendor,
then the next day
they are gone with
a fatal sweep.

i never see these
people while they are
in action,
but i always see the
wrath of what they leave behind.

looks like a small tornado
or localized typhoon
decided to eat
the branches news to
roadway avenue.

twisted branches,
exposed bark,
debris all over the
road,
clear and fresh for
the motorists to
see another metal machine
coming their way
through the cleaner view.

and somehow i sense
the innocence has been
robbed from all of these
pieces of plant
that waded in unison
with the sun for so

long as some
city worker
waits to deposit
his check after
a job well chopped.

OBSERVANT

after
closely observing
the men
on the sidelines
of our 9-year old's,
soccer game
i clearly
realized that
many,
many men
have refused
evolving any
more than
coming
out of the
mouth of the
cave with a
giant dumb club
and loud mumblings
of
ignored advice
to small kids.

people are praying for the wrong things

as the wheel of evangelical
abdication of war and
veiled hate flies through
the wasted newsprint words
coming down our windy street.

folks are praying,
but do they know what they should
be asking for
as the portly face of
another preacher on a
channel in the 200's promise
viewers solace and financial freedom
if they just call one small number.

the squeezed eyes of another graying
christian preacher
blurs through the faded screen
as he holds the hand of his
terrified wife asking for
things like an end to world hunger
and the terrorist to perish.

and all i hope for is that
on one errant swipe through the
television channel guide
or side streets of america,
that the supposed christian audience
will finally ask their creator
to help them understand
love and patience
as the grail of jesus
gracefully ages another day.

PLASTIC WAR PIECES

last summer
my 8-year old and his
friend went on a
thorough search for
some plastic army men
to complete their appetite
for kid play.

first stop
was a wal-mart,
then a k-mart,
a dollar general,
and other convenient stops
in between and all
clerks looked perplexed
at the request.

our last stop was
a big arts and crafts
chain in town.

when we looked,
nothing appeared.

so,
we asked a young girl working
there and she said,
'how about a nutcracker instead?'

i didn't even say what.

i looked at her
and felt that my nuts
had been thoroughly cracked
on such a fruitless adventure.

and as we climbed into the car
for our slack journey back home,
the radio voice said another
real army soldier
had lost his life in
the iraq affair
as the collective car
of ours

hummed along in
plastic silence.

proof

that the common person
is blaring down the
wrong side of life's
highway is when
an opposing line of
highway traffic trickles
to look at a horrible
auto accident on the other
side of the road.

nearly causing another
traffic travesty of their own,
this herd mentality of
watching the blood of their
fellow human flow is enough
to make me want a one way
trip with my family to
the moon and find our way about
without the human distractions.

element upon event,
we rarely learn from history
and the idea of individuality
sends you to a slow death.

just doesn't seem like
anyone reads anymore
as the darting eyes of
tomorrow flash over
a new patch of accident free
highway leading
on and on and on and
on into another
stolen human moment.

PROTEST MUMBLE

there's an anti-abortion
protestor in front of
the blockbuster,
by the planned parenthood
that has red tape over his
silent mouth.

the message on the tape says
'LIFE'

he's a young kid that
likely hasn't had sex,
and considers his daily
scan of the bible as trial enough
to indict the rest of the world
for his ignorance.

there with his spandex bike shorts,
shiny bike helmet,
and shades on his face,
i want to stop by and have a talk with this chap.

but,
i pull up short at the notion
knowing that all he would have to offer
me is a spate of roaring mumbles
and i would suspect this would
be the case if he didn't have
that flaring red tape over his
ignoble mouth in front of all
the living traffic
speeding on by.

ROOF CLEANING CHAMP

i caught a
slight glimpse of
the suburban maintenance champ
last week.

a small old man was
on his roof with an
odd device attached to a long
orange cord.

it was a leaf blower.

done with clogged gutters,
this little old man
was risking his very
neck and back to
get the job done in style.

sifting about like
the lost member of the
x-men,
he was sending leaves
into the air like he
was the sidekick to
mother nature making
weather all of his own.

ROSCOE

there's a man nearly
ninety years old
across the way
by the name of roscoe.

he shakes so bad
from a nervous system
ailment that it's hard
to watch him climb into
his tiny blue car
or trot up a flimsy ladder
to clean out his gutters.

but i always smile at
the human tenacity that
courses through veins
i know so little of
with my meager three decades plus four
on earth and my youthful ability
to do the same things.

and i genuinely feel more secure
with a man like roscoe on the road
than most of the others i see
blaring down our shared tax dollar
pavement with cell phones to ear,
putting on make up,
shouting a song at the top of their lungs,
gurgling down a burger
or reading a message on a portable device.

shit,
roscoe wouldn't do any of that.

he's too focused on his health and
shaking
and the past to reel around
doing such dumb multitasking
on the open roadway full of
errant bullets grazing our eye lids.

and i finally realize that roscoe
is the safest of all drivers out there
with his tiny rock lob heading towards

any damn destination that he
feels like heading toward.

SCAB HEAD

if the mind could
heal like a new scab
on your human existence,
then it might not be
that bad to endure
the break ups,
deaths,
heartache,
lost jobs
and petri dishes of
disappointments.

they would all
miraculously accrue a
scabbed rumbling of healing
crust and ride on their way
to a quick road to
complete healing.

and once the final flakes of
scab fall to the ground,
there would maybe be a slight
scar that would be forgotten,
but likely that would be the end of it.

then,
i think we wouldn't foster the ability
to gain needed wisdom through pain
as a big bruise on my forearm flares
in deep purples after over a week.

not sure how this pain got into my arm,
and not sure when it's going to leave,
but my brain still feels the pain of
this unknown abrasion that hangs
on my skin like a lost job
as the winds of healing surround
our bodies
constantly
and
invisibly.

SERIOUSNESS OF AMERICA

i find it hard
to take america seriously
when the biggest communist hub
in the world makes everything
that we consume today.

all i ever read is 'made in china'
as the old clips of reagan denouncing
cuba, russia and the rest of the communist
world as the new winds of
hatred is churning.

with mexicans replacing our roofs
and islamic americans banished to
hiding corners,
we wipe clean what doesn't make
the upper crust money and
tolerate the first amendment to
make the world not collapse into
our folds.

as the newest stories of
world trauma cause by america
tumbles through the thick
tv glass,
i muse to myself at the
early birth of a paradox
that will land on my floor,
grow in invisible strength
and become the monster my kids
will have to mentally battle
as we flop towards another
calendar year
in
confusion.

SLOGAN

electioneering
precincts should
come up with a
tasty slogan
to bring in more
people during each
and every election.

it should be
the following:
**IT'S ELECTION TIME,
SO VOTE FOR YOUR FAVORITY ASSHOLE!**

soulless man amongst us

i would like
to meet that man who
sold his soul on eBay
back in the initial boon
of internet commerce.

he was the first
big gimmick maker of
techno economic boom
and now he has slithered away
with his simple body frame
and pumping organs to some
undisclosed place.

you never hear about him.

no one is clear on his name.

but now he has no soul.

his soul has been sold and purchased.

and after all of these years,
i think i know who this man might be.

the mystery may just be cured.

i have it narrowed down to
george w. bush
bill o'reilly
or shawn hannity.

subtle broadcast reminder

i was reminded
today why i never
entered the world
of broadcast journalism.

this was to be my calling
and i was going to be the
finest of the sports journalists
in this land of ours.

today,
i was on a weekend show
as a guest for my artwork
when a producer tongue lashed
me before i was to do my segment.

apparently,
because i was off in the bathroom
and talking to a friend,
i missed my teaser spot on the set
and the producer lit into
me so haughtily and without regard,
that i mused it off and sauntered
onto the set forgetting exactly
what she said to me.

but a faint voice reminded me
that art was a much better
decision than TV journalism
as the male anchor across the way
adjusted his lip wetness,
while the female anchor droned on
about how she changed the script.

and as the weather woman wrapped up
her report,
the teleprompter flickered on
along with lights
and my name went before my
eyes as the silent lips of
the interviewer went from
goofy to audible
as the talk began
and the producer

went herself to the bathroom
to relieve the best of what
used to be in her.

THE CAR DAZE

our miles boy
is always
in a car
daze once we
get on down the road.

usually charge like
a power plant on the edge of
town,
he enters the sedate chair
like a champ as the seat belt clicks
and the turn signal wades.

we looks about in silent wonderment
as i tilt my rear view glass to
behold the silent spectacle that
is equally rare as it is creepy.

and has he slips into the nirvana of silence,
i begin talking to him about
big adult topics to flood his brain
with the purest sort of thought i can think of.

as my mouth runs on in
a torrent of near silent speed,
he averts his glare just a bit from
one cloud to another
as the day expands in front of
us like one square of
paper towel
soaking up the expanse
of his heavily slobbering mouth.

the cold birds

sit on the hot wires
waiting for
the tide of clouds to change.

flapping small wings,
looking around in unison,
the groups of birds are always
the king of the mountain as
we all dart about in our tiny
oil guzzling machines.

these birds
wait for nothing to happen
as nothing happens down here
and we can all find something to
relate to.

the nothing in nothing,
while the dreams of
something pass by in an
errant cloud shaped like
a huge goblet
or fluffy bird bath.

the priest up the street

is passed out
on wine at 4 in
the afternoon
as the rumor
of no god finally
vice gripped
his brain
along with the
putrid morning
headlines
and as his eyes
begin rise
again to the
through of
christ sneezing,
he knows he
can have one more
cup of
blood red wine
if god will
only
tell him the secret
to yesterday.

the suburbs

have scared me
so badly throughout
my life that
after living in
this environment
most of my life,
i have finally forgotten
where i live
as my imagination
rolls out before me
and teams of yellow cabs
snake through my fictitious
building skyline as
distant mountains grow
slightly each day like a
human nose or ear
seeing nothing but
tomorrow as a realm of
growth that outweighs
any damned environment
imaginable.

TRUTH BEHIND KID SLEEP

the greatest
thing about kids
is that they
really don't sleep
at night.

they just rest
their eye lids
as we adult kinds
sleep and melt down
into a dark slip of
oblivion full of failed dreams
and new tasks.

the kids continue to
rage about their landscape
with a thousand stings of
innocence flying the worlds
likes and waiting for the
next ground breaking electrical
surge to meet a key as that
same rain storm soaks our
adult dreams with
worries of umbrellas and
leaking basement foundations
as the
morning alarm
SCREAMS IN LOUD REM
for us to
wake our
restful eye lids.

WALLS AND DRUGS

the
mighty
old and faded
wall drug
bumper sticker
reflects all
the globs of my
past as a vagabond
garnering
mouths of smoke and
tongues of beer
as the road of life
grazed past south dakota
towards the black hills
over utah
through montana
and around thousands
of tiny strips of
traveling that taught
me how to live better
and more blissfully
irresponsibly
as age shrouded my
stereotype and
i vowed to never
be like any of
you out there.

3PM coffee

is

my favorite beverage moment.

i don't really need it,
but calls me like an
old friend i forgotten
because of all the prior
cups of caffeine.

and as those hot vapors swirl
in the sun of a day that
is well on it's way,
i burn my tongue,
laugh some,
and roll into the next
tiny sip knowing
that the numb scar of that
first sip only means
that i will be more awake
than i ever was at
2:59 PM.

ABSTRACT ART TALK

i was
recently
talking to a
art teacher
at an
elementary school
about art
and she said that
she didn't like modern/abstract art
movement,
so i neglected to tell
her about my
artwork and
never considered
to mention that
i write poems just
like this
lest i have
to be tagged
again as a modern abstract
guy with words
trickling down that
one specific wall
in some ambiguous
slip of a fall
down the wall.

an old editor

at the college news in al loony fan
in a way i have never
heard in either my life
or the news.

his name was jared,
a tall,
lanky,
free wheeling
sort of fellow
with an affable disposition
when we both knew him,

studious,
yet non-chelant,
i never thought too much
about him other than
expecting his signature
on my paycheck at the end
of a meager writing cycle
for a two bit paper on
a decent university campus.

as years have peeled away,
a friend of my wife
has said that he tossed his
brain off the tall diving
board.

he moved in with his mom,
has a wife,
kids
and has dedicated the rest of
his mortal existence to
meeting god.

period.

to that end,
he slipped into a bizarre
costume of behavior
that included walking on
flanks of sharp glass
to making his kids to
inordinately odd things in

the name of a creator.

the latest story is
that all he eats is pure
honeycomb under the guise
that he will actually get to
have a real conversation with god.

pure honey,
with a hint of sting,
our old friend flies around
like a bumble bee towards
the next towering flower
in hopes that he
can somehow write the greatest
story in the greatest newspaper
that no one will ever believe.

BABY BREATH

of all
the wondrous
movements
and instincts
of a baby
the coolest
thing
has to be
the fact that
they
don't get
bad breath.

shielded by
the mystery of
nature and
evolution,
you can lie
next to their
face in
a pure trance
and not
smell anything
but the
scent of fresh
skin
and the
new
skeleton
of many,
many
tomorrows.

being married to a cool chick

ensures that
people don't have
to ask all that often
we are doing.

not that they don't
care.

they just have the
embedded understanding that
being with a cool chick
brings about
a warm feeling that
there doesn't have to
be assumptions of grandeur.

and when i pause in my
day and think about my
cool caroline chick,
it warms my smile higher
as strangers wonder
why nothing
makes me
smile
in the small
explosion of
hearts
that
ram around all
of
us.

BELLY HAIR LINE

i know
full well that
my belly is growing
with fortitude because
i keep pinching
the line of thin hair
just below my bellybutton.

sometimes is a bit of a snag,
and other times i feel
the pang of a bad toe stub
or door to the head.

it takes a bit of wind from my mouth,
and i gently remove my accumulating flesh
from my metal belt front and walk
away with slow care.

each time i swear i'll eat better,
or not drink that last drink,
then my mind wanders and i'm
screaming with another line of
belly hair pain.

and there is no end in sight
as i sit here gingerly on the edge of my
seat careful not to lean too far forward
or twist around to cause
the pain that could abruptly
end this
stilly stomach poem.

BIKERS

there is a
neighborhood
rocker dude with
matted mullet
hair in a dirty blond
mass that takes to the
local road with
an old schwin and
a big dingy cage
with wheels behind his
path.

he usually
has a dog in this makeshift
triage bike tent
and it's jammed full of errant shit.

he reminds me of a woman
that did this years ago in
my hometown.

she used to pedal to the grocery
store i worked at and
had only a cat jammed in her
companion tent
and when she went into the store
with her blocky sun glasses,
the cat would look about in
wonder as the confused passer by
would glance at the cat with
worry.

maybe these two are twins?

maybe they are strangers
that should meet.

maybe they are the sane ones
with their bikes that create
no pollution
and help the cats and dogs
of the world see human motion
in small gulps.

maybe these two should get together
every wednesday in a crowded
area of town and just stare at
people in wonder as they
live their 'normal' lives.

but this would defeat the entire
purpose of a couple of the most
unique folks i have ever met
as world slips into
further bland
normalcy.

BUCKLE UP FOR LAUREN

i saw
a buckle up
for lauren
bumper sticker
on the back
of an aging
jeep weeks back
and looked down
at that
tiny slit that
holds me
tidy inside
my fast cruising
vehicle
blaring to
my next destination
as visions of
who this lauren
girl was when
an accident
took her from
future plans of
school,
family,
child birth,
homes,
vacations
and all the
decent memory
makers of earth living
that gave
me one more pause
to look back
at my tiny son
even more snug
in his belted seat
as the quick pace
of our moving metal
was too much
my crammed brain
to shrug off.

CARDBOARD BUFFET

when someone
tells me what
they are eating
tastes like cardboard,
i nod and
wonder.

i imagine them sitting
down to some elaborate
dinner table with
every assorted type of
cardboard awaiting their
hungry chops.

mashed cardboard,
grilled cardboard,
steamed cardboard,
roasted cardboard,
cold cardboard,
soupy cardboard.

and watch them tuck
that cloud white napkin
into the top ring of their
shirts,
then start shoving cardboard
down their mouths.

as their eyes water,
they comment to their guests,
'MAN, THIS REALLY TASTES LIKE
CARDBOARD, EH?'

at this,
i can accept someone telling
me that their food tastes
like something they
have never eaten,
except in my day dreams.

night .. night.

CAT SOLUTION

morning after morning
i get roused out of
my brief spate of sleep
by our tiny orange cat.

if my anxiety dreams
or 2-year old boy
doesn't get me up,
i have to get assailed by
the claws and purr of
our hungry feline.

and in very rare instances
i need to salvage all the
sleep i can muster.

one morning,
our cat was particularly
raucous for food or
outdoor energy
and he jumping up and down
on me in intervals of 5 minutes
for hours.

as i turned onto my
front side,
he leaped up and nestled
like glue onto my ass.

as he got snug,
a huge burst of wind
went through my intestines
and i saved it.

waiting.

i let it out in a torrent
and that cat leaped so high
in the air that he left
puncture marks in my
ass skin.

but he didn't return,
and rarely bothers me

as much as he used to .

one good gust of
bad air,
and i'm free.

free at fucking last.

convoy's of truck driving cowboy's

always pass me by
on the highway
with a tall mug of
steam swirled coffee,
an empty bottle of jack
on the passenger side floor,
the smell of pine in the air,
a girl with tussled hair
that flies up like a
pop goes the weasel game
wiping the side of her mouth
as the trucker fixes his
content gaze further on down
the road of our lives
laughing at the tiny throne
we sit on in our small
cars darting around
like substandard battery powered
bikes heading towards
our luke warm water
and simple sex lives.

cop rumor

the end of the month
ticket trend with cops
has to end.

it's a neatly wrapped
nugget of ignorant lore.

i never get tickets at the end
of the month.

and they are hardly ever out
at the end of the month.

who started this bard?

the cops
to keep us off our handle.

the city governments
to keep the revenue flowing?

here's to the
beginning of the month
as the violations month
like
a stack of bill's
at months end.

DEE-FAULT

where
did
the
word
'default'
come
from?

was
it really
dee's
fault
or
is
the
word more
tightly
entwined
in some
mysterious
etymology
we
will
never
figure
by
default?

DREAMING HEAD

i have
a
head
full of
indispensable
dreams
and that's
just enough for
me on this human romp
until i try to
quantify those dreams
on some metric scale
no one knows about
and wouldn't
even know how to
care if there was enough
to take
my
impossible task
any further than
a dream
and this
slinking poem
going into
it's magical
corner

right

now.

EARLY ONSET MEMORY LOSS SIGNAL

i want
cashiers to
stop repeating the
amount of money they give
back to me in
the convenience store
because i don't need
their small monetary
reminders vocalized my way
to convince me that
my mind is already shaking
loose of so many things
that a trip to the store alone
should be merely filled with
silence and simple
salutations.

ELECTRONIC GURGLE

it's been
a week full of
electronic devices failing
on me.

and as this brief
explanation rolls from
line to line,
the cracked spider legs
of this laptop screen
does it's damndest to
show me what i'm saying.

it all started on monday
when i lost my hard drive
and all my information,
then went into a friday
that saw my portable music
play getting submerged in a
hot tub full of water.

i'm waiting for more
things to fail
as the din of
the past
with paper film and pulp
whisper nostalgia of
the good old days.

a smile now spreads over
my lips
at the amazement of
simplicity
in all its simple
whims of creative
waltzes.

ELITISTS

my lovely wife
and i have accidentally
landed in a very elite
group of parents that
understand the underpinnings
of cloning and the potential that
both governments and scientists
have for concocting large troves
of living life in a wide variety
of specie flavors.

our nine year old zen boy
got a present for his birthday
called the 'triassic triops kit'.

the idea is that he would
get pure mineral water to room
temperature in a small clear
plastic bowl they provide and
then add some triops eggs.

after this,
24 hours pass before rocks
and food is added.

several days later,
small microscopic dots
begin darting back and forth
across the small tank.

days later,
they are actually small
organisms about an inch or two
long with a clear exoskeleton
that allows you to see multi layers
strips of organs churning this
once packaged creature across
algae addled water.

there are two remaining and
they continue to grow more and more
each day,
along with shedding their skins.

tiny relics from the dinosaur eggs
that any old kid can grow in
their mysterious science lab in
the corner of their kid galaxy.

my wife has renounced looking
into the tank due to the pure
morbidity of it all,
as i peer for minutes and minutes
at these mysterious creatures knowing
for certain that
cloning could be easier than
child rearing.

and now we are lifetime members
in this parental club
that will understand why one
day all soldiers will look and walk
the same as we all peer peevishly
over our shoulders
wondering if
those creatures in the
zoo our kids love so much
are real
or hatched from a
package.

everyone

is

getting

sicker

more

often

these

days

and

health

insurance

premiums

rise

beyond

normal

ranges

as

i

wipe

thousands

of

sneeze

flecks

off

my

germy

hand

in

a

sick

world.

evolved piles of trash

the homes around our
crowded blue collar lot that
have piles and piles of bulky trash
in the front of their house
truly wave the flag of
a life lived well.

through the couch cushion,
busted old blender,
used slide,
worn black and white TV,
serene computer monitor,
busted end table
and all the other musings
of life's waste gives me
a curious respect for that house.

to have lived hard enough
to break that much shit over the
course of a month or more
is an amazing feat as the
trash guru's beam with
accumulated honor.

and their triumphant home
in the background is the
trophy in their trash lot
as we all wade through a
never ending landfill
convincing ourselves
that everything
wasted is not just trash,
but a better testament
to our human
evolution.

exiting the cold grade school womb

the closest
i ever came to the
melding of pure innocent excitement
and the moment my first blast of
light hit me as a living human out
of the womb was one
winter day in grade school.

it was one of those patent
snowy, cold days
that should have been called
by the superintendent,
but it wasn't.

all us jittery kids
were merely biding our time
and dreaming of sleds or warm mugs of
sugary brown.

and it was decided that us
kids could go to recess and tear
through the drifts of bright white
icing all around us in the
back of willy wonka's hidden room.

as we all left our home room
mummified in multiple layers of
warmth,
a door down the hallway opened
and all i could see was
bright sun and the purest
white puncturing through that
tiny rectangle on the horizon.

at this,
all of us kids started running
faster and harder towards the
frozen miracle mirage before us.

as the rectangle grew into a big square,
then a perfect door opening,
i could feel the cold of birth
happening all over again
as i exited through that doorframe

and forgot everything
else that happened
that day.

FIRE RELATIONS

i have
always had
a shaky relationship
with fire.

i have almost
burned down houses
and have burned myself
many, many times
with the cigarettes i
smoked over a nine year career.

this glorious career
began in my sister's room
in our old duplex when i was only
8 years old or so.

i found a lighter in her room
and a box of tissue.

feeling the gurgling purge of
science comes into my young bosom,
i snatch the rail thin tissue
from the top of the box as though
it was a pair of bunny ears and
i was the magician showing the
invisible crowd my prowess.

once out,
i headed towards the hallway
with the red lighter in hand
and right next to the island of
newsprint in the hallway
laid down for our non-housebroken
cocker spaniel to spray his best
waste onto the ground.

lighter poised,
i lit the tissue
and watched amazed with my
dumb eyes as the thin white mass
blared out in a large asteroid ball
that left my trembling hand.

as it hit next to the exhausted
newsprint with a fresh spot of urine,
i stamped it out with a spark of adrenaline
and looked around for more mayhem.

it was quiet.

i was innocent.

nothing happened.

and now i forget what i
did after that as
the sound of the globe
going back into it's
regular orbit rang through
my ears in a torrent of
kid sound.

flecks of early snow

drizzle down
and tornadoes rip
through southern missouri
as the looney kansas city
forecast woman says it
will be in the 70's the following
week and warm and humid,
but don't plant the pansies
yet because it is suppose
to freeze the following week
as our president laughs
at possible global warming
while he lives in his fictitious
palace of one constant temperature
no matter what all us ants have
to endure in the big wide fucking world.

FOLLOWING THE BIG BANG ONTO THE STAGE

if the big bang
was just some
huge accident,
the aren't we
an accident as well?

is the whole of
human history
our past and continual
plod through the cosmos
just an accident that is
further perpetuated
by a forever line of
accidents?

if the moment that
made everything our
minds can comprehend
was a mere explosion
from unexplained
notions,
then our melding of
sperms
and skins is also
just another big bang
creating other big bangs
as our history of big bangs
bang forward in a
huge series of explosions
drifting us further and further
through the cosmos
and towards
a fictitious beginning
that was more like a big
quake that wasn't addled with
accident.

HALLOWEEN AND JAILS

the raucousness of the
small kids in schools on halloween is a lot like
Pabst Blue Ribbon
sponsoring a socializing night
at the local jail
as the ghouls
slip past the gates
and the bucket of proverbial
candy gets passed
from hand to hand
in a journey
that may end up in
hell
or just be a
small
rumor
in the back recesses
of heaven.