

Joefiles 109 (CVIII)

following the big bang theory onto the stage



a haunted ride

on a drive
through the
path less taken
to southern missouri,
i saw the
real settings
for every
horror movie
i ever watched growing up
as a kid
and even recently.

abandoned campgrounds,
boarded up motels,
rotting restaurants,
old trailers littered with
untold numbers of debris
and huge quantities
of woods teaming
with wayward shadows
and lost
leaves.

and at the end of
this drive
through
lost hollywood,
i saw a big
black dog on the
top of a
well groomed hill
with an old gal
holding him by the
leash as he was lying
a slow,
comfortable shit
on the green sod
as she looked down
with a pained,
horrified look
as though
these woods may
be more than
haunted.

all the black cats

that have crossed
my path
have given me
more luck
than
any white cat
that decided to stop
and give me
their lucky
insights.

ball bats & federal laws

now that
i'm embedded
in the heart
of rural
middle america
living,
i keep
thinking that
a wooden bat,
fast car
and mailboxes might
not be a
bad idea.

you ever
hit a mailbox
with an itchy ball bat?

would be worth a night
to round the
rural bases and
feel what a
true,
bored red neck
feels when the
land of liquor
meets a lack of
fear
and
an inane outlet
to let that courage fly
in all the foul tips,
home runs
and dirt
slides
across the
small
town
home plate.

better listening

i
feel the
small victory
of hearing
the world
clearly
when
i poke
that q-tip down
my drum
and eject with
a tip full
tan ear froth
that made me
say
'huh',
'what's that',
'come again'
to all the
family and strangers
that inch forward
through my
world
and attempt to
make
me understand
their rhetoric
with
clear
ears and
dirty
q-tips
illustrating
the
best of
their
received
verbosity.

BLASTING

my
all time favorite
journalistic
term is
the
word 'blast'.

it always needs
to be
in ALL CAPS
because it's
not just a
simple boom
or a bam,
it's a damned
BLAST
and it's serious
news to report
to the masses.

forget someone yelling
or chastising someone else,
how about a good old
annihilation BLAST
ripping over
the screen
to get the point that
something
is as serious as it can be.

this term isn't no
long reserved for
miners and astronauts,
it's now open to
the masses to
BLAST off into
another person
or thought.

BLASTED BLASTS
BLASTING over the BLASTED
page,
would be a fine
christening to

BLASTING
terminology
to
erupt from
obscurity to
mass
BLASTED
consumption.

brand new fucking mornings

those
rare
morning delight
mornings
are enough
to blot
out all
the times
that
i
release early
and she
twists
her mouth
up in
disappointment
as
yet again
time
did not
allow us
to let her
release
in the
dark,
burgeoning
light
of night
in
the
twililight
of our
fucking lives.

clintonesque

i finally
witnessed political despair
and exaltation in the same
breath last week when
my only true public hero hoisted his
acclaimed bones onto
a kansas city stage.

our clever president-ex facto
bill clinton
burst into a huge auditorium
to cheers and explosive adulation
that i have never experienced for anything
in a political forum
as the crowd oozed despair over
burning bushes and
tearing down term limits for
folks that treat this
land with dignity.

and as bill unraveled his
oratory genius,
the entire face of folks
remained fixed on an event
we will never experience
in the whole of our lives
that drives without direction
as bill said good night
and his globe of white hair
was snuffed by closing doors,
secret service pals
and the thundering applause
reserved only
for those that i read about
from the old greek times.

contracting gods

the mish
mass mess
of a religious zealotry
is closing
in on everything
i see
and watch.

i work with
a mormon
and a jehovah's witness,
watch movies about
insane christians that
live down the street from me
and
continue to hear the headlines
of kids blowing up
americans in
middle eastern streets.

all over my
flesh ears
and shoved down my
eye holes,
the sound of theology
is pounding me
into a numb oblivion
that makes
me imagine my
conversation with
jesus at a broken
coffee shop
just a little more
palatable.

and in this conversation
i'm going
to ask him
how he feels
he's being portrayed in
the media
and if
his dad is gonna
let him

stay out past his
self-imposed curfew
as the
slow motion bodies
of humans marching by
wait without
knowing that
the rapture
is currently
happening
without
mass chaos
and
huge
bright
bible
lights.

COP SCRAP BOOK

i would like
to have a scrap book
of a whole, huge
group of cops
and their initial faces
when they see the following ..

something I saw recently on
my way to work
with no a cop in sight ..

this is what i saw.

a big rusted old
bronco with an expired 30-day tag
with no back window
and tinted windows on the side
and windshield with about
9 people huddled in
a car with the capacity of
6 people on one of the
coldest days on record.

i just want a snap shot
of this arresting officer
as they see this car
and immediately figure out that
these are the stupidest folks on
earth and they should get an extra
ticket on top of all the other tickets
they are going to get
for
simply being the 'dumbest fuckers on the road'.

a huge scrapbook i could pour over
once the drink takes hold of my bones
and i want to laugh until
a little pee escapes
my body.

deja square vu times

my new
mortgage loan
guy
called me
the other day
in a whirl of sound
and feedback.

he apologized
that
his reception
was rancid,
but he was
in the middle
of time's square
with the family.

at that,
i let him in on my
ongoing time's square dreams
and how i never
seem to make it to
the new york spot,
even in my dreams
of subconscious fancy.

at this,
he laughed and
gauged the seriousness
of my parable
as i finally
got comfortable
taking on more debt
than i ever have in
my entire life.

i had finally
arrived in
time's square via
my loan guy,
and now i
ready to move into
my new landmark
that will

take over all
my future dreams
of new york
and beyond.

DIETS

i saw a black bird
months back
in the cold
standing
on a
dead deer
wondering why
the hell
we would
ever eat
something like
mcdonalds.

EARTH JANITOR

i think
those folks that work
in national parks
who clean the grounds should
be called 'earth janitor'.

that would be some boss shit.

not just a janitor,
but an earth janitor.

i have to stop here.

i simply cannot scroll down
with these words any further lauding
the simple beauty of having
such a cool title.

earth janitor.

come on ..

earth janitor.

FIGURING EVERYTHING OUT

our nine year old
zen boy told
me a while back
that when he
turns 25 that he
will have everything figured out
and i had to remain
silent and not burst his
bubble as my brain loudly
screamed in rebuttal,
'NO..NO..NO.., WHEN
YOU TURN 25 YOU WILL
BEGIN LOSING YOUR GRIP ON
ANYTHING YOU HAD ONCE FIGURED OUT.
WHEN YOU ARE NINE,
THAT'S WHEN EVERYTHING IS FIGURED OUT
AND WE SHOULD ALL BE LUCKY
IF SCIENTISTS FIND THE MAGICAL WAY
TO CRYOGENICALLY FREEZE OUR
PERSONAL BODY CLOCKS AT NINE
AND NEVER GRADUATE TO THE NEXT YEAR
AND NEXT YEAR AND SO ON BECUASE
THAT WOULD BE THE WAY IT REALLY SHOULD
BE FOR MANY PEOPLE OUT THERE.'

GAS METAPHOR

in my
attempt to let
the politicians
feel what it's like
to be stiffed so hard
by gas prices here in
this modern 2007 day and age,
i would like to gather all
senators and administration folks
into a small hot room.

once everyone is there,
i would let the luster of my
fast food, tacos, frozen foods and salads
slip out with all the veracity from my ass,
then i would leave.

letting them suffer for several minutes in
the no wind hot of a room with the worst of
my gas,
i would let them all out right before
they would faint,
puke or
begin hallucinating
and make them pay me at least 30 for
filling their tanks with a toxic
fume that they really don't need
if they
were smarter about
this life.

thank you.

good money daydream

to quell
my money anxiety
as we ready to move
into a larger home
with a bigger mortgage,
i peer into the
webs of intricate
bark on the tree
in our current
front yard.

as the browns
dart into the blacks,
i follow
a weaved trail
up and down
to how i can make
counterfeit
money from
all that abundant
wood if i cut
the tree down.

there would be
enough there to
get the US out of
debt and keep me
from the
blue collar
hex of trying to
limp up the hitchhike
road each month.

and as visions of
that tree falling
towards the ground
come to mind,
i eye the machinery
and ink that would be
needed to crack into
such an illegal crack.

then,
the phone rings

in my vibrating pocket
and i forget everything
that i wanted to do
with that innocent
tree there in the
front of our
home just lying there
without
contempt,
completely
debt free.

gravity confusion

what
if
the
sky
really
was
the
ground
and
the
ground
was
the
sky
and
we
could
all
finally
come
to
the
consensus
that
we
as
a
human
race
are
really
upside
down.

i love the winter magic

of that warm
comfortable
waffle house
full of flush
faces in the
waves of boiling cold
drizzling around out
in the parking lot
as all the folks
in erratic movements
lift huge forks of
food into their
silent,
awaiting mouths
as their bellies hang
over their bellies
like
full,
almost ready to burst water balloons
as
plumes of smoke
settle over the restaurant like
Los Angeles hiding
off in it's glamorous
smoggy distance.

ICY REALISM

our perpetually
broken ice machine
is either a signal
or a
testament to my
frugality
in saving money.

with a cold butter knife as
my temporary friend in
healing,
i watch those tiny cubes of
ice as though they
may be my last
and that next drink better
be tastier than delicious.

and thoughts of how ice freezes
and the mechanics of a device
i take sorely for granted
makes me stop to
marvel at
all the inventions humans
have made to
enable our comfortable ways.

then,
i close the freezer door and hear
the pop and crackle of the
ice slip as cold water into
the drink and
know that this
next drink will make me forget
we even have an ice make
as
the melting of my time
in this life
sears like an ice cube
on the
heat
of
my
exhale.

if the girls

can have elaborately simple
stamps of flowers all over
their maxi pad packaging,
why can condoms have the same
kind of artistic motif all
over it's foil package?

how about abstract
sketches of couples rolling
around in a field of sunflowers
in a glow of impressionism that
would still leave the vague
ambiguous.

why not tattoo all packaging
regulated to human genitals
with soft, vibrant
imagery to get you
excited about your new
sex or blockage?

immaculately sneaky conception contraception

how
in any
conceivable
slip of reasoning
can
i be expected
to believe
that a woman
didn't know
she was
pregnant
when she
suddenly
releases a human
during a toilet moment
and decides to contact
all news outlets
with the
miracle that
blotted out
yet another
normal bowel movement.

sure,
maybe she didn't have
pains,
vomiting,
periods,
abnormal appetite,
wired pains,
but this
doesn't excuse these
women from failing
to convince me that
they had
no idea
that a small
human being was
growing within
their
growing abdomen.

and then i
realize

that this is
likely the best way
for a couple to
have a baby
free of worry,
insurance hassles
and the typical
fervor
of bringing
a life into
this world
shrouded
in complete
beautiful,
abject
oblivion.

insurance blip

when
two
of
those
insurance
car
salesman
people
hit
each
other
and
had
to
pull
over
to
assess
damage
to
their
vehicles
they
merely
spit
on
their
palms,
shake
hands,
and
go
buy
their
wives
something
worthy
of
them
lying
about
losing
their
jobs.

internal externals

i used to
stop
at night
on long,
lingering drives
and peer
deep into the silvery
flashes of light
high above on
dark poles
that winked
at me.

i used to yearn
to know
morse code
and deduce
what they were saying
to my life
as i just sat there
counting the intervals
of blinking
exultation
riding over my
eye brows,
whispering
small
forgotten
phrases over
my
unmoving
ear drums.

it's the failure

of our government
that boy's are prone
to violence
as they rip rocks
towards birds
and innocent
establishments.

sure,
parents have their bards,
but our pals in higher elected offices
usually condone the
butchering of innocent
lives so that our 'freedom' can
be protected
as the sun burns through
that explanation.

just tonight,
i was looking over a dock
at a shimmering sunset
as some rat kid was tossing big stones
and tons of rocks towards the sun
sparkled water and lightly lopping
ducks as the work
looked confused at his point.

he is the little george bush
with a vacated brain trying to
let everyone hear his claim that
might is more than nature
as those that know the score refused
to look at this little warty
jerk kid
prepping himself to take
the vacated post of our current
dunce president ruining
everything with boorish
violence
drenched by generational lies.

jazz longing

i usually
miss the jazz
phase of my
life when i
get the chance
to watch these
tiny minglings of
vowels and consonants
flop over
the precise chords
of a wynton marsalis
or john coltrane
tune
as the lights flicker
expertly in unison
while
the world completely slows
down to a pace i can comprehend
as the smell of a flower
invisibly comes over
my wall flank and
arrests me
as though i just robbed
the music jewel box
and have decided to hoof
it over county lines to
invigorate others
with the only thing
worthy of ear drums.

JESUS THE LOTTERY WINNER

if jesus
came back down
to earth
and before the
rapture began
he bought a lottery
ticket and won
the biggest \$500 million
power ball in the history
of earth
i think
he should mail it to
the devil as he
replants
the garden of eden's pear
tree
and gives his 2 other losing
tickets
to the adam and
eve clones that
finally
figure out that
the devil received the love
he always wanted
and peace appears
all around in a blinding
white light
that
extinguishes the
white around
these poem
words.

loose job security

i day dream
about the
UPS truck
flying through
the
four way stop
thinking how
his last day of
work would play out.

what if
the driver was badly hung
over like a soiled favorite
shirt
and he forgot to lock
the back bay doors after
a long, numbing drop off.

as such,
legions of cars
begin following this
brown metal box car
as boxes begin falling out
and the goods begin
littering the
innocent driving public.

box after box tumble
out as cars swerve to park
and fetch the
free
goods
while the
headache addled driver
hums some obscure U2 tune
as his job
slips away from his
ignorant grasp
like
a game
a Tetris
he
is
going

to
lose
very
horribly.

losing regular touch

i
am
officially
out
of
touch
with
both
tv
and
film
as
the
sound
of
nothing
in
the
house
again
brings
a
grin
to
my
wet
lips
to
not
have
the
bard
of
potentially
bad
programming
enter
my
brain
attempting
to
get
in
touch

with
simple
simplicity
once
again.

MESSING WITH FUN

the sticky
lollipop mess
of my miles boys
tiny kid mouth
gleamed
on a patchwork
of
such sugary destruction
that i
didn't
know
what would be
more
difficult -

to wipe
that mouth off
or
take
his
tiny goblet
of golden taste
as my
trudge through
parental responsibility
perplexes
me enough
to get
a sucker
of
my
own
and
completely
destroy my
own face
in
my
own unique
blend
of
kid
chaos.

MIDDLE EAST AMERICA

i finally
have
america
figured out
after
some real
thinking.

the itch of our
problems
is boiled down
to conservatism
versus
liberalism.

israel = conservative/republicans,
while palestinians = democrats/progressives
and as we try to convince ourselves
that we are just 'americans',
the truth flies over
our wanton brains.

and as the verbal rocks get
hurled
and the newest technological device
is released to dumb us all down further,
we continue to
live the
reality that
would horrify
us if
the next civil war
was to be launched
right in the
middle of your
own back
yard.

good luck
and buy some more water.

MORE AND MORE BABIES ABOUND

i delight
at the
rubbernecking black
dude macking
it up with
some skinny
black girl
with a newly protruding
pregnant belly
as one kid is in a stroller
heavied down with
groceries,
hardly rolling,
and three other kids
between 2 and 6 toddle
around this woman
as she looks
gone, gone mad
with exhaustion
and oblivious
to this baller
rolling up
in his
spinning rims
and Neanderthal stench
of another
dumb football fan
utterly clueless
to
our reality of
clashing stereotypes.

my denial hit

a new low
several months back
after i was discussing
how a loose friend of
mine committed suicide.

as i recanted the mental nadir
of such a decision with my father,
he reminded me that his father
had indeed committed suicide himself.

my grandfather went out to
a detached garage,
started the car with
the door closed,
and the carbon monoxide
sent him from this reality.

i was always told as a teenager
that maybe it was a suicide,
but maybe not.

it was too big for me
to ingest in my young wrinkled
brain,
so i tossed out the notion and
accepted the cause as
'natural causes minced with
a bit of premeditated grief without resolution'
and went on with my life.

and as my father talked about
the suicide,
i wandered off
knowing that
we know
less
than
we
think of
true grief.

OLD COMMUNICATION WIRE LINE

i was a
communications major
in college
so that i
could
better understand
my 2 1/2 year old
boy's ability to
only speak to
me in sign language
as his erratic
slips of letters
assail my ears
as i put together
my own wheel of fortune
just imagining
what it's going to
sound like as
he actually talks to me
and i finally pay
the bill on a degree
that may
have given me something more
than a career
as
he finally
says
'da .. da .. da .. da'
and
i
feel
the swell of a small
victory
that spoken words
will
never,
ever peg.

PASSING WEENIES

weeks
back
i
noticed
the
blur
of the
oscar meyer
wiener mobile
whizzing past me
at speeds
over 70 and
as i
glanced up
in joy
at the
rear view
mirror
i thought
that
was
one sneaky
fucking
dick
penetrating
the air
with
such
reckless
precision
like
a
teenager off
to drink
the last of
the liquor
and
slip
into
a
new
girl
dream.

pay phone stranger

i kept
staring at
this older fella
today
with a dog
hanging off a leash
in one hand
and another arm holding
him up at
a cockeyed bend
as he spoke on
a pay phone.

eyes deep in
absorbed conversation,
the dog was ready to leave,
and the sun bore down on
that classic line of
silver lopes
keeping him in
touch with a world
he was talking with.

and it was the
mere sight of this
magic eater of
silver coins
still operable
in this world of
cellular highness
and
instantaneousness.

as this one
solo man and his
dog faded away
into more of
my day
coming from the
west,
i felt the
vibration in
my front pocket
as my hand leaped

into action
while
a can of old
coins in my cup
holder looked
off
into
my
'hello'.

period naming father hero

there was
this crazy man one
time somewhere that
someone knew that
would name
of his wife's periods.

he was perched on a weird stoop
that made him want all
periods to be children,
so he would name each month
izabelle,
jan,
matt,
mickey,
fran
and the like.

on and on,
for years,
he would
fill the
calendar with names
and at the end
of each year
throw one big
party for
each name
and each period
to make sure they
had their proper
remembrance
and ensuing burial.

much later in life
he legally
changed his name to
semi-colon
because he
wanted to be
the thought
by which
hundreds of
periods

to follow
would be named
and
that would
be his
legacy
with
his
sprawling
list
of
bloody
names.

phone calling

i wonder
why the guy careening
fast down the highway
while in the middle of
two lanes is doing that
as i speed up to
catch a glimpse of his
possible drunken face
as the driver punches
his fingers frantically
to find that number in
his address book
as i join in
pulling up my camera
to get a perfect picture
of the sun rising gently
our shared skies
to illuminate our idiocy
in our crammed desire
to fit as much in
as humanly impossible.

Piñata Release

i think
all kids
should be
given the
gift of
a monthly
piñata to pound
about
and let that
glimmering
satchel of candy
rain to the
ground
as the tension
escapes from their
bones
and the potential
for
future pain
is eradicated
with one simple
act of
logical
kid
decency.

poet wisdom

anyone who
can make a living
off writing
poetry
deserves a
very well endowed
god status on earth.

not just making a
coupla bucks to
clear a month or two,
but one that
affords their living
and has that
slight smug
grin on their mouths
to prove it
should be cloaked in
special loins.

sure,
they can spit on dignitaries,
skip out on drink tabs,
sneer at the second coming,
they have earned
their coveted prize on the
art meets economics
faris wheel spinning
wide over the sky,
full of lights
as the nouns
verbs
adjectives
and dandling modifiers
drizzle down on
unbeknownst
minds
just parsing out their
crisp living
wages to keep
the very few poem gods on
earth
alive,
drunk

and
cockeyed
content.

political flats

the only
proof i needed
recently that
all those people that
still have
'BUSH/CHENEY 04"
stickers on their cars
are the biggest of the large
morons on earth
was one particular incident
recently where a car was in
the left turn lane
with their right blinker
glaring, flashing in
an erratic blunder
as the rest of the world
deliberately takes
a right turn without a
blinker and
the absence of all
stickers.

POLITICAL TRAFFIC

driving through
rush hour traffic
tells me everything
i need to know about
people's last minute
political decisions
as the debates heat up
and the world
begins predicting who
is going to win or lose.

and it's those that speed
up to stop,
and everyone else that shifts
from one lane to another
to stop as many times
and waste the same amount of
minutes as those that stay in the
same lane.

so watch it for those
that simper and scamper around
on the roadway's of america in
a scathing hurry to end up
where we all end up ..

with a bunch of assholes running
our country
with higher than needed gas prices
wasting the environment
and listening to
the same talking heads tell us
who we should vote for
as the rubber tires
peel over the yellow middle
line yet again.

republican massacre

if
old
dick
cheney
and
donald
rumsfeld
became
enemies
and
had
a
boxing
match,
the
world
would
be
left
with
2
less
devil's
to
worry
that
their
children
would
wrongly
die
and
everyone
else
would
blindly
suffer
at
the
hands
of
foolish
white
machisimo.

restless fonts

if i
was a
wiggly font,
i would
put on
tiny yellow
boots,
splash them with
loud colors
and jump all
over this page
you are reading
with such veracity
that you will
never believe
you read
anything as insane
as a dancing
font with
rubbers on
splashing paint everywhere.

rocker popper empty rant

used to be
that rock and rollers
would bend cultural assumptions
and fight for the common
folks that would be
their discs
or watch their shows.

they would stand up against
governments,
wars,
uselessness,
idiocy
and diseases that
rampage our planet.

en masse
these mangled brood
of musicians
would dance across
the color TV screens
with messages of hope
and willful rebellion
to get the TV dinner crowd
to think
and maybe get up
to do some of that
good old fighting.

but now,
our musicians have
decided to fight for
their own careers,
more endorsements,
spots on TV shows to
raise the stakes of their bank accounts.

most of the more famous sorts
speak like subnormals about trite
events that make up their
public life.

clueless to the cause
in the culture,

they spend their stacks of one's
without caring who
plucked it over into their
world.

not only are we subjected
to the typical american laziness
with these rocker/popper music sorts,
we are raped by their lack of
musician ship and the continuing
sinking of the proverbial music tanker.

so, turn off your radio kids
and let your imagination
float where the rockers have
retired and left for
a more
safe,
rich land of
vapid ness.

SEXXY OLD DIET COKE

that sexy
old
diet coke
machine
off
the busy
highway
in front
of the
beat up liquor store
should
be arrested
for
showing
too much
skin
in
the
middle
of
all
that
adorning
sunlight.

SPAM TRICK

if i ever
meet a real good
computer spammer fellow
i'm going
to get a real looking water gun
and pull it out on them.

when their fear is peaked,
i'm going to demand
that they drive me to their
home
where their PC or servers
are at
and have them sit down in front
of these systems.

then,
i'm going to pull out a
huge bag of meaty spam treats
and make them eat
as much as they need
to puke.

when they ready to vomit,
i'm going to open their
computer cases and
have them hack up in
their precious systems
that kills our systems
with their useless nonsense.

when i'm done with that,
i'll squirt some water on their
vomit faces and into their mouth
for a bit of nourishment.

but it really won't be
water.

it'll be hot pee
and they will
further feel the sting
the world feels everyday
to be led on,

puke at
and pissed on by
useless spam
mail assailing
all of our
unassuming
mailboxes.

splash

i'm starting to
think that my
wife
is a mermaid and
that i
might be tom hanks
in a film i
didn't audition for.

and when she lies there
in the mist fumes of
a marathon long
bath,
i peer into the
teams of freckles on
her arms and wonder if
she has a tail fin
she is secretly
unfolding on the bottom
half of the tub that i
cannot see.

and when i lose that
small thought of mermaid
superiority,
i figure it's
rightly my duty
to protect my
lovely mermaid secret
that shrouds her
watery moments in
crisp pink hearts
she only shows me
as i again break the
toilet seat
and she smiles
on
into the
thousands of
falling
water pellets.

staple birth

i had
an intense dream
last night that
my wife was pregnant again.

shit.

how could this
have happened?

we were so reckless,
and i didn't chart the month right,
didn't pull out,
no condoms,
no sponges,
sloppy people in
the midst of
a passion squash ..

maybe that was it.

wait,
i have staples
blockading something
like that from happening.

i'm dreaming and
i had a vasectomy
a year ago ..

so, all our
sloppy play was OK,
but what is she growing within her?

could it be a staple,
a pair of staples?

maybe they are big,
slightly organic,
but mostly metal staples
that she is incubating
in her supple belly flesh.

and now we can begin shopping

for the right paper
and stapler to
eject our newborn staples
into the right piece of
paper that
will bring permanent joy
to all our
eye wanderings.

STOP LIGHT JACKASS

there's always
that
one person
at the stop light.

just one.

and that person
is
usually
one of the
biggest prics
in the history of
humanity.

and without knowing
it,
i may be that
person.

there could be someone several
cars down
that is thinking i'm
that person.

or it could be
that i think that
person that thinks i'm that pric
person
is really the person
that is the hugest
pric ever.

so,
be forewarned ..

without wanting to be
or trying to be,
you could
be the next magical
person
to retain the rights
to being
in the exclusive

club
of
pricdom.

thank god for what?

if any
ridiculous
idiots
out there
continue to buy
and place
the proverbial
'THANK GOD FOR BUSH'
bumper stickers on their
cars,
the next administration should
pass a law
requiring these folks to
stop driving their cars
around
staining the air with
their stupidity
and they
should be relegated to
walking everywhere without
spraying any messages
to anyone
except for the very
clear message that
they
have no valid message
other than
being a
jerk.

the artist kid

i'm never
gonna forget
the stranger
i know
as reggie grant.

his proud mug
and award winning art
gleam off a roadway
billboard
for some
'kids against violence'
campaign that
reggie won.

there he sits,
no more an anonymous
kid,
he's standing for something
on a tall billboard
in a neighborhood
of kids that wanna
own guns and likely
kick reggie's ass for his
stance and
award winning money.

but reggie's face is
about 14 feet wide with a
big, fat smile as if
he knows what is going to happen
tomorrow and there isn't
a thug alive that
would wipe away his
crayon art and
proud glow coming
over the windshields of
all my surrounding traffic
pals in
the long,
mysterious night inching
forward
through the
urban universe.

the cologne wars

old women
and young gay men
should have bingo nights,
shopping nights,
their own restaurants,
their own retail shops
because
all of them
could happily
mingle
and sashay through
the pounds of over cologned and

perfumed
parts of their bodies
staining the air
that once
smell of
natural earth scent
and
regular untainted
human movement.

the drifters

that flit about
the skits of the
suburbs
always get me
on an alert
that the
worst of the city
bums could never do.

the suburbanite
drunks dirty with
cardboard sign
or hitchhike thumb
on interstate roadway
always have that look
that they didn't quite
get all the blood out
of the carpet and there
might be some specs of red
on their shirt sleeves.

the narrowed eyes,
smiling mouths,
the stench of oppression
blinding your reproach,
and they amble as though
the gun could be exposed
at any moment as the switch blade
accidentally tumbles out of
their back pocket.

when you look back to see
if the rag tag man
fetched his knife off the
ground,
there is a massive fire
blazing where he used to stand
as the blaring sound of sirens
start instantly
and you notice
that the man begins
appearing in your rear view mirror
flipping you off with a huge
grin in his eyes
as the mysterious knife

lies in your front
seat
and you are suddenly not sure
if you should drive
any further
down the creepy road
of suburbia.

THE REAL DIGITAL GUY PARABLE

i met this fictional person
one time that only me and several others
ever knew about.

so few knew about this person
because the masses wouldn't buy it.

this person was an actual web site.

no shit.

they lived and mingled with other web sites
absorbing the entirety of our life, history, skills,
honor, disgust, heaven and hell.

this person would appear as a voice
or an image if you could assess the specific
site that is now hidden from the world population.

and this person never had to eat or drink or defecate or breath,
because it was a choice for them to do so.

if they wanted the finest of sushi and to eat it for hours,
they could skit along a technological tightrope to find this
oasis and delight in it for hours.

or he could not eat for months.

either way,
the only self sustaining this guy knew was to do absolutely
anything humanly possible whenever he wanted to
appease his sense of desire.

fueled purely on desire.

there were no lawns to mow,
hair to cut,
cleaning,
or any other human meddling that
wastes our time.

and this guy was never board.

constantly on travels,

sail boarding,
flying,
skipping through time,
this guy had all our human essence figured out
and was fueled by a purity that
only god could concoct.

and he had no name
and a mysterious birth date.

i think he may have invented fire,
they that wouldn't suffice for
what he stood for
as his electronic essence
seared about
as though he knew something about
being
purely human.

THE 'WHY' QUAGMIRE

i never graduated
from that
4-year old
'why' stage.

i always
ask 'why?'

whether it's
verbal or non-verbal,
i question everything
about this reality
all the time.

and i have to stop
myself with the car mechanic,
dentist,
hair cutter,
grocery store clerk,
co-worker
or any other assorted mix
of folks that are only
around me because they want
my money or i want theirs.

i know that i could permanently
alter their lives with
my stunted stage of 4-year old why's
and that they would
never be the same
in their land of knowing everything they want
to know and ceasing their desire
to know anything more than
surface in this reality.

so,
i surround myself around
non-profit work like poetry and painting
and find friends that are borderline insane
and misfits in this reality.

together with our hobbies of
music,
art,

writing
and insane nostalgia,
we are the
loony bin lot of this
reality that refuses to
never ask 'why' more than
20-100 times a
day
as this
actual
poem will
bring many more
innocent folks out
there to
pause
and blurt out
a large new 'why?'

TRAFFIC COUNTENANCE

sometimes i get fixated
in the Broadway musical
of congested traffic
inching forward.

i peer into the faces
of all the other people
around me and feel their
sorrow,
anxiety,
longing,
melted time,
needs
and being in the proverbial
same boat as we watch
the inching of our days
collectively move forward in
a weird hunk of longing that
we can share
and instantly forget as the
world returns to it's
normal flow
and we forget that we all looked
at each other there in
the same frame of mind.

it's during these moments
that i understand the humanity
of our tiny moments inching forward
like a long awaited number
adding one onto itself.

and when i understand
the looks on all the faces that
don't belong on TV,
i figure the real 15 minutes of
fame for us all is to
congratulate each other in that
congested traffic log
for being alive
and surviving another
slow traffic jam
in this trickle of life
panging each of

our skin pelts
in the best subjectivity can offer.

TRASHY COMFORTS

the comfort of
the trash guys hanging
off the back of
those speeding trucks of
all our collective
human waste looks
rather attractive.

with neon gloves,
dirty fingertips,
wasted clothes,
they peer forward boldly
through the racing winds
and rank smells emanating inches
from their noses
because they have that small something figured out.

beyond their facade,
they know there are no lower they
can go.

they likely never wanted to make a
career out of collecting the world's trash,
but here they are.

doing something and convinced that it
couldn't get any worse
and their paychecks aren't bad at all.

and they get to wear whatever they want
to work,
smoke on the job
and swear as much and as loud as they want.

real modern day vagabonds getting paid
for their dirty ways
as these dudes smile in
greasy compliance,
meeting my eyes briefly as they race through
the busy intersection
towards another golden tower
of
scrumptious trash.

VFW AMBITIONS

i have always
wanted to make
the local VFW post
my
hobby.

if i had the time,
i would become good
well versed at bingo,
cheap beer drinking,
special food nights
and general mingling
with those that
know whether or
not war is
a good notion
for
folks and
nations.

and then
i could
officially
become a veteran pal
and find out
how secrets are made
and truth is
tucked into
the chasms
that make
all of us
non-military
serving folks
understand
what it feels like
to be owned by everything
other than oneself.

and when i become a
bingo champ,
i'm going to dedicate my
money wining luck to
all my pals that
wish war would

end for good as
the reflections of
orange clouds and
blood specs
litter their happy,
drooped eye balls.

when the weight of bills,

chores,

no time,

autism spectrums,

the expense of

everything

comes colliding into

my quick beating

heart at odd intervals

in the spaced day,

i quickly retreat

to a spot in my

brain that is hidden like

treasure in a forest under

a stack of sticks

to visions of my lovely wife caroline

and i blaring down some sun bleached road

in our old age behind the

over-sized wheel of a

sussed out RV

with cigars in our mouths,

singing to yo la tengo and

wondering why the years didn't

move as fast as our

parents always

predicted.

when you put sports games on mute

and watch it
casually in the background
you will see
the kinds of
conversations
that regular folks are having
in the stands.

the gestures,
wiggles,
shouts
and prompts
all come to light
and you need only watch the
crowd reaction to
see if the athletes
are doing their deed
to keep the
kids happy.

and it's usually
evident on
the crowds face if
one team will
win
or
if both
will
end up
losing.