

Joefiles 11

The World Has Run-Out Of Wrapping Paper

Terrible Albatross

Sometimes,
which can
mean
a lot of times lately,
it
makes me sick
to
try functioning
in
this job market or
society.

The pretty bastards
fake women saying,
"Uh, like money means
nothing,
it's what's inside a man that,
like, counts."
pop culture guy's running on 90210 fuel
lost cases acting like someone new each day.

I'm in need of a
complacent job,
company
with
several people willing to be
real.

Most people you
deal with
anymore
are so wrapped-up in
car payments
Tommy Hilfiger
Fruitopia
Helzberg Accounts &
terrible MTV programming.

Few souls
I have met over my
time
are true
class individuals.
I look forward
to
those times
when I can say,
"There is one classy individual."

It happened
recently

while waiting tables
at
a local cafe,
his
name was Aaron Gideon.

World traveler
engaging linguist
man
with a true heart &
extremely intuitive.

Where have
all
the Aaron's
of
the world
gone?

Is there
any
hope,
I need to
know.

I need
shots of reality
almost
more than actual food.
I prefer to
vomit
around the
pathetic dance,
than
to indulge
in
albatross
cooked and served by fucknecks.

Animal & Soul Death

Imagination
sucked
from new Sega Saturn
basketball fervor.
Creativity
smashed against
the
screen
talk show vomits.
Individuality
cremated
in urns
manufactured
in
Mossimo factories.

Petrified
by their
being,
letting
society win
in
a
firm
stranglehold.
Ignorant
to
voices overshadowed
by
another
infamous court case
or
pop sensation.

Let go
of
this
defeat
people
abound,
we
weren't
created
to
follow a blind lead.

Our strength
separates
us
from animal
&

soul death.

An Arrow On Fire

Married
to
the
arrow of meaning--

Sipping about
the smiling tears
turpentine fumes
movie images
covers of Book art.

Juxtaposed in
perpendicular-parallel-vertical-horizontal
directives.

traveling
 traveling,
there
is
so
much more
to
do.
The coffee kettle
hasn't
begun
to whistle on
the
stove top
nor
has the song
ended
on
Panasonic time.
I need
another
cigarette,
addicted
to
the
fair chance
that my
enchanted
woman
will
 provide

 the
 flame.

Bare Ignorance

Chewing seeds
in
negativity--
Speeding down
interstate
dashing for vivid fights--
Tearing women
down to
blocks
a
thrift shop couldn't resell--
Roaming with
red eyes
Poe
would find no worth
in
revising--
Keep
breaking the
asphalt
in
a
parking lot
slowly dispersing
with
people.
Filling
your being
with the
desparity
of 12 clowns
locked in a cellar
thumbing over stale
1970's pornography.
Blind &
selfish
to
the
core
of
disease,
we
all
laugh
at you
in scarlet circles
for
the gray area
you
paint
on

bare ignorance.

The Beginning Is A Blur

The summer
is
coming
to
a
close.
August weeps
lightly
with
the
brush of
falling leaves.
Mums expel
their
final
offering of oxygen
to
the
daytime sun.
Kids ride
their
bikes
furiously into
neighborhood gullies
ready to ride
with Mom
to
K-Mart
to pick-out
new long sleeve fleece--
Spending these
three months
in
unplanned unemployment,
the paint dries
paper collects yellow & dust.
I
laugh
quietly
to
myself.
I have
finally
had the
chance,
in
my
adult dance,
to
view the sun transform
with

the earth rotating swift.
This solstice
will
never end,
I
can't
even remember
when
it
began.

can't
even remember
when
it
began.

Brown Recluse Dream

Brown Recluse
female poison
spinning her
web
around
my
sleep--

Leading
me
in eight directions
through a mute auction,
across
dreams
Jung spoke candidly of.

My sabbatical
hours
brought to
life
from
a silk network
placed
quietly & meticulously
breathing
vigor--

My
helping hand
into
a
land,
providing
protection
against
boredom

and

possible death.

The Yellow Bus or Oceanic Abyss

Rites of
passage
speeding
in
a
yellow bus.
Destined to
either
explode or explore.
The machinery
means little,
heart
removes
the anguish.
There are
definite
terms of
freedom
alive.
Searching
for
routes
to
new visas,
into
mind & land.
Terrorizing
herds of
sheep
heading
for the
hills
tumbling into the
oceanic abyss.

In Front Of The Construction Zone

Drunken lights
twinkle
in
abandoned
construction zone.

Spiting &
flashing
about the
emptiness.

I stand
in
front
of
the
ground show--

Before the
end
has come,
I applaud & whistle
the
orchestra of orange flies,
and for the void.

Defined as outer space--

This is my
appreciation
for
the
future.

Acknowledgment
of
the
present scenery
is
all I have
to
take hold
of
now.

There
is
just
too much
comfort
tumbling

about my
thought process.

Drunk Icon

Legends become
mass production
at
mall shops-
laced on billboards
in
Times Square--
become the face
beneath
my grip on the cardboard cup
at
a movie theater.

Of all
the
actors
who have risen
into
towering ivory walls,
James Dean
resides
as the most
misplaced statue
in
the
hallowed mortuary.

Crowned for
his
looks
hailed in a rebel shout--

He was
nothing
other than
blond hair
hip shoes &
lip movement.

A great drunk
in
East of Eden,
better
in
the other
pictures of light.

Merely
a great alcoholic
stumbling off the
screen &

this plane
of
existence.

Hailed
as
the
measuring stick
for
the next icon
to
play

the

fall.

Enigmatic Pursuit (Passion)

I keep
wanting to
complete that novel
I
talk so much of
in
fictional narrative.
My desire
to
enter into the woman
who
will stimulate my thoughts
intellect

living--
Instead,
I
sit inside
a gum ball machine
creating
more chewing surprises
called
poetry.
Biting
non-stop,
writing over the pages &
computer screens
looking
curiously back at me.
This passion
wrapped
tightly like
a
bandanna over
loose
hair.
Continuing
continuing
with
the
hum of lights
that
take
my hand
on-and-on
into
my passion
defined as:
"Tinkering at
words that
add
to

the

enigma."

Oh, Evolution

Hidden
behind
vinyl covers
of
high school diploma's,

teams
of
people
loath the
change of--

fall to winter
republican to democrat
orange juice to lemonade
jeans to slacks.

Men telling
their
polyester dates,

"I'm not afraid of anything,
even death."

So full
of
their own voice,
they refuse
to
change
in minute way's.

Carrying a ritual
into
mounds of
trampled mildew.

Sure,
climb that cliff sporto
bike over that creek
nail a quail with surely buckshot.

Your time
is borrowed
to
continue
to
the talk,
fearing the change.

Oh

oh
do
we all
evolve?

Fault Line: Washington, D.C.

Two separate
sides
of the dividing line.
Shouting saliva
in view
or
out of sight.

Cursing Nixon
praising Kennedy
castrating Clinton
vilifying Regan.

Capital Hill
is the
true fault line
in
the U.S.,
anticipating
the big earthquake to
rest
the restless.

Brat souls
telling one
side
rooting (lobbying) for
the
other side
of the backyard.

Their positions
fuck
people each ganvil launch.
AIDS
abortion
welfare reform
medicade-medicare,
they cared
once.

Now,
they
could give a casual
glance.
Their riding the
white horse
they
prepared the
saddle for.

Riding
on a sacred launch
around
the immaculate
white fence,
laughing
through tired eyes
at the
nation
floating
 floating
somewhere
out
there.

The Grand Bow

I
harken
back to the
day's
that became
my
first memories
of
life.

Training
i
thought through
from
the
hands
of parental breath.

walk
 shit
 eat
 dress

Never surely
gifted
in
those areas
that
could bring
me
either fame
or
a great name plate.

musical talent nil
painting ability acute
sporting wise I sank

Those regions
I
have
tried so
hard.

I
can
never be
called
a
natural.

Busting
my
ass
diligently
to
develop skills,
the
talented
take a nap.

I'm one
more
soul
cheering on a show
we
all wish
or
have wished
could
be
our
grand bow
at
curtain call.

I Look Like Who?"

A young lady
approached me
in
some
"hip" dance dive
the
other night.

There for
five dollars &
several friends,
I
began
feeling dizzy
watching
the circus of lights &
herds of
galloping
macho asses
bounce to the
new Spanish tune.

An Alaskan,
was the
hometown
of
this lady.
She said
I
look like
someone
famous.

"Really,
would that be Dan Cortes, baby?"

No,
she said
I looked like some
pony tail spinster
from
her
daily
Soap Opera diet.

Proving
once again
long hair
is
a yellow light
in a dark room.

I have
been told
I look like
a list of so-called
celebrities
over my short time
lately.

Maybe
they look like
me,
what
difference
should it make?

Building
a production of
their own
to
point out
needless jargon.

I look like
one
person
in
this world.
My brother,
although
I am
similar
to the mirror
I
face
each

morning.

Lennon & King

Contracted
oil companies
killing
storks on
stormy rocks--
Pepsi Co.
cutting off the
circulation of senior citizen discounts
in
mass markets--
Father Henry
turning his
back
to
a soul
constructed
beyond his
will--
9-5 family man
filling
his
garage
with plastic,
cursing "new" music
on
the
radio
he cannot comprehend
the lyrics
to--
Makes me
wonder
if
Martin Luther King, Jr.
or
John Lennon
we're
really
understood.

The Musician & The Writer

Second-hand
coffee shop
guitar player
sincerely
plucking
Black Bird
to
a
crowd
huddled next to
domino chips &
closed conversations.
He follows
his
heart,
with his woman in overalls
proud
in
to smell his shadow.
Whistling into
the
convent,
I
am
one of the
few
to applaud.
We know
he
performs
I write,
on the
edge of
a
horizon
we have captured
without
the
leverage of
showcase fanfare.
Staring &
inspired,
we
nod
at
each other--
with
a
grin.

New American Highway

More than
the
net worth
of
my bills,
I have
played with
the
idea
of
taking to another city.

Fly to
the
sidewalks of
San Francisco
museum halls
in
Phoenix
art expo
in
Greenwich Village
abysmal apartment hole
in
Chicago--

Into
a new soul
Kansas City
fails to offer
on
a
culture
holed-up
in
old abandoned 12th. St. warehouse.

Down
 Oh
Down
to a new tap water
marketed cigarettes,
struggling
for
survival
smiling
the
whole way
down
weathered stripes
on

a
New
American
Highway.

Nuclear Family

Cold War
has thawed
with
the Ground Chuck
on
the
afternoon counter.

Berlin Wall
has
disintegrated
into
bits of
spray paint.

Israel has
reaffirmed
peace sent
from
disciples
of
the
early AD.

Nuclear puss
still
sits
inside
color cellars--

Death
is
just another
term
drawn closely
to
birth.

Designing
the
end
to
civilization,
as
we
know
it.

Government
officials
loft

weapons
like
pink rubber balls
kicked
around
at
family picnics--

family

family.

Nude Green Pepper

She stepped
through
the screen door
into
a
new sunrise,
different
in
some way
from the thousands of millions
that
have
risen
over time--

Walking over
the
yard
slowly,
draped in
morning silk
her eyes
parade over
the
carnival of new growth
in
the garden.
Slinking over
tomato buds
cucumber vines
pumpkin sprouts
she
reaches patiently
into
wires of green
to
pluck a
healthy green pepper.
Curved naturally
like
her shapes
soaking
the misty light--
Exposing
her skin,
the gown falls silently.
Rearing head
back slowly,
her teeth
crash into
the

thick skin and
pentad of seeds
at
the
core.

Naked eating Nature--

Neighbors gawk,
she lowers
her
left arm
to
wipe the
liberal juices
dripping down
a
hallucegenic smile.

Quote Book

"Technology has finally surpassed Humanity."
Albert Einstein

"Hypocrites give the best advice."
Maria Seviroli

"In your lifetime, you can regiment your body, but you cannot regiment
your mind. You need to remain open-minded."
Aaron Gideon

One Skull In A Dense Field

Somewhere beyond,
my
best friend
from childhood
who
died
at
age
17
is
skipping rocks
off
a
small blue pond.

The
water
 under
the
 bridge
is
filled with
apples & oranges.

Corporate Managers
use
their
own
select collection
 o f
invisible
tools
to
s a p ial
 ten
 o
p
c
 r
 e
 at i v ity.

Used
to wait
tables &
sell
books,
one

of
the
most
remarkable
times
in
my
Job H

I
S
T
O
R
Y.

Providing
the
essentials.

Some peoples'
calling
in
life
is
their
damn alarm clock.

Next to
helping
the homeless
off
the streets,
I
would rescue
factory workers
from their
numb
c y c l e--
STAMPED: sure miSeRy & deAtH.

Presidential
candidates

should
win
"Salesperson of the Year"
awards.

Muslim
 Buddhist
Catholic
 Protestant
Mormon
 Jehovah's Witness
Baptist--
shouting venom-
treachery beneath holy water-
fire in eyebrows-
LISTEN:
 novel
 novel
 concept
folks.
God Is Love.

Without
a good
84 ounces of choice alcohol,
life
tends
 to
keep
me
drunk.

intelligence
 change
honesty.
Taught in Kindergarten,
chastised
in
small town restaurants.

The actor
or
actress
receives a healthy bank account
for
imitating

me
 you
grandma
 cousin
mother
 lunatic
cop
 philanthropist.

professional athletes
hear
a
stadium cheer &
own
change machines
for
playing
a
child's
 game.

Believe it
or
 not,
women
are
freedom.

Entered
the
local bar
recently,
dressed
from
 neck to
ankles
in
hub caps.

Life
provides such boredom
at
select times,
makes me
want to
stand

several feet from a Tornado
or
stand on the train tracks
waiting
for
the
on-coming caboose.

Analogy
for our time
on
earth--
A candle burning brightly
dripping wax for the journey,
coming to
a quick close
when wick & ground meet.

I need
several squeegee's
in
hand to
watch
Opera,
she
always makes
me
c
r
y.

There is an excuse
for
why
little Jonnie came
home
late for supper.
I see
no
excuse in shitty movies.

cab drivers
have
the most dangerous
job
in America today &

run
into more trouble
getting
a gun permit
than son-of-a-bitch Mitch
plotting to
kill
his
14-year old girlfriend.

Art
s e t
the
Accountant
f r e
e.

The next
person
I
see
wearing
Loony Toon clothing,
I'm
going
to
give them
a
good fucking kick
to
the
head.

Enya
will never
release
a
bad album.

158 Monks
sit silent
in
a
temple
thinking about
how

Marylin Monroe
really
d i e d.

Watch makers
are
always quoting
from
Genesis chapter one.

One of
the
saddest testaments
to
human existence
are
those souls'
who
never get out
and
travel.

If I was
full-blooded Indian,
I
would
chant
for
the chance
to
turn into a thunderhead
in
the burgeoning sky
&
rain on
outdoor country concerts.

In regards to Women:
sun dresses &
showers
are
God's gift
to
Men.

My lungs
leaped from my ear lobes
to
give me
a
good fucking talk
about
torture.

psychologists
 philosophers
 scientists
dance
arm-n-arm together
in a tight circle
interrupting each

 other

right-n-
left.

If
reincarnation
is
possible,
I
know some
people
who had to have been crickets
be fore.
sneaky
 noisy
 fucks.

if
 but
 would
 could
 should--

dangle
on
a bare winter tree
shouting incessantly
"What If."

A
promise is
trust
with potential.

Comedians
have
 the
 coolest
gig
around.

She thought
about me
 to day.
I thought
about her
tod ay.
We haven't
me
yet.

Psychic's
are
those hangovers
you
just
can't shake.

Wouldn't it
be
grand
to
 be
 at
 the
skating rink
just one more time,
doing the
couple skate
with
that
Jr. High
crush
giving your hormone pool a scare.

Do you
think
technology
is
another one of the
plague's
listed in Revelations.

Nudity scares
close-minded souls
into
closed quarters
of
constant chills.

Traveled the
world
today.
Looked
long-n-hard
at
a
floor globe.

How many violent
crime
do
you think
free thinker's have committed?

Naw,
we can't hire him.
Let's hire
the
shrewd short hair.

What can
you
always
rely on?

should the

words
everything & never
be used
as
often as they are.

The Universe
E X P A N D S
while
my existence
shrinks.

Dental Assistants
cook
a
mean
toothpaste casserole.

We might
be
 able
 to
 compete with the Japanese
if
we make
television-tabloids-sega/nintendo
extinct.

Hundreds of
caterpillars
walking on my back
gave
me
one hell of a
back
massage.

History
teaches us
that
cycles
are
an
eerie pretense.

Variety
can
provide either:
Fear
Satisfaction

Bi-sexual Women
make
me
genuinely
smile.

Reality
is
hot coffee
poured over
ice cubes.

Not cutting the
lawn
yesterday
isn't negligence.
Human disregard
is
negligence.

The greatest
invention
known to man
is
the
human mind.

sun tan oil
corporations
have
African-Americans
serving
as
CEO's.

So Much For The Way

The sun
breaking
inside my truck
feels
awfully warm.

It's my
good tiding
on cloudy shelves.

Alone,
desperate for
decent work,
staring over the
hood
of sorry streets.

Reminiscing
is much
more
than
it used to be,
resting in
here & now.

Empty spaces
collapse
into
my
chest.

I feel
cheated &
rusty,
so much
for
the
good old days,
as
they
say.

Necessity Thru The Night

The steady
march
time has
delivered,
is
the evolution of
purchase power.

kicking empty peach cans
throwing crinkled designer oxford boxes

has taught me
a
lesson.

Either
with of
loaded wallet
or
change in
my
pockets.

True purchases,
a
bell
ringing
across a field
warning each person
to
fall
prostate
before the explosion.

Necessities
define themselves--

Waste of
product
or minutes
is
worthless.

My thrifty
nature
allows me
pleasure
by way
of
cigarettes-pen-paper-paint-alcohol-books

I am
a
part
of the
essential circle
held tightly
by
second-hand
silk
to
fly my parachute
onto
solid
tufts of ground.

Certain
that greedy
purchases
are
bullshit.

I grab
for
shelves
stocked
modestly
for
my ride
thru the night.

Tracie, Our Tracks Will Always Connect

She caught
me
over the
blitz of
Jazz--

Met me
at the
mouth
of the bar,
persuade me
in adoration
to take
a walk
into plastic lawn furniture
for
some soul searching.

Her beauty
was
a pull on my tongue,
drawn in
by
the
aura
of her eyes & personality
that
provided intrigue
for
my
hair line.

We drank draft beer
shared cigarettes &
dug into
past love
and
present passion,
worth
the
team of skylines
looking over
the
musical performance
we
absorbed.

Back
to
her nearby apartment,
her

naked curves
were
nothing
shy of
a beautiful
new
round of breath & scents.

She took
me
home in the morning,
fondling aspirin-laughter-caffeine.

I fell
in
love for
an evening--

We then unhooked
our
tracks
to hobo
further down
a
track
we will

always

share...

Vine Water

Slant,
rising
 lowering--
Pushing
 pulling
the wavering bridge
into seal-level
water
below.
Teaching the
collection
meaning of
"Water under the Bridge."
On level
footing
once again,
they
couldn't
define the world "past",
firm in
the
present
the
future
rose like
a
new vine.

Walk # 2

It has been
two months
since
employment
has provided
paychecks with ease--

Today,
I
walk away
from
a waltz
performed
by
charlatan clowns in a
weak performance.

Trying my
hand
at
serving the public,
no sunshine
came
for me to see.

Another
cup
of
ice cubes
with water
sick enough
to
kill sturdy bones.

Financial gain
is
a
necessity
to survive
in this
rowboat society,
sanity & reality
mean
more than their
numbers
and
signature
could have provided.

This is
the

aphorism
I mumble
walking
across the street.

Glancing
a
mighty
screw off
to the Plaza,
warming a hope
too cold
to
ignite
my
coals of cheer.

West 39th

In this
coffeehouse off
West 39th
fans twirl
men recount
the
time
slipped between
their cracks
children tousle
to
feed a quarter
into pinball buttons.
My coffee
nips gently at
my tongue,
the smoke off
my cigarette
rolls cathartically
over
dry lips.
Traffic rumbles
on by
street lights
follow
footsteps of
passing pedestrian.
I have
been
told
to
do
what makes me happy.
No other
sequence of
events
could
keep
my eyes
unremoved,
like the
alluring drift of
chance
happening
in
the now.

Visionaries
are rarely
recognized
for their fruits
until
they
have
died.

Pain is
necessary
to
appreciate
the
pleasure
living
has to offer.

There will
never be
a
"better drug."

We will
forever
miss
something
we used
to
have (own).

Artists,
whether
is may be
m
u
s
i
c
paint
w
r
i
t

i
n
g,
are usually crucified
for
their difference.
Too
foolish to
discuss
further.

Stalk
the
second hand on
your watch
or
wall clock,
they're
always
doing
it to you.

le
food.

Parallelism:
Man walking
across
a
desert.
I look
for

Friendly White Lies

On a quest
to camaraderie,
trust is good &
interaction
is
healthy.

Finding a
group
of
companions on agreeance
has
been a warm bath
on
a
freezing afternoon.

Conversely,
non-verbal cue's &
rumors
bleeding pure shit
stymie
my
vision.

I know
for certain
the drill bits
have
charred my
wobbly spine,
teeth have
grazed my hair
over
time.

I have
found
you can only
trust few.

They depend upon
each person,
it makes no difference
what title
they
bear.

There will always
be
someone

ready to
plunge
the knife,
conveniently
similar
to
the
harmless white lie.

Zemora In The Park

Zemora
held the
book
loosely in her
slender fingertips.
Over-sized
sun dress
wire-rim glasses
held snug on
her
tight nose.
She reads Burrough's Naked Lunch
emersed in
the
buildings & faces
while bikers
&
walkers
pelt her
with
their passing lives.
She gently
scratches her back
against
the dark brown
of
the pending Oak bark,
held under
the
supervision
of
dancing leaves
in
city park.
I read the
lines
on
her existence,
passing
with
a
secret yet
curious
gaze--
Neither disrupting nor
contributing.
Proud her
imagination
touched my
existence
on

a
stroll
through

a
simple
tout in the
park
with
no name.

ut in the
park
with
no name.