

Joefiles 110 : CX
Self-Proclaimed Jack of All Legs
Excerpts from the "One Heaven Tear on Hell's Windshield" Anthology



561-????

some clever
advertising
genius
has a
sign on the
telephone pole
off a busy
intersection up
the way.

it's a white sign
with red lettering.

all the sign
has is one phone
number scrawled on it
with a message for
lawn cutting.

it starts with a
HUGE 561
and proceeds with four
numbers i strain to
read.

i don't catch the other
four.

the first three
were so well done
and
the
last four
were the lazy part
of this geniuses downfall.

and now the rest of
the world can fill in the
final four numbers
as the sound
of
faint lawnmowers cackle
in the background
on now.

A GLORIOUS NEW HOLIDAY DAY

if
i
ever
became
a
politician,
i
would
sneak
in
legislation
in
some
barrel
looked
at
bill
that
had
a
good
chance
of
passing,
but
folks
wouldn't
have
read
the
fine
details
and
deem
one
day
to
be

NATIONAL DON'T BE A FUCKFACE DAY.

AN IDEAL LURCH

many of
us
just
killing time
and hoping
that
one of our
collective
acts or
ideas
will become
the ire
of
someone
using
our
best
to
kill
their
time
all
sweetly
and
with
a
nice
backpacked
memory
to
hold onto
like
a
metal bar
on a roller
coast
just
as it
crests
the
hill
and
heads
into

the
dream
dip.

BLOWING MONEY DOWN THE TOILET

if i
ever
had the luxury
of running into
so much money
that i had
no idea how to spend
it,
i would begin a
photo anthology book
of random shit for
the hell of it.

each shot would be
absolutely esoteric
and would require
an inordinate amount
of money to stage,
and the outcome would
be sheer
absurd simplicity.

the first photo in this
book
would be a jonny on the spot
shoved in the middle of
the Mojave desert.

at the height of day,
i would snap a picture of that
john all tucked back in the middle
of the desert with
shit loads of sand around
and a blaring sun
smearing down in a torrent
wondering
what the hell
is going on there
in
the
middle of
earthly
hell.

bobby dylan

is always
singing a little
something
about whiskey
as the
clean shot glasses
or dirtied
whiskered cups lie
in the AM sink
and the smell of
coffee
is waffling through
my
wet brain
thinking about
how
i
can
regain my
foothold
through
all
the
dylan logic
going
about
that
wooden kitchen
of mine.

BUGS –N- KIDS

do the
bully kids
that torture
bugs
become bug exterminators
later
on in life
to keep
up with the
tending
of
their youth?

or will
they be the ones
to wake up
as kafka predicted
as a giant
cockroach
to make the world
shriek in fictitious
horror.

or perhaps they
will be reincarnated as
a tiny ant that
will
be confronted by
a big ape of a kid
ready to
squash it's life out
in some witless
moment of selfishness.

or perhaps these kids
are just being kids
the best way that kids
can be kids
and that kafka and
extermination and reincarnation
has nothing to do with
anything
as i presume
i'm over thinking this

one simple act of a child
trying to
figure out
what the hell
is bugging
us all
the
time.

BURNING WORLD

many
early morning
sunrises
lately
look
as though
the morning
headlines
are dead right
as the bright
sun ball
comes peaking over
some cold clamor
of trees
to expose
the chaos
of burning
going on the
other side
of this great
big world
of ours.

BUS STOP LESSONS

most of my
solid moments
of time management
and patience
came
as a kid
waiting
at the bus stop.

i was forced to be
responsible for
my perception of
time swirling around
the circular clock face.

and i had to endure
the cold, cold, cold
or hot, hot, hot
of those raining, snowing
and otherwise
blistering days
under a flimsy awning
of our neighbors house
or just standing out in the open.

and those mornings i would hear the
bus ride on in a loud whirl
up the steep hill outside
our duplex as i ran with
milk spilling from
my bowl towards the sink,
i knew that i was starting
a day that was going
to kick me harder and harder
as it advanced forward.

and then there were other
days i would watch the robins
fly into a line of pine trees by the stop
and would wonder what
would be required to get
wings put on my arms
so that i could stop
patiently learning time management

as we all wished for
that streak of
yellow to come mushrooming
over the concrete butte
of our
childhood imagination.

CHARLIE HORSE LEGACY

who was
the unlucky
bastard
that got the
charlie horse
named after
himself?

really,
what charlie
in their right
mind would want to
tango with that
lore for the rest of
human memory?

was this charlie
guy a self proclaimed
asshole that wanted
to be etched in
storied infamy to
afflict the innocence
of all of us stark in
the middle of the night ..

come on,
charlie horses.

that shit is some painful
shit.

now,
the rueben is something
worth leaving a legacy for.

but this charlie horse guy
can eat shit for all
the teams of people that scream
in pain at the return of the
name without etymology,
but steeped in
banana fright.

CHORTLE

on
of
my
favorite
words
in
the
english
language
is
chortle
and
every
time
this
happens,
i
begin
to
emulate
the
word
i
utter.

CHRISTMAS IS OVER!

CHRISTMAS IS OVER!
CHRISTMAS IS OVER!
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CHRISTMAS IS OVER!
CHRISTMAS IS OVER!

damn,
i like the
way
that
sounds.

CLONED RAPPER ATTACK!

as the kevin federline
clone
whizzes by me on the 45 MPH street
as i attempt to
turn left,
i see him with window down,
cocked lip,
sideways loud colored hat,
gaudy big gold chains,
mean looking eyes,
cricked head
and
blaring 15 miles over
the speed limit,
i think
that
the only
thing
more
tragic and
silly
as this clown mess
is the
girl
that
is going
to
fall
for
his
saggy cologne bones
and crawl
up on his
non-contraceptive
bones
and bring
another one
of those little
blobs into
the world
to
make you
seriously
contemplate

the notion
of
good old home schooling.

CLOWN CAR CONE BOWLING

i've lost count
of the times
i have itched
to cross that centerline
and plow
into a long line
of orange cones
cascading up
and down the street.

taking each of
those plastic triangles down
in a flood of
highway fun
until i
feel like pulling
back over into my
regular lane
of hitting
invisible
cones of
legal driving
under the speed
limit.

and because
i have lost
count of all
my times of desire,
i may make a new
count as
i prep myself to actually
do this the next
time this cone happy
town blockades a side of road
i want to end up in
and laugh
all
the way
to my next destination
full of
plastic gruff in
my grill
and

a
new number
to keep track
of.

COLD DRIVEN MORNING

when all
the driving
people
in
the dead cold
of morning
sit
hunched over
their
wheels in
petulant
glares
at the road
and everything
around
them
i
imagine
a whole
road full of
prize
fighters
waiting
for
that
one quip
or
errant fist
toss
to
turn
this
cold
morning
into
a
boiling
hot
adventure
i
will
never,
ever
forget.

COMPANY LUNCH PAIN

one of
the most
humiliating,
yet painful
acts
of
working
in an orderly
environment
within cubicle
walls is
to hold in
your gastric
pain.

no matter
how bad
the lunch
was and
how hard
it is to hold
in the worst
your body has to
offer,
you try to salvage
your pride
and save your
co-workers
from
thinking that
you are fowl.

all of that
pain comes
to an
magnanimous
end when you
close that car
door,
shut your eyes
and let
the world explode
into the most
noxious,

beautiful smell
anyone other than
you has
never
experienced.

CONSTANT UPKEEP

the older
i become
and the more
i spend on haircuts
and wipe gel
on my scalp
and keep my
hairs outta my face,
i think
that getting
a solid shaver
and going
bald
wouldn't be all
that bad of
an option.

no more
maintaining.

i gave up.

not to the notion
of genetics,
yet,
but to the
notion
that i have
better
things that can
be maintained than
the way people
see what's on my head
is the way it
should be.

so the next
time you see me about,
you might not recognize me
as my
skin
flares
in
shiny

bean headed
pride.

COP LIKE PROTOCOL

around
these parts
seems to me
that the cops
are always nailing
the mostly innocent
of us all
as the
real crooks speed by
with a joint in
their mouth,
a glove box full of
guns and bullets
and a trunk
harboring enough drugs
to choke the entire population
of Guatemala
and as this trim black man
in his fifties hands over
his license and wonders
how he is going to explain this
transgression to his
wife,
the harden criminal
blares on past the
cop lights that just
pulled over the innocent
man
with music blaring,
and the day
hazy with the premonition
that something bad
is on the horizon
that is slowly crumbling
into a mound
of
barely perceptual fire.

COP LOGIC

as my car
reflects off
the shiny orbs
of the cop
face
while he aims
his laser
gun at my
speed limit
crawl down
the highway,
i have
a feeling
that this
cop is looking
for the car
his ex-girlfriend
drove in
high school
the year
she broke up with
him
to get his
karmic
payback on the world
as the real
criminals
of our generation
run free
away from
the personal
politics
of
the human
theater
unfolding
before each of
us in the flash of
color
over silver
shades.

CREDIT THEM

they should
hatch a show
called 'credit recovery world'
and treat it like an
ER drama on television.

it could show the husband
opening the mystery statement
after a leisurely stroll
to the mailbox and
watch how his heart
shrieks into shock
at the devastation of
unknown credit spending.

this poor sap,
along with the innocent
new college student
that doesn't understand credit
gets their first statement
shipped back to their silly
mail slot.

they could both be shipped
off to the 'credit' hospital
to be told by friendly customer
service representatives
that they can take as long as they
like to mail in the full lump of
their credit woes
and if they want,
they can spend more to get
bonus point frequent flier miles
gifts.

it would be a show full of suspense
and real world bitter joy
as credit ceilings raise
and the re-roofing can just
be thrown on the proverbial card
as the whole lot of us
delighted americans clomp along
with our debt addle dreams
and rising interest rates.

DEER TARGETED IN RETAIL CROSSHAIRS

i saw
a clip of a
loose deer
running rampantly
through
some target store.

it was caught on
some surveillance
store camera
and all the
barely living
shoppers
shrieked in horror,
and pulled their
purses close to
as the deer raced frantically
from cosmetics
to the salsa aisle.

several lost,
confused target workers
ran to herd this deer outta the
store,
but they had no effect on
this large mass of
slipping creature taking
down shit loads of
things off shelves as
it slipped and slopped like
a lost surfer on an ice rink
for the first time.

and as it sufficiently
tore this store up on a
sixty second rave through
the store,
it galloped out of the front
doors and out of the
range of the
blurred, black and white
security cameras.

the final frame of this

deer comedy
was about four store employees
waltzing out of the front door
in a posture suggesting that
they has something to do with
ending this
comedic insanity of
nature meeting
consumerism
for one
very
brief,
triumphant minute
in time.

DRY DREAMING

i want some
damned good
dry dreams to go
with
all these
wet one's that
sneak up on my
like
a cup of
water
accidentally
thrown
at my groin.

i go weeks and
weeks without remembering
a good, solid
dream,
so bring
on the try
and save
me
from
all
the
amnesic cleaning up.

ECHO OF SILENCE

today
is
a
ghost
town
in
america
as
the
permanent
echoic
din
of
september 11
rings
up
and down
the
quiet
streets
for
everyone
to
acquire
that
small
square
of
knowing
that
there
is
something
that
needs
to
be done
that
day
but
it
can
wait
as

the
quiet
of
the world
bears
down
all
heavy
and essential
like
the
bottom
of
our
oceans.

EELY MASCOT

of all
the odd
school mascots
that exist in
the world,
i would
love for
a school to adopt
my own
odd concoction ..

it would be called ..

'LEE THE DISLEXIC EEL ..
THE HOME OF THE BACKWARDS STING!'

EXTINGUISHED BUSH

i'm beginning
to imagine
that a parade
circus environment
is going
to take place
from coast to
coast in this
town on january 20, 2009
when the world's real
access to evil
gets ousted by
the karmic clock
and we can all
go back to
better dreams
of what politics
could bring
our weary human
bones that will
begin to defrag
from the worst
political hell
ride that
no
good historian
could have
penned
on the best
day
under the best
drug high
on
the most
ethereal
of
circumstances.

amen.

EYE BALL WATCHING

sometimes
i catch the
side of my
mile's boy's
eyes
and watch
him sadly peer
around him
as his
developmental
delays
preclude
his two and a half year old
brain from saying
simple words
that would
dry up hundreds of
tears that occur
during the course
of a typical week
and as he finds out
that i'm peering into
his face,
he looks up with
a bounding
face of smiled over
excitement and
reaches up to hug
my shoulders
as the entirety
of his sadness
evaporates
like the last
tiny slip of cloud
in the sky on a
hot,
summer afternoon
skyline.

first time is always the funniest

for most
as every other
time becomes
some
futile
exercise in
making sure
that the first
time doesn't
become
the
last and if
it ever
does eclipse
into the end,
then there
will
always
be some kind
of memory
that comedy
is stronger
than
death
and when
comedy dies,
then
the world
can truly
back it up
with the now
eminent
extinction
of
the
honey
bee
population.

A FOOTBALL POEM

i had a dream
last season
that our local
football team
won the super bowl
and almost
wrote into the
local paper
that
we had indeed won
the super bowl
even though
we didn't in reality
and i could describe
the way we achieved
our final score and
smiled through the
marathon rain of
confetti
from downtown skyscrapers
because
this little dream
from someone
that barely watches
my hometown team lose
most of the time
is the closest this town
is ever going to get
to feeling the elation
of another super bowl
win that would be
about as possible
as me dreaming my way
out of this
impossible
poem.

free bibles

for
everyone
that
wants
one
as
my
tiny
hotel
heart
beats
with
the
permanent
tattoo
of
the
Gideon's
tucked
inside
it's
tiny
theological
innards.

GOOD TIMES?

i love
those redneck
stickers
on cowboy trucks
that
simply say,
'i'm up for a good time.'

the rhetorical
stickers
are
the
one's that
deserve
the most
praise.

so,
up for a good time, eh?

fuck,
he must be one of the few.

that's something to know about someone.

i never meet anyone that wants
a good time.

most folks want
to have a sour shithole time.

maybe that should be a sticker ..

those that want a good time
sticker bearers are really the
ones that should be commended.

part of an elite group.

thanks all you good time seekers
for letting me know.

you were probably
voted most likely to have a good time in high school, eh?

HIPPETY HOT BALLS

a hot cup
of coffee
between dude's legs
makes some
very,
very nervous,
but it only makes
me realize
that if
i hit
a bump
or
the cup
slips up,
i'm going
to have
some
newly energized balls
to rocket
me
through
my
day that
requires
all the
hot
balls
i can
give
it.

i never know what i want for christmas or my birthday.

i really don't
want anything
at all,
but i don't want
to make
my wife,
kids,
family
feel the
emptiness
i have for
getting anything
other than
getting to
be alive
with the
folks i choose
to be alive
around.

that's really
all i want.

no more
clothes,
equipment,
paints,
frolic,
liquor bottles,
fancy articles
of forgetfulness,
nothing.

i just want the world
to turn hard enough
to see my kids celebrate
their birthdays
and
maybe
a blow up
mr. peanut doll,
if i have
to have
anything

at
all.

it's not even 9 AM in the morning

and the cat in front
of me is teetering slightly
with a new 16 oz. can of
beer in his hand

and as he passes over his crumpled
balls of bill
and change,

he tears out to
the idling
car with his
gal in the passenger seat

to do
exactly what he
did

before he came
inside
as the march of life
continues to do nothing
to alter this

AM drunk man
trying to make
his girl believe
that life

may not change
if you do nothing
as their car peels
away in a tiny
invisible cloud
towards
never.

LESLIE & MR. BRADLEY HIGH ABOVE

when news
of ed bradley's
death
first
hit
the news,
i thought
about
one of the few
celebrity
stories a regular
had and lived
to talk about it.

one night in a
bitter cold jazz joint
in denver,
on old co-worker
by the name of leslie
told me about a time
she was in vail and
hopped into the same
ski life
with mr. bradely.

as they ascended towards
the top,
he pulled out a joint
and proceeded to smoke
it with this gal leslie
and her friend.

once they reached the summit,
they were sufficiently
ready to head into
the cold blitz of
mountain in front of
them.

about a month after
i heard this story,
leslie died in her
late twenties
in a tragic car accident

outside of a
midtown bar in the AM
on a cold,
cold evening.

and now that mr. bradley
has left our world,
i think that leslie and ed
will again have a moment in the
proverbial clouds to
get schlockered one
more time
and laugh
about all the
famous and non famous
moments they
shared in our little
blue dot
below the upper
mystery
of our
human high.

MORNING SIMPLICITIES

many times
in the morning
i realize
the simplicity
of my
existence
when i
look up
from my
sitting position
on the toilet
at the stark
white cotton
robe hanging
like an invisible
person on a
hook
and wish
while
the coffee is
popping in
percolating
delight
that i could
have more
mornings
like this
to dream
about how
good it's
going to feel
to rid
the cold
with
that
sulking
robe
and
hot
brown
water
as
the
toilet

flushes
and
the
world
makes
absolute
and
complete
simple
sense.

PLEASE HELP ME!

i've been trying for
days and years and months
to get a handle on
my subconscious mind
and it just keeps
slipping from my
mental grip like one
of those odd gel tubes
i used to have as a kid
that never quite stayed in my hands.

there were some moments
when i had a firm grip on
that gesticulating stretch of oval,
but it was always futile and short lived.

the minute i would confirm with
my brain that it was froze in my palm,
i would turn to say,
'HEY, LOOK I MADE IT STOP!'

and it was then that it would
pop from my hands and slam down
on the floor as it's inanimate
oblong eye looked up at me in
mockery.

that's what my subconscious does
to me all the time.

throwing me into odd dreams
with celebrity debutants
with owls on their shoulders
and baristas talking about
blood from the eyes
as the nuclear cloud wafts over the
rooftops and everyone
stays delightfully alive
as the ad for Target comes
blaring in invisible synchronicity
over our debt addled brains
as the invisible airplane taking me
over the entire world
that shimmers like a lost

goblet from the last supper
awakens me suddenly from my sleep
as i walk towards my day
with a good chance at many Freudian slips
waiting to banana peel around my mouth.

so,
any subconscious tamer out there
is welcome to come
and walk about my brain for a moment
and let me know what the other half
of the brain looks like while
it hatches a million different games
to hex my conscious brain into believing
that i may be purely sane as the
rest of the world does cartwheels into
the insane abyss of
running waterfalls and small
leaps of non-faith.

HELP!

i'm not going to move
until you arrive
with the magic monkey carrying the
glass orb telling me that
i can hold onto my slippery childhood
for one moment longer as
the world remains
frozen in a carbonate
that is
not only fictitious,
but
rather consciously true.

PLEASE .. !

POISON BAGS

some clunk head
up the road from
our old home
had a bag full of
poison and lead paint
in a big orange bag
with a biohazard sticker
emblazoned on the side
and it just sat there
for weeks.

no city municipality
was going to trudge off
with this fellas
bag of illegal poisons just
sitting there all the same
under the sun
and rain.

and each time i went
by and saw the mystery contents
of a bag that could
very well be anthrax or other
terrorist agent waiting to
begin in kansas city and
spread throughout the states
and out into the outer world,
i felt
as though
the city would
be relieved
that they didn't
get this
nasty
disease all
the rest of us have
because
somehow
our
government
pals
don't
deserve
to

live
the
lives
we
live.

POOR AMERICANS

the greatest
sadness of
going
out into public
is hearing
the eternal
bowie soundtrack
of how he's afraid
of americans
as all the americans
i see are afraid
of everything
around them
except for the
cell phone
masquerading over
their ear drums as
they blare
down the road
in a squiggly line
towards their next hallowed
destination
on
this
rouge
ride
through
history.

PULL OUTTERS

go
ahead,
pull
out
in
front
of
me
you
silly
republican
pric,
and
when
you
do,
i'm
going
to
flick
something
at
you
and
i'm
not
sure
what
it's
going
to
be,
but
in
the
end
it
won't
be
my
fault.

ok.

RETAIL CLERK ISLAND

the best
solution
for the slack
retail workers of
the world
like the recent
7-11 woman mouthing
on a donut,
perturbed that i wanted
to buy a soft drink,
not a word of welcome or 'hi'
and when the total
flashed on the
little digital
rectangle,
she pointed at the
total instead
of mouthing it out.

after i got the
change back from
her barely palpitating
hand,
i wheeled out of the store
perplexed at
what people pay
other people
to do as
the day grew
another cloud.

and i decided
that these
near dead retail
folks
chagrined to do their
job belong
on a farm
far from civilization
milking cow teets
or
working in a
cubicle hovel
in their home

talking to people
about their credit
card woes.

i think this
would make
that louis armstrong
song a reality
as the march of
the beautiful world
gains another
willful tip
to keep
our perfunctory
retail experiences
just above
tolerable.

SAY WHAT?

the ashplundh
tree service
trucks
with
all their
orange and
black are everywhere
in this town
trimming tree fowl
and tending to t
he botanical
nuisances that
sprout towards
the sun.

and each time
i see the teams
of small mexican
dudes that work tirelessly
for
this company in
both hot and cold,
i wonder what they tell their
friends when they ask
who they work for.

i imagine many
content men telling
their pals over beer
that they work
for ashplundh
and when they do,
their pals will retort,
'WHAT DID YOU CALL ME!'

and when they say
ashplundh one more time,
there is going to be tiny
mexican scuffles all over
the place
as these protectors of
botany go awry
try to protect the
name of

a company
they
can't
protect.

SLOWEST POEM EVER

our nine year old
zen boy
is the slowest
creature i
have
ever witnessed.

he can take
so long at doing
something that
one will forget
that they even
interacted with
him ten minutes prior.

many times i
feel bad that we
give the kid so much
shit
for being slow.

sure,
he takes his time,
but good planning
and careful precision
is just a sign for
having solid smarts.

plus,
why the hell do us
fast people have
to flick shit at those that
absorb the moments of life
like a slowly melting jaw breaker,
instead of crashing into that
jaw breaker center,
cracking a tooth,
going to the dentist,
and forgetting
why it was so important
to even smash down so
fast into that
proverbial jaw breaker.

so,
this is for you zen boy.

take all the time
in the world
and tell the world
afterwards that it
owes you nothing
because all of us
running abouts in
a dizzying pace will
be in line for so
long telling the world
what we need in return,
that you will be off
taking your time
doing
whatever you do
when you slowly crawl
along doing
what you do.

SUNNY FUTURE?

i'm currently
on a long standing
sunglasses strike
and as i squint
harder and more
fervently into
the passing light
through the windshield,
i wonder
if in the end
this may
say something
huge
about
my
future ..

the dirty smoker man

in front of the holt
donut shop that sells
out their entire stock
of sugary breakfast stock by 8 is looking at all
the passer bys
going to vote
for their favorite
sound bite
as we peers our
of badly slitted eyes
thinking that we
are all a bunch a
fucken
suckers.

THE HUNGER CAR

some days
i wanna
turn my front car
dash into a
huge buffet line
full of
crab legs,
tomatoes,
cottage cheese,
chicken legs,
fries
and such.

and as i stop at
lights or signs,
i would smile
at curious drivers
abound
and just
toss my
old
crab legs out of the window
as
a trickle
of
cottage
triumphantly
runs down the corner of my mouth.

THE INVASION OF THE WHITE RAPPERS

HAVE
SLIPPED INTO
THE ONCE
TAME SUBURBS
AND THEY ALL
HAVE KEVIN FEDERLINE
GLARES ON THEIR
BARELY HAIRD LIPS
AND THEY WANNA FUCK
YOUR COUSINS
AND STEAL YOUR MALT LIQUOR
WHILE THEIR BASS BOOMS
AND THEIR RIMS WAIL WITH
SLIVERS OF ROTATING
SILVER
AS EVERYONE ELSE ON
THE ROAD LOOKS ONTO
THESE BAGGY JEANED
RIP OFF HACKS
WONDERING HOW THEY WERE
EVER DEVOLVED INTO SUCH
A POSITION OF
RIPPING OFF
BLACK CULTURE IN SUCH
A FRAUDULENT AND RAPTUROUS
WAYS AS THEIR UNCOORDINATED
SLIP THROUGH
THE STREETS OF UNASSUMING
AMERICA
PROVIDES THE ABSOLUTE BEST
COMEDIC MATERIAL SINCE
EDDIE MURPHY'S DESCRIPTIONS
OF THE 'REAL HOOD'.

the most flawed mass logic

a population
of rusted
brain addled
folks
can believe
about
a
man
that
will
go
down
as the worst
to run
this
american
country
is
that
you have
to
respect
a bush
because
he
is
our
president,
he is in
charge.

that's cute.

how many millions
said
that about
all
of
those
sad
militant
dictators
that
finally
got

run
up
on
providing
so
many human
tragedies
that
this
international
court had no
other option
but
to
finally,
sooner than later,
dispose of
this wasted human
character.

and this won't
even happen for
our burning
bush
because
they
don't recognize such
a system
because
he
would be the first
one
that
would
grace the halls
of that
court
for
being
the
'respected one'
that
had
not
even
a drip

of
time
to
deceive
us
all
anymore.

THE 'WHAT' SPECTRUM ..

whenever
i mention
to folks
that my 2 year old
miles boy is
in the 'autism spectrum'
i get the responding
look that asks
me to explain this
increasingly prevalent
phenomenon that
their nieces, distant friends
or TV has been talking so much
about later ..

and as i waggle
my head about like
dustin hoffman's lost
father in 'rainman',
i merely tell
them that
i treat my boy
as though
he is just a regular kid
that has assumed
a tag the doctors
find convenient for a
condition
that has neither been
condoned or denied
and as i grow
older minute by
minute,
my love
maturates in ways
that blinds me from
the fact that my little
boy has a condition
that will
trace his shadow
for the rest of his
earthly days.

and this doesn't

mean that he
is at some distinct
disadvantage
as his host of daily
smiles
blasts the world
with the happy curiosity
that most humans wish
to hone every moment
that criss cross
from one minute to another
on life's dance floor.

and when my little
spectrum boy
lies down to sleep
and the sound of his
heart sears through mine
chest to chest,
the collective rumor
of no beginning,
no end,
no cure,
only coping
begins to subside
as the
mighty guise of night
rises through
my evening window
to tell me that
maybe this life
isn't a nasty
rumor,
but a triumph
that you
slowly get
as we all advance
one more day towards
our eventual end,
and continual
walk
no matter
what damned
spectrum
we happen
to fall within.

THRIFTY SHOPPERS BROKE

i saw
one of
our therapists
in our
local thrift shop
for the second
time in some
months a while back.

and as i continued
to shop,
not bothering her,
i figured that
we are all
surely poor.

if a therapist
has to shop in
a
second hand shop
as much as i
do,
then there is
a
real need to likely
drop this
bankrupt habit of
writing poems
that never
get paid for
and pick up
something
more
profitable
like
trading stocks
so
that
i can shop at
more upscale
stores
where the
folks
are

not
only
sadder,
but more
complacent
in their
all encompassing
evasion of reality.

then,
i hit that
moment
where i decide
that to be
a broke
poet
makes
more
sense
than
anything
i have
ever
decided
to make
money
doing.

so,
here's to all
the
spare change
laying
on the ground
outside
some
broken
thrift
shop
in
anytown, USA.

truck stop hookers rule the world

and will
dominate
the universe
if we are
lucky.

protectors
of the democratic
idea of
sex,
interstate commerce
and unlawful freedom.

the world melts
into oblivion
under the
numbing pace of
legal jobs
that do nothing
but get the
illegal legals
more and more
money to flaunt
on
cable TV specials.

but the truck stop
hookers
look out for their
boys
and own satisfaction
as their wallets
get
fat with
money
to feed their own
as the
universe
wait for it's
turn to
have the
grace
of
simple
sex and illegal

commerce
to fall
on
it's star step.

UNPREDICTABLE SQUIRREL CRAZE

i know that
humans are the only
creatures that
consciously concoct
and carry out suicide,
but i'm beginning
to think that the
squirrels in this town
are
riding down
the
suicidal path.

darting in an out
of the streets.

jumping from flimsy
limp to
hot electrical wire,
these squirrels are
all erratic with
wagging tails
as though
they found their way
into the cocaine
bin and finished off
their find with
a sheet of
tasty acid squares.

running in haste,
flopping like an
insane dream sequence,
i'm beginning to think
that the squirrels
may lead the animal
kingdom
down a very lecherous
path
unless we hide
the drug bin and
convince them to
stop running across the street
as though

they are subbing for
the proverbial chicken.

UNWAVERING HE-SHE STATUS

it has taken over
three decades to
achieve this
emasculated
honor,
but i have
blossomed into
a slight
he-she.

in my march
towards slower
metabolism
and less physical
exertion,
i have grown
delightful little
man boobs
and swelled out
a nice
belly gut.

if you really peer
at me fist thing in
the morning
without a shirt
and a white robe on,
you may ask me how
long i have until
my little one is due.

tight shirts
or big winds
can press my cloth in
ways that would expose
the best of my
hidden plunging neckline.

sure,
i could feel bad about
this and get an
expensive and expansive
membership to some
fancy chrome gym,

but i rather like
what i have spent so
long to
evolve into.

maybe i need a little
femininity to trickle
from my open mind
into my open skin pores.

damn,
i think i have a nice rack.

and when i rub that
protruding belly of my
after a solid meal,
it makes me feel as if
the world may
finally make sense in
the combined
male/female neutrality
of it all.

URBAN WATER

in my
city living
journeys
and jaunts
through
the 'hood'
i have never
seen a water tower ..

could that be
that the hood
is always in the lowest
part of towns
or could it be that
i'm not paying attention
to big tubs of
water erected over
the twinkling din
of
the urban grotto.

and if there are
actually
water towers
in the hood,
would it make a difference.

does this make a
difference
that i want to
know if a big
delicious stack
of colorless
refreshing water
exists in the
glory
of our
lowest
populations
in this
world
of
ours.

voting

is exactly
like the holidays
in america.

it's a long
painful
buildup and then
BAMMMMMMMMO
it's
gone.

done.

and when it's over,
you get report after report
of some schleppy reporter
talking about what
they perceived
results to be.

all this,
while you slither
around in a
state of shock
and emotional bankruptcy.

possibly broke,
but more about being
beaten down
so badly that
when the results come
through,
you wonder
why you even voted for
the asshole you voted for
in the first place
as the world
drifts on
into
another profound,
yet regular
moment.

WAVING THEM ON

the enduring
triumph of
miles boy
is contained here
within ..

one hot Sunday
afternoon
i had him
on that cold
plastic of a dirty
men's room changing table.

as i wrangled his
eternally wiggling
bones
on that table with
a diaper that is in the
top ten of the worst
i have ever seen.

an older,
square fella came
through the door
to make a quick
pee and escape our
fecal tragedy unfolding
in a moment between
father and son.

and as this man hastened
his urination,
i was on the final stage
of finishing miles up
as this fella whisked by
to escape the stench
and sight of
miles' tiny wiggle
naked body
and at this moment,
miles caught this man's eye
and gave him an enthusiastic
wave.

as the door slit
closed,
i laughed a nice
belly chuckle
because
he had again won
the battle
and
told
the
world
'hi'
as
all
of is wafted through
the sour airs.

why do we have to look at each other all the time?

are we curious?

are we nervous?

do we want fantasy?

do we want something
someone else has?

are we copying their
moxy to reproduce
it for ourselves?

are we just merely
looking around
and someone happens to
be there?

why are you looking
at me right now?

what do you want?

what does everyone
want?

where is it all
going to go?

should we know
each other?

is this poem
real?

what would you
do if you
could see
everyone that
is alive on earth
right now?

how different would
you be?

maybe that's why
we look at folks
to see if there
is something we
are missing
about this reality
because
we look at ourselves
more consciously
in the mirror
throughout
the course of our
lives than we do anyone
else alive,
including
your family,
spouse,
kids,
friends
or
gods
and that
is likely
what is coursing
through the whites
of the eyes
in that one person
fixed on you at
the checkout stand
at the grocery
store
as
you find their eyes
and that
stranger
quickly looks down
to avert eyes
and find another
person
to
put
in the proverbial
periscope.