

JOEFILES 111:
Harlequin Heart Chambers
In Every Thought I Eventually Forgot



9:59 AM 9/11/2007

last night i had this bizarre dream, i just remembered it, where i was on an international flight of sorts sitting in a plane seat looking over the entire world .. i could see the continents and oceans in kind of rectangular strips .. and i was elated and scared looking over so far up in the sky seeing the ebb and flow of those tiny oceans glimmering on each coast .. every once in a while caroline or the kids would flit into my head as voices or pretenses without actually being there and ask questions as to how the 'trip' was going and i kept saying that i was looking over the pacific and the atlantic at the same time .. and the colors were amazing and surreal and as we readied to land i was relieved and terrified that i was gonna fall out of the seat .. the plane vessel i was on wasn't made of metal and seats and stuff, it was an open air ship that i could feel the upper space air on my skin while observing our world from overhead .. odd ..

AN EARLY, EARLY

all
the
early
morning
walkers
with
their
old
lady
hair
and
middle
aged
dog
leashes
look
like
tiny
ants
on
cocaine
wondering
if
that
big
watermelon
slice
is
going
to
appear
over
the
hill
they
quickly
crest.

ASS COUNTY

i now live
in cass county.

used to be
jackson county,
and there is nothing
much
you
could do to a street
sign
with 'jackson'
on it.

but,
with cass
i could sabotage
the 'c'
and give all the
motoring
passer by's
with a wandering
eye the pleasure
of
living
in a new county
for a brief time
until
the
'c' is
reinstated.

the dream
of living in
an ass county
is all
up to me.

i could afford
many proud folks
the chance
to finally
live
their dreams
of being a

part of an ass
county.

and together,
we could all
pay our taxes
to
the most appropriately
named county
in any quadrant
of
america.

and all
the city employees
would
be ass county
locals.

BEGINNING OF AN END

when the
old men
of the
world
truly begin
wondering what
is happening
to their
eyes and brain
while
watching TV news
is when the
invisible matrix
will begin raining down on all of us
like ants from
a kid's game
of trying to
build a mound
of metal shavings
on the inanimate
smiling face behind
hard,
hard plastic.

BUMPER STICKERS

my lovely
wife told me
that she doesn't put
bumper stickers
on her car because
she simply cannot decide on one.

there are so many
that would convey a reoccurring
message to everyone within your car shot,
but she cannot do it.

and with that in mind,
i would like to capture that
mental quagmire in a jar
and release it towards
all of those people that
slam me at stop signs and lights
with their personality stamps.

i would let her mental indecisiveness
fly on over to those
dudes with marine stickers,
supporters of W,
jesus disseminators
and the like.

and as they breath in this
whiff of not knowing
what to do with their cars,
they will make a u-turn for
a hardware store to get some
razor blades to
bless all of us
with their inability
to decide what
we all just don't need
to know about these
faceless strangers
riding around on four to six wheels.

CARTOONISH POEM

there
was a
cartoon wind
the other
day that
beat the trees
so hard
that
some towering
trees were
bent towards
the earth in
wholly unnatural
ways
as the cackle
of all my
lost or stolen
cartoon characters
i watched as a kid
retreated to
the basement
to ingest all
the best cartoon
toxins
to laugh louder
and louder
and louder
as the winds
finally subsided
and
the
TV's became delightfully extinct.

DENNIS MILLER

what
the
fuck
really
happened
to
dennis
miller
i
wonder
as
i
imagine
him
cashing
another
large
check
at
his
local
LA
bank
branch
and
crawling
into
his
hummer
to
continue
listening
to
bush's
weekly
radio
address
with
sheer
glee
as
he
let's
out

a
laugh
that
at
one
time
made
me
believe
in
comedy
with
a
human
touch.

DESTINATION MAN

every week
i used to see
this one particular
dude on a ten speed bike.

he was a man in his forties,
ragged handlebar mustache,
an older ten speed in bad shape,
a huge winter coat over his bones,
one arm loaded with a big bad of shit,
and the other free arm holds on
for dear life as he weaves in and
out of the road while
trying to hug the invisible line
on the side of the street.

and each time
this man warms my heart
with his thrifty,
frugal ways of
getting where he is going and
where he has been.

the key to this
memorable man
is that i pass hundreds of people
each and every day
and it's these kinds of folks
that everyone ignores
that crawls into the
forefront of my brain
as the desire to describe
his will to the world takes
over and
everyone else around me
meanders as extras
walking around a movie
set trying to learn
lines to a film that is about
me,
but i hesitate to remember
them as i dawdle
forward forgetting
that the film is

raging on around me
with boom mikes,
cameras behind bushes
and tiny key grippers
tucked into the
brown bag
this bicycle riding
man is toting on
the way
to his
eventual
destination.

DROP OFF

of all the
needle bounces on
my emotional faceplate
i have experienced
over the years of
my life,
i have never
felt what i feel
when i have to
tell my
beautiful two year
old miles by
when i have to go
off to work
and he has to stay
with a sitter
or at a clinic.

when his bottom
lip begins to quiver
and his forehead
becomes the
hide of a pug,
i seize,
turn,
and go back
to tell him
that i'm always
there and that
we will be together
very, very soon.

this usually
seals up his tears,
but his genius baby brain
knows the score as he
kisses the side of my head and
saunters off
into his next courageous moment
as my needle hovers towards
the
middle of somewhere
we can all simply admire
as parenting.

DRUG BUSH

a truly
fitting
end to
the
failure
of
absorbing
the
bush
presidency
would
be
for
him
to
repeal
all
DARE
and
drug
programs
promoting
everyone
to lay off the
drug use
and tell
us all
to
do as much
drinking
and drugging as
we
like because
him
and his pals
did
nothing but
that during
their 8 years
of hell
unleashed on
a nation
of
shocked

pill
poppers.

everything reminds me of everything

as i try to
pinpoint
the right
way to get something
done and realize
that i may be
wrong,
but it would also
risk that i was
right
when the fight
to be both
right and wrong
and willful
is enough
to take me back
to my original thought
that everything
will continue
to
remind me of everything
and memories is what
we are all about
as the rain remains right
and the sun continues
to flat fucking shine.

EVOLVING AWAY

there
are times
of the day
when
several phones
ring
at once,
my headache
won't let up
and the smell
of booze from
the night before
rips through
my tiny work
area as i get
a call from my wife
that our nine year
old again forgot
to do something
as our two year old
screams in the background
drowning out my wife's
voice
as my eyes shut
hard
and i hear the loud
boom of
'it's just enough to be alive sometimes'
rip over my
brain as the entire world
as i know it melts
into pure silence.

FAST TRASH

it's one thing
to have a mcdonald's on
every corner of
planet earth,
but do we need that
trademark trash everywhere.

everywhere i look
there is at least one
sliver of mcdonald's trash
looking up from a crumpled mash
of cancer causing sorrow
wondering if it will
finally be put into a trash can
and laid down to a proper
landfill burial.

and there are fry tins,
bags,
cups,
lids,
and pie containers
just
cluttered all over
the streets in any city
i go to.

too lazy after their
needled injection of
the worst food on earth,
the dirty eaters cannot
even muster enough to hide
the vice of their
mcdonalds vanity.

and as the birds swoop
over that trickle of fries
on the street that didn't
get consumed,
visions of a cleaner earth
takes another proverbial hit
as my nine year old
pleads for us to
take him to

that twin
arch home
of
trash.

how many thoughts a day do you think?

seriously think about it ..

can you even begin to
put your finger on a
single number
that would narrow down
how much you really think.

the criteria is simple.

just pinpoint how many
things may have gone through
your brain.

whether you did
anything about the thought or
it was just something that
gave your synapses a reason
to flow,
let's find a number.

is it a thousand.

a million.

maybe a billion.

maybe so many that
this question
is illogical and painful.

maybe so little that you
cannot believe
you have made it this
far
through this oratory of
poetic poem rambling.

or maybe there is
no reason to count
the number of thoughts
going on because
quality is much
more key than quantity

as
i come down to this point of
telling
you
at 2:27 p.m. on this saturday
afternoon,
i am bearing down on
my 4,579th thought.

HUGE COUGH

i see a massive
kid walking to or from
the school i work in
as a tech guy.

he must be over 350-400 pounds
and he always has
this calm, obedient look
on his face as he walks fast
and pulls smoke from a cigarette
in his hand.

without fail,
he always has a smoke
and it's hard to tell in
his plump hands if he has a
cigarette or not,
but his plume of smoke
spreads above his eye line
and it's confirmed.

and this is the last
kid on the planet
that needs to work his
heart any faster than
it already has to.

as he leaves my view,
i imagine this big
ball of heart in his chest
pounding like a car piston
in and out and up and down
and side to side in some
erratic trance as though
the middle of his chest will
somehow awake with a mouth
in it's center to chant
in tongues some cryptic message
that we need to put down
that extra slice of cake
and remember that
we are entering our 40th year
of knowing that cigarettes
conclusively kill.

human irony

is just a new
term for health care
in america
as i sit
in my son's waiting
room trying to
explain to the shocked
nurse who just said he can't
have another wellness visit
within six months
and she would have to
check into another way
to code this visit
so that i wouldn't
have to be charged for
the visit.

all this time,
i saw more emotion
in her interaction
than the actual visit
we had with several nurses
and our acting pediatrician.

it really comes down to
how you are going to code
your
health care needs
via dollars and cents
as the
sad
trap of
human irony
lies
as several
band aided
pin pricks
healing on
my son's
newly
healing leg.

i can't relate to my friends anymore

as my phone
falls silent
day after day.

no one calls anymore,
and i don't call
anymore.

a two year old
in the autism spectrum,
a nine year old,
a wife,
new home in the far burbs
and no more stamina to spend
much time discussing
hangover scenarios.

so,
the phone remains quiet
as i bank a turn around
downtown this morning
thankful that i
had that time,
but it is nothing that
i miss as the smell of
coffee wafting through
the downtown
air makes me smile
a bit as i see my son
in the rear view mirror
nawing on a raw carrot
as a brief
greeting card goes
out to all of those
i used to devote my time to.

here i am,
all is fine,
good we could have run,
but it's time
i journey off into
a memory i used to crave
all of those down days
we used to kill our brain
cells for the greater

good of us
and all our small
selfish moments of narcissism
that felt
about as altruistic
as they were philanthropic.

i may never really win

in ways
i dreamed of
when i was a kid
or idealized
in my teens
or tried
to live
in my twenties
or tried to
refine
in
my thirties
as i look
towards my
forties
wondering
if my
goal
should
have
anything
at all
to do
with winning
and losing
as
the
mere
slip
from
year
to
year necessitates
something
worthy
of
so
much
damn
more than
flimsy
terms
like
winning
and

losing.

IHOPERS

there's a
local group
of young
religious zealot
kids that have
bombarded
south kansas city
with their mantra
as 'god's army'.

these kids are
always walking
to and from their
strip mall
24 hour a day
pray temple
with these
soft dumb looks
on their faces
as cars blare
by in regular
consistency.

and when you
really peer
close into
the eyes of
these kids that
have likely only
read the bible
and will try
to dictate to
you what you
should do for the
rest of your life
and how you should life,
you get
fearful of
their ignorant
romp through
this delicately intricate
existence.

they are all young

george w. bush's
with
enough stupidity
to fill
all the empty seats
at a regular college lecture
and they believe
without a shadow
of a doubt that they
are the chosen ones
here to carry out
the ultimate good work
for the entirety
of the human race and
for all the accumulated
years we have existed as a
species.

and when you
take all that
into account
and really peer deeper
into their
stolid, devoid of emotion
irises,
you get the deeper
feeling that they would
pull the rifle out of
their backpacks
and
begin offing
people because
some falsely anointed
white guy running
this particular
religious sect
said
it was
all
'meant to be'.

amen.

LOSING POEM

i
wonder
when
and
where
you
are
going
to
finally
lose
your
grip
on
reality
and
exactly
what
the
air
is
going
to
smell
like.

MY PUBLIC GOAL

maybe my real
goal when i'm out
in public
picking through
the legions
of people
lazily lopping
through this reality
is to offend
them in every secret
tuck of my body
because i ultimately
know that i shouldn't
have to withhold who
i am in front of
anybody and i have
every right to
introduce
concepts of
silliness
that may never
be able to
come out of their
brains by healthy
means like
a bounding clown
leaping over
the dot of mars
into your bowl of
mashed potatoes
to smile up at you
in some
silly grin
as you leap up
to run
through a world
of water
collapsing around
you as you awake
and i'm there
giving you my dollar
bill for the gum
i'm buying
asking you how the

hell they thought
up such a flavor as
'frenzied pink lemonade punch'.

with change in hand,
walking towards another
innocent person to question,
the change is really
in the air
and
i can
safely slip
into my next innocent
victim.

old satellite dishes

hanging in dejected
poses off houses
and behind defunct
enterprises of
wealth decades back
should all
be ripped out of
their dormant
states and shipped
to one big spot
in a new mexico
desert.

and with the volume
of these once powerful
dishes of concentration,
we should spell out
in big letters for
passing UFO's
the following
message:

**'PLEASE LAND AND HELP US
FROM OURSELVES!'**

and then,
we would be the
victors in ultimately
taking recycling and
self help as humans
to levels that everyone
can surely agree on.

OUR CHOICES

the beauty
of my wife
is that
she
is
the
best thing
i
could
have
never
selected
all
on
my
own
as
the
question of fate
gets tossed
around ferociously
in our
popular culture
as
her
smile
reminds me that
there is so
much that
happens to us all
that is outside
of the realm of our
will as the rumor
of gods continue
to assail us
in the karmic
bath of light
that willed my
freedome
to marry such
a beautiful creature
as her.

our work bathroom

is usually
so dirty
that one
bug
gets stuck around
the metal grate
of our urinal
and it gets pounded
by torrents of
urine.

person after person
release their
lines of used salt,
along with flushing,
and these cockroaches
survive for a full day
or so.

it's not until the
next morning
that i notice the little
black bug finally succumbed
to all the piss it could take
and it's gone.

and when i consider
the best vision of strength,
i think about this small bug.

it withstood so much
piss without dying,
much like all those elderly
folks in retirement homes
waiting for bingo night to begin.

POLITICAL TRUISM

when
a regular
american TV
viewer
accidentally
stops on
a random
cable station
to see some
iraqi cab driver
in the
middle of
a ragged baghdad
curse the emergence
of bush and his army,
then passionately
look into the camera
lens to say how good it
used to be under sadaam,
then you can chalk
up the fact that
lying is a real,
real bad thing no matter
which side of the
political line
you decide to
dance on that
particular day.

poor people in public places

are usually
the proverbial
barometer
for how good
or bad the government
is treating
their people.

and these days,
the poor are looking
more rabid, fearful,
angered and rag tag
than i have ever seen
them.

take a jaunt to
a dollar general in
the hood
and loiter for a while.

it is then,
that a small mirror
of the '05 new orleans
slip and eight years of
a silver spooned brat
comes barreling
down the gun of an
invisible chamber
spraying dots of harm
towards everyone but
pill addled rich pals
sitting in their
flight control centers
laughing
because
they'll be dead soon
and
their problems
will the
goods that
strapped family cannot
afford when the
final tally comes up
on the cash register
tote board screen.

PRESIDENTIAL COMPASSION

if
we
could
construct
millions
of
dollar
bills
that
had
the
ability
to
talk
back,
then
and
finally
then
would
our
dumbo
president
george
w.
bush
might
finally
listen.

PROTECTIONIST

one of my
strongest fears
in this life
is that
strangers will
be around my now
two and a half year
son who is developmentally delayed
and in the autism spectrum.

makes me grab onto our time
more strongly in ways
that i have a hard time pinpointing,
but i milk each moment in ways
that will lend an extra ounce of strength
to everything he gets involved with.

then,
there are just going to be folks
i may never meet or have the chance
to meet that will have some kind of
influence over his reality.

and as my brain runs rampant
with possible thoughts,
i stop suddenly and redirect my
brain towards what the real
notion of faith could be if
it indeed exists.

then i try to breathe
out with a gulp of air
that will make it towards
the good will of anyone that
decides to have any sort
of interaction with
the greatest thing
i have ever had a part
in creating.

SNOWY

i love
that compressed,
fresh crunch
of walking
through
the snow
on
mornings
that is just cold
enough
to not hurt
as the
chimney
cough of
light mist
comes ragged
in jagged lines from
my mouth
to counter
the
simple
exquisiteness
of two
things at once.

storied tunes

each time i
leave the grocery store,
there is
always one damned song that
gets crammed into the
inner recesses of my
repetitive
music brain.

today,
it was 'WHY CANT' WE BE FRIENDS'
searing like hot butter
on a scorching pan
and it
repeats over and
over again.

i start to mouth the
song,
then i catch
and shame myself,
as the song incessantly
roils through
my resisting brain.

but it gets worse
and over the perpetual din
of this single song,
in a stack of several others
i listened to through the
aisles of shopping,
and i finally realize
what these grocery stores
are trying to do.

in their own way
they are distracting me
just enough to
buy all of that shit
which will eventually be thrown
away months down the line
because i will wonder why i
bought it in the first place.

the simple distraction
of marketing music
asking me over and over
if we can just
fucking be friends
while my wife
looks at me wondering
what would
move me to
buy a small glass
jar of pickled pig's feet.

STRANGE PHONE CONVERSATIONS

are all
these strangers
having
phone conversations
in their car
having good talks
or are they
just passing
the time
ranting,
waving,
wagging their heads,
waving their free arm,
moving their heads
and slicing the air
with a motorized mouth
speaking passionately towards
the techno mouthpiece
held in precision against their
heads and mouth
or is it all
the same kind of conversations
that all of us
are having
as we travel at
high rates of speeds
towards each
other in legally sanctioned
missiles.

SURVIVALIST

a billionaire
record setting
pilot
disappeared
off the charts
several weeks
ago and
massive hunts
through a rugged
nevada terrain
hasn't turned anything up.

and in the weeks
since his
flop off the proverbial
radar,
the news people have consistently
said that
he is a 'survivalist'.

aren't we
all survivalists?

isn't breathing,
sustaining,
maintaining,
eating,
drinking,
defecating,
laughing,
peering,
reaching,
sleeping
and the like
indications
that all of us
have that 'survivalist'
bone in our
soul.

so,
the next time
someone
goes missing

or has a bad
shake in life,
remember that at
the end of the day
they are survivalists
and their chances thereby
increase exponentially
as the
breath
in my surviving
body smears
all over this screen
that survives
for
my survival.

THE ALMOST, WHAT IF PARENTING TRAP

my uncoordinated
two year old miles
boy fell so oddly
and hard in the hardware
store the other day
that he almost
rammed his head into
a metal stick that
was holding
a line of seeds on
some rotating sales
rack.

as i held him in
my arms
and soothed his tears
and slight moaning,
i wondered what the
hell i would have done
if that metal stick would
have impaled his eye ball.

how would they pull it out
and what would happen the rest
of his life as his eye healed.

and it's these moments that
happen several times a week
when he takes an odd,
yet hard fall that could permanently
impale him in ways that
makes my imagination fly with
scenarios that are
better left unsaid.

and my further
jaunt through
parenting
makes a normal,
brain bending assumption
as the real world
takes a very needed,
yet exhausting break
for a moment.

THE BAD LUCK HOME

our realtor
called last night
and told me to turn on the TV
because
the investor
man that bought
our old property
was being
interviewed by
the media people.

three weeks
ago,
our old home
was broken into
and they stole
all this guy's tools
and new countertops
in the kitchen.

and as the
news guys went on
about a rash of
recent serial robberies
in the neighborhood,
i blanked off a bit
thinking that we
left behind the
torrent of bad luck
that seared through
each wall, plank,
brick and stuffing
of that home.

especially during
that last several
months of living there,
the luck was so bad
that i couldn't
discuss the reality
of our lives with
family and friends
because i wanted
to save them from

potentially running
through the catacombs
of something nasty
you want to protect good
people from having
to endure.

and as the media
shows pictures of
the supposed truck
used in the heist,
i think there is going
to have to be more than
an arrest to restore
the nasty luck searing
through the home
we nearly
escaped
by the
skin
on
our
entire
thankful addled
bodies.

THE COLDS AND HOTS

the only
thing
better
than
sipping a
hot
glass of
whiskey
while
looking out
at sci-fi arrows
of cold beaming off
rooftops
is
the way
the aspirin
feels the next morning
as it finally
erases that headache
and gets you ready
for yet another
night
to love
the
whiskey
wiggles
coming out of
your mouth
towards a
loving wife
ready to
hear that
story repeated
again
and again
and again
in first time
ignorance.

the crescent moon hotel

is so obviously rife with
illegal drug and hooker activities
that it should cash in on
this notion.

they should have big signs
advertising 'crook night discount - add an extra 10%'

these guys could give a shit.

they're likely so cooked off their gourds with
booze, drugs, cum, adrenaline or the like
that they wouldn't even see the sign
tacking an extra lump onto their bills.

and when the crescent moon finally rises
over the last light shimmering in the whole lot of
their motel row,
we can all finally awake and
proceed towards our regularly priced
lives here in
boring
land.

the death of radio is here

as satellites
and radio personalities
named slim fast
slobber all over
the commercial addled
airwaves that blip
over the car speakers
like coins
hitting the
bottom of a
coke machine before
making that commercial a reality.

and this dying scenario
of radio is hard to explain
to my kids because i don't
listen to radio and
the speared brittney ranking
over the proverbial airwaves
in some torrent of over produced
trash that is produced to make
you buy the compact for your wife.

it's picking the right
music for your music player
or burning the right mix
because you are running away
from the inevitable death of
something that used to actually
provide hours and hours
of needed enjoyment.

now,
it's the dormant land of
screaming voices,
audio billboards
and musicians that
cashed in their slight talent
for an overproduced cover shot
to mask that fact that
their music may actually
make rats commit suicide.

and one day i'm going

to take my kids through
some odd thrift shop that smells
real good and explain
to them what radio used to be
like when they point towards
that one display that has
an old RCA radio sitting all silent,
yet strong
like the corpse of a hero
in the casket during a wake.

the jesus railroad station

in your
town
is
a very
gregarious
spot
that
can
save your
soul
but
you
will
still have
to
pay
full
fare
and the
ride
may be something
you will
never
forget
in
that
good
bad
way.

the poached faced biker

revs his engine
with one
tatted arm
and lights
a cigarette
with another
as
all the news headlines,
human strife
and
general nausea
of having to do
all that we
do in
our
daily human upkeep
fall on his
deaf ears
as the first
plume of smoke
lifts into the
air like a glorified
blimp
and he starts
a short,
all knowing
smile
as the light turns
green
and his hand
releases
his shiny silver
break grip.

the what's happening lounge

is what's happening everyday.

a big american flag
painted on one side,
and the rest of the joint
is piecemealed with
feet and feet of paints
that have maintained throughout
the years.

out front,
is a long line of familiar
car grills grinning in
both sunlight and cloud
as their owners
stay inside
to figure out
what's happening in
this wide
world of our
expansive world.

drink after drink,
the headline always
remains the same inside
the what's happening
lounge as
cups and cups of liquid
courage attempt to
make the limited lot
of folks waiting on
their bar stool
strong enough
to do something different
after they finally
leave and swerve
their car grills
towards
a new
fork
in the proverbial road.

UP TO SOMETHING

the reason why
i snore so loud at night
or fall asleep while watching TV
or have a hard time concentrating
on people talking at me
is that i'm always up to something.

nothing particularly illegal,
coercive or jading,
but something.

whether it's framing a picture,
learning a new way to paint,
thinking about how to capture that moment in video,
yearning to write that book i would like to ink,
kissing my wife in a new way,
taking my sons to some cool spot on earth
that did it for me at one point,
giving the cat the right amount of food,
getting our guinea pig to make that one sound again,
putting on a mask and scaring the world,
giving something to a stranger that will make them forget their lives,
reading the lips of sports sidelines with the volume turned down so i know what's going
on,
trying to beat the speed limit in unbeatable ways
and the list of options goes on and on and on.

my brain is a bag of idle hands as
i playfully toy with the notion of
another career switch as my son squirms
on the changing table and the echo of
my wife saying 'i love our life' on the
back porch the evening before
gives me a brief repose to not feel guilty
for having a moment of calm in the
vortex of my eternally stretching
construction site unraveling in
some 3D cacophony throughout my
conspiratorial brain.

utility work

if i could
stage a good
roadside
performance
art act
it would
be this ..

i would have
a big sign
warning
road
travelers
'UTILITY WORK AHEAD'

and about 20 feet
from this sign,
there would
be a dude
flipping a light switch
on some big, huge roadside
pole
as he has several huge orange
flags dangling from wood sticks
in the back of his
sagging pocketed jeans.

utter incrimination

my favorite
kids
these days
are the
hispanic
youth with
big green
pot leaves
splayed out
over the entirety
of a just too big
black shirt
as they climb into
their beaters
and ride
at excessive
speeds down the
road
to make a cops
day and
ensure
that they have
no chance
to get out of
anything
they may get pulled
over
for,
whether they
are guilty
or
innocent.

we are
the books
we read
and
are stitched
together
in
intricate
quilts
of
all the
pictures
we have
taken
as
some hidden
camera
captures
what
the
pen
and still
camera
has
missed
and
when
you
want
to skew
all of
this,
just pick
up a
paintbrush
and
slide
it back
and
forth
over
the
white
layers
in
front

of
your
eye
range
and imagine
how all of
these
books, pictures and videos
can become
the reality
you always
hoped the
prior
would give you
as
a
small child in
your warm envelope
of
kidhood.

WRONG?

is there
any such
thing as the
wrong time of day
or the wrong time of the month
or the wrong time of the year?

didn't that wrong time
unfold as the right time
a week before.

didn't that same month
give you more than you could have imagined
some years back.

wasn't that wrong time of the
year the time that one country
struck a piece accord with another country.

is time to blame?

is time a friend?

is time a foe?

is time everything,
and if it's so,
couldn't it be construed as a god
and to blame a god
for being wrong
is to question why you aren't
perfect and
how immaculate
conception
would be without
sex.

WWJD? REALITY

i
have
a
tiny
slip
of
advice
i
would
like
to
give
all
of
those
devoted
advertisers
of
jesus
out
there
and
it's
this
..
please
know
that
jesus
would
never,
ever
put
a
'wwjd?'
sticker
on
his
or
car.

so
maybe
you

can
absorb
this
and
do
what
jesus
would
really
do.