



Joefiles 112

brief definitions of moments

a huge shining limo

was sitting
silent,
engine idling
in front
of the
poor,
run down
home
that always
advertises
'karate lessons'
and
no one appeared
to be behind
the wheel of
the tinted window
vessel
and no one
was coming from
the house
as
scenes of
ralph maccio
kicking
that rich blond
kid in the
face to win
the trophy
in that one movie
went through
my
hollywood
mind
of mine.

ALCOHOLIC DENIALISM

the best
reason for
society
to forgive
anyone
contemplating
becoming an
alcoholic in
this America society
of ours
is to
realize
that a six pack
of beer
is around the same
cost as
one
lonely fucking
gallon
of unleaded
gasoline.

all the little sunday school kids

crossing
the busy
street
resume
their
mad run
towards
the
face of
the
church
as if
the
real
arms
of god
are going
to reach out
and hug them
so hard
that
the
entire world
will feel
the ripple
of
that
love
as
if
an earthquake
is
just
a
test to
see if
we
believe
in
the
devil
or
not.

bushie handling

if you
cannot stop
doing what you
do to destroy
time and
human value on
this planet,
i would suggest
that you trim your
eye brows off,
buy clothes that
are all a bit too small,
wear no shoes,
stock your pockets with
pints of tasty hooch,
hitchhike to
the nearest insane asylum,
knock on the big, wooden doors
and ask the sad guard man
that will answer in bright
whites,
'what is the weekly rate to
your delightful motel?'

and when they invite you in,
go ahead and look back
in sheer earnest
because when that last slip
of light gets snarfed by
the closing door,
it will be a standing reminder
of the light you robbed
from this bounding world of
ours.

good luck,
mr. bush.

you'll need it.

daily resolutions

if
we stopped
making
a big
billboard
deal out
of the
end of each
year
and the beginning
of a new year
and took
all of that
hyperactive
energy
and put it
into each
day we live,
then
we may be
able to ring
true on
all of
those
first week of january resolutions
of losing weight,
loving more,
ending wars,
dealing with debt
and generally
not being
a
sack
of
schmuck.

definition of a moment

i used to
spend my days
planning ways
to waste my day well.

between travel,
museums,
writing,
drinking,
sketching,
dating,
musing,
napping,
eating,
and generally
daydreaming my
existence into
a new day.

all of that
has been replaced
with
serious missions
to make certain
that my
wife and boys
can laugh
and romp
as genuinely
as i imagined
my life when i was
a kid.

so,
i gladly trade in
the fancies
of frivolous time wasting
to bear down
and work my ass
loose to ensure
that when my eyes close
at the end of the night,
that every dollar earned,
shirt washed,

store purchase,
turd discarded
and scream absorbed
goes into
something more than
being
the
definition
of a generation X
that is
so afraid to
commit
that the rest
of the world
quickly forgets
the X
in
their
defining moments.

difference between men and women

i get to
know my wife
and i in our
shared relationship
the best
when we
get a bit
hopped up on
some drink
and start reading
the news headlines
on a news site.

last night,
i pointed at a
headline that
said:
'WOMEN WORRY MORE THAN MEN, STUDY SAYS'

while my wife
opened a story that
said:
'BRAIN EATING AMOEBAS KILLS SIXTH PERSON IN A WEEK'

and it's in these
small moments of life
when we choose what aspects of life
we want to explore more
that i realize why i love
her and
she
ultimately
loves
me
in all our
worry
over
alien
amoebas
floating about
this dangerous
world
of
ours.

elderly glares

the nastiest looks
i see on people
reside on older,
elderly folks.

as they teeter
on their imaginary totter
at a stop light,
in the grocery store aisle,
while welcoming you into their barber chair,
or sitting in their living rooms,
their faces are contorted into
sheer ugliness.

it's a look that
leaves quickly when
you engage them or
they catch themselves wandering off
into some clutch of memory
they had in their long stretch of
a long life.

and their opposite look
it genuinely benign,
welcoming and
comforting.

these seniors have earned
the right to have
such a haughty look on
their faces.

after all the years
and years they have had
to deal with people
and the reality of
this existence,
wouldn't you
acquire
that
'fuck you to hell'
look.

ERODING STICKERS

when the
mute button
is on the TV
and all
those soulless
political commentators
and guest panel
on cable jabber
on incessantly
as their eyes flicker,
spit flies,
hands wave,
glasses fog,
face skin curls,
i have to eventually
turn off the tube
because the only
image our country
needs to see to
epitomize our
political situation
is that reoccurring
car bumper that
has half ripped
'BUSH CHENEY 2004'
stickers on the back
of their gas guzzling
SUV's speeding
down the highway
into another reckless,
irreprehensible
decision
that will
unfortunately
befall
everyone
i know
and they know.

every gray day

i live,
the earth
always looks
a bit grittier,
and dirty.

it's as if
i'm touring
the innards of
a prison that
i have only seen
on those lengthy
specials on
cable TV.

all the trash looks
harder,
the folks look meaner,
the street signs sadder,
and the sky
even bears down
like a roof that
is ready to collapse.

and the only difference
is a bit of a color
change.

i call these days
'the myth of racism'
as all of us
muse about that
one sunny day
or crisp dark night
as we suffer
through the gray's
and wish
all Seattleites
the best of luck
in surviving
another year
in their haven
of
gray rain.

hat brow

lately
the hat thing
isn't working
for me.

they either get lost
or they don't
look right with
my face.

so,
i'm pondering
the idea of growing
a uni-brow
and stocking up
on all the
hats i never
through would work,
but will now
with
my new plot
to get
that essential
bridge of hair
grown
on my
unwrinkled forehead.

i miss my old cat.

he was gray,
and loved
me when no
one used to
really think
about love.

he would
meow for me
and i would
take care of his
needs.

we pooped
at the same
time,
and were the
best kind of
single couple
to have for each
other.

then,
i had a
small boy
with a lot
of energy.

and met my
love in this life
who also
had an alpha male.

it didn't work.

and i had
to take him
to the shelter.

since then,
i dream of him
coming down
the hall of my
home with

that familiar
swagger.

i see him
in the front doors
of homes around
the neighborhood.

i dream that
he has made his
way back to
my hallway
and forgave
everything
that ever
happened
to him.

but
none of this
every
brings
my big
gray
pepper cat
back.

and it never
will.

so,
all i have
is my memory
and
a
small
notion
that
somewhere
in his
feline
nirvana
he can find
his way to
forgive
me and

come
back
to
poop
with me
in my
next
level
of
existence.

amen.

i take too many pictures and videos.

i fill
folder upon folder
and many moments with
camera in hand.

and at the end
of the day,
when the kids are
fast asleep,
i realize
in my botched
way of looking at
things that
i am slowing down
time.

as fast as life
moves forward,
i hit the pause key
and have many moments
of looking back on epochs
of our lives and
get to jump into that
warm liquid of a
captured moment.

otherwise,
i would likely forget
as i forget many things
as days go by.

as my brain crumbles
a bit more with deadening cells,
my camera clicks
to keep up with
my freezing of time
and hustling towards
the next
day
of
ours.

if god

wants everyone
to begin
using more of their
brain,
then there needs to
be a new genetic switch
flipped in the heads of
all newborns to
have the ability to
actively think about
all of the different
things that our organs
do for us on a
second by second basis.

so if i was one of those
newly engineered biological babies,
i would be thinking
about my breathing,
heart beating,
liver churning,
stomach popping,
lungs heaving,
colon filling,
intestines processing,
blood flowing,
nails growing,
snot forming,
throat swallowing,
face itching,
neck moving,
eyes roving,
fingers bending,
mind exploding
forward,
along with all
the other things
that i have to remember.

and as our brains
slip into a more
forty to sixty percent usage rate,
it would be easier for
those humans using most of
their brains to make

more informed decisions
in elections,
falling in love,
parenting,
speaking
and acting in general.

we would finally have
our new breed of alien
amongst us that has
a brain brimming with
exercise and
ultimately,
a better bucket of thoughts.

so,
ready for the FDA to approve
a pill that would require you
to think about how you
would lift that hand
to pop it into your mouth,
to open the trachea,
to gulp that water
and become one of
the new smarties out
there fighting to
ensure that
the human brain doesn't go
extinct with sallow,
unused synapses.

IMMACULATE MARY

i'm surprised
that the
bushies
didn't try
to make a PR
spin out of
dick cheney's
daughter
named mary
having
a baby
in a lesbian
relationship
that included
fertilization
without
a penis
and
involved
in an immaculate
lie
that
was birthed
by a man
that resembles
the devil
as his
presidential
pal tries
to convince
everyone
that he
is in good
with god
and that christianity
is the
way the entire world
should go
lest
we start tossing
bombs and
letting the lions
loose in
the proverbial coliseum.

importance of opinion

when
life
becomes
much
too
much
for
your
to
handle
in
the
mere
sliver
of
your
brain
roaming
the
small
glimmers
of
what
we
know
and
don't
know
it's
important
to
realize
that
my
life
is
not
yours
and
yours
is
not
mine
and

it's
just
an
opinion
of
an
opinion
as
you
realize
that
options
are
something
like
assholes.

inanimate scorpions

those hispanic
dudes
that slap
HUGE scorpions in the backs
of their tinted
truck windows
always have that
ex-convict look
in their eyes.

and when i pass
their truck
i want to somehow
pass on the message
that they could have
saved a lot of money
on me and many others
because
white scorpions that big
just aren't that scary.

and if these dudes really
believe that these
gallant stickers upholding
their personal biases and culture
are going to sway me to
admire them
in some sanctitude that they
hold a position of
strength,
then maybe they should be taking
taxi's without any stickers
in windows
or riding plain bikes.

inordinate

i
find
it
hugely
inordinate
that
my
wife
and
i
feel
it
necessary
to
use
the
fucking
word
inordinate
a
damned
inordinate
amount
of
times
day
after
day.

INSURANCE FREEBIE DAY

sometimes
i'm blaring
down the highway
wondering
if
that particular
day is
the day
that
the national institute
of car insurance agencies
sponsor
one day
to just do
whatever the fuck
you want on the road.

and somehow
i didn't get that memo.

there are all
the weavers
who never use
their turn signal
while throwing full
bags of mcdonald's out
of the window
with a smoke in their
mouth,
on their cell phones
as the infant in the
back seat hops around
unbelted
and i just smile,
wave
and wish them
luck
on the day
the rich white agents
are hoping for
a celebration
of disasters
waiting to
possibly happen.

jesus railroad

i
beginning
to
firmly
believe
that
maybe
jesus
will
slam
his
feet
back
down
onto
earth
on
that
railroad
bridge
up
the
street
that
has
the
spray
painted
word
'JESUS'
lazily
scrawled
in
a
scattered
line
as
the
sun
finally
pokes
out
of
the

clouds
and
makes
all
the
godless
children
wonder.

kid animal safety

the only
animals
that are
safe around
the highly energized
two year old
miles son of
mine are
small beta
fish swimming in
a bowl on the ledge looking
down at the mass
of small tornado known
as my son
with dripping
popsicle juice on his
chin,
frenetically
looking to
say hello
to
our
terrified
cat
slapping
his
mildly agitated tail
at the closed
door
waiting
for
the
miracle of
one of us humans
opening
him
up
to
the
freedom
our
fish
always
feels

and
we
will
never,
ever again
as
parents
of
this
delightful
mash
of
raw
baby energy.

losing family

i have lost
a sister
that
i never
really had.

she's about
six years older
than
me and
my brother and
i terrorized her
growing up.

two boys
versus one girl
can be tough.

and it was.

but,
that was an itch
that she
never got over.

and years of
her unflinching
desire to
be status quo,
not change
and generally
view me as a parasite
has
led to me
having a technical sister,
but not a real one.

only long, long time
friends know that i
even have a sister.

the rest of the world
knows me as sister less
as i dream about

what i could
have learned about
women
before i became a man
through my sister.

and i got nothing.

just a tag that
i had a girl that
lived in our duplex growing up.

and nothing more.

military thanks

someone thanked my
for his
service in the
military as he
went into
the VA weeks back.

and everyday i see
magnets on cars
thanking these
soldiers
that almost died
for our country's doctrine.

and i see reports
and names of kids that
are dying everyday in iraq.

and i see the testimonies
of a famous soldier
that was killed in afghanistan
by friendly fire.

and i hear about more people
that are snuffed for protesting
against our president and our
menacing wars defeating the good
in america and raising more
radicalism that will make nine eleven
look mild.

but, damn me
for mentioning anything other
than more war, more kicking ass,
more violence, more charging forward,
more hurt, more pain, more lost limbs,
more plodding forward under the guise
of 'freedom for the world'.

and when that person walks away
from my father making him feel
validated for his service to country,
he tells me that
the best gift a good president could

give any country is the promise
that there will never, ever
be another war.

mixing the melting pot

the golden lion
with the broken
leg exposing
bright white
in front of the
newly remodeled
mexican restaurant
on main street
is the true
embodiment
of immigration
in a country
that is slipping
into some nasty
amnesic state
as to how we all
began
and how we all
may end up if
the language
devolves into
a dirtier
mince of english
and the purity of
other
languages and cultures
continue to get
stared down
as if the matador
is going to kill
the proverbial bull
once any colored
blanket
is
removed from
the
static,
silent
air.

mother nature cleanse

i saw
a bottle of
the cleaner 'fantastik'
jammed up
in some errant
tree off the road
and
figured it
was just our
way of saying
that nature
needed their
mouth washed out
with a toxic
solvent
for
all the storms
that destroy our
homes
and lives
in one
tornadic
swoop
down
hypothetical
avenues.

motoring

the one armed
motorcycle driver
with a cell phone
stuck to his
dangerous ear
shouts
loudly
as i watch
his silent lips
plead
as the
cop car on
the other side
of the highway
slows down a
bit
and everyone
around my
car
takes a double
take
as the motorcycle man
begins shouting louder
and louder
into the phone
as the deafening
sound of
earth bears
down in
a
confusing
torrent
of
absolute mystery.

Mrs. Claus

i bet
mrs. claus
loves
the
clause
of
santa's north pole
more
than
anyone
else
on
earth
as
she
gets
the
best present
in
the
whole
fucking
world.

my biological pal

one day
my little miles
boy may be the
only one that
really,
truly understands me
in that biological way
because i made him
and he has way too many
mannerisms of mine
to be confused with who
he is and where he is coming
from so when i'm an
old man in that
creaking chair in the corner
of the room
he's gonna come
up to me knowing what
i'm angling towards
as he gives me his
hand and says
he loves me the way i
used to say it to him
when he couldn't talk
and could only just sit there looking
out the window
as if the world was going
to become something more,
something colorful,
something we are today
as the canvass gets filled
with thick globs of
shared biological goodness
that perhaps my
son and i only understand.

my dad and the outer world

as much
as i avoid
it,
i'm turning more
and more into my
old man as
i grow
old.

like him,
i sincerely
believe that most
people that waddle about
on this planet
are truly selfish beings
that resist evolution and
intelligence
for the path of
easy resistance.

even
friends get rooted
out for
the way that they really
are and when
the ugliness
gets exposed,
you begin avoiding
public spots
and anywhere that
there may be
strangers abound.

this morning,
i had to leave a
restaurant to get
some wet wipes for
my son's sugar
disaster at the
breakfast table
and on the way out
there was a massive
man holding the door
open for a

long line of people walking in and out.

as folks streamed by,
he kept saying:
'YOU'RE WELCOME,
SURE NO SWEAT,
COME AGAIN.'

all of this was in some
nasty tone because
not everyone was
thanking him for
his tireless effort
to avoid being nice.

and as i said,
'thanks'
to his vapid face,
i descended into the
raining parking lot
and really
wanted to turn right around
and say:
'LOOK HERE BOZO THE BIG HUNGRY BOY,
TAKE YOUR UNHEALTHY, FAT HAND
OFF THAT DOOR AND WADDLE UP TO
THE PODIUM TO GET YOUR NAME ON
THE BIG LIST TO EAT A MASSIVE
BREAKFAST YOUR HEART IS GOING
TO AGAIN LOATHE YOU FOR
AND DO EVERYONE THAT HAS
UNFORTUNATELY HAD TO BE SUBJECTED
TO YOUR EXISTENCE A FAVOR
AND APOLOGIZING FOR MAKING
THE CHOICE TO HOLD THE DOOR FOR US
AND THEN VERBALLY PISS INTO OUR
EARS BECUASE YOU WEREN'T VALIDATE
FOR SOMETHING NONE OF US FUCKERS
ASKED YOU TO DO.'

instead,
i put my wife and son ahead of
that fleeting desire to
dip further into my father's psyche
and just get the wet naps
to wash way all

the thick stickiness
that inevitably
slips through
no matter
how hard
you try to be
clean
and
untainted.

my old man is in some rehab clinic

as i write
because
he has a badly
broken
foot that needs
to heal
or they will have
to begin amputation
proceedings.

the other morning
he told me
about this and
began sobbing on
the phone.

when he hung up,
i realized it
was one of the first
times he ever showed
me raw emotion.

ever.

and when i
peered down
the road in front
of me,
my son reached towards
his foot for me
to take his sandal
off and to kiss
his skin nick on his foot.

and after i removed his second
sandal,
i rubbed his
foot hurt
while going
faster
down the road
as my foot hit
the pedal harder
just traveling
faster and

faster
with
all of
our
feet
playing
footsie
with the
emotion
of aging.

my ultimate artistic approach

in this reality
is something i will
never be able to attain.

i want to fully
meld and mold
my conscious and subconscious
brains into one to
deliver a color, word and image
that will be burned into
the memory planks like a
hot brand on a horse flank.

but that singe of flesh burning
smoke is not going to
happen in this life
with this brain of mind.

they cannot understand each
other.

and this is why.

when my conscious brain
constructs something during
an average day,
it is only afterwards that
i realize with my conscious
brain that my relaxed subconscious
is present in my creation and
i only know that because my
conscious brain is searing
in front of my sleeping subconscious.

and when my subconscious brain
is creating the images and scenarios
that i will later write or paint,
my conscious brain has to be asleep
to give my collective head the
sign to remember these feelings
to in turn
move on them.

so,
as both of my versions of brain

come out when the other is sleeping,
my musical chairs dance to meld
both of them will finally
be put to rest.

and it's now that i am
resigned that this
artistic mission of mine is over,
that it will happen.

and when this does take place
i'm going to blaze through
all willing brains with something
that is going to scare
the wholly shit out of
most everyone and
it will be then
that i am going to truly
be codified as insane
with a very small
group of
fans that
may actually get
what i want
them
to consciously
embrace with their
subconscious.

**

rich folks
usually
show their true
colors during
christmas
when they
decorate
their homes
with nothing
but white lights
as all the rest of
the lower mortgaged homes
twinkle
with amazing displays or
colorful lights
flashing and whizzing

around
as the rich folks
homes lie
far off the
front curb
in a dull
bucket of
white twinkling
lights
without
motion like
a lonely quadrant
of a night sky
with stars and
planets barely
penetrating
our
atmosphere.

old eddie crane

in his midtown
bar
won't return
my phone calls
for free
art to be placed
in his
hip addled restaurant,
but i don't mind

a guy with a name
like eddie crane
deserves to be
forgiven
at least several times.

but, if he does call
me back on my offer
to decorate his
vacant, black walls,
i will recommend that
he opens up
a secrete detective
agency and
put his name in
neon to pull
in all of
those sad,
lonely girls
to have their lives
investigated
for holes
and gaps.

maybe that's what
old eddie crane
has done by opening
up a restaurant
to nourish and hydrate
all of those same
girls as they leave
drunk,
ready to create those
gaps that his
fictional detective

agency may
or may not be able
to solve
on some
imaginary
date.

older black women

and i
are like
a big congregation
of pals.

with their
brazenly soft
smiles,
we always
swap recipes
and lies
with each other.

and,
i always dole
out extra favors
onto these women
that gets sweet with
me in their old
creole ways.

i love them for
all of this
and i play
preferential
ways with these
brave women
that has survived
years and years
of racism and
sexism.

in my skinny
white dude ways,
they warm up
and i do the same
as we admiringly
look up our
lives
as though we want
to know
more
and do our best
to
give

each other that
small morsel
of more.

our first walk

i knew
the night
i asked my
wife
for the first
time to go
on a walk
that i was
going to
eventually
fall in love.

hopped up on
that feeling
to
fall in love,
she was the
one that
was my first
to
ever ask
on a walk like
that.

and now
that i think
about my lackluster
verbal proposal
to her
for her hand,
i think my real
marriage
proposal happened
much
earlier
in
our journey
together.

it was
that first
night
we met
that

i
decided to
believe
in
love,
and
she
in unison
agreed
as the
night
waited for
us right
outside
that
strange front
door holding
us
as captives
to
our
sad pasts.

Parable of the Mind Reader

there's a guy
out there in
the world
that never fit in.

he harbors a
dread of humanity
that would be impossible
to describe with
mere words.

he labors day in
and day out as
an inventor
to leave something
behind that
will eventually
get back at every human being
alive
or that will be alive
or that was alive.

it will be cloaked
in a shroud of
decency,
and will likely
be lauded as a
monumental breakthrough
that will make this inventor
the sweetheart of
innovative history.

and this man will
smile,
cash his checks and
act as though
it was all part of
a plan to
help the humans
that he actually loathes.

this new invention
will be a device
that will connect

to the head
via a headphone
and have a microphone
that transmits
all the thoughts
that a human thinks.

it will shoot out,
real time,
each and every thought
that sears through
the human mind.

it can be used
in interrogations,
at political debates,
during marital squabbles,
when asking a child about
something that happened
or with people that
don't know how to talk.

in the beginning it
will be novel,
and then it will
turn human against
human.

eventually
it will make
all humans
begin to distrust and
dislike one another.

finally,
humans will give the
unaltered gift of
honesty and
their actual thoughts
to one another and
we won't be able to handle it.

lifetimes and billions
of souls have gone on
all too long
being ambiguous and

wholly dishonest
that this new invention
can be the beginnings
of unraveling the human
masses.

and this one man
will finally
have his revenge
of all these
humans
that
spent so
much
time
being
the humans
that they
are.

PHILOSOPHICAL COP-OUT

if
i ever
get
pulled over
by
some
jackass
cop and
he tries
to give me
a
ticket
for
not using
my turn signal,
i'm going to
politely
tell him
that
i have been
medically
diagnosed
as a
non-committal
existentialist and
to
not negatively
alter the course
of my thriving
day
I will tell him 'good-bye'
as i roar on
down the
road
to collide
into the
unknown
the
best fucking
way i know how.

pregnant alligator

one
of
the
most
intruding
word
combinations
that
always
makes
me
smile
is
to
think
about
the
following
pair
of
words:
PREGNANT ALLIGATOR.

presidential tragedy

the only
thing sadder
than seeing a
car stalled
in rush hour
in the fast lane
or a
dead animal
on the shoulder
of a busy highway
is the look
of george w. bush
as the TV is
muted and he looks
around the
congressional room
he is addressing
with a mix of dread
and not belonging
arresting his eyes
and fraudulent mouth
as he nods,
stumbles,
erratically blinks,
and flashes
a smile that would
only endure the likes
of a red skinned devil
that has a tail
with
a
point.

quick round trips

if things
go my
way later
in
life
when
i have
no responsibilities
with my kids
and job
and have enough
money to
take off
at the drop of
a coin,
i'm going
to
finally
drive
into the
dirtiest
part of
philadelphia
and have
one
of those
hot
fucking sandwiches
of their
namesake
and turn right
back around
and
come
home.

real drinking balls

i had to
admire the brave
stupidity
of a story i
heard in the
news recently.

some guy
was pulled over
by the cops on suspicion
of driving while intoxicated.

as the officer
sauntered over
to the driver's door
he saw
a badly tired face
with a forty ounce
bottle of malt beer
between his legs.

when the shocked cop
pulled his lips wide
to say his speech,
the driver yanked
his bottle up to
his lips for one
last, healthy tug.

all i could think was
how would this
drunk guy pull
his body out of that
car with all
the weight
of those big, heavy
balls on
his gallant
frame.

Real FBI Presumptions

our realtor's husband
is the head mechanic
for the head FBI office
in town.

she says he doesn't
talk about his work all
that much,
and won't reveal any
secret trinkets of
the trade.

instead,
she just kind of quiets
and darts her eyes
questioningly over
my wife
and i as she
begins another
sentence to get
off the FBI talk.

and after that look is done,
i know that there is
an extra special section
in my FBI file
as all the secrets of
my life
become some
paranoid mystery
in my realtor's husbands
mechanical hands.

i'm a little more
careful now
than i was before
because i know
that
Herbert Hoover
was likely
a woman trapped in
a man's body
and that it was really
the FBI that

brought down
JFK in
the falling
world trade center towers.

religious

each time i really
start to consider religion,
i think it would be nice
to find a cool place of worship
for my family and to speak
a bit more with my god.

and each time i consider
this notion and more
into a newer gray shadow
of understanding,
something happens
to knock me off that
metal course and i'm back
to considering god
through everything that
happens to me through the day.

and more than that,
i realize that
my real quandary may be
that all of these
real influential writers
i have read over the years
have been
atheists.

beginning with vonnegut,
and making its way down
to Nietzsche,
i know that many more
of these visual and written
artists i dig,
have all had deep
theological questions
that precluded them
from finding homes and
god discussions that satiated
their bounding souls.

all of this barrels
about my brain
as a new report
comes out that

the beloved mother theresa
had very deep misgivings
about her own theology
as the world cries out
in protest against her
benevolent history.

and this is
the reason why
my ambiguity arises
and deepens as our fellow
man and woman
treat the history of
christ,
muhammed,
allah
as though they
are but another
greek mythology
that is open to
a
riddling stack of
tiny
assumptions.

rise – n - set

the best
thing about
age
is
that i'm
trying
to
make
it
a
daily
goal
to
watch the
actual
orange sun ball
rise over
the trees
and
peer into
the silver pan
of the moon
at night
knowing
that
i'm
not
sleeping
my life
away
and that
big portions
of TV stay
out
of
my
daily
view.

same birthday every year

every time
i hear
my wife or
family ask
me what i want
for my birthday,
i always say i have
to think about it.

and i end up not
thinking about it
because i have
thought about it so
much that i go blank.

i never want anything.

maybe one thing,
just to appease the questioners.

and there is one
thing that i would like
to have for my birthday.

just one tiny thing
that would cost nothing.

i want that feeling i have
when my small miles boy celebrates
his birthday to be
shoved into a pill
that i can pop on my birthday
to put my existence in perspective
and swim through that
ethereal high i have
to experience
my boy grow
another year older
and flourish further
into this existence
straight towards
my age one day.

seconds

when the
TV flashes
a fancy press
conference with
dots and dots of
microphones,
i look into the
eyes of those
standing around
the guy or gal at
the microphone
and wonder why they
are there and
what they are thinking about.

usually,
they are either
terrified or amped up
on adrenaline confidence.

but, i imagine
they are thinking about
what they need to
get on the way home
at the grocery store
and most of them
are likely
debating if it
will be a vodka
or whiskey kind of
night
as the center of attention
sprays his words
all over
the microphone
as if
the hangover
tomorrow
is going
to remember
anything
that is being
said.

all the while,
there's one
woman at the far
end of the camera range
itching her
watering eye,
while the man next to her
reaches in for a
kerchief,
while simultaneously
brushing his
full flask
in coat pocket
and the
smile begins
to widen on his
face
as the
man at the microphone
says
'thank you'
and the
TV fades
to
pitch black.

smugglin'

i wonder if
the truckers
pulling illegal mexicans
into america
feel as though
they finally
belong when they
enter through
the front
doors of the
smuggler's inn
restaurant
up north and
dig their teeth
into a big
hot cup of coffee
and
ham sandwich.

solutions galore

if every
living human on
earth began
speaking in unison,
i think it
would finally
be one moment
that we could all
come together
and rationally
find the answers
to those lost questions
that used to
rip over our brain
squiggles like
the forgotten
quote that
your senior year
of high school
was supposed to be
as good
as
it
got.

spray painted gods

as i enter
month three
in my new home
and leaving behind the
memory of my old
blue collar,
deteriorating neighborhood,
i think about how little
i miss the
influx of god's army
all around me.

a sect known
as the international house of prayer
had young, dumb kids all
over the neighborhoods hiking
about with their small smiles
and huge backpacks.

then, there were
the teams of cars
that has either spray paint
or shoe polish scrawled
with 'jesus', 'savior', 'god', 'wwjd'
all over their windows.

their home grown impassioned
desire to lead all
of us sinners into the light
was some barely readable
message that
made me sad to see
such a
low quality waste of
time.

and now that i'm moved,
i don't see these clown
cars wobbling up and down
the uneven road towards
my mirror or car grill.

gone are the
errant messages

of 'saving the world'
and glorifying 'bush'.

all of this has been
replaced with
regular old cars
without
paint,
polish
or
fraudulent claims
to lead me into
the light
of
their take
on my reality.

stock actors

i always have
a hard time taking
actors seriously
that sit talking
in the back seat
of a car as the
stock footage
of streets stream
by in the back ground.

with a bouncing camera,
people that have no idea
that they are a part of a
movie they will never see
going by,
i watch the windows of
the car
and imagine the
amount of folks that
are standing around
that motionless car
with cigarettes burning,
and world blaring.

and if you look
hard enough into
the expressions on the
silent actor driving
the car,
you can usually
see what kind of
mood the cast is in,
and what the crew
probably ate
for lunch that day.

SURVEYING COPS

when police
detectives
finally hit that
wall with the high profile
case or cases,
they should hang up
their cuffs
and joint the
department of transportation
survey crew
or highway cleaning crew.

these are the
people that find all
the dead bodies and
clues on tranquil
october afternoons
when nothing was supposed
to happen
and the blare of
silence becomes
a distant din
of a memory.

yesterday in my town,
some transportation surveyors
found a badly decomposed
corpse up the street from me
in some tall, thick
brush.

they think it may
be a girl named kara
that has been missing
around these parts
for over a year.

there are purple ribbons
and banners all over
asking for people to find kara.

and as everyone in
this town of ours
waits to see if it

is indeed her,
the purple
'FIND KARA \$\$\$\$ CALL 911'
signs
sit in a
blast of quietude
that
makes it hard to look at them.

hope permeates the
hot october air around here,
as the grisly reality that
a family is going to have
to deal with the
notion
that monsters
aren't only in movie
theaters.

the enduring african gods

when i see
folks look sadly on
those africans on the prairie
that have nothing but a loin cloth,
straw hut,
sharp stick
and a hot prairie to look at,
i understand that
we are the
weaklings.

these african families
perched on the edge of
our early notions of humanity
are merely living the way
we are supposed to live.

by appreciating nature,
and leading on in
a bubble of human virtue
that helps us recognize
our place in this world.

and when all the well groomed,
shiny,
gadget addled american folks
express their sorrow for
these african folks
i understand how
coddled we are as a
culture.

give me one of these
african fellows to shadow
for a day versus
any typical american
and i know that i will
come back an enlightened
soul ready to shed
more inhibitions
than i could imagine
as the shroud of security
is really the blanket of
insecurities

we hide under
as the light goes
off in our comfortably lit
american homes
lying on the
entirety of
human myth
that will
one day revisit
us in the
most extreme of
karmic ironies.

the mass of belonging

as car after car
slips past my windshield
and enormous quantities
of both bipeddlers and cars
steam by me with strange faces,
i constantly think about
our musical chair dance
we take on each day.

someone is always waiting to
take your place on this mortal dance
towards immortality.

no matter how much
you impact or give to this existence,
another car will come into your place,
another journeyman will walk into your
gone shadow,
another dog will sniff the spot you
used to stand in with your longing thoughts
and thick presence.

but,
when all of that is gone,
we are going to be replaced with
thousands of feet seeking the
same sort of mortal salvation on
a planet that spins on in some ethereal
mystery of delightful mush
just squashing all of our
history into one
big,
massive earthly ball that
should be enough
to make us feel like we truly
belong at the end of
the day when
the moon turns off the orange
light in the sky
bearing down in
precise
pressure.

the oddest week in history

unfolded some
months back
when
james brown,
gerald ford,
and sadaam hussein
all died within
the same week.

the song,
soul,
patsy,
stool pigeon,
president,
legend,
leader,
dictator,
and
human being
all got mashed together
in this collective
headline
and it's up
to you to decide
who is what
as the
world
birthed
exact replacements
that same
week
to keep
our newspapers
full and
imagination
brimming
with something
more
than
calm
tranquility.

'the real honkies'

in the
sixteen years
of driving a
motor vehicle,
i have found out
who
the jerks
that vote wrong
and generally
create news
headlines that
make you
want to stop
sending your
kids out into
the open world.

it's the
people at
stop signs
or lights
that honk at
you the moment
the light
slips quickly from
red to green.

i'm not talking
about the honks that
need to be made for
daydreamers or
phone talkers.

it's those that
cannot handle
the half a milimoment
that is excruciatingly
keeping them alive.

and when their
stinking hands
rear up
to lean in
on the middle of

their steering
wheels,
i contemplate
making a citizen's
arrest under
the charge of
stupidity
to save the
world
for at least a moment
or two from having
to be subjected
to the proverbial
honker
honking
through our
lives.

the real vampires

that exist
here on
earth
are snowmen.

they truly thrive
at night
when it's cold
and sunless.

their favorite
accessory is
black hunk of
coal.

they conceal their
blood well
and
when
they melt,
all the
people
get a bit
sad
because
it
was good
to have a temporary
object
to
take
our minds
off
all the
regular
parts of life
that
are usually
silly
and
uninteresting.

the sacred widows

the triumph of
seeing an old man
who is a widow
is the
truism behind
sheer sustainability.

there's one such
fellow i used to pass
every morning
and he sits alone in his
lawn furniture
and sadly peels back the
morning paper
to see the next
forgetful headline.

and each time i see
a translucent film
of his wife sitting
next to him,
hanging on his arm
or walking by his side.

but,
my fictional visions don't
take the determined look
out of his eyes
to do something to numb
the thoughts of longing
as he escapes into his home,
closes the door,
locks the bolt,
wishing for death
in ways he never imagined
as the world
has finally
fallen silent
in a ways
that can be
seen as celebration
if only
the
circus would

return
as his
eyes
lightly fall
and
rise once
again.

there's a crazy man

that lives
over the sprint store
in town
and he
never shows his face.

a badly hanging
air conditioning unit,
confederate flag over
one window,
the others have
plastic tarp and tape
covering them up.

and there is that one on the south corner
that
has a badly tattered
set of blinds
covering the sins
of this man
that may lead the
next human rebellion.

all armed with secrets
and schotty window
coverings,
he's likely a
man cleverly covering
his intent
to come out in
a bleach white robe
to save
all of us
from
each other
as we
imagine that
he's the next armogeddon
waiting to explode
in a mini militia
mash of insanity to
send all of us
to the fate
we question
about ourselves

every
single
damned day.

unified theories

as our nearly
three year old miles
boy continues to
use sign language
and tiny slips of
letters to
let us know what's going on,
i hear that
voice from a friend go
about my head:
'YOU KNOW,
EINSTEIN DIDN'T SPEAK
UNTIL HE WAS FIVE.'

and it puts me at
ease that maybe his
genius quadrant of the
autism spectrum
may be the missing link
we need in the unified theory of relativity
because
if he speaks before five,
he may finally break through
that verbal barrier to help
all of us understand that
words are really what ultimately
get us in trouble
and it never took
words
to impregnate the world
into birthing another soul
as theories
abound
hop around
my son's buoyant smile.

wal-mart logic

nothing in this
big world of ours
like getting
parental advice
from a stranger
in the check out line
at wal-mart.

it's been my
dubious luck lately
to fall within this
lucky crowd
to have
some smeared sack
of person tell
me what they think
needs to be done with
my child as
they always
stand alone in line.

the last visit
to the proverbial line
was the finest yet.

while my overly active
autistic spectrum
son was rifling his eyes
and wiggling hands over
the candy selection,
i told him 'no' and
that we had candy at home.

some superstar woman
in her fifties
begins talking about
her kids that are grown
and says that she
never said 'no' to her kids.

instead,
she pulled a verbal sideswipe
by always saying 'uh uh'
instead.

imparting her genius
advice almost made me
want to tip her some
pennies for such sparkling
advice.

following her nudge of
verbal triumph,
i watched my
acting psychiatrist wander
off into her world
devoid of the word 'no'
and thought she must
have said cheese and rice
a whole lot
behind the closed doors
of her
fabled existence.

when that one moment

comes along
to change the entirety
of your future
and everything
that you will eventually
become,
do yourself the favor
on not looking back
on that moment
and blaming
your god
or parents
or ex
or the government
or the news
or the music
or a school
or any
number of factors
that
affect all of us
equally
as we wait
like lame ducks
for that big
moment to
come
barreling down
our
mysterious road
to finding
a
mate,
life,
future
and
moment
that
can
make this
big
waltz
worth
it as
your

eyes
shut out
the
world
and
fade
to
silent black.

WRONG TURNS

i saw
a slowly
encroaching
lincoln town
car
with a
scared elderly couple
behind the thick windshield.

and as their right
turn signal flash loudly,
they went on to turn the
wrong way onto a one way street.

with a huge V of approaching
traffic coming towards these
old folks,
there were several cars
honking frantically
and pointing at this couple.

these two wrong turners
had tuned the world
out and quickly descended
into a tub of fear
as their car crept forward
with red lights starting
to take over the car end.

and as i made my way up the
hill,
i was hoping that
they wouldn't make
the evening news in an
ugly twist because
they do
what all of us do
each and every day,
which is
making that one
wrong turn
that
felt so
completely fucking right.