



joefiles 113:
a mission to understand our sky

35

i'm
going to be
35 tomorrow
and i
like the
notion
that i'm halfway
to seventy
because
that is when
the world
says i will
be retired
but i know
more accurately
that if
i'm still
trolling around
down here
that i'm going
to be writing
words,
likely not
similar to these,
but i will
continue
my lifelong
lurch through
poetic hallways
that pays no money,
demand much time
and
twinkle
around me
like tiny human made
starlets
all across
the nighttime
imagination
of
my
proverbial
dusk
thirty five

years earlier.

8 YEARS OF MOURNING

every
since
bush's
first
day
in
office
every
american
flag
should
have
been
flown
at
half
mast
to
mourn
the
end
of
a
brilliant
presidency
and
our
slippage
into
the
darkest
hours
of
democracy
we
have
all
been
shoved
into.

A REMINDER

anymore in my
advancing age is
seems as though
i need a reminder
that i need to
remind myself
to remember that
i needed to
remind myself to have
a reminder to
have repeat reminders
that the
initial solo reminder
wasn't gonna stick.

all encompassing rehearsal

everything
we do,
say,
think,
feel,
refine,
revise,
rehash

is all
just a rehearsal.

even when
the cast,
crew,
and grips
are on stage
hammering out
perfection
in a rehearsal,
their final
show
with
packed crowds
is going to
be a rehearsal.

when your
mother's
got her egg
fertilized,
your father
was in rehearsal.

when you pray
to your god
for something
better,
it's a rehearsal.

when the nobel peace
prize is hung around
the neck of
some genius,

everything that
person did was
a rehearsal.

nothing is final.

everything is practice.

we are dull starlets
on a loud blue
rock in a universe heading
down interstate four oh five
as
this
very rehearsal
comes down
to a
flimsy,
unrehearsed
period.

all of my anxiety dreams

are
my fears
unearthed for
me to really
feel what
i would feel
if denial wasn't
there to mask
those things
that i need to work
on but
don't because
there is not enough
time or
i don't have the
courage to
get in front of
that roaring freight
train that is about
to barrel down
the turtle
that needs to be saved
as much as anything
else on this planet
as my collective
evenings
of ambling forward
go as slow
as a tortoise
dripping towards
that
unseen
finish line.

as i pumped gas

into my
empty car,
i watched
a dog in the
back of a parked car
begin viciously
barking at a man
that just pulled up
on a motorcycle.

the dog's owner
was cleaning off
the filth on windows
ignoring
the dog for a bit
as the motorcycle man
popped the metal stripe
into his gas hole.

the dog's bark
intensified
as the owner reached
in to give him a stern
warning.

this only stopped
the canine for
a brief moment
as he went back into
a torrent of barks
when the owner
went back to cleaning
off his view of
a driving world
of his.

it was my turn
to leave
and on the way out
i peered deep into
this motorcycle man's
entirety
and decided
that this man
was bad,

bad news.

when small children
cry
and dogs bark,
these are the ones
in
the world
that gets rooted out
for what
they are
as
the dog bark
echoed off into
silence
with my
wandering brain
hoping to
not ever
have a deja vu
with
the hated motorcycle man
low on fuel.

BUYING ANYTHING

a good friend
of mine
quickly threw
a plastic piece of shit
up on our table
while eating breakfast
and threw my
wife into a brief
moment of distress.

and as the laughter
filled the table
and others around
peered in
to see what all
of our shit was about,
i knew that
anything in this world
will sell.

someone made a plastic
piece of shit
and it sold.

millions of these
fake pieces of shit
are bought and sold
each and every day.

it really is true
that people will
actually buy shit.

welcome to the
big brightly lit
world of consumerism.

.. we have been
expecting you
for
some time ..

comic book morning

if was
stark early
that morning
as i squinted
at pierced precision
of the sun
striking the
rear view mirror
and making my
eyes crease further shut
as i got stuck
on an older woman
in a big
truck coming the other
direction
with her hand shielding her
eyes from
the pending doom
of a flash gordon
cloud coming through
the fiction behind my car doors
as her down turned mouth
looked as
though
earth was going
to come to
stark halt
at any
moment.

dark birds

spread in
unknown numbers
and penetrate
the blue dusk sky
with their
rapid snap
of many feathers
and audible
silence as
all the cars
roar by loudly
down below
ignoring
this emerging
swell in the sky
heading slightly
north,
but also slightly
west as the
sun leaves us
for today.

dead generations

generation x
will become known
as the generation
truly
the most afraid of
death.

with frugal travels
on their minds
in the middle
of their parent's
basement in their
thirties,
it's not that
they fear the errant bullet
taking their beating heart
to silence,
it's the marriage,
kids,
and love
they
drink to.

while their parents
cowered under
desks with
visions of
communists
ending humanity
with the proverbial bomb
drop,
their fears are
small compared
to the gen exers.

and i used to
succumb to the same
hangover each morning
as the yellowish light
pierced my eyes
and the smell of my own
breath made me pull
the blanket further over
my head.

it wasn't until
i found the red head
of my life,
gave into the
beauty and work of love,
got married,
have a couple of kids,
got a mortgage
and moved into the suburbs.

and on this side,
i realize it's hard
to keep your sanity,
but if you were
real before,
you will be genuinely
realer after the transformation.

and as my silver wedding band
reflects this screen
and the sound of my son's breathing
sleep rolls over the cat's sleeping ears,
i dig love.

love dug me.

it takes some digging,
but i wouldn't
trade these battered,
dirty fingertips
for any clean set of
fingers clutching that
bar glass with no
attachments other than
an expensive,
inevitable bar
tab.

DEADLY REVOLUTIONS

if the world
really did
revolve around
certain people
that i have met
that act as though
our world
indeed does that
in response to their
existence,
then i would
have reason
to believe
that our
collective
march forward
as humanity
would be in
eminent peril
of extinction
and we would all
have to quickly
absorb
the fact that
we would all
be stricken
with a nasty
dose of cancer and have
mere days
to spend all of
our money,
will and
desires left
and wait
for
our anti-heroes
revolving the
earth to
self implode
and
send us
back
to where
we were

before we
came
down that canal.

dope reasons

after a night
of unruly laughter
and monumental loverly making
with my wife on the
winds of a good stick of
mary janie,
i begin wondering
why my single friends
have had to depend on
dope their entire
adult lives to
make it from moment
to moment.

i slip into
this furry nirvana boot
so rarely,
that it feels
like the world has
completely stopped long
enough for me to
collectively release my
breath
and enjoy
having my pants off
in front of the open
window
without a single reservation
much like my two year old
tearing around
in a joyous line of
laughter naked as a bug.

so when these friends
that wake to a bowl
or bomb their gourds
a handful of times a day,
i dismiss the harshness of
their single lives
where their only real bane
is to brag about how they
are going to move out of
this town,
while trying to make

enough to pay the rent
they share with a friend
or girl.

usually i begin to blank
out and float into some
space bubble that comes
gently landing back down
when they are done explaining
their day
with blood shot eyes
as i deter the conversation
with a quip of
a national news headline
as life
angles closer
and closer
to a
tug
on
that
joystick
i get
to share
with my lovely
wife
after
the haze
of
reality
roars forward.

FINE AND NOT FINE

why
would
the
inventors
or
refiners
of
english
call
something
as
stifling
and
irritating
as
fines
a
word
that
contains
the
word
fine
because
there
is
nothing
fine
at
all
about
being
gouged
with
late
fees
and
penalties
that
are
the
furthest
from
the

word
fine.

FORGOTTEN MONDAYS

each monday
morning
i have a freshly
wrapped
summation
of our world's news
in a thin
plastic bag,
i delight in
this accidental
delivery
from a hung-over
paper delivery
dude that
forgot that
Sunday ended
and everyone
was reluctantly
going into yet
another
week that
makes us
long for one
more Sunday
night
drink.

FREE GUNS FOR ALL!

if our government
gets into a panic
to inject new measures
of population control,
i have a well crafted
solution for our
rich pals in washington.

to infuse new,
inspired recruiting numbers,
they should off
a free gun to anyone
that fills out an application
to be in any branch of
the armed services.

whatever your background
and whether you make it past
the physical will not matter.

free guns for everyone.

all these lucky gun owners
can take out their
repression on locals
or foreigners
as our trusted elected
pals smile with ease
at the continuing
stupidity
of
all 'we'
in the 'are the people'.

GIN WORLD

i always
forget
what happened
when i have
too much gin.

all that pine
goodness creates
a shadow monster
that lurks around my
brain and
secretly
steals anything
i think or
do
once
that invisible
point has been past.

with a used
lime
dry and stuck
to the side
of my sink,
i try
to figure out why
i have pen marks
on my elbow
and how
could someone
have
eaten
my limes
and
finished
my
crystal clear
gin
right underneath
my
exhumed
and beaten
brain.

HAPPY HERPES

those happy
women trolloping around
in those
drug commercials
for
genital herpes
look happier
than most
women i dated for all
of those years
before getting
married to my
lovely.

these women
with newly ingested
herpes pills
are running around
with bright lips and
energetic boyfriends
ready to fuck
them at a moments notice
after they get
a picture of their
youth taken
over a bottle
of champagne
and strawberries.

it's as if
these gals are
happy that they
are finally getting
validate by such
vibrant drugs
and congratulated
on getting herpes.

everyone eternally happy,
these women
are merely
giving us a view
into what heaven
will really be like

when all of our sins
are vanquished in
one pill swallowed
with the
precise
amount of water.

HELL

every since
i really
contemplated the
depths of what
'hell' would
be like behind that
skating rink
as a teenager
afraid of
my lack of religion,
i always wanted
to know what
both heaven
and hell is really
like.

and i have finally
achieved part of
that goal by watching
hell unravel
in brief TV bits
here and there.

it's something
called
MTV.

and all those
sweet sixteeners
in laguna beach
acting like jackasses
in a modeling contest
as they avoid the real world
and rape the minds
of young criminals
waiting for their big
sluice of fifteen minutes
to take that gold encrusted
diamond ride into
the hot sulfuric depths
of the MTV sound set.

highway daydream

a big
truck ahead
of me has
huge rolls of
grassy turf
that looks
like the world's
largest sushi rolls
as my stomach grumbles
audibly
and the
windshield
visor fails
to hold
those big rays
of our closest
star in the
big,
mysterious
universe.

**i miss that old
pang of a busy signal.**

from a clunky old
rotary phone that
required some real effort
to dial the number
and a fat, old
DEET .. DEET .. DEET
on the other end
as you mutter a 'shit'
because the
busy tone compounded
your disappointment
in not being able
to reach who you
wanted to talk to.

in our modern digital
age,
we have call waiting
and immediate leaps to
phone mail.

we either
always get in touch
with who we want to
talk to
or get an automated voice
assuring us that
we won't have to hear
that delightful
busy signal
screaming over the
phone lines
telling us
that it's fine
to not talk to everyone
all the time
and sometimes
we are just
busy enough
to
give
ourselves
a break

from
being
so
fucking
in
touch.

illegal poetry

if i had
to break down my
year to how many
days i lived completely
legally, it would
be none.

between not paying for
taxes that one year,
going over the speed limit,
downloading music on the internet,
having one too many drinks
before driving home,
i am breaking the law
every day of my life.

many of us break
the law all the time
and pretend that we
are the stewards of morality
in a land of law breakers.

so,
as i legally pen
this poem down
to give to you
free of charge,
i hope this
small leaf
of poetic
honesty could
be enough
to make
this day
on of
the few legal
one's
i
will
lead
as
an
adult,
american

male
in
a
land of
rampant
lawlessness.

kid protection

the only
true thing stupider
than being a big
grown adult with
all our fears,
flaws,
peccadilloes,
baggage,
flawed logic,
bad experiences ..

is to
restrict
a
kid
from
doing
something
fun
because
it could
create
a
mess.

LEANING INTO THE MASSES

many times
lately
when i get into
a big clutch
of people all
crowded and such
i blank off
at the amazement of
how many people exist
that i don't know
anything about.

and as i look
at all of these
people in their
clothes,
styles,
hair cuts,
jewelry,
mannerisms,
i wonder
how i went along
this long without
running into any of
these people
in an even minute way.

as quickly,
i snap out and
begin remembering
how many people on
earth and could
i be the only one
in this crowd that even
gives a throw that
this many people
are jammed around
my thinking brain
wondering how
i could safely
interact with
each of these people
for one second
to get a much

better understanding
what it
is like to
be patient
and wait around all
of these souls
that
need
so
much
to
maintain.

LIVING LINES

every time
i see a long
line of
people
waiting
for
whatever they
are waiting
for
whether it's
groceries,
tickets,
help,
customer service
or the bathroom
i see
the longing
in each face
that
yearns for
so much
more
than
what they
are going
to
get as the
real line
we wait
in is
the
daily
sustainability
of waiting
in that
proverbial
line
for our
dreams
to become
that grocery
bill
or

ticket
stub
or
toilet
flush
as
the miracle
continues
to await
us all
as
that very
miracle
waits
in its own
sort of
line.

loving abstraction

each time
i head into
a creative lull
at the easel,
i attempt to
smear a new
collection of
abstract pieces.

always the abstract.

it happens in
these words as
well.

i hop around
like a wounded
kangaroo
with a steadfast
philosophy
that is hard
to describe
and harder
to keep silent
about
as all of these
bits of my theoretical
abstract rain down
into the paint and ink
of my tireless fingers
rubbing letters and
gripping brushes.

forever telling
folks who ask what
i do with 'ABSTRACT STUFF',
they fall silent
and look towards my
eye brow hairs
with a bit of
intrigue,
and fear
knowing that
the beauty of this

is that there isn't
enough time in
their lives to get
anything more
than surface
nonsense from
most people they run
into and
there is
that whiff of
appreciation
that i'm being
honest enough
to just say abstract
lest i get folks
reeled into something
that they have no time
for.

so,
as the proverbial nail scratches
across the effervescent surface,
we can know that
it's all just an abstract
of things to come
and beneath that
initial treatment
may be more than just
the abstract
as we all amble forward
in confusion
knowing
that anything more
specific than
that might just
make this poem
understandable,
and forgettable.

main streets

the
most hallowed
areas of
america
are those
clogged veins
known
as main streets.

sitting there
with their
storied signs
and
smelling like
the upper deck
in wrigley field,
there
are teams
of ghosts ambling
up these street
sides if you
close your eyes
and imagine sleep.

and each time
i go down these
streets
in all the towns
i have graced across
this country of ours,
i am reminded at
how young we all are
in our storied
years of tradition
that is main street.

from echoes of
horse hooves on
an older brick road,
to the delorian
speeding by on a newly
tarred section of road
by a waffle house,
i can see the pages

of the encyclopedia
slowly curl forward
as main street
carries me
to
any other
street
in this
world
of
ours.

MILES LIKE ..

the leaps
my son miles
makes through
hours and hours
of therapy is
enough for me
to know that
health is
the most
overlooked
aspect of our
realities
and that
one day
my boy
will look up
at me with
all of those
many minutes of
help heaped into his
fat lips
and as that
smile spreads
like butter in
a hot pan,
i will finally
be able to
melt into
something much
bigger
than the
pain
of
healing.

my reincarnation

dream
would
be to
come
back
with my
fat dog head
hanging out of
a window in a pinto
with the vessel racing
at speeds over eighty
was i slap my tongue
against the window,
eyes shut closes
feeling that
no worries dog
vibe
as the world
remains frozen in
pure,
delightful
canine
ignorance.

my staples

are a pain
in my balls
as the
enormity of
being sterile
rides over my
running
nose
gleaming
in the freshness
of our
new montana
sky stretching over
all of
our
sins
and brilliant moves
in
this
simple missouri
lot
in
the
middle
of
a rather
complex
rural america.

OBVIOUSLY

we may
get to
know each other
very well
as human co-inhibitors
of earth
if we stop
stating
the obvious everything
we meet strangers,
meet with family,
talk to spouses,
interact with kids
and many other social interactions.

do we need to reinforce
the notion that it's
cold as hell outside by
saying that it's cold outside.

do we need to say how hungry
we are when we are already
going to get some food
at a restaurant and
it's already evident.

if we could take that
collective energy
that we all store up to
say silly, rhetorical shit,
it is then that the
brain may be able to probe
into more delightful talk
that could lead all of
us past that stuffy, stodgy
stage of
human
sustaining.

OJ

if i ever
have the
random
chance to
philosophically
debate who
the stupidest
fucker
that ever
graced the
major pages of
our news media
and this country,
i will
always default
to the tragic
OJ Simpson
and
confidentially
smile
that the room
will fall
silent with
nodding
heads and it
will be the
one
trump bar card
i will hold
to reign
victorious
in
dubbing
the
stupidest
creature
ever
born.

our cities

are abusing
the money we
pay for precious
taxes.

why do i
need my
local municipality
to warn me that
ducks
are crossing
the road with
costly signs?

why do i have
to have the plethora
of merge signs
that no one
knows how to
read and usually
fails on a vision
test to get a license renewed.

if cities
want to use my dollars
better,
they should
post signs
every five miles
or so on roads and highways
saying
'USE YOUR INSTINCTS'

others could be
'DON'T FALL ASLEEP'
'GET OFF THE CELL PHONE'
'HAVE YOUR LISENCE?'
'DRIVE NICE, BASTARDS.'

it would be after
this precious measure
is passed that i
could feel more comfortable
with my taxed paycheck
and driving down a

well signed road
leading me
into my
next delightful
moment of driving
pleasure.

REAL OCCUPATIONAL TALENT

i have
always
had
a talent
to get myself
either fired
or
in permanent
exile from
corporate jobs.

my best
quick jab
at getting
myself in
the shit bucket
was with
my
last job
and
a boss named ed.

he rehired me
years after
he had 'downsized'
me like a
fast food order
at a drive up stand.

it all started
with a talk
on a business trip
towards phoenix
on the tarmac
about the upcoming
presidential elections.

he asked me what
the country would
remember as george bush's
legacy if he was
to be re-elected.

my response was this,

'HE AND THE ELECTION WILL
BE REMEMBERED AS THE MOST
BRILLIANTLY DECEPTIVE
PLOY TO FOOL THE AMERICAN
PUBLIC INTO BELIEVING
ONE OF THE MOST ROTTEN
PRESIDENTS THAT UNFORTUNATELY
STOLE THE 2000 ELECTION
AND CONTINUED HIS ROMP
TO RUIN OUR COUNTRY.'

at this,
he gave his
corporate smirk
with his splotchy full beard
and leaned back in his chair.

the transformation has
taken place
and his vapid look into
my eyes was far off
and gone.

he never talked
what political affiliation
he was,
but i knew that this
would root him out
of his hole of
corporate ambiguity
and help him make
a tough decision.

it was that day
that his pal was
verbally trashed and
he tossed me
into that bucket
as a long goner.

he proceeded to
humiliate me
over and over
again after that
trip
and it took months

for me
to put the
two and two
together.

and now that i
have counted past four
and on up towards
the thousands,
i know that
my comment in
that thick cabin air
may have been my
best business
decision
ever.

restless daydreams

are me
as my imaginary
brain
concocted
of the devil's playground
pops my cranium
open,
sniffs the outside
air
with his intricate
network of
finger tips
wagging to feel
the strange breeze that
is conveys to the
rest of my body all
the time,
and as the
symphony of fingertips
that are my brain
waggle out of control,
the brain pops up
out of my head,
lands on the floor
and scurries
forward like that
hairy thing from
the adam's family.

and when i realize
that my brain is
gone from my head,
as though i'm asleep,
i frantically
search the room
for its whereabouts
as smears of fingertips
echo out of the room,
when i go into the next room,
again the memory of
that finger tipped brain
quickly enters another room.

i approach the next room,
and again i barely see

it's fingery rapture escape
to the next room.

a never ending set
of rooms in a house
that feels familiar,
but brazenly strange
as i roam like a crazy guru
with a popped cranium top
and no brain
as i finally stop
and wonder
how great it would be
to have my frenetic brain
leave my body every once in
a while to leave me in
ignorance
as all of those fingers
lurch towards
the next moment
like all
the light of the
sun initially hitting
the western hemisphere of
earth in
the first millisecond
of the day.

rocky wishes

all the
wishes my wife
desires
will likely
be filled for a year
or more
as that
huge comet satellite
roared over
the pure black
sky some nights back
in a hail of
green to orange
to hot white
as both of us
sat in stunned
silence
behind the glass
of our car windshield
as we waited for
that fictional
plane to crash somewhere
ahead of us
and watch the fire ball
on the ground erupt
into every kid image
of a atomic mushroom
cloud.

instead,
the streaks of
space debris
swam down towards
the ground in invisible
shoots of eraser bits
as my wife
whipped her head over
with wet eyes reflecting
the amazing world around
us that will
undoubtedly
work hard
to fill all
forthcoming wishes

draped in
galaxy ash.

SACK OF TRAPS

when i think
i'm in the clear
and i'm just going
to dawdle through
a handful of days
without any
tragedy,
nasty self-reflections,
parenting traps
and the like,
i start seeing
the signs appearing
in my rear view mirror.

first,
there is some poor hipster
in a camry with one headlight
blaring into
my mirror.

then,
another car with one headlight
appears in the side window.

several others now
flash like
torches in my
rear view.

a big rig in comes
in the opposite lane
before me with one
Cyclops headlight.

and i get a bit
of the sweat in my pits,
blinking hard,
wiping my brow,
i look up into the mirror
for more one headlighters
and it's gone
as the rig finally swishes by.

all headlights

have turned to two
around me.

in my moment of
relief,
the phone in my pocket
begins to ring
as a shooting star
in the sky is really
a descending fire pit of
a plane tumbling towards
earth.

at this,
i jam on the
gas pedal,
hear my alarm wake me
and
rise to see what kind
of
headlights are going to
hit my
under dilated
eye balls
of morning.

smeary, stinking karma

some poor bastard
leans on his bum leg
on the corner of
the busiest intersection
in kansas has his badly
bruised,
and old jeep stands
neglected with hazards popping
in loud bursts of orange
that refract off the
rivers of fluid
leaking from his
bleeding engine
as the cop cherries
twirl over the scene
of the stall,
while a huge line
of cars
wait,
trickle,
inch forth
in the wake
of some miserable man's
karma
that has now become the
fate of all
of those
that may
be as innocent as
my son's
tiny
pinkie
toe.

STEM CELL

our republican
pals in
america today
might actually
believe in the
power of
stem cell healing
if there
was a guy
with the first name
stem
and the last name cell
hanging in his
death row jail cell
awaiting the lethal
injection that
will legally rid him
from this country
and it would
be after this execution
that the notion
of picking apart
our doomed pal stem cell
would finally make sense
to heal something more
than crime and depravity
in our cancer and MS
addled planet
of
fluffy,
innocent,
non-political
souls.

the cold fall rain

stabs through
the real rumor
that today is
my birthday
and faint echoes
of sirens
twinkle in the
background
like ambient
noise we are
supposed to peer
closer into
as the paper
proclaims
triumphantly
that wilco
and elton john
will be in town
to grace our
ears with
the best of
their regularity
while
i ready to
help my wife with
her badly sprained
ankle
to a wedding
of our friends
as the
sky dumps down
god's cold tears
for us to
piece together the
metaphor
of both
weddings
and
birthdays
in the
concert
of
today.

the dumbest girl

i have ever
met used to
baby-sit
my young miles boy.

her name was
kelli and she
was a teen girl
that went to
the private school
up the road.

it was low rent
babysitting,
and either my
wife and i were
consistently
in the home.

rumor
was that she was
the loosest girl in
school and had a proclivity
for the pot
that made all the
bad boys smile
with glee.

and it was
at the end of
the day that
we would ask her
questions
and get either
'huh's' or
blank looks
at simple questions.

she was the harvest
of modern day parenting,
schooling and
societal influences
that blockaded her from
the simplest of
complex thought.

the whistling
sound of void
would rustle through
the room
as my miles boy
went clutching for my
arms.

and when this girl
was finally
gone,
walking up the road,
i would wash
his hands and
talk some smartness
back into his
ears
lest the influence
of the dumbest girl
in the world
seeps any further
into his
sequence
of innocence.

the echo of patriotism

is sending
invisible
wisps from
the flag weaving
over the local
VFW post
as
i drive
through
the black reflection
of that
very flag
wagging in the
road like
a darth vader
stench
and in
the din of
this metaphor
of our modern
charred democracy
i hear
the faint
rustle
of a
pledge of
allegiance
i accidentally
heard
at my job
this week

and
the song
is
still
dimly
playing
through
my
mind as
i'm
sure the only
thing
that can

save that
black
waving flag
is the
ascending of moon
eating
everything
up in
a dark
democratic
flag.

THE EXTINCTION OF HARDENED WATER

my wife's
world would metaphorically
be a glass home surrounded
by chunks of rock
with bored boys
prowling the
yard looking
for something to do.

my two boy's and myself
break all of
her glass stuff
as her sigh resonates
through our
well insulated hallways.

all of our wedding cups
and assorted glasses
have been ahnnilated
over the years.

all cups are now
plastic and i have since
retired from touching anything
of hers that is glass.

my final straw was
while moving,
i broke a lamp
she swore would crush her if
i did so.

when the ornate glass
cover slipped
and extinguished to the floor
in a ballroom of
broken glass,
i entered a land of
painful nirvana.

not sure if i was alive
or if i could be allowed to
accept air into my lungs,
i muttered things in silence

that i cannot remember now.

i struggled to tell her
pink ears
and when she said 'you didn't'
i promised i would never touch
glass ever again.

as she reassured me
that it was fine,
i told her that this
retirement would never end.

never again.

that glass and i.

and the mirrors
will be next.

i have no desire
to look into the
eyes of a glass killer
that many times a day.

the gray halo

of watson and crick
follow my every
muscle movement
as i wander
forward through
my labyrinth of
days.

from my own son
having a long arm on
his fifteenth chromosome that
has hindered his overall development,
to a recent doctor's checkup
that basically said my
biggest health risk is
my genetic make up.

it's the unsolvable
mystery that
has no cure,
and a vaguer explanation.

more than that,
its proof that
god is alive and
we have no control over
our environment
that clouds our skin
and forms our organs.

from the intricate
leaps between
laughter and tear,
the only given is
that i have enough strength
to manipulate my mind
into believing that
somehow everything is
going to be just fine
as the echo of history
haunts us all
in a typhony of
smiling ghosts around
us all watching
how we

make our
genetic code
play out from
point x
to point y.

the pretty drivers

there's
always
a
woman
applying
make
up
to
her
off white
cheeks
while
going about
75 down
the middle
lane
of
the
highway
as i
fixate
on her
rampant
desire
to
look
that good
for the
world
as i get
a glimpse
of
what she
looked like
before
as she
speeds
towards
beauty like
a speeding
bullet
surrounded
by
a metal vessel

heading
into
a whole
day of
untold
beauty.

the real liquor store magic

i never
went to palm readers
or psychologists
because all of those
memorable faces behind the
counters of liquor stores
usually levied
worthy predictions
and monumental advice.

my newest guru
is an indian man
at the strip mall
liquors up the road.

he always addresses
my son by his first name
and told me recently that
you will realize that
yer all grown up
when you have your kids
and watch your parents
die.

and as i slipped out of
that store with
a haze over my brain,
i thought about
my new son in one arm,
a box of wine in the other,
and the conversation i
had earlier on with my
sick father.

another liquor clerk
i always got the goods
from was a portly old korean gal
that was married to
a skinny korean man
that she used to sneer about all
the time.

she would never let me snap a picture

of her,
but always asked how my photography
was going and
how
the girls were treating me.

when i would indulge,
she would always tell me to get
rid of the girl i was with

and
she was always right.

they
were all
always right
as my pints,
quarts,
boxes
and bottles of
liquid courage
would twinkle a bit
brighter under the
lights
of
logic.

the secrets

they keep
in the
back of
those dollar
shops
are enough
to crack open
the
best the world
has to offer.

whether it's
christmas
lights that are hiding
or
the scent
of two workers
that just ended
a torrid rant of
secretive sex.

it's all hiding
behind a couple
of metal doors
and each time i
walk by,
i see
the future
brimming
in a thin
sliver of light
coming out in the open
to make us
keen on
many truisms.

the waste of capitalism

resides
in all of those
abandoned McDonalds
that just isn't
big enough,
fancy enough,
for the
eating public
to stomach.

in honor
of this rampant waste,
we should do something
to give back to charity
and make
the ultimate
capitalistic
show of sheer delight.

the McDonalds corporation
should
fill the entire
facility with
ten dollar bills,
bring in all the ronald mcdonald kids,
load the place with dynamite,
get a ronald mcdonald clown
to hit the big red button
to detonate the place
and charge the public
attendance to watch.

all the money will be donated
to the ronald mcdonald houses,
while the actual kids can
grab at all the falling
money after the monstrosity
of american food goes into
a grand kaboom,
lifting
the rubble downward and
the raining bills flying through
space
towards
hungry hands.

watching the tattered car

in the center
lane of a three lane
highway with
a clicking turn signal
illuminating left
gets my brain stuck.

i slow a bit,
and tail this car
counting
the seconds like
turn signal clicks
wondering how
much longer they are going
to fool everyone around them.

how long with this
chain of forgetful
ignorance smear falsely
along the highway
chug.

who is this person
guiding this
clicking vessel of
no turn in sight.

and what has happened
to them throughout
the days and weeks
of their lives
that led to such
driving forgetfulness?

is it simple,
or is it more?

i can't remember how
long this car
careened with
false signals,
and don't remember
when this
car vanished into
the infamy

of my own right turn
i decided to make
for them
to
move on
with my
life.

WEST VIRGINS

instead
of west virginia
having a license plate
saying 'WILD .. WONDERFUL',
how about
a new upgrade
that says,
'WILD .. WHAT THE FUCK!'

(yay)