



***joefiles 114***  
***curly-queued daydreams***

## **a broken, pale yellow insurance sign**

sits on the corner  
of two busy cross  
streets  
day after day  
indicating  
the effectiveness  
of accident prevention  
and the  
real presentation  
of this simple small  
insurance company.

if they can't  
heal their small  
sign promising  
to heal your  
car and bones,  
how many do you think  
would call this number?

likely more  
than i could ever  
expect  
because  
most of the world  
is not preoccupied  
with these tiny peccadilloes  
of obviousness  
as we race frantically  
through  
the webs of danger in our  
lives hoping that  
some small,  
innocent soul  
will repay them  
for their accidental  
karmic debt  
that will someday  
finally heal  
that little yellow  
sign that will  
give way  
to some big  
digital billboard  
someday as a testament

to evolution  
in our  
devolved times.

## **a fix**

every so often  
i get into  
that music  
fix when i need  
the warm velvet of  
a tenor sax  
to glide over  
my waxy ear holes  
as the tinny sound  
of strings pluck,  
and the classic  
crooning can begin  
in some tiny moment  
of grandiose importance  
as i feel  
why the birth of music  
was really  
the  
beginning  
of our  
small,  
civilization.

## AGING

while  
the feet shuffle  
and tires roll  
by quickly,  
i wonder how long  
it's going to  
take for that first  
fleck of paint  
to chip or erode  
off a new pole  
on the side of a road.

what accumulated stack  
of events,  
weather,  
wind,  
passing debris,  
smashing bugs,  
would finally lead to  
that pole  
getting its first blemish.

and what finally will it  
be that will  
make this dent in  
a once brand new,  
impermeable pole  
that holds everything  
erect all the time.

who will see that tiny  
fleck on the ground  
and wonder where it came from?

or will anyone see it  
or will anyone care  
or should i care  
and i leave you  
now with two handfuls  
of paint chips that  
are falling gently  
to the ground  
as my personal  
fictional pole

finally  
gets naked  
and ceases to  
care.

## **blind americans**

the noose of  
middle eastern  
commerce is usually  
right under our  
noses.

in many  
gas stations,  
those of  
middle eastern descent  
take our money  
for their  
expensive gas,  
sell lighters  
to ignite cigars  
that will kill  
us and  
cheap liquor to  
kill our livers.

it's virtual adult  
playground of  
oil, snuff and porn  
to get our cash  
and send us another  
day closer  
to  
proverbial death  
as  
the wars  
of the  
world  
rage  
in  
the middle east  
as us  
ignorant  
americans  
bite off  
the ultimate  
chew  
we simply  
cannot  
understand to ingest.

## **bug invasion!**

our  
kitchen ceiling  
and back screen door  
are littered with  
tiny orange dots  
amassing  
a pile of  
lady bugs.

cowering  
with their  
sunrise ovals and dark spots,  
they are  
getting away  
from the inching cold  
ready to freeze  
the world over  
again.

and everyone  
is talking about  
how they lady bug  
is descending upon  
their homes,  
and collective  
living space.

i see these  
tiny girl bugs  
telling us  
the secrets of  
why the honey bee  
is disappearing from  
our planet  
and  
just trying  
to vie  
for some time  
with  
us humans in  
the warm indoors.

the whole time  
quiet,



inching forward,  
filling in extra  
black spots of age  
on their chrome flesh,  
they  
are the good luck  
signs we  
all need  
to embrace  
as we sputter  
onto our  
next moment.

## **Clo-THES**

when i hear  
someone in a recording  
accurately  
say the world  
'clothes'  
i get lost.

i hear the word  
and accentuate the  
'thes'  
in my brain  
and lose track of the  
audio book spiraling  
forward in a lost lurch.

and it makes me stop  
the tape to  
mutter 'clothes'  
over and  
over  
and  
over  
in  
a  
lisp  
until  
i'm tired of  
the word.

then,  
i can return to  
my regular routine  
as  
the mere word  
finally  
let's  
go of my head  
so that i  
can charge through  
hundreds of other  
words  
that  
will  
never cling

to my entire  
body  
like  
'clothes'.

## **corporate folly**

over the last recent  
set of years  
the topic  
of corporate america  
and the actors  
and storylines  
are selling a lot  
of laughs  
and entertainment.

and being the sort  
that has intimately  
experienced this romp  
through  
maddening, vapid hell,  
i wonder who is laughing  
and ingesting large quantities  
of this lifestyle that  
is devoid of real humor  
or intrigue.

non of this shit  
was ever funny,  
light hearted,  
full filling or  
memorable  
as the haze of that  
life that required  
me to pay rent has  
faded away.

are those that laugh  
at these corporate antics  
those that has  
been saved from this sort  
of dank life  
or do they crave such  
sadistic repetition of pain  
that they gladly relive  
the corporate root canal.

i can't  
watch these shows,  
nor do i find anything

remotely ironic,  
clever or neat  
about exploiting  
the horror  
of american business  
railing over the  
TV like a circle  
of cotton candy that  
will eventually  
melt on a new child's  
tongue  
just before  
they go in for their  
first big,  
post college interview  
in a glass high-rise  
just hot enough  
to be denied as  
purgatory.

## DISSIPATION

white chalk  
lines smoldering  
from all the passing  
mouths  
of cars  
as tiny  
trails  
of exhumed  
butts  
evaporate into  
the ground  
sinking  
straight  
towards  
the bowels  
of a hell  
that  
i used to  
ingest all  
the time  
and wish  
i one day  
could  
again if  
only i could  
find a safe  
way to live  
this life  
as recklessly  
as i  
fucking damn  
well dare.

## **eventual state of our lives**

the longer,  
and older  
i become  
in  
this life of  
constant  
irony,  
and deepening  
perplexity,  
i realize  
that life  
boiled  
down to the  
lowest common  
denominator  
is a bod dylan song.

## **fire does work**

each year  
i see  
fireworks  
signs  
everywhere.

and i begin  
to feel that rhetorical  
twitch taking over  
my left eye.

how can they say  
something  
so trite and simple  
to sell something  
in such a mass quantity  
from china  
that will cost  
so much and create  
so much waste.

so,  
does fire work?

fuck yea,  
fire works.



## **fit to fit it**

the nights  
that my  
nearly three year old  
miles boy has  
fits that prevent  
him from sleeping  
or when  
he has uncontrollable  
meltdowns  
or when he  
cannot concentrate  
long enough to  
read a short book  
with me  
as he struggles to find  
one simple sign in  
from his lack of  
verbal communication,  
i think  
that it's my  
fault  
he has all of  
these issues  
because i didn't  
cultivate  
better sperm  
or brighter genes  
or better chromosomes  
and  
i could have done  
that,  
then  
the room falls silent,  
or he finally gets  
the right sign out  
or he does actually  
concentrate  
on something for longer  
than thirty seconds  
and i  
find that  
all i'm in control  
of is how  
hard

and well i love  
this little boy  
and  
the world finally  
stops spinning  
in a horrible  
mass of blinding  
red  
ruled by no god  
and filled with  
a black glue  
that we all  
swim  
through as the  
stench of  
bad karma  
wafts  
about  
our jet streams.

## **point..point..flash..point..flash**

my life  
is so full  
of tiny  
flash points  
that no one will  
ever hear me  
talk about how many  
happened  
during my day  
as i fade  
away  
through  
the world's  
collective  
conscious  
as something that  
has nothing to do with  
their perception of  
me as  
i get more,  
and more cozy each day  
with the  
enormous motion  
that no one  
but my lovely wife  
will ever truly  
know what i  
was carefully  
going after down  
here between  
jobs,  
chores,  
obligations  
and  
masking the mundane  
with  
insane  
globes of color  
smearing my words  
over a  
Polaroid snapshot  
that just became  
another moment  
of deja vu

in  
the  
tip of  
my  
newest flash  
point.

## **gaining gusto in aging**

within  
the last  
several  
months  
i have taken  
a moment extra  
to look  
at the obituary section  
of the local paper.

maybe an old friend,  
or someone i used to work  
with will show up in these  
back pages  
and i'll have that  
one moment of shock  
to rescue me from  
the taste of coffee  
and work  
and responsibility  
to reflect on  
what this life is all about.

the potential end  
displayed in ink,  
giving all us obituary  
readers that  
brief moment  
to refocus  
our day on  
what should  
really be in focus.

and when  
i close  
that paper flap  
and know that  
it was full  
of loving strangers  
that will no longer  
co-habitate  
earth  
with me  
anymore,

i wonder  
who from my past i may run into  
today.

## **godchild**

by

miles davis

flipped

in through

my ear buds

as my tiny

miles boy

flickered

out of his nap,

turned his

head towards me,

and as i put a

period on the previous

sentence,

he was flashing a

huge,

signature smile

towards my

profile,

and when i

caught him

awake

eagerly in his

nap cycle,

i told him,

'back to bed',

which sent him

over to his corner to

work on his

nap,

but now

the twitches

have intensified

as

my godchild

miles

is

ready

to

rise.

## **government controlled garage**

in the middle  
of last night,  
our garage door  
mysteriously  
opened to the  
dark, cold  
blackness of  
unexplainable AM.

when i hopped up  
wondering what i  
would wield  
to protect my  
own,  
i went in my boxers  
and a thick black sweater  
matching the early night  
to see the  
yellow lights  
flashing and  
a wide open door.

going slowly,  
a new light flipped  
on,  
the world was silent.

as i drug  
my inordinately  
tired brain through the  
garage,  
i looked around outside  
and suddenly  
saw the insane  
grandma woman from  
next door hacking,  
coughing over a  
lifetime of cigarettes  
in the lung  
and i quickly turned,  
closed the garage door  
and figured it was  
purely accidental.



the next morning,  
i saw this smoking  
woman outside  
over a cup of coffee  
and her worn purple coat  
telling me that  
her car doors mysteriously  
opened at the same time.

this was the third time  
that this has happened  
to her car  
and she swore it was  
a government air base  
or airplane that  
caused our collective doors to  
open.

with a stern,  
serious look about her face,  
i turned and went back into  
my supposed government tapped  
home to  
immerse myself into a  
better lie.

and the mystery still  
stands  
as both of my garage doors  
hang in rectangular flanks  
of silent white,  
closed wide shut  
like the eye lids of  
my tiny  
son  
completely  
unaware  
of  
any of this mysterious  
government opening  
right below  
this  
very room  
of  
right now.

## **i had dreams**

last night  
that i was  
carefully choosing  
all of my  
groceries  
with a  
special  
care,  
and ease,  
to make sure  
that tomorrow  
would be as good  
as today,  
and that  
my teeth  
would  
sink as surely  
into that  
holy,  
white sandwich bread  
as  
i would  
into any  
day  
that feels like  
i'm  
slowly escaping  
below  
the water's  
tranquil,  
blue  
surface.

## **jazz hero**

the tried,  
and true  
cowboys  
of old world jazz  
still heat  
up the broken  
streets  
of historic kansas city.

a small converted  
church  
called the mutual musicians  
foundation  
is here to  
cure ruination  
and meet the middle  
of generational gaps  
of cold beer  
and the heat hot of  
priceless sweat.

as the house  
pulsates with  
enough energy to cure  
Bangladesh,  
the sound of new,  
unheard of jazz  
comes careening  
hard enough to  
leave the light slips  
of the front door to make  
the cold air out  
front bearable.

as we all used to huddle  
out front with  
our hot cigarettes and  
benign rumors,  
the sound of history  
was being healed all around  
us as the  
triumph  
of music  
made

the world  
seem  
as kind as  
it was retold to us  
as small  
children.

## **jazzy momento**

bobby hackett  
runs his  
smooth  
trumpet  
through  
both  
of my ears,  
meeting in the  
middle  
of my brain head  
as the  
cymbals  
run  
to an eventual  
conclusion  
while  
the errant  
hands of  
anonymous  
crowd  
members slap  
me  
awake  
to the next  
song that  
is going  
to  
deliver  
me  
back to the middle  
1950's  
when smoking  
was admirable  
and  
another gin and tonic  
was  
always  
waiting  
with a sweaty  
lurch.

## **KID FINGERS**

one of my most  
triumphant media  
moments came to me  
as a young kid.

in the hot summer  
restlessness of small town america,  
my brother and i used to  
watch the local  
cable access show in  
the afternoons  
which amounted  
to a camera  
perched over the  
old historic  
square.

cars would drive  
around the block  
in a boring drool that  
made us both  
dream for more  
out of those  
afternoons,  
and lazy summer drivers.

and my brother made  
this dream come true  
one absurdly hot afternoon.

he climbed into is  
small white toyota bullet  
and headed towards the  
square with a  
trunk full of potential  
and an engine ready to  
fulfill all of our  
collective desires.

and as his car came  
into the TV frame,  
his skinny arm popped out  
of the window and  
he game me the fullest,

most impassioned flip off  
i have ever received.

he said 'fuck you'  
with all the gumption  
and conviction of a thousand men  
as our small town felt our  
dream come true.

it was days later that  
the program was pulled  
and our moment of infamy was  
cemented in  
having our  
small, non award winning  
segment  
cancelled.

## **kidskidskidskidskidskids**

i sometimes  
find myself  
looking into the  
eyes of parents  
with four or more  
kids  
and wonder  
how they ever  
found time  
to poop,  
pull on pants,  
smile at nothing  
and still  
have a bag full  
of snacks for  
their paltry  
collection  
of human fingers  
perpetually  
reaching,  
reaching towards  
this open bird beak  
bodies.



## **maybe the only real psychology**

we need in life  
is to know  
that we save more  
money by being honest  
and more souls by  
talking about how  
we fucked the duck  
and killed the horse  
and until that happens,  
we will continue to pay  
strangers to diagnose  
what they have never lived  
and go into more,  
and more bizarre places  
as our money is gone,  
integrity shot,  
and the dream is about  
to end as the  
bed begins to feel  
like  
it's the only thing  
that makes sense  
as the psychologist  
gulps one more  
slug of red wine  
as the world shouts forward  
in some  
contemptible gust  
that  
will make  
the patient  
giggle in  
absurdity.

## medical hustler

every time  
i see nurses  
hustling down  
the hot pavements of  
America,  
they are in  
lip stick red Buicks  
and they  
are pounding  
their  
gas  
to  
keep up  
with  
their  
racing  
work hearts.

as their  
red flashes beam  
by in  
blinding precision,  
they are  
always  
the  
first ones  
to  
a  
red light,  
and the  
last ones  
to leave  
the line  
in a halo  
of green  
because  
there  
are lips to  
beautify  
or conversations to  
continue.

when  
i see

their red dot  
evaporate  
in my peripheral mirror,  
i presume  
that they  
beat the entire  
world to a red  
light  
was we  
look up  
into their  
eyes  
lying on our  
backs  
wondrously  
thankful  
that they  
stayed  
behind  
at that green light  
to heal  
our  
medical cuts.

## **mooning earth**

last night  
i dreamed about  
the biggest celestial  
event  
devoid of destruction  
that was to flurry  
down upon  
earthling eye balls.

it was to be the  
night that the moon  
would be the closest ever  
to the earth.

in fact,  
it was so close that the  
etchings of earth would  
bathe the moon  
in a blue/green  
mosaic that would  
be much like a mirror.

and as night  
covered all of our  
daytime moments  
gone forever,  
i went out and saw  
the football field  
sized oval that  
was another earth  
bearing down in  
a holler  
of indescribable beauty.

i got the telescope  
out on the back porch,  
and marveled at  
seeing the Amazon river,  
Africa,  
Australia  
and other continents in  
real time as i  
shouted for my wife  
and boys to come

down and watch the spectacle.

each time,  
they said they were  
on their way,  
or  
'just a minute'  
and i waited watching  
this  
celestial marvel  
that was to happen  
for only  
one rare evening.

and no one showed.

i couldn't even have  
my dreams validated  
in dreamland  
as  
now look at the  
moon  
as though  
maybe  
some day  
my  
dream  
may  
just  
come  
impossibly  
true.

## **morning abides**

that one,  
energy challenged  
early morning  
walker  
glides quickly  
up the road  
with  
her smile  
full of  
dried tears  
praising  
every lord  
on earth  
with those  
streaks  
of sunlight  
that surround  
her silhouetted  
shadow  
as though  
it's the  
third coming  
of our  
anointed savior  
just a step  
before  
the second coming  
happens  
to  
gently  
throw  
all of us  
off.

## **morning blasts of invisible media**

once morning  
opens up,  
our bed turns into  
a gassy press conference.

from one corner of  
the bed a simple fart question,  
then a rather elaborate  
flatulation in  
retort.

silence.

another stinker rises  
from the Duve covered  
gallows  
and  
more silence ..

then,  
a monumental  
and rather nasty response  
comes razoring  
forward  
as both parties  
begin to roust.

the room  
is vacated.

a stench attacks  
the second floor  
as the  
president  
and first lady  
leave their fictional  
lies behind.

## movie morphing

i used to  
watch that  
movie 'mask'  
as a kid  
with wonder  
at how  
we have no  
control  
over our  
human growth.

disease  
can become you  
without notice,  
and it's how  
you sprint towards  
the fluttering  
ribbon  
at the end  
that defines  
how the world  
is going to etch your  
legacy.

and i grew up  
with a best friend that  
was just like that.

his name was matt.

with a chronic  
liver disease,  
he charged forward  
like any other kid  
i knew growing up,  
but he looked different,  
acted different  
and had that  
slight stain of  
being below  
the regular curve.

and i loved  
that kid for that.



he was the rocky dennis  
in that movie i used  
to watch growing up,  
but he was alive now.

and now that he's gone,  
i relate all of  
this back to my son  
that is in the autism spectrum  
and voraciously charges  
forward in this reality  
with guts,  
and gusto that  
makes me  
step back and  
admire.

now that i'm an older  
fellow with  
the weight of my past,  
hollywood scripts,  
and the present  
inching into my  
brain mass,  
i  
shake my foot  
in anticipation  
as to how all  
of the  
rest is going  
to play out  
as the  
tiny wind  
of the future  
comes inching  
underneath  
my closed bedroom  
door waiting  
to  
get me  
when  
i  
need it.

## **my wife and I today**

i lean  
towards  
the serious,  
dramas  
with the clever  
comic twist  
because i can't  
take most of  
what i live seriously.

my wife leans  
towards the movies  
with big snakes,  
wolves,  
fish,  
and sci-fi epics  
with b-grade acting  
because  
the seriousness of this  
life needs to be toned down  
with some  
serious grade entertainment.

and when i  
get to the point where  
i am watching what my wife watches  
and she is watching what i am watching,  
you will know that  
it's time for us to  
go on that huge  
RV vacation out and  
away from our respective realities  
because  
life imitating art  
is  
not always  
the best sort  
of remedies  
for all  
said  
brains.

## **old man dreaming**

in my  
continuing list  
of reincarnation possibilities,  
i would  
like to come back  
as a ripe old man  
with a shit eating grin  
and huge hairy eye brows.

i would have the  
largest handicapped  
sign hanging from  
my window  
and i would  
drive up and down  
the dreaded path  
known as grandview road.

i would go as slow  
as possible  
to bumble  
all the quick young souls  
into slowing their paths down.

i would become  
the monumental ire  
of the neighborhood,  
and area  
with my special privileges  
and long life  
that has led  
to not giving a shit  
what anyone else  
has to say about  
anything.

and when the end of  
the gallon of gas  
or collective day would happen,  
i would hop of my car  
in the middle of a busy intersection,  
walk away from my  
several hundred dollar heap,  
and go towards

my family in a home up the  
way.

when i would kiss my  
lovely wife 'hello',  
she would beam  
at my  
special  
abilities  
on  
my  
personal  
life  
road.

## our beta world

i walk  
around  
without ever  
seeing  
or tasting  
perfection  
of any sort  
when i hear  
the word 'beta'  
thrown out  
in some coquettish  
technological  
statement.

all over,  
we waltz in the  
beat of our modern  
moments of marvel  
and intrigue.

.. trapped  
in a land of  
perpetual  
less than  
anywhere near  
perfect as we  
treat beta  
as a land that we are  
destined to  
graduate from.

but,  
we are all stuck  
in beta land as  
betaites  
trying to  
make something  
better than  
ourselves  
as the beta  
blankets us all.

so,  
when the site

or person out there  
declares that very  
soon they will  
be escaping into  
'real time'  
and leaving beta  
behind,  
i don't  
trust  
this declaration  
as my  
palette  
tastes of beta  
as all  
the beta blocks  
rain down  
softly onto  
all of  
my open blooded  
senses.

## **penny dirt**

after counting  
a stack of pennies  
last night,  
i caught that  
post money smell  
all over my fingers  
and winced  
at how many fingertips,  
pockets,  
slots,  
slits,  
couch cushions  
and  
toilet bottoms  
these pieces of copper  
had graced before  
coming into  
my nearly  
dirty hand.

and i felt  
like i was part  
of a global commerce  
movement  
to get this penny  
off into another hand  
to carry on the  
tradition  
of a  
small  
cent  
trying to  
get as  
far  
and as  
wide as it can  
in it's  
tiny lincoln  
travels.

barely copper  
anymore,  
the dark  
brown blobs

of  
used currency  
sit on my  
bright brown table  
on a bit  
of a sabbatical  
before  
they will  
be relegated  
into further dirt,  
and  
barely appreciative  
fingerprints.



## **poem construction**

sometimes  
all i want to do  
is produced and direct  
one small poem,  
but just doing nothing  
makes much more  
sense to me  
as i get a moment  
away from  
the boundless energy  
of my autism spectrum  
son who is panting in  
the other room  
to further rip through  
life in a vivacious  
rip of innocence and  
sensory depravation  
and when i think about  
how i used to  
ripple easily to my  
big chair to write  
a poem at will,  
anytime i wanted,  
with the stench of  
cigarettes leaving  
my mouth  
and the easy world  
wading outside  
of my window like a  
dream that was  
someday going to  
eventually come to  
an end and now that  
it has  
my small poems  
could never  
accumulate and outdo  
the best  
prose i have ever  
created  
which is my  
small miles boy  
that i would  
take out of

any spectrum  
for any free  
time,  
or will  
in this entirely  
huge existence  
that maybe  
one or two  
of these poems  
will make  
things make  
more sense  
to him  
some day when  
he sees  
all of these  
nicks of words  
slipping over the  
page like a night  
of bats  
looking for  
a dark black  
cave hole.

## **purplish prude**

there's an art  
teacher at a school  
in the district  
i work  
for that won't use  
the color purple.

she is terrified  
of the color  
and won't let the children  
do their best  
to recreate  
grape bubble gum  
or sketch a  
jerky version of barney the dinosaur.

she is robbing all of these  
kids of the honor of mixing  
blue and red for their  
own miracle purple.

how would the world  
work if  
mathematicians  
omitted the number 3 from  
their equations?

how would a chemist  
make things real if  
he omitted an element  
from the periodic table?

how about the hot dog vendor  
omitting mustard  
because of his fear?

who should exclude  
color?

what lurks in the human  
mind to force small kidlings  
to omit a color that isn't  
even around them ..

color equals kids.

who is this  
mysterious purple woman.

why is she.

how is she.

what happened?

i love  
the color purple.

## reality speed racer

when i  
see turbo  
motocross  
man  
in a bright  
rocket bike,  
loud leather,  
tinted head gear,  
blaring between  
cars,  
riding the center yellow line  
at speeds easily exceeding  
100 mph,  
i wonder  
if i will  
see his  
spirit soaring away  
from his body  
as the immediate  
aftermath of  
his  
need for speed  
smears into his fate  
or if some  
barely awake  
cop will  
finally have to spring  
forward to catch  
the real speed man  
rocketing  
past this poem  
and right on through  
all the rest of  
them that  
may  
illegally  
race down  
this yellow page.

## **stacks of motives**

each and  
every  
moment we  
live  
is fueled  
by boredom,  
fear  
or simple  
survival.

so when  
the elaborate  
ball full of  
liquor,  
expensive food,  
loud music  
and layered cloth  
goes rotating round  
and round,  
know that  
it was concocted under  
simple circumstances  
as  
the world  
rears back  
into  
it's monumentally  
simple tilt.

## street guardian of clean

those dudes  
in the street cleaning  
machines always  
have on dark, silvery shades,  
half lit cigarettes hanging  
in cartoon suspension from  
their lips,  
and big 70's headphones around  
the sides of their heads.

and as they careen down  
an already fairly clean street  
with their hazy eye balls  
and city worker mentality,  
they barely clean  
the sides of these  
strips of concrete.

i never see these  
dudes going down  
the dirtiest streets in  
towns.

always down the anonymous  
street off main street  
that maybe the mayor  
will travel down,  
but an alderman lives on.

and as the dirt continues  
to accumulate on the most  
needed streets in  
these said towns,  
the tiny  
otagonagal,  
odd motorized box  
whips around like  
a zamboie machine  
at a hockey match  
towards another  
clean street  
as the  
dirt  
accumulates

in neat,  
neglected  
stacks.



## **subdued war beaten**

all of  
faces,  
and sauntering  
at the  
downtown  
veteran's day  
parade  
looked  
weary,  
beaten  
by the  
constant lying  
we have had  
to endure for  
way too long.

still cloaked  
in small town adoration  
and ready to give  
us the shirts  
off their backs to  
support a  
war without reason,  
these patriots  
believe  
in the way of america,  
but they hide  
their contempt.

instead,  
they bleed this  
fatigue  
through their  
tiny waving flags,  
red flowers,  
and popped corn,  
telling everyone  
that they  
don't even believe  
in freedom  
anymore.

instead,  
they believe

in each other  
and our motives  
to stand in  
that cold missouri  
wind at ten AM  
on a new, sunny morning  
to tell  
those that  
almost died  
that we are glad  
they are here  
in their 57 chevy's  
waving at our  
kids  
careening  
towards the  
gray ground  
to pick up  
their bright  
stack of  
discharged  
candy.

## **the majesty of an electrical transformer**

station off the side of the  
road.

like a big hunk of  
exposed circuitry  
ripped from a computer's  
motherboard,  
it pulses with enough  
electricity  
to power an enormous  
stretch of  
homes in a lurch.

and i wonder  
what it would look  
like if i took a  
big hunk of ice  
and hurtled it  
towards one of those  
circular lopes standing  
like some sic fi building  
waiting to be opened  
to the public.

the burst of smoke,  
the 'zzzzzt' of  
millions of volts of electricity  
singing the tiny ice creation  
that was once wholly insignificant.

and the small grid  
returns to normal with  
it's powerful stance  
as the hum of  
invisibility hums  
loudly around  
in some ancient echo  
that will make my world  
come to a grinding  
halt when too  
much ice  
overtakes us all.

## **the next headache**

what  
really  
rhymes  
with  
cinco de mayo?

how about  
the feeling  
that next  
morning ..

-simple denial-

isn't that  
what all  
excessive  
ventures  
with liquor  
really is ..

of my  
simple denial  
of  
cinco de mayo ..

it makes  
me  
want  
a  
beverage  
real bad  
as  
my top palette  
wets  
with  
deliciously  
self  
designed  
denial.

## the proverbial mental fence

when i pause  
in line at the grocery  
store with my autism  
spectrum son  
and catch the calm,  
reserved,  
attentive eyes of  
a child the same  
age as my miles  
and marvel at the  
normal development of  
a child,  
i look away.

then,  
i look back to see  
this normal kid  
bending,  
weaving to catch  
a glimpse of my  
miles boy tearing  
through the candy selection  
with rapt attention,  
no attention span  
and complete chaos  
and feel the waves  
of wonder going  
around in a swirl  
before me.

feeling like  
i'm honing in on  
some wild purple/pink/red  
sear of solar wind going  
forward,  
i realize that i will  
never give birth  
to anything more  
as long as i'm a human.

i can't.

my magic bag  
below has been

injected with staples  
that now heals  
with new flesh  
and a body absorbing  
what would have once  
absorbed  
by other means.

and right before i  
start to put my  
basket of  
hard searched goods  
on the rubber conveyor belt,  
i hear the parent in front  
of me yell  
at their tiny  
normal child for  
barely making a  
small stink for a candy bar  
or toy  
and i have to look away.

these poor people  
could never conceive  
what that would feel like  
hundreds of times a day  
as they saunter away  
with their regular,  
average kids  
towards their regular average  
day  
as i begin  
whistling loudly  
to make certain  
that everyone will  
know that i  
could give a fuck  
of my insanity  
roars as loudly  
as my  
sons  
mysterious  
medical  
miracle  
ailment.

## The state of American news

the old,  
paint faded  
newspaper machines  
that hang crooked  
on these  
neighborhood  
corner lots  
are tiny smithsonian  
exhibits most pass  
without blinking an eye.

and as we slip into  
an age of computerized news,  
celebrity sickness exposed,  
and a president doing  
everything but the right thing,  
we smell the stench of those  
small,  
archaic machines pumping  
pounds of acrid air into  
our fresh streets.

soon,  
these ancient machines  
will be another  
cultural indicator  
of how far we have  
moved back,  
and how we  
try our hardest to evolve  
forward past  
the headlines,  
and dried black ink  
detailing  
the surface of  
our  
society.

.. \$\$ ..

there is always  
a new,  
and better price  
for everything.

whether it's  
nail polish,  
a new car,  
a gerbil,  
a home.

and as the cost  
of living  
rises  
each day,  
with each new  
memory,  
i try to  
negotiate  
each price  
i have  
to pay.

because  
i know that  
the cost  
of  
that  
price  
could  
get  
me  
shortly  
down the road  
and if  
that  
bag of regret  
is put down on  
my attic floor,  
then  
i will  
really  
fell  
what expensive is.



## **tricky**

is  
there  
any  
possible  
way  
that  
i  
can  
transform  
my  
mere  
flesh  
body  
and  
processed  
mind  
into  
becoming  
one  
helluva  
bitch  
ass  
trick?

or  
is  
that  
reserved  
for  
verbs  
that  
cannot  
comprehend  
nouns  
as  
the  
adjective  
holds  
us  
all  
hostage  
outside  
of  
that

coveted  
trick ..

## **'W' people**

you  
can  
go  
ahead  
and  
stop  
telling  
me  
over  
and  
over  
and  
over  
again  
that  
you  
are  
an  
asshole  
because  
your  
fat  
lettered  
'W'  
sticker  
is  
flat  
plenty  
for  
now.

## **when my time continues**

to itch at my  
soul like a hot needle,  
the train arms come down  
and i'm forced to  
wait  
in my silent world  
to  
watch the carts  
smooth by like clumsy  
cows on an ice pond.

as each cart of  
soy,  
coal,  
mystery solvent  
race by in  
blurs of graffiti  
making me feel europe again,  
i perpetually  
wonder what i need  
to do for the rest of  
my life  
to make my  
forecast comes true.

and as the  
colors of carts  
and wonder of what's inside  
collide into a huge  
cloud of impossibility,  
i figure the first thing  
was to figure out  
what is in all of those  
crates and  
ask a graffiti artist  
what it's like to  
tag a train.

then,  
all of my responsibilities  
start clamoring out of  
my brain meat  
as the train arms swing up,  
dancing red lights end,

and i head towards work  
wondering when my  
next pay day is.