



**joefiles 116**  
tornado moments reclaim infinity

## **'a real damned american conspiracy'**

each and  
every time i  
go past the  
america presbyterian church  
there is  
a swell of  
construction going on.

cones,  
massive metal covers,  
dirt divots,  
machines,  
construction debris  
linger out front  
like the shadow  
of dirt from a  
decrepit man.

and i never see  
anything change about  
the actual  
building  
as the loud clank of  
passing cars  
ignores this  
church of mystery.

i'm betting they  
are covering a  
bootlegging operation  
with a smashed UFO  
vessel lurking in  
some underground cave  
network as the illuminati  
meet in room 14.5  
and the actual frozen  
corpses of all american presidents  
rest gently below  
in the greatest  
conspiracy cover-up  
doing  
absolutely  
no

harm  
to all of us  
ignorant  
construction accidents.

## **'alien americans'**

a pack of  
folks in texas  
swear they  
saw a mile-long UFO  
blaring over  
their blaring state stars.

experts have  
refuted these claims  
as air force ships  
that was on maneuvers.

they always say the government  
caused this supposed UFO activity.

so,  
why don't the experts move to these  
tiny towns and experience this  
all on their own.

would it mean that they  
might have to ingest the pill  
that tiny green creatures  
are probing our planet of dummies  
for the ultimate  
real estate foreclosure?

or would it mean that we  
may have to compromise our notion  
of theology because the  
realm of space is as large  
as the science books profess  
while the birth of another black hole  
just happened in a galaxy just past  
the one past our milky drip.

and when the real h.g. well's broadcast  
comes hailing back in a deja vu,  
we will then not care about our elected officials  
and celebrity news  
as we ready to don a new crown on the king  
of consciousness that will never happen  
in my tiny lifetime.

## **all the cold cigarette smokers**

loiter  
out in front of  
brick buildings  
like outcasts  
waiting for a  
hollywood call up,  
or inmates  
cowering away from  
the warden for a moment,  
or child support evaders  
hoping everyone will look  
at their smoke versus their faces,  
or they are the lost gods  
that will become the future  
idols of utter witchcraft,  
or they are the children of  
the lost that will keep showing you  
their courage against mortality,  
they are the people running your life  
and your life is only a cold cigarette  
in the blistering cold  
as the last of  
their wafting nicotine habit  
goes hurtling upwards  
towards a finality of invisibility.

## **'amazing specimen'**

my small 3 year  
old autism spectrum boy  
milo is the most  
amazingly perplex being  
i have ever been around  
and he resembles,  
acts and reacts like  
no other creature  
i have ever been fortunate  
to be around  
so when questions of  
what it's like and condolences  
come through phone lines from  
friends and family,  
i stop them short and explain  
that i'm not sorry,  
nor will i ever be,  
to have the pleasure of  
knowing that my boy is  
the most unique of anything  
i see grace through my  
open eye balls each and  
every day i get to  
watch him grow  
further  
and further  
up and out  
on this  
normal  
world of  
ours.

## **'back page ads'**

the best  
american reading  
are the ads,  
notices,  
announcements  
tucked in the  
back of small town newspapers.

their frank  
fumbling at the english language,  
minced with real red neck honesty,  
gets tossed into a sticky ball  
that rolls slowly down your  
brain matter until it can  
get cleaned by better literature.

in the meantime,  
vern is 50  
while pruest will give you the best auto

insurance  
as the retired butcher offers to slaughter your  
livestock at cut rate prices  
while the town readies for a parade few will

attend  
as the liquor ads blare out like flaring nuptials  
as betty turns 82  
and another baby is born  
in a town brimming with life  
and choices that  
make the news worthy  
of the black print clinging  
to my whetted brain.

## **'cold logic'**

it's so  
cold outside  
that i quite  
enjoy  
being in  
this state of  
trusted pain  
rather than  
in a tropical environment  
because  
this is what is  
trademark about  
being in kansas city  
and it would be  
negligence if i  
turned my back on  
the ugly squiggles of  
steam wrestling with  
the cold air  
and told the yellowed grass  
and lifeless brown limbs  
that i cannot suffer through  
the cold to relish the  
spring rebirth,  
so i'm here with  
dry hands,  
peeling skins,  
cold fingers,  
slipperd feet  
and the press of  
frozen sunshine passing  
over a small  
tropical plant  
looking outside  
as though goliath  
won .. but only this  
one time of the year.

## **'creating a new dictionary'**

i have this  
bad verbal habit  
spending my  
days making up  
words that  
simply don't exist.

for example,  
i try to make  
derivatives  
of the named mitt romney.

i purport a  
new name like smut bromley.

has a way of really  
summing this guy up for me.

a grilled cheese sandwich  
could easily become  
a snarled glee sandwich.

and the confusion starts  
spreading over  
my wife and kids.

they are silent because that's  
the game i play.

then,  
my 9-year old chuckles  
a pure laugh and says 'snarled glee'  
under his breath.

and from there it's on.

my wife might make up a small  
missive minutes later,  
as my 9-year old mimics me  
again as i turn cottage cheese  
into a barreled crease.

and the circle is  
rejuvenated.

our world of word fiction  
barrels forward as it  
evolves into worm affliction  
and so  
on until  
we figure there  
may be no end  
to our  
quest  
to make  
up our  
own language somehow.

## **'earthly advancement'**

our son's therapy  
session  
was cancelled today  
because he  
is having a hard  
enough time existing  
in his slight sickness  
of a leaking nose  
and chronic restlessness  
as i  
descend the steps with a big  
white bag of trash  
wondering  
what our big  
blue box of recycling stuff  
with one  
day be  
reshaped into.

## **‘eventual extinction of king georgie’**

soon  
there  
will  
be no  
more  
speeches  
from  
king  
george  
and  
the  
world  
can  
hopefully  
embrace  
the  
dual notions  
that we  
may actually  
be perceived  
as a real  
entity  
again  
and  
that  
the  
next  
president  
will  
strive  
to  
eloquently  
delight us  
as  
a  
karmic  
retribution  
for  
8 years  
of  
undue,  
and illegal  
anguish  
we

have  
all  
had  
to  
endure.

## **'generational pains'**

when will  
the next  
generation  
rise to say  
the words we  
have been  
waiting  
to have extracted  
for so  
many years?

will there  
be one?

are the great  
generations  
dead?

or am i getting  
old and have  
been redeemed  
enough by  
the greater generations  
that i grew up with?

did the generation x  
usher in its wake  
a legion of sloth's  
incapable of  
decent creations,  
ideas  
that could move  
the monumental  
pounding  
of millions of feet?

or is it happening  
right now and  
my roaming around  
this attic  
and in my life  
of cherry picked  
moments the  
reality of it?

cause if that  
generation is out  
there waiting,  
seething,  
blaring the  
newest words  
and creations that  
will make me comfortable  
to see my kids  
live in their wake,  
then i can comfortably  
put a period  
at  
the end of  
this tiny  
poetic plea .. (or two)

**i can never create another human.**

fixed,  
stapled,  
done for  
without  
a yolk in  
my sperm trail.

been over a year  
now and i  
am officially  
sterile.

used to be  
that i  
was comfortable  
with several  
children,  
but it  
became more than  
that.

once you find out  
that your genes can  
possibly replicate  
in ways that  
would inhibit  
your offspring,  
it's that proverbial  
time to make  
a decision as  
to whether you would  
want to do that  
again or not.

my 3-year old  
is in the autism spectrum  
and he's  
the amazement of  
my existence,  
but i had to  
shut the valve off  
of my  
mystical hockey game

with my lovely  
caroline.

it was time.

whether or not  
the clock was  
booming on god's clock,  
i was ready to shut  
down the main reactor  
and let the incision begin.

the doctor that sealed me  
up was a jocular jewish man  
that has a solid bedside manner.

with my wife present,  
all was sealed,  
tidy and  
my end was a new beginning.

sometimes i  
stop and  
realize that i am  
done  
as the world  
will carry my  
torch to create  
their own  
little  
genetic clones.

## **'ink message'**

a little squat bottle  
of speedball india ink  
sits next to my  
wandering fingertips  
with a tightly shut  
black lid  
and a tiny inanimate glare.

even when i move it to the other  
side of this old desk,  
i look over and see that  
its lines,  
and words are forming in a  
meaner glare  
at my modern machine of  
writing.

luckily there is not  
a sharp quill feather in  
the room,  
otherwise i may fear for my  
life as the bottle  
is now out of sight.

i haven't touched it and  
as i turn slowly to  
see if it may have fallen,  
i notice a dark, wet stain  
on the tan carpet in the  
shape of a large winged bird  
full of  
antique writing instruments  
ready to  
kill  
my  
words.

## **keyboards with writers**

are like flutes  
or guitars  
to musicians.

this one i'm writing on  
now might be my  
favorite one  
in many,  
many years.

it's on old,  
clunky white one  
but the keys spring like  
a healthy loaf of bread  
and hum along in that  
rhythmic flow  
of a stack of water  
sending salmon in  
the wrong direction.

the way the space  
key gently lifts me  
back up into action  
and the enter key brings  
sense to that one line  
that i'm done working on.

it's the reach of  
the period,  
the ambiance of the semi-colon,  
the supple beauty of the double 'p'  
as the entire keyboards springs  
to life like a child's  
cartoon that is going to  
be watched and watched over  
and over again with  
new results every  
single time  
the striking ensues  
and the  
fingers begin  
doing what  
they have been  
fidgeting to  
do.

## **'lost habits'**

the most heartbreaking  
part of getting  
rid of an old  
vehicle is  
the small  
items that  
go away.

on my old jeep,  
it was the ash tray  
stacked with  
tons of little globs  
of colored gum.

and the  
old WKRP in Cincinnati  
sticker on the back window.

both are gone.

they needn't be salvaged,  
for they belonged to a different  
era,  
a different time,  
part of another  
aim i had  
in my  
journeys around earth.

now,  
they are in a junk yard  
or a part of  
another owner's collective  
history  
as the memory of  
all of that gum  
slaps across my  
entire brain  
like an adhesive  
i  
will never  
get off my  
shy fingertips.

**'magnificent spec'**

one tiny  
white billed  
airplane  
roars  
over my blue skied  
perch here  
as the hard wood guys  
from across the  
street put another  
band aid on their  
wood beaten fingers  
as the erect plant  
shakes on an unstable ledge  
by my long keyboard  
trying to keep up  
with the huff of  
my bad breath  
screaming forward in  
an echo of  
benevolent anarchy  
contemplating  
a mission to learn  
music so that  
i can continue  
to stand far enough  
way from god to  
understand  
his/her compassion.

## **'mlk day'**

a white car  
gently comes  
to a stop,  
pulls forward as  
a white trail of  
smoke leaves it's  
cold tail pipe mouth  
as the  
collective mounds  
of white snow  
reflect a  
curiously gray day  
here in  
rural middle america  
as the din  
of triumphant echoes  
flit in and out  
of my awakening  
brain  
her on  
martin luther  
king junior  
day  
in america.

## **'morning fanfare'**

large water towers  
on their anointed high  
spots in towns  
look like  
mechanical giants  
ready to attack earth  
with all of their  
watery vigor  
when they stand against  
the morning sunrise  
as blinding lines  
of sun  
arch around  
its bulbous top  
to welcome us  
all to morning  
and let  
the fictional  
characters  
arm themselves  
with the weaponry  
to save earth in  
the battle between  
the ultimate wet  
and penultimate fire.

**my son miles loves water.**

he can stand at  
the sink for  
hours  
dumping a cup  
back and forth,  
with a couple of  
ice cubes tossed in  
for posterity,  
but that's all  
there is to it.

no toys.

no elaborate production.

just an open spout  
of cold,  
clear water and  
he's giggling,  
shifting on  
the balls of his feet  
and beaming with a  
content that  
is hard to find in  
anyone i have ever witnessed.

and when i have him  
anchored for a bit,  
i scoot over  
for a cup of coffee  
and a look over the news  
while moving his toys out of  
my way on the  
kitchen island.

then the nervousness  
hits me that he's  
doing something alone  
and the enormity of  
his existence  
outweighs  
any kind of news  
this world  
produced while we

were snug asleep  
just several hours  
before  
now.

## **'mythologies'**

what if  
we find out  
that jesus,  
buddha,  
mohammed were just  
good to all of their friends.

and from there,  
the disciples made up real good  
shit that was passed down  
from generation to generation  
as though a 'prophet' actually  
said anything prophetic at all.

so,  
the real point at the end of  
the day would likely be the same ..

good friends and love  
get you farther than  
tall tales of woven fiction  
that makes all of us wonder if  
there is really more to the story  
than the original story  
as the eye ball god's Cyclops  
eye spreads around us all  
here in the winter cold  
like a good, solid friend.

## **'nature poem'**

the impulsive  
nature of nature  
should mean  
that there  
is nothing  
sacred with humans  
as we constantly  
emit impulsive  
acts to keep  
this vessel of ours  
alive  
and ready to  
completely  
erect a miracle  
or flop into  
a fuck up.

## **'never leaving'**

i don't think  
anyone around  
these neighborhoods  
ever leave their  
homes.

with cars out front,  
furniture on porches,  
shimmering pools,  
papers collecting in  
the driveways,  
these suburbs look  
like  
the few minutes  
right after  
the nuclear fallout  
scare of the '80's,

every once in a  
while i see  
a human quickly flee  
from their home  
in a car,  
or on foot,  
but it's so brief,  
that it could  
just be a shadow  
in my periphery.

and when i do finally  
spot more than several  
real humans in one  
day leaving their homes,  
i will close my eyes  
and imagine the city  
not far from here  
humming  
with the insanity  
of 100 drummers  
orchestrating  
a heartbeat  
echoing  
up and down  
these

silent,  
rural streets.

## **'nown'**

i'd  
like to  
change  
the  
spelling  
of  
the  
word noun,  
to 'nown'  
because  
of  
it's immediate  
nature  
of being there  
in the  
cerebral notion  
whenever  
i need to  
tackle the  
smallest or  
most complex  
of persons  
places  
and  
things.

## **'opinion-less'**

i think i may  
be getting  
tired of  
having opinions.

not just many,  
but any at all.

i wanna hear what  
you have to say.

do you have anything  
to say.

should you?

should i?

does it matter?

would james stewart's  
career have mattered  
if we didn't know  
what his opinions would  
have done to ring the  
bell and give an angel  
a reason to fly?

is this poem an  
elaborate oxymoron in  
disguise as my brain  
pants over  
my opinion  
of having no more  
opinions.

and that's the  
gist of this  
opinion  
as i stop now  
to just think  
without  
even  
attempting

to  
form  
an  
anti-opinion.

## **'pick-up artist'**

i wonder  
if the person  
that has to  
pick up all  
of the dead animal  
carcasses that get hit  
on roadways  
ever has a good day  
or if everyday is a good day  
because they get to do what they love  
or if they hate people so much  
that it's better to pick up dead animals  
than to deal with live humans  
as i wait to run into this rather  
conspicuous person in an odd scenario  
and ask him about all of his trade secrets  
and really monitor if he has  
a smile that would light up a room,  
and perhaps bring a couple of  
animals back to life.

## **'positively driving'**

i used  
to pass  
this  
one  
happy,  
smiling  
black woman  
angling her  
large  
yellow  
vessel full  
of innocent  
bobber heads  
through  
the swelling  
lake of angry  
drivers dreading  
their drives  
home and  
angered by  
everyone that  
has to drive around them.

but,  
it's her with her  
own bobbing frame  
at the clutch of  
the ship's captain ship  
that overlooks  
all the small issues  
that makes us  
tiny cars around  
her bus  
seem sloppy  
and insignificant.

and once the vision  
of her bus  
fades from my rear view,  
she becomes mightier  
like a martyr as i  
slip into a fictitious land  
believing that there  
is one stranger out there

that is above all the  
pettiness of  
their existence.

the queen of  
her small bus,  
taking the world  
forward  
one unknowing  
moment  
at  
a  
time.

## **'radio slogan'**

in  
the dying  
days  
of  
radio  
stations  
across  
the  
american  
landscape,  
the  
new  
balsy  
kinda  
tag  
for  
a  
station  
to  
garner  
new listeners  
and  
let  
the  
world know  
that  
radio may  
never,  
ever  
die  
is to come  
up  
with  
this  
slogan:  
**'WERE GONNA FUCK YOU UP!'**

if i saw  
that on  
a bumper sticker  
or  
on a T-shirt,  
i would  
have

room  
to  
pause  
and  
maybe  
flip  
that  
deadly  
radio  
dial  
onto a music  
formatted station  
to  
remember  
what  
music  
used  
to be like  
in  
the  
car.

## **'real aging'**

in my  
age  
i have  
turned  
into  
a  
man  
with  
a  
tiny  
voice  
recorder  
etching  
my thoughts  
down  
to ponder  
later  
as  
all  
the other  
car drivers  
look  
in wondering  
why  
i  
am  
talking  
to myself  
as  
i  
something  
catch  
myself  
wondering  
when am  
i  
finally  
going  
to  
fucking  
stop  
talking  
to  
my

own  
ears.

## **sadpoliticalies**

i heard  
about  
some  
straight  
laced  
republican  
evangelical  
family man  
that was caught  
sending  
blatantly suggestive  
e-mails to mistress  
as his patent  
smile  
has melted into  
a lie  
and each time  
i have  
to deal with  
this fella  
i wonder  
how long  
the human act  
can sustain under  
the swell of  
lies  
as the world  
around us  
accepts the  
fiction  
for the  
better  
fiction we  
can provide  
on this  
ever stretching one  
act play  
leading to  
hot cauldrons  
of  
priceless  
sin.

## **several american flags**

slip,

wisp,

wave,

bang,

sachet,

trip,

clumsily flop,

gracefully weave,

snip,

break,

fall,

rise,

glide,

stumble,

relax

much

the same way

our election

addled brains

in the collective

unconscious of

american politics

is doing

as we march towards

the unknown

while all the tiny

clocks of the

world smirk forward

in their infinity of

seconds towards

the

third

and so on.

**[sic]**

instead of  
saying [sic]  
in your stiff,  
parallel brackets,  
why don't you just correct  
the original idea or spelling  
and mention at the end of your  
story that you did  
the people you are quoting a favor  
by not making them look like idiots.

cause usually when a [sic]  
is used as a reference point  
in a story,  
the one's being quoted is already  
well on their way to idiocy.

so, you would be doing  
everyone a great service if  
you drop the perplexing [sic]  
and just let us  
go on our bracket less ways  
to enjoying the nadir of coverage  
known as modern news.

if you have to  
employ the [sic],  
please at a 'k'  
to the end of it  
so that we can all  
witness the [sick]  
fumble of not having  
the courage to correct  
the correctable.

## **'sky stick mingle'**

the broken  
branches on  
the tops of  
these teaming winter  
trees  
look  
like a geometry quiz  
or a cloud home  
of indians building  
their tee-pee's  
to escape from  
all the anglos  
on the ground.

and they all  
stand strong  
and silent  
as though they may  
not have been  
snapped,  
but manipulated  
by the kindness of  
nature  
to make the upper rim  
of our periphery  
just different  
enough  
to dream  
a small,  
mighty  
sunday afternoon  
mirage.

## **'sleeplessness'**

i can't  
sleep in  
anymore  
or take  
a  
nap.

whenever  
i accidentally  
trip over  
that part of  
my former life,  
i glaze over  
and become  
a shimmering  
pond of  
glorious sun  
wrinkles.

between an  
active 3-year old  
and restless nerves,  
i quake to rise  
in the morning with  
my hyper little boy.

several mornings  
i have attempted  
to sleep  
in a bed alone  
ended dismally  
because i had  
too much  
of the bed  
and the  
sounds outside of  
my door echoed in  
unchartered  
booms.

so,  
i have  
resigned myself  
to accepting

no naps,  
or extra quadrants  
of sleep as  
i briefly  
imagine  
what it might  
feel like  
some day to do  
all that resting again.

yet,  
i have acquired too  
many habits in this  
extreme amount of  
wakefulness that i  
may never have  
to nap or have  
macho mornings of  
sleep ingestion  
ever,  
ever again.

## **'small audible invisibles'**

we all  
have that  
small thing  
we say over  
and over  
and over again  
without a chance  
of having it corrected.

whether it's  
'ahh',  
'ummm',  
'well',  
'mmmm'  
or many odd breaths  
between words,  
we are all guilty  
of interjecting  
exactly what we don't  
want to say when  
we say what we say.

i'm an 'ahher'  
and i would like  
to say i'm a reformed  
'ahhher'.

and i won't be  
because i know that i'll  
become an 'umer'  
or a pauser,  
so i'll stick with  
my defective repetition  
of 'ahhh'  
as this poem  
dwindles  
out of my  
reach  
into  
a  
small  
tiny  
'ahhhhhh-mmmm.'

## **'survivalist restaurant'**

after all the  
bombs  
fall,  
disease rips  
over the  
entirety of earth,  
every heart gone,  
no human left,  
all insects gone,  
trees a memory,  
only ground and  
sky,  
there will  
be but one  
human invention  
that will  
withstand everything  
and that  
thing will  
be the  
glorious  
god damned  
waffle house.

all waiting  
there with  
a stubborn  
fuck you  
kind  
of  
brimming  
love.

## **'swiping into the future'**

some  
old cold  
man  
has his  
used  
flannel sleeved  
arm cocked out  
of his halfway descended  
window wiping  
a glob of spit  
off his windshield  
as his eyes squint at  
the spilling light  
railing over  
his world in  
ways the dark  
never would,  
or could  
as his arm quickly comes back  
into the heated  
car to heal  
before  
the next  
karmic  
mess  
creeps up  
through  
his  
ruined past  
blaring  
forward.

## **'tallest of the tall'**

are those  
trees  
bordering deserts  
or arid areas  
that has  
100 foot root  
structures  
that inch towards  
the mug of water  
the biggest living  
creatures on earth.

or is it because  
they dig so far  
south,  
or towards the devil  
that it cannot be taken  
seriously.

what if their branches  
were their roots  
and the arched towards the  
sunny Cyclops eye  
in a lurch.

then,  
the eye could view it  
and we would say  
it's leaning with  
open hands to shake  
the grasp of god.

would it then be the mightiest  
of all living creatures  
putting the lion to  
shame,  
and making  
we humans feel  
as small  
as  
we really  
all  
are.

## **the best purchase**

my wife and i  
have ever made  
together is  
something that  
no one  
would ever  
imagine.

it's the  
baby monitors  
we got 3 years  
ago when miles  
first graced our lives.

since then,  
it has acted as that  
tiny sci-fi screen with  
half ovals of arching red light  
that emits screams  
or accidental crashes.

usually emitting the white noise  
of a tv show playing out,  
it is our portal of safety  
and benevolence.

and they have been abused  
to unreal points and  
continue to work  
like they are brand new.

most of the time  
when i have the  
futuristic monitoring  
device by my side,  
i feel as though i'm piloting  
a vessel to some far reaching  
moon until the moment  
my little boy awakes and  
i return  
right back  
down  
to this thrifty  
earth of ours.

## **the cold day car wash**

stands silent  
with freshly painted  
bays  
while the dirty  
cars traverse  
the streets  
in clumsy clunks  
with their  
neglected windshields  
and dirt splattered  
tires  
because  
we are all waiting  
for the storms to come  
and the temperatures  
to dip  
as all  
the erect gas  
station signs  
click their prices  
up another three  
cents  
as we all  
wait for  
the darkness of  
twilight  
to descend.

## **the forever 30-day tag drivers**

are  
the brave one's driving  
around the streets  
of our town with  
their unlit cigars  
hanging mightily from  
their used lips,  
and the unloaded .22  
in their glove box,  
a warrant out for their  
ticket evading ignorance,  
a dirty teenage in the front  
seat,  
both in worn jeans,  
the driver in old shoes  
and a car that looks like  
the devil may have sold them  
on some moment of slight honesty  
as the sun,  
clouds,  
and world envelope them  
in a morsel of forgiveness  
because no one wants to confront  
them on their fraudulent,  
yet valiant march,  
through lawlessness  
as a cop speeds by me  
some miles up the road  
in the same direction  
as these 30-day taggers  
that lost their proverbial  
30 days shortly after their  
first month  
alive here on  
earth.

## **the wind strewn days**

throwing the world

everywhere

are the best

as the

day

starts

at 'a'

and

quickly

jots

to

'q'

like

a

boat

chartering

the

invisible

airs

straight

towards

the

dark

dusk

of

eventual

'z'.

## **'toddler movements'**

my miles  
boy moves  
in erratic,  
uncoordinated  
squibs towards  
explosive  
moments of  
excitement  
and hidden  
joy  
as he booms  
with sounds  
and laughter  
until he  
slaps hard  
in a routine  
fall to the ground.

as stranger  
crowds gasp,  
we don't bat an eye  
as he quickly comes  
back up like  
a  
roughed up  
boxer needing  
to finish  
the architectural  
blue print of his  
career  
as he again  
blasts into  
another row  
of contagious laughter  
until he  
plows into  
his wall of toys  
and ponders  
over them  
as though  
he has never seen  
a toy before,  
and forgot why he  
got excited in the

first place.

as he slowly ambles  
away,  
i start counting  
to five  
knowing that around  
three his  
uncoordinated ways  
will collide with  
his instantaneous  
joy  
and he  
will  
again crash loudly  
towards the ground

again

rising uninjured  
in the  
sparkling karma  
of his forward motion.

## **'tragedy of being human'**

our friend tom  
is a character lost  
from quinten tarantino's  
first draft and  
david lynch's lost script.

a portly fellow  
with a delightful  
disposition  
with his herbal smile  
and cool swagger.

he lives across the  
street from  
what i can safely call  
a human tragedy.

a family of folks  
that is so ruined,  
banged up  
and abused,  
that it's terrifying  
that humans can  
devolve to such  
levels that the only  
way they would ever get  
help is if  
a ghastly act happened  
and the cops finally  
figured it out.

and tom fills me in  
on stories of fraudulent  
insurance claims,  
the smell of their home,  
the rotten furniture they  
throw out,  
the audible  
screams careening from  
their home at odd hours.

but the other day,  
he had the king story  
of them all.

he said there was a  
thick  
2 and a half foot long  
human turd in their front  
yard.

apparently it was  
too much for their current  
plumbing standards,  
or extracted in haste,  
and now it's  
rotting in their front yard.

in all of his  
delicious insanity and  
the years of human muckery  
tom has seen,  
he couldn't quite believe  
this sight and that  
he would ever tell anyone about it.

so when you  
believe you have  
met the unreal match  
and lowest of depravity  
this world has to offer,  
think about tom's neighbors  
and how far  
we can all  
sink  
or  
swim.

## **'trashers'**

the  
new punishment  
for those sloths  
that pitch full  
fast food bags of  
refuse into the streets  
should be a week  
long stint at a landfill  
doing the shittiest  
job on the crew  
without getting paid.

and after they have  
had their untainted noses  
shoved in the shit of  
their polluted ways,  
i can see  
one less moron throwing  
the trash of their used  
paycheck earnings  
in the eye ball of  
this world that deserves  
to see something more  
than  
an  
idiots  
laziness.

## **'virtual trip wads'**

when i  
start believing  
that newscasters and  
weather women cannot  
get any worse in  
their delivery,  
i have a  
surreal moment  
of clarity  
as  
the  
inane  
dribble wets  
my  
eye balls.

some time  
back,  
a woman  
on the weather  
channel  
had the global audacity  
to give my  
wife and  
i a  
small virtual high five.

i left the room  
in shock.

then,  
some guy called glen beck  
tried to herald my attention  
by calling  
me  
and all of the other  
invisible TV wanderers 'gang'.

the TV immediately  
went off.

each time i watch  
these jocular amateurs  
fumble with their

weak attempts to  
come up with an approach  
or catch phrase that will  
make them memorable,  
i wish for the Cronkite days  
when they smoke cigarettes on  
the air,  
slightly drunk,  
had minor verbal slips  
and reported news to me  
in ways that don't require a  
high fucking five  
or a boy scout greeting.

## **'wet bobbing soul'**

i'm not  
just  
transporting  
pickle  
juice as  
the jar  
jiggles  
with slight green  
delight back  
and fro  
in a grocery store  
glass jar,  
but it's  
the juice  
of my  
soul,  
my heart  
that palpitates  
in some  
dancing jig  
rendition  
of  
lifeblood  
pulsing  
unknowingly  
in  
my  
simple,  
soulless car.

## **'wife protection'**

there are  
select days  
where i want  
to mention news  
events to my wife,  
but it would  
be too much for  
her brain to linger over.

they are always  
national headliners  
that is so  
calculatingly cold,  
and horrific  
that i need to get  
it out of my brain,  
but i wouldn't pass  
that baton on to her.

sometimes,  
there are days where  
there is more than  
one of these  
excruciating headers.

yesterday was that day.

the first was a  
man in honolulu  
that threw an  
7 month old kid  
off a busy overpass  
into blaring traffic.

the baby was pronounced dead  
immediately,  
while the cops apprehended  
a lunatic in hospital scrubs  
nearby who later said  
'thanks for everything'  
to a film crew getting  
a confused look at his orifice.

another,

was an aunt in massachusetts  
that turned her car around on a  
busy interstate,  
drove in oncoming traffic,  
stopped on the shoulder,  
stripped naked,  
then stripped her niece and nephew naked,  
both were 4 and 6,  
then went on foot with both kids in  
her arms into oncoming traffic.

all were struck and killed immediately.

and i save my wife from  
all of this  
unimaginable pain  
blaring from  
our news outlets.

can't the rest of us  
be saved from this  
horror.

or is it necessary  
in an unnecessary  
sort of surreal way?

(sorry you'll have to  
read about this baby,  
i tried.)

## **'yard sign man'**

sometimes  
i see creations  
that isn't in galleries  
or in prominent places  
that prompts me to  
meet that  
said person.

it's rare,  
but when it happens  
i have thousands of tiny  
vignette visions of  
what that said mystery person  
might just be like.

the last person  
to kindle that curiosity  
was a man that has  
a huge white yard sign in his  
front lawn.

it's a makeshift sort of sign  
that was originally a huge political  
sign that is held up by  
huge metal stakes that  
would keep a tree erect and  
aptly reaching for the sun gods.

he had painted over the sign  
in bright white,  
but some remnants of 'carnahan for senate'  
slightly slipped through.

and on the top,  
right hand corner was a small  
stencil that says 'go chiefs'.

later, he added in the upper left corner,  
'vote no on no. 2'.

and there was an enormous chasm  
of white space beaming back at  
loudly passing traffic.

months and months went by  
with a huge march of things to support  
and he put nothing on that  
huge canvass of public opinion.

i have tinkered with the notion of  
putting my phone number in the lower right  
hand corner, very small like,  
so that this mystery man might  
call me up for a chat  
as i support myself on  
the best  
sign of our times  
today.