



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.