



**joefiles 120:
the bittersweet ballad of mighty papa joe**

2008 Redemption

we finally
did something
worthy,
redeeming in
this country
last tuesday,
nov. 4th
2008.

we ensured
that the end of
bush would
be the beginning
of something
entirely divine.

mr. obama is
our new commander
in chief
to
thwart
critics
of race
and minority
bologna.

he is
here with broom
in hand as
the populace holds
the dust pan
firmly in place
to
rid the bush stench
into
the rotten trash bin
festering for
the last eight years.

i laughed,
i wept,
i pinched my flesh,
i reveled,
i breathed easier,

i smiled wider for my children,
and i went to bed
with new dreams in my
head.

november 5
was the coolest day
i have lived
politically
in my entire life.

barack won.

we all won.

victory.

doesn't it
taste
delightful?

absolutely forever

after
i had began
really
sinking my
brain's
teeth into the
notion
that my recently
deceased father
is gone
forever,
i remember
an old
wise man
from india
at the liquor
store up
the way
that
said one
night
that
you
will
start
feeling old
when you begin
losing your parents
and
nothing truer
was spoken
to me
lately
cause
right now
i
feel
older
than i ever
thought
i
would
at

the
tender
young
age
of
36.

american driver

when
i catch
that often
viewed
smoking,
cell talking,
gear shifting
keeping the kid in the backseat
under control
person,
it warms my heart
as their chance with
karma and any
other religious notion
of both luck and redemption
tears
quickly out of
my view into another
innocent bystanders
eye balls
and life
hoping they survive
this modern mass of
consumerism
and convenience gone
wrong on
a
road
leading
straight to
the outer rim
of
hell.

audio lags

sometimes i find
my audio recorder
has been on for a long,
long time
in my pocket
just running into
oblivion while i
cough,
talk on the phone,
interact with strangers,
hack,
fart,
sneeze,
walk,
change the radio,
hit my knee,
knock my pocket into a wall,
prophesize silently in my skull,
whizzing by honking horns,
orchestras of sirens going on by
and when
i find this recording in
my sack of small audio musings,
i find myself listening closely to
this recording above
all
thinking there might be some
nugget
of genius
in my regular amblings
of average living
as the sounds of my fingers
loosening these keys a bit
are about
as good as it
gets in as good
as it was.

BACK N FROM SUBCONSIAL GLOBE

i keep having
small dreams at night
that my dad is
consoling me
cause i cannot get over
the fact that if i live as long as
he did,
then i have almost 30 more years
to live without ever talking to him,
sharing with him,
laughing with him,
bullshitting with him,
listening to him,
and he is listening to me.

in each dream,
he consoles me in silence
as if i'm biding my time to
catch back up to him
at some later date.

and in the meantime,
i continue to live,
you continue to live,
my family continues to live,
the cats continue to live
and the world persists
in its old habits of
spinning,
spinning,
spinning
in dizzy contentment
and resentment into
yet another day,
another life,
another moment,
another way
for me to say
Hello to my
father without
him
hearing
me.

BYE-BYE W.

when i see
ole george w.
ham hocking it up
with his idiotic grin,
cocky gait
and grossly outwaged countenance
in those gritty blue collar
warehouses or plants,
i wonder why several of those
spartan motherfuckers don't just
whisk him away in the plan of
a lifetime
and kick the fucking shit out
of him until
the secret service breaks
it up and lightly mentions
it in the nightly news
as throngs of
common citizens smile
wide that a small
bone of justice was finally
fed our
depleted, and
defeated minds
as we wait for
double U to leave
washington and
the collective conscious of
our brains
that will
delight in
forgetting that
painful
memory.

cart stealer

used to be a woman
up the street
that always had
a dollar general
cart in her yard
stuffed with
wood.

not sure if she ever
used it after
she stole it,
but it stood there
as a withering
monolith of capitalism
while wood rotted in
it's silvery
plated cage.

and i always wondered if
it would be criminal if i
stole this cart from her,
then put it in my yard
with a 'free' sign on it
so that
everyone could steal it.

and at the end of it's
life,
this cart would be everyone's
reason to legally steal
and get the feeling without
ripping anyone in particular
off.

and then i would just drop the
notion
because the visage of
that lonely cart in her yard
was much better
than my mission
to muddle
this woman's
simple crime
of confused passion.

chocolate milk lines

my wife
has mentioned many
times on wanting
to write a poem about
a long line of
empty chocolate milk
bottles that litter
the entrance ramp to the highway.

it's a long,
cluttered,
sometimes three deep
stack of plastic bottles
that had to come
from the same
plumber,
or millionaire ready
to hit the big
road above
and done with
the small morning
snack to get
his brain
all coffeefied and ready
for the rest of us earthlings.

and this poem is
a mere reminder
to her so that
i can see her
take on a moment
hoisted with poetic
ropes
from all the world
to
absorb ..

like a good
jog of chocolate
milk around the mouth,
down the pipe
and bobbing around
like a newly found boat
in the middle of a

newly found patch of
ocean no one has
yet
discovered.

convenient woman

there's this
one woman
behind the
convenience
store
counter
early in the
sun drawn morning
that is missing
a profoundly important
front tooth
as she
speaks loudly
to all us sleepy heads
looking for
gas,
smokes,
10 more minutes
in bed
and
as her horse mouth
waggles in a
5-star play that
cost nothing but
the amount of
goods we are going
to
consume,
i peer into
the air she is emitting
and feel
how infectious her
vest for life is
as she spits a bit
to tell me how much my
food is
going
to finally
cost me.

digital blasting

in my growing episodes
of digital loss,
i think sometimes about
the all the photos,
videos and audio
i grabbed of an
obama rally in kansas city
shortly before
he became the president.

they were all lost in
an inferno of
a hard drive crash.

i did have several
videos i compiled
that survived,
but the originals are all
gone forever.

and i think i like it that way.

i used to thrive with
just my memory in
check and
it was always
clearer
and more brilliantly
fictitious
in it's real twang of
rhyme and
substance.

so,
i will lean on my son resting on my
front arms as
obama boomed over
the skyscrapers of downtown
as the big words 'PRESIDENT'
boomed over
our collective consciousnesses
like some prophetic sign
that was veering us into
a photo

were never
meant to take.

EACH OF US OUR WOUNDED VETS

when i think
about all
those wounded war vets
fighting in
both iraq and
afghanistan
and the medical assistance
they will need from hospitals,
i start to feel as though
i'm a wounded veteran,
even though i have never
been in the military or
fought in a war.

i have had to
endure bush
and cheney
and lies
and broken vows
and painful idiocy
for wars i never supported
and candidates i wouldn't
ever vote for
in a thousand combined lifetimes.

all of us weary of
the bush
plan
can use a heaping of
medical treatments to
end
the
numbness
and
carry us on
that
lost,
alien concept
know
as
peace.

eyeshut

i always want
to know about that one
person in
a field of folks
taking a group picture
that blinked their eyes.

it's usually only
just one person,
but if it was two
would they be love crossed
or coincidental travelers
of like minds.

and i want to know
if they may have had a bad day,
perhaps too tired,
too good,
too rested,
too drunk
too caffeinated,
or simply done with group shots
and they
just decided
from that day forward
that they would simply
let their lids fall gracefully
when the
sweaty,
overworked photographer
shouts,
'CHEESE!'

father pride

each time i go
by the pride cleaners down
the road from my work
that says,
'CLOSING AUG. 29TH'

i think about how my father
passed on august 31st and how
that sign is something
on my father's legacy,
'CLOSED ON AUG. 31'

and i realize that nothing lasts
except for
a good story
and the memory of
a exquisitely starched shirt ..

and that's plenty good for
me to shuffle on down
the road in my non-stop torrent
of thought.

GHOSTLY LUCK

each time
i drive
by
the
old
abandoned casino
by the
missouri river,
i wonder how
a
casino just goes out
of business.

doesn't the house
always win?

or does the house crumble when you
least expect it?

and when i peer deep into
the hidden silence of that
abandoned carcass of lost fun,
i hear voices,
shouts,
jingles,
laughter,
coughing,
and the
din of an echo
that lets all
the ghosts
play in
sheer bliss.

maybe it was
built for the ghosts
and needed the humans to
fail it first so that
they could win,
win,
win
in their translucent mix
of flimsy cloth.

having children

means
you lose
control
over your
world.

the shards
of youth,
all knowing,
titanium mind,
virility,
confidence in
control
leave
with the
lurch of
your genetic
split.

love means
more,
but sometimes
i wish i have
more over
on the process
of
how
my kids
will
mingle with
this
horrendously
huge
reality
that
holds
way
too many
things
and
much
too
little
of
that

one
thing called
time.

hung devil

the newly
emerging morning
with the
devil's tormented hangnail
seethes there in
the sky
in it's invisible pain
as the northern star
disappears into
its comfortable celestial
journey
while the
invisible whimperings
of the devil slowly
evaporate
as the sun arises in
a vampire smile,
extinguishing the wail
of that tiny nail sliver
leaving
everyone
for another 12 hours
or
so.

i dig the dump truckers

that are flying
over the american highway
with mustard on their
chin,
ketchup in the folds of their
pink mouths
that are
flicking bits of
trash from the back of
their load
as their day
of work goes raining
down for some road crew to pick
up someday or
for me to smash with my
car wheels
as
i try to figure out
why
i spend my
entire life
working,
giving it away,
working more,
then giving it
away
like
a paycheck with a time bomb
and this
metaphor in a trash truck
is enough
to take my brain away
from the numb.

i heard my dad whispering,

'jesus christ, kid, it's my
fucking funeral'

as

i was the last
car in the procession
behind his hearse
driving

on

the

letter

'E'.

the din of
that orange light
pulverized into my
brain as i thought
about

ways to pull out

of

the group,

get gas

and try to

go to a

cemetery

i had never visited.

and as i drove on

fumes

to the

plot

to ready my

ailing brain to carry

his heavy casket from

car to

ceremonial stand,

i knew that

he wouldn't have

wanted it any other

way

as

the

sound of sun

filled everything alive

and the

clouds holding the

rain back
were skin lids
ready to release
the first load
of
tears
as
papa joe
celebrates
his release
from
this
world
perpetually
leaning
on
empty.

i pause sometimes

at the end of
the month
when the bills have been
paid
and need to
be paid for once
again
and marvel
at how expensive
it is to be alive
and that's without
assessing
the mental strain,
physical dings,
and overall taxation
on the psyche to
haul from one
day to the next
on this globe
giddy with money,
content with debt
and so full of
blindness that
the only folks
that can really see
are those blind folks
with white sticks
waving that happily
hop off downtown busses
to walk past all
the money
and trouble it
takes to
be free.

i saw dust

as the
blade
ripped a new
metaphor
in half
as
the
eye ball focused
on more gathering
dust
and
all
i can see is an
empty
note from a forgotten
kansas song
tossing away
in a lop
from
the
increasing clouds of
dust
smashing
each
quadrant of
wind.

ineptitudinals

i work
with a
mouthy sort
of woman
that is so
concerned
with telling
everyone around
her that
she simply
doesn't
do
technology
that
she has me
fixing an
issue that has lingered for
2 months
and has
nothing to
do with technology
and everything with
simple logic
and why
i tire
of being around
large groups
of anonymous
workers
that beg
the question,
**'WHY THE FUCK
DID THEY GET HIRED
AND HOW DID I GET
THE DUTY OF
JERKING WITH THEIR
LOST IQ?'**

iowa test

all our
zen boy
needed before his
iowa basic skills
were eggs and bacon
as a homage of
sorts to his brain
and the state
that makes this
test so damned hard
to measure
the
ease
and complex simplicity
within which
we evaluate
everything
from
this
point
forward.

it's 4:11

in the p.m.
and i'm headin'
home with peppermint
on my breath
and a brain
full of
wonder
now
that
work is done
for today
and my
wife waits
on the front
porch with
anticipation
as the
kids bound
around
waiting
for
my
car to arrive
as
the
lines of traffic
around me
melt like
water play dough
and
i can feel the
tilt
of the earth's
slight axis
while
the
rumors
of
yesterday
go by in a pack
of
anxious birds
while
my car rounds the corner
and i see me little

miles boy
bounding
up and down in the
front lawn
like a lost toy
from my childhood
that is not only
found,
but
mine
to
hold onto
in wonder
for the
rest
of
my
earthly days.

loss

the very
first
worst
overriding
chiding
non-stop
thought
that
rings
about my
brain like
a
lost
pin
ball
is
that
i didn't
just
lose
my
father
recently ..

i lost
a
friend.

one of the best
i will ever
have
and
i hope
he can tell me
how his death felt
and
why
i was
his
son
and
he
was
my

father.

lottery wish

if i ever
win a jackpot of
cash that is
just too large to
pocket or invest,
i'm going to start some bossy
jazz station,
move to hawaii
and guy the
best scotches from
all over the world
and run
a collection of
jazz that would
celebrate everything
in a miles riff,
coltrane note,
monk slap,
coleman seguay,
blakey moan
or fitzgerald belt
and
in my own small
way i can
keep giving back
to everything
that jazz
has given
me
and
top on that list
is the ability
to smile
widely at all times
without
having to part my lips.

miles cherry shadow

when i hoist
my miles boy
on my shoulders
on a hot,
summer day
with the sun at my
western back,
i see a huge
stick shadow of me like
a long
line of ice cream
as he wiggles with
glee on top
like a wavering
pisa cherry
wafting in
the fictional winds
of
our sweet,
sweet world.

miles of celestial wonder

miles just recently
started noticing
the moon
and all
the
starts
in the
sky
as i
pause
in
the enormity of
his life
and the way
i thought
it might be
and smile
that he
simply has
no interest in
tv as
his head
rampages through
a huge catalog of
music
i play for him
while
the elliptical line
of
the planets
in the sky make
him blurt
in
the calm
of
another
redeeming
father
son
moment
on the silent,
evening
porch.

MODERN MANTRA

i find my
constant,
harried pace
of working,
loving,
romancing,
parenting,
painting,
writing,
videoing,
picturing,
daydreaming,
talking,
story telling,
eating,
drinking,
and doing
it
all over again
at
a
frenzied pace
merely
calms
and normalizes my
brain to a
level that i can
see this reality as
something bearable
so that
being in a room
with a group of
suburban parents
can
be an experience
that
is
somewhat bearable.

amen.

most everyone hates our town's mayor.

a tall frankenstein
sort of fellow
that epitomizes
the notion that
we have no idea
what these
politicians really do.

i voted for him.

they call him 'the funk'
and he was supposed to change our
kansas city ways.

instead,
the council has
prodded him into a corner
by silencing his wife
and confusing a whole town.

yet,
i love his frankenstein demeanor
and believe he may
actually be the closest thing
to frankenstein.

the love within
and butchered outsides.

sounds like
a normal sort of
politician to me.

but, hell,
what do i know ..

i'm just a modern day
voter.

a mingler in a
huge abstract of
political mosaic.

just wasting away

in the shadows
of
many looming
frankensteins ..

my father is still gone

and

i cried again this morning.

he passed less than
two months back
and i keep
waiting for
his call to come over
the phone so he
could laugh about
a black man finally
getting elected
president to clean
the vermin
of the dumbest person
to ever run our american show.

instead,
i have elaborate dreams of
my father being a child again
or digging a trench around a
tree cluttered volcanic valley
or being a lurch of birds.

and that is very cool to me
cause he finally hugs me in an embrace
as to say he
should have told me more often
that he loved me and
that it would be kind of cool
if we could still talk after
we died in this reality.

instead,
i marvel at a realm he gets to
experience before me and
i'm sure he's warming my seat up
as i keep plugging along
in my fathering,
husbanding,
friending,
working,
creating,
laughing
and slipping

a bit further into insanity
as i continue to amass
a philosophy
that will
always honor
my old man.

my pops,
who left
us recently,
is and
will
always
be my
muse
as
i
get closer to
understanding
my
subconscious and
why
i'm here
in
my
expanding
role
as
son,
husband,
father,
uncle,
friend,
worker
and
all
that
other good shit
that
serves as
a
prop
my
father
always
set me up
to
become.

PAPA JOE BIRDS

every time
i see
a big
hawk
soaring
with large wings,
lopping like
a lost piece of
paper let into the wind,
i think my dad is
in that bird somewhere
looking down on
a planet he
had a short time
to figure out.

only gone for about
a month now,
he loved the
birds.

and now
i'm sure he has
used his well honed
sales skills
to barter a deal
to soar with the eagles
and peck with
the pelicans.

if this is only
a fragmented piece
of fiction in my
head,
i still find
more meaning
in his
enduring bird image
than anything else
these days.

so,
as the wings of
the latest bird leaves my periphery,

i soar into
my longing
to
talk
once more
to my dad
with his head full of
dreams
and pockets full
of wisdom dust
left behind
to forever change
the course of
everything
this planet will
ever do
from
here
on
out.

perpetual next of kins

i stop
sometimes
and
marvel at
the fact that
my father
will never
learn how to
swim,
never say things he wanted to,
never do
what he always loved
and
i just simply
sit in shock
that his
book is written
and
i
simply cannot
accept the fact
that
every page he wanted written
has
been unwritten in
all the words that
speak
finality
and
our
collectives for
good
or
bad.

pink hearts

my lovely
wife
writes me
small
slips of missives
on pink hearts
and puts them on
the dresser next
to the recliner
i sit in at night
after i'm blasted with
the full goo of a day
and the yearnings of
living life well
and she always says
something
reedemingly crisp
and full of unbridled love
reminding me
why she's the best
decision i ever made
as our love continues to
expand like a big bang ball
entwined in pink,
pulsating with blue
and exploding with
yellows you can only
experience if
decide
to do something each
day for
something bigger
than your
own
desires.

policy confusion

if
gay and party
are going to
convince
americans
that gay marriage
is OK
then
a democratic politician
needs to
come out of the
closet
while a
republican politician
needs to
have a
sexual toss with a girl
and
this doesn't seem
likely
so
ballot
after
ballot
measure
will likely
go no where
as it has for years
until
the preacher
practices
his hype
and the
substance
becomes
anything but
unoriginal.

preacher's tree

used to be a
really cool
tree in the front
lawn of the catholic father up
the road that
was a cool
twisty,
zig
zag assemblage of
glued croutons
that defied modern art
and made god
look like he
spent his spare,
downtime away from
climate and weather
to concoct such a
unique blast of
wood in the front
south kansas city lawn
of a humble
preachers
front
yard.

presidential and military fiction

the only way i
have truly been
able to understand
certain things
in my older age
is to focus
on what it would
be like to
either be a soldier in combat
or to fully run for president of the united states.

tilt your brain back
and imagine a gun in hands,
heavy clothes,
rotten smells,
gas roiling in the air,
bullets flying,
explosions loud,
blood on the ground,
children crying,
palm trees weeping,
hot sweat that never ends,
no time for a drink,
and you have to kill someone
you never had the chance to know.

or,
imagine all the old foes,
old girlfriends,
forgotten mishaps,
bad beliefs,
unevolved notions,
hurt upon others,
undue pain onto friends
and there the
micro microscope comes
down on your life
and you no longer have any secrets
and many reasons to get fired
over
and over
and over again
as the notion of public service becomes a hell
encoded reality based on

your private service to this reality.

so,
there with your military and presidential candidate
thoughts you go
as being scared to shit
never felt
so bad.

and the dream is now ending
as you ready to vote
again
or simply
greet a veteran or
presidential contender at a rally.

sometimes we have
to make it hard
to
absorb how incredibly easy
it can
be
to
be
kind
and
understanding
in this fucking
country of ours.

PROBLEM WITH PREDICTIONS

it saddens me
sometimes to think
how much my
old man used to
talk about dying
and get everyone
a bit
sad thinking about
it
and
now that his
prophesy of
dying is
into its 7th week,
i think about
how many more
stories
and anecdotes i
would have heard
in those many minutes
he would
talk about
the
inevitability of now,
and being gone
and
missing everything
he loved
so madly
down here on
this dirty
blue rock
of
planet.

protests

the other week

in mexico

as our

idiot president

buttons his

sport coat

as the screams

of innocence

drizzles down into

a pack of

wonder

while

right asks

wrong to marry him

and to later

spread their sperm

into

idiot,

moron,

illegal,

silly.

REMEMBER GAME

i'm bound
to never remember
anything that i have
accidentally
forgotten,
including all those
luridly sunny california dreams
that have skated off onto
the back of another car.

and when the whiff of
deja vu comes barreling
into my subconscious,
i'm going to take the dust of
those forgotten notions
and plant them in
a plot of land i remembered
to spot,
and watch brand new
and better memories sprout before
my amazed eyes
as the crowds will slowly gather,
then disperse,
like a fictional whiff of smoke
barreling upward towards
extinction.

serious seriousness

how can
so many
people be
so serious
all the time
when there
are so many
times we should
genuinely
laugh
as how we
got here
and where we
go from here
and why we do
what we do
as
odd humans in our
mundane
insane
genuine
phony
colorful
bland
romp through
this reality
that is so
full of
humor
and irony
i just cannot
take these kinds
of
folks seriously
and i know they
cannot take me seriously
as my jokes fall
silent, dead pan
on their stranger
ears as i order
my coffee,
buy my phones
or

request larger
trash bags at
the local hardware
store.

shadows of old therapy sessions

with my son miles

flits

through the

basement where

he used to work so

hard to gain elemental concepts of
survival

as some patient therapist

tried

over

and

over

again

to give my

son

a fighting

chance

in

a

life

that

would

be lost

without

those that are

willing

to

give

without

getting

the

exact

same

in

return.

SIMPLE CHAOS

the sure sign
that our country
is tumbling out
of control
is when retail
people cannot
complete simple
tasks for the
hard earned money
was have
to
pluck into
their grips.

several weeks back,
i took my sons in for
a hair cut
and when i described that
i wanted a short cut with
some layers on my youngest,
the gal looked at me in confusion.

when i tried to explain that i wanted
a rather short cut,
but not shaved and with a bit
of style to the hair,
she got further mired in
a lost land.

shortly thereafter,
my wife when to get a
philly steak and cheese sandwich
she saw on a subway ad
and the person making the sandwich
was asking her what she wanted on it.

when she explained,
just put on what is shown in the commercial,
they got more confused.

lately,
i find more and more folks
lost,
confused,

frightened,
idiotic,
dumbfounded
or simply skills
in stores i spend good money
to get something i
rightly deserve.

and it is getting worse
as stories of economic collapse and
global panic
rings up and down each
of american street i drive down.

do you know of
any good islands
for sale?

i might be
in the market
as
american continues to burn
an amber blend of
hot
that
makes
global warming
look like
baby's play.

smoke up, kids

there
was a lot of
talk
that obama
was a smoker
before he
hit the campaign
trail real hard.

and fucking good for him.

if there was ever going to
be a time in my life or
a
good ex-smokers life
that smoking is allowable is
while running
for the most stressful
job in the world.

smoke two at a time.

smoke a carton a day.

do all press conferences,
debates,
stump speeches
and general appearances with
smokes hanging out of
the mouth.

fire up and
fuck 'em
if they
simply cannot
take a
simple nicotine joke.

some gal

pulled out in front of me today
and almost took
the front end off
my car.

as she teetered off
in the other direction,
i rolled my window down
and asked,
'ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME?'

and this made me think.

what if one could get everyone
in their lives that almost caused
a huge accident.

would this group know the connection?

would they care?

would they still be alive?

would they be bastions of good karma
that merely stopped us a second short to
really avoid a huge disaster?

are they the angels in our lives?

are they the devils we want to have a drink with?

are they the mysteries of the world we should never figure out?

are they everything we think they are?

do they care?

do you care?

i think we all do and will
continue to care
if
you
have read this far
and remember at least one

brand of car that almost
ended your life
that was spared to finish this poem
and
small thoughts of
all the accidents you may have
caused
as
this
poem comes
to
a
crashing halt.

talking universe

i wonder
if my miles
boy will
ever be able to
talk to me
as
i look
into his eyes,
motions,
tinkerings,
movements,
swishing,
swashing,
weaving,
bobbing
and laughing little
vessel that is so
full of life
that it brings tears to
my eyes
at times
knowing that he
speaks to me in ways
that no one
else will
ever,
ever experience
as
his
actions speak
louder than any words
he could ever speak
and isn't that
what it's really all about
at the
end
of the
proverbial day?

the end of george

i'm done
throwing darts
and energy
into disliking
george
w.

we got what we
wanted on the
morning of nov. 5th 2008
when
our brother obama
made his grand swipe
to redeem our
ailing american karma.

so,
to dispense any more
fragrance onto a man
that doesn't compute
much of anything
rational, logical or intelligent
in this reality,
it would seem cruel.

with my horse
loaded up with
american joy
in winning the election of
a lifetime,
i can let the
top clown in the land
go
and pave his way
with colorful
marmalades
as he
stumbles
on to join
his own kind of
circus
that no
american town
will ever

had to
experience
ever again
in our
hopeful moment
in a nation
starving
for
a bit
of
something
purely
amazing.

the increasing weight of law

gets
heavier and
heavier
as
we get
older
and
realize
that
even
if there
weren't
laws restricting us
from being daredevils,
then our
biological
response to our collective
years
would be that
barrier
but
the
claw
of law
is
something
that makes
the world
politics
such a funny,
novice
little word
that
should
infuse
something akin
to
sleep
rather
than
haste.

the small, red plastic cups

rotates slowly,
then erratically
in the middle of the
road
as
cars thunder by,
barely missing it with their
wheels
as the world tumbles,
fumbles hard and harder on
it's axis as
the only thing that is truly keeping
it's natural shape,
and form is
this one red plastic cup
overcoming extreme adversities
as the underdog
licking in the
invisible fluids of
our
aimless desires.

the triumph of my father

that recently
passed away
is that with all his unfulfilled dreams
of traveling extensively,
learning how to swim
or live an easier life as a skinny man,
is that he did
something most folks never get
the chance to ever do.

he made people laugh,
feel alive,
feel redeemed,
feel charged,
feel full from stories,
feel that they belong,
feel the love of being alive without borders.

and to have done this
with a wife he was with for 43 years,
having three kids,
6 grandkids,
many dogs,
salt water fish,
regular fish,
birds and
everything else living
he had around him
is astonishing.

when i remember the priest
presiding over his casket
in the church with wet
eye and thick throat,
i knew that he was moved
by my father that was a relative
stranger.

and now,
i again marvel now that he's gone
at how he has made
the wind wade of the grass in a more
profound way,
and given all the birds that fly by a bit
more might

because he had the chance to live
his full life out down here
as his stories and quotes
are bound to bobble on
forever
and
ever.

THE UNDERSTANDING

i'm never going
to be able to understand
my 3 and a half year olds
non-verbal grasp of
language,
imagery,
signs,
symbols,
cues
and the like
as he goes
on in his perceptive ways
of tiny genius
figuring us all out
before we thought about
the importance of figuring our own selves
out,
so don't feel bad for
him or myself or my wife or my other son
because miles
is embarking on something
infinitely more important
at this silent moment
that has more to do
with all of us humans
and our tiny ways
with our simple acts of
spoken words
and
learned notions.

tiny sluices

of

juice harps,

jazz guitars,

tambourines,

pianos,

upright bass,

and the like

is softly

wading across the

pond between my

ears

as

the birds out back

wait for

my

slow ways to

replenish their bird

food

and easy

reach into yet another

buffet they don't have to

work for

as

the

fourth

becomes the fifth

and the

sixth itches to

dip to one

once again.

UNDERBIRDS

in my
pursuit to understand
the underdog,
i always peer into the
last bird in an arrow,
pack,
line or
and wonder
how they got to that point ..

was it by accident,
do they care,
does it matter ..

likely not.

but that bird is always
like the odd kid
in karate class that
should be playing table tennis
with pals instead of
a competitive sport that
could wound his ego.

so,
the dots of birds float,
flit and flop
as i realize that my interest in
all the other birds is
just about as equal
as the final bird leaves over
my roof
to an empty,
open sky
waiting to be
filled
with
organic dots of
bird.

UNFORGETTABLE

it's
my
old
man's
birthday
today
and
for
the
very
first
time
he's
not
around
for
me
to
forget
it
as
i
have
a handful
of
times
in
my
life ..

and
now
that
he's
gone
forever,
i'll never
forget
september 24
for
the
rest
of
my days ..

unknown alien world

a little under
half the time
i'm blasting by
in my car down
the roads,
avenues,
curly q's
and such,
i am convinced
that
most of the
cars
and people in them
have been dropped down
from big,
fat,
fucking tricked out
space alien ships
that
just didn't want
them on their planet
anymore after giving
them the test drive of
their lives
and as i try to open
my mind to welcome them
back,
i yearn for a dig colorful
space vessel of my own to
suck them up once again
and shoot them off into the
far reaches of space
to save
myself and many other
earthlings from having
to deal with their
crusty lips,
tinted windows,
sagging eye bags,
rotten breath,
hurtful words
and
general
effort

that
is just enough
to forget
that
any kind of
alien ship
would
ever,
never
exist.

wigs-swig

wigs
should
equal
swig
if
my powers
over palindrome
were better,
but
they
are not,
so it's
going to have
to
be
wigs = sgiw
and that
doesn't
make
any sense
so
i'm going
to
just
my
my last
swig
here a
a
huge
fake
mulletted
wig.

writing

i have
said it many
times,
and as i get older,
i know that i'll
go loony
if i don't have
a spate or two to
toss the residue of being
alive into
some white piece of
jive
to hash out what i consider
the most extraordinary
and amazing
befuddlements of events
that ensnares each of us
whether we pay attention
to it or not
and since i pay close attention
to these details in life,
i have to find some kind
of way to rectify them
as the brain,
page,
digital ink
fight to fly from head
to screen in a triumphant
skinny dip off
a large,
cold rooftop
into this marvelous
screen before me
that sifts skyward
like a cup of coffee
that will feel good in
the mouth like
the melted jelly of words
spreading over your
teeth,
down your throat
and into your spinal column
to feel a bit
of what it's like

to taste
air
and breath
ice
cold
water.

XXX

a real
sexy car
that could save
ford's modern
day oil woes
that would have
real focus could
be the:
FORD XXX FOCUS.

this might be
an automotive
orgasm
that no one would
ever really recover from.

amen.

ZIPPING

I'm having
a bad go
at my zipper lately.

about 2 days ago
i was waiting for
my 10-year old
to finish up
some after school work
as i
ambled around with my 3-year old.

taking videos with my youngest
and joking with all
the other
kids in the class.

it was unclear
how long i paced back and fro
for him to finish his work.

once he did,
we slowly waltzed outside
towards the car as the
winds picked up real
hard.

at this,
my groin felt an extra cold
swish of surprise,
as i looked down and saw
that everything was wide open
for the world to
dish on their rendition of
embarrassment.

then,
it happened again yesterday
at work as i waltzed down the hall,
into an office of women saying Ohio
and into a huge room full of kids.

again,

once i had slowly left those areas
and back in the hallway,
i felt the cold,
uncommon nudge of wind
down below
revealing my reveal again.

piss.

that's all i can conjure now.

damn piss.