

Joefiles 16

26 Past Midnight

He worked for a liquor store. Stood behind that counter and took the money from hands he had no desire to look at, let alone touch on a variety of occasions. A new promotion, being thrown by some large beer distributor, decorated the store. It was a fictitious push to get people buying their products. In his mind, he thought of a real adventure that he wanted to overtake. The thought tore open his mind for quite a time.

It was an attainable, yet merely impossible task of sorts to take on. He wanted to unveil the 12th wonder of the world. Wrapped in stitching of stubborn cloth, this beauty consisted of a large gem or jewel of sorts. A glowing piece of very antique jewelry that would unleash a power beyond the grasp of this clerk and the most powerful people that exist on earth during 1997.

To reach the object, was to travel deep into Tunisia. A small urban jungle on the edge of the country in foggy whereabouts. This bag, package wrapping, was not to be tempted by the minds of mere mortal beings. Although, this man has been reading the realms of science, biological, and philosophy, metaphysical. He feels much taller than his drivers license would indicate.

Just think, open this entity and unleash power that is dreamed of, not actualize in plans that are rarely attained. This young man, 26-years old, is thinking about quitting his job and heading for his own coast to unleash to grand and ugly to satisfy his armed soul. The payoff cannot be quantified on paper or in worldly terms.

What is this object? The only way to find out is to travel. What could the ramifications be of delving into this power/object? It was purely subjective, but guaranteed through fable to produce results that are unfathomable. It wouldn't be just a matter of preparing luggage or packing his bags, he would press his mind and the mind's of the human race to the edge of a consciousness that scares most people off in a split second.

Should he venture into the mysterious beyond? Or just take his checks to source he knows no benefit for? Well, the thought was to mature and he would answer the question for us all.

A key, to be unearthed from inside, could make the world marvel or knash. Is he capable of such an endeavor. We shall find out...

26 Past Midnight

Panes of glass
splash hungry
before the snow.
Street lights
cringe
like
bottomless steel.
The cold
seizes the
few hairs on my chest.
Shampoo is stalemate
my guts churn from
tuna cheddar cheese macaroni
 red wine
 stout beer
 cigarettes,
the woman
questions my living.
I'm free
like the wind
to
beat
 howl
 rest
 flow.
Content
on this Monday night
26 past Midnight
in
December.
For
to grind me down
is to lie down for the night in the middle of a busy interstate--
Your dreams
shall soon fail you dastardly.

90's Haircut

Had a talk
with a set of good friends
the
other Tuesday.

You know what
is so depressively obsessive
about the 90's?
You want your era

decade
sleepless years

to
signify something
more than simple notions
and
cheaply-made consumer traps.

Well, sitcoms will run away
with
a
mighty claim of talk.

The Jennifer Aniston do
or
George Clooney weave
will
go
down
in pop culture lore.

Why?

Some do
happen
to
ask.

So,
tell me again
how much the
mind
emotion
soul
means.

Because
all I see
are
cardboard cut-out's
of
fashion

funneling down a garbage site
in
deranged pleasures.

Don't comb
your hair,
I
could
really give

a

fuck.

1997

Slick doorway's
Happening evening
Crafty bottle around Tequila
Intriguing afternoon
The beat of a boar's heart
Super Morning
Comfortable pair of suede shoes
Memorable week
Four horsemen riding zebra's
One-in-a-Million weekend
Gallon of soup the chef stuck a razor blade into
Financially stable month
Sacks of mail to China crawl with tame green snakes
Tremendous quarter of a century

The mouth of toilet bowls meet you at least
once a day,
1996 is leaving--
1997 is traveling without training wheels
on
new drugs and less crime.

paper
you read
wondering,

"When are they going to ever have

Boardroom Thought

In Detroit, MI, around 1998, the city was taken to the highest court in Michigan by ACME Crowbar Co.

This was the case:

The city narrowed their decision for new shipments of tools to the last minute details. The missing link was an ample supply of crowbar's. There were two colors to choose from--either a white/silver color or pure black. After months of thought and careful deliberation, The City of Michigan rested their research on the white/silver crowbar shipment. For reasons based solely on quality, the city refused the lower quality black crowbars and were satisfied with their decision.

This tore the ACME Crowbar Co. into an uproar. How the hell could the city refuse the black crowbar's, it was absurd (according to ACME). It was discrimination of metallic substances, according to ACME.

The case was to go to court:

ACME Crowbar Co. V City of Detroit

After 13 months in court, ACME wins a very tough case. It was ruled blatant discrimination on the part of the City of Detroit. Equality for all crowbar's worldwide

asdfjkl

Cream-colored tree's
confetti residual--

What to wonder
who to write
where are the jokes

How did
she
ruin the county?

Bumble bee's
in
3 strange tones

sting your hip.

Green snakes
swallow

rude calves.

Body swallowed

whole.

hed
roof
just beyond
the mysteries
we
will figure
on
mid-afternoon
hikes
behind

Bar Room Gallantry

Quarter section
of
Indian-head pennies
knock about the ether
 ricochet
into
a half dollar
that
hasn't
abandoned their limbs.
A fifty dollar bill
with frayed edges
mingles
with Betty Boop
above
her skirt-line
in
some
warm spot
we
shouldn't know about as children.
Monies
have
some chartered courses
into
slots
 slits--
Swam
left an abolition
drank with vigor on neon hope
in
bar room gallantry.

The Being Of Being

Robust
Clydesdale
trample
over the small hills
 chew flush grass
 lop some water with vigor--

Feel the winds
coming
from the Northeast--

Plod over
this
earth
for
Man
 Animal--

Under pieces of
burnt newsprint
sifting
in an
air
 atmosphere
you contributed to
&
did not destroy.

Be large
 flowing
mighty chap.

Human Being's
will
not
do this for you.

 restaurants
overtake your nostrils,
wash your hands with
the bathroom soap.

Bimbo

Do you want
some woman following you around like a bimbo?

Do you want some beautiful gal to cook you
dinner on a whim,
or do you want a bimbo?

Do you want a woman to parade naked to
the sound of passing traffic,
or a bimbo?

Do you want a woman that sleeps on velvet &
drinks dry red wine,
of do you want a bimbo?

Do you fancy for a woman to intrigue your inner vortex
& caress your AM body with pure touch,
of a bimbo?

Real women
are the entree,
bimbo's are toothpicks.

Used once,
thrown in the trash.

Can you bend the truth?
or
Can you bend a lie?

der the bridge
my
genitals
are warm.
An old cat
come to
&
Lick you.

The mind won't stop,
for the red & black paint
slipping down a cracked concrete wall
in the center of my mouth

The Chain Is...

words
are thoughts

movement
is progress

money
is possession

religion
is mind

racial
is skin

weather
is people

talk
is exercise

travel
is subjective

vague
is reality

precision
is personal

people
are creatures

down
the

chain

we

are.

w more
than
you should.

Let's drink
some egg nogg
together
look at.

It's Christmas, But It's Not

Chili Pepper's,
red,
stung on a green strand of lights.

Onion Bags--
(Coatepec-Xalapa
Edo, DeVer
Estrictamente Altura)
cover holes in the wall.

The flies are dead
crickets cringe
in this cold December deep freeze
that happens
to be
Christmas Eve.

Warming hands
on a
used coffee mug,
many lips have
touched this lip.

Cigarettes taste
sweet,
sugar is from the cane.

Cars leave mirror
reflections
on
blue ceiling tiles.

I'm at home
Urban Christmas
Reality Based Religion
in
the
city--

I have,
after 23 years,
made it home
for
the
holiday's.

Well Kept City Road

Spokes
on an old
chrome dirt bike
is the home of webs
from the
mouths of
black
 brown
spider webs
granulated
pieces of time.
Some day's
I ride it
to
unfavored destinations,
let down the kickstand
 light a cheap cigar
 & puff my way into the meeting place.
The hall room
of
blank looks
dancing
 talking
 fighting
for
a
cause
they
know no beginning
nor
end to.
Just pulling
away
the tiny threads
like stitching on blue jeans.
Meanwhile,
precision machinery
awaits them
on their
walk
from the soap box derby.
I've grown to like
this bicycle
with
rust
 webs
 tires low on pressure--
I know when I drive
 walk
 converse
again,

I
have advanced
while
they drive
opposite me
on
a
well kept city road.

Beating The Clothes (People) Clean

Wait for the
dry to become wet
wet to become dry
on
a cycle
thump
 thump
mad
the mind can hardly
think.

Around
white metal,
charge into lint
like
a
private school child
goes
for
a
bottle of prime Vodka
with
a
fresh seal.

On
 speed
 resistance
to
fly into
regions
of
dim candles
&
dry wines.

Laws of Humanity
 Science
decompose
in
the
trickle
of means
to
clean clothing--

Live
 Live
on the inside
of a
light bulb

that
flickers with intuition.

Clouds In Colorful Canisters

Clouds form
over a
row of coffins.

Begin to weep
their
nature
into
the
life that has passed,
the
baby coming
into the world as this moment.

Screaming with
the
bells
of
gold/silver
on
towers
growing
in
your brain
 their brain.

Taking over
the chain
that pulls
the galaxy
into
new discovery
 & rediscovery
of
inertia
distant stars.

The rotation
of life
so beautiful,
it's an insane day.

We should
dance
some routine
today or tonight,
because the clouds are rolling
in
with humidity
and
the

chain
is
slip
 slip
 slipping for each.

Into hands
that
have
calluses.

love
on
the
beach,
altruism
in
the
streets.

Consensus Building

Sitting

 Indian-style
in a tight circle
within a rented banquet room
in
Sundance, Wyoming.

"The Chamber of Being"

An 18-year old Asian\man or woman (it doesn't matter)
27-year old Black man
16-year old Jewish girl
19-year old Caucasian woman

With locked hands
&
wounded souls,
they rock slowly
back-n-forward.

Eye's closed
 silent
a slip of cloth
to cover their
sacred regions.

One woman,
Jewish
 Beautiful
 Aware

whisper's
loud enough
for the
world to ignore
&
the present group to hear--

"My consensus
is that there is
no consensus."

They all open their eye's then
 proud
 without expression

they came to a resolve
which
really wasn't
a
resolve

at

all.

A Dance They Had To Accept

Aerial view
of
several kids.

3-4 years old--

One boy
One girl.

Boy in light blue overalls
girl in plaid dress (American Flag Colors).

Climbing on a jungle gym
while parents
dance inside
&
the President visits Brazil.

Their silent,
moving
their bodies swift--
no aches
no pains
no great loss

Free float
in the land of Sycamore Branches,
as
the adults
confess to a dance they had to accept.

The Day Shall Hear

Utter
into the ear of the day,
bounce it
within
the sensory drum--

Tell the light
in your room,
'I will live,
walk with the angels
of your night
by the day you cherish'

If you cannot
speak this,
think about it--

The day shall hear.

gift's with the family
camcorder rolling
camera flashing--

Hey Samantha,
I wrote this
when

December 29, 1996

You rest here,
my friend.

By the roses
 flowers
 stars
of
the
approaching night.

With a name plate
 the cold
I write this to you.

I'm here,
buddy.

Sitting
in presence and spirit.

Christmas
has passed again,
you are here.

Resting
with
me
God
your spirit.

We shall
laugh now,
questioning life
is
nonsense--

You were
always
above that.

in its place.

Why Do We Respect Only That Which Will Destroy Us?

We revere this corner of the world-our mind because human's are intrigued by power beyond their explanation. For instance, a large majority of the population intermingles with computers on a limited or excessive basis. We are interested in the usefulness and intricate nature of the invention. Yet, it will end up destroying us some day. Due to war, revolution or something I cannot put my finger upon. It will happen. Technology, people and principles lay the foundation of intrigue with our knowledge or ignorance of their destructive powers. We disregard this most or some of the time. If it destroys us, we lived. If it doesn't, we're lucky. Most importantly, for those that mingle in the destructive, we put fear to the side & charge forth. Into the mantra without a life jacket. Living is the most important thing most the time. So, if it will destroy, we can quantify this reality by saying we have to be destroyed or face death somehow. It mind as well be while you're living, putting fear and ambiguity in its place.

The Truth In Dirt & Ground

They found
her
knee-deep
in a ditch
dug across
the day.

Pregnant
 warm
 ready to fill a void
that
the other women
left of trepid trips
across their selfish nature.

I pull her
out of this despair,
cleaned her legs
convinced her of what may be & is.

Dig a trench
across
her night.

Hopeful for
companionship,
no loose label,
a satisfying means
of
various intercourse.

Later,
it could be weeks
 months
 longer--

I came across
a cold slap
on
my consciousness.

Sending a
reality-bent message
that
I shouldn't have
released
her
from the ditch
to pretty-up
for our design.

I need the woman friend
on a ground
much firmer
than
the ditch I place myself into.

Come lovely,
the soap is brand new.

elow
your ego.

Dunce Cap Of Honorable Potential

Riding away
on a smooth piece of grass,
light brown on the ends
the smell of yellow cabs--

Chasing forth
to mounds of ground chuck
&
gizzard's in small cardboard boxes.

The Cinderella of Annapolis
kisses me
on the shoulder,
Count Courtly
maniacally waves
his hand
as
a
warning.

The night is too old
to preserve
my grating vein structure
doing what
the
rest of us
have done--

Wondering
wondering
below
the
dunce cap of honorable potential.

Leave The Door Open

I have been
impaled tonight.
What her 3rd boyfriend
second husband
1981
couldn't offer,
I hear her yell
over the phone
about topics that could make
a
small black child laugh & cry.

Rusted pipes
arched over knee's
broken pattern's
on the hood of her car.

I will never repair these--

Not a mechanic
nor
do I have oil in my possession.

No more energy
You need to leave--

Keep the door open though,
maybe my patterned rabbit
will
hop into my lap.

I shall
talk
feed her carrots
pet lopping ear's
laugh about Easter
forget about insignificant tales the previous one jumped
through.

The Ellis Clan

The old Ellis house
on Ridge St.
used to give me such a
morbid charge
as
a child.

Puke brown siding,
meant to be white,
decorated the home
in
a quaint suburban show.

The acts that took life
inside,
churned inside the pre-adolescent rumor mill.

Hyperactive
anger-ridden kids,
abusive father
taller than a fir.

The mother was a nurse,
Chris always
got into a fight
or
threw the
kid's bikes.

Older
boy was 12,
looked 22.
Mildly retarded,
had a patch of gray hair
on
the
curve of a mean cowlick.

Used to urinate
in
closets
around the house.

Got beat by father,
mocked by society--

Maybe
that house was a
safe haven,
provided
by a Hollywood angel

looking over their haste & disease,
praying
for a better beginning each day.

As they grow old,
while
I
sketch
this solemn poem.

there isn't a patriarchy
that could erect
a stable
sense of individuality

ete wall
in the center of my mouth

Fond Of The Narrow, Aware Of The Wide

Their names
are
varied--

Karen, one said.

Hi, I'm Angela,
and you are?

Jennifer is what her business card said.

The one with the alluring smile
smoking a Virginia Slims Menthol
had a name that has since left me.

One,
one that smelt of flower petals
&
wore black
had a name that started with an "S".

The woman
sitting on the stool across the room
was beautiful
wore a red top
probably 26
certainly knew Italian
looked great from my point of view,
we never spoke.

Portraits
 facial features
 scents
 crafty stitching
 gorgeous figures--

Spoken to
or
looked at,
maybe both--
deserve a chance
a chance
for that man (or woman),
they may prefer both.

It wasn't "to be"
forget being "The One."

Just flipping a coin
in pursuit of the chance
for

the object
to fall to the ground
and she will pick it up.

I'll only need
to
see
the eye's.

There are more
sunsets
I
can see
behind those two oracles
than
she will ever imagine.

Then,
then my chance
for
a
sunrise in her
shall be.

To tuck the cover's
under her
chin
slip off her sock's.

A woman
happy with
microwave hot dogs
a good drink
&
one chance
to see the remainder of my scant currency
that will
fall
while we both pick it up.

Each of our lives,
such as the lives of all those women
I meet & see

single and conjoined by reality.

What Good Is Freedom?

The idea of freedom, in a human sense, was instilled at birth with free will. In an ideological-governmental-ruling sense it came to the forefront with the founding father's of the U.S. Constitution/Bill of Rights. The distinction between both is paramount. Yet, I will choose to look first at freedom on a human/personal level, aside from government oversight.

It's beautiful. The release to explore the parameters of your being and the world/universe that envelopes us. It's an integral facet of the human being to delve into the mysteries and the obvious. It separates us as Human from animal. The beauty we possess, if nurtured, cultivated and handled with careful thought. The flowering of the soul of sorts.

In a ruling/governmental sense, it crosses the same boundary. Although, it's a double-edged sword. To rule is intrinsically to restrict. With democracy, as freedom inked as the cornerstone, comes restriction. This restriction based on the need and convenience for order. This is both good and bad. The creation & definition of freedom bestowed upon people comes the virtue & disfunction of man. Horrible events go down in the name of both God and freedom. Yet, the bubble of freedom keeps the human animal within the boundary (if there is one) of free will. The desired position.

Therefore, according to my explanation: $1 + 1/2 = 1 \frac{1}{2}$
That beats a $1/2$ in numbers and reality.

Freedom is good.

Mr. Honesty Took It Square In The Chops

"Why can't you
love me?"
she said.

"I don't know how,
baby."
he responded.

"What do you mean,
'I don't know how?'
That makes little sense.
Do you love your mother?
That Christ-forsaken dog of yours?"

"Well,
yea."

"How is it
that they're loved
&
me,
providing my body like
a vile of vitamins
for your arousal
and giving you more than
that fucking dog
or your mother.
Why am I not loved?"

"Seriously?"

"Yea,
after 19 months,
fuck right
seriously."

"You have no guts."

"Excuse me,
you petrified piece of human being."

"No guts,
honey.
The backbone never matured.
Your limp,
mutilated by your own face and
the culture you cannot decompose."

"How long has your mind
molested this idea?"

"It's developed as of late.
I thought I loved you
for
a good portion of our relationship.
Now I understand
it was a part
of some misconceived plan."

"The only things
that are misconceived is you
and this
relationship."

"Listen,
baby.
You gonna let me explain."

"If you stop calling me
the names your mother once
called you,
yes."

"All right,
It all started at the mall
last week."

"Whoa,
this has gone on for a week?"

"Listen,
you have no patience.
Let me continue,
please.
It took me a week
to figure-out these
thoughts in my head.
In plain English,
your weak.
Manipulated by thoughts and entities
that could
give a shit for you.
You have cultivated
the
seeds of trite beginnings."

"Like what seeds?"

"Those seeds
both
family & friends,
even society at large
have lodged into your
accepting head.
You're not "you",

you're the sum whole of everyone
excluding yourself.
You have taken the means
without realizing
the results of the end.
Your conversations and dreams
are
nonsense."

"When the hell
did you start talking and thinking
in
this manner?"

"After 19 months
with you.
You were a necessary event
or
relationship
I had to endure
to wake me up to the greater picture at hand.
Not one born
of you and me
and the shit that constantly arouses you in some
angered trance."

"All this time,
you worthless asshole.
I have wasted my fucking time with you.
I shouldn't have even
asked you one simple question,
I
should have seen trouble coming around the corner."

"Yes,
you should have."

"Should have
what?"

"Asked me if
I Love You.
Because I love you as a human being,
but not as a person."

"Oh,
for the glory of nothing.
That was the rudest thing I've ever
heard in my life."

"It's the truth."

"Fuck you
&

your truth.
It's stupid philosophical shit."

With that,
the arguing stopped.
He left her room, home and life.
Things were to begin anew for him (one).
The same cannot
be said for her.
A mile of tears fell to her floor,
without understanding a world of what he said.
Makes you wonder if
she really loved him
the way she wanted him to love her.

hey grow old,
while
I
sketch
this solemn poem.

Have Hope For Your Basket

I finish
the novel
which has sat on my
marble bed-side table
for several months,
piece-by-piece
like monkee's
roving over
log's & grass--

Sick
from the cold
 bad women
 smoke in lungs--

I rest tonight
with
below-zero wind chills
a heater barely keeping
the flat warm
and
thoughts that make me dig.

Dig into
the white of my spine
 black of my mind
&
the red of your regret.

I build my basket of content
carefully
beside winds
feasts of solitude,
you do the opposite.

Wish upon crafty luck,
for the compass
of
your eyelids
will
need the most your life

the cold
the heat

can provide.

In A Land...

Follow me
behind
the backyard wooden shed--

We'll play
hand games
 body wraps
 mind lingo--

Back
into the patch
where autumn has
blessed the tree's
 rearranged our hair
 given us additional memories to lift loneliness to new realms--

Your name will be
Miranda
I will be
Juniper--

Flesh-kiln beings
 smoking
 laughing
 rising
to the mold
on
the shed
 roof
just beyond
the mysteries
we
will figure
on
mid-afternoon
hikes
behind the home about rain clouds
in
a
land
named after us.

The Inevitable Has Chosen You

There are periods
of
'time'
that can
beat you into a
whimsy flame of dim color
or
build you into a skyscraper
towering over feed stores
in
small counties.

Sway
 Sway
over
the
ocean
we see
and
become defeated
in
a
most unique way.

Climb
to the thrust sanity
couldn't provide.

Time is the acceptance
of
no time,
body is the reality
of
a soul.

We must
have time,
or the rain
would fail
to wash over
beds of flowers
shouting
oxygen
and
messages
we can hardly disclose.

Light Sockets Are Real

Rolled sleeves
music set to a Beatle tone
the
night is on
my
plane.
The bitter cold
has taken a vacation
for
a
better sight into
some
bad winter forecast.
Well rested
caffeine
before a bottle of wine,
I'm
alive
aware of reality
whether
it
is
exhilarating
or
exhausting,
I'm
sucked into the socket
of
a
current
that's racing blind
sending
a
pile of singed hairs to the ground.
This
isn't a poem
announcing a world healer
or
insane message someone else hasn't thought of before.
I'm
into this reality,
whether you believe it to be your's or not.
I own
the
part of that worn dollar bill
brown rock
bright yellow scramble eggs.
I'm into
this
view in

front of me.

Cars

go

go

go,

I'm

right

next

to

them

me

you

earth

i

t

.

Lost Count Of The Day's

She's more beautiful
than you
and she knows me.

Tearing the
painting of melancholy souls
into
bits of
soul chocolate,
she devours
the each bit
slowly.

Wiping her mouth
with a white napkin
to
keep as a relic,
smiling briefly.
Tell
the world
'the night is alright'

Leaning against
the fight
brought forth
by the bliss of Jazz,
she lies
in my bed
 silent
 invisible--

(She's more beautiful
than you
and she knows me)

a scream on skates
lice on gates
haste in a chase
my face says "graze"

ing
into the January night,
"sandpaper

Watch Out For The Mall

Anger served on
a
bomb pop stick,
starvation canned
in
tin of maroon beets.
Separation rolled
in
a ring of 24 carrot gold.
Desperity sold over
the
airwaves in unimaginative television program.
Sorrow printed onto
a
Tommy Hilfiger label.
The seeds of
natural recourse
take place slow or swift.
Walking about malls

retail ships
consumer college--

They kill more
than is reported,
so
believe in perseverance.
There are
two tones
floating
about this country.
One is
keep going,
the other is
give it up.
Take from
yourself
&
plant it,
before
the seeds you detest
pop-up about your
mind
body
being.

Hardly Mandatory

Watch the people
as they pass.

Purchasing
panty hose
&
Soap Opera Digest--

Are they creatures
of wanton integrity?
Using spare money
as
foolish expenditures
to avert
creativity
imagination
thought--

Bleeding on roadway's in
the newest make & model.

Visiting spouse
Significant other
for a night
of
more meaningless arguments
uneasy solace--

They have made life
a
task,
building a rope
around a sensitive neck.

I only feel shameful
for
such souls.

We have
the
same genus name,
"Human Being."

A title
to be
earned--

-Hardly Mandatory-

Moon Over L.A.

A fairy tale
is played
in L.A.:

Helicopter's are stars
grazing with the moon--

Exercise guru's are
talk show hosts incognito--

Smog over the contemporary downtown huddle
is a giant piece of palm tree bark--

The In-n-Out Burger franchise
is a teaser for what heaven is all about--

Tattoo & body piercing joints
are meccas for world religion and stylish clothing--

The strip termed, Walk of Fame,
is a salute to the common folk & every terrible movie we have paid to see--
-

Mountain ranges skimming above the skyline sunshine
are women sneaking a peak at the men--

The weather
is exactly what is it--

The Hollywood sign
is hiding an insane sunset going down beyond the hills--

Built on gothic rock,
grand tanks of water for all
to
swim
 swim
beneath
the moon over L.A.

Motion--Throw The Gauntlet Where It May Fall

Lying under the bridge
my
genitals
are warm.
An old cat
come to
&
licks several knuckles
on my right hand.
Rough
dry,
I think of
those objects
I
have laboriously sanded
with the intensity
of
two midgets
in the Marines.
Then,
I think
this
cat is a 'cool cat'
A gentle pat
of
her tongue
on my cold bones
reminding me
of all the cats
that
have come & passed.
With the overhead planes
yelling
into the January night,
"sandpaper
is useful"--
I'd rather
have a cat.
Airplanes
are comfortable,
the night is cold
too cold
under this bridge
without a note
to write
my
song.

triarchy
that could erect
a stable sense of individuality

Children Of The Mud

Mud slide
float
into my side,
pick
me for the
tour.
Make me
the
head
of your
Chamber of Grime.
Clean is good,
but
corrupt is rarely mentioned.
Judgment has suffered Death
 Laughter in correct Context
 Wine of surreal Grapes--

Let's build
together
into
new regions
&
fleeting pass-way's.
Convincing
ourselves
 the other's
 refuse in brain washing rituals.
The Hell's Angels
of
secret demeanor.--
Hidden
yet exposed,
We shall make many Children of the Mud.

Musical Repeat

An old
vinyl record
has hopped from
some
felt sleeve.

To turn
around
a
room,
carpet hidden in the mind.

This tune
will not pass
undefined,
pounding fists
against temples
 floors
 bloody shroud--

You cannot
put
a
finger on
the tune.

Lyrics
with a knife,
carving open
memories
 sizzled lobotomy.

Taken into
rooms
 elementary school blues--

Music is
the
power
discounted &
chanted
so raw.

Ready to tear open
a
scab and
send boiling seltzer water
as a remedy.

This is the beginning
of the music.

Define her
 she

love her
 she

Let her out
of the sleeve,
close your outer mind

music
 her
 she
shall be your friend--

She (Music)
shall
return.

buttoned up my cuffs.

Went
from
warm-to-cold
quickly--

New Year's Irony

Yesterday,
New Year's Eve,
heard some cat
in the bank--

-Cashing a check-

before me
talking about
the ball dropping on
New Year's Eve
in New York City.

-Times Square-

"It's dangerous shit,
I've seen some people
actually get knives stuck in their back."

It's crazy,
the irony
lies within the leap of logical thought.

Many people,
those I've been with and haven't,
do the same thing
in
a
more dangerous way.

Launching
word dagger's
into tight backs
to fill a void
explained & unexplained.

We need to lay off
the

-Words of Destruction-

Both forms of
back stabbing
are within a cure,
the words more
than the violent action.
They deserve equal attention,
yet
words are more within the grasp of control.

-Happy New Year, Folks-

All Night-No Soul

Castration of memories

Your identity

The walls that lurk in North Dakota--

Loss of blood to the soul

the spirit oozes

onto the stale U.S states

place mat.

Fortified for the

closing of the hour,

shower curtains

hardly hold the

sparks of water

darting madly

in

All-Night California Eateries.

No Shower

Me
and my father didn't shower today--

Convenient
Coincidence,
we laugh in
the halls of our
present
past
thorns both
thick & loose.

He tells me
without much prompting,
that he lives
in
simplicity inside his home,
while I live some
large world existence.

He reiterates
this
later on--

Obviously tinkering
with the thought,
a
train of thought
I have reminisced more
than twice.

We didn't shower
&
explored each other's view on life.

Sharing our simplicity
&
complexity
all at once.

Like father
Like son--

Some aphorisms
are
so true
at certain times.

thpicks.

1 Thought

When smokes
&
coffee
in restaurants
overtake your nostrils,
wash your hands with
the bathroom soap.
Then,
smell your hands
with a swift inhale.
You'll never
look at soap
or
life
the same way.

Things You Can Do With Paper

Creases
on pages,
coffee fractal
trickle across
blue lines
of
college-ruled notebook paper--

Sketch pad paper
folded into
a
stiff tie--

Ashes pounded
in
the
last half-section
of
a blank (recycled) journal book--

Ink
over some space,
thing's we do
chance does to paper--

I love
those
breaks
from slugging away on
computer screens.

No Parallel

Damp feet
walk over
the north
of
this forgotten parallel.

Packed by dirt
preserved
by the soiled sky,
growth
hurries to the surface of this earth.

Green on one end
Blue in the wave

White above
your receding
hairline.

Yes,
I
walk
 tap
into the
northern scene
in recognition
of
the moon
rising red
over skeletons
so brash
with teeth
absurdly uneven.

Small Puddle In The Backside Of Your Mind

note key chord
stanza comma sonnet
paint acrylic brush
empty bottles
losing
air
chances to breath.
our existence
racing around.
dictionary terms
other synonyms
better antonyms
thesaurus close-at-hand.
new instrument
fresher sound
new genre for the kids.
how the hell
did
Dali
Van Gogh
do it?
could this design
have been
done before?
one more
linear quadrant
two more
crafty lines.
built about
tufts of cold snow
&
increasing humidity.
art has
the
breath
we touch
cannot conquer.
the good war,
to forget
remember
the evil
we possess.
the butterfly
on the water.
thoughts
that fail to
dry in the small puddle
wading on the backside
of
your (our)
mind.

Ten thousand small ponds
could never
equal
one ocean.

"Pride"

by Christina Hartley

My backbone straight
My head held high
I shed no tears
My eyes are dry

My insides scream "help"
My mouth says "no thank you"
No to your sympathy
And your warm clothes, too.

I've got my pride

I don't cry for mercy
I don't plea for help

I've got my pride

A poor kid like me
Pride's all I got.
When I ain't got a mom
And my daddy smokes rock.

My backbone straight
My head held high
Hungry and tired
I watch the world go by.

But I don't cry for mercy
I don't beg for help.

I've got my pride.

A Dream On A Postcard

I have no
idea how I was transplanted into
New York City.
A Manhattan subway station.
Barely \$89.00 to my name,
on an ATM checking card,
I know this
and try to decide how to get home
or
to the next destination.
In addition,
I try to figure out how
I
arrived in the city that
never sleeps and sees no
mercy on a white male from the midwest
who
has no money or reason's
to
be in the big city.
Was it an ugly trip,
bad fate
or
meant to be this way.
Boston,
take a train to Boston (\$42.00).
Hop on a train and head down the east coast
in
pure style.
I decide to do this.
I have never been
to Boston
and I hear it's a
grand place to visit.
This may be some sort of dream,
so
I mind as well manipulate this geography
that
has gripped me in a strange situation.
On the train,
with a one-way ticket.
How will I get back home to Kansas City?
It doesn't matter.
I'm going to a new spot
in the United States
I have never been to or seen too much of
in
picture,
moving or otherwise.

So,
on my way to Boston,
the land of a thick accent
and
beautiful architecture.
I'm in Boston
in
an instant.
Off the train,
in the train station
looking for familiarity in a person
I
know I will never discover.
From there
I head to a Mall for some great
food and a refreshing drink.
In the Mall
I run into my sister.
I try to explain my scenario to her
and figure out why she happens to be in Boston herself.
For some odd reason,
I just explain the predicament I am stuck in.
Just as quickly,
she hands me a one-way plane ticket,
USAir,
back to Kansas City.
She gives me the directions and time to meet,
very foggy,
at the Boston International Airport.
I nod my head quickly
and
JoAnn is gone.
Then a group of tragically hip
people run into me at the mouth of a retro
coffee shop
in this Mall.
They have hockey sticks
and
nifty consumer gadgets.
Quickly,
I'm off with them in a car.
Speeding to some quaint suburban
portion of Boston.
It flashed from day,
going into the Mall,
to night by the time we get to their neighborhood.
Outside
their homes,
we talk very little
and hockey pucks drop for a game
three guy's are going to play in the dark streets
to impress their lady counterparts.
I try to mull over
this whole mess,

before they toss me the key's to one of their car's
to
go down the street and pick-up a pack of cigarettes for myself.
They could
tell I was shifting on my feet quite a bit.
On down the road,
I decide to try
and
drive this car back home
or
through downtown Boston.
Cigarettes will have to come later.
On an interstate by downtown Boston,
I
head down the highway peering a long gaze
at
the street signs that blind by with
no glasses
and horrible night vision.
Before I can think another thought,
I see
WASHINGTON, DC--110MILES
Hell,
I'll head to Washington,
then home to K.C.
I've always wanted to go
see the Nation's Capital.
So,
I exit
onto the ramp to find my
way to the White House and Lincoln Memorial.
Instead,
I end-up on a spilt highway
straight to the Boston International Airport.
Hell,
this is too crazy to even fathom,
I'll meet my sister in
the USAir terminal
and get a flight, good meal,
and grab a smoke before the flight.
Before I
know it,
I'm on Westport Rd.
pulling into the backlot
into my driveway.
How the hell
did all this seem so real.
Coming into
my home, throwing the key's on my desk
I
turn and see the television on.
A commercial
pushing a plug for the Boston travel board.
What?

I then wake-up from
my laconic sleep,
roll out from underneath my electric blanket
and
head for the shower.
On the edge of
the
sink,
a postcard from my cousin Maria
in
New York.
An aerial photo
of New York City.
What?

The Real One's Who Love

She loved
&
still loves
the art work of Ty Wilson.

It probably hangs low
on her wall.

You know
the mushy sentiment of lines,
several dozen roses
rain-soaked kiss.

Ty never loved her
the way I did.

He hangs
on her wall,
I glide about this world
smelling the
residue
of love.

Ty whipped
a
sketch outline,
I filled
in those
spaces.

He's in her home,
I'm in a chair
with other women
the society at large.

Proves another
lesson
about our split--

She never realized
who truly loved her.

Trading wall art
conjoined checks
precision machinery
for
the real chance.

She needs to remove the
picture from the tack,

study the blank wall
and
think about
the
real one's who love.

Sidewalks, Heat, Rice, Time, Love...

It was the
time
when
time was nothing
and
heat was rice
dissipating
from
the heels of
baby boomer women.
Getting lodged in porous cracks
on
sidewalk traces.
People thought
the
world was getting
married.
If you went out to walk the sidewalks
&
feel the heat
see the rice
cracks in the cement,
you would
think otherwise.

It would prove
that
life is love
love is time
time is rice
love is heat
sidewalk cracks
are the truth--

Swallowing

you quickly
if you avoid this truth.

Samantha, You Have My Shoulder

Tomorrow
is Christmas,
the older I get
the more
I get desensitized to the
rounded points
of
the
holiday.

From a real Santa Claus
No Santa Claus
Toy's under the tree
Can opener at 21--

Clockwise turn to open you gift's with the family
camcorder rolling
camera flashing--

Hey Samantha,
I wrote this
when you believed in Santa Clause.

Now,
you probably know more
than
you should.

Let's drink
some egg nogg
together
look at pictures of Mexico
go to Manhattan together
next year--

Such a bright kid
to lose
that
twinkle in
your smile.

You'll always
have
this shoulder,
God knows
I've
needed it before.

The Sign In The Sky

Tylenol
has an advertising pitch.
Little-Yellow-Different Pain Reliever
will be the cure in the revival.
Off-Brand Aspirin
better than the plastic casting.

Will that drug
cure your headache?

The life you drag
in a wagon--

A night worse than
a
turntable that
has
no "off" option.

It's above the counter,
below
your ego.

Safety in numbers
has
done
you wrong.

Raw rye
in the refrigerator,
the dog needs
to
go outside.
Children of excitement.
Wife won't swim in the family pool.

No need
to
search for a new doctor
or
reliever in
a lighted stall.

Chimes will
march high
in
a
belief
in the paranormal & mystery
that
decrease mounds of disheveled vanilla

beneath your pillow.

Some Lines

On a one-way ticket
within a two-way street--
Three sticks of gum
two cold cans of tomato juice
it almost seems too
comforting for words.
To play with numbers
on the
course life lay's forth.
The seventh explanation
for the first thought
on
this strange correlation.

Something To Forget Real Fast

Heavy fate
rousing in unintended entry.
You feel the stink
of sweat,
heavy rains
lasting for weeks.
It's a
word
 event
 story
that has gone down
behind a gate
in
a
black alley.
You need to shake this
quick,
yet
smooth.
For eye's are venom
&
remorse hides in the teeth
of
Australian snakes.
Take recovery
into
an elaborate bedroom.
Close the door,
pull back the drape
and
carefully
cut your fingernails.
Let them
fall several floors.
Laugh,
smile at the neighbors.
A cathartic suggestion,
although
you
can
only
trust yourself.
Shake that
'something' to forget
real fast.

They Spoke As One-Two-Three

The other day
the
barren gray tree
spoke
to me--

"I'm sick as hell
of
this
cold winter"

The phone booth
spoke
to me
as well--

"Rescue me from this
abysmal hell of
stranger's
in mesh hats."

The red rock
on
the sidewalk spoke
also--

"Why am I red?"

Then,
I saw
all each
 object
 creation
speak amongst
themselves.

Inventions
of
man
nature
intermingle
in powerful coexistence.

We can
only hope--
hope
they stay
on their course.

Not by man,
but

by themselves

together.

When do we
learn how to draw star's?
It it a natural action
or a reaction to learned behavior?
None-the-less,
don't most people past the age of 8
know how to draw stars.

There Are No More Stop Signs Left

They're not beneath
my bed,
I have no space
beneath it--

They're not in
my closet,
I have too much dark light
for their survival--

They're not in
my truck,
there is too much visibility
for hiding--

They're you,
walking down
Antioch Rd.
 Genessee St.
pulling
on the girth
of
doubt
 pleasure
 silence--

Bringing
new wonder
&
thought
into mind--

A portion
of
the brain
too trained
to refuse
the potential
it could create--

Sun Dial Can Tell

Sleep
is forgotten.
Dreams
are hidden.
Beasts fight
the angels
while
Demons look on
and
God continues to provide the show
he
will win.
Rain
 Snow
 Heat
brazen for the void--
I step before my eye's
tap
to the animal's
in
Morse Code.
They advance
 pop some berries
into their snouts,
think taller
&
wiser than human evolution.
Tipping the
roulette wheel
west of south
right of up--
Into your
vision
cursed as far as
the
sun dial can tell.

Terry & The Sea

Terry
on the docks,
eat a
chunk of salt
watching minnow's
float by
seaweed lazy on the shore.

The sun,
blow breezes
meant to be tasted--

He pulls a loaf of bread from
his tackle box,
removes
molded yeast from the plastic wrapping
&
tosses those plump white slices
into the
liquid salt.

It's the only
positive pollution
of the water,
his grandfather once said--

Nourishing
the fish
for his purchase
at
the
fresh seafood market.

Tires On My Feet

Trash dumpster
before my truck
Rows of tree's
without any leaves
Strips of sidewalk
escorting lost dogs
Four-lane highway
sending the trucker to Omaha
Decomposed picnic tables
glowing from left-over potato salad
Mounds of mulch & dirt
won't be honored again till springtime
Electrical wires
held by poles that charge me for electrical need
City fountain piece
swim with me
Venture across the street
rid your consumer guilt
Computer modem
preach what you may--
Tires on my feet
rise swift,
let enough blood get
to my brain.

To

think
all this
over again.

Land...

Follow me
behind
the backyard wooden shed--

We'll play
hand games
body wraps
mind lingo--

Sensitive To The Touch

There is
something
about
being called a "pup"
by
those a decade
 generation
 five-years older
than
I am.

A meal ticket
to look into
the
future through a frosted ceramic mug.

Realized
that
I will be there
some day.

Will
I call
a
21-year old
a
"pup"?

I doubt it--

All of us,
regardless
of the
weather
 news
 financial analysis--
have seen
below or
above
the
per diem
of living.

A vestibule
of
time,
shooting
over the grass
into
a body of water
sensitive to the touch.

In The Waffle House--Sunday

I sit
in the Waffle House
up north.

black
 white
 cowboy
 thinker

Sip coffee
 coke
 smoke
ate egg-cheese-bacon-pickle
sandwich,
turned very warm.

Rolled-up my sleeves.

Later,
with ice water
good as hell
buttoned up my cuffs.

Went
from
warm-to-cold
quickly--

It wasn't the
scene
or
beverages before me.

It was life,
doing what it does best.

Hot-Cold
round-about
hold.

Whales & Dolphins
walk on land.
Lions & Leopards
swim in the sea.
Gravity has failed us,
the atmosphere rejected photosynthesis.

ng.

triarchy
that could erect
a stable
sense of individuality

When Will They Ever?

The beautiful children
loathe
the filthy children.

Jealousy
or
Honest Disgust--

Play rugby
or
drink tea you cannot pronounce.

Up some spotless ladder
or
down the rusty cat walk?

Wouldn't these beautiful children
prefer not
to tinker
with
the particulars
of
acute manners?

I have heard
live
live your life,
be alive.

Don't roll about
in a coffin
when you're
not dead.

The inner voice
will either
make it out
to your
element achieved in the world
or
remain
beneath
those stacks-n-stacks
of
paper
you read
wondering,

"When are they going to ever have
a paper full of good news."

Who May See

The majority
of the world's population
does write,
literate
or
not.

They write checks from banks
names of employment & government forms
decrees to spouse-family
poems
short stories
novels--

Long
Short
Name
Chapters,
writing it down.

Letters
Worlds
Words
Sentences.

Syntax Syntax Syntax

Across
Screens
Forms
Pages
Bathroom Walls.

You writing,
signing your birth mark?

Do it
with some vigor
relieve the gods
of
the
hand and mind.

If you just know how to sign your name,
use some pressure.

Write a
poem
or story,
be original.

Most of us do it.

Engage in words.

So
try,
you may be surprised
where it leads
who
may
see.

Who's To Blame?

Your hands feel cold,
ice cold.
How's the heart,
you feel your toes?
Did the night overwhelm
your flesh
or
has life failed to
end its ravenous course?
Better yet,
have you done
everything
but perpetuate the course?
Not
standing
idling
to point the chalk,
but isn't this
course
battle
yours
&
yours alone?
Waiting for the one?
A better pay check?
The moon over next Wednesday?
They may
never arrive,
but you will
before
you
can say "two."
So buckle hard
and
fasten tight,
the fight
is
you
and
the time
watches
you
closer & closer.

Wisdom Is Rare

Innoculent gasps
of
carbon zones
T.V. flickering
The wine is turning to vinegar.

Books are stocked in shelves
for show
Animals roam,
according to you,
as inferior creatures in habitats many miles
from your door mat.

Step forth
to some light that could provide
cures to
Science
 Mathematics
 Sociological Questions--

Revise a
selfish philosophy
that
has
stuck to paper
yellowed by
lies & rancid fervor.

Our world
isn't an ethnocentric utopia.

It's larger than
Mercury
Your Being
The stabs you make at a passing man in trim poverty.

We are
not
alone,
you seem to be.

Rise from sleep
&
go to bed.

Much to realize
for
Wisdom is Rare.

Would You Prefer...

I would rather perish
in the heat
than wither in insane cold.

I would rather feel like
we mad love
when we didn't,
than trade sex for redemption.

I would rather eat corn beef hash-n-eggs
than any meal from a fast food joint.

I would rather sing with my unsavory voice
before a large crowd
that to admit I can do something that I cannot.

I would trade my glasses in
for better vision and a more beautiful planet.

We are faced with
"I" & "Rather"--
I would like
to hear "You" & "Prefer"--

Because you deserve more--
The only preferred way to go.

qwewiop

food

drink

taken each day.

tablet

vitamins

as well.

created

mastered

molded into gastric juices.

-

Mountain ranges skimming above the skyline sunshine
are women sneaking a peak at the men--

Without The Toothpick

Voyeurism
forgiven,
because
when the opportunity
arises
we want to look outside
through
our two-sided mirror
into
the thrust of activity
that
would be silence
in our company.

Eavesdropping for
the
glory
of privy information
otherwise
locked & disposed
without
clever disposal.

Forgiven
by the lot
on
first-hand
second-hand encounters.

Such as thrill
is provided
in the heat of incredible
tempo.

Placed on a platter
meant to be devoured
not
aesthetically admired.

Care for
some shrimp cocktail?

These tasty sea creatures
are
all around you.

If your lucky enough,
some
tangy cocktail sauce
is also there for
a

dip.

You & Her

You Make Me Write
You Make Me Sad
You Make Me Shuffle
You Make Me Dry
You Make Me Drive
You Make Me Climax
You Make Me Drink
You Make Me Bathe
You Make Me Wonder
You Make Me Smoke
You Make Me Paint
You Make Me Strip
You Make Me Cut My Fingernails--

Every You
was a different woman,
Now
I'm looking for Her.

You Know Where It Came From

Anarchy
bottled
wrapped in plastic
on
the
open glittering market.
Isn't this incredibly fucking inspirational?
Smear'd like mashed potatoes
on
a red felt cloth
for
the passing traffic
to
look
then look away.
(What the hell could that have been?)
That,
passer-by,
was a slice of pure
absolute
polished insanity
forced down your filthy fork and ruined
glass
along with that slice of gooseberry pie
and
2% lowfat milk.
It is
roaming in each corner
you
run
fun
hone
each solid moment your lungs
jump
in and out of the water.
Deny it
curse it
throw it straight into a pile of fire.
That's
where it came from,
your human mouth
and
the
fire we live by.