

# **JoeFiles 17**

**Whirl My Girl, Into The Vortex Of The Night**

At 10:52pm,  
they deemed the woman  
Tax Exempt  
in  
Nebraska.

s,  
always known,  
are going to  
be realized

*always in the back of the class*

In school

we

had to work together

an

essay

short story

a piece

of

some revered novel.

Collect

the grass snakes

into

an old *Folger's* tin

and

come to class several

minutes

past the tone.

Pull out

the

processed piece,

give

the creation to Mr. or Ms. \_\_\_\_\_?

A corrected

version

will be next,  
some  
new way to erect a  
chandelier from a mud puddle,  
second chances  
to  
polish novice words -- literature -- paragraphs.  
You had  
the eccentric vagabonds  
in the class  
glaring down  
the  
sophisticated in retailed fashion.  
Their thoughts  
were to rip their  
souls  
open and give  
them  
some advice on expression  
or  
the depravity of subjectivity.  
Some  
had no clue,  
others  
spent the semester polishing their nails or *Jordace glasses*.  
One subject,  
English,  
to lend a needed hand in  
society,

most students  
had  
a  
polished disregard for the process,  
although  
those in the back  
of  
the  
room had it right.  
Above fairy tale money  
or  
mate,  
they  
were the crazy crazy insanity crazy insane  
on  
a  
boot hill of salt poisoning  
the  
minds of others (supposedly).  
The teachers  
knew,  
they  
would sack their groceries  
valet park their car  
or  
possibly be discovered by *Penguin Pocket* books.  
Either wrought,  
they  
had it right.

Their

job to rip open the charlatan souls

and

shout some trueness,

where

have

they

gone?

Could

be

*there*

*near*

*far way--*

They

have a lock in

on

you,

interested

or

dismayed.

Back The Aphorisms

Who could deny  
the chance to be free & happy?

They are out amongst us--  
live and let live.  
it takes all kinds.

To let all kinds have a misguided way  
deserves the chance for  
exception.

To stand  
in  
front of the  
flush train lights,  
screaming as loud as  
sound waves  
will penetrate.

A will to seek the  
resonance  
living  
needs to be recognized for.

Instead of crossing  
philosophical words  
that  
ensue  
true acceptance of all,  
stand rightfully so.

To accept  
the aphorisms  
is  
to  
believe in oneself--

This unblemished time  
to  
allow your soul  
to  
speak for equality.

The equality at  
heart  
to stand  
for what is true.

To strike down  
the  
wretched words

vile villains--

Backing the words,  
live and let live  
it takes all kinds.



## One Argument Was All He Needed

"Let's argue  
about  
wine."

"You mean here.  
In the middle  
of  
this public place?"

"Sure baby,  
I  
just can't decide.  
I need  
some action,  
you know.  
Aside from  
the  
normal routine."

"Have you lost  
your fucking mind."

"What the hell  
you getting so pissed about?  
All I wanted  
was a harmless argument about  
wine  
and you flipping your ass.  
What has become  
of  
you,  
honey?"

"Christ,  
how long does this  
have  
to continue?  
Can we  
just pick out a bottle  
of  
wine and go home to private quarters  
and  
have this discussion?"

"Well shit,  
you just want to tuck this  
whole talk away  
and  
forget about it once we get home."

"Look -- BABY,  
I just want to get  
this fucking bottle of wine and leave.  
People are starting to  
stare."

"So, is this where  
we have to go.  
All I wanted was a pure argument about  
wine  
and now your bringing extra shit into the picture.  
One  
simple damn argument about  
wine  
and your losing the last cell  
in  
that brain of yours."

"Look,  
I'm getting the bottle  
and  
I'll meet you in the car."

"Fine,  
how about an argument  
about cigars?"

"What in the hell  
has gotten into you?  
Is this your idea of entertainment?  
Arguing  
and pissing about simple decisions."

"Hey,  
I just told you I need some action."

"Well,  
you're not going to get any this way."

"What's that supposed to mean?  
All I want  
is  
some action over booze and tobacco."

"Have you fucking ended the air flow  
to  
your tweaked-out brain?  
Look,  
I'll get a couple of cigars  
and  
we'll go.  
Is there any way we  
can make one last attempt to have  
this

visit civilized?"

"I don't know.  
By the way,  
I don't want that cheap cigar shit.  
Get some Honduras blend."

"Their too strong,  
I need some basic packaged cigars.  
Pick out your fucking own,  
you instigator."

"See,  
that's all I wanted.  
A simple argument about  
cigars."

"Get your wallet out  
you idiot."

"Good -- Good,  
that's it honey."

"Look,  
you're starting to pissing me off.  
Get out the money  
and  
let's get the hell out of here."

"Now,  
was that too hard to ask for?  
An argument  
and  
compromise."

"Great,  
unbelievably fucking grand.  
Now pay  
and  
let's leave, NOW."

"Sure -- Sure,  
sweetheart.  
That's all I wanted.  
Authority and an Argument."

"I'm so glad  
you're happy,  
you fool."

At this point,  
it's hard to determine the fate of relations  
between

this once bustling couple of kids...

"Well,  
you're not going to get any this way."

Back lot Lights

cops  
in the back lot  
  yellow lights  
flash  
  two large numbers  
tell  
the tattling truth.  
law offended  
  parking in a  
drunken corner.  
paying the reaper,  
  in the days  
still to come.  
glory to  
the  
sight,  
for  
rights  
enforced  
in yellow light.

of a dark gray  
oceanic wave.

Beast Of Benevolent Cream

Flow  
over me,  
words.  
Hold the mind  
at ransom  
and  
let the mime  
have  
          his  
wand of white  
to  
create thunderstorms  
of  
thought.  
Now,  
in the becoming  
was  
is wrapped in wrappers  
over  
5 second slices.  
Jam conveyor belts,  
collect shapes  
of  
metal  
  alloy  
  art  
from the collapsing sky  
bowing down  
from the heavens  
for  
a drink of bourbon  
to  
skinny dip on paper.  
Shed the ashes  
  rid the crushed Colombian beans  
  take the captured  
on  
a  
horizon,  
into a marvel  
called  
"Wonder"  
on your  
beast of benevolent cream.

Beat On The Corner

Poor  
kid  
stand  
on the street  
under  
the  
graffiti portfolio.  
Pull out  
the  
two broken drum sticks  
left  
on 32nd St.  
and  
lay down  
some grip tone  
on  
the pavement.  
Talk to  
the  
closing blinds  
going over  
the liquor store window,  
tell  
them  
that  
Brandy was a girl you once loved  
when  
you had  
enough money  
to  
afford a pack of smokes.  
Yea,  
poor kid,  
play those  
sticks  
until  
someone  
drops you a dime  
or  
spins you a rhyme.  
We  
all earn our corner of  
the  
world,  
some  
more  
so  
than

the

rest.



Bend In The Flesh, Dent In The Vision

Slight,  
ever so slight,  
the sensation  
will let me float in sleep.

Rattled  
  Dizzy  
    Removed from regular heart beat,  
the raspy sailor  
in my body  
has  
purchased the  
right  
to any time possible.

I should  
get to  
sleep soon  
because  
the placid tanks  
that roll  
roll on  
silk carpeting  
call me to close the lids--

Forget about  
the  
master chatter,  
taking silence  
over night,  
taking  
luck  
to a hope  
in  
the  
morning.

Black Queen On Wheels

This cafeteria  
scene  
at MORNINGSIDE  
in  
Chillicothe, MO  
was  
an  
utterable gathering  
of  
death & life.

Elderly woman  
tapping  
a  
rhythm  
on the piano,  
the souls of old skin  
in  
with young wheels  
that check alright  
in  
tire pressure.

In this room  
was  
a  
black treasure.

An African-American  
woman,  
105 years-old.

This tapped  
to  
the equinox  
of  
my thoughts & being.

Born in 1892,  
18 yrs. old in  
1910.

How did  
she  
handle  
this white time?  
Survive the  
walls  
that tainted a race,  
the  
seat

she sits in now.

A throne,  
I  
walked  
by this virtuous African Queen,  
stared  
shed an inner tear.

In all honesty,  
that  
was  
the most amazing piece of humanity  
I  
have laid witness to  
for  
years & years.

How  
young

I  
am.

Tonight, I Am Proud Of Michael Boos (Jan. 12, 1997)

Michael

told me several day's ago

about

a

realization that was

a

mark to sink in--

Agitated

with

the grime he doesn't have

to

cultivate

in his

finger nails.

Intuitive young man,

he

truly loves his dad.

Told me to make folks

laugh

at the funeral,

if

her bows

before me.

Emotions have  
cultured  
into his pursuit  
for  
freedom.

I couldn't  
be  
more elated.

His desires,  
always known,  
are going to  
be realized  
according to himself.

He said he was born two years ago--  
No,  
21 years ago  
&  
now  
he sincerely  
realizes his mission.

Tonight,  
in cruel Missouri cold,  
I'm proud of Michael Boos.



## Creatures Of Necessary Captivity

The gerbils  
and  
hamsters  
wear black military boots  
in a  
desert  
away from the coast  
of  
adult thought.

Pets  
as children,  
laughed at as relics  
when  
hedonistic  
times  
flash & fall.

Animals  
of  
small demeanor,  
mighty placement  
below  
the earth's crust  
for  
proper burial.

Laid to rest  
at  
childhood,  
physically,  
put to ease  
at  
adult stages.

You children  
will get these  
animals  
    cages  
        chopped bits of cedar  
to  
litter the floor.

Spinning  
in  
spacious metal wheels  
around  
    toys  
    tots  
the beauty of life--

Small  
Energetic  
as  
children are.

We lose  
that  
over the years,  
some of us anyway.

Perhaps  
it would be  
beneficial  
to adults  
to  
have fond folders to flip through.

Hamsters & Gerbils  
represent  
the lost  
or

the found.

That is  
remarkably  
true & small--

The  
tip  
of  
our  
human happiness.



:23 -- 7:32 p.m.

the time--  
7:23pm.

snap a  
shot  
of  
this moment,  
the  
next time it will  
arrive,  
you'll  
be  
asleep.

living another  
life--

loving a former flame  
visiting the deceased  
jumping from one building to the other  
eating fire  
cosmetic surgery performed on a doctor  
swimming in a pool of Chablis  
shouting an Indian chant naked in an Arizona field  
eating lady bugs with your future child  
launching a land rocket into a Scandinavian hut  
listening to a band that performs on instruments made of tin foil  
writing your last request to a firing squad that cannot hear your voice  
dieting on green pills and Jell-O  
ignoring a demon offering you a plate of refried beans  
beating your chest like an ape, because you are an ape  
having sex in an art gallery with your 7th grade art teacher  
smoking a cigarette as your airplane begins a nose dive towards earth  
digging-up a 5 million-year-old hominid throwing creationism into havoc  
listening to Mozart alive before your eyes  
landing a gas propelled airplane on Mars  
living in a bubble of plastic because people disgust you  
getting a wad of gum stuck in your throat and surviving the CPR procedure  
reincarnation as a mountain in Switzerland  
curing racism with a new anisette mixture

the time--  
7:32pm,  
ending this poem.

can't wait  
to fall asleep  
t  
o  
n

i  
g  
h  
t.

## Children Are Better Than Locomotives

Songs keep going,  
cars dying,  
the insurance rep  
eats 17 packets of straight  
Nutra-Sweet  
before calling me.

### Titles

Proof of Existence  
Learner Locations,  
the peril  
of  
private ownership.

The moon roof  
is  
slick,  
working windshield wiper fluid.

Satisfied purchase,  
pain in the balls.

Having a child  
is  
easier than this  
&  
you get to keep  
the child  
for  
a  
lifetime.

The Hidden In Cloth

It will  
not overcome  
the  
becoming,  
soul science will not allow this  
noxious behavior  
of  
bad luck & reversed karma  
to  
prevail (whatever prevail means.)

For,  
listen to this,  
mothers eat vegetables  
&  
fathers inhale carbon light.

paternal  
  fraternal  
    nocturnal--  
I have  
fled  
from your sight.

Now,  
in a stack of college-ruled paper,  
I'm in a class  
of  
class,  
turning over leaves  
with  
rocks  
that  
hide disease.

The disease  
of  
tales so long  
&  
short  
which slither slow  
to  
overcome.

To overcome the  
barrels  
&  
containers  
hidden  
so

long  
laughter is foreign,  
tears are new.

Day is red  
where  
night is height.

Listen  
close,  
pull your ear to the page,  
for I speak  
my friends sing.

We have  
overcome  
until the next battle  
ushers in courage  
under  
terry cloth  
thick enough to  
hide the fool & the wise.

## Had A Dream Last Night

Two children sit on the  
Geraldo Rivera set. Ready  
to have their existence tortured  
by the seething country ready to  
delve into the talk show circle.  
The program is broadcast live, because  
the topic is so incredible. It's absurdly  
tabloid, but it really happened--  
Two young kids, 12 yrs. old, had  
sex many times before the pregnancy.  
After the girl finally got pregnant,  
she gave birth to two four pound baby  
baked chickens. They had the chickens,  
on the set, wrapped in bleach white  
blankets, while their family flanked their  
presence. Each in this family was  
convinced that these chickens had  
a soul to preserve. Nearly twenty minutes  
into the show, I had my chance to grab the  
Geraldo microphone and ask a question.  
"So, you think you should have really  
been having sex? I'm not sure either  
of you kids know how to brush your  
teeth properly." I said.  
At that point, second cousin Earl,  
stands-up in his Harley garb to  
throw me a squint and a warning.  
"I'm going to see you outside of  
the studios after the taping to  
give you a good ass wippin'."  
he said.  
Hell, my dream didn't even  
afford me the opportunity to  
offer him a tube of toothpaste  
to demonstrate how to brush  
teeth properly to these children  
on stage. He looked like he knew  
the dentist well. Yea, the chicken  
clan went over real well on the  
Geraldo show.

Fame In Subjection

"Do you wanna  
be  
famous?"

"Not particularly."

"Why?"

"It's the art  
of  
thought, action & life  
that's important.  
Not the coverage.  
You know,  
that arousal  
to  
impend freedom  
and the  
fine,  
yet unsavory food  
that  
comes along with  
the offer."

"Now come on,  
you're  
being pessimistic."

"Who ever said  
'I' would  
be  
famous?"

"No one, but . . ."

"Hey,  
'but' this.  
Living,  
realized,  
I should say,  
is fame.  
Regardless of the critique  
and  
evening magazine show,  
that  
fills a glass  
which has  
broken on the floor."

"Listen, ---"

"Pay attention.  
You see,  
life is the breeze,  
inspiration of sorts  
that comes from  
the treasured and  
helps the human  
to  
girp the meaningful."

"Well,  
how do you..."

"Look,  
you wanna get  
a  
cup of coffee,  
beautiful.  
I'm feeling a good idea  
coming on.  
Nothing fame could quantify or appreciate."

"Sure."

The End.



Floods Over The Beauty & Disgrace

It is  
3:21 A.M.  
in  
Kansas City--

Soiled tissues  
drop  
to  
the wooden floor,  
orange  
'DON'T WALK'  
warnings  
flash  
with friends  
of  
red and green.

Flagrant hopes  
that  
think  
with music.

About  
the  
anthropological discovery  
new cotton designs  
an invention in science to make uncertainty obsolete--

Delving into  
present reality,  
the  
ink that runs  
naked mad.

Tapping toes  
to  
whatever  
feels free.

Flamboyant posts  
of  
metal  
meeting the  
on-coming wind  
with  
chance  
&  
physical certainty.

Taking into

human characteristics  
on  
a  
purely human evening  
where  
the blue wells  
flow over  
parched buckets  
&  
agile  
farmlands.

For The Women In Attendance

The matters  
of  
matters  
float on a  
brisk breeze  
over the women  
who  
will & have  
fulfilled the need.

Their mystery  
                  unresembled power  
to  
provide life  
in flesh & spirit  
for  
both  
boys and girls  
    men and women.

Scents of the  
rose bush  
in the neighbors yard  
off  
childhood ave.

Smiles,  
Oh God,  
the stares--

Hairs that curl  
with  
the  
cusp of a dark gray  
oceanic wave.

The greed is forbidden,  
haste is for the circling vulture  
and  
hate shattered on the ground from a row of dictionary books.

Women hold  
    hold  
firm  
the dangling strings of my breath  
that  
breath air  
into their mouths.

Over the spirit,  
back into the soul.

For their life  
is  
mine  
&  
I  
am theirs.

They wait  
on the  
countertop  
with  
the  
wine that cannot stop.

P u r p o s e        I s        F r e e

Caged varieties,  
flap  
&  
shout  
in metal rims  
wheels that are embedded with glue--

Pinned about  
my  
bills  
    bad relations  
        fears so empty--

Refuse the pain,  
trade  
the needles  
for pleasure.

Waltz to  
the counter and  
flash  
the card  
for a release from  
the clout that  
can lead to death--

The death of one  
or  
many,  
we needn't package  
such  
avoidable  
shears  
that can cut clean  
the  
shoes you wear  
and  
the pride you sing.

Humans  
should not  
be  
caged animals--

For the  
air  
is too clean,  
the intrigue  
is  
absolutely free.



Fusion Of The Urban

The trip of life  
over  
a  
line of consciousness.  
Into mail arriving late  
    too much smoking  
        a good bottle of wine across the street  
            clean clothes that washed themselves.  
The snow falling  
at  
11:05pm,  
while you go fill-up your gas tank to  
avoid  
the morning rush.  
Bologna sandwich  
    potato salad  
a good talk over lunch,  
if your lucky.  
Kicking that dizzy sensation  
which  
makes you second guess.  
It's closing  
your eyes for  
the first time in  
the  
morning,  
taking a shower  
as  
the warm streaks  
of  
water  
wash over your head--  
Their comforting,  
yet  
insane  
thoughts  
that enter your head  
about your existence  
&  
the day ahead.  
The gift to grab  
your  
environment,  
rather  
than  
vice-versa  
having its way with you.  
Hot coffee  
    first cigarette  
        morning news--  
you know your going to make

it  
to work on time.  
Crush of the  
invisible  
meeting the sentient beings  
about your creation.  
This is  
an  
urban chronicle,  
flowing  
over a smooth jar  
in  
the  
driver's seat  
separating four colors  
while  
you cough in the wind.  
Smiling shortly  
thereafter,  
because  
the building behind your apartment  
against the moon or the sun  
never  
looked  
so  
grand.



Ghost Writer Within

Stuck in  
the home,  
money is indeed low.

Car accident  
insurance rape,  
grocery store visits late at night,  
stock-up  
cans  
in a silver gutter.

Cheap at-home entertainment,  
books to be read  
paints ready to escape  
the words do us a fond turn--

Low on funds,  
the cigarette smoke  
hugs  
the warm rooms  
inside.

Winter bids  
watch over my  
assets  
called 'debt',  
but  
varying perspectives can  
heal  
the clout.

About cheerfully out,  
the Beatles  
march on  
in melodies  
simple & easy,  
much like  
life  
now--

Low in  
the pocketbook,  
one  
dollar  
bill  
to show.

The wind  
is  
indeed  
my speechwriter.



God Is Cool

long hair  
short hair  
-God Is Cool-

stained glass  
plain glass  
-God Is Cool-

great books  
movies  
-God Is Cool-

plump elephant  
sway old palm tree  
-God Is Cool-

choice merlot  
baby dill pickles  
-God Is Cool-

your path  
my path  
-God Is Cool-

speak in sign language  
speak in tongues  
-God Is Cool-

white squall  
devastating earth quake  
-God Is Cool-

one more time,  
God Is Cool.

-

one more time,  
God Is Cool.

The more people  
try to find an absolute cure  
to the emptiness surrounding death  
or  
the mystery of life,  
the larger that emptiness becomes.  
Reside on coping devices.  
A cure can only bring more grief.

ng does this  
have  
to continue?

The Halls Were Never Mine

Rode  
across the palacade of  
neon glass,  
new atrium.

Used to go to school  
there--

Monstrosity  
with a looming bent,  
money turned  
the stones were placed.

Never had the pleasure  
to expose  
my gait  
across fine literature  
or  
contemporary architecture  
in  
Liberty.

Some things  
really never  
do  
change.

These  
kids  
really need  
a  
good rope  
in the  
dark hole.

The Hike Only "Our" Audience Could View

Back against  
the feathers,  
arched into the wheels--  
She lied  
here before,  
whispering  
    touching  
        speaking  
in tones  
only  
I could hear.

Clothes  
the gallery could taste,  
mascara that  
made  
the box seats  
croon.

Yes,  
she was here before--  
Next  
to  
the fiction and sheep  
absolving slaughter,  
the inhumane use of emotions  
too  
vague to define.

I dream of  
the  
love  
they only think of,  
I taste her sweat  
in the heat  
of the murmur  
while they gargle  
water and moan for midday heat & humidity.

Chartered by feet  
arrived on ship--  
A crowd,  
meaty hustle  
for the relapse into  
the mind,  
where we  
belong.

Where  
only the  
    feathers

me  
she  
shall truly know.

In the peace  
my back  
conjures  
on the hike  
past

the pass.

Hitcher With A Short Distance  
To Spare

A rarity,  
one-time occasion.

Chilled evening  
on  
Broadway -- Downtown K.C.--

Dan and I,  
cold  
on the way to the bar  
for  
band  
    liquor  
    blend of thoughts--

We hitch  
a ride with a young Asian man,  
listening  
to vintage punk music.

"Three blocks,  
the Hurricane."  
I said.

"Get in."  
he said with a grin.

Short drive,  
the man with no name  
stylish hat,  
was either trusting  
or  
a tough sucker.

Dropped us off  
threw us another grin.

First time  
for  
everything,  
this cool cat  
made it all worth while.

Some warmth on wheels  
in the cold  
of  
that  
February eve.





Mr. Holland

Man from  
Holland,  
kick open  
the tunes on  
the  
ivory keys--  
Inside the bubble  
of  
The Majestic  
off  
Broadway.  
Crazy  
    sliding down  
another  
beer & carefully chosen notes.  
Trombone man  
    Drum man  
follow through.  
Lifting his feet high  
over  
the wood frame,  
singing his  
stinging accent  
to  
the Friday crowd  
huddled outside the world  
inside  
a  
different society.  
One of  
    tip jars  
    true jazz  
    the love of profession--  
Unique stories  
&  
shared discourse  
over  
Mr. Holland  
these people  
will  
remember  
for  
some time  
to  
  
come.

How She Has

How she  
could  
    come down the hall  
at  
6:38am.  
Out of the shadows  
of the  
sun and shade--  
Illustrating  
her  
hips  
    breasts  
        lips  
in  
a  
nightgown  
stitched  
for two.  
Down the  
walkway  
into  
my arms,  
she  
grazes my lips.  
--no words--  
A stare  
that  
could fill  
every empty piece of paper  
in my room.  
--Too many to count for sure--  
Watching  
each other,  
the  
sun chasing  
her hair  
while the mist her coffee  
caresses her hair  
as well.  
How this could be--  
When I feel it will  
happen some day soon,  
yet  
it has all happened  
some time & place before.

Her Image In Vision

The illustrated  
life  
of a Wood Smith  
toiling  
on  
a  
farm,  
smoking cigarettes  
in  
a  
cigar bar.  
Reading cheap  
watered-down  
magazines  
of  
a  
trade  
that was  
extinct  
before the clams  
crawled to  
sea.  
That's  
what she saw  
in  
a  
cheap pair  
of  
glasses bought  
at  
the  
vintage parlor.

Innocence Doesn't Have To Die

Slip  
about my  
metal slide--

Laugh  
in  
a  
childish gape,  
disheveled hair,  
the  
revenue Vs. expense  
shall disperse.

Shove your being  
into  
a  
bed of gravel  
on the playground  
and  
feel the innocence.

Innocence  
is  
like youth.

It can be experimented  
forever,  
or  
bred past childhood.

So,  
tempt yourself  
to laugh  
in  
the breeze  
hug the air,  
slides can  
be a trip  
nonchalant throw back  
of  
innocent pleasure.

Adults need  
more  
of  
this--

Kids  
in

disguise,  
who had the courage  
to ponder and parade  
in  
maturity  
&  
what not.

In Peace--For Real

oil

on acrylic--

pencil

on pad paper--

words

in the crowded air--

honesty

in love quarreling--

relish

on the hot dog

we

want to eat in peace.

## Instruction Was Not Enough

rocky time  
ahead--

"Wear your galoshes,  
loose necklaces  
high socks  
no cigarette smoking  
the water will be provided."

dropped into  
a  
canyon  
in  
California,  
their  
instructions were  
tips to survival.

Would they make it?

one instruction  
was omitted--  
Where they would make it.

they decided  
their end point would be a shanty hotel  
in  
the city,  
Los Angeles if obtainable.

over  
rocks  
Joshua trees  
streams,  
they took off their necklaces  
and  
spit water out of their mouths  
simultaneously--

sure enough,  
they  
made it.

orange county,  
city bus  
up to L.a.

enough coins  
conjured  
for



a  
room.

one died  
on  
the 5 1/2 hour trek,  
they  
were sound in mind.

making it  
to  
their  
room,  
they were broke.

tomorrow  
they will go out and look for jobs.

now,  
was this a preferred destination?

they  
thought

twice

about  
this.

starving--

the  
concrete  
is  
too hard

to  
eat.

Ivory Tavern

Dreams  
are  
nights--

Toes  
are  
thumbs--

Crumbs  
are  
insects--

Clothes  
are  
skin--

Wheels  
are  
color--

Late  
is  
on time--

The laugh  
of  
mockery  
takes  
forever  
to reach the doubtless,

better  
have a stance  
or  
the pedestal  
will cremate into  
ivory.

into  
ivory.

**i watch myself from around the corner**

Ring

*the was,*

tell it

I should have been over the line,

on

the

spot--

Instead,

I will eavesdrop

on

the

palacade of

*is*

and throw small pebbles

in

a collective puddle

of jellies.

Fresh fruits

&

insects

under my feet,

they never

hurt

me in the future--

That is

*Now,*

while

I watch me converse

with

me

on a course

I have a good vibe about,

though I have no idea.

For I couldn't

foretell

*is*

from around the corner.