

# JoeFiles 18

Veryoxisence

we remember the apple of a mighty junior

forsaken,  
not  
blameless.  
lifted  
by  
arms to the flag pole  
that  
forgot  
Jan. 20.  
today,  
the nation  
remembers  
george washington  
like  
an apple on the rack.  
he's on the dollar,  
martin luther  
a  
king.  
not some  
junior  
sent to the corner  
for  
throwing a brisk twig  
at  
a recess classmate.  
a  
man  
that stood for more  
than  
the thoughts  
we  
wish true  
for  
the  
u.s.a  
world  
at  
once.  
hang  
that flag  
and  
chew  
some fennel.  
not  
because he died  
he earned January 20.

Love Around You; The Night Will Stay

pieces of straw--  
blades of gray--  
The porcupine  
slipped about  
my tips.  
Over wayward waterfalls  
that were you,  
my lovely--  
Counting  
the chips in your nail polish,  
scratching shoulders  
that cannot bleed.  
Love is me  
    Love is around you--  
I cannot penetrate--  
We tried  
to fornicate,  
although we made a mistake.  
Love  
    was to re-enter  
the paradise of added morals.  
Not force fed,  
potential  
elements  
of  
wrought nights.  
The evening  
is here,  
love is me--  
We may  
try again  
or  
just slip away from this life.  
None-the-less,  
love  
is around you  
and  
the night will stay.

Milk.  
I enjoy milk  
in a coffee mug.

## The Monkey and Apple Juice

Right next  
to  
noon,  
my  
wrist watch  
failed  
to  
tick  
into midday orange juice.  
Failed me  
at  
the  
time  
when time really didn't  
mean  
time,  
it  
meant something  
in  
writing.  
The inscription  
read:  
"Barely  
able to keep up  
with her feet,  
she begged the angel..."  
I trust in her,  
time  
at  
times,  
and the fairy tales  
that  
wag so free  
that  
whales  
come to the surface  
for  
a  
snout-full of Chardonay.  
Believe  
this  
poem  
and  
you enter into  
nothing time,  
disprove this poem  
and  
the  
monkey's in  
the

high bark  
will drink your prized apple juice.

My Dear---The Truth

Nose running--  
notes  
of  
the  
universe  
are loose on my  
part  
of  
personal planet.

Linear conjecture  
in  
a  
telescope off  
Mt. Wilson,  
looking  
not for an alien  
necessarily,  
but  
the ticket to freedom--  
the freedom  
to  
eat a healthy dessert  
in front of  
a  
crowded audience.

The possibility  
to provide  
a  
stepping stone  
to  
self  
sister  
son  
another generation.

Expound the gift  
of  
mind  
through life  
in this solar system  
in  
an open galaxy  
that floats away  
in  
the brain  
ether  
the book you hold so dear.





Night Like No Other Day

Each new woman,  
life is new.

Tailored  
to new scents,  
visions if luck,  
each crevice  
of a  
room is chance  
to see her  
on  
a new plank of light.  
Mountain springs,  
like a mound of ice  
talking to layers of the crowding sky.

Voices don't  
move  
the penetrated.

You skip  
into  
a  
new bottle of wine,  
smoke clean breezes,  
see blond hair as translucent fish on the run  
from  
an ugly shadow of red--

Then,  
sparks  
are sardines.

Dank stink  
on  
sidewalk heat.

The beauty  
herein lies...  
many of those  
beasts of flesh  
exist,  
some more than others.

Numbered  
silk parts,  
kindred souls  
evil lies  
possible future.

A

night

like

no other

Day.

A Noose  
For No One

Hung by  
a  
noose,  
snug over  
joyous  
crowds,  
it's such a safe stranglehold.  
Safe enough  
to  
cater  
the  
yellow bus  
and  
whistle with the birds  
above  
Ray's Barber & Trim--  
Archaic hangover,  
blurred friends.  
The noose  
treats  
me like  
a  
king.  
Tight  
and  
loose  
to wave me in the midst  
of  
163 ballerina's  
dancing in front of me,  
while  
mirrors admire.  
Clothes tight,  
call in a hush.  
The noose  
of tight hemp,  
was settled  
by voyagers  
which I  
have followed  
in times of revolution and resolute demands.  
This noose  
    night  
    day  
        afternoon,  
that  
neither fades  
nor  
gathers strength.  
It's here

there,

where  
the great guns  
cannot fly.  
Far be it  
for me to release this apparatus,  
it was  
placed  
here long ago  
by a  
far off being  
followed  
preceeded  
into the  
wandering potential  
mother  
    & father  
surely  
forgot about--  
My  
tears  
won't even discolor  
this noose,  
for  
it  
weeps as well.

orange and red we're only the start

Drawn  
a  
martyr,  
loved  
by each child  
she  
bore.  
Opening  
the vilified drawstrings  
that  
keep  
the dark  
frozen  
we walk.  
Beauty  
true  
to the last  
lash of flesh that  
covers  
her  
chest.  
Red blood  
inside,  
she  
couldn't stand  
to  
see it shed on the street.  
The sun  
was the only  
orange  
her strained morning eye  
could stand to see,  
because  
when she left  
in  
the morning  
night  
afternoon,  
her  
children weren't  
worth  
the incuragable  
distress  
the  
moon can't even handle.  
Cradling  
the  
insides  
of  
her

palm,  
she  
cried.  
For  
only  
the gift  
from  
her body  
and the numerous  
entities  
that  
existed  
in  
the sky--  
We're  
enough for her to  
go  
down  
for  
a  
cause.  
The cause  
we  
call humanity.  
The cause  
she  
called  
truth.

it was plenty

next to  
a  
blaze of  
water,  
rushing  
to the next  
mound  
i  
stare.  
into the same  
liquid  
the  
stars  
beat me to.  
washing  
the  
cusp  
between my heel  
and  
frontal foot.  
cold  
water  
warm  
rocks,  
they're  
above me  
with me  
for us.  
in  
thirst  
and  
healing,  
they hold back  
the  
world--  
while  
the  
world braces  
the  
flow  
of  
their steps.

If The Plot Works, Think Of A Title

The game  
of  
being apart,  
the compromise  
of  
being together.

To investigate the hatch  
that  
has lost  
the handle mount,  
staring with  
dry eye balls  
at  
a  
moonless star  
that  
shines brighter  
than the beach  
you two  
made  
love on.

Ponder the intrigue  
launder the possessed  
repossess the take--

Trip into  
a  
broken mirror  
in  
an open doorway  
that  
has never  
emitted  
the scents of  
fresh veal.

Food  
    Open ended  
        Closure,  
take the  
perimeters  
and  
break a ruler  
in the middle of  
the  
hallway--

It's no good  
&



beyond incredible.

If you  
will  
think  
to be.

incredible  
beyond incredible.

If you  
will  
think  
to be.

Quote Book

"Six hours for a man, seven for a woman, and eight for a fool. (sleep)"  
English Proverb

"For I have learned  
To look on nature, not as in the hour  
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes  
The still, sad music of humanity."  
William Wordsworth

"Nature breaks through the eyes of the cat."  
Irish Proverb

"Nature uses human imagination to lift her work of creation to even higher levels."  
Luigi Pirandello

"It is absolutely impossible to transcend the laws of nature. What can change in historically different circumstances is only the form in which these laws expose themselves."  
Karl Marx

"Nature, like us is sometimes caught  
Without her diadem."  
Emily Dickenson

"All things are artificial, for nature is the art of God."  
Sir Thomas Browne

"Man masters nature not by force but by understanding. This is why science has succeeded where magic failed: because it has looked for no spell to cast over nature."  
Jacob Bronowski

"Nature. . . . is nothing but the inner voice of self-interest."  
Charles Baudelaire

"The plastic virtues: purity, unity, and truth, keep nature in subjection."  
Guillaume Apollinaire

"An unjust law is itself a species of violence. Arrest for its breach is more so."  
Mohandas K. Gandhi

"It is easy enough to be friendly to one's friends. But to befriend the one who regards himself as your enemy is the quintessence of true religion. The other is mere business."  
Mohandas K. Gandhi

"Don't bother about being modern. Unfortunately it is the one thing that, whatever you do, you cannot avoid."  
Salvador Dali

"A legend is an old man with a cane known for what he used to do. I'm still doing it."

Miles Davis

Reverse Advancement

Swirl  
upside  
a branch of brick.  
Surprise  
the Renoir painting  
and  
haul  
Faulkner  
a  
greeting  
he can't write or speak of.  
Throw  
off the course  
of  
benign  
living.  
Take  
the  
step  
into the feet  
and  
the  
spoken into the mouth,  
and  
if  
it fits--  
Send the paint  
back into the brush.  
Reverse the process  
for  
creativity sakes  
and  
bask  
in the night  
they  
went  
back in time because  
you  
went  
back to a tried old custom.  
We have  
the  
materials,  
whether  
their  
in the mind  
or  
hand--  
Yell  
velvet

&  
yellow,  
your  
family won't hear  
and  
your friends will applaud.

? . . . ? (Translate)

Special

special  
in a kind  
sort  
of

way.  
Miraculous

miraculous

in  
a keen  
kind

light.

Strange

strange  
in  
a  
moody  
frame of

mind.

Love

love  
in the  
crops  
that sway  
on  
the

Eastern

coast.

Brilliance

brilliance

let free  
from a dense flame

we all

catch  
in  
breath and

hands.

Stop

stop

for  
a  
moment

then

GO

GO

GO

in three corners  
of  
thought

and  
see

what  
else

will dare

come  
around

the

barrel.

Open space

open space

we  
have

to

share.





## Snow Under New Tires

Near  
the end of  
the day--  
Driving up  
a  
slope  
off downtown,  
smiling  
for the soft sound  
tires  
make over packed snow.  
Ready to see  
a  
classic film  
while the  
Super Bowl  
is being tossed  
and  
the streets  
are  
bare  
for that fact--  
A thought  
that  
life  
is alright,  
beside the notion  
of  
no alcohol  
or  
as desire for a nip of wine--  
This cold  
from  
sniffles  
has made smoke  
smell foreign,  
you  
know that  
scent or odor.  
Light up  
another  
and  
enjoy the advantage  
of  
the evening--  
3rd floor  
Room 12  
in  
the next apartment  
is  
probably enjoying

the  
game on TV.  
I'm thrilled  
at the  
hand-off  
I've  
been given.

Thirty Minutes To Star Wars

Right now,  
it is 1982  
in 1997.

Breaking away  
from  
MoM to go to the toy aisle.

Star Wars  
action figures,  
stealing several  
    purchasing a couple more.

Back to plastic packaging  
    and pre-pubescence,  
the movie of my generation.

No X  
on the end,  
it's the trilogy  
    Vadar  
        Chewbaccah  
        Skywalker--

Summer afternoon  
romps  
in the woods,  
talking about the figurines  
we  
have & want.

Jungle Gym's  
    Soccer Games  
    New Bubble Yum--

I'm 24,  
ready  
to see a classic in this 1982 mode of life--

The Fate (Or State) Of Our States

The President  
just delivered  
his State of the Union  
address  
last week.

balanced  
                  budget  
sore knees for senators  
who  
couldn't applaud enough--

They cut in,  
network TV,  
with OJ Simpson Civil Suit Decision.

On a talk show,  
12-14 year olds  
are  
beyond parental control--

A man  
in the Netherlands  
nearly killed  
3 cops  
on a banshee chase across  
rock & dirt--

Fervish tears,  
ready to pout their angst,  
can get mobile phones for  
a  
reception  
UP TO  
a  
1-mile radius.

"HIGH SCHOOL  
SHIT CHAT"  
Oh Grand!

Men buying diamondique  
rings  
for their future  
cook  
one to iron clothes,  
potential  
movie-of-the-week subject--  
"HE ASKED FOR SUNNY-SIDE-UP  
EGGS,  
THE HELL WITH SCRAMBLED EGGS!"

--sCaMbLeD iT iS--

She's dead  
bad marriage,  
eggs without toast.

Now,  
the question was what?

"You know Joe,  
your a little crazy."

Thank You--

Reality  
or  
sedated honesty  
has been more pleasing to me than the true insanity,  
so-called normal sentient beings diving into brainwashing toxins.

## THEY KNOW

Look over  
that  
way,  
they seem to know.  
What do  
they know?  
More  
than the average  
child in a mirage  
of  
games and gifts.  
It's hard to tell,  
but  
they surmise  
by their actions  
that they know.  
They  
know  
the Holy Grail,  
the cactus ready to float  
into extinction  
in the California Death Valley,  
sending presumption  
to the  
populace  
that pay the same bills,  
would  
pet an animal  
in  
a  
cage  
at a pet store.  
Yes,  
they know  
more  
or  
those answers that cradle the candle on a croon in the circus.  
The tilt of their  
eyes,  
the  
smoke of their tobacco product  
or  
the  
color of their alcoholic beverage.  
They know  
a  
little more  
than something.  
Presumptuous,  
not  
pretentious.

Hell,  
they  
have to know something.  
For their absence of knowledge  
would  
mean the desecration of the  
human race  
as we comprehend it.  
Bubbles abrew  
below  
their titled caps  
and  
caked hairline.  
Thoughts and wisdom  
precious enough  
to  
flop down money for.  
Better than  
a  
book,  
more in synch  
than  
the Italian opera.  
Fluorescent bulbs  
in  
the  
dark that crawl  
over pale skin  
and  
exhausted actions of pitiless rage.  
By God,  
someone needs  
to confront them about  
a  
book -- television -- movie deal  
to  
market their  
intense knowledge.  
What do they know,  
you  
may wonder?  
Thoughts  
you can only hope to win at a carnival or an amusement park  
for  
your favorite girl.  
Except,  
this toss in the bucket  
or  
sharpshooting at a wall of balloons  
will  
cost you more than  
a  
healthy bucket could presume.  
It will

take a load of time  
and  
patience enough  
to  
make an adult urinate their pants on the way to the restroom.  
Yea  
oh  
yea,  
this  
will cost some doing.  
Don't fret  
though,  
it  
can be free.  
Run into these people  
or  
refuse hasty judgment  
and your  
cleaner  
than scotch tape.  
Absolutely,  
run  
fast  
farther  
beyond,  
it  
can be attained.  
They know  
what you want,  
something  
that will make your soul  
breath  
the  
fresh air of the Billy goats  
on  
a  
Mountain  
that  
really isn't a mountain at all.  
Although,  
you'll  
never know if it's a mountain at all )maybe(.  
Kind of  
tricky,  
huh?



took up the whole sky

birds

birds

birds

birds

birds

birds

all over

the

dusk sky,

cold-a-set-in,

they

flap over the sun.

ice

on plastic

snout

wings need to de-ice,

they

feel a stench,

nothing

to eat out of this pile though.

black

clustered

hurried

across

the Sunday sky.

the white album

let free,

black bird

free to

a spree

into

a

south,

if

the arrow has enough foresight.

a

squawk

or

yelp

in their language,

tightening

my glasses for a piece of the show.

from the west

to

the east

of

earth's sky,

they

leave

descend in numberd too scattered

to

count.

just enough  
to  
watch their migration  
over  
the  
cars that spit and rowl--  
gone  
oh  
gone  
now,  
into  
a  
sky -- black sky,  
the  
color  
of  
their feathered kin.  
all  
we  
can see  
now  
are  
their  
beaks  
or  
trail  
  
by  
the  
  
north  
of  
  
the southern  
glide.

## Transistor Treasure

Found  
a  
new piece  
of  
furniture  
for the place  
tonight.

Next  
to the trash dumpster,  
looks like  
an  
old gutted-out throw back  
radio  
from  
the 30's or 40's.

Great Oak frame,  
not  
a  
radio.

An old transistor  
to  
monitor  
the  
planes & cops  
of  
the land & sky.

My new treasure,  
table  
in the corner  
of my room.

A healthy night,  
vintage gift  
to  
befriend.

Polished,  
placed  
in my life  
for  
some time.

If you want  
it,  
grab it--

Whether

trash  
by a dumpster  
or  
the thoughts  
that allude  
people  
so tight.

Take the potential  
and  
make the package  
a  
prize  
of sorts--

We deserved this  
from  
kindred  
    friends,  
so easy  
on a level  
personal  
and  
true.

*Two Humans On A Cold Night*

Thoughts  
of  
going to the bathroom  
life  
unpack several groceries--

Coming out  
of  
the  
store into  
the  
tonsils of urban air,  
the  
man said--

"Hey,  
can you give me a jump?"

"What,"  
was my response.

"Can you  
jump start my car?"  
he said.

"Yea man,

not a problem,"

I said.

Pulled-up,

juices

the metal ropes.

The car

was flooded,

no hope

luck

or

warmth to spread.

He called

a

friend

for

a ride,

offered me

a buck.

I needed the money

badly,

low on cash--

A cup of coffee

or

gas

in the tank could have materialized.

I wouldn't  
accept,  
shook his hand  
wished him luck.

He's a human being,  
in need of a little hope in humanity.

Told me before  
I left,  
he was a bassist in a local band.

He would get me  
in  
free  
sometime.

That was the most  
successive  
gift  
I could accept.

Handshake  
smile  
free music in the future--

He has  
his gig,

I  
have mine.

There's no  
need  
for  
money exchange.

We're  
human beings.



Until The Right

Walk until  
the night  
hears you coming,  
speak until  
the air speaks for you,  
love until  
the last minute savors you dutifully,  
think until  
your mind  
begins to love  
life--the world,  
become until  
the becoming returns home,  
respect until  
wanton effort evolves into favorable lust,  
write until  
the words appear instantly on paper--

Until  
the strife  
ends,  
the resolve  
will never begin,  
there has never been  
a  
more superb time  
like  
the  
night

right  
ahead.

Urban Download

Urban circus  
cars  
lights  
accused fights--

Fender benders  
over  
a  
road,  
the recovery  
of the budget.

Bullets  
shot loud  
in the East  
of  
this dwelling.

Pizza joints  
liquor palaces  
churches nearby--

An abode  
for  
the ghost & the sentiment,  
sent  
on their way.

Bag -- Pack  
held tight  
on  
threads  
red  
green  
yellow--

Thrift shops  
wave as they pass.

Cadillac  
honk for  
attention--

--The Urban Swig--

A burn  
that soothes  
on  
contact,  
hits the stomach hard.

All you feel  
in the morning  
is  
the  
sun on your skin  
and  
a feel  
that puts expenses in  
perspective  
and  
spiritual revenue  
in  
a  
lifetime friend regard.

Votes For Whom?

I put  
in  
six votes  
for Sturg Cumberford.

We never met  
nor  
heard each other's  
names--

Threw him  
six die,  
no idea  
what the cause  
could be--

Was he the  
hero  
triumphing over  
the lost fleece?

My old newspaper  
editor  
told  
me to call in the vote(s).

Six for Sturg,  
a  
man  
I know nothing of.

Hopefully worthy,  
gainfully strong.

Mr. Cumberford  
is  
probably doing well--

That's all we can expect,  
on  
the  
other side  
of  
the  
ballot tone.

mom was proud  
dad was glad,  
the dog even smiled.  
for even the snow  
folded them all  
into some warm design  
of cloth  
and  
hurled them  
into  
a  
flight  
over the currents.  
into a keen west wind.

We Have Been Given This Time

atom's  
    &  
    ever's  
come tonight  
over  
the garden  
wise & tired,  
weave a cloak  
of  
water,  
some plump fruit  
for the human revival.  
Wax the many flags  
    &  
chisel  
dagger's into  
once  
useful weapon's  
on choice design  
desired aim.  
Taken back  
to  
biblical times  
in  
present fields.  
Fields  
mocked of  
current laughter  
and  
cruel verbs.  
People  
raise the  
corkscrews  
for  
these are new weapons  
to  
open bottles  
of  
red & white wine.  
Wine  
cans of minestrone soup,  
break the metal shears.  
eat  
    drink  
in merriment,  
the  
atom's  
    & ever's  
have  
give us this time.



The Man Who Rolled Into Winstead's

A need for  
cream,  
half-n-half,  
a  
split shine  
love  
for the cane of packaged sugar.

A cup of coffee ready,  
his smile  
refracts pure admiration.

A spoken word  
swift touch,  
he partitions  
the crowd  
and  
play's on their mind  
in

a  
plethora  
of  
means and ends.

Comfortable jeans  
worn blue sweatshirt,  
he  
knows  
the  
menu well.

Pull-up  
a  
seat,  
tap the table,  
we know  
your name  
without really knowing it.

Sturdier than a  
current,  
raised  
by the world.

You're good  
Watt,  
sitting at  
the northeast  
table  
off  
the



edge of our consciousness.

The Walk -- Talk  
Over -- Over

Those  
turkey sandwiches,  
late nights  
with  
eyes that bleed  
&  
burn with the morning rise.

Solitude,  
chose state of calm uplift,  
seems  
so  
ugly & cruel.

To rise  
in the banter and take  
the flesh through physical labor  
over wooden hurdles  
that  
could rack or badly scratch.

My legs  
make the leap,  
coffee gives me  
the helping of needed purity,  
cigarette-in-between.

Some paints  
books  
pens,  
people-on-the-side.

Chosen  
address/schedule,  
stored in memory  
enacted by my command.

The truth remains--

I wouldn't have it

any  
other

way.

Women In Water

Her back  
was arched,  
poised in the chair,  
aiming to tame the technology  
at  
hand--  
Teasing my hormones  
with the curve of her back,  
the strain in her  
legs.  
A loft of hair on  
each side of her face  
hid the world and us,  
bloodshot eyes.  
--Beautiful Women--  
Arched  
Relaxed  
Clothed  
Unclothed  
Tense  
Relaxed--  
An intrigue  
in my existence.  
Beyond the mystery  
and  
the loss of first time jitters,  
the move like the moon  
over planes of glass.  
Silver  
Slow  
Naked  
Lovely.  
Right into  
my eyes,  
through my hands  
into my soul.  
They swim  
in the pool of my being,  
toweling off  
gently  
in the cloth of my mind--

Your thoughts  
have deceived you again.  
How will you  
reprimand yourself?