

Joefiles 19

Glory-a

Where Actions Have Failed

Music
by Brahms,
another
composer with thin cheekbones
and
whittled hair of gray sand.

In meantime,
Lotto has
another
pair of numbers to go
with
a
pint of whiskey.

Anything
and
nothing
to get the
fingers to decompose
coffee grains
that swim in fingertips.

Peace
be
to
the
nurse
in
nearby
hospital,
it's
hard to determine
if
diagnosis
is
enough.

Half lives
&
full lives
travel in a 757 to a destination
advertised on television--

Pray
while the speech
weens building tops,
back
home friends

to
linguistically
take
on

the world
in
ways

actions

have failed--

YYY
YYY Aspirin, Coffee &
Classic Fiction

"Hello."

"Jack,
how you doin'?"

"Who's this?"

"Darla."

"Who?"

"Come on Jack,
you remember me
don't you?"

"Well,
the name is fairl lled if I
didn't want a change
or
you.
Just get your shit pulled together
and
meet me in the classic fiction section.
I can't wait to see you again."

"Look Darla,
you realize we met each other once
and
had a five-ten minute conversation?"

"Sure,
that's the best thing about it.
An uncommon meeting
and
spark,
I have a great gut feeling about this Jack."

"Right on,
I just want this to be
completely cool.
You know,
not some uncomfortable
second meeting."

"Come on Jack,
we're adults.
I think we can handle this."

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Aspirin, Coffee & Classic Fiction

"Hello."

"Jack,
how you doin'?"

"Who's this?"

"Darla."

"Who?"

"Come on Jack,
you remember me
don't you?"

"Well,
the name is fairly familiar,
but
I can't put my finger on it."

"You remember,
I was the clerk at that herbal shop
you were poking around in
several months ago.
We started talking about
the new health craze going on in
America today.
We came to the consensus
that
if we lived 60 years ago
we
wouldn't have to worry about so many fucking
health issues.
You know,
eat, drink and smoke
as much as possible without worrying about
preservatives
and
useless additives.
Also, all that other shit we discussed about life."

"Well hell yea,
I know you Darla.
So,

how can I help you?"

"I remember you dropped off
your card in case I was
single
or
apt to have
a
crazy time.
You know,
roll around
in
the barley
without
clothing or inhibitions."

"I said that?"

"You did now.
I was completely into
your passion and drive Jack."

"No shit,
it was just an off the cuff move to
throw you a card and
smile.
I dug your vibe,
but
I
had no idea you would be interested.
You know,
you were so wrapped-up in
this promising relationship you were in at the time
and
I
thought you were sucked into the stream
of
processed consciousness."

"Well,
that was several months ago Jack,
now
I
feel a refreshed vigor for life.
A refusal to let the shit get me down.
I want to hook-up with some
reality.
A refreshment.
You seem to fit the
bill
better than a bell.
So,
what do you say we get together."

"Hell,
why not.
I'm nursing a little
hang from the overnight time,
but
after a couple cups of Java life
and
aspirin,
I'm
ready.
You meant today,
didn't you."

"Yea,
it's about 12:30 now,
how about meeting me
about
3:00 at the Longevity Bookstore?"

"Sure,
yea,
I mean
alright."

"You sound hesitant
about this Jack."

"No,
I'm just not good with women sometimes.
There are certain periods in my life
when I just can't please the female populace.
I don't want to suck
a
pretty woman such as yourself
into my world if your not ready for it."

"Look Jack,
I wouldn't have called if I
didn't want a change
or
you.
Just get your shit pulled together
and
meet me in the classic fiction section.
I can't wait to see you again."

"Look Darla,
you realize we met each other once
and
had a five-ten minute conversation?"

"Sure,
that's the best thing about it.
An uncommon meeting

and
spark,
I have a great gut feeling about this Jack."

"Right on,
I just want this to be
completely cool.
You know,
not some uncomfortable
second meeting."

"Come on Jack,
we're adults.
I think we can handle this."

"Alright...alright,
I being too fucking pretentious about
it.
We'll see what happens.
Like I said,
let me pull the strings into
a
ball of yarn
and I'll see your beautiful figure
in
the classic section."

"Fiction,
remember fiction Jack."

"Yea,
I got you Darla."

"See you soon handsome."

"Yea,
Darla.
Can you do me a favor
and
wear a dress."

"What?"

"A dress.
You know,
it's warm and I go crazy about
those sun dresses."

"Mmmm, I like that tone.
I planned on wearing a dress
before you notioned the mention."

"Great,
we're already on some kind of a wavelength."

"I told you Jack,
I had a feeling."

"Yea,
I hear you.
See you at 3:00."

"Looking forward to it Jack."

Note: Jack hung up the phone and woke-up the woman sleeping next to him. He had sweaty palms and a great feeling about the conversation. Maybe things would change with Darla. He always had an innocent virginal emotion leading-up to that new woman.

The woman next to him was a regular he called once-a-week for some sexual satisfaction. As good as it always is, he hoped that this would be the last time he would have to wake-up this regular. He clearly knew that aspirin, coffee and Darla were waiting for him. Sometimes, Jack thought, life is just too good. He also realized it could get better.

erica today.

We came to the consensus

that

if we lived 60 years ago

we

wouldn't have to worry about s □ !□ Â□ Æ□ T□ g□ »

Beat The Cold

No heat,
the electric blanket
cracks
in
electric tones--

Enough to
fill my
belly,
toes wiggle
sound & high.

Gas prices
rape,
blankets
are
better.

Just
too many ways
to
beat the cold,
the same way
it
beat us.

Without Breath, There Is No Living

A threat

of

Urban--

Caught

in closed culture.

The country Chad

reads

the paper--

Fear of

the loving ghetto,

enclosed by an

overblown American vibe--

Citizens of Japan

ride bikes,

laughing

&

waving to neighbors--

Exhumed blind

in

suburbia,

snared by violent society.

Young Venezuelans
slice a tomato
for afternoon snack--

Burn the plastic surrounding,
peel lashes
from
dry red eye balls,
let gallons of
air
refresh your mind.

The world
is
much larger than
a
4 X 4 picture
in
magazine pages.

It extends past
your city limits
down multiple streets
numerous meals
various facial features
different customs
a multitude of rituals--

We,
not just us,
have our spot in the World

Strand of life--

Suffocation
needs to end--

Without breath,
there is no living.

We Followed Each Other From Burbank to Kansas City

I think
about her--

A smile wider
than the valleys
I'm leaving--

Taking the runway
into
inquisition as well.
Hawaiian necklace
on
the European traveler,
leaving
Burbank, CA.

From there
she arrives with me at Gate 25
in
Denver International.

A back pack
larger than the present
and
hair finely curled
around her blond chops--

From Gate 25 -- Baggage Claim 'R'
to
Kansas City,
she waits at the bus stop
to
catch a ride to the next
ride
into
our world.

I exchanged no
hello
or
good luck,
I was too entranced
by
her European flair
that
seems fantastically childlike--

Entering the beast of
consumerism,
West Coast to
Midwest

in
an
afternoon
plane hopping affair--

She entertained
my
idea of being a visitor
to
this country,
soon to go home
as
merely a content spectator--

She could head back
to
Sweden
Norway
Switzerland
Germany
Italy,
hard to
say.

Though,
the thought
needed to be molded in silence
within
her
bubble--

Chairs Speak; Crowd is Meek

The chairs
that speak,
the crowd
is meek--

Saliva in salty lakes
grace in a pepper shaker,
gathered together
in
a sling shot
flinged
through the day sky.

Over mounds of paprika

cilantro--

The
sad women
sell their cars,
wrecked men
buy rotten cigars.

The war
will never begin,
for chairs speak
&
the crowd is meek.

their last crumb

the lame
filthy
numb
cast glares
I could call partly friend.

they own no car,
the bike store refused their credit
they lost their bus pass.

walking down the thoroughfare,
they seem
to
skid safe through the fire.

fire that kills
the presumed calm
wealthy
stout--

these people
with no wheels,
some crackers to feed the pigeons.

shit,
if you were
a
pigeon,
they would give
you
their

last crumb.

Dark Breath

The dark
has
leaked
from the night,
the turpentine room.

Through
the pupils,
down the throat,
set around my
nerve networks
next
to
my feel
 thoughts,
a
heart that
can
be heard if
I
hold my nose.

Past 11:00p.m.,
my pen
keeps me alive,
awake enough to
see
clear in the dark
over
night trails,
a color,
the sound of taste,
purer than hearing a two-month-old breath
in
a
loud room.

Forget the Fifty Bucks

Ambulance
sight & sound
screams below
the
awning tonight.

Gin has
defeated the lime & Sprite,
though
the
ice cubes will have the final say.

Two men
across the street
in the liquor store parking lot
attempt
to hook-up the positive-n-negative
for
a
jump start--

Blue neon
off
Medical Center
hides smells and sights
that
make my stomach
quiver
like raw asparagus jostling my trachea.

Wind beaten
cold,
my
feet feel the March fright--

Heat is off,
soup for lunch tomorrow,
\$36.89 to my name,
fuck the credit card store.

People stop at the light
below,
look around
crazed,
their another driver sending
a
glance
glare
nasty look
awry smile,

then

they see me
looking
in.

He needed a new muffler,
that guy forgot to turn off his headlights.

Man,
it's alright--

The urban
the urban,
I wouldn't take fifty bucks
to
change my position in life.

FORGET THE DARK

Sometimes
I
feel like
they
had
it
right--

Closed clovers
&
opened fists
walking along the parkway broke--

Thinking about
pleasant jobs
 crazy humanity
beautiful naked women,
the dawn
that comes each day.

Crazy to the
populace,
insane
as
we
are--

Taming tigers
ripping through
the red meat
&
yellow skin
of
our
chests.

Taking
the damn airplane
to
the
edge of Australia
and
shouting--

"Where is the Mustard?"

The drum beat
rolls slow
for
patient insanity,

present in the
spot light
which forgot the dark.

Our Frame of Reference

Coffee mugs
late logos,
trendy slippers--

You
know the shop.

Where fashion
is
blatant,
incense is the
perfume
De Glamour--

Give me
a
hollow bottom.

Some beat nik
beauty,
refusing make-up
tramps
billboards
of
clever
s
i
g
n
s.

Send her
to the door man,
I shall
be
in
some
stretch pants
in the back library.

Manned by
private energy,
her intelligence
wit
talent
that
could beat deep bruises
into
my yearning.

Tell her to

bring
nothing
but
a
purse
2 changes of clothes
and
a brain we can remove and beautify.

By
her presence
and
our frame of reference.

Dedicated To Glory-A

Hello
Glory-A,
I dedicate
this
to
you.

I surely
don't know
a
Glory-A,
although it
is
you.

Stout & Perky
in some
positive
woman pout--

By the corner,
in the light fixtures,
sending you
signals
deep
in a
shout.

This lovely
Glory-A,
meant to be conceived,
too perfect
for
birth--

You name
the
thought,
"Two feet hitting the ground."

Hit anything
attainable
near
the point,
speak in
a
soprano luxury,
melt my butter
steal my bread--

Their goods

I
can buy again
at
the store,
you
sly Glory-A,
cannot be bought
stolen
or
what-not.

Too sneaky
for
heels,
vibrant enough to refuse
facial blush--

On the rise,
take
the lift
supple Glory-A,
define
the unattainable--

take gasoline if it's free.

no grand miracles

Sneer
one more
time--

Tell our gang
of
the sociological incest,
how you have been
chosen
to be vilified
and
unwrapped
for some novel
reason.

Stay
on the chat,
beat black clothing

cosmetics

into
a
rainy tramp.

Tell of
Jim
Todd
Rick,
how they we're
so crude
you can't even attend
a
picture show.

Tell it
without the shroud
to
my gang.

Leaned back,
blowing smoke,
we
will
hear
listen
parts-in-between.

Don't expect
to
see
a
movie

with us
afterward--

We don't
perform
great miracles
nor
charge into deception.

in the name of grand will

Heaven

has fallen

on your sheets,

eyelashes

cover the cloud

death has erected.

Wet & luke warm,

the night of spring snow

has become a metamorphosis

for

the dogs to cry.

Hold still

sweet mannequin,

the plastic wires will curdle

in a proposed way from the spray

to

land lightly.

Listen,

now as the food hushes

air halts

hair crumbles,

we're together in the noise.

A blast

in the nostrils from a nose let free

to eat charity in the name of grand will.

The Lands & Ground

Snow
lurching
in the cold wet
February
comes
to an end in
Urban Independence--

Heat
floating
into the comedy
that survives
in
pastels
 smoke,
creating patterns.

Corduroy
pants
cover the
skin
chapped
 balm
by the
expenses mailed
on
necessity thru
Post Master General--

Rambo,
the dog next door,
runs with
noisy tags,
barks
in a triumphant urge--
bleeds from
the gums
without dental floss.

Lands
on
grounds--

The same
I
crave
&
Explore.

One Last Will

Can I have
your hand
for
one last walk
around
the block?

Will you
lend me your chest
to press against my desires
for
one last night?

Please,
release your fingers
for mine
to
intermingle
over one more song.

Let your hair
drop free
under
the bathroom light
for my camera
to
sing.

Ride the bus
with me
to
a
secluded area
in the country,
so we can have the last of this final request--

To visit
the future,
in the creation
we gave birth to.

Man With The Vibe

Man,
play
that Jazz-

Tip on the
drum beat,
bring the crowd
to their feet-

Shake that
bald head,
rave about
the
calm dead-

Rant in
an
African chant,
Brother-

You came
to
check on the scene,
to
dig the ravine-

Your spirit
alive in
head hunting
music-

Cool soul,
alive talk
givin' me hope-

Pleasure
in the groove
on
Jigger vibes
off
the
39th St.
connect.

Take Your Niece To The Park

The cold snap
has ended
on
this March 8th--

Windows rolled
down,
prop open the
pack of cigarettes
let the second hand pollutants
go
into
the sunshine--

Grab the leash,
walk yourself
to
the
corner
and throw your sunglasses
into
the
hopeful intersection.

Yea,
pull out the stale
short sleeved shirts,
sneeze an exclamation point
and
leave your place of residence.

The birds
won't
drop any warning,
the
south was too good
to
them
this
wet and cold season
we
endured.

Pop a tire,
take your niece to
the
park,
March 11th
may
be

a
different outlook
than

here

&

now.

No Heart

Sought
by love
that
has no spot for me--

The place
is
vacant,
occupied by moist motion
work
 creation
foods with starch.

No more arrows
to
penetrate
my heart.

Names
scribbled in pen
on
notes of used paper--

The sweet voices
are
support reps
who live in
Virginia
 Arizona,
who don't
know
if
they
could
meet me--

On a train
to
meet the
next phone call,
perfume is packaged
chocolates are eaten.

Eaten
by
lips I
love to kiss--

Yes,
on paper
eating food--

Food

I would love to cook

&

paper I would love to see them throw in the fire.

Separated by

pans

packages

trash cans

that have a mouth,

but no heart.

No Heart--

We Know The Obvious

Towers
temples
swallowed in clouds
of
dust by the pure tornado.

Balanced between
two light poles,
i ride the potential
as
far as the chill is right.

Harness the
speed
caress the steel
wonder at the craft of wires
scream until you third aunt raises from her grave--

Take a bow,
undo
your coattails,
their out of touch.

Become the touch,
a
moment,
transform into something
other than the obvious.

Even a fool
or
an idiot
can
notice the obvious--

ONCE IN A SUNSET

Play on words
mumble of numbers
rouge signals alight
for
the
landing.

The launch
has
been well past
this
time..

Served in
media intercourse,
loft low
on
some field--

The precious gutters
of
pauper & sage
shooting dimes
into
a
maze.

The mice,
my friends,
are
out of focus.

Special ones,
gathering
to
appraise
this
Welcome Home.

For the questions
will
soon pose,
not of when departure was,
but
of
why the celebration lingered
on
their event of events---

Celebrate
this
d a y,
it
lands
once
in

a
sunset.

The Painter Didn't Pay

Several socks
roll
on
wooden floors,
a couple
of tables glide
over
wooden desk tops--

Letters engraved
in marble,
skaters dig grooves into slate.

Plastics
for the young Easter egg hunters
to
find,
the same plastics
for adults
to
buy.

Subsequent ceramics
traded in
for
copper.

Under the
nickel moon,
we
wonder
in front of a lagoon.

Full of plaster
polyurethane,
the builder refused
to
build
because
the painter didn't pay--

Receipts -- Full or Empty

A plane
flies
over a night,
trucks
breach by
on the streets
in
the
day--

Transporting
needs,
take the
TV star
homeless boy
night cook
to different reaches.

To touch
the
betrayal
integrity
hidden
within
the move.

A move
to
a
democracy
life
without clamor
stabbing
blank (full)
receipts.

Rocks & Clean Water

Over
the hills of track,
we gather like ants
on glass--

Shapes
of chocolate
set to spit the vermouth
of
politicians
&
trust
on
water and red berries.

For youth
was wise to
teach us the pure--

Away from
the day's
of
haste
when we blamed
penis
 vagina
 parents (if necessary)--

Dizzy from
noise
our ears weren't created
to
digest,
we
roll in
warm petroleum
our city knows well--

The warm
substance
of
pride
replaced for
the staple of true life.

Injected
by
knowledge
over rocks washed
by the restless waters.

Say -- ... -- Heard

The educated
 this norm
that wretch
 one leper
some intelligence.

The stupidity
 this reject
that imbecile
 one genius
some thoughts.

Making the most
of the least

Making one moment
five

Making the term
a period

Making
an attempt--

to crawl
out of the loaded barrel
into the
seen
 light
and
proclaim
loudly
 silently
with the brain
that was created--

Minds construed
beyond
a
judge
above a jury.

A freedom
to
pick-up
the former neglected
&
refuse
that push of dirt under the floor mat.

To say
instead of
being
heard.

Skip Fairly Low
Rise Shortly Above

Go right
on,
skip
past me.

Let the souls
slip
into the heels
of
my
socks,
allow
elderly women
to
squeeze thorns
of
rose bushes
into blood of an attempted cover scheme.

Be faithful
to
the
fans,
twirling
an itch in your side.

So sharp,
regret and surrealism
become
foreign
to
your senses.

Skip on past,
dandy
&
light,
cook your fingers
in flour & egg shells
served
past dawn.

Scratch
with the cat's
on
a
pole
in a fervor,
the spine carries
liquid heat about your

world
 streets
sidewalks--

Taste a race
in
skin & motion,
lower ankles
to the ground
&
revere the mad

 raid
taking kitchens -- saucepan's
to
countertops
that
have no sinks.

Climb
into the impossible,
flip on the radio,
ride down a path designed for
humans living---

neither
gallant nor
awry.

sturdy & clean

Sunday morning,
the
previous night
was
warm
alcoholic
plentiful food--

The stink
of
cheese
smoke
previous conversations
hang
in
the
afternoon air.

Dirt on the
kitchen floor,
the
squirrel
gathers clumps of leaves
to
build
faithful abode.

Over the terrace railing
up the wooden
2" X 4"'s,
a gutter opening
will
be
the new home.

A Dostoyevsky novel,
clean water
and
the
sound of food steps.

On a race
to
build
a
home
in the warm haze--

Hard to

work,
a
recoup
for
the tablecloth
and
my bones--

If only more tame,
I
would mix some concrete for
this
small autumn creature--

Nature &
humanity
keeping
the
homestead
sturdy

and
clean.

This World -- That World

You have entered this World,
you
may make it back to your own.
A World
where food is
expensive
and
cars are cheap.

Welcome to this world.

The opposite is the inverse
the
norm is different.

A new World that isn't particularly
a utopia,
although
it isn't aggravation either.

Where survival is the
same rotation
and
rejection brings on the same pang.

A World that could make
you forget
about the previous one you were traveling about.

A World where
cigars are packed in boxes of 20 and sucked on
1,000 to 1 compared to cigarettes.
Because now,
cigarettes are the size of cigars in the previous World.
Rolled tight,
slow smoking
expensive
bought one-at-a-time.

Gin, Vodka, Bourbon and Tequila are
in six -- twelve -- thirty packs,
in 12 ounce cans and bottles.
Beer is premium alcohol
mixed with 7-up, ice and water.

Homosexuality is the sexual preference
for the majority.
There will be a fight for you to
be
accepted as a heterosexual.

Heterosexuals are used primarily for breeding purposes.

Riding bikes
are just commonplace.
The riders ring bells and toss stones at the
speedy machines that buzz by on the sidewalks,
for
the streets are exclusively for bikes and their much narrower.

Instead of a dinner and a movie,
people engage in activities that are
noted as activities that single people engage in.
You know,
hanging around with groups in bars,
riding bikes around aimlessly,
while single people go to dinners and movies
on
Friday and Saturday nights.

Movies are the norm
all day on television.
Sitcoms are the exception.
Shown in prime time slots on select nights.
Kansas City is the new Hollywood
and
Hollywood is now a conservative backlash downtown area
with
empty buildings and
a pretty drab nightlife.

You get the picture.

So,
you want to head back to your World?
Or,
would you prefer the opposite in every aspect.

Where indulgence is normal
and
credit cards are shit.
If you would like to go back,
tell them the other world sends their best.

If you stay,
good luck.

A good life
will be a different way of life.

Hey,
it's all living anyway.

Isn't it?

Sleep My Train Light

Bleed,
yes bleed
my
night train.

Water the lawn,
pick
several
berries
from the blue tree.

To ready my bones
for
a
pill of rest,
the train quake
the whistle shout
near
far
the air
transmits
the trip up beam--

Enough
for this eve
60 degrees,
any eve that is
to
tuck
the security
of
sound underneath
heated ears
and
rest
firm.

For
the vibration
delivers
me
to
a
kingdom,
my palace
of
smooth trance.

Travel
train,

your mine--

Don't
rest until
morning
arrives.

no umbrella

to sketch--

passively across
numbers
 rules
the man of time--

ready to
release the
cowering women
that trampled
our
true love.

a force
to
urinate the truth
touch
thru
letters in dry dirt.

a passage
across the
wet season
without
an
umbrella...

Up the Alley--
 Below my Window

Sounds have a way
of
getting loud--

Below my closed
window,
the alley carries
on &
knows.

Shouts
turn to laughter,
happiness transforms
into rage,
car doors slam,
fists turn into hard clams--

Hard to say
by
the
volume
echo,
if more people
fight than laugh.

Man,
I love
the
laughs!

Jovial as they are
in
potential aggression.

Week of Opening

Two pitchers
of
lite beer
later,
we go to listen to
a
grand piano--

Sending me
to
a
snore,
the night never
did
end.

A blanket
held tight,
leather cushions
knew my story well--

A story about
a
week
God had his plan
unfolded in
meticulous,
needed creases.

My past
horned me
in
the
 fibia
 tibia,
the bone
my
heart could do without.

Awake
in the morning,
felt like being
in
America
 the hometown,
inside
a
plan that opened an
inner eye
on
former flames

luscious lovin'
I need to
correct
and
communicate.

For one
is
a
number,
for
me it is
a
series of sounds.

Ricocheting
around
my globe
I
forget to observe
the
greens
in the blue blue
love,
read at night

pieced around
for a
time

to be had.

Woodpecker & The Dog

His dog
glued into
the lap of his chest--

Smile
a grin,
throw me a
conversation--

Let the animal
enjoy the ride,
while the earth
rotates
in a slant
on an uneven axis.

Pet those
ears,
wipe his chops--

I'll be here to
amuse
the kinship
affection
between
human & domestication--

Well begot
MaN,
DoG
with a thrill.

Walk down
the
smog,
into bright blue.

Let the electric
poles
bow.

Watch

the
woodpecker

fly.

I Will Write

We met
some women
who had no mouths,
although they still talked--

Talked more
than a three-year-old
at the Zoo,
louder than an elderly couple
arguing about toast
at
a
retirement home.

Racing up-n-down
in their seats,
the walls
sang
a
slow sad
tune--

They talked,
it could
have
been from their ears
&
they may have
poured drinks down
their nostrils.

Talk
 Drink,
viciously embraced
by
these
broads.

No mouths,
though
we all hear
them shout and walk
out
the
doors drunk.

How the hell
did they talk?

You have

to
wonder,
how do most people talk?

The motives

motives
parts
 joints--

I enjoy
writing.

 joints--

I enjoy
Writing

