

JoeFiles XXI: As We Passed In The Airport

Some Biological Mess

An older
overweight man
leans against
a
tired blue pick-up truck
looking
at
the
Trafficway traffic.

Just finished
a
ruben dish,
presumably,
now
he wonders
about the approaching storm.

Tornado
watch,
hailstones,
how
it can all fuck us up so.

Though,
it seems as though
he
could
really care.

Maybe
this pelt of the
sometimes obscene Nature
will
touch-up his truck in needed ways
&
he
looks like he would accept
a
good whack of spring ice balls.

Still
against his loan payment,
only
his
heart
moves.

Moves
swift
with the breath of spring
forecasting

that
will
rip the shit
out
of
him

and
the rest of us walking
to

the bathroom

before
our bladders

explode

in some

biological mess.

The Final Note

*Steam off
liberation,
flowers off
prisoners,
wilted posies off
older children.*

*The
off of on,
razors in cheesecakes--*

*The cheerleader
fell
on
the final note.*

I Shall Obey

Over the
north end
of
this city,
“Waterworks Park”

The wind snaps
my
fine hair,
my stomach
churns at the
thought of food--

A human
coffee machine,
press my fingernails,
coffee may appear.

Ask me
the
meaning of life,
I probably have
my
own definition.

If you request that
I
should
do
something,
you may
be
right.

Although,
I sweat
in
the
sun & speak to the wind--

The wind
is
telling me
what to do now.

I shall obey--

The People Couldn't Speak To Show Their Words

The flood
shifted
like a strong thrust
of wind
in
the
ocean --

A little
harbor city
witnessed the
fluctuation
of
this planned event
in
nature's direction.

The combination
of
fresh & salt waters
was
an
undoubtable cure --

Soul
or
peaceful potential in the eye witness.

It's because
a
combination
of
cleanser,
a nude resort
for
tidy people--

They stripped clothes
hats
socks
&
dove in with their beautiful women
&
drank the H₂O,
literally & figuratively.

It all
took place
in
a
town

South of France
North of Italy.

Away from
our
United States--

It was a flood for
a
little coming together--

In the end,
the people couldn't speak
to
show their words.

our parents drank scotch

were our
folks generation
better off
than
our desires?

on a run
to crystal waterfalls
in
black & white images--

folded into
an
\$800.00 roadster
on the way
to
the delivery room--

picking out
pears
in a grocery store aisle,
rushing home
to
hear JFK's speech.

were our
parents
at
some great
advantage?

the camera
still snaps the same,
the child
still loves
the
old rope swing.

it seems
to
me,
computers have replaced tv's.

a quarter
for
25 pennies,
more to
choose
discard,
less to
be

numb about.

2/27/2007 (The Publisher & His Wife)

Smashed packs
of
Mediums
crowd the glove box,
while the light
scurries
to
welcome my new entry.

An entry
on the
highway
into the publisher
at home
eating mashed potatoes
asparagus tips
some
lamb on the side.

He glances
out the window
onto
the residential
street,
while
I
flick some
integrity into the crisp evening breeze.

Blinking my
eyes
for
the
prospect of the meek.

The chance
to
help the stranded
woman
changing a tire on the highway
and
tell her
silently
next to the loudness
that
I
write.

I write
material such
as

this
while
she hushes her
car
and
husband after
a
rough day at the publisher's office.

Dirty Red Car

*Awoke
to
a headache,
the 3:00a.m.
glass of Coke
burned my
throat
in
a
boastful way--*

*Several pieces
of
white medicine,
on
with the tie,
smelling the resolve
turpentine & oils
have
in
the
air.*

*Wine over
the eve,
was the demon
on
the left side
of
the crowded highway.*

*Yea,
looking for a ride
to
the
next destination.*

*As I pass
him by
in
my
dirty red car.*

Colors In Rebirth

*Spring
has pulled back
the
black velvet
of
curtains
which enjoyed
the
crumbled cold--*

*This season
has purchased
a
box of
wall calendars,
laid them in a
pond of frozen water
to
enjoy them sink into
the
green swell.*

*Yea,
spring is
on
a
t r o t
into
summer
reminiscent of 1952--*

*The fall where the
haggard
tripped out
of
bed
on the way
to
a
magazine
in the mailbox.*

*A magazine
with lingering photos
of
colors in rebirth.*

Without A Sneeze Or Smile

*Lay on
the
street in front
of
your
home--*

*Sprinkle radiance
about
public lots & recollect
the
greed around
necks that
pass-by
in
a
technological stance.*

*Later,
move to
a
field,
into another's home,
and toss seeds
from
the
crowded growth--*

*Water
soil,
savor the flight
of
the birds above,
that
rotate in an hourglass dance.*

*Pretend
you own the field,
then rent your home
to
the homeless
down the street--*

*Charge no rent
eat Vienna sausages
to
hold back the centuries.*

*The years
that*

*move in-and-out
of
residence.*

*Without a
sneeze
or
a
smile.*

Spiders In The Pine Bluff

The cob webs
in
secure silk
wave & wade
with
the south's sneeze
in
pine tree tops.

In front
of
a
rich blue
thunderhead,
the
cob webs
have
a
slim
chance.

Protect the eggs
suck
the
juice from spring's first
honey bee
and
flee from
the
tree that couldn't wait till the morning for rent money.

Try not to
hold
a
grudge,
the thunder will have
a
mighty say in the matter.

Torn edges
may speak to the bark
of
this
old
pine,
while you my spider thoughts,
take
home
to
a
new family.

The genus
thought
hard,
but
those that belong to no genus classification
will
prevail.

An anvil
under sparks,
covered by silk
of
the
spiders in the pine bluff.

Resurrected Technology

In
a world
such as this--

Where those scared
of technology,
the modern are
in due
threatened by the former.

The familiar splash
of a
VGA monitor
turning lime green,
people escape into
typing skills
and
words without talk.

Scared of the
fear we hear:
Technobludgenintercourse

Let the grave
grant us
a
thought in
the
living--

Night Together

*Welcomed by
a
local publication,
eye's
do
what the talk
omitted
in
footnotes--*

*Waiting for
the
moon to rise,
"Open" (ItAliCs)
signs
wait for morning growls.*

*Twist the
cap back
on
the
afternoon lid,
the
bells rattle
on
a
sly slope.*

*The night
is
hindsight.*

The Hero *WE* Know About

My father,
the man
I
discover more
about
each day that
gets him out of bed.

A knowledge
and
pride that heeds me
to
understand
where some of my
most cherished emotions
arise.

The flair for nature
his gift to be rendered tearless at the end of a crushing motion picture
his submissive love for the three children he couldn't live without.

The man
who
is
my only hero.

The only true
being
of sorts that I have ever known.

Yea,
it has taken over 24 years
to
cross my legs tight
and
know to the being of my soul
that
this man has created more than most men could dream about.

I'm not going
to
say he's the greatest man of all time,
because
he is above having anyone,
including himself,
admit that feat.

A feat
that is human
and

pure,
deeper than the Italian instincts
which
make my friends laugh to near tears.

My father.
The mountain
you see from a coach seat
on
an
airplane that speaks truth
so
clear
you can only
laugh
once you
make it back on the ground.

The Wet Towels

I walk
inside
the
apartment,
flip over past
postmarks.

Spit
in front of the
television set
and
grab a little sanity
in
the
Silence of Norms--

Tokens cashed
by
the dance on
the backs of tramps.

Holding steady
for
a
violent gust
of
talk to
rip open the blinds and ready me
for
wider internal thought.

A snap
of
luck
from a wet towel
to
introduce
masochistic visions.

Visions of
female leprechauns
walking over lakes of grass
and
wasted cigarettes
reversing their
former

course of action.

World Fares

The breath
of
world affairs
splash
against you like
a
metal rope on a flag pole.

On the corner
of
newspaper headlines,
the
mass suicide citizens
ponder &
marvel
like their own child just mangled
the
knees seriously in a playground accident.

The width
of
balanced budgets
have your banks
making
additional brochures to proclaim
a
better deal:
"New 6.7% APR!"

Renting cadillac's
on
the final day
of
the dealers feast--

Brother,
the gasp of foreign and domestic affairs
have
the
deaths in Jerusalem
Montenegro
downtown Jersey.

Across the
cradle
over
the pacifier,
suck down
what may sustain--

Otherwise,

take a warm bath
on
a
hot day
with a Russian novel
and
sip on a mixture. .

A mixture
of
the
howl & growl
of
your own
world affair.

Those
world
fares.

Nothing To Write With

Twenty cents
on
the bookshelf--
Enough
for
2 cigarettes
cheap cup of coffee
half a phone call.
The better half
of
4 nickels.
Before a row
of
teeth--
The words
of
stories the authorities couldn't verbalize.
On the
quarter panel
of
stained wood,
the dimes did me well
later that same day.
Enough for
some
to
boost my thought into a quality book--
A delicious
event,
which has
since rendered me
without
a
writing instrument.

The Bluest Day In The Arctic

She sat
next to herself
at
a
large table
in
the
gallery of alcohol,
while
my brother amused his
craft
beating the tom, cymbal & high hat
in
pure pleasure.

I
then sat on her
shadow,
spoke to the originator
for
the
first time in 10 years.

Holding some
sort
of
quirky spell,
she lit a cigarette and
smiled.

With a smile
like
that,
she shouldn't have to carry a lighter.

Still a petite
carbon
of what I was used to.

Hell,
precious as a shower
after a day of hard labor
and
spawning thoughts
I
could only hope she would reciprocate.

To spend
one evening--afternoon--morning
rubbing those shoulders
looking at her feet

and
cooking some coffee

after an incredible
escape.

An escape
into a time capsule

that could outdo
paradise
on the
bluest day in the Arctic.

At The ATM . . . To Her Room

I stand next to
her
at conjoining ATM machines
getting some
money
for
a can of soup.

She,
the current cultural female rock star
is
fetching some
money out of the teller machine as well.

Her card is refused for
the
second time,
I
notice the anxiety in her 3rd and final
push
of the plastic.

I look over
and
say:
“Hey Alanis,
isn’t this technological trouble
the
shit.”

In response
she says:
“Yea,
I should always carry a little bit more
cash.
This card shit
rubs me wrong sometimes.”

I tell her
that I could throw her
a
little cash if it’s needed.

She accepts,
with a rain check to append
to
the interval.

Later,
I’m back at her place
and

she is sitting with her family
discussing how she
is
making it through several college courses.

You know,
the bug of fame is great,
but
she needs to feel the fresh earth
from time-to-time
and shove some knowledge back down
her
left side.

I keep looking at this beautiful
woman
I have seen many times on albums covers,
the
same one of course.
She only had one
acclaimed album to her name thus far.

My sole thought
is
that I'm glad this fame hasn't
moved her to cut her hair.
I just want to let her know how much
I
dig the hair
and
the fact that she has refused to cut the
mid-back coat she carries
in
an
insane beauty that churns my innards.

Instead,
I cannot utter the words.
I have a deep sensation
to
rush her out of this living room
into
closed quarters
and
strip down
all the inhibitions to speak some
truth.
Verbal,
and
physical if
the
air is warm enough.

We got back to her bedroom
later

in
the A.M.
and threw in a classic CD.
Miles Davis' King of Blue.

Upon that
action,
she stripped down to the
image
many males world-wide
have
dreamed about.

At that point I did the
same,
lifted the covers and
applied the classic
male
arm hold.

Under the head,
holding her right arm.

We put the CD on
repeat
and
remained silent.

Awake
as the sun broke through the
Chinese
curtains,
a
warm tear hit my chest.

She looked
up with her eyes
and
silk hair
and
said "Thanks."

I reckon
fame
does things
we
could only imagine
about
as
human civilians.

The Scent of the Oceanside Cafe

An oceanside cafe,
we
tossed
emerald stones.

Off a
nameless coast,
the emeralds
were
searchlights
over
passion
we withheld
for
a
better love--

Yet,
we
kne
we had the
better love.

Frolicking
a
motion in glances,
the waiter
delivered another
bottle of red wine.

Maybe this
wine
would wash over
the
emeralds,
release the Cyclops eye
and
speak into the forgotten.

The forgotten after
midnight
at

the
Oceanside Cafe.

Where the
scent
of
the
air
is the attraction.

Catharsis in Contact

*When the
paper
ends,
the words
begin--*

*After the
music
leaves,
the lyrics
begin--*

*Soon behind the
words,
thoughts will
arise--*

*After the
money
has been
spent,
the wealth
will
appear on a frugal carpet--*

*Without
the arrival,
the departure
will be easy.*

*Catharsis
on
Contact.*

Music Lasts Longer Than Cheese

I used to
listen to the stroke
of
this digital music
when
I
wrote to her . . .

I wrote
to
a
school in Southern California
and
burned my
hair to ward off
the
nasty rodents
that
rolled on the floor.

Mockery
by
sharp teeth
and
stares that jabbed straight into
my
veins
that hug snug on my calves.

Yea,
while the ocean rolled
over
her
depressed
manic
melodrama
of
laughter and haste
I wrote
to
this music.

So,
did I enjoy the
writing process
or
the
music more
as
I
should confess?

The
music still remains...

She
will walk by me sometimes,
and
those others with different
social security numbers,
but
the
music remains.

Remains
like
angry mice
after the
poor kid stole the smoldering pile of cheese.

Course of Solution

*They complain
about
eroding ozone,
while they
purchase
a new pair of
rayon socks.*

*They wonder why
the
cops are at sandwich shops
as
they speed on past
cursing their parent
mate
that has forgot to remember.*

*They entertain
their
fancy of
a
world in peace,
while they pitch
Styrofoam into barrels of fire
the
homeless did ignite.*

*On a silent miracle
to
have
seven children
&
two women (men)
at once in the sack,
their blood
is soon cleared by
the
Scottish towels.*

*Clearing away
the
thrust we
feel
deep in our soul.*

*Yet,
provide no*

true
course of solution.

Define the Purpose -- Then Right your Piece

Rhymes
one liners.

Adults
which really
aren't even children.

Braggarts about
masterpieces
scribbled
on
expensive legal pads--

They have misconstrued Poe,
the
fictional evil
in
the
bedside alcohol bottle.

Ramped for departure,
their
luggage
was
forbidden
for the flight.

A flight
to
the
end point,
the middling spot
screams loud in laughter.

Take your thoughts
'cause they will
need
you,
not because you believe
the
world
should
be your adoring audience.

Hands, Minds & Feet

*Read by
the
head that reached
for
a
new dictionary--*

*Drawn
by hands
cringed after
courses that taught.*

*3 syllables
walked on thick bones
which
crumbled upon shallow waters.*

*The kind
too worthy
for
the
novice.*

*Hardly
understanding
the jaded
for
the spade of dim traces.*

The *Forget* Cycle

Did you
forget?

Well,
what if you did?

Could that
not
happen to
the
corner man
looming under
a
low sky,
smoking a two-thousand dollar cigarette
waiting for
his
angel to finish her
dessert in
a
restaurant
he couldn't keep up with.

So,
you forgot man?

Hmm,
so have I.

It's
a
mistake children
attempt,
while older folks make
it
a
whole new habit.

Blown anniversary
sordid birthday
lousy Christmas--

With this,
do you still want
to
admit the feat?

You forgot,
who the fuck are
we

going to kid?

I'll tell
you something brother,
if
you forget
to
love
your child
wife
soul
God
the health you have

then trade
it
all in for a better coin
or
don't look for solace under a
crisp stone.

So you forgot. . .

they say
it
happens.

Big Croak -- Large Frog

They can
be
anything in words,
motion pictures
will
even obey
their visual interpretation.

Awards
away from
creation,
they can be
a
woman in the mirror,
a child
on a bike,
mentally chipped
by
insanity.

Engrossed
in
flakes of snow
searching
for
a
public phone--

meteorologist
pastel expert
lighthouse operator

Motion followed
orders
in
words,
for
the
frogs croaking
on
a
vacant lilipad.

Crash a Gig

Disappear
if
you
may--

While your
off
in the
ether
of
sunless craters,
bring me
back
a
couple of stones.

With those objects,
I will
crush
them with the
mallet
you fetched before--

So,
if you may
vanish,
I will
spell in bits of stone
why you shouldn't
act
out this scheme.

Though,
act it
out
on
will.

I will
always
have
your primary mallet.

Green Spokes

Back on
the
porch,
the red paint
and
white panels
crumble
in Saturday decay--

Before I
pour
a
glass of orange juice,
I'm graced
by the
gift
of
bloom.

A bowing
giant
tired of
cold day's
and
colder nights
has
decided to bud the sprout of spawning flakes.

To open
lime green growth
for
the
spring of summer,
the
osmosis of science.

Yea,
the glass of orange juice
can
wait--

while I
smoke my
cigarette,
scratch my naked stomach
and
absorb a
small spring treat.

The shed

of
death,
ignition of
life
for the birds
to
build worms
and
the
people to clean off their cars.

Headlights on the Bridge

*Throw
a
pen over
the past,
fulfilled on
jump ropes--*

*I shall be
there
in
a long coat
in
the short future
licking
a
melting popcicle
with paper waiting for the
anger you feel
torrid about--*

*Words
wise
shall come
from your
inner thoughts,*

*headlights
on
the
bridge.*

*I
Would like
to have a
conversation
with a
Hermaphrodite.
(Preferably with lipstick.)*

Length In Breadth

Hardly
caged,
barely behaved.

Empty in
bright yellow,
fulfilled in
dark green.

I walk short steps
over clovers
that
await the morning mist.

In bright tires,
the restless
congratulate me
on
a
new vacation.

Walk down
the
old halls with me
and
carry a short skirt.

For length
was
hardly
noteworthy.

Love the Luckless

*Oldies music
in
neighborhood coffee shop,
the street*

*oozes
over
the
sidewalk--*

*Tramp's phone number
lost
in
slips of old checking transactions,
the poodle shits
in
the
green lawn.*

*Bottle of Paisano
awaits
my meager tone,
the black man
turns quick on the fly
&
runs down the street.*

*She drives
back home
to
Minnesota,
the cold
never
had
a
fair start.*

*The heat,
yea baby,
humidity never
had
a
fair shot
to
love the luckless.*

Why did they ever have to Leave?

In coats
made for
the
tailor's finest gents,
wallets too
shrunk
for
gold coins--

They were
cut
to taste the
brevity
of
the
finest.

No time
for
pauper songs--

Escorted in
on
flush tires
and
silver chrome.

They never
had
to define a word
to
the
Inquisition of Souls.

Spouting toxic fluid
to
extinguish fires,
perfect sight
flanked by the finest
tan line.

Their show was the envy
of
massive outfitters.

Yet,
they sold
short on personal vows--

No mighty
conspiracy

to
disclose,
it was their time
to
leave.

Many questioned
why
they ever
arrived.