

JoeFiles XXII: The Battle Thoughts Couldn't Describe

It (They) Cannot

*The thoughts
will not
evaporate,
unless
you give up the
given
in
ramparts
 carts
of
cheese and milk.*

*Those ideas
can
be
re-surfaced
if
the acid is kept in
batteries
and
experiment is
Sound on Toes--*

*Creation
has
the
hostage,
one you want
to
hold close
until
detention is called to a close.*

*Hope near
 Dream far*

*that cannot become
ruined fire,
as far as
this collection can recall.*

Lands Have Called

Another
trip
on the road--

Down the
gallows
past
shanty bungalows.

People chew food
 throw looks
roll paper in their palms.

Down the path,
we treat
each other
well.

Not time enough
to
drone
on
just
 tears
 sex
 the four food groups--

Some lands haven't
seen me yet.

You'd better
bet
your ass
I'm
not going to
let
them
curate
 muddle
 or
rotate
without my
presence or gape.

April 11, 1997

Alpha Beat Press
31A Waterloo Street
New Hope, PA 18938

Dear Alpha Beat,

This collection of material is a combination of short fiction, poetry and dialogues. All pieces are unpublished.

I appreciate the opportunity.

Thanks,

Joe Dimino

April 11, 1997

Mr. Virgil Hervey
112 Dover Parkway
Sterwart Manor, NY 11530

Dear Mr. Virgil,

This submission is a collection of poetry, short fiction and brief dialogues. All pieces are unpublished.

I appreciate the opportunity.

Thanks,

Joe Dimino

April 11, 1997

Happy Kitty'zine
4405 Bellaire Drive South #220
Ft. Worth, TX 76109-5103

Dear Editor,

This submission is a collection of poetry, free forum ideas, short fiction and dialogue. All pieces are unpublished.

I appreciated the opportunity.

Thanks,

Joe Dimino

April 11, 1997

Mr. Don Wentworth
Lilliput Review
282 Main St.
Pittsburgh, PA 15201

Dear Mr. Wentworth,

This submission is a collection of three unpublished poems.

I appreciate the opportunity.

Thanks,

Joe Dimino

April 11, 1997

Joseph Shields and Jerry Hagins
Nerve Cowboy
P.O. Box 4973
Austin, TX 78765

Dear Mr. Shields & Mr. Hagins,

This submission is a collection of unpublished poems and short stories for potential publication in your journal.

I appreciate the opportunity.

Thanks,

Joe Dimino

April 11, 1997

Olympia Review
3430 Pacific, Suite A-6254
Olympia, WA 98501

Dear Editor,

This submission is a collection of unpublished poetry and prose.

I appreciated the opportunity.

Thanks,

Joe Dimino

April 11, 1997

Mr. C Ra McGuirt
Penny Dreadful Review
4210 Park Ave.
Nashville, TN 37209

Dear Mr. McGuirt,

Enclosed is a collection of unpublished poetry and prose.

I Appreciate the opportunity.

Thanks,

Joe Dimino

April 11, 1997

Mr. Michael Elton Crye
PO'Fly
P.O. Box 1026
Ashland, KY 41105

Dear Mr. Crye,

Enclosed is a collection of unpublished poetry, prose, short fiction and dialogues.

I appreciate the opportunity.

Thanks,

Joe Dimino

April 11, 1997

Editor
Slipstream
Box 2071
Niagara Falls, NY 14301

Dear Editor,

Enclosed is a collection of poetry, prose, short fiction and dialogues.

I appreciated the opportunity.

Thanks,

Joe Dimino

April 11, 1997

Editor
Tomorrow Magazine
P.O. Box 148486
Chicago, IL 60614

Dear Editor,

Enclosed is a collection of unpublished short fiction, dialogues and poems.

I appreciate the opportunity.

Thanks,

Joe Dimino

April 11, 1997

Genre Editor
The Missouri Review
1507 Hillcrest Hall
University of Missouri-Columbia
Columbia, MO 65211

Dear Genre Editor,

Enclosed is a collection of unpublished poetry for your consideration.

I appreciate the opportunity.

Thanks,

Joe Dimino

April 11, 1997

The Academy of American Poets
584 Broadway, Suite 1208
New York, NY 10012-3250

Dear Academy,

Could you please send me a copy of the submission guidelines for the Walt Whitman Award. Also, could you mail me some additional information on the Atlas Fund.

Thanks,

Joe Dimino

The Lifeguard Swallowed 3 Whistles

I rise for the tired,
muse at what
is introduced and misunderstood all at once.

Salute a chicken
ready to be plucked and served
to a family of five.

I live pieces of flesh
for the dead I believe left me too soon in life.

Throw darts of death,
warned disease,
down my human holes
pipes
I know all too well.

Piecing together a mosaic
that brings creatures into existence.

The salt that makes the ground clean,
it all
has buoyancy somehow.

Many
many
miles away from
some
savory
salty
ocean.

Collection of Thoughts You Can Live Without

To come
up
with the laughs,
the dry have watered
thrice-a-day.

No one has
bought a pack of smokes,
yet they
still smoke.

The mountains
grow coffee beans
for
those that don't.

Is there a
crime
hidden in the stack
of
newsprint's?
Nothing more
than
we
want to know.

We plant plants
to
call them plants.
We bear children,
sometimes,
with the
best intents.

In A Lost Season

Reach over
and
pluck
a
struggling leaf
off
the concrete littered with
gravel & coke glass.

Sit with a camera,
grab still photography
that
comes to live
a life,
taking death
to
nothing
on
tree branches.

Sounds of
airplanes
going hundreds of miles above county roads,
the birds
speak to each other.

May -- your my ears.

The earth
christening
the
passing.

Forgotten times
remembered
in
a
lost season.

Mad Laughter

*Curl feet
into the seat,
we
can speak.*

*Take
take,
the chosen--*

*Throw words
your
breasts
against my
newness.*

*Don't talk
of
the feet
that stick in chairs.*

*Try a
new
verse,
one made of
the
time
you
had to hold
back
mad laughter
in
a
serious momento.*

Means Have More To Discuss

*Tired enough
for
another
cup of life,
where
have
the times gone
that
made me hold
to the empty
without
a
refill?*

*Can the time
arrive
that two cups
will be needed?*

*If that is
the case,
I cannot remember
the
inception of
one cup
to
keep me awake.*

*Tired to
the
hobbled footsteps
of
ghosts in clothes--*

*Stopping
is
not the ends.*

*The means
have
more
to discuss.*

You May Never Get Close To My Soul

Hug my body
or
talk me
into
a
one-night show--

Suck my pleasure down low,
rock the floor,
the bed
has
gained ruined foam.

Speak thoughts
of
fantasy
we
can agree to
in
a
tub of hot water--

Buy foods
alcohol -- carton of cigarettes
on the way
over
some night.

Kiss me
warm
shortly after
me
meet stances.

Listen
darling tempter,
you
may never
get
close to my soul--

I
cannot
tell you why.

The Pale Burgundy

*Pale white
females,
their beauty,
dance together in
learned moves
wearing maroon clothes
lavender lipstick.*

*Accentuating those
pieces
parts
crevices,
they hide
from the
parks
eyes
bars on clothing--*

*Crawl
into the brunette
spores that
hide
my body.*

*Take the
glorious
to your new
defined night.*

*Clock
the time,
suck the light
raw,*

*the light
we
won't want
to
manipulate
any more than they
want to--*

Back of Poem Sheets

On the back
of
poems
that have been written
four hours ago--

These come
to
look over
the
rim.

Into the prior,
those thoughts
which
continue to flow.

Out faces
 elbows
 knees,
the Moses
of
Sundance Footsteps.

Nothing
to
compare to
except thyself.

The only
way
to
hold
a
reading of ideas.

Over
ink
on the back
of
poem sheets.

The Rope Over Earth

Lost for
those
found--

How did
you
discover
the
candle?

That fire,
the
color of
California Finales.

Now,
you have found
the
arms
too tired
to
reach for the
water dripping.

Low
on
higher moments,
the mystery
shed whatever was covered.

The cluster
wrapped
for
an
intelligent monkey
to
rope.

Grounds for our Talk

*I told
her
our
existence didn't depend
on
pillows
or
blankets--*

*We tossed
the
remainder
of
our concentrated fruit juice
down
the drain
and
she
told me
that
toilet paper & underarm deodorant
didn't
depend
on
our
existence.*

*I had
to
disagree--*

*For our
meaning
behind existence
meant plenty
for
cleanliness
sanitation
&
intrigue.*

*While
we compared our
lines
in
motion
to
products,
the chimes
on
the*

*back porch
rubbed against
the
Ferns
which needed water.*

*This put us
in
a
different picture of mind--*

*Natural resources
from
the
ground,
like us,
we're
the
grounds for our talk.*

The Lifeguard Swallowed 3 Whistles

I rise
for
the tired,
muse at what
is
introduced and
misunderstood
all at once.

Salute a
chicken
ready to be plucked
and
served to
a
family of five--

I live
pieces
of flesh
for the dead
I believe
left me
too soon in life.

Throw darts
of
death,
warned disease,
down my human
holes
 pipes
I know
all too well.

Piecing together
a
mosaic
that brings
creatures
into
existence--

The tears
that
make the ground clean,

it
all
has buoyancy
some how.

Many
many
miles
away
from
some savory
salty

ocean.

2 Chances

*Pass the
cherry bowl,
pluck-up the phone,
eat some candy,
drink a cup of pineapple juice.*

*It's Thursday
&
they'll have
to
wait--*

*For me
to
drive to a secluded space
hit the bathroom another time
to jump online and marvel at the unraveled--*

*Pull off
the
specs,
look in double vision,
you'll have several more chances
that way.*

*Even if
they
won't allot you the chance,
you
can
give it to
yourself
on
your own.*

Two Nights & A Woman

In the
middle of the night
during
the middle of last week,
I woke
to
urinate and
blow my nose--

The taste of wine
on
the
counter top,
blood sprang loose
out
of
my
nose
to a number of tissues.

Last night
this last weekend,
I arose to expel
the
beer that made
me
fall into sleep with
violent hiccups.

The blood & breath
that
would overstep
stale air
packaged Mexican food--

You feel,
as I have,
life can
be
a
new & better thought.

Hell,
a
new woman
would

be
phenomenal.

Trapped In Venus

Drop
the bag,
some kind
of
creator
ready to announce
out
to
the world.

The being
with
an eye
twitching tired,
rife on
transistor chance.

The float
has
the
writer
 artist
trapped
in
Venus.

What We Don't Have

How could
it
used to be
in
the
trolls
that
held some paradise?

Where
have
they swelled,
while
the poison
was hidden?

Over
causes and corridors,
the living
took
the
paradise.

Much like
white men
&
the Indians.

We can't
stand
what we
don't
have.

The Woman In The Tired Blue Overalls

One more cigarette,
this
book is done
Buddha
can live,
I can rest,
the air
will rotate
on
ceiling fans.

One more cigarette,
we can
open mouths
to
new breath,
the animal
which previously
had no chance--

One more cigarette,
the engine
will
hire a
chinaman,
stir sticks
take sugar
into another refill.

One more cigarette,
it
will be easier to see.

To see
the you
of
black oceans & registered holds.

Holds
as
long as your
manicured nails.

The
woman in the
tired blue overalls.

The World Is My Child

She tells me,
“Joe, you
look superb today.”

“Well,” I respond,
“I came to see the morning
talk to the afternoon
dance with the night.
Kissed the kids good-bye,
came into work shortly thereafter.”

“You have kids?”
she asks.

“No,” I recall.

The world
at large
is my child.

I nurture,
she responds.
The sun feels relaxed,
so should I.

I have
children
the world of people
run into
without pure notice

each & every

day.

Your Own Definition

If the
only loss
was solution,
then
the
truth could lie
with the
golden dethroned.

If thoughts
continued
to
turn into
words,
then the spoken
words
wouldn't be so
haughty
to
decode--

Their feelings
are
those of mine
&
you.

So,,
recluse
 recluse
cough
the phlegm,
lift a can
of
water--

The spectacle
has
taken
to
encourage
the worst.

Oh,
the worst
of your own definitions.

Fools of April Take Show

Old woman
with
Peachiness dog
in the park
by
the
fountains--

The sun
was the blessing
after Easter
and
the rising of the son.

Sure,
I write ideas
the cars
next to me cannot disagree.

Yet,
we ride on the plaintiff
as
the
defendant refers
to
more advice.

In the
court
of
arms
feathers
wooden seats--

The sky is
our
ceiling
lurched against
the
decision.

The decision
for
the
day,
before
the fools
of
April
take the show.

Are You Careful?

You take
those precautions?

Unlatching the
emergency release,
shouting
halfway out the car window
while bugs sting your
throat
racing down busy roads.

You take
those precautions?

To check your zipper
9 times
a
day
so your surprise
isn't
the Joke of Intrigue.

You take
those precautions?

To refuse one more
pull off
the wine skin
or red broccoli and black croutons
will splash about
the bathroom floor.

You take
those precautions?

To live twice
on
one mind,
without going insane.

You take
those precautions?

Be honest,
tell the others.

You take
those precautions?

When Did This All Begin?

When did
it all have to make sense?

Has phraseology
like
normal
weird
had their time to hibernate?

Siblings in
bloom,
friends of
new lairs,
do the discussions
of
wasted time
need to create
more
of
such times?

Can the used
die
with the old?

The new
has always
had
a
fresh start.

Length of the Borrowed

Bones
that rub
on
knee joints
hip bones,
the pain
speaks
to
parched crows--

Black wings
and
white feet
fettered
for
no more
smoke and
food free of cholesterol.

Vicious medicine
taken down
by
seltzer water,
ice cubes were
not
included--

The frozen and heated
could
only abuse.

One parliament
or
the
other congress.

No way to
predict
the
length
of the
borrowed.

We Came Through

*Hands
on my belly,
her clothes
litter
the
floor--*

*Covering
bits of
paper,
the dust
I
have no issue
to
pursue.*

*She only
speaks low,
for this
is
all
she knows--*

*That is
more than
enough
for me.*

*She wants me
to
recite
a written piece
if
I can remember--
Instead,
I bounce
some verbal links
off the fan chains above
her
surreal breasts
and
the eyes
that cure more wars
than
she could describe.*

*Speaking
of
the silence in phones
mushrooms & garlic--
She giggles,
taller*

*than
her apartment complex.*

*All she wanted
was
for me to speak
&
I
had a simple desire
to
hear her shake
and
see her laugh--*

You May Change

Joggers
rejoice
on
spring eves,
the television
has
told tales
of
shit--

Books hold
the
smile wide,
the
cigarette smoke
has
reached to realms
upon . . .

Reached for
the
breath,
that will close
in
time.

The gap
over the ridge,
the ridge
holding fruits stale,
the beauty in light.

The devoured have
been
released,
the sober find
truth
soothing--

Try the
sedated
on
cool nights
through
historic buildings.

You may change
your
shirt
boots
the
feelings
in
dust.

Confess The Chosen

You get
caught up
in
words
by
blind men?

Do you
drink
with
leper women?

Watching
another television
show,
as you feel the cells
above
evaporate
amid another talk with the dogs
running
away
from skinny bushes.

Do you water
dead plants
on the mantle
of
chipped paint
&
women
who know that art is representation?

In a lodge
colder
than
the
people the Pope has greeted
each year,
clutch
to your overcoat and with they could
confess the chosen.

Shortly After The Dream

She led
me up to her room--

Told me
now
wasn't the
best time
to
throw
on the
quick & pleasant--

O.K.
was my reluctant response.

Waiting for
her
time,
it never came.

The dream ended,
then I had
a
hard time
taking
a
leak
shortly after 8:00a.m.
on
Monday morning.

The Morning Drive

*She lives
across
the
lot
in brick facade.*

*Black car
Florida plates,
never seen her exit down
the
wooden planks.*

*Had a dream
to
muddle my interests
thoughts
last evening.*

*In my
kitchen
the
ensuing morning,
she had
on
a
2 tone
silk gown.*

*The top open,
breasts
were
small
oriental
tan--*

*Undergarments
were sexy,
she talked
in avoidance of how
I
was to satisfy her image
of
me.*

*What a way
to
enter.*

*The night
has
again opened the words,
to puzzle the
morning drive.*

Sometimes The Mind Won't Let Escape

The car lots
steam factories
for
people
with 3 car garages.

On top of a cliff,
roomy view,
swimming pool
below
the golf clubs are new.

Satisfied
to
not
have their satisfaction.

To roll
off
a
cloud of light gray
watching humidity
swell & children play dodge ball.

I may
mingle
in
the
motions--

Though,
don't catch the myth.

There are some
things (ideas)
the
mind won't
let escape.

Faster -- Then Slower

The day
the
billing agencies
came to an end.

Holy Mother of Pearl
swam
in an ice cold pool--

The hour
the
bells
felt
29 pounds
of needed cotton.

Aristocrats
bought the
bottom hat
with
no
top.

Knots in silk,
glasses
of
tomato juice--

Oh,
the day
the
CIA & FBI
could trim their
staff in half.

The day
you could come
and
give an utter shit.

For the bill collectors
understood their wives
and
inexpensive
meant as much as
expensive

to
the
populace.

Feet 'O Feet

What
generation should
we have
been born into?

The era
with three legs and
no
balls.

The decade
with crass music
and
no more pizza.

Take the
time
to
tell
the
grim reaper
that the blade has lost the zest
it
use to hold when
the
mirrored metal
would shear through your
cotton shirt.

Now,
you have learned your lesson.

To wear a
protective chest shield
to
ward off the mental ward
running with
lopping tongues
yellowed teeth
ideas that make the suburbanite laugh.

Good laughter,
the
phrase has
left
the
constant for
a
better synonym.

Figure

the
flaunted,
the
corner
of
the
corner
in
the
corner
of
the
back
behind
the
back
of
the
poem
he
writes
before
your
left
right
after
the
clock
strikes
?

The
moral of the
train light . . .

Hold
the
hand you love--
Never
ask
the
hand a single question.

It
won't
answer.

The Fictional Vacation

The thoughts
exhaust me so--

I can laugh
at
cars passing
widows on hold
red refrigerators.

Exhausting
the family dog,
my tongue
laps out sweat
and
rolls on AC vents
for
the pure pleasure--

To meditate
with
many
many
people
themes

I
engage
view
hold
as a part
of
my
fictional vacation.

in the forecast--

it looks
so
clear tonight--

the tower of
blinking
red
random lights
defeat
the mushroom
of
urban lights.

you wonder,
when did the
dark
swallow
this former day
of
yellow.

the deviation
from
the
deviants.

how the
food settles
in
my
gut,
the midnight water
has
a
welcome twang--

how
the
matter is
barely
fettered.

the night
behind the window,
clear
calm,
the faltering rain
comes down
to
pelt
what it may.

Yes,
may.

the warm nights
are
surely
in
the

forecast.

The Godfather & The Racist

Hey mama,
here
comes
another one--

A line
of white
folks
for
some Italian lunch.

At the counter
broken
of
crabs
linguini--

The shelves
swarm
with
the
Godfather re-release.

Never trust that
grocer friend
behind the counter.

Not cause
he'll cheat you on a
half pound
in
that plastic tub.

Probably
just because he
could give
as
much
a
shit about you
in
friendly holds.

That the racist
resonates
on
an
angry slumber.

Helicopters Lie Silent

*POW's
in
a
camp--*

*The eastern Asia
crime,
carried over
the
waters
of
livid creatures.*

*In pins
boulders of angry rock,
they stood
for
the
ideals
taught under
a
roof the color of winds
going through
high school windows.*

*Ignorant & stupid,
if applicable,
because intelligence
was
repressed
decades before--*

*The decades
have
now ended.*

*While
the
helicopters lie silent.*