

***JoeFiles XXIII:
Sponges That Soak
The Liquor River***

Furious Convenience

The final time
you
began telling yourself
you need a vacation.

Oceanic cruises
over sparkle fish
 finned dolphins.

That hour of the day
which
cannot end,
where the souls & nature's holes
should
adorn
your decision.

The first time
you
thought of vacation.

Once you
know
you need a vacation
that
can
only
be a walk down the street
or
trip over the sheets.

Your mind
shall
decide
the vacation is a bonus
for the last time.

The lights which
try for
convenience
to
chant furious.

Thick Glue

If you
perceive them wrong,
you may be
correct.

If they
judge them right,
they could be
false.

If the rectified
had three legs,
they would become
human proclamations of
sound in liquid.

The bubbles
that speak to the surface
in wisdom--

*the thoughts that
bubble in
thick glue.*

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.

The Falling Grapes

Bleach white
trees,
dark brown women,
deep gray elephants.

Over the dreams
of
NYC streets
L.A. mirror shops--

Settled in the
Midwest,
zoo's sing the song
of
tribal rituals.

Played low
Chanted high.

Into the crimson sky
engulfing
every single sort
of
soul.

Protecting the
distracted,
intriguing
the
doubtful.

Notes written on fallen
leaves
for new life
above
in sprouts of
star seams.

The Dream--

Dream in city hills
hills
that
cause
falling grapes.

Humble To Hold

Alive
clock-to-
 clock
lunch-to-
 lunch
frozen burrito-to-
 frozen burrito--

--No need
to
gloat
or
moat.

This is the
life
we
investigate.

Provoke-to-
 provoke
Hope-to-
 hope
Month-to-
 month--

The two
between
the moments
could divide three.

Only the
next episode
shall
be
so humble
to hold.

The Hurried Answers

She
or
He
was ready to announce
a hundred answers
to
as many questions.

Ready to absolve
the
past-present-future
on stomping toes
in one hour.

To figure
the fun
 cure of grief
over take
the rainbow gold
from front seat mirrors.

So apt
to roast the cure
for all the moisture it can encourage.

Pull the cotton cuffs
from
large spokes.

Tugging & Enchanting--

To realizations,
true or false,
we all suffer to rejoice

my
 dutiful
 dutiful
friends.

The Italian Sun Down

Sleep
in
boxer briefs,
I negate
the dark
that
take lamps
to the land of
cloth & vinyl shades--

Smashed against
the
thoughts
I can think
of the chosen
or
potential
in morning coffee.

Quick doze after
wine,
sophomore sober
I have more
time
to collect.

The bugs of
bed lights
tickling my belly button
before I think of you,
baby.

Clean complexion
aligned teeth
snug bosom
graceful feet--

The sleep we shared
in
white shirts
within your scents,
that black smudge.

The smudge
which marked me,
darker than black suitcases
listening to

the
sleep I inhibit
with your breath.

Brazen over the olive trees
in
my first dream of You
&
the
Italian Sun Down.

Kennedy (JFK) On The Highway

The views
seen
in
the States United,
historic or
reveled for pleasure.

Yet,
in downtown Dallas
last evening,
on poignant anthems
I
drove over the death scene.

It did take place,
the death of
the
60's-70's-90's--

Kennedy was
20 feet from the
highway.

The green grass
a blaze
with water shooting
from
the
6th floor
book depository.

On the spot,
Jacqueline screamed.

A lump in
my breast,
while
the memorials
soak the lights
of
Tuesday night.

Cutting through
a
conspiracy,
my folks

previous screams of anguish
&
two thousand yards of video tape
I have seen.

The end
of
the charisma,
as
the
flame wades
over the grave.

Here in Dealey Plaza,
another
short stop

on a
sad -- terrific
journey.

Activity Keeps Flowing

Sprinklers
water
Fairfield lawns--

Light posts
 Sun roofs
adorn
the land
 the greens
by day.

Grouping the
haze of
colors
in
numbers.

Tanks of fuel
 U-Haul trucks
tickle
the
passer-by.

There is only
a
small guy
talking to window frames
in
silence.

It's nice
not to be hungover
or
battling *the headache*.

Business
down south,
the Midwest looms
larger than ever.

***THERE'S NOTHING WORSE
THAN
A BUNCH OF
WHITE KIDS
CRYING OVER BOTTLED BEER***

The Last Lime

The last
one
has come--

Obscene goose
at the
end
of the
wing.

Chain smoking
cheap cigarettes
“Good Coffee”
from tan mugs,
the air is getting
cold.

Coughing
rap music,
knowledge buried over
the
paper sitcoms.

Icons
of
signs over shoe shines.

The limes
rest
on
risen racks. . .

Medicine Since Forgotten

The loss
of
a
previous mind--

To please women
with
no cash,
the same pair of pants
lasted
several months.

Death in
the left side of the soul,
that ate
whole wheat bread
wondering--
“What farmer tilled this grain?”

Consciousness
in
waters

run
run

slinky ‘bout
the
sewers
that
clean civilian talk,
the brain has
something to say
to
no one who
can
speak peace
in
Government housing.

Catching up to
your feet
that
stroll with broken shoes
on
live ground
in
the
present.

That present mood

in
relaxed glances
over
coffee--

Work becomes
the electricity
you
feel.

On hair
that
lines the back of
fingers,
at rest
when fire cleans the
city barrel
and
you walk home at 2:00a.m.
because cars
could never do
what
thoughts have completed.

In the eyes
of
sores
absorbing medicine

that has
a
name
you have
since forgotten.

A Million Yawning Trees

*Drawn
above Mother Earth--*

*My toes
in the Canary Islands,
floss in my teeth
from Iceland gents.*

*Several chest hairs
of mine
wade in the Indian Ocean storms.*

*The full thrust
of
physical flesh
over the bound,
pinned to
photographs in Taiwan dojos.*

*Happily laughing
that rains away,
the voyeur tornadoes are sent
to
cheering soldiers that miss home.*

*The sun bakes
me kindly,
the moon rests
in
my gravity.*

*Awake in the rest,
yonder to
naked birds
 clothed aircraft--*

*Lurched
in the heavens above
the
blue planet,
the view is no scam.*

*My upper things
twitch to speak
a
narrative.*

*The narrative of
surreal relativity
in
the
day & night
of
one stretch
of
a
Million Yawning Trees.*

Full-Bearded Monet Painting

*Have had
a
tough day
spelling the words.*

*The sustenance
of
those early nights
 late evenings,
I don't
feel
I have
done the consonants wrong.*

*Wasted money,
I have no knowledge
of
new cars on the market.*

*Planes
are of the air,
not models
I
ever read for pleasure
between covers.*

*Words
&
Punctuation
lend the feeling,
a
lead over substitute mathematics.*

*The emotion of feeling
has
the
words to soothe
my post-winter eyes.*

*I will continue to
mis-spell the words,
fly the planes
drive the cars
smell pickle jars.*

*Those actions
that*

*have half the meaning
of
a
full-bearded Monet painting.*

Mouths Say Much More

The women
keep
pouring in--

Pushing
up
Lennon eye wear,
speaking of the guy's
that
need too much sex
&
much more lazy talk.

Hands that rotate around
an
invisible bowl
of their own creation
blindness
&
attraction--

For the male,
to turn that
despair
into more
than the hands have done to fail me.

Those beautiful
creatures.

Creatures indeed--

Some are
so human
you faint within,
others aren't worth
considering
a
spoken syllable.

Can't say I
wouldn't love to have
those hands

touch my skin--

To
have

their mouths

say
much

more.

Whispering Music of Time

How the
time
in
blocks
mocked the mockery,
soaked
tree stems
of
autumn leaves
that
whispered music
clean as Grandma Rose
rolling the
book backwards &
whispering red wings.

Hell untouched,
yet molested
by fears that cannot
switch off
the
television set.

Sweat that
tastes of
lemon licorice,
the wall clock
has more time to tell
to
gates
gates
refused to the
curb side
for
spring clean-up.

One Thousand Thousand

Last Saturday
Allen Ginsberg
took
off
in his final poem--

His poetic
plan
of
thoughts
gone,
1997.

One thousand
thousand
to
step-up into more
verbal recesses.

Beside Dylan
Naked with The Beatles,
gone to
an
assuming apex
between
none & some.

One thousand
thousand
in line.

Business Parlor

*Business men
meet
corporate women--*

*To gulp iced tea,
the dessert
under table lights.*

*Climb
that
video screen,
accept the crystal medallion
used to
adorn the office wood.*

*Champagne of Styrofoam,
cheers to;
"More wealth
the employees have to loom."*

*The quilt
in tight kilts
speaking a Scottish monologue--*

*Drowning the talk
of
success that
cannot overcome
the soul.*

*Soul of inner sleeves
rolling over emotions
adrenaline
have
to
become.*

Missing Puzzle Piece

They say
it
was the event or day
innocence
was lost forever in Acirema.

I visited
the spot,
re-enacted the sequence
last eve.

'69,
before noon,
the sounds stopped
the vile
in their tracks.

Innocence
was lost well before
JFK
was assassinated.

The fixation
of
eyes
in the Plaza.

Morbid renaissance
to
see
the
huddled buildings.

Innocence
was altered,
never lost forever.

President
or
not,
we have our place
&
leave with the
missing puzzle piece.

Heavenly Gutter Rail

Iron straps
over
tan lights,
the
deep blue
of
this Friday night
is
grouchy
within gathering thunderheads.

Heat and
humidity
over the window bricks
like
a
circus of women
lost
on their third chance
to
decode the first chance
several
years
before.

Healers
on
the shelves,
the
paper
of
ad's too small
for
eyes to miss.

The
eve
has
the final
to
beg the beginning,
in
outside water

pouring
like
an
evil glare
on

a
heavenly gutter rail.

Spokes of Ribbed Fire

Armed robbery
next to Midtown
Sunday evening.

Eighteen wheeler
pull in to
deliver the
sauce
mushroom salts.

Blocking the
front
of
store business.

Cops around my car
near the
crime scene.

Policeman approaches--

“Is it O.K. to park my car here?”
I ask.

“Sure. We just had
an armed robbery here.”
He said.

Definitions that
flow
in the warm spring evening
with
windows opened high.

The shit that
trickles down
in
moments
minutes
while you finish
that promised cigarette,
strip for pleasure
while your woman wiggles.

I read the date on
the frozen package
as it rotated in the microwave.

All that damn danger,
deceit running down
the

chops of the pauper.

My money
has
several weeks to last,
no arms
could get me through.

Robbery for
the
fool that cursed the charlatan
&
spoke no truth.

It's a sad
melodrama
we
can't even begin to participate.

Before & Again,
spokes of ribbed fire
shoot through roof tops,
careful
to hit
that

that
trampled innocence.

Five Robin Birds

*Maze over
"Laden Marsh"
to the swamp
of
delicate stones,
the heavy footed
Irish woman
marched a slow tune.*

*Engulfed for
the
fires in
hair & finger stones,
the aura of
abound figures about.*

She could read.

*The rocks
turned into pelvic sands,
have her return
into the chants of body parts.*

*Her release
into the 3rd world
in
the
1st dimension.*

*My chance to question
the
past,
the future
over
5 robin birds.*

Rambler Reborn

*The glances
 glares
 smiles
that
travel
for miles*

*over walks
in
sunflower fields.*

*Fields
longer than
Russian novels
that traipse
loud
over St. Petersburg
in
knee-high boots.*

*Spikes of silver,
the
color of water cicles
lasting
kilometers
on
end*

*until
spectrums change
the mood into
green buckets*

of marmalade soup.

Run On Time

*Off work
coffee before
"Do Not Enter"
red-white--*

*As much
nicotine
that
will soothe.*

*The fatigue
hasn't seemed
to
cease.*

*Teamed by
ants
copies
ax blades--*

*Those tongs
take me
by
the
Arrow collar,
shake the resin
into
their bowls.*

*To smoke
like
angry
chaps
on
an
Ivy League Fall.*

*No Work for
them
to
elongate
the
angst.*

*Just a cup
full
of
homemade venom
to
release
at a Kinko's clerk
or
you--*

If you

*run
on*

time.

Shade in Sunshine

Patient hold,
gold
flew home.

Patterns of
Muslims
reading
corinthians
 Buddha's last resurrection--

Away from
bruised eyes of young women
men fighting with whiskey on whiskered breath
children dependent from pollutants.

The gold
did go home,
where
the silver never met
deterioration.

The residual swallow,
court jester revenge.

Revenge of beliefs
swinging neither
high

nor

low.

Shade
has a silent name
as
of

now.

Presumed Shoal

Your life
is
better than
the presumed hot,
worse
than clots of cold poles
in knee caps.

The ice
enclosed by projections
of
financial independence.

Proud
 Indignant
face of shoals
over
old women
that stroll down Prospect Ave.
at
1:30p.m. without
heavy hatred.

The subjectivity
of
those that
feel deprived
by what is presumed
as
better or worse.

The Couple Is Slow

Heavy -- Light
the
holy try.

Cry -- Smile
the
tandem is riles.

Course -- Smooth
the lofty
scroll.

Stone burdened
the pack bearer
to
ring low
for bells
didn't have
a
purchase again.

Nothing
to
gain -- lose,
the groves sway
while
the couple is slow.

Breakfast Solution

The loss
of
easy eggs--

Now,
thick milky skin
cover eggs that
crack over torn pans,
Teflon had
a
grasp at one time.

The raised spatula,
drips of butter
like blood,
next to the
ice cubes melting
on
the
seams
of
shoulder sleeves.

Toast has
gone into the
heat,
burned for the compliment
to
yolk
pepper.

Has the Minstrel
tasted the Orange Juice?

Grown on trees
that
queens have
conceived.

The court has no
breath
to
relieve.

I wait for
the
fire
to start,
for connection
was
then
as
now
ends the wait.

Looking for the Solution.

Time To Speak

In water towers
 American flags
 Texas colors
coffee in hotel room.

Silence by
television screens.

In room pens
 the biography of
Conrad Hilton.

Pack of Boy Scouts
obediently finagle around
the
hotel parking lot.

The air is
warm
 planes ascend higher,
into
shapes
 landscapes
of
more words
& acts
that
have their

time to speak.

Search Together; On Your Own

In the crouch
of
drinks,
alcoholic
drip
since
1865.

The non-alcoholic
tempter
has
the
hat of rails
ready to
slide down into your

flesh.

The flesh
that
has
more boundaries
than
you
can discover.

Comfort
for
the discoveries.

Absolutely heady for
the
alcohol
that will soon bring visions into your
evening and
sleep
that will make you scratch your toes so fervently
that
the
tails of caTS will become amusing.

There is
really no reason,
except that
the
madness of
those
normal
images

had their time to tell time

in
dreams

that have robbed you of an emotion

that makes
you
want to steal

the right things.

The right
things
in
wrong
time
on
general

devotion.

A Haunt To Tell

Shortly after
the
middle of sleep--

Some carbonated
brown sugar
on
my back.

The shadows
of
time laughing quiet--

Turn like the
inches of
a
wrist watch.

A face has replaced mine.

Blond eyelashes
pull me
awake.

Torn between
the
hypnagogic
some
soon rest.

Though my
body doesn't
seem
as
much
my
feel.

It's more the
foreign.

On a suitcase
bound

for
a
teal
conveyor belt.

Lifting the
wall in shapes
time
has
a
haunt to tell.

The Money Theft

The premium taste
holds
the
loathe--

To suffer
old
meek.

Maids in
short
skirts,
the tin stacks of stream
told
of the town
behind the thicket.

Collection of
kind coins
in
drinking jugs,
needed more money
to
support
the money that
robbed the
cello boy.

The clocks
rang
their bells
at
precisely 3:00p.m.
several times
a
day.

At 5:32a.m.,
the
clock
struck three separate times.

Time went haywire
and
there was assuredly no possible way
for
the human race to figure this
phenomenon.

Also,
the people were
begining to enjoy this strange
and
magnanimous event.
Clocks moved back to varying times
throughout the day.
The clock never moved forward.

So,
people could relive
moment
they thought were cemented in some
cognitive memory
that
could never be touched again.

Given more time
by
the guts of machinery that lost
more
than one screw in the 20th Century.

Clock towers,
watches
&
alarm clocks were perceived as the sun.
There just wasn't any way
to
alter the inevitable.

So people
kept gracefully moving back
and
looking forward to the forward march.

Little children had longer recesses,
teenagers loathed going to school longer
and
adults relished the possibility to
relive moments that went sour on more than one occasion.

People wouldn't necessarily live longer,
though
there was indeed a new vigor in the steps
people
took across their lives.

They didn't think about death
or
definitives
as much as before.

The world was on a new time schedule
that
kicked the shit out of time zones.

On These Refrigerator Tops

Half bottle
of
White Zinfandel,
the cork
was cheaper
than
the wine.

Had no host
to
hoard the ghost.

Fumes of blush
scent
the refrigerator top,
her scent still remains
on
that light blue pair of jeans.

Salt in the
crevices of her lips,
the
cats swat at
pigeons stealthy enough
to
sit on window sills longer than
an hour.

Oh,
I swat at
the rising air.

Laughing through
speech
that has been my
needed delirium.

Did You Know The Town?

Just a town
I
knew,
back when it
was the craze to
call it a “city”--

The spokes
of
tranquil evil,
square blocks that
soaked towels in bleach
&
threw them on side streets
for
catchy scents,
new articles in Tribune sidelights.

Holes thunder
hit
accurately,
mouths did more
to
disrupt Gandhi
that he did for the food industry.

The tailspin
of
titles,
glowing on
spring fires--

Glares from
hair,
looks from toes.

The escape (contentment)
was
within yourself.

If you knew
who
‘yourself’ was.

The Previous Visa

Meet
on
the left,
converse
over night--

Divide the
height,
it
could be your delight.

Circle
the crowd,
for newspapers blow
in
the corral
and
we all would like something to
read
while
we
 are
 bored--

Brought forward
to
stop
the leaking pipes.

The plumber's wrench
has a
bad nozzle,
your
visa
has expired.

First of the Last Visits

She
shouts to me from
the middle of
the
restaurant floor--

“Good Afternoon,
seating for one.”

“Yea.”
I reply.

Lentil soup
Tuna melt
next to a pickle slice--

Droning the
time
while Texas heat collects.

Children
are
far away,
nearer to
the
artistic words
that have downed
a
pitcher of milk.

My meal
is
finished,
billed
to room
1008.

I called my father,
cooked a pot
of
coffee in my room.

The words are
red wine,
debauchery hide
in all
the women that walk by--

Only 2 More Drinks

*How have
you been?
--she said--*

Great.
--he said--

*What have you
been doing
with yourself?*

Oh,
the exercise
I have in my thighs.

What?

The paces
 floors,
the beautiful faces,
those who have no reason to hope,
but do.

*I can assume you have
been pretty busy then?*

Yea, holding
these coins.
The coins for
coffee & video rentals.

Are you working?

Yes--
More no.

What is the yes?

Working to find work,
finding more
than the work they give.
How about you?

*I'm a barrista at
the
corner of
51st & 42nd.*

That new place
that opened
several months ago?

*Yes -- yes,
you've been there,
huh?*

Several times.
Never saw you there.

*I just got hired
a few weeks ago.*

Hmmm. How do you like it?

*It's income.
I enjoy the people
the talks,
tire of the same questions.*

The questions . . .
Fuck,
I know the questions.

*For people who propose so many
question,
they certainly have a loss for answers.*

You've got that right,
beautiful.

*So what are you
doing here
all alone tonight?*

That's an innocent enough question.
I just dropped a couple friends off.
Felt like breathing
the public air and sights
before I go on back to the abode.

What about you?

*Just got off work.
Needed a couple of strong drinks.*

You come to this place
that much?

It's actually my first time.

Mine too.

*They say there's a first
for everything.*

You still seeing that
ex-painter,
confirmed Buddhist?

Old news.

How long.

Eight months ago.

What went wrong?

*There's no promise in a man
that can't hold true to at least something
for no longer than two months.*

I hear you.

What about yourself?

I don't mean to sound cliché,
but I need something solid.
Not steady or committed,
so to speak,
but solid.

*What's been the problem?
If you don't mind me asking.*

Too much bad sex and
terrible conversations.

The classic 90's tale.
A spark in the beginning,
drunk -- several drinks-- sober--
and the nose dive begins soon after that.

*You know,
I don't date around enough to know
about it,
but I have many friends that go through
the same shit.
It's not that easy out there.*

It's actually easier than you think.

What?

People truly need to cut back
on the bullshit.
Forget a rant on petty conversation
leading to bad divorces,
worse marriages.
It's deeper than that.

Please, enlighten me.

As humans,
we're loving creatures.
Dependent on physical and emotional
touches that keep the soul alive.
As a defense,
many people close the door,
so to speak,
to same the pain.
Yea, bad shit which we all experience or will
experience at one time or another on the relationship road
that can put-up walls and lead the human
to a different social road.
A road that has been torched, wrecked or loved
all at once.
Love may win when the final words escape,
but not
without a fare share of the hurtful shit that will come along.

*Good God,
it's so true.*

Hollywood usually wins,
the actors go through what you see.
Your folks ponder and heal like us.

*You think about being with that
great woman or that true love
quite a bit?*

I don't drone on the fact,
but I would lie if I didn't say I fantasize
about sharing my soul with that phenomenal woman.

*What would you say if
I asked you out?*

What do you mean?

*I have always had my eye
on your looks and way.
Now that the groups of old flames and friends
have danced away,
we can have the floor.*

Your words.
They have always done something to me.

*I'm serious,
let's give the night our promise.*

How about several more drinks
and we fly out into private quarters
for some more personal attention.

You stole my words.

*** Note ***

*This dialogue, between two young adults (their names
will remain unknown), is fictional. Though, the reality
cannot help them names of two worthy individuals looking
for some affection with no questions, and some beautiful answers.*

Flight 1551

The
third seat
on the inside.

Four leaf clover
built of
stone
blew layers of
white rain.

Moist
sunshine
makes the
knee caps swell,
no liquor
or
time
to stop--

Into Texas
for the night
this
next day.

Not quite
three ways
about it--

The lands bleed
blue & gray,
laughter is
silenced.

Alive in
the
seat above
3 devout prairies
being tilled in Dallas
on
Flight 1551.

Ten Floors Above I-35

*The flights
into
the
Texas sun.*

*Amusement Park
stand still,
truckers sing
the song "Convoy"
to boulevards of May green.*

*Protected from
sound,
sights punch
my eye sockets
as noon approaches,
the union stripes sink.*

*Coffee in Styrofoam,
tickets
have no bound
with me.*

*I slowly begin
to
awake
as the traffic
inches along
with
the
music
on I-35*

to somewhere.

Arlington Climates

Not much
will be visited
here in the
middle of Texas.

Although,
women did swing
from
rope swings to smack
a
cow bell
in
some San Francisco Steakhouse.

Angus beef
Ale beer
Victorian history
in
a
restaurant dive
on
downtown Dallas street.

Cold hotel room
Early rise,
comfort is here
yet
the miles fly by.

For passing passengers
and
the soul inside
that
craves the sights
high heel feet coming out of car doors.

The sky & winds
that
prevail in Arlington climates.

Possible Authority

Can you
believe
the truth
from a liar?

Have you
touched
the
reformed violator
on
conditions that
were pure?

When did
the local Senator call you
for
something besides
a
vote
or
waste of several tax dollars?

Do the teachings
really
matter to
children that
hate school and
smash bottles
on
courthouse steps?

Has the meaning,
mores
to life been
reversed after
a
talk
or
walking speech?

The strength
to understand
numbers,
as
change uproots
1985's Mexico City.

When the tarot cards
are thrown
in
the
trash for
desperate swords.

When
 When
the inverted pyramid
of
Egyptian sailors
dated Malaysian women.

The change
spoken
when the walls
were seen as walls
&
freedom was yours
&
not in the hands
of
possible authority.

The Blank Stare

We had
her convinced
that
my girlfriend took off
to
open a bar
in
Aruba--

“Awww,
why didn’t you
go
with her?”
she asked.

“It was her thing.
I’m crushed,
but it was the
best
for us both.”

She had
no
response--

I kept
draining my senses
into
the
beauties in
the
bar
gathering.

Tall
Short
Make-up
Natural Complexions--

She kept leaning over--

“You sure
you’re O.K.?”
she would say.

“Yea.

Another beer,
some fresh air
&
I'm as good
as
old."
I would report.

You know,
my girl didn't
leave me.

Yet,
it felt like I
had
lost something
that night--

I cannot even explain
this
blank stare.

No Caffeine or Reasons

Caught in
the
beat fashion,
you roll the window
up
and beat nails
against the steering wheel,
the music
is loud.

A grunge parody,
you pull pants
above
your heels,
frayed edges hit the ground
on
some side road.

The retro owner
fights punks
who smoke some dope
and
believe
Neal Cassidy is
their real father.

So hurried to be
a
label--

The label
has the right
to
separate.

Those that
liken
life to death,
peel labels
off
2 liter bottles
of
Sprite.

No caffeine
or
reasons.

Private Chats

*Pastels smear
cement glue,
the horn that honks,
for our place
is
on the second floor.*

*Hot Dogs
in a sandwich bag,
the landlord smiled
and
said
he would fix the lock.*

*Text books brought home
from
work
to gather with the other debt,
the
Beatles
spin digitally
for
the
floors to
harden
solid
like some mahogany.*

*Peace to
the
brothers -- sisters -- children,
the parents
that
did their best on
what
I
have*

you want

we need

*for the survival
of
private chats.*

Goose Feathers on Cheeks

*To be noted
on the bridge
sludging
with
cages--*

*Torn loose from
door hinges--*

*The lighter fluid
is all that can
be
scribed on the bridge--*

*The freedom
ode
those reasons,
the fame that killed Norma Jean
the Canadian kid that killed H. Houdini--*

*Host
on T-Cells,
the body on a bridge
telling the family
those rusty lopes of chain
can carry the weight--*

*The weight
of
60 school buses
going to the Art Farm--*

*Goose Feathers
that
tickle our
cheeks.*

Afraid of Clowns?

Coming home--
Off 9 cups of coffee
through the day,
smoke
in
the eye.
Tears
follow signs on
the back
of
city busses.
Wondering
if debt for ceremonies
--Large or Small--
is worth
it all.
Bills on the bottom
step,
the clown still has to
collect welfare checks
for
his
children that believe in circus entertainment
&
rely
on their hero
--Father--
to deliver
more physical existence.

many
 many
people

afraid of clowns.

Behind Board Doors

Name tags
on
breast plates.

They all seem to
know each other,
or
will
as the day
becomes cordial.

Voice mail
to
catch,
the cows
have rituals
that eat
at
PM hours.

Laughing Mongrel
Depressed Minstrel--

The catch phrase
behind
conference doors.

Ice melts
in
pitchers of water,
the candy can
only
do so much to
cover that withered breath.

Hug The Dove

His
accent was
cold & slow--

Wanted to
know
what business we bring
down
into
his country of Texas.

“Where from Kansas City”
I said.

“Thank the Lord,
your below the Mason-Dixie Line”
the Dr. said.

Told me
he wouldn't give
his business
to
nutty Californians
or
Yankees--

Needs to tie-up his
funds
or
profits
in Midwest folks.

Due to bigotry
&
fear,
he would refuse
some quality education.

Had to bite
my forsaken tongue
or
drop into
his
slight of mind.

Physical growth
is
dandy,
yet the mind
is poked
so
cruel.

Time to hug
the
dove--

It may
fly away
home

very soon.

Ethnic Encouragement

Anglo
lost Saxon

skipping down
the boulevard with an African.

The Asian angel
limped by
as
Mr. Mexican
flicked an ash.

European six
enters the
Chinese liquor store,
several Vietnamese
lock their shops
as
the Indians
march by

cool
with a smile.

The Find

The woman
holds
homework in
front of her face.

To absorb
the frontal,
forgive her side.

An angry
woman,
unpacking for 6 months--

The body scents smell great.

Then,
she stands
 strolls past
&
knocks over
an
ashtray
 some wry look.

The people stop short
one instance.

Glances exchange
the
ashes of this young
woman
that will remain
in
the
wooden cracks.

Cathartic
is
her aim
with her friend,
to
find

find

the find.

Five Finger Nails

Work
on eight toes,
pleasure on one tonsil.

Agony on
6 3/4 ribs,
intrigue on four eyelashes.

Lost thoughts
on
four buttocks,
last rites on many elbow joints.

Nine teeth
to chatter in silent confusion,
3 tongues lick the
stale syrup running over one belly button
of
her 3 tucks.

The body of
human skin
enameled
in numbers for
the
thousand minutes that
have less
than
the morale of a team
of
five finger nails.