

thoughts of insomnia

We approach
1:00a.m
together.

The heat,
open blinds
the
stomach ache
that has taken me to
more
thoughts than monkeys
with wrenched hands in human traps.

Rejuvenated
appetite
and
ice cold potato salad,
damn
caffiene hasn't taken
the
opt
to
co-op
and extinguish the previous day.

RED light
over
Medical Center,
has the strip mall
across
the
street in
a
well-lit lurch.

Gas meters
slow down
some...
Morning
is
on
my shoulders
&

the small chills
burn
my
eyes

the
color of towers

that
blink
in
thoughts
of
insomnia.

Kodak Barrels

Tubs of
Kodak print,
lifted from
the
top surface of
metal barrels--

Rolling over west winds
for
the
park visitors to
marvel.

To keep attention
&
keen hindsight.

They
relive the rapture
humans re-create
as
the summer solstice approaches
and
the
equinox eve
waits on your deteriorated patio.

I Should Later Explain To You

When the
black arms swayed,
a
brass leg beat
two bells in fury.

Come to mind,
lift a new and
reminiscent line--

Talk to the neighbor dog,
scratch
a
full scalp.

Crack wide
the
book that has you on thought
so new & old
you cannot decide which.

The white plastic trunk
feels
scientific pressure,
morsels of
chemical reactions
bury your body.

To arise
the *within*,
haggle for
the
rain.

Pieces of
unknown paper
and
scattered pennies on the floors
spark thoughts
that
had nothing to do with their existence.

A bundle
of
insomnia
at
NooN,

my mind needs no raft--

Currents pull-me
below
to a world
I should later explain
to
you.

Louder Than Love

Back
on the
mouth organ,
shit crumbles
beneath
the wavering thought--

Sun beams
of
past forgiveness,
the road
shall begin again.

West into
East,
back around a rotation
that stimulates
toes of aloe,
Big Pills of Vitamin A
roll in laughter.

Malnourished
remorse,
the busy boulevard reminds
me
of the weeks that lasted
for
years
which have been lived
&
need a new visitation.

Visitation
in
sunflower vases
tipped on skittish floors

louder

than love.

Mail Man To My Door Step

Drizzle
on
strokes
of cloud--

Time has
taken days
into months,
my fatigue
has
stretched my thighs over tight muscles.

The mind
of
held thoughts
&
better attempts.

To try
&
ink a meaning,
another author
stole an \$800.00
cup of mocha
without paying.

*the business of art,
the commerce of writing--*

We keep
on
thinking,
the
check
probably
won't
come in the mail.

I can't speak of the masquerade

the karma
was
stronger
than a
German Shepherd
this
past week,
more
sturdy than bottom-barrel
cuss words

my father
is
well,
cigarette smoke
hasn't robbed
my circulation as night.

to wake-up in
the morning with blood flowing through
both
arms
is
a
miracle
non-smokers
twitch about
walking alone through the worst haunted house
in
downtown
crack alleys.

the alleys
real TV have
no fucking Visa
to
trespass.

the sounds
in
the
AM night,
cold meat
hide the heat stricken
bones,

the microwave
is
turned
off,
I have

too many places
to
go.

Yea,
one helluva
week
for
karma
to flash her
new
gown
to
the string quartet. . .

getting ready
to
replace the bow
or
chase a couple of
worn down
strings.

Mean An End

You want
to know what it means?

Come closer,
closer to yourself
and
the heat I release--

Let the stiff collars droop
and
tell me
what the object or question is
that needs to be explained.

Don't ask about life,
ask what
is
inside life.

Ask about laughter,
the madness which consumed Mussolini.

Hell,
don't be shy
about the 'means,'
there's an end on my tongue
and
it
wishes to seek death and subtle rebirth.

A dose of questions
have
a
fair (maybe)
shot
for the end.

miracles rarely come with an empty hand

bleak light
thrown
like a terry cloth
over
the
fixtures
and wooden planks
that
he
saw several months ago.

young
scraped
yet more
inquisitive than the afternoon
quiz
show.

probably just ended the
resolve
or
began the argument with
red head
lady companion,
I
can only hope
his
sister is well.

itching
a
constant scratch,
doubtful
for
his
next month or
year,
nearly
\$500.00 waits
in
the
bank at his disposal.

had no
problem
buying me several cheap drinks
to
feed the alcoholic
escape
into

fresh trees last Wednesday night.

he gives
with the desire
for
love that is possessed so
rarely in this world
of
too much,
he
searches
for
wisdom.

the wisdom he
won't admit
in front of certain people,
even if
they
are mirrors
of
his own reflection.

i'm sure he
just
patched up the leak
with
his
woman,
while the parking lot
lights
smile--

he'll
find it someday,
hell

he has too.

miracles
rarely
come with an empty hand.

Music Is Here

SEVERAL
MORE HOURS
AND THE MUSIC
WILL GET LOUDER.

BLACK SKIES,
THE DEATH OF BIRDS
&
GROWTH OF INSECT TREES,
THE MUSIC
WILL
GROW STRONGER.

SILENT CHURCHES
FIRE IS BOARDED-UP
VIOLIN STRINGS GRIPPED,
THE
RISE OF MUSIC
IS ON ITS WAY--

WAIT TILL THE
DANCE
IS DRAWN ON A MAP
OF
WHEELS,
HER BEGGAR FRIENDS
WE'RE ALWAYS BETTER OFF
THAN
THE THIEF.

GUILT REMOVED,
THE
MUSIC IS HERE.

New Take On The Nose

The nose
of
many great itches--

Drippy
for Autumn crowds,
cold as the winter green dies
in
oxygen overload.

Lent by cheek sockets,
I know
a
way
around the
left-hand turn.

Raised by the
buxton,
defeated by naughty nutrients,
the nose
has
a lot
of
thought that others
have felt.

It gives the
upper lip a
volcano
translucent orange
to repeal.

Needed for
the
morning water well,
the nose
has
caught the scent
old rovers
must forget.

Raised by
the rule,
extended about my road.

Life presents

a barrage of questions
at
certain times
you just know the responses to.

Survived, but Just couldn't Smoke

The brooms that
go
over the trash dumpsters
in the far east village of
New York City.

Some brothers
and
white folks
look for some edible trash
to
sell or devour in a hunger craze,
at the same time
they keep a set of eye balls
in
the back of their head for
some pimp motherfucker that might decide
to
take them out in a drug-ridden craze
that
wouldn't actually be anything personal
against
these survivor going through the trash.

My car
has died in the middle
of
this American wasteland
in the most dangerous City and part of the city.
Too pre-occupied
to smoke a cigarette,
I
hold on hope
that the engine will turn
I won't get killed
and
that I'll have balls enough to smoke the cigarette
once
I get out of this scenario.

One of the brothers
behind a sign that is deterring my
plane of view
found a fountain glass of old vanilla ice cream.
He pulls the glass close to his lips
and let's the malted sugar float down his throat.

He smiles
laughs
and waves on the boy's to do their work on me.

Shit,
that's all I can think.

The car still doesn't turn
over.
These boy's are scattered around
the
corner in some ratted-out piece of nothing vehicle
that spits muffle juice and is coming straight at me.
The guns
cocked,
I cooked in a pot of undefinable water.

Believe it or not,
the engine finally starts.
Into 'D',
I'm off as
gun blasts hit the corner panels of my car.

Down the street,
I
pull out a cigarette and
decide not
to smoke it.

One Taste

The darker
we become,
the more
they
want in.

To walk in
the laughter,
maul their last breath
with vitality they
won't
be able to use--

As the evil
jumps free,
they
want to have a peek.

Into worlds we
cannot visit
from
earth.

An end to
regret,
they would rather
settle
for
fear.

Prostate,
crawling on elbows-n-knees
they found something new,
raised from black marbles
in
clean tan molasses.

How slow it rolls,
they
desire just
one
taste.

other places

half package
of Kool King filters
 3 tapes
 one pencil,
women of
Arabia
sail over the
branches that
wait for more color--

Not too many
articles
of
substance
to
sustain
my physical race,
the speed of 100 hungry beggars
racing for
a
stack of roast beef--

I drag along
their stride,
grumbling in my stomach for the art of life.

Away from
 canvas
 paper
the
cluttered sentiments of other places.

Deep Blue Swimming Pool

the dreams
that unveil their
story,
personal
bits of some past
dream that had several hours
to
speak

speaking of the America
I
live in
and
the violin strum
that
speaks louder than the paint
I
throw on jeans
shirts
the
canvass stacked in the living room closet.

closed
for
the
night sparks,
open in the grapefruit Rhine's
purchased
by young women
for bleeding hearts
that
seem to be healed by losing weight.

losing the fat
of
trim
childhood's
that
float in magazine print,
the
newest copy of the felt
book
at
a
distant bookstore.

the fucking
eating
drinking,
those talks
and

cigarettes
that have no problem
dwindling
in the clouds that hide dust
and
emit humidity
in the afternoon of evening deceit.

the reality
of
car repair shops,
cracking the coax
of
yellow medicine tablets

wrapped around the napkin
over
martini shots,
the
burning eyes
find
comfort
in plump women happy to
crawl
out of their shower stalls.

single
shouts to the silence
of
loud window lights,

I have failed
where
they
have failed

the success
of
admitting
the
travels
that
beget the captured

in
cages
like translucent seaweed
on
an
ocean that exists
out
there away

from me
now

the
thoughts that scatter
like sand
in
a
deep blue swimming pool.

Forgot To Refuse

The group
of
doves
sail oblong
&
slow
over my car--

Trails of green
have resurrected
a
plot,
seen seldom by the
pass
of
human homes--

Gallant winds
have veered them
from mountain ranges
into
Missouri humidity.

A symbol of
life
with
rabid heart beats
take my car slow to another gear

into many more
thoughts
which
forgot to refuse.

You Can See

One of
the
most
pleasing nights--

Winds went back
to
the
ocean,
music faint
over the
dusk jetties of cloud.

Shelves of
passing color
as
the sun hides
the rain and hungry humor.

Birds dive
by
the sidewalk jive,
air conditioning units
rattle
for the absence
of
dogs chattering.

Vision deterred,
the youth of night
has
foreseen.

Damn comfortable--

I
think
you

can
see.

Too Many Solutions

A cure
to
the
impaled epidemic
that
overturned
more than one dozen families--

Megabytes of memory,
new buttons on the Coke machine
also
new government regulations that
will make it
harder for you and yours to
hold public officials liable.

Talk over
the
streetcar engine,
the towel soaks
the
brain for some more reasons.

Reason within
logic,
begging for resolutions--

The outbreak
of
solutions,
under
an
optimistic problem.

the battle of the moon and the sun

the trails
go down,
weeks grow long.

hung on
several paths
of
grain,
the farm animal belches
a
secret prayer.

the night a full moon
graces the
ruby sunset,
a time
for the urban dwellers
to cheer the apocalyptic beginning
that could
work in their favor.

One story
in
the
coming together
of
the
departed.

Away to separate
phases,
for the sun
always
beat the moon.

Rainy Sunday Afternoon

This is
some of my
surreal times--

When her
kiss
darts in unplanned patterns.

Ending at the start,
her finish
seems like years
in
the passing pages.

The passion
of
15 cats in heat,
tails squirm
in
pleasure
while soap bubbles surface on sink water

resonate
then evaporate.

These are
some
of my
surreal times.

To talk in
words
for the sentiments of warm showers
to remember
that
love.

Fancied or
flailing times. . .
on
a
rainy
Sunday afternoon.

A Pound Of Sweat

*Her final
note
to the edge--*

*Yes,
the last
of
her rest,
the test
of deteriorated veins.*

*She wore disbelief
 rejected doubt
 lived death
and
hit her final note
on
the edge of life--*

*Her mind was a
pound of sweat,
all she wanted
to
do
was
evaporate.*

*Yea,
she made
her
final push
to
the
E
D
G
E.*

Taped To A Teal Skyline

The final batch
of
the next
emotional throng--

Buckets of
sweat
that
refract my appearance,
fish search the steel siding for
some more air
while my gills fail
to
expel water.

Water of
a time
so frank & clear,
I pound my pen
at the fortnight
to
capture a month.

A month in
new hotel rooms
 old roads
 bright monuments,
pictures the
fish have
never seen.

They wouldn't
understand,
for I
write on the scene.

The scene
behind smoke screens,
taped to a teal skyline.

Totem Pole Rings

totem pole
totem pole,
toucan # 8
sends its best--

To the
cold rains
that
pelt thirst lands
on
shady winter brown.

Knock on
the
wood,
admire
the paint.

More power than
a
gathering
of
college kids,
the
paint
sparkles like nothing seen
before
nor
after.

the touch of her taste

to note
the
executive apparel--

eyes of her
that speak
many untold stories
in
loud speeches
on
congregations
 physical tension
&
lost tears.

off-peach,
the legs go into
her
aplomb back.

lines of skin
that
stretch into mine,
she has the
blood of hormonal registration.

I lurch onto
her black horse
and
chant purple dreams
next to
her
drops of sweat on
floor corners.

many words
she shall speak
over
quiet rivers
in
loud intrigue.

the intrigue

of
her look,
the touch
of
her taste.

Together, The States Wait for Candlelight

You had your chance
you enjoyed
the rest you incurred,
now
you
drive into Kansas.

The decision
was split,
but now
Missouri
is
a
memory--

And for what
young woman?

Better bagels
fresher coffee
cheaper cigarettes
Your 3rd niece you haven't seen for 5 months--

Down the
boulevard
young beautiful women
listen
to men that strip off shirts
and
turn-up the
hippest of craziest lipsincing
hip-hop dance
love
on the radio.

They either
disregard the flailing bullshit
or
put it into their own perspective

in
another state
that
looks an awful lot like the previous Missouri.

How bland & obvious
the
states of reality and romanticism
mix
into the gray matter
and

find solace until the candle light
has
another scream to tell.

The Wet Season

Brutality
on the physical,
winds nurture
my
longing limbs--

Intriguing my culture
in
place
of drab activities,
actions
that salt the mouth
 dry the eyes
and
leave the feet in a precarious fix.

Yea,
without physical blows
I
beat this flesh to
new heights at
the
morning arise.

For the glory
of
what I cannot describe,
yet scribe
as
clear as the soul that beats
a
bongo
hot & loud
in the wet season.

Their 'Y' To What

U.S. Supreme Court
denies
procrastination
to the Nation's youngest President
for
possibly using sex
as
a
weapon
in cardboard pin holes--

Midwest punk
has
poison darts
burning his scalp
before the verdict of extinguishing
Oklahoma Federal Building--

Broadcast man
bit into the wrong sort of female skin Rhine,
won't talk to the
press--

Not even clever enough
to
cover their shadows
they bake
in
public scorn.

They fought
for
nothing,
gained sub-simplicity.

Maimed for
what (?)
in a Country that seems
to
question what (?)
without
knowing the 'Y'

Went To Work The Next Morning

She left me
light,
I gave her a mile--

She showed me
the city,
I gave her a pound of dirt.--

She laughed in
the nude,
I gave her my last undershirt--

She understood
good fiction,
I wrote her a poem--

She got sick from
my kiss,
I bought her a priceless idol--

She provided music I listen to
fondly,
I broke two moroccas in her name--

She bathed next to
my breathing,
I drained the tub in honor of her breasts.

She bought an animal for
ten bucks,
I lost the collar that used to be our shelter.

Shelter from
dank scents of a time when love was trite.

I lover her
and
never told her.

We exchanged reality
and
went to work the next morning.

Plastic White

Checked
the mail--

Another pre-approved
Visa card,
Sears even wants to squeeze
in
on
the scene--

To see
the
length of brevity
or
the chaos in
low interest--

State Government
made a
handy mistake,
money in my favor
in due process of tax laws.

Maybe
I won't eat frozen pizza
all week,
damn those
frozen rounds were delicious.

Home on
the row
which cannot be defined--

Slip and Roll,
the cow groans
at
an
empty gallon
of
plastic white.

--Those 10 years--

*She said
if I keep on
my course of living,
"You may have
10 more years to live."*

*A decade
to investigate
or
recapitulate--*

*Gather comfort like
cotton balls
on
a
rotten cold night.*

*I thought,
but didn't smother
the
smell of this truth
inside
a combustible piece of honesty.*

*The love
I hold,
which others freely do,
for living could
end
in
youth (24).*

*This has made
me
think
of the brown robins that will continue to live,
coffee that will keep brewing,
ties that will be severed with close kin & the new belly button that will grow.*

*One of nutrients
I neglect
without
knowing at times.*

*To live
and not die--
Never known*

*of
such a fate.*

*The laughs & lore
indeed
go on--*

*Oh
Mother of Ruby,
alive now.*

**10 Years*
is
a
bloody long time.*

Rooftops at 7:30p.m.

One year
from now. . .

I may be
on a bridge--
Running shirtless
down the Pacific coastline--
Reeling the bait
from a cold slap of reality
that
leaped from dry ice--

Now,
on the 10th day of
a
Kansas City month,
the sun settles
over urban terraces and the
rooftops hiding
bank clocks.

Plastic is covered,
salad
on the floor.

Just cooked a
griddle of Worcestershire eggs--

Risen enough
to look over
rooftops,
time stands guilty.

I have
the
ground
right where
I
want it.

Nothing At All

Two black birds
on
the
pole
over a highway--

I make my show.

The show
for
proper sakes,
I drive-by
to the
sound of my stomach
humming--

Angry at
the
low fuel
I throw
down
my tired nostrils.

Another drink,
half-a-pack of cigarettes
later,
the laughter
becomes
reminiscent time--

2 black birds
kissing
as the rain
moves north
&
I smile for an apparent reason.

for
nothing at all.

Cannot Come Back

Fabled woman
on copper manhole,
why did you go?

Leave &
bleach the yellow locks
that
gleaned under
the rising sky.

Found something
that has denied boredom,
for now,
whistles still turn your head.

Fast to convince the
thoughtless
that you shed your baggage of naitivette.

Off the copper
onto
a
black plank
that brings you
understood abstinence.

Tie those midriff strings
and
casually speak of those 'perverts'
that
want to sleep with you.

You care more for those
secret whispers
than
we do.

The beginning
hasn't ended,
they still speak fondly of you. . .

Back where you
began
&
cannot come back to.

**The over
of
under
in the crowd below
the *Gravity Blues*.**

The Parenthetic Chronicle

Thoughts have
been
confounded,
dreams
are awake--

Left to watch
my legs keep still,
my
heat lifts nipple hairs above
clean sheets.

An extra minute
to
offer my seat on the wooden bench
to
a
stranger that desires normal insanity.

Wrinkles
in crumpled minutes,
the numbers
on
a
watch face stay
in my corner desk drawer.

Patient for
what I would like to
remain undefined,
at ease
for
the
woman that will clutch me tightly.

Chronicles of One
(They're alive for someone new)

Roadside Carpet

Down
a
clear interstate,
the sun
had time to
saturate
while the geraniums howled.

Balled in a
matted lump
of
off-yellow & worn teal,
it was a presumed animal,
some child's pet.

Trampled by
rain,
exhausted by
fossil pollutants,
the respect and shivering
were commonplace.

What could
the
name have
been of this thrown mass?

Salivating under
its
own scorn,
I thought it was
another
dead creature
on the American highway--

Yet,
it was a
lump
of
carpet.

Curved to throw
me
into
thoughts,
a jump into deception.

Another
lost domesticated creature
made
it to the other side
or
refused to cross--

The vision
whispered
into my ear
and
halted the swords
that had too many handles to hold.

To Do What You Might

If I could
paint
her--
Call her
a
tasty fruit--
Suck her skin
with the force of a swarm
of
humming birds--

To touch the
fabric
of a felt sun dress,
the
water loses the birth of us both. . .

Lost on
rays of wisdom,
in
the
inner eye
of
a
moment
I shall say and paint
more vividly
than
society would prescribe.

Editor Rejection Note

A first class
white envelope
came in the mail
last week--

“Nerve Cowboy (Austin, TX)”
thanked me
in
an
inked response.

Appreciated the
manuscript,
couldn't accept
the words
for
chap book publication.

Felt 7 shades more
of
a
man
that day.

The first
honest rejection
from a long line
of
slips of the same nature
that shall smoke my cigarettes.

The coffee still grows
on
Jamaican mountain sides
and
the words
have
a
way of
speaking a farce or force--

The beginning of the beginning
to
doubt thoughts
or
more mail
that will surely arrive on even weekdays.

Beautiful Somewhere Else

Hole
on the left side
of
the
missing shirt pocket.

No sandals
or
boots
to take my feet--

Racing after lint
for
the
glory of cloth.

Cloth to pull
the shade
over dank
living room paintings.

Half-lit potential
dangling
from
sock seams,
the sound of flirtation
is
playing mind reasons.

Reasons
for
nothing.

The nothing
of
everything
that is beautiful somewhere else.

The Clear End

*Nature
has
sneaked over the
clouds
of
the
night,
about this late spring bloom--*

*Over 24 hours,
it
crept like
a
symphonic chorus
at
the
midnight halt.*

*Unfolded
from cocoon shavings
and
sprang
into
the
fulcrum
of
lenient eye lashes.*

*The breeze
over
transformed daisies,
again
try to reach an identity
in
the abbreviated sky.*

*Mazes and parking lots
have
even
found
direction
in the spotted sunshine--*

*Giving us all
a
clue
to a
clear end result.*

Handcuffs To Enjoy

You're like
some hope
we both dream about
as we tear through sheets
in
separate rooms
on
a
moon-flush night.

A granulate of
sugar
underneath
our tongues,
the cosmetics we
induce
turn colors of red locks & lovely skin.

On this
gray cloud
that won't rain
for
a
good while,
we don't desire a
definition for the reality
that has us bound in handcuffs
we
will
not
take off.

The Us In Existence

*Slapped
about air,
pimples
wait to be popped on
the
round of my forehead--*

*Two-week-old pasta
has
outlived
the
loaf of bread
on my wooden cabinet.*

*Life feels
unstained
by a solace
that resides in some deep pocket
that knows where-n-there without my command.*

*The command
to
take the
pale green garbage and invert
the potential
into a meaningless
piece of art--*

*Art about you & me
to us
in
existence.*

Those Shoes Were A Nice Fit

That point-if-
view,
a lovely Madame
gave me her
shoes.

No need
for her to walk,
those
eyes levitate
each
meal she chews--

Genes
in lower bones,
undefined.

I need the shoes,
though they're 3 sizes
too small.

In honor
of
her name,
I will wear her shoes
and
put on a pair of glasses
to
see
how she does.

Lovely Madame
and
the magic you leave behind.

forget if you can survive

in a house
of
pink dresses
and
black ties,
the
reclusive
couple sleeps for
the
next day of names
they will somehow forget.

they wake-up the
next morning
and call into work,
no need
to
complete the forgotten.

unable
to remember the name of their
supervisors,
sleep was incredible
and
sex was hot light bulbs
poking
cold skin.

forgot to eat
meals,
they drank
cheap canned beer in their modest home
off
a
forgotten street or
avenue.

what
country do they
live
in?

everything has been forgotten
and
before they get drunk
to
defeat the forgotten,
they scramble to fall
asleep.

sleep was

their last activity to pull
them
into
remembrance--

remembrance of
why
they
are together in the lives
they
lead

of times
in
lost time

and hours on the job
that
has gotten them since evicted

evicted from their
home
that was their soul.

they now
calculate the numbers
that
don't care.

it's not
hopelessness that they
fear in the
fleeting--

for hope
has
escaped as well.

game of disaster

the best motivators
were manipulators.

the best musicians
were fabulous alcoholics.

the most renowned products
were gluttons for an easy dime.

the most complex thinkers of our time
knew simplicity better than the charlatans.

the best communication devices
could never defeat word-of-mouth.

the most devout faith healers
never knew an inch of spirituality to save their soul.

the person with the most tangible objects
couldn't rival the pleasure of the person with the least under a bridge overpass.

Reason leans
on logic,
love always made hate
a
game of disaster.

Silent Graves

*A quarter
in the pay phone
to
call an old friend
across town--*

*Wants to meet
a
few broads
and
smoke a number of cheap drinks
as
the
band of women whirl and play.*

*Meet me
in front of the porch,
we
shall
see the
mixed variety of shows.*

*A play on words
 cliques
 groans,
time
was relieved
and
the night
went
on a flagrant spree.*

*Fleece raised
for
the
flock,
our gold coins
were rejected as the
AM clock sang
away
from silent graves.*

Don't Ignore The Window

Try not
to curse the musician
if you sang more than
one of his/her songs.

Don't recite
a quote in spite
from the writer you curse
for fornication
on an August night.

Refrain from
blasting the artist that
painted a landscape
which
has since gone south.

Expel feelings of rage for
the restaurant you once loved,
though you have since been
permanently evicted.

The point--

Don't rape
what
you
are far from understanding.

Humans
are people,
that's the coin--

For all the moons
and
rains
it will bring.