

***JoeFiles XXVI:
The Luxury Of Life
That Has No Luxuries***

For Much Else

If you
put too much thought into being an asshole,
you should probably be nice.

If you
take your body into public to float into the thoughts and lives of others,
you should probably investigate a new philosophy or theology.

If you
can't remember the last time you unconsciously asked a string of unaided questions to
friends or loved ones,
you should probably ask yourself several important questions.

If you
have never had a ferocious wreck on a bicycle,
you probably don't want to get a motorcycle and really find out.

If the
ocean bothers you,
your just fucked-up.

Taken
Shaken
or Mistaken,
this is no attempt
at
a
rhyme.

Just think
for
yourself.

Your couldn't
ask
for

much else.

Frightful Ease

Months
run past
as seconds
on a train
I cannot quite catch--

The cold
has escaped my bones
as the birds now pant
in
the shaded growth
of
green trees.

Barely enough
breath to
catch
the tease on a
tiny moped
racing down the sidewalk
hustle.

A birth comes
about
every couple seconds
as
murder steals to
keep pace.

These past
several minutes
have existed,
though
I
barely caught
my breath in the breeze
that
blew out the fire
with
frightful ease.

Discoveries We Will Forget

Trails
in electrical glares
that
travel over
wires past my
porch railing.

Transmitting
to solve a crime
in the
sneaky bullets
that
rise just east
of here in K.C.--

Electricity
for the
boxing men
pizza ovens
ice boxes
about the neighborhood.

Leaving
slight trails
over
the
slices
for
the birds to catch.

Rays of Einstein
in
discoveries
we
will forget.

*Groups of people
that look the same
gather for a friendly picnic
to read a book
&
recite a genus
of
wicked lines.*

heat grows fairly cold

A butterfly
flaps
on the plant
that
appears to
be a flowering tree.

Big burley crow
shouts loud
for
companions
in
another tree.

He caught
a fine piece of a meal
to
share with
the
feathered world.

I play
no
role
in this merriment world
as my
and your
human companions control
the
light switch--

*The sun watches
close
as
the
heat grows fairly cold.*

Dry July Eve

Red lights
rain
into the windless night
while street signs
tilt
&
jail coded barrels
sink into dry mud--

Descending
motorcycle pipes,
errant horns,
sporadic breezes from God's cloak
brush my forearm with cold memories
of
comfortable grays.

Behind the
Baptist Church
that lies sullen
after church bells ring.

*Up the road, a turn signal
rotates
in
the mist of this
Dry July Eve.

This Large Existence

Punch a
hole
through a
double-ply paper bag,
dismember the distress
and
shout stale breath
to
the
crooning air.

Let it out
in
your own mode of view--

Transform
into the image of a gas tank
bobbing
back-n-fro.

Eat
stale cup cakes for
a
fresh cause
no one would
understand
to
view.

Bleed in
the
bathtub,
clear fluids of
breathless vagabonds
cleansed by a
deity much higher
than
your own.

Suggest the surmise
and
don't reproach
the
inquisitor.

For to walk
into
a
new block of earth
requires you to tire

tire

tire

so

devoutly.

One year

in front of

2 feet

behind two eyes

which program

this large existence.

Another New Meal

There's nothing
like it
in
the world.

Sloughin' food
about my
face
cool lemonade on ice
humidity has attacked
the
crying skyline.

Crumbs on
the
car floor,
sweat on my brows,
click of the car lighter.

Last cigarette from soft pack
that
is
since smashed.

Cigarette into mouth.

Lit as
the plane overhead
descends to runway.

No
No baby,
nothing else like it--

Nicotine
after another
new meal.

Moth Balls In Her Eyelids

A jam
on the phone,
rave
in the weeds.

The remorse
was never as easy
for her--

A dictionary
always one room away,
the thesaurus provided
like thoughts of the next solution
to
the
first problem.

Language on the mind,
loose memories
in
parched taste buds.

The jam & rave
were stiff glazes hung in
her eyes
like an old black-n-white photo.

Thick with
moth ball scents
and
not a bug
in sight
to
be had.

Your Name

I looked
at
your name
and
your face faded.

Away into
a
dust that
looked like
a
mist
and
smelled like an early morning fog.

Two dollars
to
your name
and unable
to
take off your clothes--

You need
a
good hand to
help
your fingerprints.

A neighbor
may spring a hand
or
throw a couple curves
of
the tongue.

Try what
you
will,
just hope
they remember your name. . .

Around The Numbers

A number
or
equation--

Worked on,
lead over ruled edges of
solutions
that
solved 3.14
until another mathematician
came
to
a
sharper conclusion.

Inside a number
or
a greater host of numerals
lie plenty.

At the same time,
the deception
is
evident--

The numbers that
purchase our
minds
marriages
cars
former friends,
items that will be sold
in
a
large yard sale.

A gathering
of
numbers
stay in that trash bag
on
curb #1811.

Our Own Blatant Noise

I do have
a group of lines
to recite to you,
ALSO
four images
I
would love to show you
DEAR.

Yes,
food
love
the after
in
some
before trance--

ALL
of these items
I bring
so near.

To place
on the table of your mind
and
scatter them lightly.

I would
LOVE to bring
these
things to wiggle your soul.

Let me through
the
LORE
over the retreats and
past the doldrums.

Be so
KIND
to pull down the volume.

After these have
been placed
INSIDE
you,

we may think of the volume
and
make our
own blatant noise.

the style that is one

never think
to breath
or
doubt a good read.

bleed if
the cut is right.

laugh because
it would only seem right.

pull away if
the danger is near.

become
because that is
what she would love to see
after it is all said and done
in the style that is one.

Plants & Silverware

Herbs
and
moss
toss about the
long clay pot--

Set to
muster the light
of
the
long dawn
and
many twinkling eyes that walk by
after
food settled for better mouths.

Forks in the dirt,
spoons in the pails of melted ice cream.

The people,
women,
shed their clothes
to defeat
the sweat
and show other people their parts.

All before the plants
in the pots
&
the silverware next to corroded metal.

Your Sacred Friends

Can
you
stop?

Did
you
begin?

Have the seconds
risen
to a decibel
the
heat could entreat?

Shakespeare on a caffeine roar
Huxley in the middle of a loaded beach naked on a nudeless plot.

Reaped
for a barrel of sorrow,
the halt cannot begin
because
it never did cease
in that crib
which carried
my many bleach white diapers.

Pacified
by the physical,
my body is a compass needle
that has been gagged on magnetism
and
met you in places you cannot talk about
with
your sacred friends.

Tranquil Sleep

My tampered
yet
toiled mind
has
a
hard time
decoding--

For the murder that
comes from mouths
and
the lice that
crawls out of minds--

A numb laugh
on
a
livid mountain breeze
this mind will go there to explode.

Into questions
I
will never find
the antidote to
&
a number of faces that
were the chosen deceased.

Too many times,
more than a mile-long
row of finger to count,
the repressed indecision
should stay in that railed slant--

Although,
I must offer
a
silent parenthesis of thanks.

For I
am
forced to flee--

Flee into escapism
before my eyes close
in the middle
of
tranquil sleep.

Nervous Cigarette Smoke

Heard some words,
felt the moment
and
tasted the sun on my tongue.

All on the hot end
of
entering cloth interiors of cars that
held Satan sequestered for some time--

The cigarettes light
on their own,
women become beautiful red flames
&
eggs cook on perpendicular planes
of
stained glass.

Milk crates
that
burn in upside-down
contentment,
every rat in the world
is
loose on the streets
for
a
better chocolate bar and
a
piece of your mind--

Tails of various animals
wag lines
as
the blank papers
watch my fate.

For another lick
of
the lips
&
violent twists of my wrists.

Yea
sweet honey,
my cigarette smoke
is
even nervous now.

The Truth In Your Smile

You have
a
hard time
sleeping at night?

Women's Day
Men's Health
Cruiser on Mars--

The tongue is pierced in three places
Coffee is cold
The weak snap from an emotional undertow
Dry napkins about absurd fashion
Water around the soul
Trapped listening to elevator music
Vegetarian Jerusalem burgers.

No time to call
your aunt or uncle?

The water bill is late
Cops in drag
The love is being refused at least in a 60% ratio.

Get off your feet
as
you
pound the ground.

Let a cold
cup of ice
pour slow over your soul
and
take a song into music.

Remember the coast
and
relic in the attuned comfort--

Many things
to decide
 divide
 decipher about--

Better you
just take
a
deserved nap.

Dream your thoughts
and

forget the useless knots.

Make the
night,
better yet the day,
know the color of your breath
and
the truth in your smile.

Easy Release Of Harder Vixens

*The story
behind handwriting,
the work
stretched long
to
have that ice float
in
your
carbonated cup--*

*All that
work to carry
the needles
on
our shoulders
to hearken us
into
the
right portion of a cool cave.*

*Yes,
to lob slick shadows
at
many speedy figures
of
flesh and blood
that
walk by in a paternal glaze
of
stolen enlightenment.*

*The toil
we communicate--*

*For the name
of existence
&
flags that rise a many morning at 5:52am.*

*You know
and
knowingly forget.*

*For the
easy release
of
harder vixens.*

These Other Things Can Wait

When the
bathroom calls your name
and
the seconds watch your food
that
should be consumed,
other things
are
occurring and
you need to live
those hives.

Take them
to
the
plump bees
and
the ears
that
have the hindsight of
lovely faces
and
better talks.

The drinks
tipped over,
fingernails stuck in carpets--

Don't cease yet,
these other things
can
wait.

Waltz On My Back

The chicken breast
has
thawed,
hot
hot red wine
in the air conditioned room,
pasta
in the pan.

Bits & Pieces
of
computer ancestry
have bitten
my finger tips,
gnawed at my knuckle joints
and
feasted on
the
fronts of my thumbs.

Air over these activities,
there shall
likely be a solution
for this scattered song--

On a slow slug
across
the Wednesday evening.

An evening
where time ordered my food
and
kept it out of my reach.

Almost painful
in
an
amusing way--

Time took
the
temperature
and
rehearsed a waltz on my back.

Between Heavy Wet Covers

The love
within
the rattled thoughts
that
hug his mind--

Round
or
beneath,
direction leaped through
the
toll booth.

Down the
hot raving road
chewing on two bits of copper,
this man
has one large mask
hung like curtains on a tall flag pole--

Chewing the bits
and
blowing black smoke
through velvet metal.

In love
with
his brain,
he purports marriage
and
splits like sickle cell anemia.

The accepted disease
that
reads a million sounds
like pages of a book.

Yet,
the
final period appears
and
disappears
between the heavy wet jacket covers.

Several Words & A Stream Of Material

To forget--

There are only
a
few ways -- tenses
to
say 'forget'--

Too many muddled ways
to lose the
hatchet
that
needed to dig the dirt.

For water is
below
and forgotten
amid another prospect
that has maligned
the
juicy
synapse flow.

Man,
I can remember
several words.

The stream of
materials
keep on
going on.

An end
is
not
in sight
and shouldn't be for the sake of
Uncle George
Small Lucy
Portly Dante
Limber Larry
and
a
Forgiving Father.

It happened
again. . .

What
was
the point

I was
to make?

Young Lady

--Young Lady--

I'm stronger
than
your final words.

You loathe
the truth
in
pursuit
of
distrust & negligence
you wear so proud.

In a stack of concrete
you
fight
with soft weapons
and
a
weaker mind for
potent honesty.

Honesty held in the
poorest of men
and
the gangliest of women.

Just tall enough
to
see the beauty
you avoid
&
try to replicate.

Young Woman
you have a chance,
it seems like many years
you will live
while you laugh at the drinkers.

Your off
to
a
slippery stary and your shoes
are not worth the

money
you shoveled forth.

Walk in
your socks,
pick-up a penny off the dirty ground
and
hold it in your prim hand.

You need
a
wish
that is beyond
our effort

--Young Lady--

Your Yesterday

The posters
fall to the ground,
he chews
day-old gum.

Fixed eyes
raw cells,
the hand soap
did no good to
decode the dread.

Hung on a
plastic clothes line
used to pay
precious debts.

30% was the
worst end
of
70 mongrels.

Loose in
your motor skills
that
row a broken boat.

You get it yet?

Go ahead,
put your weight down
and
swipe at the thick air--

It may come.

If it doesn't,
fault the faultless.

They always
had their way
with your yesterday.

Your Precious Back

Come into
our
humble abode--

Take off
your socks,
maybe give us
a
show.

Deliver the minutes
on
silver platters
then
speak of the men that
drained aged sweat
in
pursuit
of
hidden gold.

Come on in,
we will let the
lock
latch
free--

Become the
wine glasses on
the
ground,
drink from the sink.

Have the
last
piece of pie.

We will
show you
hospitality
in the cold of
dark murmurs
that have once floated behind
your
precious back.

Beauty In Its Line

Higher caste
on
a
bridge made
of
wooden slivers,
toss me down
an
iced treat
to
cool & soothe
the heat
that makes the mysterious misty.

Please
Lower Caste,
empty your
tins of change
to
forge me
a
soft drink--

Come forth
small animal
on the run
from the world
and lick the sweat that
drips off the back of my hand.

The Heavens have a speech
to toss into
my now evaporated ice cubes.

Litter the deceased
with messages of
the
cool cold
and
the march that has
beauty written within its line.

Before It Leaves You

When
you feel empty,
think of all the creativity around in the streets.

When
your stomach begins to shout,
think of all the short order cooks chopping yellow squash & parsley stems.

When
you forgot to put in your contacts,
look at the sun & think of a bum.

When
your radio gains no reception,
turn it off and watch the birds dive about the sky.

When
you can't sleep at night,
sing alone in the dark.

When
the phone rings in the middle of a marvelous book,
look further into the words and watch the black figures dance.

Take the
life or lives
that have loved you,
love them back.

Yea,
in the face of independence
become dependent
on the absolute
before it leaves you.

The Blockbuster Theories

There was a male,
several more females,
waiting
to devise
the next blockbuster novel--

Burning undershirts
Breaking glass
Parting ways with lovers
Painting the doorways
Leaving the flame alone for 5 moments
Speaking into mini tape recorders
Eating index cards
Creating new gods
Giving to the passing world
Loving those that knew
Despising the latest video rental on the rack
Popping car tires on the street
Walking naked before the fishbowl window for arousal and a reflection from distant windows.

The ideas came
&
died.

Their bodies
forgot
to
eat
sleep
or
masturbate.

Consumed with
the
story,
life was pulled tight
like
a belt around many obese bellies.

Suck it in,
let forth the innards.

They need the next idea
they forgot soon
after the blockbuster theories.

Me & My Children

Mr. Wells
in
the
Mars probe
tapping
on Barnacle Bill
and
the red ground
in
the
black sky--

He cooks
a
green sandwich
in
the guts of the
microwave mobile
to
pelt his belly and
invent
new draw strings of intrigue.

Mr. Wells
ride,
you and your
Martian beings
we
may find you.

--Us Earthlings--

You knew
me and my children
wouldn't slow down.

Build The Dawn

The computer
is
off,
your brain
has risen--

Women
in shacks,
men with whimpering sticks.

Piecing together
their
long grown
psycho-analytical-ID,
children raise
a
mighty growl in
mansion nurseries.

Wet lungs
and
sloppy ear lobes,
the beavers
build
the
dawn
while you
utter the words.

Beliefs I Won't Deny

The words
won't stop
so
neither shall I.

To end
with a preposition
and
begin with a verb
wouldn't make me pull
forth
the sleeping blanket.

Ripped on pills
my throat
didn't swallow,
risen over creek beds
of
young tad poles
harkening to me,
delivering
the clay ground a decree--

"When I grow-up
I will smoke."

Those promises we make
and
the opportunity
that swiftly walks away.

These words
cannot
procure a dirty noun--

Style alive,
the night on my sight.

Ferocity in my veins
for
the benign walkways
that
are woven and constructed.

Oh,
how the adrenal glands
become cacooned butterflies
to
arise at times
the pines
have

to break
and
I come alive.

Behooved
and
bereaved
for the beliefs
I
won't deny.

Eons To Age For Me

To float
across
the ageless drift
of
decayed time
with a copper belt
and
a
thought train
that
won't halt for
a
white rabbit.

To taste
the venom
sweet as the most ornate wine,
to sit at a table
made of dirt
and offer a feast
to those that can't remember
what
President is on the penny.

Without bridled feelings
of
despair
to
take on the sky without machinery,
to age in the proposed fashion
and laugh amongst
the
otters on ocean rock.

What I could give
&
how I levitate into
the granulates of this time--

Twisting my body,
waiting in my mind,
I have aged for
the
beauty that has taken
eons to age for me.

To Feel Or Speak

Growling veins
and
a renewed heart,
he
lunged for her soul
and
she reproached with a kiss--

Silent inoculation
that
spoke
clearer than
all the springs
he
listened to
on
surreal summer days.

Alone with
this woman
that isn't his,
but
isn't another man's.

Yearning to admit
his
pleasure,
she knew better than
him
that is was
more grandiose
to

*feel it
than speak it--*