

**JoeFiles XXVII:
Right Next To . . . Away From . . . Back Into**

San Fran -- 8/10/97

The hours that
roll back,
sand barges
submerged
in
summer San Francisco.

Planes by
the Pacific,
ears that speak
to the
miles of elevation
that
give me extra hours--

Oklahoma City
Phoenix
a
heavenly Whopper
and
the Puerto Rican man
fidgeting time next to me.

He went to
the
bathroom safe,
let committing a
Federal offense.

Tried a hand at
smoking ignorance,
three of the nearest policeman
await at
the
terminal.

Vodka on tomatoes,
a hole
in the window
at
Redwood City, CA
hotel room.

Back to Western life,
my soul
swims again.

Smoother Than Glass

Down the
California coast
on
one highway with the same name--

She calls
my name and squeezes my fingers
in that familiar way
until
my nails enjoy the white wails
of
laughter.

Air through
our breath,
moments were held still
for our
commandments.

Commandments to toss
a
sphere
on
an open ocean view.

To remember
the contour of our teeth & voices
that sanded a seven day voyage
smoother
than
a
sliver of glass.

Grandstand Seating For One

We hold the
chronicles close
to
our mind
not to forget
the times that were the beautiful.

Hold tight
to
the reality
that I watch you drive by.

Picking your ear
checking out a blond in a forest green Bonneville
changing the radio
almost causing an accident to get into the right lane
smelling the interior of your car for the truth behind the scent
gripping your wheel for the incumbent green
smoothing your hair for the gathering you are about to attend at the meeting place
looking at the floor front business shops to pass the time.

Come on
by
and look up here
to see if anyone does exist.

I will give you something
more
to
do
that may be indecent in public.

Come on by
and
take
a
pick
look
sneeze
peek
gape . . .

We'll do
some
time
together,
if
not--
You can bet your high heels
or

boot straps
that I will
have
taken the picture of the unpicturesque
or
better.

The appeared
on the couch
in
the
center of the room.

Together,
their heads of red
were twisted a personal
vixen
of confusion
they couldn't even acknowledge
because
their consciousness was so hazed.

Wearing T-shirts

THOUGHT YOU SHOULD KNOW

Scents
that are sweet
still ruminate
in
my clothes.

This damn comfortable
down comforter
has
the
visual and smells
of
too many
days away from
a
cleaning machine.

Blossomed
on
the
bottom end
of
a
wrench & greased like
a
trap set
for food to keep the body fit--

My body
retains
much heat
and
the trace of brittle cold
ringing the season
that
is
about to
snow autumn.

The window
pulled nearly closed,
air conditioner
on
the floor.

The fan
is
low
as the sweat waits
for

the
2 AM
urine swim.

By the way,
just
some things
I
thought
you should know.

Better Reason To Live

The dying poet
in
a
toll booth
North of San Francisco.

Counting expired change
and
praying to
a god on the sky.

Sweeping bits
of
a broken mandolin,
humming a tune the birds cannot comprehend.

Too tired
to
urinate
and
too proud
to beg.

The words
have vigor,
though the soul
had another group of notions to think.

Charging motorists
for
fees over water,
the suffering poet sleeps
in the
toll plaza
for
a
better reason to live.

The Blues Lost

Lumps of travels
vacation
planes that wouldn't land
and
a body drenched of
further fatigue
I
couldn't bare to endure.

Leaving San Francisco International Airport
for
San Diego on a quick
visit
and
quicker departure.

From there
the flight went through Phoenix
and on to
the
final destination
called Kansas City.

The air
clouds
angry rain currents
of
speaking humidity rumbled
several descents on two mouths of the runway.

Sitting in seats facing
people I couldn't stand looking at after
7 hours of flying
the smell of syrup on my cheeks
from a restaurant mistake
and
remembering the woman that walked in on me
in
an Amaco bathroom while I was taking a shit.

That was
the
beginning of the two way arrow
that
had to land in Tulsa, Oklahoma
for
a
refill of petro in an airport I had no idea existed.

We wouldn't be able to leave
until

we had clearance from the smokers
in
the
tower above the land in K.C.

The call didn't come
for
an hour or more
and
the
flight staff let the nicotine brigade
escape for a breath of
interior Oklahoma air.

Off the plane,
I grabbed the microphone
on
the way out and announced to the empty airport
for
patrons to smoke if they had them.

We eventually left
and
landed in a calmer Kansas City
missing a reception
we
were to see many hours before in a nearby hotel.

It didn't matter
though,
we
were on the ground
and
waiting for a shuttle.

Next to
a
beautiful woman
and
a
haggard piece of human existence
that
had to be forcefully told
that she would take me home after all
was said and done.

She squirmed under her mask of
make-up that remarkably held tight
in
the
travels about the western portion of the country.

Finally making our way to her little
sportster car,
the left rear tire was flat.

Near tears,
this weak human being
bitched and puked so many complaints
she
made it out that her trials were
the
crux of our envy.

I quickly pulled myself
to
sleep in the backseat to avoid
letting this broad
have all the energy left in me go
straight down her hanging gold plated neck.

Finally,
our trek home was done,
luggage up the steps,
her arms around
my
torso.

Twelve hours of pure
exhaustion
later
I
was the
most content individual
in
the world at the time.

I would bet
another day of the same activities
on
that
one
baby.

in our back parking lot

She parks
her
car
in the way,
puts bright paint
on
her face.

She's Chad Miller's mom,
tries to keep
the
gallery together.

A patron
of our
Greenwich Village property,
her demeanor
is
of
a
pompous glance
and
her words are a nasal rain
in
your ears.

Parking behind
our
cars,
someone keyed hers.

I began to notice
the
problem when she scribbled
an
incoherent note on the
back of a bank statement
which was slipped
under the wiper on my windshield.

Making cutsey
commotion
for
barely raw events,
this woman
will stop.

Stop at the green
of a solid
kick
straight up

her
left eye ball.

Lives That May

The temperature
is
told
to
dip to
a
cold low
this
newly arrived
September 3rd.

For breezes
to
breath
and
new thoughts
to
mingle with the old--

Talents on a hike
to
hibernate
with
dreams in steamy mugs,
my face will
become
slightly chapped
as
rooftops
hold still
and
mufflers
rattle quick over the window ledge.

Creations are sprouting
and
my mouth
is
half-open,
to
speak alone
into
lives that may.

More Than A Mile Away

On the
counter stood
a
green parrot
cold beer
lottery tickets
and
a
roll of paper towels--

Ready to view
another video rented
on
the
block,
we gather the
goods
and
I let the parrot
bite on my thumb.

Some pleasure
for
him
as
I whistle
a
tune--

Slower than high
and
too far past noon.

A strip of sounds
for
the bird
to
racant
or
someone out there
farther than a mile away
to
hear.

Many, Many More

A tapering
wave of black clay robbed
his sight
and
healed his
mortal scars one night.

Awoken
early by the sounds of Armageddon,
the noises were
fiction
as
his ear lobes
deceived him--

His actions
were flattened
while
his mind
tripped above a
weak glue.

A malevolent
decree
was placed upon
him
in
a
dream that couldn't
be
recalled.

It has
visited a select few
and
done
less to
many, many more.

Mighty, Mighty Mouth

Waves
crackle forth
like
a
meerkat
coming & retreating
to
the
earth--

Bundles of growth,
the small child
tries
to outrun
the waves of salt
that
smear the mirrors
in
the
sun's grand reflection.

Gulls swallowing scraps,
the
souls look into themselves
as
the winds
pull back
whimsical thoughts
and
the waters
run off the edge of the horizon
into
a
mighty
 mighty
mouth.

my feet still move

Deep into
the streets
inside
Dallas.

Dexter's
wearin' a might of pain
in my
heels,
the sun cooks to a simmer
and
secrets are revealed
at
bus stops.

Past Dealey Plaza
down Commerce St.,
my mouth
is still
though
the city speaks abrupt
of things
for travel--

The miles

miles

my head is so tired
I
feel needles poke about--

My feet still move.

Sweat Past Noon

We sat
in
the park
and
felt September rays
of
sun
reading each other
Kafka -- Ezra Pound--

Took off
work several hours early
to
listen to high sounds
and
let a blanket feel new scents
of
earth.

Rotating as
I reached toward
her arm
and
saw the last set of green leaves
build tentacles
over
a
blue sky.

The sort of blues
that can only feel right
when time
is nearer than
a
wrist watch
leaning against your chin
and
freer than the next sentence
of
words that will go forth
for a new venture.

One late afternoon
when
the
sweat was fresh
directly past noon.

Something In Me Now

In the porch,
on the rise,
lazy pieces of
a tan rug
are scattered
below my
8pm shadow.

Bar patrons
glance -- close doors -- itch their elbow-- think of the inevitable smile.

Tires squelched
in
heat,
dogs send signals
to the room temperature air.

Planes talking
to
towers,
cabana lights from green ropes.

The smoke
heads
into
Kansas--

Everything around,
considered nothing,
has
something in me now.

House of Nature

Night
of
misty lazy fog,
how the rains
in the wind
go 'round
telephone poles
dirty yellow siding
running gutters
bits of smashed cigar butts
the trash dumpster out back--

Pa
pa

pa
pa
tu

tu
tu

all over
the
street
as
water rolls lower and lower--

Tires mash
the mirages
of
rain
cloud products.

Inviting sounds
as
I
look around
this
early house of nature.

All That Occurs

The middle row
of
blank thoughts
shooting
rays of crimson tastes
to
starving mouths.

Their previous
days
were your best days,
now
their typical days
become
your better days.

A mind that voids out
a
needed trip
to
the gas shop
is
a
loud vacuum
sweeping silent thoughts & crumbs
on
the
rancher's lawn.

A band
of
horses pulling
your carriage
 thinking
more
than
you want to know
is

all that occurs.

Oct. 1, '97

The sun
was
to
set
near 7:28 PM
when my sister called.

Talked some
relationship jive,
watched the nimble colors
transform into
numb shapes
as
the air remained
a
dream--

Blues refracting
the
sun
and
an easel to my side.

I was armed
with
some generic articles
of
life that
did me fine
on the
back porch.

Becoming a part
of
the
caving night
as my eyes
watched closely.

one day

The sun
burned
the
trees
through the swallow
of
sweeping birds talking
to
the
end of a summer heat.

Telling
the lands of secrets
that
shouldn't be told to too
many sacred souls,
because
the
secrets flow in such a intense ease.

Into the cold of new
breezes
that
usher in feelings
that
are
easier seen than felt.

OUR EVENTS

The toilet
is filled
with
a
mosaic of bubbles--

Young woman
walks down the Sister City street
with
a
miniature dog--

The Bag Pipe Band
warms-up
their wares
below our living room window--

He followed
her,
she kissed my back--

The bathroom
made me think
of
Gin
and
the search light
howled over the city

our events.

Nimble Patio

He lives in
tile
within the kitchen.

Made his presence
known
one evening
after a plate crashed against
the
scars of the
bleached sink.

Sent in a scurry
around the box figurine
in
the room,
he made
a
new home
behind the refrigerator
or stove.

Living off
scraps of pieces about the floor--

His name
is
Sanchez Vicario.

He runs
hides
maybe a she
and
has no desire
that I know of.

Keep eating,
you need to be quick--

The other
third party
at
the
joint
with
a
nimble patio.

The Pictures Memorized

The red sliver
or
a
smile in the
Dallas
onto Kansas City
sky--

Setting
a capture
on
the hours that were.

Parades of tired faces
with
ice cream bars
&
Pierre Mineral Water--

How the
view
was
seen 18 floors
above the Dallas
morning
 afternoon
into
the
city lights of night.

Radio Towers
 Planet Hollywood
 The Morning News,
again
the red sliver
bound on a jet from
the pictures that weren't taken
but
memorized.

Too Steady To Recite

To stay within
the
curvature
of the bend.

A
twist within
chapped lines
that
see no bound
to
become another shape.

Shapes that
hurt
the
heart and
heal the faithless
in
ramparts the
children of balm
could
not
think to decipher.

Readied
for the race with the bulls,
oak branches
and
angled birds were
much kinder
to
heal the wounds of the former
balls & shanks.

On an aim
to
hit the curvature,
lines
become forms
of
fractals
that have courses
purer
than the spokes of a speech.

Tossed loud to
the
crowd
as the air becomes
meek

and
the
night twirls
like a fan.

Faster
and
faster,
until
slow becomes a verb
the
people are too steady to recite.

Much
too
steady
to
re
cite.

Red Handle

She married
a
“great woman”,
the other planted
a
life-bearing hoax to coax
friends
and moved west,
another girl
had several children
then
punched him in the lip.

He got hired on
at
a
new job,
the other fellows
took their visions
to
mash about
creative juices
and fill the mind with actualization's.

Both gender
bearers
plod & pry
at a black flow
beneath
the
new razor blades.

None the victor,
survival
is
the red handle of choice.

Right -- O

Hellade
hema
hwoyananly--

Which of
the fondest in the desire
are
the
most inspired.

Not faithful,
the motivators
spirits
within which the activities
arise
and
run forth--

For to conceive of a
great idea
is
beauty,
in
the wrought attempt
it becomes despicable.

The fight
is
a
fight
and love
in any sense
is
right -- o.

the locals rise

Feathers
from gulls
pigeons
doves
incognito--

Lapping in the
Marina water,
eyeing the mirage of ocean water
about
out
on the Western ledge.

Swallowing the
tortilla chips,
spilling the salsa.

All my
father's friends
taking their wings
closely above my head.

Into the salts that
laugh
below the hairs & lairs
that
make the locals rise.

Rock To Polish

The death
of
a
wish
or the birth
of
a
blessed thought.

Those minced steaks
run to
seasoning sin
pepper joints
while the
vegetables
play high
on
memories that lunged--

Restive
on
the bones
of
my
young back,
the life I
look within
has a
rock
to polish.

My Mind Is Safe

Deep within
times
that are well--

Events that cloud
the
past
which
didn't happen
to
me--

Eyes closed tight
to
recall
the dinner plates
that were
lost on nights
colder than trespassers.

Cannot believe
the world,
Mother Theresa
has
died.

Scopes of
modern images
hold the rest of
the populace
tight.

Tight to
interest rates
and
passing rape.

Those souls
so unreal,
I keep my mind

s a fe..

Served Me Well

Around
the Pacific Ocean,
down into
the
South of Texas
I wanted to hear her voice.

Over TV
 Internet
and
the
visions of creation
that have the squirrels
storing nuts,
those pills
you
won't soak.

Pure for
the air
that cleans
my room,
Mozart
plays madly in an ancient tone.

Across iron walls
and
over recycled paper,
the thoughts
come back
to
defeat the ills.

About cures
and
subtleties
that
have served me well.

to keep my feet still

Back into
the flush.

Peeling shavings
and
bits of clay
 soft wood
to
reincarnate a new image
for
the
shrouds to cover
in
a
deep glare.

On the chair
that
holds my back,
treating the many voices
with
a
little conviction to
remove the rust.

The thoughts
are back
to take many more thoughts
along
a
purple hive.

Busy weeks
 quick looks
my cheeks are full of enigmas
with
too many new rolls
to
keep my feet still.

to look at “The Stranger”

It has
finally
been done--

I copyrighted
my
work
clipped the wings
 marked the feet
and let the work
loose
to lie around tables
curious minds
the nearby world
to
see.

Reluctant
for the chance
to
be a reality,
hard to say
how the words
will crackle about their opinions--

Even if
there's a copy
face-up
in a trash can somewhere,
effort was made
to
look at a stranger.

On Thin Paper

Does it
really matter
what
kind of paper
you
put
those
words upon?

Some would
think that
it
does
appear so.

How can that be?

Is the damsel
such a meek moron
to consider
his paper
a
weapon?

Decoration
by your design
is
the
master mutation.

Whether
recycled print
 bright white pads
 Big Chief tablets
 computer keys
or
your forearm--

Let the balloons
flow
free.

Paper,
I wipe
with the white of thin paper.

A Long Time To Go

Young man
with
shaved head.

Into the
art of talk,
evidence is
clean clear
that
he forks in this
90's culture
at
a
gagging pace.

Tipping refills
of
coffee,
listening to his
story idea
for
a
new comic book character
or
the
next
Sony Play Station
game.

Could keep-up conversation
on
music
movies
in
a decent pace.

Cannot fail
to
absorb the
fact that the culture
he
rebels against
is
the one that has
become a fond girlfriend to him.

For the best
of interpersonal intention
with
a
short rubber

and
a
long time to go.

The Turnstile

They all entered
the subway station
at different times.

Keep in mind,
on the same time zone
different watches
and
various entrances.

First,
she
came swift down the stairwell and tore gracefully
through the turnstile
below the haneous heat and hell
that was above
her
peculiarly attractive head.

One filled with thoughts
that
could scare a male off quicker than a fat woman
puckering to suck the
soul from his lips and spit it out that quickly
on the ground.

He hair was a tan/brunette mixture
that had been bleached -- colored -- blown dry -- pulled
more times than socks come on and off a postal worker's feet.

The hair flowed wild,
nothing to inhibit these damaged locks
from breathing the universe and exhaling
a
warm fist of moonshine.

Bleach white teeth
and
a petite nose,
her eyes were slightly bugged,
but had an attractive look.

Some amber lipstick,
no blush
eyeliner
mascara
or
any of the other processed animal remains
were
on her face.

With headphones
tuned tight
to the newest music station in the city,
101.8 -- Pure Fire.

Checking her mouth in
a pocket mirror,
never taking a peek over her shoulder
for
her benevolent, yet brooding manner
wasn't worth the time of a possible assailant.

Mirror was studiously put back in
a metal miniature suitcase-looking purse
that held
limited items and many mysteries.

A book tucked under her arm,
The Life and Times of Joseph Conrad,
AAAhh she loved
that
Hearts of Darkness.

Reading quietly,
pelting swiftly on chewing gum,
the
wind adorned her
even though there was no wind to speak of.

Let's just say for now,
she exists comfortably in the world.

In the rush to catch the 4:00PM train
in depot #54,
our second distinguishing character comes down
the stairwell
slow and assured.
He goes through the turnstile
with little steps
and
carries forward
with obviously tired eyes
from a bad marriage or family trouble that isn't his speed
to deal with.

Blowing on hot coffee in a Styrofoam cup colored with deco designs,
he peers around to snatch a mirage from the
attendance at-hand
and
lifts his right foot to scratch his left ankle.
Damn sweat trickling down your leg
is
bound to be a maddening experience.

This man

has on a white sport coat
from the mid-eighties,
a fat tie from the 70's,
contacts by the way he keeps squinting his eyes,
tapered cut, yet worn
blue jeans
that fit just right,
for him anyway.

The odor of railway grease,
cigarette smoke wafting from 3 lines over
and
a mandarin orange
an anxious lad peels attentively
with
his tiny incisors
has the subway depot wailing in the crust of the earth.

The environment around him,
as he peers forward
and
at his watch every so often,
isn't too much of a bother.

Keep in mind with this individual
that other shit in his life is taxing his mind.

Now that the first two individuals
have entered the
scene,
is must be noted that this is not
a
love tale.
Yes,
the first two happened to be a man and a woman,
but the story does continue....
and that it may.

The third person,
who sticks-out in the crowd,
is a black man,
balding
and in his late 30's,
tearing down the stairs
only to slow down momentarily for a hasty
shake through the turnstile.

He has a white oxford on snug
with the top three buttons unlatched
and no undershirt on.

Sweat is dripping at a steady pace
and is notably showing through his shirt.
He also has a pair of
sky blue polyester pants on,

which have an expensive, yet classy look to them.

Walking at a quick pace
he pulls back a thin gold bracelet that
hangs loosely around his wrist.
Harried and distraught,
he looks to the upper pier directly in front of him
to catch the time.

He made it
with
about 6 minutes till boarding time.

Hoisting his right arm around
to his backpack that hangs tight
around both shoulders,
he pulls out a 3-4 day-old banana
and begins to peel the
lush sweet layers for a substitute
to
a lunch he didn't get the chance
to
catch earlier that day.

Tapping his deep brown Dexter's
on
the dirty concrete floor,
he concentrates
on
an entrance that is about to be made
by the fourth and final person
of
notice.

She comes gracefully
with
a
waltz
down the stairwell.

To the turnstile,
she grabs the silvery bar seductively
and pushes her thin waistline
and
beautiful body through into another consciousness.

Agile and free,
this woman is covering-up plenty
that is deceiving and alluring.

Keeping true to her slow and graceful pace,
she casually glances down at her designer watch
that looks back at her with a crooked push.

Four minutes left until

the hunk of modern machinery
adorned with human sacraments like a dank cave in Mayan times,
will surely sweep her off her feet.

Four individuals
in
a
rancid crowd
and just escaping the fourth minute
to minute 3.

Time is closing in...they all stick to their thoughts.

Slipping down the seconds
that trail like rotten bread in a flush garden
ready to be chopped and served in an almond bowl,
a
ravaged individual enters the peripheral vision
of
the bystanders on the left side of the waiting (cattle) room.

He's a street performer,
but hides this little known fact from the crowd
as
he runs down the stairwell and leaps on top
of
the metal apparatus that holds the turnstile into place.

He screams avidly,
"Has anyone seen a teal scarf
a tiger patch on the far left side?"

Some are paying attention and many
others are looking forward very familiar with either this man's act
or
an act of this nature.

He pulls out a kazoo
buried deep within the gutter of his
dark green trench coat
to
play an unknown tune.

The black man finishes his banana
and
squints faintly to this obnoxious man
about 6 feet away
and flings his peel straight for the kazoo.

Our entertainer on the turnstile
watches the brownish yellow peel
twirl uncontrollably over his shoulder.

He pulls down the kazoo and
says,

“My brother,
have you seen my scarf?”

The black man retorts,
“Man,
shut your punks ass up.”

Ignoring the comment,
he pulls the kazoo back to his lips
as
the black man pivots on his heels to take
matters at hand into his domain
and
forge his place in line.

Suddenly,
from beyond they both freeze,
along with everyone in the station
as
the alluring woman with the frothy head of hair
announces,
“I think I have what you’re looking for.”

“What?”
The black man says and shrieks
as the kazoo stranger
hops over the turnstile and begins to slice
through the people
with 2 minutes and 18 seconds till the subway comes
saddling to its post.

“I found a teal scarf on the
sidewalk coming into the station.
Although, it looks as though it did some time
with unadmiring eyes and got trampled
enough for the tiger patch to fall off.”

The performer
is perplexed as he comes within several feet of the stranger
to
view a scarf he made-up as a part of an act
he was intending to carry-out.

Before reaching the girl,
he
bumps into the man with a good load of shit on his mind.
He won’t move out of the way for this con-man.

Noticeably angered,
man #2 whispers to the performer,
“Stay the fuck away from her
or I’ll whip you like a wet rug.”

One minute and 47 seconds till the subway will
turn them into another frame of mind.

“You know this girl?”
kazoo man asks.

“No and neither do you
so turn around and act as though you weren’t spoken to.”

“Really,
here take the scarf.
I have no use for it.”
The woman says as she tosses the scarf to the performer.

Gentleman #2 reaches his tense arm into
the air to catch the materialized breeze.
Quickly retreats his filled hand and wraps the scarf around
his pale neck.

“Hey buddy
don’t fuck with me.”
Our entertainer commands.

Directly behind
tucked in her world,
the fourth and final individual,
the stunning woman
says in a forceful monotone voice,
“I know you”,
in the direction of the intruding entertainer.

“What”
Mr. Entertainment responds.

“You we’re a waiter at that
Italian joint off 34th Street.
One helluva charmer.”
She finishes with a smirk on her full lips.

38 seconds separate every person from their next destination
down the line...

“Yea,”
she continues.
“Telling me and my girlfriend
about gambling problems you had and how you
were working this second job to recoup some stupid
financial losses.”

Entertainer/kazoo extrordinary squints
and
turns fully towards this woman.
Baffled and convinced of the familiarity they hold,
the train comes in a rush of sound and assailing distraction
to
an abrupt stop.

Doors open,
everyone files forward and begins to board,
while Kazoo man keeps his back to the boarding crowd and
watches the girl walk-by and shout a solemn wink to his silent stance.

Man number #2
yells before entering the train,
“Here’s your hunk of
shit,
try not to lose it again.”
He tosses the scarf to open arms as the subway fills and quickly departs.

He remained silent,
watched the train depart and stood looking forward.

Who was *she, he, the other she, the other he?*

They entered through the turnstile
life has to provide and moved to separate defenses or offenses,
much the same they unknowingly offered to each other.
Tough to say where their paths will touch
now that they entered through the turnstile and down the tracks.

It is know that this man
didn’t enter the same turnstile,
but will exit through the turnstile.

Yes,
he will exit through a
simple entrance he didn’t chance to go through.

The four individuals,
who pitched a forceful hand at each of their respectful lives
during that final 4 minutes
still have clocks that move forward
as
kazoo man shuffles backward
and
leaves the scene he couldn’t quite figure. . .

Tossed Fulcrum

One telephone
rang
loose in the night.

On the other end . . .

The death of an impulse
A stranger anew to math
How the night can impress
imprint
 impeach
in
such a wild
sound.

There was
only
one
sound around--

People with
11 PM
duties
to
attend to,
going by
on the street.

Streets bare
of an obvious message.

I could reach my
arm out the window and
shoot a rubber band over a building
into another state.

Then there
may be
a
message
for the duties having
a
speed softer
that
the
thud of my tossed fulcrum.

For A Visual

A dreadful
gray
quarter
sits face down,
the eagle breaths,
on the ledge
above
the
noise
and
heaves of human and machine.

Soaking the
last
grimaces of sunrise
and
lazy for the eastern light
that
makes the gray
more
of a black matter.

For
a great while
it
has sat
without a President to breath
or
travel about the commerce track.

Hard to say how long
the
quarter has refused
the
world,
yet been a secret part
after
a
lucky toss
20 feet in the air.

Could have been
a
drunk from the neighboring bar
that
threw the piece of change,
maybe the pizza delivery guy
pushing
his
luck for a better piece of silver.

I
can confirm
for
fact
that we are together
and
have been together for some time.

Taking
words
women
empty souls
worthy spirits
and
the greens in between
for
a
visual.

Remember These Words Well

The hot coals
of
this summer furnace
have cooled.

Making the
dark
comfortable
and
the empty that much more soothing.

A slight smell
of
autumn's fight
is
coming close to the ceiling
and
making the red a burgundy bonanza.

Gusts of
wind
and
an escape from arrogance
and
fond collections of temperance.

Beside the
meaning life can
unveil
like a woman that dropped her robe--

The beach
is
more than a thousand miles
away
but feels closer
that
feet on sand.

My toes
grip the planks of tarnished
wood--

Head outside,
remember these words well.

Welcomes & Whims

Plaster figure
holding
you head between
your hands & heart--

White with
tension
as
the
man on the couch next to you
loses his head.

A tan mirage
of
a
faces sit in front of you now.

Looking at the ceiling,
having a better
seat than the floor.

All together right now
in
the
bookshelf
where John Lee Hooker
sings.

Sending you
and
me
modules--

How fragile the
dwellings
can be,
to remain unmoved
by
chastity whims
&
cordial welcomes.

Wine So Divine

*Yellow roses
dry
on the
placid wood signs
for
the
California sun
mastering the grapes
on
a
hot & dry
August day--*

*Past the miles
that
heap with
different drinkers on
wooden poles
and
laughter that carries
in
the
eve of a sedated millennia.*

*Over Napa Valley
and
into the
bottles emptied with ease
on
wine tasting
brigades.*

*Brigades
that play for
the sun and listen to the farmers--*

*Dirt to vine,
wine so divine.*

Woman, Dog & The Other Starving Animals

The woman and
her
dog
in the front seat.

Listening
to the noises
which
slow motion
creates,
in a beige sweater
with the windows rolled-up tight,
she
has
the look of fall in the silver rings
that
hold on for dear life
about
her fingers.

Checking
a look at her canine,
the beer & wine man walks over the plot
where she was complacent
several
moments ago.

Past the horns
neglecting complaints

down
the

street

with her dog.

A picture

to keep throughout the dawn of a new season of petite orange leaves

where heat

shipped our sheds
and
starved several animals.

Off 42nd Avenue

They rebuild
the
house
from newer wood
 clearer window panes
 cleaner paint
a
gamut of goods
that
have
talked to the bad
and
decided on heavier hammers.

Building over
the
fires and fallen logs,
they see the sun
for what it is worth
and
remember the men of the moon that forgot.

Waving to strangers,
forgetting old friends--

In a new
frame
of
mind
on sturdier stilts

on the street down
the way
called
42nd Ave.

His Bag of Goods

A small
Cuban boy
runs swift across the dusk trafficway
determined to get his brown grocery bag
into a surrounding that will be emptied and appreciated.

The couple with noxious cosmetic scents
step-out of the yellow cab for the man on crutches to come forth
and carry them down the street.

Inclined walls & General Tso's chicken
in the foyer.

The heat is leaving Auditorium #4
for a friendlier level of temperature.

Leaves crispen and rattle along the ground
as a man yells in a wavering tone
to someone I cannot see,
"Wait, don't let me beat you up."

I can only think,
"Did that boy
make it home with his bag of goods?"

Burgundy Collar

There you are
there you are--

Workin'
that neck
to get some more attention.

Oooh
there you are--

Pulling for a
strange flick of a new one's match
with
a
lighter
tucked secretly
deep inside your purse.

Yea
yea
we know
there you are--

Pushing your
heels across the floor
for
a
dance to music
we haven't heard.

Playin'
with yarn too hot
to
assemble.

Yodeling one
there you are--

Becoming a
coral design
in the tightly stretched
wall paper.

One more (time)
together,
there you are--

Ooooh,
how have you been
where you are
where you are

in
that
burgundy collar.

There you are--

Steven In A Miserable Clout

Steven
flew into
a
rancid
revolver of
guts and spite
that rose into the
lift of his jaws.

Too many liver sandwiches
turquoise drinks
and
car accidents that did no bodily damage
but
inflicted enough rage to rip
a
16 wheeler into on nice lump of a rubber bumper.

Yea,
Steven held
that mixture of thoughts
into
a
feeling which caved about
his
mind when his brain strained to think
of
more
soothing emotions.

In the world
about
somewhere
he is getting ready to light a cigarette
hoping
you
can catch his plea that dissipates
quickly into the
stratosphere
or
somewhere before.

Trading the price
of a lifetime
for some moments to subside
a
pair of incisors
ripping the flesh of his agony.

Can't quite
figure why

he was conceived in this decade -- time -- breath
that
takes
many drinks to comprehend.

Steven
wants what
he can have,
much the same way you can think about
what
you want
against all the pitiful needs.

Kiss that gorgeous woman
or
caress that man,
if it happens to be your game,
and
think of Steven.

Somewheres about
in
a
miserable clout.

Hot Candle Wax Over A Pile Of Eyelashes

The bells sting
abound the temples
to find a rhyme to lost meanings
that
are plucked from the storefront mirrors.

Racy ladies joint
will open in several weeks to
cater wild Orchid leaves in marbles bowls
while the men flock in-and-out
with the smell of fresh liquor and stinking change
to
thrown into wicker bowls to keep
the
operation overhead.

Young girl
lays flat on her back with ankles
crossed snug
listening to a dog bark several houses down,
folks are gone
and
the baby-sitter is fucking someone of the same sex.
She has a premonition that she will remember this
during the days when puberty will hit
and
the internet will broadcast a presidential impeachment live
while the sad televisions sit unused in a corner that used to dance
an amusing routine.

The adulteress took her lover to
the precipice of land that looked over the
city
deep in the flats of Cleveland, Ohio.
She unzipped his pants and heard a knock on the window.
They both whipped their eyes quickly to the window,
which sounded like a key rapping,
where there was a Oriental man asking them to roll down the window....

It will come-out
in the press soon
that a farm snug in Cheyenne, Wyoming that a family
on

a
quiet ranch have been keeping the lid shut tightly
on a secret that is enough to make Ripley drool to his shoe stitchings.
They have been raising generations of cats and dogs
in which they have taught how to speak.
Speaking about the colors they really see
and
the thoughts that go through their minds.
The American public is perplexed and excited in intrigue.
The next new heroes of the US landscape
and
more cloning experiments to come.

An old man
takes his typical nightly walk down to the
corner bar for a mingle with the regulars,
a scotch & water,
and a peek at the sports game he was watching earlier in the night.
After the last sip
and a pat of the napkin on his tired lips,
he throws down five bucks & a generous tip for his old friend behind the bar.
He then walks out the door
and
heads home.
On the way home,
he hoists his elbow out to walk home an image that is invisible.
It's what the world would call a widow,
but to him its the truest form of reality.
He made a deal with an angel and now his wife is back to
take the walks
and live while his children wonder when he'll die from depression
6 months after his wife left this flesh and blood life.

In the year 2028,
a Swedish Philosopher will win the Nobel Piece prize
for proving that our existence is wholly a material one.
He squelches the belief that events are of the mind,
vehemently disproving that the mind has any real say in how
we perceive the world.
This award and subsequent wide public acceptance of a previously unaccepted
point-of-view is a direct result of the way
many societies around the world continued to live and view their existence.
The 21st century was overrun by continued consumerism
that took over the psyche and pervaded the mind in such a way
as to inoculate the mind.
Evolution was choking and Charles Darwin turned in his grave.

Years into the future,
landfills and dumpsites will get so out of hand

that Americans will have to colonize the Oceans
farther east and west.
Townships -- then cities -- later states
will be established
and a new settlement of the colonies or the United States
will begin taking form.
These townships, cities and states will be similar to bridges built
above water with a thick plate glass ground or floor for
a
view of the beauty that was or a clear illustration of nature's demteioration.
It will be the newest wet way to start over the cycle again. . .

In a small town
down south,
sweltering with Confederate sympathies and boredom
that is too much for the younger population to endure.
Kids begin a marathon venture to fill their time.
They have contests to see if a person can smoke
a whole carton of cigarettes in one day.
From say 9AM to Midnight.
The cigarettes are non-filtered and the kids that complete
the task are ones to be reckoned with..
That was until several kids died in their sleep the night after completing the feat.
A local outcry turned into a Supreme Court circus.
Tobacco companies back in court again.
When will it end.

Mean spirited souls,
truly despicable souls,
sit around in fear of the strong that
have intriguing secrets they cannot comprehend.
They loathe you
and
seek to find where you live.
Their fists are sand
and
they believe that God enjoys their activities.

In his four bedroom home &
a bottle of Natural Light at the dining room table,
he
thinks of his twin 17 year-old daughters
while he
compiles a newsletter about the events that
take place in their life.
He sheds a tear for all the love that is true
and pours freely out of his mind.
When will the appreciation come that he
doesn't need to have expressed in words,

but
does need in other ways to sustain his castle of a soul.
The lights in the
house dim under his thoughts that will work
in
another time and reality.
He cradles his existence
while his daughters do the same for his efforts.
He needs no tissue to soak his tear,
it would only be thrown into the trash.

Loose Enough For Comedy

Across
the turnstile
of
my back parking lot,
old folks
in a
church
turn to the steps of
square dance.

Away from
25 cents for any call
in the United States
and too much
caffeine
in
an
11-hour period--

Twisting
for health
or
outer beauty,
they revolve
for
tunes
that we see and don't hear.

Around & around
in
dresses
jeans
loose enough for comedy.

Local Crime Tale

I climb the steps
in the
local bookstore,
counting the creaks
smoothed over wood pieces
when I hear a Saturday Night
voice
chanting
 separated
from
the
gush
of many sounds
along the busy street.

An overweight
black man
screams aloud
for
someone to
call
the Police--

Looking through a
second floor
plane of glass,
the voice is nearer.

In moments,
he wades by
to
lookers
 listeners
those inside & outside
the
voice that needs help.

I did
see
Cops about,
maybe they helped
or
he was drunk.

The man needed
a
hand
that
few could provide.

The Day's That Came

Arrived
at the
Sunset Inn
during the beginning
of a lit stretch
in
Santa Cruz--

Dennis,
the Hotel Manager,
was behind the counter
counting time
and holding several rooms for us.

Turquoise earring,
a California purity
that
was above
dedication.

After rendering a slight chance
for
us three
to
retrieve a held room
from
other potential guests
that had 15 more minutes to claim.

He gave-up our room
and opened
the
telephone book.

Many rooms
 beds
were taken & used in the area.

--No Vacancy--

Though,
Dennis told me,
"I'll stay here all night
until I get you a room."

Ten minutes later,
he held a room
for us next to a beached boardwalk down the street a little ways.

He rested our eyes
and

told us some about
devotion
in a demeanor rarely shown.
humanity

Wherever you
are
in the California clouds,
you cleared
more of ours than you know.

Some restoration
that worked well
on
through the days that came.

My Hand Won't Go Down

Hints
in a corpse,
4 tarnished lamps
sit next
to
a
stamp.

Roused and lodged
amidst
the
pepper shaker
of
time
that sends pieces of lint up my nose
to
sneeze into
the
next door wind.

Those
salts I send out.

Pissing into
a
closed screen--

Hovered
over
the lever,
my hand
won't go down.

Places That Just Exist

You
count
of a plate of food,
lean on a
steady wall
in your
kitchen,
strike a match
to
squirm about the dark.

The counts
 leans
 strikes
yonder
within the
pieces of a maze--

Liquid corners
 toxic planes
dry crevices
 plastered joints,
letters scurry
clean across surfaces
that
lean
your reading eyes into places
that
are
near
 far--

Places that just
plain exist.

existed in our own

His voice flew
forth
in
the
distance of the heat
he
has once seen.

Viewed from cusps of
horoscopes
that
he didn't read
nor
want
to
be enchanted into.

Bright white cap
and
full
black wardrobe,
the
night took on a course in muddy rags
that
had the pleasure
to
be
graced by the moisture.

Mr. Man
that
has seen a few faces
and
more voices that he has mimicked,
full
of
prior heart trouble
and
a
wallet consumed with more money
than it took for me
to
purchase a right to his show.

Bobby
played it one more time
and
the
tears
rested in the earth from where he was conceived.

Conceived for
a
lot
of
meaning that he has tried to explain
but
will be explained
by
his own being when he is done.

Done with the
moments
of
existing
that
existed in our own.