

Why Do They Ever Land?

From
the window of
flight 975 out of Midway airport,
facing forward,
it has
somehow become
clearer
as
it was proven to me
many times before.

Wind beating
the lights
 windows
 wings
with a ferocious message
that
was just out-of-range
to hear.

Alone,
with an empty seat
beside me,
the plane rose through
the 5:45pm disturbance
&
opened several pieces of
the
mind.

Reflections so sharp
you have
to
squint your eyes
to
save your irises.

Those realities
that bring you
closer to your self,
yet force you to
come closer to
what exists on the ground.

Those bipedal
emotions
that go skyward
to a cleaner,
or more vile,
sense of activities on land.

You know,
I couldn't
stop thinking
how the pilots could
see through the pissing rain & coats of thick cloud cover.

Do the pilots have
a clearer mind?

If my experiences are
of the same as theirs,
I wonder
why
they ever land.

Her Laugh

A famous
musician--

Once strictly
Christian,
which later turned "secular"
to
rise
over this man's speakers.

A foreign cab driver,
much talk
a laugh
that carried through the Plexiglas.

Loved large women,
he said--
"You don't need a mattress with them
and
they keep coming back."

Yea,
so did the cabs.

I rode in my first
cab
with a straight anglo saxon man
that weekend.

Shit,
did the winds
&
rain
beat Lakeshore Dr.
and the waves
that crested away
in the lake.

Veins of water
over the hotel glass
in
the back lounge.

We kept
talking,
I'll miss the winds
 the town
her laugh.

A Little Note On Molded Seats

Cold hands
silent awnings
shiny cars
a town ready for football heroes
car doors close
dirt swept to the sides of streets
red chair looks patient in bright light
piano player on radio goes forth & up
fruit in glass bowls
empty stomach ready to heat water
blinking cursors
laundry mats going fast up the way
people walking erect from the liquor store
construction on nearby streets for more detours
wide-eyed blinds before me

the microwave is off
a statue of a wooden Indian looks forward
knowing something I don't have the balls to possibly understand
as
he looks from the corner of his eye at me
as
I face South

new light bulbs wait in colorful cardboard
knowledge at the bookshop eatery
tough women and weak men trying on colorful panties
pipes in underwater streets pumping
oxygen
the truth of the A-bomb detonation

save those short finger nails
to open a canister of beef jerky

stave off wavering morons
for
they crowd your shadow thinking it is really
you
in
flesh and blemishes.

the dig of
drifters

giving life
to
tracks

far off
from
molded

seats.

Quiet In The West -- Howling In The East

On the fifth floor
of a renovated Chicago high rise
she is sitting
on the couch
with her arms crossed
as her daughter (maybe)
paces the floor.

Shades open,
lights on bright at 7:30pm.

She watches the
box in the corner
and looks out into the west.

For a naked body,
a reason
to
get-up & piss.

A plant
in the adjacent hotel lobby,
she just wiped her nose.

--It may be a cold--

Now,
her fist is holding up her
oversized chin & large head.

In Chicago,
an episode of Rear Window
with
a
ceramic vase
fake flowers (the like)
empty cigarette butts

She just glanced-up
this way.

Earlier on
she may have
seen my cock
naked in the window.

Her name,
from the demeanor
looks to be
Betty.

She continues
to
glance
to the west,
while the city howls in the east.

rest some & gather more

You have
to stick together
as artists dammit
and
rally together
against thoughts of
forgetting good will.

Rise from
your bruised asses
and
talk to the mirror that remains
lonely in the middle of days and nights
to
rouse the hatchbacks
closed
for
better
heathens in friendly howls.

Unbuckle that lip
and
drink some water in leui of more red wine,
give
that
shit
a
break to
ship off into other demons that reenact
lost shows
from
unsung heroes of underground bars.

Take your mind
from the fucking boughs
of hate
and
put out that cigarette
which makes the needle push tight in your hairless lungs on your
needless flight
on
a
wanted journey.

Take some
&
leave the rest,
rest some
and
gather together some more.

The Beauty Shop

She sweeps
about the Beauty Shop
off Dearbourne St.,
passing traffic
blares horns
at
a
school bus
full of tikes.

Herds of automobiles
in
lumps
at each
new
yellow--red light.

Through
the Chicago cold
in
late October,
the city patrons
roll across street crossings
sidewalk turns
into
warm taverns,
the laughter
they have assumed to consume.

On the seventh floor
above downtown gusts,
the light in the adjacent 6th floor window
is on,
blinds rolled-up.

The honks,
sirens that
woke me up.

She has just
finished sweeping
the
Beauty Shop.

they call it 'self-help'

Rabid lushes
in
concrete crates.

Pale white women
with yellow hand bags
and
a mouth full of Swiss chocolate rolls.

Old men
with worn dentures
and
an itch in their crotch.

Small squirrels
waiting to outrun the bullet smog
while
a
hunter sets a steel trap gingerly on nature's floor.

Galloping teenage girls
frothing over new dance phases
as
the mid-wives deliver babies in rural
unheard of counties in middle America.

Computers screens fervishly
pumped forth off the assembly line
for
a society that wants to know the World Wide Web
and
new ways to order clothes, food, plane tickets
wigs
for their nursing home bound kin.

Radios smashed on asphalt
steps of radio studio because the
newest radio craze
made
the old shit
just old shit.

Fancy automobiles are owned
for a year of the 5 year loan agreement
because the car companies
make new models for hipsters,
while
the fond at heart
stick to the running motors
and oil every 5 to 6 thousand miles.

Fashionable packaging of
new lip balms

pucker up
if you may,

it will be sucked down
those bullseye irises
that
follow the blinding light
on
passing billboards
and
illusions
we
know to recognize

yet choose
to
correct (if lucky)
when age continues
and
wisdom
is yet another goal taught
in
the
best-seller self-help pocket manual.

Sounds We Knew & Sounds We Know

The Kurt Vonnegut Jr.
novel
still had
lead pencil numbers
from
when
the book went
home with me.

And
the night at
2:40a.m. on Friday,
the
Sirens of Titan
were rubbing an old liquor high
into
warm ears,
quicker breezes through the loose window
on the Q-Tip a loud evening.

Then the world collectively
dropped
their jaws and
the
breath of Satan
hopped swift
just up the street.

A car accident that
had only the sound of death
as
a
recourse.

To my
motion of feet,
corduroys on,
belt unlatched,
grabbed the phone.

Up the street
with
dirty specs to see a telephone pole
uprooted,
live wires
pleas of glass
and
a
man waving the motorist crowd
around.

After 911 was
called,
I learned that it was
a
double hit-n-run,
they both
ate
and booted their bill
with
no napkin to wipe
as
I looked out the window.

Thinking why do so many
tow trucks
come to an accident scene
and
how casually they beat
the
cops
fireman
ambulance

Also,
how did
Mr. KCK cop
drive over
the glassy slivers
and
have no idea of the dangling wires?

Heart at race,
recess was once
a
chase--

I went to bed
familiar all too well
with
the
Urban Hail,
the breeze of instant terror on my cuticles
&
many more
than one organ that feels all this shit.

The Same Soul

Temptations
of
the mod
kept the glares
clean
&
the groups of people
content.

Loss of trust
in the
trailer park homes
exposed on day time talk
keeps those
teetering the same line,
enthralled and hopeful
that their existence
is
better.

A wandering
child's mind,
the blank
yet inquisitive eyes
made the parents & guest(s)
amused.

The cat likes
its head rubbed
quick & rough
while the people
wonder what a
tail & body of hair would feel like.

Before I close,
all our grandparents
are beyond in another youthful shroud of flesh
shouting & running with
the
same soul.

Serve -- Know -- Come Back

I
move
down US
highway
to capitol
of
home state.

Past
motor homes
that
flit
by
on narrow road,
dead birds
small cafes
with blue interiors
and
teenagers
taking
their
girls in sports jackets
under
or
over
the
bridge pass
(to the train tracks if lucky).

Sun
comes through
sun
roof,
eyes squint
to
read the signs
of
small
small
small
small
small
small
small
towns.

“Unborn babies
are people too.”
On one billboard.
“Jesus Is Lord”
is
what Jack’s Auto Body shop

billboard
says,
come on in
for
an
estimate -- we have an epitaph for you!

Discount smoke
shops
that shove
heads back
and
toe nails northward.

Swinging into
fast food palace,
a
black girl
gives me the best
of
quick American cuisine,
hold
the
onions
baby.

As attention
keeps
into
the visuals
that fly past
with cruise control
quicken
and
legs folded
for
pictures from a camera
that
would be ashamed
to snap
some
of the shots.

Aluminum tunnels
over
the boughs of hay
that are covered with black plastic
for
the winter
that is predicted
to
be
an
insane
downpour of

wet
cold
wet
cold
putrid
fast
El Nino winds
in
the east bound
jet stream.

An intersection
on
the way
has the twirling lights
of
the
“Wheel In Drive In”,
just before
entering
California (MO),
“Small enough to know you,
large enough to serve you.”

Serve
know
serve
know,
we serve to know
and know to serve....

Somehow
it always
comes back to
California.

Too Many Tongues

Tongue
lick
that
dark lime
calf of
girl
in
blue skirt
that
has
smirked
in
a
orange
room
with
no midgets
several jack asses
one
tongue
busy
to
depart sweat pores
the
night
that
was his
until
he gave
it
away
to another
lover that
threw his keys
and
ring
to the gods
that
had no shame
and
less guts.

How
enjoyable
the sounds
are outside
as
the tongue
continues
to
find new

spots
of
mockery
that were
undiscovered
by
hands
curiosity
the
fourth chorus
that
suffocated in
plastic bowls.

In houses
that
line streets
many tongues
work
to
play
at pieces of flesh
cooked chicken
shaved garlic powder
rotten grapes
to
tongs that
pulled the
steam
out
of
another
body part
or
tongue.

Web Of Plots & Themes

My folks
love
their bulldogs.

She's getting ready
to go on Prozac
with 3 children (2 girls & 1 husband)
& an early onset of MS.

Anthony & his wife
bought a
new computer system
with settlement money
from another nasty wreck.
She's still alive,
they both smile
as they ready themselves for technological madness.

Maria moved back home,
surely still plays the
guitar
piano
and
writes
some intense prose.

Joseph is
probably near marriage
and waiting
for an end to winter on Long Island
for
some spring surfing.

Aunt Colleen still
speaks swift and
hits the cigarettes.

Uncle Rico
continues to pull the old Italians
into the back of his pastry shop
for
some judge & jury,
along with the bullshitting
on knowledge
that bodes him well.

I finish these familial
thoughts
as
the Fall temperatures rise.

On upward
to the sky
that holds us
all
somehow
or
somewhere
within the web of plots & themes.

How Age Works

Have
to write it out--

25 beans
2 dimes & a nickel
Quarter of a Century
2 decades and-a-half
5 years times 5 years
25 one year anniversaries
All my toes, fingers, one tongue, two knees & two arm pits = 25

Have you counted
till the numbers sing?

Better yet,
have you felt the air
that had one hell
of
a
right to breath?

I'm 25 today.

13 plus 12--

I'll stop
or
maybe I won't.

what the bottles will allow

Palace of
glass.

Lids over
jars,
bras over breasts.

Liquids
to make them giggle,
lights which tempt you
to
make a purchase.

Boxes in the window,
old signs that announce
“October Wine Sale”
wait for the fall of ‘98.

In for cheap alcohol,
out with
a
twenty-three hundred dollar smile.

Those neon signs
that advertise
non-alcoholic blends
are crossed and cursed in
sad waltzes.

Toothpaste in tubes,
babies in moderate cribs,
the
liquor store on the corner
lives for the
corner
traffic
and
round-about voyagers.

They could
probably
give a shit
if any more thought than a purchase goes down,
they
bleed to get out by 10:00p.m. on any weekday night.

To get out
and
think more of their thoughts
of

the palace
of
glass
that rests on a crest across the street.

The crest
with deadening grass
and
more colors than the bottles will allow.

enough to fill two arms

The nuts
that hang around bulk
in the big damn
boxes that sit on the floor.

Interesting,
another sale on wine
the
rich folks have no interest to poke.

Pickling juices,
a
large selection of beans in
worn bags that are
touched by children and adults
that are curious to a new kind of bean
amongst
the world of many beans
and
others to arrive in time.

Frozen
fat-free entrees
blocks of cream cheese
the families that waltz by
with the same sports jackets and expressions
to
pick-up some
bread, dairy products,
maybe more.

The magazine racks
have the queen of grunge cleaned-up
and
petite
with blond hair and feathers pulling the nasty imagination
to
daintily covered breasts & vagina.

During the check-out
I
see a coupon for 30 cents off a package
of
cheese
with an expiration date of 12/31/98 in small print at the bottom
of the coupon--

That's one
fucking great shelf life for a block of cheese,
I

would love to pat that cow's head.

If you don't shop
while your shopping
this is what you may notice.

Try once not to shop
when shopping,

you'll
see an armful.

The Black Boy's Scalp

Romper Room
plays on
the
new top-of-the-line TeleVision
as
we tighten for our ride
to
Kindergarten home room.

Scared to the point
that
the word PooP
wouldn't make us flinch,
us damn white kids
were yearning to call the sole black boy over
at
recess and feel this hair of his
that
was so different.

For
we didn't play with too many black kids
in
small town suburbia
during the late 70's.

For the sweat of my soul
I can't remember this black kid's name,
but that head of hair
was one fucking grand event.

It had a feel
you wouldn't soon forget as a white kid
at
age 5.

Cropped short,
my shoe lapel on my shirt even jumped-up to
run around the scalp.

Christ,
we just haven't advanced too much
since
then,
to just walk up to another
and
touch their hair
for curiosity sakes
or
say a couple words for the same cause.

The race to find out
if
there is really life beyond,
E.T. or other Alien Monsters,
earthlings want to know this
so
badly
and they
can't
even figure each other out.

go figure.

Homestyle Cooking & Cold Hands In Coat Pockets

A kid
sits next to the
roused traffic
going past
as
his head turns towards the
sunset
and
in hopes for many nickels
to free his pumpkin & tomato
supply.

Hands fisted
in the bowels
of a new jacket,
he
wants a
sale,
to follow his
father in the spirit of salesmanship.

Past him,
I see billboards with
comets
diner slogans
hotels for "29.95 Single"
gas stations
with clean restrooms
and
more if you look away from the road.

Elvis
sings over the
deck,
"Don't be cruel to a heart that's true,"
in
a
long line
of
20 golden oldies in a row
for your ride home.

In different modes
of
transport,
between Chicago
and
Jefferson City, MO
in
5 days
the

landscape seems
familiar
and
alien as my stomach
tackles the meat patties consumed
several hours prior.

Westfork
with a sail boat
proclaims: "A Nice Place To Live"
as the
deadened stalks of light brown corn
wade heavy tears
for
a
new
harvest
and
one sale for the kid on the side of the ride.

Selling more
than the scent of a smashed roadside skunk
that
litters the nostrils for more than a mile.

Only 95 more miles
to
Kansas City
and all the collisions with one pistons engines
as
the people rush to tie a purple ribbon..

Wildlife centers
telling you all
that
"The end of the tame"
has arrived.

The man in front of me
has
a
bumper with no license plate
as
we both notice fresh oil and loose gravel
on the shoulder of the roadway.

The blond highway patrolwoman
pulled over
the
red Ford
while midgets play
in large dollhouses.

I snapped several
pictures of the

quick sunset
while my knee held steady on the steering wheel
and
I remembered that I forgot to buy souvenirs.

Streams of
white headlights come forth
as
47 birds gather heat from
the bowing electrical lines
and
the
boy continues to run the fruit & vegetable
stand
on
the side of the
road

for Dad would be
so
proud
coming off the exit
ramp to see
how much cash the little sailor
collected
in
that
Mid-Missouri high
of
Homestyle Cooking.

such conjecture

*confidential
no more,
one year ago
we
began this new journey.*

*he's a detective
for the Kansas City police department,
writes plays on the side.*

*he scans a
new young female
who writes symphonies
and
serves coffee at the house
full-time.*

*others serve food
web site -- html language
etc. of the same
and
pull together
music on the rise.*

*many more
think of death,
their own or others
on the waves
while they live their lives on the side.*

*on the side
beside
next to
along with*

such conjecture.

i still may eat

No food
for the past 26 hours,
the booze & beer
at
Blue Chicago.

In K.C. before
the flight to Midway,
bode me some red eyes
and
a
slip into
sleep I couldn't remember.

We paid the
cab driver,
to the room,
a
shower was to follow.

Now,
the ashes fall on the ledge,
hair pulled gingerly back,
the city is awake as it was,
couldn't say the
same
for myself.

Zippers ripping
open
&
back into place,
food is calling
my
stomach.

A Burger King
is in view
from the room--

Black-n-White
photography,
I still
may
eat.

Better Than You Can Expect

It is said
echoed
shouted
that to push the pill
of
modern science
with cloning, new breakthroughs, euthanasia, abortion
or genetic engineering
that it goes against the
plan of God
or
a Higher Being.

Proclaiming
that life on other planets
or
the such that would take the
human mind
beyond the perfunctory
of
thoughts
movement
railways
is
not what God envisioned (or the gods).

Listen to
what is being said
or
if you think the same
thoughts--

If there is one
omnipresent
omnipotent being
that keeps the clock rolling
and
the animals and plants
well fed for our survival,
how is it that
the
activity of more animals (human beings)
would
go unscaved from the vast eyes
of
the grand spirit in the sky?

Whatever shall happen
will fall within the domain
of

meant to.

Whether it is temporary
permanent
merely trial-and-error
or
in
ways we cannot see or understand
in the greater bubble
of
mystery,
it
has a placement
and
if it is believed that God (gods)
did not intend for this activity to exist
the
conscious denial of God (gods) is being committed.

For the thoughts
that anything which seems wrong
or
unconventional falling out of the landscape
and
domain of the greater being
is
a
weak attempt at a sincere prayer.

For to believe
in what is an enigma
or
beyond the human mind
is
to admit to being human.

On the other side,
to accept these realities
that
may seem against the screenplay
of God (gods)
the Higher Being
is
simply being human,
which
is
called humanity.

To have
a
little of what
is
called faith
to
not deny

what
cannot be figured.

The High Being
God
knows just as well
that my fingers are moving
and
thoughts are pulling forth,
so
to deny the activity on this planet
to
defend God
is
putting oneself
above
the mystery
and
to deny
the
mystery
is
to
deny
God (gods)
the Higher Being.

Take the mystery
or
enigmas
on
either forthright
or
lackadaisical trails--

it
may
come to you at
some point

above

below

or better than you can expect.

They Feel Sharp

Certain artists
run so hard to
tackle the images,
or essence if you will,
of the a priori artists that
came before.
You know,
the truest artists have been accidentally
lumped into a category with
certain contemporaries.
Emulation
has a certain sad and destructive reality.
It is harmful when we are alive.
To
trade a voice that is in you brain
for the voice that came before or that
doesn't have your original print,
is
like
the
thoughts of an assassin with no
weapons.

People speak to
me much
about dreams they have.
Whether they know
I
have a fancy for that unconscious swimming pool
or
in just casual talk,
it come up on a bit.
How much we all dream. . .
Awake or dead at night.

A black cat ran out in front of me
across Southwest Trafficway this morning.
One of the busiest times of the day.
Rush hour.
There was a lull in traffic
and the fucker dashed forth and up a mouth of steps.
Don't have too much stock in superstitions,
I would room in the 13th floor of a hotel
if
it
did happen to exist.

Several hours later
I was walking with my boss across a black parking lot
and
he found a penny on the ground
and
made a point to pick it up.
Maybe I needed it,
maybe I didn't need that coined "lucky" coin.
Things happen in three's
the horseshoe smashed her head
the mirror fell in Gannon's roommates room.
I
can recall
that the Chinese buffet tasted very well,
MSG or not,
and that cat had one great stride.

As a male
have you ever caught the backside of
a
person
you thought was a gal?
Then
have a friend tell you that the person you
were watching go to the bathroom
was a female?
Most men would have a damn hard time
with this fact,
it would likely piss them off or peak their interest
to
see the face of this individual when they emerge in the
male femininity.
It happened to me.
It was right on.
They had a power,
likely with both sexes
whether they get fucked or not,
hopefully they find love.
Maybe they can find a simple
yet profound smile at night
for the fact that they fooled the circumstantial public
that
looks on
in
so many twists of the neck. . .

Grand Daddy Long Legs
and
Walking sticks,
maybe some spiders
crawl over the mulch and ash tray

in
the smoking depot behind the building.
A Busch Beer sign flaps madly in the
on-coming cold for the passers and passengers to
take down some more cold,
a
good cold.
The musical selection,
Enya,
carries down the hall
as I go urinate and fight with a ball of hair
that hangs valiantly on the side of the bowl
as my line of piss has little luck with the holding power.
The night
is coming earlier & earlier
to darken the light with more adventures.
Down the hall
street
eyes
steel pipes
or
you.

You Don't Have To Pretend To Be A Genius

The morning sounds
of
concrete pounding the bed
of
a charred dump truck
while I poured cereal & milk.

There was 87 years between
the
signing of the Declaration of Independence
and
the Gettysburg Address.

He yelled up the parkway
to
a
female he knew,
“How did the Marathon go?”

van Gogh on fire
in
an attic,
smoke salami
burning for a decent piece of bread
and
mustard that burns the eye raw.

We honk our horns
to
be heard and
to feel the feeling.

Feet second,
hands first--

you
don't
have to pretend to be a genius.

Fell Back An Hour

He swiped
down the sidewalk
past
our embrace.

Gold rings on the
first 2 fingers
of the left hand,
he was pulling the remains
of
what seemed to be a tightly rolled cigarette.

No,
he was pulling the last leg
off
a
Marijuana pole,
humming to the eyelet's
of
the
Fall Chicago winds.

We laughed some
and
walked into
another embrace or
gathering.

The Irish pubs,
her glance,
the day that saw no time
for the absence
of
a
clock.

Existing in the
middle of
Big City America--

The drinks
his pot
the nights
that fell back an hour.

how should i say it?

She told
me during that
young year when
I was mixing the paints
and feeling the hairs flower around
my
scrotum
that I couldn't blend colors
with a paint brush to save my life.

He told me
that I needed to cut back on some
needed words
and
pay particular attention to style,
as well as emphasizing that REVisION is the
key
to grand works of Poetry.

Teachers on their collective
growl and glow in their own right,
took it straight to the pupil or student
in
a
frank &
personal
way to get the truth
the
way
they have experienced or have been taught (could be both).

You can
never restrict one for
the
talents in which they embalm.

To strap
personal affronts in such a way
weans away
from the potential for CREativity.

You keep a dog bonded from
barking,
he's probably going to do
his
best
to bite you in the ass.

GeT IT?

Ignorance & Some Questions

You wonder
how
much you
can
give
and
just how damn much
you can lose?

Loss
is a way
that gives some cartilage
to
the backbone
that breaths into the wind for a voice
which
will embrace the face that
wells with a passion
more insane than a red that hugs the moon
on
a
dusk August eve.

Begging & pleading
at the hand
of questions
lost atoms
the
ingrates that drained your blood,
we
do
learn.

To keep capillaries full
for
the
brain has a tendency to fail
for
here to
near.

Keep square
with
those
thoughts of questions
you
push aside or let kill
some more with the wine that has
the
familiar red tint,

an
answer is
grand in the particular
context.

Yea,
sometimes
it's
better to hear or feel a blank space.

Nobody can take
away ignorance.

It can
only be given.

Tickle -- Don't Itch

Rewound music
piles of pleasure
money strung along
on
subway wheels
that won't stop
for
debts
it
did not
incur.

Hidden guns
in
socks
and behind bent backs
to
kill that fear
the
death didn't arouse.

Yea you,
sucking on that premium cigar
with
a fresh glass of vodka and clear soda
as
laughter continues
to
jokes misunderstood
and
comments that appear funny from the opposing facial
inflections.

Tickle
worth
in
a
hot
light
and
listen to it laugh.

For to itch
will
only
make
the
madness that much more.

the jazz and moving on

It was
55° at 3:41pm
on the FM dial
as
the black women
rolled the Jazz albums
for
the
people to
swerve
sing
tap
get down
below the blue water tower.

Oh
you can adopt
a
highway
as
Boy Scout group #95 did
along
HWY 50.

Marked electrical wires
in
the top soil
below
the
grass
in
the
crust
next to a funeral home
miles
away from the
nearest grave yard,
burning
flowers reaching
for
a
jug of water
that is a mirage
of
liquid under the clouds
that
call the sky over
for
a
small chat.

Monteau County Sheriff
vehicle
with
the insignia
of
badge on the
door
so there is no
confusion
as
to who this is.

Pacifiers on
ice
the
crimson
wall poked over
the
fields
to listen to the satellite dishes
behind
houses on farm land.

Should
I
carry forth
and
string along your soul
for this journey?

Move
on,
move on--