

JoeFiles XXIX: Quick Stops On Short Ledges

Causes Couldn't Fathom

You had
a
good conversation,
ran mind
over computer monotony,
poured hot coffee
on brim
of
shirt cuff -- right side.

Told dusk
that
dawns are overrated
and
snapped to the
pops of radio waves
collapsing
beautiful on radio.

Heard National News--
Mostly Politics--
On how
Iraq is to step-up
resistance
to
U.S.
and
Army General
from Arkansas.

--He withdraws from potential post for Sexual Misconduct(s)--

Heard the
dove whisper
to
proportions
that
odd numbers
were off-hand integers
key to Plato's soul.

Witnessed the yellowing leaves
drop
from
withering branches
as
the
day wore on
into pleaded britches of
causes
the

chasms
couldn't
fathom.

a screen protected by glass

The sharp end
of
a
wooden bean--

Take this
down
verbatim,
for
the
next time we
discuss this issue of pain
to
the
skull
it
may be
too late.

For a
strong thrust to the
head region could cause a flow
of
blood or worse
if
the
swords
are hidden and the elves have anger
that
didn't work on their wives.

Ice cubes
are
solid no longer,
and
cures
are only terms so muddled
that
too look at the word too long you could
doubt
yourself on the exact spelling of the word.

Bees in hives
and
honey
under the welts that appear on your skin,
you
have turned into an act
of
nature that
is

mockery and love.

Love for the number of
words
you fail to speak to the dizzying eyes
that
speak to bacon and
spit into egg yolks.

The course
has
be re-taken
and
the
taken is retro in a dance club
south
of
your living quarters.

Where the children
teenagers
young women
middle-aged men
old women
kick their heels low
and
lick wet teeth for
the song of the century
that Prince
or
the
artist formerly known
will
play on the empire state building in NY, NY at new year's eve circa 1999.

Grapefruit
for orange peels,
the
economy is government
and
confusion is no longer accepted as an excuse.

The new time is coming
and
has come in each passing
second,
so
tighten your
belt
and
listen to the flaps of skin around your ear drums
that
don't
move,
yet

give
you
a
better
insight than the lost inner voice that
screams
into
a
screen of plastic protected by glass.

Guns On The Streets

penny pinchers
&
prima donna's
come
on
by
for a slice
of
my
egg sandwich
and
tap on the table.

lay down
a
tune
that
could bring the
bricks of the
building about us
to
restitution
and
make the = sign
a
multiplication variable.

be privy
with
my
questions
and
toss me back a batch of tuna salad.

keep in mind,
those
Sicilians
work damn
hard to catch those tuna during
the
collection session in the
Sea,
so
make those morsels the
best
you
can throw.

I
have no cans of
liquor,

they
only come in bottles
and
I
don't pour anything from bottles
for
strangers,
for
they
quickly get drunk and piss
on
the
floor
I
scrub so devoutly
every four or five months.

they say
it's a
bachelors life.

--wrong--

I don't have
enough time
to
cling to clean details
of
sanitary ties
that
would make things too damn clean
and
therefore mostly uncomfortable
or
unlivable for my tastes.

let's get
back to the tastes.

along with the bottles,
the
mustard
and
pickle juice
in
the month-old jar
is off limits.

I have too many
pieces of bologna
hot dogs
and
glasses of V8 juice to consume
for
your

hands to pick at the beauty of my meager refrigerator harvest.

then again,
you
probably only want canned beer
salami
crackers
squeeze cheese
and
chocolate cookies.

better yet,
I
doubt you make it on by.

let's say you do--

I own no knives
for your disposal
because
there are too many guns on the streets.

large speakers

rope swings,
the
wind beats the banner.

headlights reflect
off
the
coast of warm weather
in
the
cold snap
that
is
next to the broken man
thinking of new ways to swoon Mother Nature.

happens
that
the spins are twins
that
licked the same sucker to the
bottom of the
wrapper
that
tucked the top
one
minute into the second hour halt.

this also means
that
two bullies who barely know each other
make their plot to plan
a
way to beat the adolescent shit
out
of a classmate
for
raising his hand and heeding parental advise
that
fear is weakness
and
bruises heal quicker than bloody defeat.

next to
that
same breath,
a nurse swallows her tongue
because
school never taught her that some sights are
not
sight that

should be viewed of other humans
that
forgot the sight that led to tough amnesia.

the box opens,
air rises
and

flocks
rush to
the
field
for
the

revival that was canceled

for
secrets

over

large speakers.

You want these leftovers from the main course?

There were
some powerful leaders
of
select countries out East
that
felt they would begin a secret
yet
malevolent campaign
to
wipe out the word "soul"
from
television -- movies -- a variety of publications.
Their take on
this is that the soul was an invention
of
the mind
and
the
mind alone.
It was much like time, color
or
sound.
Things invented by the mind
to
make time,
if
it
is
time,
pass by more smoothly.
Their misguided campaign
would be a sincere one,
for
if they could obliterate any reference
to
the
soul,
human beings,
whether in the east or in the west,
would
believe and rely on the mind.
The mind was more
rational and rooted in reality,
they believed,
and
the destruction of the soul
could
keep their respective governments and minds at peace.
If that doesn't
work,
they deduce,

they will just kill
people and
colonize with their own penis' and vagina's.
The selfishness
of
few can bring so much untold destruction
to
the
masses,
although there are a many few
that realize the blatant bullshit
these kinds of
mongers
bring to the populace.
Hide
as
quickly

as you possibly can,
then
come

out quickly to curse
the blades of despair
and
remorse

for you likely created some
of
the
grief

but didn't perpetuate
the
shit

that
stinks

longer than the last mile

in
the
first

race

across an millennium

that will choke your neurons
and bring you
new hope for humanity
via
an overload of information.

Information
about the destruction
rebuilding
love
anger
love

those moments
that make
you
human,
not the flesh
that has you wrapped with poked
eyes
ears
nose
fingers
toes

etc.

etc.

Yes,
the
history of the history
needs to be cultivated and picked selectively
not
just for our children,
but
for us.

Because if we're not
careful,
there's not going to be any children
and
if there are any children they're going to die
a
sleek
quick death
or
live to breath beauty for a short amount of time.

So,
what does it all mean?

How many times a
day
week
month
minute
or
more
do you ask that question?

There are
many answers,
but
from what I have learned...
It's what your own
mind
has to
say for itself that creates
a
reality
or
what it all means.

For what it means
to
him
her
or
them
could give me the shits of boredom
or
much worse.

To adhere and run
wild through life
with another's view
on
how
it should
be
is foolish
and
to
be foolish is no way to rest your
head
at
night
or
to use you head to speak
or
give head to that
woman you dig about and with.

Now,
do
you have any ideas
on how
you truly think
this
next new century
is
going
to end up?

I'll get to that

later,
you know why?

Because its the damn future
and
I'm here to talk to your plump & petite asses
about the present.

Don't drop the paper yet...
I'll get to the
future once we're ready to
fly into a whole new venue of thought
wore
tired of thinking in the old and present.

For now,
there are too many fucking
pagers -- cell phones -- coffee shops -- alternative musicians -- terrible terrible fucking TV programs & too
many TV's as well -- too many people pledging undying allegiance to a sport team or teams while human
lives suffer from little attention that should be given some love along the way -- much too many cases of
STD's, wrap that crappy little pecker of yours up and stop complaining that you don't get the same fucking
feeling with it on. If that's your argument, your not feeling anything in the first place and if you are, you
should be robbed of that feeling you weak pric neck.
Much too many ATM's, long talks about how the government is wrong, much too little time devoted to
true education, too many followers of advertising campaigns and Coke ad's.

The mind is being controlled
on
big wet wheels that people have no idea
are jackknifing their mind.

The bigger issue
is
this..
Why is it that we all get so fucked,
not all the time,
and
why do we continue to do the fucking to each other.

You know,
Gandhi -- Christ -- and
the
miracle workers that
stood for humanity
have
had their message fucking wrapped around a taco bell taco
and shit out into a large puddle of yellowed water with
used papers and
bit of chocolate.

How much can you really misconstrue
a
message
on such a large scale?

Is it that god blessed hard people?

You run around petitioning that
capital punishment should be banned
and
that further fucking useless mind control
should take place to
keep these pathetic pieces of nothing
killing and raping your kids -- animals-- daughters -- grandchildren.

Let's face it,
we're human beings
and
we all,
whether you believe it or not,
continue
to
add to the problems.

Here's your solution,
live and love in the only way
you
know how
and
try to let your being be
a
solution to a problem no hero will squelch.

If you do
run around in a dizzy tirade with no education
&
piss in the cesspool,
remember this--

If we do cross paths,
I
won't
say one single thing.

My look
will be enough
to take you to another level of fear.

Smashed Morse Code

CONTRIVED
CONTRIVED
CONTRIVED
CONTRIVED

a cackling group of university professors grading papers

CONTRIVED
CONTRIVED
CONTRIVED
CONTRIVED

government love in a coffee canister

CONTRIVED
CONTRIVED
CONTRIVED
CONTRIVED

stolid couples ordering soup on another anal evening of monotone talk

CONTRIVED
CONTRIVED
CONTRIVED
CONTRIVED

no thoughts of laughter over 7 days

CONTRIVED
CONTRIVED
CONTRIVED
CONTRIVED

rumor mills of stars and past quasar skulls

CONTRIVED
CONTRIVED
CONTRIVED
CONTRIVED

the Morse code mechanism
is

tired.

the oily puddle

the oils
&
notes of words
hurry on in,
a
second choice of
income
will
soon come down the boulevard
or
a
side street I
have seen before
but
not
so well.

to quench the
swell of bills
and
reap the roaches
that
knaw on envelopes
which know
no other address than the one's of the past.

past
the skin of kiwi treats
and
walnut ashes
from
big man James
taking the meat from the holiday nut
that
comes soon
in
thanks for giving Plymouth a rock to speak
and
the
Indians more reason to take much land.

You rub her cold hands,
she heats those thoughts that stop against a metal wall.

Yellow lanes
in
the
rainy lands,
our vision is vision
and
the incision became a deep laceration.

For words
reversed
in
dotted lines
that
lash the lands in hands
meant
to
pick the picking
of
the
plucked saturation.

Look up
then
down,
the
ground sucks your guts
as
you
mutter in low breaths of
what
sucks
as your straw falls on the ground
and
lands next to an oily puddle.

Open to Closed

Sharp sounds
of
a
dove's wings
go above my
walking body--

Looking-up,
I see the
bare branches
have accepted
a
raise in their wage
to
tame the cold winds that
give
people
a
kick in their walk
&
refusal of
any more
caged thoughts.

Fizz from the
top
of
Medical Hospital
oozes
the air for
ground rodents
to
obey.

For they
were
docked their pay
in honor
of
warm deeds
with the weeds
in
cracks of sidewalk planks.

Look that way
yonder,
a
shop owner just
turned her sign
from
"open"

to
“closed”.

raw dog

I have two words
for
you--

If spelled backwards,
they
still have
a
true English,
all language,
meaning that throws
an
interesting bi-polar
entity
into
the
game of being,
if
human
or
otherwise.

DOG & RAW.

Follow me--

God & War.

In our human minds,
they
pose an interesting or
a
much more vivid mind chime.

God

War

Raw

Dog

What
would
you like it to be?

God,
War,
Raw,
or
Dog?

I tend to
enjoy raw conversation
about God while petting a dog
and
forgetting about war.

There.

Benevolent Rebuttal

Sneaks past
in
a
guttled deep blue (cyan)
vehicle
with
a
cup full of fizzed soda
on
hips
looking for
nothing better to do.

Witness
to
fall dropping
down
to
subdued winter,
front
crankshaft
works smooth,
the
needle scratches
claws
from
new punctures of potential.

Happenstance
caught the
steam engine silent
while
I
wheeled around
a
corner with conviction
for
something to do
on
my
time.

Seconds divvied
on
quarter panels,
gessoed
for
my
brushes.

Wiped flush white

for
the
benevolent rebuttal.

Recycling Birth

As earth begins
to
spread past the 21st century,
recycling plants and original theories
that
uphold this ritual begins to deteriorate.
The con's outweigh the pro's to
continue this biologically safe and conscious way
to
restore and refurbish the usable while
keeping the human chain somewhat rejuvenated and fresh
for
the next generation(s) that will come along.
Though,
there is a breakdown in this system
due to bad press and a society that continually begins to question and
doubt the use of so many natural resources to pollute the air while
churning out this ecological process of recycling.
An outcry from the public begins to mount and
petitions from numerous civilian groups begin to circulate in a fix
to
permanently fix locks on these recycling plants that are seemingly seen
as
hoaxes convincing the masses that one of the few good industrial deeds
being performed is just another cover-up.
The solution and the future of recycling you ask?
Recycling plants begin to crumble like insects
gnawing on pesticide ridden crops.
The industry falls to pieces with a
great deal of unexpected support from the Government and Corporate America.
Now,
the course of human history is told that there is about 20-30 more years for humans
to cradle their existence and all the good vibes and times that can be squeezed in
within the existence in human flesh and on this earth.
A new philosophy,
more of a sociological movement,
begins to mount as people use the shit out of natural resources,
litter joyously
applaud landfills
celebrate irreverent regards to the environment.
Special advertisement campaigns
are run on television, radio and in the newspapers
for people to do their damndest to kill the earth.
There's only 20-30 more years to go,
do all that is within your power to enjoy, destruct and
carry the history of destructive acts of humanity
to
a new level in the name of destroying the planet,
having one grand time
and

making sure that there will only be 20-30 more years to go
so that other generations won't have to be around.

Hey,
that will be hard.

All newborns at this time have their tubing extracted and
all other humans have a mandatory duty to take care of their sexual plumbing
so that

no more children will come about.

A planned end to the existence of human beings,
but it's seen as a joyous event.

It seems rather odd all this should come about because of a public rebuttal against
recycling,

but you know that 20-30 years won't work.

There will be other sub-human ways to build-up a way
to

take down

this

planet

that

we

see from satellites

drive on

eat on

drink on

love on

grieve on

live on

live on.

Laughter at this point is

good,

you know

we almost blew the hell out of the planet during

the

Cuban Missile Crisis.

That could have been much too easy.

Humans would have a better time

believing that it was a collective effort to categorically destroy the

planet in the name of grand times and glorious means to an

absolute

end.

Right now,

we can all just hope

that

intelligence will work.

Part of the Signs

Drapes
slosh faint
against
sills
of
window panes
as
children
laugh toward
the
mural
on the ceiling.

Tufts of
clouds & symbols
that
come with drum kits
folks
cannot understand.

Cloth diapers
pressed into
clean sheets,
infant jerks of arms & legs
to
respond to
images
that
mean more
that
the
less sum
of
lights that went out
for
more causes
to
many more baby shouts.

The mid-region
of
1,300 frightening images,
all
turned into a bowl
of
brown soup for
the
hungry at soul and mind
to
devour in
scents that

won't leave from their mind,
yet
feel good to the hairs of a nose.

A nose
of
aged flesh,
the
mouth watering for
fresh
sour kraut.

Boiling water
for
the raw polish dogs,
babies
in
mural drapes kids

time in lights

height above
production sets filming
the
photographs
taken by minds that
hurry
to
keep the currents current
on
mediums

that
aren't to be finagled or forgotten
in
any
part of the signs.

backward peanut shells

The wreaths
hang
sleek
for longstockings
in
tan
roasted
under corn cobs
called
rooster shells.

Flank
in
the ranks,
the
tall bird
swooped to
devour
the
smallest
of saintly fish
set
to sail
by
the
dusk of
quiet
ocean bays.

Incidental
hatch
where
birth had no
right
to
uproot,
they
jump high
for
the breaking
of
this
roost.

A roost
thriving on milk
from
dry stones
and
toiled coins
from

empty pocket strings.

Those cars
think about this
as
they swerve left
into the
packed lane
and
avoid dropping
the
lit cigar betwixt their
groin
as
the
railroad yard stands still.

Quieter
than
your pancreas
squirming for
new
fares
to the next city line,
teemed
with
smoke
debris
concrete
metal
sharp edges
neatly tied clothes
and
disheveled peanut shells.

All
that used to
be worth
eating
is
now
unusable

in
bodies
that used to move
forward
and
now moves backward.

The Shocks

The city bus
stopped
with squeaking brakes
before
the
window pane.

One passenger
looks to be wrapped in
a
blanket looking at
Berbiglia patients
purchasing their antidote
for
the
night.

A woman
in a French village
sheds her clothing
to
dance a sonata
to the 5th symphony
for
the
passing walkers
so diluted with naked flesh
and
sex
that they hardly know her
working
a
second job that pays no money
and
fewer glances
to
make a cock hard.

Over in
China,
the
sun is blazing hot and high
for
the
bike riders to wave to the Sushi Chef
sharpening knives
for
the
carving feast of just another day for the Yin.

In Australia

the
waves
break the beaks of birds
and
little South Wales children
explore
a
new
topic: Kissing.
Could they
get
pregnant,
they laugh.

One girl,
her name Stacey,
once told a group of us kids
that if you madeout with someone
while the girl leaned against a brick wall
and
the boy kept only his mouth in contact with her flesh
that
she would get pregnant.

They may be drawing that same conclusion.

There's a large crack in the
street
next to the ORANGE bump sign.

Someone needs
to
get their
shocks checked.

Oh
how
shocking it
can
be

and
later get.

will you listen?

you shift
your glances towards
other
people because you
have
bored yourself and
your
friends have eaten the last piece
of
lemon pie
you bought several hours prior.

it's so
damned bumpy,
you conceive,
as
you scrape your lower tires
bald
because again
time has offered you
better sights into another scene
you
don't necessarily want
to
mix into,
but
wouldn't mind at the same time.

howling inside
for
your own mind to
listen,
silence is on your shoulder like
rotten corn beef
awaiting a celebration of knats to arrive.

pluck-up your musical instrument
and
break the silence into pieces
then
pick-up the empty pieces of construction paper
you lined the floor with
to
catch the shattered pieces of sound.

take those bits of sound -- fusion -- melodies -- stanzas
and
pour them gingerly into a plastic cup full of ice
and
mix with your favorite beverage solution--

after this,
drink
the
nothing out of it
and
listen to the strange pang of benevolent tinnitus
rapture the hairs
of
your ear drum and
play back your music in chords of an inverse nature.

you hear
what
is being written?

listen

listen

someone (thing) has
to

speak to you

immediatel y.

Yea, The Environment

Stretched pieces
of
wax
in
soda bottles
and
wine bottles
alike.

Puddles begin to crumble
in
the
cold of the approaching snows
that
should hit
sometime past the midnight hour.

Cigarettes feel like
cotton
in
more ways than can be described,
the
hunk of naturally sculpted wood
purchased at the
store of good will
has
a
look
and
gait
that is much
like many other pieces of tree bark.

Gin on
ice,
the
lime is extinguished three times
over,
the
symphony
has
five more sonnets to play
for
the
ears
of
coffee smellers
to
unravel in shops below
the
car

tracks that stretch question marks into exclamation points.

Red &
poisonous berries
fall from the
winter approaching trees as the
marching people walk by erect
and
mumbling a tune
they listened to on the way to work
and
can't get out of their jovial minds.

Red paint
on her toe nails
and
three day old underwear on his abdominal bones
making
his mother weep in silent coughs
before
the
midday movie screen.

You have to know
the
color of the tailpipe exhaust
is
a
new color of white
tonight
for
heat
could never create such
sounds
and
sights
as

she applies
nail polish remover to clean off the red
and
apply a new green
color
for
a
new earth friendly color
that
is more pleasing to her mind
and
a
little more pleasant for the environment.

Yea,

the environment.

assessor game

prepared
to
shave the meat.

several
drinks later.

more trivial
matters of
insurance
claims
come to mind.

we
rounded the corner
in
his car
in
the
familiar back lot
and
the man from Nebraska
reversed into the
left quarter panel.

no police
were to be
called.

a five second
scrape
and
more than five hours
or
five days to descramble the
scribbled
incident.

meant
to
protect the goods
purchased with
moneys
that have no route
to
be taxed.

protection
for
the
protected tangible.

how fragile
when
the agent returns
the call
and
blame

is
assessed

in
an
assessor
game.

your worst book

credit
&
cards
met some time
ago
and
spent several nights
together
in
their buildings.

should have
seen
the
romance bud.

soon
some
fancy wedding of black
white

blue

red
other colors
of
plastic
joined
in the
teller window for a reception
after
a
bucket full of receipts
fell on their
heads
coming out of the
cathedral,
or
the
computer mansion
if
you
can catch it.

their small children
were
born into
debt
and
toll booths
will soon install

credit card scanners
to
take your toll
and
the car behind you
if
you
have
such an large altruistic bone.

they never thought
of
divorce
and
a separation
would be financially unfeasible
for
the
many
many
many
many
fast hands
quick minds
that
slow to the sound of voices over cellular phones.

no scissors
in their home,
the
mail man/woman
is
their best friend.

statements
and
reminders
are all they can talk about
in
their boring servitude
to
the
fucking almighty dollar.

again,
no
divorce

you
get
to watch them splatter
their
happiness at the
nearest eatery
ATM

in
their own technological
commercial
if

you
are
so
pleasured to
be
esteemed
their way.

when
they
die,
the
union
will be strong.

raised in cash,
read
in
chapter 11
of
your worst book.

Hands & Skin In Cold Heat

You know
you
have lived in the urban dance
for
a
good amount of time
when driving down the road
you see flashing lights of an ambulance
approaching,
no sound of sirens come from the flashing lights
although
your mind creates you own interpretation
of
those sounds.

Also,
when the sounds of
construction drills and trucks
equal the sound of early morning alarm clock,
and
neither set of noises will
awake you.

When coffee is
like water
and
bread is a tasty leftover entree.

The sight of
white picket fences make
you laugh
and
a horn
is some melodic sound
that
is
the equivalent of silence.

The homeless
are neighbors
and
they'll shine your shoes for
much less than
the hourly wage for a teenager
to
cook you up a burger at McDonald's
(the homeless man will make you much more satisfied).

When steet or tower lights
spell-out signals
or

sets of words
that can be decoded with
the right amount of gin -- vodka -- or cheap beer.

As I end,
use the next opportunity
to run outside and let several drops of a cold rain
land in your palm and
laugh
about the suburbs
that
are nearer than thoughts can surprise
and
farther from
siren sounds that subside for a time
as
skin and water meet
in
cold heat.

the impulsive clean-up

One floor
down,
the
Oldies of generations
with
those instruments
play with reverberations
that
knock the heating fan
into a different groove to
make lights dim slightly.

Love is
defined with no further
definitions,
another retail clerk or attendant
stares at me
without saying one word.

No greeting
or
question as to what the hell I'm doing
facing them,
a
robust banner
or
company nameplate should be enough
is
my take.

I dip my fingers in
pools
of
a
storm
and
watch my nails on fingers
turn into purple colors of
incumbent cures that were left to
the
interior designer for more work.

Have the time?
They do in
the
coffee shop
on
college campus
getting the amps and monitors
tuned
to

play the music they play.

Hats splashed with paints,
the
air still clings with pollutants
I
smell on clothes during the middle of each next day.

Many remakes
to the final product.

We're products of nature.

Nature has one shot
to
tell the shouts
that it will be there.

No reproduction or liquidation.

It's done.

Of the dirt
in
the
flesh
on
the planet.

Done once.

WE can accept that.

There's too much that is
right
about an impulse.

I'm done.

No other way to clean this up.

the drudgery & views

the building tops
of roofs
&
brick above ground,
boiled echoes
crack open
fresh eggs
for a newer meaning
on
worn shoes.

socks still functional,
the
legs ride behind
to
catch hindsight
in
real time.

life is
in park
for
the
time being
as
apple trees curse
rotted fruit on the ground
for
not having
enough
stay power.

no stamina to
coin,
for many paper bills
went to
rooftops to commit drudgery
in
better views.

The Off-Duty Light Was Just Flipped

Towels on racks,
the
mind is ketchup.

Soup
is now free at
the
local newsstand
as
a hooded man walks
across the street with
a
newly purchased
12-pack of tasty
hop beer
sedated liquid.

Tail lights
&
horse hairs
wisp away the fly's that
buzz about your
skull in all-night eateries
wondering how
the
hell
we human beings got so big.

Numbers
ascend from Page 1 Sec 1 1/1 At 6.4" Ln 34 Col 69 65 71 79

a
number I can't catch-up with
as
the
organ player wags his head
faster than
the lapping of a dog's summer tongue
and
the jerking motion of a cat's angry tail.

It's seems clear
in
this
box that resides around the perimeter
of
the
paper,
as
a
mad man runs across the street to crack open

the
back of a tail light
like
a
pop can
to quench a winter thirst.

To drink the red
at
a
stop
and
the
yellow or orange
at
a
turn.

Phone numbers
on
the
key pad,
things you
know
and
don't
due to convenience
or
effort.

The Zoo is closed
this
winter,
but
the
animals continue to move about the civilized
wild
streets
as
the
K.C. taxi cab driver flips his off duty light on
big
and
bright
for
all interested eyes to look his way.

The Martyr In Fictitious College Town

On a small college
campus
noted for being north
in
the locality of the Metro city,
although
it's
technically Midwest
on
the
large map that includes all the states
in
the
United Union.

I make my way
through a dream
and
quickly onto the box shaped lawn
of
this college campus
in front
of
a
popular hall for students to take
their
classes
pencils
pens
packs
paper
books
ideals
lies
thoughts.

As I approach,
there is yellow tape from
the police sort
to
keep the perimeters blocked
while the ambulance driver sits in the
drivers seat
with the back end pulled flush to
an
opening in the tape
while
another paramedic
enters the building.

The scene is set

in
a
eerie sort of silence
as
I
tip toe through my dream.

On the other end of the lawn,
the south side,
two girls
with frizzed blond hair
and
a
dose of energy tucked in their brain and feet
come-up
to
me
to explain the crime scene.

I asked no questions,
though
they felt compelled to let
me
in
on
the
rapture that was taking place.

They tell me
that a certain tenured professor
on
campus
was violated in the most malicious way
in an indirect manner
by
a
psychotic student.

A student
that was once a seemingly fresh mind
going through the ropes of education
that
was ready to go down as a martyr
for
the rest of the students,
male and female alike.

The tenured professor,
a name that I have either forgotten (for that's the way dreams can be)
or
these blippidy blop girls
forgot to dispel the name in their
discourse.

Anyway,

this teacher was one that taught English
and
theater.
She was a wretch of a person
that forced students to divulge knowledge that
was
unorthodox or insane
for
students of the caliber she was teaching.

She forced David Lynch material
and
William Faulkner novels,
along with many other obscure titles
with a blinding regularity.
In addition,
she had a cruel sense of teaching her wares
that didn't bode well with
students in the present
and
over the past.

Why was she tenured
as
such a haughty and disliked presence?

Well,
Administration officials felt
that what they knew and saw of her personality
and
teaching style was appropriate for the students
in the modern day
that were raised with dollar signs in their eyes
and
more disrespect tucked low
than
students of a decade or five years ago.

So,
this is where
the nameless student comes into play.

The college girls further disclose
that
the crime committed was
so
horrible and unfathomable that
they
had a hard time telling without
a
stream of emotions well in their eyes -- brains --hands.

This professor
had
two girls,

one was 14 and the other was 17.

The assailant student
careened these girls to a secluded place one night
and
raped them both.

After word got out,
the scene I descended upon was
the
result.

Several minutes later,
he was pulled out on a stretcher
with a tan blanket over his body,
with his head protruded toward the sky,
a
muzzle over his mouth and
restraints on hands
and
feet.

He was to be loaded in
the
back of the ambulance
&
transported to the nearest asylum
for
his
crimes.

His plight to
get even
and
a
tenured college professor that would
likely never teach again.

In this northern city,
Midwest on the big map,
a
vicious act of retaliation by a confused youth
as
my
mind goes into another dream
for
the
night of Rapid Eye Movement.

A crime like
no other I have heard
or
many others
have
ever heard.

Soon,
the dream died

and the plot
continued to play on
in
fictitious college town.

Finger In My Direction

It was a Saturday
and
warm fall sunshine
lit
the wick with precision,
enough precision
to
take several rolls of
random photographs.

First setting was
several walls
that were undoubtedly
a
small building at one time.

Now,
rooted to
blocks of stone
&
remnants
of
architectural design--

The 'bottoms'
off
old 12th street,
where
the
1960's ushered fresh scents
of
slaughter houses
and
enough docks to
pull the
trucks in tight.

Shots of rotten
fruit tins,
railroad tracks
wherever your eyes could focus--

Both near & nay--

Ivy on brick walls,
the
Missouri River banks
River Queen,
the city in short distance.

Cameras held

in
laps
as
the motor ran and wheels
turned down the street.

Earlier in the day
I
took several shots of
a
neighborhood bum
shining a young lady's shoes--

He had no problem with
the
photographs.

Toward the end of the
photographic jaunt,
I stopped
at
the mouth of
Broadway Blvd.,
rolled down the window,
propped-up the 35mm eye
and
was ready to snap
several homeless people on the corner
with
one
tired man holding a
tan cardboard sign.

Suddenly,
on the crosswalk
a
woman comes thither in a long overcoat
waving her finger
asking why I was taking pictures of them.

The light turned green--

I was to
make a right turn.

Told her,
"Just taking pictures."

She said in reply,
"That's not right."

Hey,
there was no malicious plan.

Photos

that
offer & give life
is
one
of
my
specialties.

Is that not right?