

JoeFiles XXX:  
*Each Minute The Zebra Stripes  
Wrap Around Us All*

## Hills Needed 1 Mountain

The castles  
flanked by  
four hills  
yearned  
for  
but one mountain  
to  
disclose the heat of nude women that  
bathed in sub-sea level  
lakes.

Wading and lopping  
their flesh about  
clean waters  
while the men tended  
to duties within the home.

For the love of Christ,  
those hills had to spill  
the  
subdued lust that would  
look  
so surreal in  
the right light  
while  
the  
mountain kept guard.

There were only so many  
more weeks that the  
hills should sustain alone.

For the pent-up beauty of the women  
kept  
the hills growling with rock below  
and  
rotting grass above.

Oh,  
the  
gals in the hills  
and  
the water they tended.

The men could not satisfy  
and  
there was no mountain  
to  
relieve the feeling.

*A Mild Heat Attack & Spare Soda Pop*

Can you really  
get  
a  
good spoonful of jam  
for  
free?

\*\*\*

When you have  
the time,  
only when you have the time,  
shove  
a  
good notion of peace  
down  
my throat  
and  
lovingly flip me off.

\*\*\*

If your mind doesn't work  
correctly for  
a  
day,  
waggle your toes and smile in the contentment void.

\*\*\*

Sleep in a chair  
and  
talk in your bed,  
reverse  
was  
somehow always better than forward.

\*\*\*

Try not to fuck over the fucked.  
They get  
too much  
joy  
out of it.

\*\*\*

Likely,  
when someone tells you that you have  
a  
hard time taking a joke.

It's probably the opposite.  
They can't handle  
neither seriousness or a good joke.

\*\*\*

If someone paid you  
one hundred dollars a week  
would you  
learn  
to  
speak Japanese?

\*\*\*

To rip someone from  
another time,  
say the 1930's,  
and thrust them into 1997.  
Show them the sights and  
scenes of US culture.  
That would be one hell of a facial expression  
to  
record.

\*\*\*

A 10-year old kid fighting for  
better tasting and healthier lunchroom food  
and  
Nairobi, Kenya prostitutes possibly creating a  
natural string of anti-bodies to stave off HIV.  
For  
the  
people  
by  
the  
people.  
Maybe that's what Darwin meant the whole time  
underneath it all.

\*\*\*

Tennessee has opted  
to  
change the name of state roadways and landmarks  
which had the name of former slave owners:  
George Washington  
Ben Franklin  
Thomas Jefferson  
et. al.  
Surely Nixon has something named after him there  
and  
George Washington and Thomas Jefferson still reside  
in

poses  
on  
popular American currency.  
When does logic and rationality really  
become understood as logic and rationality.

\*\*\*

Complaining becomes compliments  
when  
compliments become complaining.

\*\*\*

Nutrients turn into laughter  
when  
we truly understand  
our  
existence in this world  
that  
rotates with the  
gravity of the moon  
sun  
planets  
stars  
her  
that band of jackals  
and  
all the rest that forget to flush the toilet.

\*\*\*

*their own jail*

Up the street  
on the right side of  
our childhood--

Stood the home  
my brother and I  
threw eggs at with pride  
watched the youngest girl urinate in our yard  
the oldest girl whore about in regressed red  
and the brother & father  
that battled over muscle cars.

The mother ? \_\_\_\_\_ There was no defined  
whereabouts  
to  
talk about.

Broken vases in their living room  
from  
music notched too loud  
and  
more pets than worth counting  
to  
shit in next door lawns and chew on roasted rose bushes.

They were the  
Scherler's.

Weeds of an  
80's  
neighborhood floor.

They disliked  
and  
fought with most everyone  
because they did the same thing  
to  
their own existence.

It was much about  
being angered at them for the  
absence of mystery  
that  
created a more lasting enigma.

I wonder if any of them are still alive?

Because jail was not an  
option to ponder.

They always

seemed to be  
behind  
their own set of bars.

*To Do In The K-N-O-C-K-A-N-D-O*

A K-N-O-C-K-A-N-D-O  
wooden shelf  
holds cigarettes  
safe from fire  
&  
anxious fingers--

Beside packets of tea  
and  
one wastebasket.

Drum-up  
a  
natural smoke  
with  
no additives  
in  
the  
glare of a red Marlboro  
missile.

Hold 51st street  
with  
their whispers  
and  
drawings that  
lit  
the chalk sidewalks.

Shears of  
*to be*  
and  
solids of  
*was to be*  
are within and away from  
knockando.

Because you know--

It's Man's Art--Nature's Mystery  
to  
do so.



*Gender Line*

Going 70 m.p.h.  
on  
I-70,  
more carpet stores  
than  
need to  
meet the eye.

Past  
needles  
of  
gas  
    food  
no booze,  
legs get  
short & tired  
as  
cruise control  
voluntarily snaps on the  
Illinois  
    Indiana  
border line  
and  
one hour is lost.

Past more  
Metheny jazz,  
the lights  
become faint.

Trucker flick lights  
on-and-off to fellow  
comrades for shifty lanes  
and  
a home to rest.

Several guys eye me  
and  
the woman.

Flick lights & honk.

They think there  
are  
2 gals  
in  
the  
car.

Male or Female--

They try to presume  
as  
I  
slave more caffeine  
and the thoughts border on tired.

Alive for the drive  
that  
met the gender line.

*Strained Male Voice*

Bikes hang  
from  
hooks on ceiling tiles,  
American bills are  
taped to the bathroom  
as  
you notice pieces of  
paper towels  
stuck to the top  
of  
a  
trash can  
tripping over loose  
copper spheres.

Wooden labels on  
plastic mannequins,  
charging the pied piper will  
only  
cost a  
sad remittance  
to  
the  
empty balcony row.

A balcony  
charged for silence  
and  
clinging to rusted sounds  
the past happened to procure.

She then comes  
storming through the  
door to throw down  
her  
bike next  
to my table  
as  
he hops on the telephone  
angered and loud to voices that  
hadn't enough courage to use  
a  
bankrupt calling card.

Then,  
out the door  
to  
the  
sounds of bells  
that chime for  
flat wheels that

couldn't  
harbour the ceiling tiles or  
her  
strained male voice.

*In My Mind*

They say  
the great ones,  
or minds they have raised,  
will grow tired  
and  
lose the wit of yore.

Snow shovels on the  
fronts of dump trucks  
rail against the concrete as  
you  
hit  
a  
nasty pot hole  
on  
the  
road & wonder  
if  
the quick get tired.

When the  
sharp do  
become dull--  
If the deity will  
sink to debauchery--  
or when the chosen becomes discarded--

Think more about this  
when  
that  
pot hole  
is  
filled with seething  
hot asphalt  
on a  
a  
sweaty day.

We will all get tired  
&  
so will they.

There is a  
damn good thing  
to  
say about rest--

I may do  
the  
same soon.

To barrel down into the other down  
on my chest  
with a  
a  
song or written line.

For tired  
never made it  
too  
far  
in

my mind.

## lost & lost until they know not where they're at

After they  
ordered their  
special dinner of  
frozen anchovies and skim milk  
they  
looked to the head of the table  
for an approving  
twitch  
from  
their  
master (as he was called).

Soon thereafter  
they began to talk all at once,  
stepping on each other's tongues  
about an incredible sex drive  
they  
were all wrangling with at the time.

Then the  
conversation took a swing  
towards the  
topic of toe nails.

aaHH,  
no more time for subjects  
to  
expand upon...

They had their dinner to contend  
with,  
only after the master at the head of the table gave  
another approving twitch from his erect neck.

It came  
and  
the glasses of skim milk were the first  
to  
meet the teeth and widen the eye sockets.

After they finished their healthy plate of  
anchovies,  
the master sauntered around the table  
to  
offer each participant a  
toothpick.

The nervous group sat there  
and  
waited nervously from the master  
to

make an announcement  
after he took his chair.

“This is what it’s like  
to dine and speak with a famous man (even though none directly had the chance to speak to this man).”

The three people won  
a  
radio contest to dine  
with this immaculate master in his cobblestone home  
and  
hob nob in the best sort of hob nobbing environment.

Getting back to  
after dinner--

They barely had enough time to  
wipe their mouths  
until  
they were escorted to the from stone stairway  
to  
the driveway where  
a  
supped-up Volkswagen bus awaited them  
for  
a  
drive back to the radio station  
for  
candid interviews on-the-air about their experience.

They never made it to the station.

Untraceable was this vehicle  
and  
lost were each and every passenger  
going  
at grand speeds ahead to further confusion.

Dinner with the  
man  
and  
on their way to a border  
into  
another  
state  
country  
county  
province

part of their mind.

Gone.

Soon to  
vomit their



meal  
and  
recall where they had  
been

in a locale they know not where they're at.

## Pinkie Pick-Up

We throw about  
the  
words  
to  
sustain the line  
and  
beat the air that  
makes walls suffer.

You chance to question  
a  
fortnight in which  
no  
ideas were thrown to hungry dogs of oxygen  
that  
snarl at the breezes and sleep with the brutes of honesty?

Have  
any  
common abolitionists  
made their way to your doorstep to  
rape  
apparent hate,  
in  
the  
time the hour took a sip  
of  
spinach juice  
did  
the  
painted woman have a chance to adjust her brazier?

In the cold pieces of  
metal -- copper -- silver -- bronze  
on  
wrists and fingers over the hand  
the  
ideals of designers  
made  
chastised ways into your skin pores.

To pour open  
flesh of invisible bones  
that  
had no other way out  
than  
to  
read  
  
read

or  
eat

to a new destination  
between  
me

you

and  
the solids that  
hasten to turn into liquids.

Liquid notches  
of  
bolts that fit  
snug between the metal  
we  
beat about your wrists and fingers,  
the  
fore  
index  
middle  
pinkie  
thumb

that  
picks you up

when you have no energy  
to  
pick-up  
yourself.

*Granted A Release*

Some months back  
I  
dropped “the words”  
off my back  
pack  
into this present locale.

Now  
they stand missing in a  
memorable heist  
that took  
the  
words elsewhere  
around  
other  
wares.

Drops of brown fluid  
make  
their way  
down  
my  
mug  
as I wipe a driftless smile  
across  
my sleeve.

A sleeve that holds  
words & thoughts  
the day has granted  
a release.

**any resemblance of you**

Oh,  
how the cymbals  
crash loudly in your ear drums  
when  
the  
cattle brigade floats  
by  
the pants of their seams.

Screaming and yellowing  
to  
predestined voices,  
they  
crack open the still ponds and mirrors  
that  
reflect your face  
and  
the  
built face that could be you.

To make the connection  
between both  
prescribes more than Astrology had the  
chance  
to  
issue.

As the cattle men go on,  
the  
Cows and Horses on the terrain  
stand with full mouths  
and  
light hoofs  
for  
they think as humans  
and  
become diseased by what they cannot speak about.

About this or that  
or  
what could be done.

Chewing and  
watching the  
pieces  
of  
a mirror  
and  
ripples on the pond

go out  
to  
where  
you cannot see your face

or any other resemblance of you

you

anymore.

*Those Thoughts of Safety*

We drove  
through  
the  
snow stream mud  
of  
middle train tracks  
below  
the main streets of  
downtown  
amid an  
LTD of smiles and  
cognizant of new takes.

While  
the piano keys laid silent  
and  
the cold air felt heat from  
a  
failing muffle,  
we drove forth  
to  
become the being and tempt  
the  
gales of a future  
in  
the  
ever  
                        ever  
ever

present.

For books  
were  
pulled closed  
&  
televisions  
emitted no light.

The time  
night  
cast  
a  
glow from the  
full moon,  
we threw away empty beer cans  
in  
plastic  
before we went in reverse  
down  
the

train tracks.

On a Swiss  
adventure  
in  
Midwest USA  
harvests.

The bode  
bonded  
us  
fond  
with a  
few thoughts of safety.



*Relish of his Sale*

The comedy  
from the clever  
had  
a  
nifty way  
with the quick fool  
who rode around  
in  
a  
wise air  
from the scents of  
hot dogs  
sold about his waist.

Scents of pork  
simmered  
with shoals on his feet  
leather straps tired on shoulders  
and  
a  
plank laden barrel that wrapped  
his flesh--

Always 2 corks  
from a  
good feel off  
nice wine  
and  
too many short jokes  
from the truth.

He cherished his  
home  
along with the  
laughter he received from the repressed  
in  
tiny  
nifty  
groups.

Yes,  
his hot dogs  
were all that could be  
salvaged of a  
routine  
that was not his.

Not even the effort and jokes  
that went around the  
ketchup  
mustard

and  
relish

of  
his sale.

*this somewhere seance*

We came  
off the trip of specifics  
to  
expand on the abstract.

So vague  
that  
people around would pull hair out of their  
hands  
for  
the abstract thoughts that will be spilled forward.

“I met this person somewhere  
and we started to talk about something that  
happened sometime in this place at some time. It was real nice  
and was had this drink then at some swell food  
then headed down some street to see someone else.”

They spoke this way  
because the specifics had some damned horrible way  
of  
making mud out of a clear spring  
and  
made fellow faces contort at parts that were hardly understood.

This way the  
misunderstanding or elongated blanks  
in conversations were’nt so hard to take.

In fact,  
after a while it became an enjoyable activity  
to  
engage in.

It became a fad.

Books would go on for hundreds of pages without being  
specific about anything,  
although the stand-by subjects of  
love  
war  
deceit  
excitement  
and  
despair  
remained clear as day.

Politicians and music people  
began to talk and sing in generalities.

Everyone started to  
do  
this.

It was  
seen as a natural high.

No one had to know too much about  
anyone or anything.

There was no excuse for forgetting or fucking-up things  
on a regular basis  
even for the most  
absent minded person.

It was much about something  
that went on in a grand place  
on  
a  
land in a country  
that  
became specific in some  
way  
that somehow and sometime  
made  
some sense somewhere.

See where we're going  
on  
this  
somewhere seance.

## Shit to Enjoy

You give a shit?  
Neither do I sometimes.

So,  
let's lock arms and jaunt down  
the  
street speaking of things only the  
street poles will know.

Let's barge into a 5 star restaurant  
and  
use their bathroom with pride  
and  
wash down our falling sweat with  
clean water.

Further down the way  
we  
will think of the time that  
slips as our hands move  
quick to signal to swollen parked cars  
and  
mingle in talks about the best bar-b-que in town.

After some time  
we  
should park on a bench and  
speak of the female dogs walking in heat  
to  
male dogs that lap draft beer from fluid fountains.

All the while  
we  
will forget that we don't give a shit  
and  
then  
go get a good bowl of soup  
to  
remember  
that  
the  
shit  
has  
shit  
a  
tune.

A tune we  
snapped our fingers to  
as  
the Coke truck

rolls by  
to  
remind us  
to  
constantly enjoy

enjoy

enjoy .. enjoy .. enjoy

*slap it hard*

After they all  
left their homes,  
they  
headed to a secluded area  
to  
count the sheets of wide ruled  
paper pads.

An 89  
or  
119

67

any other number  
not  
divisible by 10 was a scam.

They counted  
and  
counted

counted

then counted  
continued to count  
went  
on  
counting.

Feeling their deed  
was  
more than it  
was  
spliced to be,  
they  
pleaded with the states  
for  
a  
little  
recognition and maybe a slap on the ass  
for  
their  
counting chores.

What did happen to  
these devout auditors of paper pads?

Not one thing.

Hope you  
don't  
really meet a serious pad counter.

If this is met...

Their ass is their face--

Slap it hard.



*Get Enough Sleep*

Pins  
&  
Needles,  
the Zebra invented  
a  
bubble machine.

To blow clear circles  
to  
squares that robbed  
patent rights  
of the rhombus  
from  
a  
rhinoceros bunch.

Now,  
oh how the baboons cheer and rant  
with  
bulls for  
ammunition  
          pistols  
that  
have  
no torque.

The cats \*&\* dogs  
will  
win.

For they know  
of  
peace with definition  
\*&\*&  
just happen  
by chance  
in  
winds of domestication to  
get enough  
sleep.

## The Sour Cream

The sturdy erection  
of  
deep red wood  
clothes the image his body  
as  
he  
hides,  
fleeting as it may be,  
from  
the  
world that expects deeds to be done  
and  
tasks to be embellished in.

How can you expect that the  
wood won't somehow be destroyed  
or  
torn down by a set of swift hands?

Use something more  
sturdy  
and  
don't make such a show in front of your family  
that  
forgot you had any friends that would care  
about  
such  
tasks  
or duties.

Hidden  
disheveled  
for  
the thoughts that were built in the social eyes  
that  
told the mind of poison and beauty.

Now,  
taking wood to the new level  
and  
of bowel movements won't make you sick down the road.

No radio  
television or written images  
will  
help his soul through.

Ready to be put  
through a personal test to negate the  
world  
for

ideals  
that  
shouldn't be conceived.

Is there a chance for this lad?

Maybe.

Thankful for body heat  
and  
a  
rugged mind...

He may make it through  
his  
test

while  
he thinks about all the tests we will soon miss in  
distant  
classroom stalls.

You shant laugh  
at  
this  
test.

He will be freed to eat  
your potatoes and sour cream  
before

you can hold back your sneeze.

## Stone of Brave Glass

Heavy sausages  
in  
light stomachs,  
heights that  
strand children  
on short chairs.

Black grain of coffee  
in  
bleach white mugs,  
the flannel shirts that press against  
erected nipples  
of  
horny  
    loved women.

A metal piece of piping carry electricity  
to  
the  
appliance slots,  
bravery to the stone  
which  
slashed the pane of glass.

*Somewhere Else To Be Tonight*

I tear  
the sides off  
dot matrix paper  
and  
hear the streets crawl  
with  
a  
hail  
of  
steam.

Reflections  
of  
light beams  
follow the window  
as  
I  
wonder where the withal  
went with the lucky quarter  
that  
was on this window ledge.

I hear  
the rustle of  
the  
window blinds  
with  
fresh air  
as  
the people  
rush through the  
sub-zero wind chills  
of  
what I hope to say  
is  
one of the last winters  
I  
will spend  
in  
the  
Midwest.

I think of  
her,  
the lovely one with  
a  
hungry soul and  
a  
luscious head of hair,  
for  
I

would hate  
that  
any redeeming stamp would  
be  
left in her mind  
to  
cause a broken heart.

Cause that  
would be the  
last  
thing she would  
wish  
for  
fellow creatures  
or  
those other creatures  
that  
go from tree-to-tree  
or  
sea-to-see.

Keeping the  
living room door closed to  
conceal the heat  
like a drunk with the last morsels of hard earned alcohol,  
my  
pits dream of sweat  
and  
cough drops do something that Nyquil cannot.

Dust collects again  
on  
the floors and counters  
that were recently cleaned

as this lovely woman I aforementioned  
scratches her forehead  
and

feels a piece of the strongest emotion  
I  
could send  
in  
some  
telepathic

bend

over this damn cold air  
that

thinks of somewhere else  
to

be

tonight.

## The Bonding Trap

On the red wood  
of  
a  
crisp December night,  
the  
converging luminescence  
of  
blue's and green's  
come together for a sip of  
nighttime gin.

With the lights  
that  
take on parking lots,  
snaps of metal  
play  
a  
cranium chorus for the  
gods  
that left their cloaks at home  
and  
tied their shoes to a forgotten bed post.

Absolute  
in  
the  
final absolute left on  
this  
planet,

another  
solar system

is

discovered

to  
make  
mystery  
a string of enigmas

that  
missed a drink of gin

for

the  
miles

that



separated

into

the bonding trap.

*no waiting or leaning allowed*

Just waiting  
for  
the  
cut-up  
to let loose and  
prove the misconception.

He will just have  
to  
go on thinking that he  
has  
the best of an ancient teaching from God.

Squinting through large glasses  
and  
reared recently to take it straight to the  
souls  
that  
may not know how Christ shed his blood on  
the  
cross.

He will wait.

Wait and hope  
that  
stories will pour forth of  
depression  
anguish  
drinking  
fornicating  
a  
mix of many and all of what can  
be  
seen  
as  
debauchery.

Leaning far back  
in  
the  
chair.

He will wait.

Some people just take the  
appearance shit  
way  
too far.

For

inside each of us  
there  
is something that exists  
which  
really doesn't have to come out.

For if it came out  
this  
world may trampled it clean out  
or  
fail to realize the beauty  
that  
took too long to create for quick judgment.

We all have our own time now,  
certainly in the end,  
to have the  
life  
we  
lead reviewed.

He will wait.

The cut-up,  
apparently,  
was sealed up into a world  
that  
short thoughts had no time to deal with.

No waiting  
or  
leaning  
could  
  
compare.

## The Same Wave

Staples  
etched  
about the street pole.

With torn pieces  
of  
lost paper  
and  
stretched flyers from the events  
we  
look into  
&  
participate.

Tacks & push pins  
in the  
foam  
of a public bulletin board  
for  
the  
attendees to read  
while  
the featured acts  
clean-up puddles  
of  
sweat and swarming realizations  
that  
appreciation  
will be all they need.--

All they should need to  
leap over  
the  
white lines  
where  
chalk did exist.

In moments  
that kindness  
wasn't deception  
and  
the  
staples  
tacks  
push pins  
were  
recognized  
for the beat  
they  
chanted to crowds

crowds  
that come in from  
the  
streets  
and  
into your mindful existence.

You know,  
mindless  
existence  
could work  
the  
same wave.

## tired wood

this is when  
the  
madness becomes  
such absurd insanity  
that  
news will be avoided for  
sometime:

a man holds his wife and four children hostage  
one night after his favorite football team loses the  
division championship game.  
With several guns at hand he waves the pistols  
to crowds and cops that gather many yards away to avoid  
errant gun shots.  
His plea is to have half of his beloved team that lost the game  
come directly to his place for a round of tea  
and an explanation as to why the game collapsed in the  
first -- 2nd -- third -- or fourth quarter of the big game.

at the same time,  
a crackle over the radios and televisions  
announce an new ploy announced by the National Organization for Women  
that  
they have raised enough money to pay off all media personnel to boycott  
men's professional sports.  
No sport,  
whether pro, college or high school will be covered or reported on  
even though all the games will go on as normal.  
The goal is that only women's sports will eventually be covered and  
recognized in the same or greater light than male athletics.

the plan is deployed  
as  
the public begins to tear sports arenas and venues  
apart  
several days later  
in a looting & violent manner.

all this takes  
place as the man who held is family hostage  
is  
buried while his sobbing family watches his casket get lowered  
into the ground after a fatal self-inflicted gun shot wound  
because the sports team never made it by the house to complete the plea bargain.

more questions  
come up on how sports and society mix  
in  
a  
deadly  
dangerous

fucked

and  
dangerous  
mix.

only  
more abuse will follow  
as  
the  
quick woman hobbles up the court  
with  
a  
fast set of wrists and a pumped-up basketball  
smacking hard against the

tired

wood.

*This World We Call Ours*

A walk  
down the cold  
to  
a  
used bookstore's  
"Going out of business Sale."

You name the price,  
the book is yours.

Shop closed at 5:00p.m.,  
I arrived  
21 minutes too late.

Stranger says  
a  
hello.

Thousands of crows  
huddle about  
the tops of bare winter branches.

Circling  
Gathering  
heat,  
Looking  
for  
some feathered lust  
in  
the  
night that silenced horns  
for a parade to stay sharp and  
adopt a quaint release.

They still  
circle above.

Many  
of  
them above  
as I can only suppose.

You know,  
all remaining books  
are free  
2-days  
from now.

You got it brother,  
there are  
many bouts a full



for  
free is this  
world  
we  
call  
ours.

*on behalf of the yarn*

Inside the yarn  
existed the yarn.

Not exactly yarn--

But  
the ingredients  
for a material  
material enough  
to  
be called yarn.

Yarn in seasons  
coughed through cat lips  
shit from human holes  
and  
sewn by hands that could crochet  
in  
the  
AM nocturnal wonder  
of  
other cottons refused  
by  
the yarn.

Yarn in  
colds and hots.

For luke warm  
was the sulfur of Lucifer  
and  
the chest belly  
of  
Indonesian house wives.

In the yarn  
is  
the yarn.

No arguments  
on  
behalf of the yarn.

*A-E-I-O-U-Y*

Two bright lights  
hang  
from steel  
above my head.

To inspect  
the black putty between stones  
and  
nothing committed  
in  
the  
word "all."

Too bold  
to  
lunate shoes,  
much too tired to  
read fortunes from  
the  
whites of cuticle humps.

Yes,  
A-E-I-O-U-Y,  
AE! I O(we) (Yo)U, (Wh)Y?  
Why not?

I will give no  
explanation  
for the vowels  
  bright lights  
or  
those  
devices that entice within a device.

They are clear to you  
&  
somehow shine above me  
right  
about now.

## *The Aging*

When  
motions  
have their way in life,  
like losing a car  
and  
re-financing a new one,  
walk through some snow  
and  
refuse to dry the wet.

It has been said  
this  
is  
a  
harder age to live in.

Yes,  
there are more diseases  
and  
increased ways to die.

But  
diseases -- death -- thought  
to  
keep your  
breath  
have always been about.

In what has  
been termed the  
simplest of times,  
life and the rotation  
still  
had a way  
with  
the mind.

A way to  
sway  
    persuade  
    and  
have.

I wouldn't be quick to  
say  
it's a harder age.

Times and things  
just plain  
mount

with aging.

*around the globe into AMERICA*

Greek groans  
from  
a  
Roman bottle.

Across Netherland  
vocal chords  
into  
the French sewers  
after  
German belches  
and  
Afghanistan wishes.

Zimbabwe hustle  
to  
keep in tune  
with  
the  
English waddle,  
collapsing  
the  
closed eyes of  
Hong Kong children  
as  
the  
Japanese banker weeps  
to  
close the doors of his economy riddled business.

Norwegian  
mud slides  
and  
African prayers  
couldn't do any good for the  
floating  
Canary Islands.

Floating from  
tasty  
Mexican cigarettes  
and  
Spanish corn cakes.

This going down  
as  
American surveyors  
pull a bandanna tight  
to  
hold down hairs  
and

look within another  
world begone soul.

## Such A Clean Surrounding, BaBy

They say  
they want to pay you more money  
and  
rub lotion all over they damn diameter of your  
pumping soul.

Intrigued to take  
the  
offer,  
a dash in the further of an opposite direction  
is  
done.

Allergic to lotions  
and  
tired of old Presidents on paper currency,  
time can hardly soothe the reasons  
for  
fast feet and candles that will no longer burn  
with  
the  
same white light.

The alternative  
was  
a  
commune of hairless animals  
that  
want to call all females "Nance"  
and all males "Jessik".

Money is sparse  
and  
oils are the only means to lather up  
naked  
parts of the body & knobs.

Willing to give the other  
offer a chance  
because *they* could possibly be convinced  
to  
use another liquid soluble other than lotion  
and  
he can trade his American currency in  
for  
other means of International spending with new faces  
and  
better chances of taking full advantage of the powerful US dollar.

Instead,



the commune was the place  
that  
was to be home.

Home to meager  
and  
more  
than  
the  
descriptions could host.

Each person completely bald  
there  
and  
just enough essentials to make it through  
a  
life of no taxes and breath that could be seriously deduced  
as  
clean and natural.

The clean of natural  
and  
natural in a clean environment.

He could portend to be a  
mess  
in  
such a clean surrounding.

*small budget in a big life*

Those weak lies  
wrapped  
within  
a  
head bandage  
that  
lost a wound.

A tempt of content  
came  
to  
unravel the beige roll  
to  
see if the damage inflicted could be detected.

There would be no chance  
at  
the  
passage to see the result of these lies.

Or were they lies?

Could they have been  
well decoded truths  
that  
put off the air that they were lies?

Such as  
the  
talk of cloning humans  
colonizing outer space  
mysterious disappearances  
and  
others of that sort.

That head bandage  
was  
really a cover that  
should  
have  
been on hands.

More can be  
accomplished in tasks  
with those  
hands  
than  
with lies  
and

go on

living  
on  
a  
small budget  
in

a

big life.

*For The Now Being*

He choked  
on branches from  
vegetable patches  
and  
climbed a rope called "hope"--

No chance  
was to be garnered,  
for the ground did sweat with revenge  
and  
other vegetables (fruits for that matter)  
began to weather in fields  
that  
were not patches.

Hope is not a rope.

Stems are good when  
grounded into fine powder.

Hickory sticks  
&  
Silver chains  
is all that is left  
for  
the  
now being.

## Philosophical Bricks

Athernon,  
the faithful  
of  
a  
faithless wise order  
of  
familial ties.

Spoken by  
other dialects  
and  
revered in his own--

The name is Athernon.

He started as  
a  
conversion of cells in  
the  
building blocks of time.

Now,  
may cells larger--

He is a Mason that moonlights  
as  
a  
revered 20th century philosopher.

Speaking of  
the  
simple & complex  
in  
the  
same breath.

He hasn't published  
any of his works.

For quality  
was the superior side of quantity  
to him.

Waiting for the chance  
to  
become chance,  
the nation(s) may  
know of some modern day  
philosophy jive.

Until that time,

Athernon  
will build the intrigue,  
if that can be said,  
brick-by-brick.

## THE CITY - WE SPEAK

The day  
Thanksgiving  
came along  
with a  
pan full of  
tasty stuffing,  
the night before  
Jay told me about  
giving Eddie Vedder  
a  
high five at the  
Roulette table  
in  
Vegas Casio room.

Yes,  
Jay knocked past  
the midnight hour for a  
plug-in to  
his loss of electricity.

After the current connection,  
he  
may have blown-out some  
candles  
to  
a  
good discussion  
with his dog.

The eve  
before we would taste  
the tiring juices  
of  
a  
Turkey breast,  
we had the  
lucky thoughts on  
our side  
for the Dogs & Women  
that keep us more than content.

All the While--

The whipped cream  
forms  
in  
a  
frothy white parade  
for the day to  
come and pass

in  
an  
American Feast  
inside & aside

THE CITY.



## Clean in the Explosion

Taken to  
the coast  
for  
justifying their secret slip  
of  
a  
bomb underneath your pillow case.

Expecting little blood  
a sharp mind  
and clean goose feathers,  
they  
wonder  
when  
the  
head is detached and  
the  
room,  
let alone the bed,  
is  
unrecognizable.

Ready to dwarf their coincidental laughter  
with  
mockery,  
they  
have told you that they warned of the bomb  
and  
given further instructions on how to make it down to the shelter.

To no avail.

The detonation was swift  
and  
without real warning in the second and third side to three stories.

The real misfortune  
is  
that their abject slip  
and  
subsequential explosion  
is  
laid forth for you to deal with.

They're clean.

(so they expect to be).

*INVISIBLE CANTALOUPE*

Come on  
over  
and  
walk over the  
trail  
called a path.

Pitch  
rubber replicas of pigeons  
at  
the  
geese of the sky--

Stop your  
cutest walk  
on  
cut momentum,  
tell  
the  
other(S) what you keep telling us  
in  
the undertow of a tone  
that  
hardly goes unnoticed  
in  
a  
blaring travel that burns the maps on paper books.

If the waltz  
must proceed forward,  
don't blow hot wax on  
walls  
or  
walk right on a one way avenue.

Incorrigible to  
bones  
that  
have few veins  
for words that forgot the speech.

*We speak*  
*feel*  
*do*  
for the reasons the  
President or Statesmen cannot feel  
in  
the  
post on the hill  
over

the  
plateaus that just do exist there.

The couple in  
the  
parking lot across the street  
just ran over an invisible cantaloupe.

How  
the  
seeds do gush  
and  
mush  
about in the planned disorder  
of

it all.

*Next Cove On Down*

When the  
elderly couple  
snails by the  
roots of scarf knits  
                    overcoats  
                            shoals of ear muffs  
to  
bury cold drizzle  
in  
from of a blizzard  
that  
will arrive  
sometime tonight.

Lights will then  
glimmer higher  
and  
the birds  
on  
branch tips will know more devoutly to  
extract  
the  
new nectar of granulated berries hung  
to  
ask more questions.

Toes that  
reach to fold over socks on skin  
and  
the night the dark  
came earlier  
before  
the shortest day  
of  
the year  
shall arrive.

To arrive in shrunken beach straps  
left over from sand traps of salt tears.

This all did come about  
not because  
the  
cold snows  
            birds  
                    berries  
                            or towels,  
but the old couple  
that  
took their time  
to

make it to the  
next  
cove on down.

*A Dozen Palestine's With Their Mouths & Ears*

Three  
Palestine's stand  
atop  
a  
Jerusalem building  
tossing stones  
in  
political defiance  
or  
for  
more than their words  
will  
be heard.

Tear gas  
& rubber bullets  
were the response  
to a  
non-verbal approach.

Paper press wires  
proclaim  
in  
caption--

"Dozens were injured."

How about this--

24

48

60

72

youths  
individuals  
people  
were injured.

So many  
dozens  
to embody the many  
in  
Jerusalem & about  
getting welts  
for  
political  
personal  
religious  
defiance.

These

are just a  
portion of a  
dozen reasons these  
pictures  
and  
words  
are published around the globe  
in  
newsprint  
sandwiched with  
Ad's  
Stats  
Commentaries  
that keep piling  
next to  
deaf ears and open mouths.

## below the equator

they quit  
this century  
and  
stuffed their old clothes in  
new  
black trash bags.

to move into  
another universe  
of the mind  
and  
a different continent  
that  
still held  
the universe as one,  
or a part  
of  
a  
whole in a  
disjointed peace offering.

an offering  
to  
forgive time  
and  
pat a child on the head  
that  
holds a  
crisp  
black girl doll  
that smiles in a futuristic bend.

a bend for the  
straight reality that  
fell  
several shades  
below the equator.



*Pelican Face*

On the wall,  
the picture painting  
looks still in  
an  
active stance.

The Pelican  
from  
a  
small Greek town  
smiles,  
as well as he can,  
with one broken wing  
and  
the cobblestone road  
winding forward and backward.

He was  
a  
legend  
in this town.

The talk of  
food pieces  
thrown so he can  
recoup  
his broken wing--

I hear  
he broke a couple  
of  
hearts along the way.

His wing healed  
with the paints  
that  
etched his legacy  
on  
the  
wall off Wornell Rd.

Where the hearts  
break  
far away  
from the Pelican face.

*to the finish*

When did  
the thoughts  
come about  
that you may  
have  
to swim for your soul?

After red polishes  
nailed your floor  
&  
reflected off of walls?

When she spoke  
to you kindly  
&  
you turned like a content candle getting ready  
to  
be  
blown out  
by  
a  
selfish breath?

Have the waters  
lost bubbles  
and  
brewed a green  
of  
stolid jack hammers  
attacking your soul as you thieved strangers?

Ragged like  
dry bones,  
blood did few a turn  
to  
compensate moisture.

A hive  
in  
the arisen.

Coats  
around  
collars.

We find  
to begin  
and  
wave the wand for a  
gracious start to the finish.

**with her gift, that's what she was**

The young girl  
who  
made it her quest  
to  
pop every knuckle on each hand  
had  
such a smile  
and  
this compressed chin.

Other kids couldn't  
understand this behavior.

She would toddle about  
speaking explicitly of  
each  
bone that resides in the human finger.

Toes...no toes were popped.

Knuckles were her game.

She was happy with her game.

Making dance steps on the play ground  
that  
consisted of fancy wrist and finger movements  
in  
some sort of dance game she understood with eyes shut.

The others  
gave her an understood distance to cultivate  
her  
ritual.

What would happen when  
she  
grew old.

Osteoporosis  
or  
Arthritis  
or  
An interested crowd  
or  
Dirty looks  
or  
Fame as an agile court reporter  
or  
Nothing.

This was all hard  
to  
foretell.

She loved her fingers  
and  
treated them with the most acute care  
that  
could be expected of extremities that  
had  
crackable joints.

No swings  
kickball  
hopscotch  
jump rope  
jacks  
dodge ball  
touch football  
playing with dolls.

Round and  
round  
her  
fingers  
went.

To mysteries  
she  
loved.

Other than her  
knuckles being popped,  
she  
loved watching her mentor with bigger and louder  
joints  
unleash his artistry.

He father.

A real fucking knuckle cracker.

Maybe someday  
she would have  
large  
and  
loud sounds come from her joints  
and  
advance to pop her toes as proudly some day down the line.

Poppy  
Snappy little gal.

That's what she was with her gift.

*gas in the bag*

The air of  
greed  
trapped within the  
gas of a paper bag.

Worn and wet  
from  
so many days that took on the course  
to  
find some sort of soul in the  
sack of skin that carried it around.

To no avail.

It never did exist.

Extinct with many wods of cash  
to  
support children in collegiate endeavors  
ships  
automobiles  
vacationing  
shiny new meat steamers--

Hypocritical laughter takes no time to reach the people.

It's quicker when the face isn't blurred,  
but  
blunt like the shadows that swallowed dull swords.

Hefty remarks from people abound  
tear  
the  
sentient flesh  
and  
laughter is the period on a marred sentence  
which  
cannot be grammatically re-glued.

These human beings that  
swing their  
asses to a tiny tune  
as  
a  
vapor  
on  
this  
world  
that

needs to be hugged with eyes  
that  
haven't been bloodshot from  
the

gas in the bag.