

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.

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
luminare 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,

Atherton
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.