

JoeFiles XXXI: he & she

*MAN NEXT TO THE DOOR WAS GONE*

I enter a  
food mart  
down in Midtown,  
off Main St.,  
yesterday.

No gas in my tank,  
the orange light  
pleaded for miles so  
that I would  
pull aside and fuel  
the demons away and  
the  
break the rest.

Into the CONOCO.  
as  
the  
large flakes of  
falling snow accumulate.

A man on  
the way in,  
next to the damn door,  
pleads,  
“Brother,  
can you spare a quarter?”

Repeated 3-4 times,  
I heard enough.

Had no change,  
fuck  
I needed change myself.

Change in coin  
and a little to  
divert the present.

At the counter,  
“Pay before you Pump”--

A small black man,  
talking devout &  
the remnants of heavy burn scars  
on his  
lips  
mouth  
ears  
face  
eyes

hands.

The few areas  
that are exposed  
under his clothes--

He's talking to  
the clerk,  
who is looking to me for some  
verbal salutation,  
albeit  
to  
tell him what car & pump  
I'm paying for.

"Red car, five bucks."

I point &  
hand him my card.

The man,  
in his preamble,  
kept saying to the Pakistan/Iranian clerk,  
"And this is my Cadillac key."

He sees me,  
wobbling back,  
he was a friendly brother.

"It's cold out there,"  
he said.

"Yea,"  
I respond.

"Gotta keep warm  
in this weather.  
That's why I have my jump suit  
and thermals on,  
man."

"Right,  
I see your going to beat the cold"  
I respond.

"Sure, I'm on.  
Want to see some of the  
warmth I have on?"  
he says.

Without replying,  
for he was swift,  
he starts unzipping 3 layers of clothes  
in seconds.

“Nice,”  
I say.

Nodding at the clerk  
& tell the smooth black man  
to stay warm and keep talking.

I leave,  
climb into my car & thinK:  
*I was the one that got  
some change in my day  
as I turn in the parking lot  
& notice the man wanting change next to the door  
is gone.*

*Me -- Messiah Someplace Else*

Pen ink  
in  
lines,  
Nelson Mandella speech  
at  
University of GA  
played on community access  
'95  
USA.  
Tires losing  
air,  
the Jerusalem Cafe  
sold  
Middle Eastern cuisine  
to  
a  
cruise ship  
that charges  
near \$1,100 a day  
to  
live in a luxury lap of blue waters  
and  
new clouds.

Heaven talked  
on  
the  
CD  
when hell became too real  
for  
the  
new born again Christian  
to  
conceive.

I look forward  
to meeting  
the  
Messiah  
in a gray shirt incognito  
on the street,  
ready for  
a  
pot of coffee &  
several cigarettes--

*before  
going  
someplace else.*

**--BEAUTIFUL NEGRESS--**  
**forgiven**

Microbes floating  
in  
spindly spheres  
at the bottom  
of my drinking glass.

Tonight,  
President addresses NatioN  
on  
economy  
inflation  
social security  
education--  
as he puts mustard on the sexual sandwich  
his is between.

Waiting for the kind flies to  
head south  
like the sense of the tortured north.

Slamming car doors,  
heat & fans  
mingle to  
take care of  
the  
skin licked dry  
by cold lies in  
blue corners.

Microbes do  
settle some,  
the piano man plays  
over speakers in  
a  
wind  
that dries the  
paintings in  
my white room--

By the way,  
did I ever afore or  
ever  
mention that I  
would love to be  
a  
middle aged black woman?

Yea,  
the strongest form of human flesh on earth--  
definition of human strength--

A beautiful negress should be the President--

no offense Maya.

## eyes free of pain

eyes sting  
towards  
the back of  
sockets.

a vehicle  
fishtails  
while the driver is reading  
an  
article on sharks and arctic whales  
in  
NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC.

lines are more  
visible than usual  
around stomach  
abdomen  
while realizing  
that  
drinking has been  
heavy during the last  
month.

light bulbs go out  
around the house  
as  
directions to the nearest  
market  
store  
etc.  
are forgotten.

women become  
curtains that flap in spring breezes  
and  
whisper while you pay attention  
during  
other activities of intrigue.

electrical cords  
look a lot like  
IV tubes,  
clear fluids  
are  
just  
clear fluids.

dried objects on walls  
and  
cob webs in corners of rooms



have  
a  
life of their own  
and  
cleaning those would be almost  
like squashing that solitary bug  
scurrying down  
a  
strip of concrete.

sculptures turn into  
paintings

pain in eye sockets  
hit  
the  
heart  
and  
make finger joints cold.

oh,  
how the legs on furniture  
take on a curious solace.

then eyes focus  
free

of pain.

.....

Percentages fudged  
decimals,  
while the sherbert  
made off  
with  
the  
Rocky Road ice cream.

\*\*\*

Coughs over hands  
that have magic,  
vomit in toilets  
that have vigor,  
toilet paper  
in hands provide mirrors  
in palms.  
Mirrors of  
no reflection  
but...  
but...

*to be prepared*

took another picture  
of a  
colorful dawn slipping from  
the grip  
of  
day into  
our--  
your--  
the night.

picked-up pictures  
of  
the Michigan trip  
hitchhiking  
for  
the  
ride to another ride  
and  
a  
tank of gas that will last.

Looked at blank  
white pages & canvass  
that tried to speak.

Told passion of  
a  
morale that  
was spoken,  
yet no thoughts of--

Crossed the center line  
on  
highway as  
fired burned the hearts around  
and the girls spoke of agony.

Emotions they  
were  
willing to let the public know  
as  
the  
silence gathered  
for  
a  
discussion on speeches  
acts  
to  
be  
prepared.

*the question*

how many  
men & women  
are on the streets now,  
you may want to  
procure to know--

It remains  
to be sought.

Or,  
to keep hidden & unseen--

Just how many has your mind  
come up with in  
a  
short time?

Maybe a number that  
forgave  
disease  
and  
tried of zeros that  
turned to 3's.

Hey,  
I have my theory  
on  
how many are on  
the  
streets now--

Do children  
    infants  
            babies  
count?

Let's say  
yes--

On my  
horizon  
there  
sits & walks  
stands  
many more  
than a few.

Much too many than the  
few that  
could be drawn on  
a

stack of peach paper slips--

paper  
slips

slipping  
from  
the

QUESTION.

## warm river water

I peered  
into the  
blue letters  
of "HUMANITY"  
on a  
roadside billboard.

The word was plastered on  
the  
sign larger than  
three 6' human bodies stacked  
head-to-toe--

Head-to-toe  
with lightning and dissipating smoke  
coming from the  
northern part of the city.

Because their habitat  
was  
fancy,  
the river had  
no real chance to notice.

To notice traces  
of  
many different items thrown  
into  
the undertow of  
currents.

Currents dripping with  
shavings  
the  
color of cocoa pieces  
and  
of more strength than  
a  
box  
of  
iodized salt.

Now,  
I look into the blue circle  
of  
a  
York Peppermint Patty box  
and  
take myself back to  
that minty feeling.

Rushing over  
your body  
like cold air that hits  
pruned skin pryed open with  
warm  
river  
water.

*.oh, you we're saying.*

you have something  
else to say?

or..

would you rather  
keep that lip tucked beneath  
your hands  
that  
warm  
in  
crisp ways.

have nails become  
long ideas that  
drip warm carbonated droplets  
onto a  
plastic mat.

will the end  
become the beginning  
that  
told a mouse  
of  
rats  
trapped in tin cans.

aluminum siding  
squeezing the life  
from  
plastic lids that act  
more like packets  
that  
saturate and age  
sauces from fast food restaurants.

oh,  
did you know that  
cyanide was fed to an innocent bar keep  
looking to  
cut  
out  
several hours early  
on  
his late shift?

shit.

you knew something like that



but  
you didn't wish to speak.

or

did you speak and we couldn't make  
out  
on phonics  
that were given.

also,

some short kid  
was  
accused of a  
dirty crime.

it was really an act of humanity.

he peed on a live microphone  
and  
busted 7 television screens  
in  
a  
Radio Shack last week.

did you hear about that?

maybe you said something  
about  
it

and

like before  
we just didn't hear what you said.

don't slither though,  
whatever you do.

don't sliver.

the word looks too much like silver  
and  
all your folks ever told you about slivering  
meant that  
you would somehow be punished.

you wouldn't like punishment.

would you?

or was that always your way.

to punish words

that  
couldn't act and if  
they  
did act  
they would try to get a post to direct.

anyhow,

you were saying?

*to you, Chamus*

They tried to convince  
me to sell  
when I wanted to buy  
and  
pleased with me to barter  
when I  
wanted  
to  
give.

Like stacks of flapjacks  
on  
a  
cold plate  
they were all waiting for the hot syrup  
and  
fresh pats of butter to keep them going  
in  
a  
name other than their own.

Now,  
the  
time  
has  
come to the  
others  
that  
were called jackals in  
a  
chorus line.

*Man Owned Schnauzer*

flat  
wooden  
stir sticks,  
metal  
circular lopes,  
bagels  
on ice,  
the matches ran  
from  
ash trays.

coats on  
scabbed shoulders,  
they held the door  
for  
a  
man  
in a wheelchair.

cars and chains  
that roll over logs  
on  
bridges.

no more yellow cabs,  
the schnauzer dogs  
have been outlawed.

movies became stacks of  
Polaroid's  
where pens turned to lead  
and  
the lost were seen  
as  
the  
found.

the found in  
an  
apartment bldg.  
that shines lights  
with plant roots  
&  
fingernails are planted in  
dirt to grow  
new metal signs  
that  
point to tomorrow.

for today failed  
at the grease

that  
yesterday didn't mean  
to  
create.

as if the  
tempo could  
be the Taurus,  
we and now  
raising our heads  
as  
the  
tornado signal shaves eye brows  
and  
the first man standing is  
chastised for  
owning a  
schnauzer.

*A New Note on the Strings*

I have seen  
my love,  
this love of mine  
wake from  
sleep that  
drew four dreams.

I leaned by  
thin naked torso  
flush straight  
to grab the railing of metal rods  
above my head.

Heard a movie  
playing in the other room  
while  
the church choir watched  
the radio  
with knobs pulled to silence.

Woke quickly,  
tripped over a  
bow on the way  
to the  
kitchen  
and  
picked-up the guitar  
wondering in my musical ignorance  
how many new chords  
people will create  
over  
the  
time  
that  
has time--

After my love did wake,  
I told her  
with the lines beneath the bags of my eyes  
that  
she is  
a  
good love.

One the bows  
talk with radios  
in  
quiet rooms  
while  
6 strings pluck  
a

new  
note,  
my baby.

*EVIN IF THAY R*

groups,  
large gatherings  
of ledgers  
hang about waiting  
for  
scribbles and some off-hand  
directions.

legions of lesions  
hang  
for as long as they can  
to  
feel some activity.

acute  
as  
it  
may seem,  
the activity was bound to come  
from  
the  
most unlikely of sources.

sources that were not sources  
in  
the  
most literal of senses.

for senses were absent  
on  
the day all the others got presents  
from  
their sweeties.

sweeties for their large smiles  
and  
smothered buttocks.

these ledgers would wait  
and  
growl at the other commodes  
of  
dialect that would somehow in some way  
scribble forward.

to tell people of stories  
that  
were so unreal  
that amazement was just a  
numb sensation that ran after a bankrupt definition.



and how they cringed  
at  
cold breezes that could have brought words.

forgetful to even catch writers block  
that  
blocked out the fact that humans  
were so involved in stories  
that they had  
nothing more to digest.

for digesting means growth  
and  
growth means more adventures  
in  
contentment.

happy  
lopping  
ledgers  
in wet and dry mud  
waiting.

waiting for the better  
story  
or a reason to go to a  
mill  
and  
grind some grain between their pages.

pages

pages

on  
with the pages

even if they're misspelled.

*muddle in waste*

car crashes  
with  
the US troops  
speaking of the blockade  
from the Iraqis  
in the unity of nations

as the young couple  
get ready to pop in a rental video  
about  
something  
called a Platoon.

troops destined  
to  
honk their visible horns  
from large throats  
and  
throw havoc into the blender called a mechanical drier  
to  
make the articles warm and clean  
in

a  
pursuit to make friendly acquaintances.

the group just  
wiped their  
pants after the feast in honor of  
a  
duck and  
several egg plants.

inflated with  
currency and  
talking to their soul that looks up at them through their shirts  
they  
flip off the radio because  
either Sonny Bono  
or  
the  
delinquent uni-bomber  
couldn't do it for them.

it's a toss of  
something besides salads or coins  
to  
hear the rash brash of current stories  
come  
over  
the

car speakers.

to hear  
the eating that goes on  
as  
many behind closed doors strap on the  
jimmy of a free  
advocated advertised drug  
to  
do some time in pure sedation.

the stories  
that  
limp  
and  
the lives that try in vain to keep along.

behind the hay  
wagon  
dripping with  
items  
even little children  
won't pick up for  
they  
are  
too human  
or  
smart

to muddle in waste.

*next week was today*

In this era of  
modern technology,  
where modems have become telephone receivers  
and  
the dog is less than the sega, sony or nintendo cartridge,  
a  
web site won't post phone numbers or addresses.  
Pitiful,  
there's nothing more to say  
other  
than fucking pitiful.  
Or,  
pitiful for me noticing this circumstance in chance.

\*\*\*

Why is it that  
stubs photo mats give to you  
to  
retain you photos never has the number of the photo mat  
included.  
Of all the damn information that would  
turn out to be useful,  
no  
number to speak of.  
Maybe you just supposed to sit and mumble  
yourself until  
you have to hop up and go to the bathroom.  
Maybe at that point  
you'll remember. . . the piss.

\*\*\*

Correlations on the street.  
A motorcycle of the  
traffic directing cop sits tilted on  
a  
black kickstand.  
Whistling for  
the attention of others,  
waving hands  
and  
sore lips  
he  
tells all what all is for.  
Beneath the sewers and avenues of water  
that flow beneath his directive,  
the  
lights aren't on  
or

have no way to know how to turn on.  
Now,  
quiet for  
the stop of one side of traffic  
with  
a  
new gush ready to flow.  
He looks around in  
his  
hard hat  
as  
a  
hard man.  
Serving his day more than his people,  
his  
whistle he finally got  
after all those days as a youngster in gym class  
dreaming of power and a whistle.  
He just didn't make it far  
enough for a pair of shorts or that sweat suit.  
He's one  
of  
the  
Villiage people in a urban traffic mountain.

\*\*\*

Pushed through the  
door to connect one event to the next  
that  
had a sip of tequila and forgot to piss short  
of  
purple orange  
in  
the  
back of the cold cooler  
that  
fucks the fucked  
and  
loves those many lovers.  
Between the  
two he  
leaves the door in peace  
as  
the door waits in chaos to swallow the next  
victim  
called a customer.

*will & bill*

These people  
have a knack  
for  
drawing -- yelping  
about misery & depression.

If the time  
is right  
&  
karma takes a whole other dip into the recesses,  
you meet  
those  
that talk of torture.

Going about  
like rich girls in a penniless world.

Gripes about a life of times  
no one  
could conceive.

Their hair cut was wrong  
bad cart at the grocery store  
mustard instead of mayonnaise on deli sandwich  
by accident--

Flat tires  
alcoholic boyfriend  
uncaring father  
lackadaisical mother  
no dog as a child  
torn about sports score--

Down and trite  
for nothing  
near misery  
depression  
&  
planet away from torture.

Trading in  
sloppy pieces of flesh  
to  
get a sympathetic  
tear from the world.

Unveiled and honest  
to get a token  
added  
to

a  
foregone ego.

If the pills  
or  
psychiatrist  
can't do it--

Other have to  
endure the  
cataclysmic following of  
verbal vomit  
that portends to prescribe a host  
of  
misplaced emotions.

So trite,  
these people make themselves zombies  
by  
creating  
such nuances.

Will  
is gone &  
the bill has evaporated.

*Hold to your limits*  
*and*  
*listen to the accidents.*



*An Auditorium*

The boys behind  
lift their weights  
    fiend some fears  
and look some more  
at  
the  
wall that doesn't stare back--

Throats sore from swallowing  
olives whole & some shouting at a concert show,  
they had no choice  
but to  
leave  
their home.

To speak to their freedom &  
regard slavery  
while they pulled their wallets from  
pocket holes.

Their voices  
carry,  
but won't echo  
as  
the  
swans peck  
pieces of  
wheat bread &  
a  
crowd begins to  
applaud  
in  
an  
auditorium far away.

*Basement, -- In The*

Mice run along  
the  
ledge,  
while traps and  
poison  
hide for  
their frank disposal.

Water dripping from the  
king size bed,  
as the  
faucet lies silent  
next to  
soiled sponges.

Metals racks  
    fishing poles  
    arcade games,  
it has its  
time  
to  
show.

Show  
next  
to  
rust drains  
of urination  
and  
wall mirrors  
that forbid Cinderella.

Boxes &  
Igloo coolers  
in  
the  
fire place,  
as  
the  
dryer runs hard in  
a  
abacement I used to live.

I walk through a full parking lot  
outside a local grocery store & yell,  
“Where’s the car?” several times.  
Soon, those leaving and about  
ready to enter the store start looking around  
to see who’s yelling “Where’s my car.”  
In pursuit of their own cars  
they begin looking around wondering where  
this person is at yelling for their car  
versus  
where their car is actually at.

just wanted you to go figure.

silly bastards.

*A Closed Case*

There's nothing  
more solemn in  
its airplane trail across a cold fall sky  
than the tepid nature of  
human beings.

Looking to be loud in patience  
and  
more than so,  
ready to lunge at the innocent  
while mingling with the pitiful.

Not claiming that my soul has  
much more value than  
the next,  
but to  
flick dirty wind into calamity  
is  
trespassing the angel waking a prison in-mate.

Hell,  
the ones that  
have some power are upset with  
that "some"  
and in their chase to gather more colors,  
their blacks and whites  
come  
forward in the open.

The open that's  
a  
shut case.

## Did Have Their Chance

Remington keys  
MS Word  
word processor  
in the dark,  
malarkey is  
just one part.

For telephone lines  
began to dial phones,  
television heads wrote no words,  
injustice became prejudice  
while  
the  
last hooker sold her high heel shoes.

Into the glittering dept. store,  
goblins and elves  
found J.R.R. Tolkein  
and  
told him more  
than  
he  
had  
to  
know.

Sincerity lost  
an  
old T-shirt  
as  
the  
slums become luxury.

Luxury behind the  
shoal hidden by  
remarks--

Remarks,  
both kind & glad,  
in the  
lice  
that  
did have  
their chance.

*not counting*

In near vain  
he  
tried to cross the  
concrete bridge  
to  
the  
other side of the trafficway.

Basket in front  
of  
headlight on bicycle,  
this  
old man was slowly forgetting the rules  
and  
the teenage girl he took behind the shed  
back  
in  
those damn good old days.

Checking both  
sides of reason with  
twists of his head,  
he  
wanted  
to  
make it and tell the rules to go fuck themselves.

He had  
neither the time nor hair  
to  
grow any more patience.

Near the end of a stage  
or  
end renal complications,  
he  
wanted to make it.

God  
he  
wanted to make it  
to  
his new girl that bought a spry  
new  
puppy.

To blow bubbles  
with  
a  
child and forget about the darts  
he

threw at old tomatoes of reason.

Rationality on his mind  
and  
the reasons fading quickly,  
he  
quivered  
while he crawled across the  
teeming mantra of wheels  
metals  
oils  
gasolines  
carburetor pieces  
just  
to make it into a memory he lost at 48.

Swerving and weaving  
with  
blunt horns  
the  
people voice with disgrace  
at  
his pace that needed to arrive  
at  
a departure.

Wiping his forsaken brows  
forgetful of deep red blood,  
he  
made it  
into  
another walk on the adjoining sidewalk.

To  
go into the corner cafe or eatery,  
judged one of the dirtiest in the city,  
and  
order a crummy cup of coffee in a needle and pin mug.

Ready to gallop about  
the  
awaiting fluid  
and  
make it home 2 minutes or so  
past his desired time.

He  
would go  
on.

Into his  
home  
quickly remembering that he  
left his bike in  
the

mid-median  
for the traffic to swallow and howl more.

What did he care.

He had his  
legs and  
some  
memories that would rival  
the  
fittest of us human beings.

Man  
on  
man  
in  
a  
woman's town.

He's old  
but who would question.

I know  
I'm not counting.



*first pot of coffee*

I wrapped  
her  
purple sweater  
around my white pillow  
to  
scrape away the remains  
of  
her  
3-day old sweater.

Cold cells in the  
morning,  
warm showers  
at  
night.

Fright had no fight,  
the banjo man tried  
to  
bike  
across an eastern continent.

To catch up with  
rumors  
and  
find the truth his family  
would  
often  
misconstrue.

Sounds of the  
world  
around  
shivering & silent  
outside for the  
windows were pulled shut and  
brick walls would waver.

In the morning,  
after the wine & proud ashes,  
her sweater lost the  
strong scents of 5 hours  
before,  
all this while she awoke across town  
to  
chase the sun's ascension  
in  
the  
first pot of coffee  
of  
the

day.

*For Tomorrow's Cold*

Sun goes down  
swift  
towards  
day end,  
shirt sleeves  
brush front of  
elbow patches  
and  
the  
winter trees  
speak in their time  
that was granted by  
earth environment.

An environment  
that  
sniffed too  
many  
3M chemicals  
and  
threw forward warmth  
as  
a  
gift.

The car alarm  
screams  
for  
1        3  
          9  
12

19

29

owners  
to  
shut down  
the  
approaching sound--

Digging in vain for celery while  
the  
starving  
find a reason to shave their  
heads to forget  
their hunger  
and  
the  
white walls crack with  
Jungian anger.

Sun almost dipped

into the hazy horizon,  
panels  
strips  
the  
Jazz man sleeps until  
his time  
comes to perform--

Away from  
car accidents  
and  
gum ball machines.

Birds dart  
by fast,  
deceived into warm breezes  
and  
no long johns for  
tomorrow's cold.

**My father would do the following  
if  
he  
ever won the lottery:  
Fly to the location  
of  
Muhammad Ali & Luciano Pavarati  
and  
give  
the  
both a hug.**

**there later we decide**

Jaques Cустeau  
rode  
a  
dolphin  
thinking of the Sahara,  
Columbus  
tied a rope  
around his waist  
and  
sent an anchor on a land we  
didn't  
believe had any pepper.

Vasco De Gama  
loved his  
transportation  
like  
the  
dove on a weathered ledge,  
Jack Hannah  
rode a tiger to the NBC studios  
as  
a  
canary shit on his shoulder  
with  
a  
protective helmet.

Open exploration  
on  
lands we  
can't see from a new couch,  
intuition  
is losing the institution  
and

wise men  
collect their lottery winnings  
to

show their mates.

How luck turned to fortune  
and  
humanity

was temptation

which there later

was reward.

*which way is the door?*

interesting  
are your interests,  
DARLING.

dashing are your jewels,  
DEAR.

exquisite are your shoes,  
SWEETIE.

dazzling are your hats,  
LOVELY.

unforgettable are your portraits,  
HONEY.

beautiful are your nails,  
BABY.

*which way is the door?*

*More Than One ..... The End --*

I shouldn't bring this  
lad to light,  
but this  
I shall may--

Come in telling a  
confidant  
he's doing everything.

Wants a pack of Marlboro Lights,  
no,  
he shouts,  
Reds.

A coke,  
with vanilla,  
they're out--

Smoking smokes on a wooden tabletop,  
yells for a lighter,  
makes his rounds of  
greetings  
and  
talks  
to the barrista  
about his love for his  
large pants.

In the middle  
of  
the  
nightly  
coffee circuit,  
he tells  
his buddy  
he  
loves his pants and shouts to all  
that he's going  
to  
play pinball.

Now,  
silent due to walls,  
he mentioned before  
he needed to get out of  
K.C.--

Join the crowd.

Looks as though he's keeping



up with the crowd in  
many more  
way's than one.

THE END.

**just before Feb. 98**

I picked up a  
coffee mug  
today to drink the water that  
was within its barriers  
and  
smelled my sweet woman  
with  
all her skin.

\*\*\*

A woman just  
rear ended the guy in front of her  
which  
was a chain reaction that involved  
three cars in all.  
She gets out  
others roll down their windows  
to console  
and  
others just stop or toddle by to stare.  
All this time,  
they search to put on their hazards and  
to eye the damage at hand.  
And some more,  
they begin to exchange that god-forsaken  
information of  
insurance  
and  
the root of sucking bones beyond blood  
and  
the air veins have that day.

\*\*\*

Cracking whips against  
computer disks,  
I  
lick my drippy chops of  
some tales that grow from my ass  
and  
out of the sworn ears of those that do get in the way.

\*\*\*

Sides of buildings  
drip  
with fluids that  
are  
hollow.  
Full

is  
gone with the freak fucks.

\*\*\*

He said he couldn't bare  
to wash any dishes  
and  
she vowed that she would never clean  
floors or toilet bowls anymore.  
Set against their ways  
in  
drunk stupors the gods could bet to get jealous about.  
How the numbers stack against their pessimism  
and  
the  
optimism becomes a laugh before they all piss their pants proud.

\*\*\*

Elections raise funds  
to  
laugh at the lackless  
and  
pogo sticks hop with vacant bodies.

\*\*\*

Coffee stains on keyboard keys  
are a  
joy.  
For the wine hit the mouth  
and  
cigarette ashes made their ways behind the keys  
and  
into your mouths that laugh at trash.

\*\*\*

Positive to a point that  
will evoke laughter,  
the commas and semi-colons run around and  
fuck in their animated world  
where wart hogs and zebras bathes together in  
baths  
of  
mud  
rain  
sand  
the remainder of what humans  
call  
suits of valor.

\*\*\*

My brother is going  
to move a painting to the woman's house,  
my sister just had her only remaining ovary removed  
in a quick outpatient surgery,  
my mother and father worry about their  
English bulldog that is in a sorry limp,  
my Aunt and Uncle are going to sell their patry shop in Long Island  
my stomach reaches for more cigarettes to smoke  
and

I

reach for a smile on this warm January evening  
where the adventure is waiting  
and  
my flesh talks to sweater sleeves.

\*\*\*

*HORIZON HAS ITS WAY*

Now we  
have these thoughts  
or  
a  
talk about advancing as a  
people  
person  
human  
individual,  
what you would call yourself.

In one direction  
or the next,  
decoding the forward  
and  
backward,  
people spin within the mind  
like tops on lava  
about how this society with jostle the sticks  
of  
accomplishment.

Ground  
sky  
the nights do  
get cold.

Yet,  
the days can get warm  
and  
the swarm of content stink  
can have its  
way  
of making it seem all right.

You know,  
societies and cultures  
know about temperatures  
in  
a  
reality that offers no central air or heat.

Just some wall space  
and  
window space to spill caution into the  
elements.

Elements stacking into a  
puzzle that can be easily focused  
depending  
on

how  
the  
horizon has its way...

*From The Hours of 10am to 1pm*

He skipped across  
the  
lawn and  
later lost his belt.

Buttons on the  
front that didn't work  
anymore,  
trousers became merely a word  
as  
he  
pulled tighter to the right.

His left was eschewed,  
cubes of  
fresh meat laying on the  
side  
of  
the  
corner strip.

Teemed with  
incense and  
scents that  
scurry about  
the  
skies  
and  
lands  
that scream with numbers  
for  
hire.

Hired  
in  
the  
fire  
that illuminates the  
blank black wall  
the  
animals would huddle about.

Not only for  
hire,  
but on principal  
in  
providence  
granted

for

the  
hours

of 10am  
to  
1pm.