

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 Mandela 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
abasement 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.