

JoeFiles XXXII:

**A PENNY WALKED OVER ME
WATCHING ME LIE ON THE GROUND**

trapping was not the intent

This black girl
was the only child
traveling
in
a
yellow bus
turning into
the
oncoming traffic
of
rush hour traffic.

She held
swift with her head turning in
patience
to
a
Ghandi hold
that had
enough peace
to
cure Kansas City
and
bleed into the outer regions
of
this land.

Not just this
land that is of some importance
because I live here,
but
more importantly for
the
others that cry out in
names
faces
voices
fingerprints
foot nails
hat imprints

that need to be
heard at the same time
as
God
is
talked constantly through those
that
know the angels are laughing
and
the

Greek writers are
fighting for one last chance to pass by this land
and
bring some truth.

Truth.

The lies that passed by the
invisible detector and
were seen for the tea that
was
called
coffee.

A hot
cup of living

talked in

novel ways

the
horizontal lines

cannot trap.

For trapping was

not the intent.

White Jeep For Sale

Antennas
keep by the
side of
chimney walls,
a bird high beyond
has
more
of
a
purpose than the jackass
squealing tires
to
a
car load of ears.

Fast food sign
on the hill,
street sign of an advertisement
ripped
you off your stool &
made
a
pet
eat your well cooked meal.

Hoops
poles
no more show this year,
a
cup of turpentine
cardboard's of smeared paint
lift to my
nearby nostrils.

Chance in tricks
keep the
"For Sale"
notice
in
the white jeep for keeps.

lime green permanent

They had
just enough
exposures
left on their roll
of
color film,
eight,
to document what they
couldn't forget--

How their faces
were the ones
that
belched surprise,
walked in gray light
had enough quarters in their mouths
for
a
U.S. call & bus fare.

They shouldn't fuck
this
up.

6 chances,
not really chances.

This couldn't be
a
misunderstanding.

All pictures
were
later taken.

All aerial shots
from a helicopter
of
a
lime colored sedan.

Moving away,
yet staying in focus.

The surveillance
that
needed to
become permanent
print.

Basement, -- In The

Miles run along
the
ledge,
while traps & poison
hide
for
their frank disposal.

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

Metal racks
fishing poles
arcade games,
it has its
time
to
show--

Shows next
to
rusty drains of urination
and
wall mirrors
that
forbid Cinderella.

Boxes &
igloos chests
in
the
fireplace,
as
the
dryer runs
hard
in
a
basement

i
used
to live.

lost prayers in destinations

Cars rolling
in reverse
on the boulevard,
they
looked past the liquor store
on
their right.

Ready to take
the
antifreeze out of Saturday night,
the
High Life waits
low
in the cooler
for
hands to caress.

Debauchery within debauchery,
deceit
went for a ride on the wrong
bus
to
the train station.

That train station is
existentialism,
with
no reason to go
back.

Look up at the tote board
with
a
lost prayer inside
anxious to
heed some destination.

creatures in lures

casting a reel
into the ocean,
watching patches
of
waves roll.

wondering briefly
if
the white slivers that
extend are moving
or
permanent from
outside airplane seat.

coached as children,
we look to be taught
as
age comes on.

will all that
bait cast
into
the
still seas
be
bit or tugged?

it will depend
more on the fish
than the bait.

electronic doors
catalogs with nonsense,
the
lures are about
&
creatures swim.

this morning

WE BOTH
SAT UP IN
7:00 AM HOTEL BED,
NUDE
CONTENT
RESTIVE--

WATCHING THE SUN RISE
QUICKLY
OVER THE
MANHATTAN BLOB
IN
THE DISTANCE.

USE TOWELS
OLD GLASSES
HOTEL MENUS,
WE WATCHED THE MAJESTY
OF NATURE
COME
INTO OUR FACES.

PURE ORANGE
OVER THE CITY
THAT
WAS NEITHER SLEEPING
NOR
AWAKE .

SOMEWHERE BETWEEN
EITHER EXTREME.

DUSK
WAS CONQUERED
&
WE WERE THE
VICTORS
THIS MORNING.

he couldn't find a name

This is a tale
about a man
who loved the moon
and
couldn't shake his fascination
with Winnie the Pooh.

When he talked to people
he knew and ran into,
he was uncoordinated with
using hand gestures.

Pointing to the left
when he should have been pointing right
while
giving directions to faces that soon turned blank
as the pinks of his palms.

No one ever told him that his
hand gestures didn't go in synch,
they just snickered and
pulled him along for a good laugh
at
times
and
during other days.

He forgot his name
and tried to call himself Winnie after his hero,
but
people did confess to him that this was a woman's name
and
should be quickly dropped.

He would eat cheese and speak
to the ground to
coddle
his fetish for the moon & earth.

Winnie
of
planet now

was there

when he wanted to be anywhere.

there are two things:

I'm going to empty a fictional biography on the ground like a pail of rotting fish. It will seem fresh and delectable, like a scrumpulous meal in the beginning, though it will turn soil and soidid toward the end like the end of the world forming itself into a stench like no one would believe. Worse than the decay or rot of dead flesh.

Also...

I'm going to propose to the love. No TV, radio or electronic entertainment for a week. Only books or the bend of creativity. In addition, every day with each other or self will seem like the last moments on this earth or alive.

why is it a glove box? I've never put one glove in the box in my car.

I have a man to tell you about. He's from a small town in Oklahoma, but it won't feel like a musical. You know why, because he has the the hiccups in a the worst sense and he won't tell you why. You know why? Because he doen't want to. Anyway, it was a town named after freedom or liberation. Something along those lines. To explain more about the meaning of the name of the town would give it away. You know?

NY Lady Seen From NJ

Sun goes
down,
planes scrape
above
hotel
and
traffic goes
tepid
from
NJ side
on
George Washington bridge.

The gift from
the French,
Statue called Liberty
next to the city
that
touts more
buildings than bombs
in
current-day Iraq.

As Lindhurst, NJ
readies for the night,
winds tap at
US flags
and
cold becomes colder.

Sweaty feet on
AC unit,
muffled sounds like
those in a big city tunnel
make
me obscene--

The enormity
of this
the largest city
in
this
called
free world.

The time, approximately 4:00-5:00 p.m. (don't wear a watch..), maybe nearing 5:30 if my internal body clock is off--What I saw in NJ, NY-NY, Long Island, back to Kansas City.

*a cartoon with FiFi the clean flea and the clown flea
pastries that would make a pheasant salivate
eyes of stranger so intense a snail would run
bartender in Novotel hotel that knew how to serve you drinks -- kept refilling without asking
player piano that met my ginger in hotel lounge at 1:30 a.m.
sunset on ocean in cold that made the gulls keep their pace
NY'ers that gave us wrong directions and didn't give a piss in Port Authority - Penn Station
a odd looking woman knocking at 1:00 p.m. on hotel door in Massapequa Park Best Western --
great look at face as she handed me towels, soap, shampoo & garbage bags
one of the most content men on this earth, my Uncle Rico
women that couldn't walk a straight line
a black boy crying while holding his urine in airplane bathroom line
a man in Lindhurst, NJ deli that looked like Val Kilmer
enough smoke to fill a good sized gymnasium
enough teeth to melt into a pair of fake elephant tusks
used David Letterman tickets I hadn't seen in 5 months
names of Dimino's in 2 phone books -- Nassau County, Massapequa, Babylon, Mantaugh
woman working for LI express Train Services that didn't like humans
a man with a canvass in 42nd St. NYC subway station
enough beautiful black women to make me smile for some hours
orange socks soiled by stained feet
hotel menus with overpriced items
poems that were truth from cousin Maria
Tijuana small cigars cousin Joseph gave me for a time
enough cannole creme & pasta to make John Gotti break from prison
hours that felt like minutes
needs that were perfunctory
Tom Waits on album cover next to topless woman
an ex-Hollywood actor fucking a 550 lb. woman on a video clip downloaded off the Internet
reality that was a trip
coffee in mints and liquor in lemon balloons
NYC skyline from backseat of a Russian's car
why NY'ers works so damn hard for their money
how invigorating NYC is downtown -- drinking life without any time to belch or ask why
nights that looked like morning
swollen bruises
used toothpastes
hair in underarm deodorant
eggs that missed toast
food that was taken from meals back to hotel room and never eaten
lonely matchbooks & used pens
several remote controls & tan phones
clean rooms soon turned into a wreck
my beautiful woman again looking great in the feeling while clothes gathered an unconditional reality*

OTHER THINGS THAT HAVE
BEEN FORGOTTEN
& MORE.

“Time made a tale in a story told by dreams”

their objective

The called this group
the
McGlick clan--

They were all around
10-13 years old and
they
would convince the
young neighbor girls,
much too young--

To go to
the
local pond.

Their plans
would uncoil
like a naked woman ready
for
an
oncoming approach--

There they would
talk vulgar,
yet convincingly
to get the girls
to
drop
their tops & bottoms.

They wanted a
better peek at what
they would never have
as
they blindly
traded their ignorance in
for cheap thrills.

While the cars that
were in a
decay would smolder,
they laughed and
poked their mouths
at
stolen cigarettes.

The girls
had
no
clue when the escapade
by the water ended,

not
the
same could be said for the boys.

Realizing ,
watching TV from bed at night,
they would grab
themselves
and
think of guilt.

Was guilt necessary
or
real?

*They would
suppose.*

Some things they wouldn't
figure
for
many years to come--

The guilt of their curiosity
wouldn't be sleepless nights,
just a pending verdict
in
the
night of the future
they
wouldn't ever have
a
clear sentencing for.

Punishment is
never objective,
even when
its
objected.

linguist couldn't pronounce

Red marks
on
plastered yellow
brick wall
race
into
with
smoke trails
of
pink.

Three thin lines
here,
one thick one there,
a skinny pair forms
across
the
other stray
draw sticks
to
see which one
will
wear away first.

Looks like
cat scratch
paints,
although the nail polish
will
never lie.

A foot above
the ground
or
an inch beyond
my head,
the lines
agree
with
the bedside lamp.

The dark does
things
even the linguist
couldn't pronounce.

Room Services

Those that
have left
may soon come back.

A wooden cut out of
a
painted messier
leans with
menu
towel
to lead those that
choose to
go into cafe.

Red exit signs
and no prompting
for
entrances.

Laughter
comes in
and
goes out louder.

Shouts for room service,
the linen group
stole all the towels
extra pillows
blankets
to sleep
in a different state.

If not NJ,
Connecticut could
be the third piece of
Tri-State trials.

Old cigarette taxes
and
new tariffs coming
over the morning radio.

Making sense is creating
in its own attempt.

Providing a
misunderstood
aphorism
taking three lines of effort.

closing sky

tired enough
not
to want
another drink.

not enough girth
to
move the drink glass
of beer
to
the sink--

so tired,
heat
comes in a wave of illusion
from fingernails.

the ceiling in place,
I reach out
to
touch the
floor for reassurance.

a heat fan
blows
calm thoughts,
eye balls are drenched with fatigue.

I want to know,
when
thick sickness & chosen insomnia
cured by sleep is done.

have some Rossi
to make
the
night
worth the dark blue
in
the
closing sky.

taught to you

how many
stories or nights
does it take
to
prove yourself?

The worth
manhood
womanhood
truth
to those you love
or
want to
look into reciprocating eyes?

the drinks
cigarettes
that extend the longing
like
a
crew of sailors looking to
anchor
a
missile.

hand gestures
vocal chords
explaining the best and worst
of
one
city housed between a life.

hunting with
no
intent to kill,
you
will get to the point of exhaustion
where life
is
pure peace
and
wiping tears from eyes for
the
truth will be
desired.

desires that
are held
and
believed in for
mystery is different than doubt.

for enough confusion
can
kill a soul for many years
and
during those years
moments can creep in
that
needed to be handled with conviction,
style
if
right.

bike handlebars
taking the place of steering wheels in cars,
there are many more
times
you should take the
truth
even
if

it wasn't taught to you.

It's somewhere around 10:00 a.m. -- Midwest time -- Flight 104 to NY -- JFK airport specifically -- Things I probably won't do today:

call the operator
shine my shoes
buy a dog
piss off a skyscraper
eat a 7lb. Porterhouse steak
listen to KISS
drink a bottle of rum
shave my head
get my passport in the mail
adjust an air conditioning knob
bathe in a tub of ice
meet a group -- a dozen genuine people and shake their hands
eat a pecan log
visit a graveyard
suck helium from the tailpipe of a Volkswagen
plant a tree
run over a mountain
shit 6 times
read a romance novel
put on a pair of athletic shoes
kiss a guinea pig
drink 8 glasses of water
rent a motor home
cut my toe nails
whistle Dixie
go to the zoo
swim in the ocean
punch a politician
buy tickets to a country concert
see a Hawaiian Punch commercial
get a set of keys made
lick my heels
get a penis implant
hold a cactus next to a hot cup of coffee
jump so high I forgot where I was at
place a personal ad in some subsection of a city paper
chew another piece of nichorette gum
kiss a skunk
look at my asshole in the mirror while bent over backwards
cut up a pair of jeans
pluck my few chest hairs
shave
call a computer company
smoke 3 packs of cigarettes
drop kick Kathy Lee Gifford
paint my bellybutton yellow
buy a ladder
inhale nitrous oxide
eat raw cabbage
go to the dentist
put a human nose on a chain link necklace
put my elbow on a hot stove

crawl through an underground sewer network
apply for French citizenship
eat a whole gooseberry pie
make a metal pole that hoists a flag
eat at Pizza Hut
meet a person dressed-up as a life-sized Q-Bert character
pull water from a well
join the military
stuff 13 gum balls in my mouth at one time
milk a cow
roast a quail
meet the President
smoke on a domestic flight
go to work
eat a Big Mac
cut down a tree with a butter knife

**Doesn't it seem easier to plan what your not going to do
rather than what you want to or are going to do?**

walk-up a flight of steps with a pot of scalding water
see a pack of ponies
buy or trade for pottery made in Iowa
eat 4 pounds of beef jerky
play tennis
wrestle a wart hog
sell a painting
wax my ball sack
eat charcoal briquettes
get my moles zapped with a laser off my face
rub mascara on my thighs
eat raw pasta
go back home today
throw a baseball into a pond
sit in the cockpit of this airplane
open a can of sardines
put salt in my eyes
lose my fingernails
crack open a coconut
get a star named after me
buy property on Venus from Dennis Hope
wash socks & underwear
suck meat gravy up with a straw
hand a hammock between tow tree's in a strange backyard
write Paul McCartney
call a athlete a superstar
sky dive
play kick-the-can
jump rope on a moving bus
shove a kiwi-sized jawbreaker in my mouth
pray to an alien
steal a seat belt
write my pen pal in Italy
spray paint that I love anything on a bridge overpass
shave my eye lashes

*bring a live chicken or turkey up to my hotel room
eat a nutritional supply of fruits & vegetables
sew a button on my winter coat
pick-up litter off the side of a highway
read the year on each coin I come across*

*write down a line from "Ferris Beulers Day Off"
"You know Cam, the question is, 'what aren't we going to do today?"*

I did it.

tampon wrappers

digging for
change
tampon wrappers
stole from me.

now going the areas of
bins
I
won't follow,
asking later for some money
from a stranger of friends.

"All out punk,
shine your shoes!"
one says.

"Spent all my change
on a hot dog and some coffee,
wish the help could help you."
she says.

"What...what...why?"
quickly they ask.

rakes raise confusion,
punk bands find God
asterisks date commas
institutions ran out of soup
bottle caps make new necklaces
high heels like boot heels
hyena yelps crush teeth

where in
this world
of subway souls and sons-of-bitches
will
the
change
bills
come from?

not from underground
for
the sky cursed the dirt.

it will come
from pockets unexpected.

through door ways
that
used to smile
and

tongues that lop down
bad milk.

what if it never comes?

blood eating capitalists
tampon wrappers.

wing seats

When it
comes down
to
flying,
if I have a window seat
I'm always next
to
the damn wing.

Wings in the ocean,
arms in the red sun rise,
peanuts in my teeth.

Now,
looking to use some
free drink passes,
gin & tonics,
vodka maybe--

Could be
the next thing
leaving New York for
the
Midwest...
again.

Hell man,
I can
take the wings.

You know,
the bastards never
did
anything

to me.

No -- You Wonder

show girls in
robes,
halogen eye sockets
look
at
melted ice cream.

how do you suppose
this has come to this?

because there was
nothing else to blame
anything on.

experts in war criminality,
the
blame was nothing
more than a label anymore.

like calling a Negro a nigger
and the woman a broad.

all the evaporation
became one call on a bad
microphone.

soothing left
spaces alone,
unicorns traded in their horns
for some shiny horse shoes.

horse shoes to hang
above doubt
that
brought years of bad luck to
a
broken mirror in water.

yea,
the midgets requested to be
dwarfs,
psychologists went home to
curse telemarketers.

profuse,
you wonder.

no.

Billboard Managua

Billboard
about
the city--

Whether
east
 north
whatever
the points directed,
navy blue
yellow wish bone
curved yellow paint--

Took those that saw these
on numerous occasions,
such as I,
on a mind control taste.

Guessing what will soon be
forgotten,
the mystery was
the whole &
the other half was not
revealed in words--

How they got the balls and boobs
in a knot
for
more conversation.

Curiosity took the
8th cat's life
and
me on more guessing
trivials
that
I will live to admit.

These billboards with
only
a
design,
fuck,
one is out back
in our parking lot.

Their like horrible movies
that
have some title
that pulls me
down

on
in.

Abject & nearly waste,
it's
not waste.

For the time allotted
is
time allowed.

Savage colors
with
zero words,
ad's

DA

DA

I will
forget
the
product
before
a
stranger thinks
up
the next line.

BA

BA

BA

what
could
this design be made to see?

When I do
see,
I promise I won't tell you.

The mystery always
seemed to
bid
a
better treat.

Bottles Near Chairs

Rutherford Ave.,
past 3:00 p.m.,
Christmas lights
strangle the
bark of small tree
near hotel parking lot
as
Quality Inn sign
pays some words
to
reserved parking.

Baggage in hotel closet,
a
stream of smoke
battles
with cold Jersey air.

Warmed by the
high sun,
Mozart on
the
loud speaker
marks pens & match books
that
a
pauper could use.

Here in a hotel lobby
as
two women walk
past a painting
on
the wall.

A painting
of
a
straight road gleaming forward
to
a
vanishing point.

How the foliage flowers,
pussy willows
wade
in
overhead lights.

More steps on hands
and

fingerprints on feet.

Coat collars
of
felt black,
public phones lie on their
handle
as
cartoons come over overhead
bar television
playing to half-full bottles
&
empty chairs.

Little Crack

he held it
out there for someone
to
see--someone
with eyes and
a
sense of touch
like a feline licking milk
from a cow's nipple--a
cold finger to the
world
as
his ideals proved warm in
this light beyond a chance--forget chance,
he knew better than
luck
that
he wouldn't have
his finger held straight
if
it
wasn't for some off-hand
luck in a surprise--Surprise!--he
put the finger
back in his coat pocket for another location--he held
his legs open
hoping providence
would somehow grant
a
little crack.

Layer in the Course

Whispers
below,
this day
is coming
to a close.

Thinking earlier
how I write
much about eyes.

Eyes here
eyes over there--

Eyes lining the wall
of
electronics store staring forward with
few tears
rolling
from top to bottom.

Eyes of many fashion,
usually undressed
and
of
such
a
decour
they beat rugs
clean
in several winks.

Yes,
eyes
on her
 he
she
in the mirror
as
I
wipe away loose hairs
from
my
chin.

Peculiar,
not such,
this is a prevalence
that
comes through.

pity

miles
contentment
rage
sometimes a love
other times a crime.

Though
the stories
will
tell before
the
mouth has something else
to
say.

Sounds of a
mad Monday hour
in
the
bar below brings
food to the eyes.

Drinks later
in the course.

wet.

crossing it

twist of
battery chips,
need new hair gel,
the
recorder will
roll
when he speaks to
his
Italian friends
in
the
back of the
expensive pastry shop.

how did the legend
lose
the
\$300.00 CD?

the man
ate
243 hot dogs
and
cursed in burps
how
capitalism
was
to
bring wrath
to
the
state of Maine.

you know why?

for they passed the
gay vote
and
now the straight-n-narrow
judeo
upright
Christian
incognito
blowing some hew
color
the
blacks in white
and
curse for the cause they talk in cellars.

let's get off Maine

and
begin on being sharp.

an image
comes across the retina of
another eye
that
isn't in my head.

not in my head because
the
last person I talked to
said
Me and My friend were out of our minds.

minds.

you want to talk about minds?

maybe military intelligence?

nO?

WHAT ABOUT THE MEANING
BEHIND THE PEACH TREE THAT WAS CHOPPED DOWN
WITHOUT
ANY
FANFARE OR OFFERING FOR THE FRUIT
THAT
HIT THE GROUND IN SUCH A
HORRIFIC POUND?

no more capitals,
you say?

how about notable counties?

they were usually the
cause for what is being typed or raped
in
some
other sort of way.

now,
tip your glasses and pluck the
best
thing
next
to your body.

if its a
bowl
bass guitar
rug
couch

palm branch
tooth pick
green mint
poster board asterisk

do it.

imagine that
it's
a
new sort of
new years celebration.

it's 5 holes
below 4
and
4 holes above five
that
sends voices over electricity to your ear.

90...76...41...39...26..18...01....
we're just
making up numbers

for
the
man or chicken decided to

buy the street
instead
of

crossing it.

Don't Think About It

How marvelous
can
you be?

Enough to
be
lint on her floor
or
a
neumonic device
in
his mind.

When does your
footsteps
become peripheral sounds
sinking into a watery salt
or
freshness that has a mirage to print
or
perhaps someplace else to go.

When does
it
become enough?

When you
damn well
don't
think about it
a
bit.

In Either Direction

These puddles
on
roofs
will dry up
when the weather changes
to
warmth.

ghosts escape the casket
a pelican just gave birth
bridge jumpers cross the street
bleach is sniffed to cure a sore throat
Nick, the bartender, gave us a deal on drinks.

Recording voices
that ask for nothing
more than a free ride--

Traveling at the sound
of
200 needles falling
into
a
still bucket of water.

Some points facing north,
others
south.

not seen as the end

a symphony
in words,
my sister told me
that
she remembers
great grandparents that
I
cannot come
to
remember in the forward trip.

She remembers
the color of her dress
flowers
dog
at my great grandmothers funeral.

Where was my
grandfather?

I couldn't have one
fucking clue
to
complete the maze of a
forgotten puzzle
my
mother hasn't even tried.

Premonitions of their existential
existence,
sister harkens to,
I
believe for her beauty
and
the lives that have gone that
I
couldn't happen to become a circumstance.

The word
extended becomes a family
that
I
only know by the chance offered
by
my folks.

I can't remember
too
much.

Too much.

As their souls sink into
this earth in
one
means
or
another.

They felt love
and
anger at the same
time.

Ralph
Tessie
Ronald McDonald
MaMa
Rose
Joseph--

They fly in their own
ointments
that have been embalmed
with
reasons that find a question
and
throw some more questions
that way.

On the recliner
or a couch,
the
pictures flap forward.

I have to get some relics
or
symbolism for them.

A fishing pole
grandfather clock
rifle
blacks from browns
the fish away from the ocean
a tomato on the vine
that had no dirt,
a
necklace that was hanging from
her
wrist,
two trees that cursed a bush,
bleached hair
that graced the bathroom tile,
new spirits for old minds,
a
set of tires that got hung on a muffler

in
a
state that is situated in the middle.

We know from what
we have been told.

Even when the end
was

not seen as the end.

Resuming the Exhume

Close to
one more month
and
gas bills will
take a dip into
a
warm pool.

Trees will sprout
with
old smiles,
dirt with impeach
brown grass.

Red wax on
living room walls
with
start to boil up
like the
hot wicks
on
horny candles.

Passers by on the
street will hear
sounds of
classics
in their awaiting ears
as
60's hippies
come up with new clauses
to
rid the world of incessant violence.

Violence
in
sex
that
fucked
a
machine gun
whore.

Points taking
and
being,
warmth
as
slow
as
it

may--
will--
be,
comes
in near a month.

Let this last month
be
a
thaw to come,
cold
cold
cold

people
will return to their lives

or
resume.

resume..

resume. . .

exhume.

eye lash away

The worst
creation of my art
could very well
be my best noted,
said the young man
as
he sipped on his vodka
and
winked to the chaperone
at
the
end
of
the line--

Juxtaposed animal head
on
the human body
with
flat mechanical feet
had a feel,
as an art piece,
like none other.

I came about with
spontaneity,
much like the
subdued belches from
his
liquor freed breath.

Playing often
with
the
change in his pocket,
he began to
teeter back
&
fro
like an
unsteady cup of tea.

Yes,
the
subjective nature
to love
something which
was
once seen as an abomination.

Our human souls

at
times
have
such a surplus of passion
that
to
build beauty
from
damnation
is
only
an
eye lash away.

Metal Fan

Smell
of
Merlot stream
comes
to my bedside.

Scents of perfume
hair spray
have left with
that gators wall papered
in
a
boot sale.

Walls rattle slightly
with the
city some 30 miles
way &
monuments
such as several skyscrapers
Empire St. Bldg.
Twin Towers
World Trade Center
Chrysler Bldg.
keeping their
arms erect.

Looking
at
Wall St. West,
where gulls & other birds
fly around to
the
digestion of
potato sticks
ruben on rye
Coca-Cola.

Will board
NY bus
to
got into Port Authority,
\$2.55
for
a
fare.

From there,
we will go back to
Long Island
for a hotel

remainder of extended family
&
pastry if assured.

The branches on these bushes
trees
will soon bud into green.

On growth
on growth--

We will board the 195 at 4:29 p.m.,
bus with planes flying higher
without
training wheels
as
I go see some family.

some family.

How it remains
to
be seen,
looking
at
2 men
next
to
a
metal fan.

it found you

You know,
the man that invented the brush
or
comb
was probably the most unkempt man/woman
in
that county.
Now that's one
clean idea I would like to ponder--

Some people out there
like to raise the following question
after a discussion of Christ away from
some hallow and verbatim discussion:
"Do you think this was blasphemy?"
Absolutely not.
For a man that came to this earth,
as
God,
and one that hung in torture on slabs of wood,
I think he is too interested with what we have to say,
whether is pleases others or not.
It's God.
If he can't hear your mouth utter those
words he's going to damn well
take you thoughts for the same
ride and deposit.
There.

A dump truck full of art supplies--
Brushes
Acrylics
Oil colors
water colors (with several gallons of water)
pastels
crayons
colored pencils
pencils
pens
name it, it's in there.
This truck stops on a playground full of kids
and
dumps its contents on a blacktop of
hop scotch
dodge ball
baseball

kickball
soccer
football
naive talk
etc.
etc.
etc.
etc.

All the kids are instructed to run towards
the pile in instinct
and smash the shit out of each piece,
thus creating a madness of color viewed by few.

Is this art?

I would say so.

Instincts are best told as children
and children make some fucking great artists
whether they're glorified in traditional museums or not.

The town forgot to close-up the damn.
Now,
cursing and running to call the authorities or National Guard,
they
ready themselves for a man-made apocalypse that is
ready to ooze east, west, probably north
and most certainly south.
How could this have happened.
The man fell asleep at the controls.
People we
NEED OUR FUCKING SLEEP.

The world has taken on an
architectural structure that denotes
handrailings.
Will that prevent us from falling?
I just fell on the way to my car.
I think injuries will rest at the same rate.
What about you?

Mice burrow holes
into bean bags and make a new snack
that will become the craze of the "underground mice world."
Maybe now,
bean bags will become hip again.
You know,
mice hold one hell of a power.
If they weren't around,
we could test many other small rodents
to come up with healthy ointments for our ailments.
Ha

ha
Ha
ha.

Never tell an alcoholic there are
one hundred bottles of beer on the wall.
He won't call over his friends.

They cursed the clerk
and missed the toilet while they took a piss.
Motels lost their electricity,
the zombie man retained his mobility,
he fall like checkers in a connect four match
only to be glued to a piece of construction paper
and
hung on a refrigerator by a magnet.
Magnetism people.
It HOLDS shit TOGETHER.

Inside the instrumentation
the
cogs and inner workings started to fail.
It left me.

creators of fog

you know
about the fog
you
miserable fucks?

It's like a boil that crawls
up your ass and
launched a band of tepid dates
that
cannot find their purses.

you run into an old acquaintance,
you feel fond towards,
but the
inevitable becomes evitable
and
eats your words and utensils that take
morsels
into
mouths.

frothing around like a miserable
trap of goose intensities,
you
utter words and phrases the
other part of your brain has exhausted.

mistaken
by the nuances of your
damn head,
cocks shrivel like banana peels on wagons
and
eyes water at the thought of anymore.

it's the
blasted fog
fucking the world of personal choice.

to really break through the fog
takes much mist
and
the mist is residue.

residue comprised of
things equally as wrong.

live through the fog and
piss in your sleep,
you
may have wet spots wake you to
fond

reminders

of how the fog kept
you away from speaking to those
that
created the fog.

BROADS - GIRLS - GALS
**** little & big****

little girl
 little girl,
why have
you tripped & fallen?

Spit drooling from
the dip in top lip of mouth,
swollen nose,
you should walk
to
your seat while
boarding the airplane.

little girl,
plain old bitch goddess,
you will
soon be sent
to the sky.

Although,
the take off was
never your pill,
for the tap ran out of water
as you went for
a
fateful swallow.

little girl,
big girl soon,
speaking of pillows on flights
&
crushed ice
to Japanese women
in window seat.

little fuckin' gal,
you shouldn't kick the seat in front of you--

How you never knew
about getting a real
fucked case of the flu.

No popping sum
to the hum
of
the
forgotten sun.

little girl,
if you don't wipe that

drool from your lip
you may never be perceived as
a
big girl.

HOW

 WOW
little teeny broad,
so
shy now that you
won't be
fed a full course meal.

Speak the hell up,
little girl,
they can give you
more than one bag of pretzels.

infant little girl,
take off your shoes
count baggage lost over
the years.

We or they
don't know when
your flight
will depart.

Just keep
on
talking with
the drool
 extra pretzels
and
look for a clock
that isn't on the wall.

little girl
 little girl,

that's about
all
that needs
to
be
said.

why the glove?

The man walked home from work and lost one of his gloves in the cruelest sort of cold that could be forecasted by men in suits that run instead of jog. The weather man smoked a long cigarette and listened to the window panes at home smack and portend to know what the night weather was to bring about. Besides this, the man truly lost his glove on the way home, which was nearly a half mile. The glove represented something that wouldn't bring tears to his eyes, but would surely bring on something much more wild and treacherous than could be imagined.

Where could he have lost his glove?

Too cold to go back out and search for the glove, he decided to sleep on it in some silence and secretly retrace his tracks to figure where in the hell he could have lost his glove. Several possibilities came to mind. Maybe he didn't check his coat pockets so well. Maybe they fell out of his coat pockets after he checked for his smokes or lighter and the damn thing fell on the pavement. They were blue gloves, which he knew all too well. That wasn't any pending point to his grief or discovery of his lost glove. Although, if he were to check around any lost-n-found in the city, he would have to know what color gloves he lost.

To return to his sleep. He had a hard time trying to fall asleep, for this symbolism that was wrapped within the fibers of the glove kept him in a terrible fix to create a solution to the whereabouts of the glove. What if he couldn't find the glove he kept asking himself. In the same breath he would beat the shit out of his mind for thinking of nonsense shit. He needed to find the glove.

a laugh in our grin

They gave
me the remainder
of their
Frisco melt sandwiches
that now sit
in the refrigerator
and become hard next to
a
slice of peach pie
with
the
snow coming down
hard and easy outside.

Now,
I smuggle some more cigarettes
into
my
mouth
as I ready for a trip up east.

Back to
New York,
the first several nights in New Jersey,
getting
the
pack packed for the trip
to
see the remainder of my extended family.

Also,
fellow workers extended their grip out
and tightened my tie
for
good tithings on
a
weekend that happens to have
Valentines around the border.

The good old boys
will light cigars with their hands
while
their wives wipe their mouths
after taking down another meat treat
freezing in the freezer.

As the steps become slopes,
the flight
will get ready to take the ascent

into the skies

that
will become colder

higher.

Into the sky
where silence
is knelt down on a
pulpit

as others
below curse.

Shit,
we fucking tie our shoe laces
with
a
laugh in our

grin.

good to be human

Lou C.
was our
driver in
the escort service
from JFK to
Novotel hotel.

Talked of
the rich folks
that
didn't have
gravity to tip.

Old Italian
New Yorker
with enough heart
to
fill the souls
of
390 empty
souls in suits,
his wife loved
Hawaii
and
he loved that damn woman.

Taking time
from management positions,
he looked to the side
at
me
in the back seat
while digging a Camel Light
and
glowing a grin hearing me mention the word "broad".

He said after all
this time
driving
people around,
he just couldn't figure 'em out.

Yea.

Also,
a man from India
told him
that if one man cut another man's hand off in his home country,
he could go to the authorities and admit the crime
and pay 10 bucks for the crime.

That's that.

Even if the man with
one hand filed charges,
no way the case would go
to
court due to
the
pace of their judiciary system.

Lou C.
had
his verdict
in a life
presented many times.

He liked his sentence
with
that full head of gray hair.

His laughs
and quick asides
were truth

that made
it
good to

be human.

Descended Up The Incline

I had the thoughts
of
good love
equaling love...period.

This,
while driving down
a
drunk road
with souls drinking
and
screaming to the nearest short skirt.

She then tells
me to pull over the car.

Feels like she
has to vomit.

Quickly,
in the opening next to the
turn street
and
a
parked car
I
pull over to let her get about
her
business.

Then,
a
man in a white T-shirt is
outrunning 4 cops and 2 civilians.

Running towards the dark spaces
between
Friday evening buildings and an imminent trip
downtown
for some explaining.

Consoling her quietly and shortly,
the man comes whipping around
the east of me going up another side street
of better lit buildings and some more hope
his
feet
had
made.

Up the street,

the two civilians come down shortly
after out of breath
and
wondering what drinks this man was
served at the bar
which
had no choice.

Right then,
she rears up with saliva thick between her lips
and glazed harlequins in her eyes,
she
says she's sorry.

"No sweat,
let's get you back to my place."
I reply.

Going down the street,
running in my own regard,
how damn long did that guy really run
away from the foot police?

I wasn't there to see,
maybe he choked momentarily on
tail pipe gas that came
from
the
vehicle I was driving.

Up the street into
more Midwest bungalows
of funhouses and legal brothels,
I
went by a
deuce of clubs and looked in the rear view mirror.

Just looking

wondering

for

another view

as I descended up the incline.