

First or Last Truth

Sputtering down
The pages of yellow & white
With
Social unrest
 Dream eyeing death
Psychological tramps
Sociological treaties
Cultural coups
Investment bastards cursing lost children
And the like.

Questioning the existence
&
Meaning
Behind life is defined in the mental surrounding itself.

It's perhaps the first or last (or both)
Question
Answered in the truth.

For the Stumble

She stole the
Drinking cup
And
Tripped over
The
Golden tooth
That
Used to keep
Her mouth open.

Now,
Agape with
Pleasure
For
The lost
That could never find
Her
Back again,
She searches for something
More befitting to
Take her
Away

Into another
Stumble.

A stumble
That is
Firm,
Yet
Gentle
For
Her bones
Are her mind
And marrow failed to
Develop

For
The time.

Fornicating Drawers

Passport
In top desk drawer,
Ship – sail – plane
Shall
Someday take me
To
France – Portugal – Italy.

Plane a future
Trip to Colorado,
California will be
Around
Some time soon.

When these
Images continue to
Come into mind,
We shall scurry
&
go.

With the top drawer
&
new cities
that take
my
flesh & fornicate my mind.

GOING

I call her name,
She let's out a laugh.
I see her eyes dart from and away from me,
We get some of the point.
I speak of her face,
Her happiness is earned.
The lust is a rake of sweat,
A monorail going with our
Sounds & looks.

Going—

Into A Mind

To be a student
Of
Life.

Whether their watching you,
Or your watching them.

We watch—

Life is a move.

At each other—

The students
That take
The sketches

Into a mind.

New Again

Again the window
Is open
To
The rooftops.

Coming in through
The
Window
Like listless grocery bags
Lifted by swift winds.

Now,
As summer cool comes
&
humidity
hands like alimony
from a child's shirt,
the world will
soon
start
over
again.

Non-Descript Ones

The non-descript,
How they
Dance and fly
From
The pen.

Hitting nothing unspecific,
Yet nothing to
Be exact,
As it may seem.

Yes,
The non-descript
In their ways making those
Snide remarks &
Jokes
That come off with no offense.

When they eat,
They like no spices or
Flavor enhancements.

Their conversation is just
A
Stream or monologue of words
That travel without
Passion.

Yes,
The non-descript
Have such a dandy time.

From these to
Theirs,
How we love to see them stare.

Doing nothing to provoke
Or
Bring even one evil stare.

These,
As it has been established before,
Are the non-descript.

Once More On TV

Bending metal poles with
Bare hands
For the girls
To
Get
Flirtatious.

Tossing tires in a
Large circle
Of
Fire to get the women
Pulling at their pants.

Syndicated shows of masculine bullshit
Pouring
Numb thoughts into
The
Girl's mind &
One last jerkoff stance
For
The boy tuck away
Before the television
Set.

OVER

Past the
City bus stop,
I notice broken forties and
Lost 80's with the voices
Of
Patron saints calling for
The
Paper machine to go extinct.

Further down the
Way,
I peek into a trash dumpster behind
The rubber-stamp store and right
Before me is the yellow smiling face spelling,
"SMILE. YOU'RE ON CAMERA."

It fits
Fairly well.

On film with the
Forties and 80's
That has been shown broken
And in one piece

Over
The

Over.

PUTTING THE WHITES & PAINTS TOGETHER

Painting with the principles that shape, color and the overall aesthetic of a piece will be pleasing. The roles of adherence to techniques have faded. Due to time and the impromptu nature of paints it seems feeble to me to follow too closely to the construct of rules. Putting rules into motion, for me, is putting boundaries into being. It works and has worked for many to stick to the rules. Not for me. For to submit rules in the creative process of painting limits the final piece of art. To limit yourself shows in the piece. Look into the paints and white spaces; they will speak to you. Thus, giving you the only rules of such that you will indeed need.

Pink Vodka Sunshine

Down the side roads
And
Major intersections,
We
Made it to Tom's place
Sunday afternoon.

The expected amount
Of
Cranberried Vodka
Was dolled around
So we could head out onto the porch.

One cat
From St. Joe
Wasn't having a good run,
He
Had to part ways with the group
And
Sleep off the early AM drunk he
Took himself to.

As the heat and afternoon wore forth,
We
Talked of the pieces in the gallery of art
That worked and dabbed into the
Reasons they didn't.

I dropped off
A
Box and several pieces of plywood
That
Took me over the last several months
Of
Work.

He laughed and commented briefly.

Poked about their rough nature,
Explained the fog that was taking him on
For the last
Month.

We just sat out there in the sunshine
Watching the dull purple paint
Hang
On
My
Toe nails
While

Crazy ass Tom talked

And we talked

In

That pink vodka sunshine.

Rendered Calm

Turkey leg
Stuck in a baster,
French cut green beans
Swallowed by a fat man,
Garlic mincer
Stolen by the wine taster,
Tea maker
In the corner of abandoned bunk,
Rash causes
in the calm,
the juggle dropped
his bowling pins
as
the
women in the crowd
were rendered calm.

Sex & The World

Less is explained
About
Survival
In this “real world” than
Sex by elders.

Though,
It’s been like picking wild berries
On a
Summer tree by the baseball diamond
To
Learn about this job – rent – grocery bill jive.

Love in the bed is
Grand,
We’ll figure some
More about
This
World
Yet.

short

Hollywood movies,
NYC theaters,
Santa Fe turquoise,
Dallas smirks,
Chicago taxi cab,
New Orleans drunk.

Have you seen them today?

Watch them pass by you tomorrow.

SLOW; NICE – BOTH ?

Here on the second
Saturday in
August,
The weather outside
Would make Hawaiian
Pull out that long ago stored
Ukulele
For a tune.

The angered boys and girls
Racing in their cars or trucks
With
Back windows littered with decals like:
“Get off my ass”
“How’s my driving? Call 1-800-EAT-SHIT”
and the
boy peeing on a auto maker decal.

They race to see a movie,
Find some diversion
From their
Anger.

These young and old alike –

Christ,
Running
 Tearing
With
Such seething piss in their gums.

The vile get
Vulgar
While the slappy get stupid silly..

I’m just taking in some
Cold Pasta Primavera salad
Cola
And the fond chance
That my lover will laugh
Her giggle
As numb sunshine goes over my mind—

Slow
 &
nice.

Some Meals

Inspired youth
Of an older man,
Cigarette firm between lips
Like his
Writing and photography.

Fetching an ash tray,
Coming back to
His rolodex of work in black,
Set to talk to
Coffee shop worker of new works
&
pending deals.

This as previous dealings went
Down
With the artists pieces of collaboration
On the walls,
Bells on the door,
Trumpet – Piano players on
The
Overhead speaker.

Deals gone down,
Deals that are
Going to do down here in
The
City where
We look &
Wait for
Some meals.

Soren's IQ

Took my
1st IQ test
yesterday.

From a 1978 book,
On
The coffee table we went.

Listened to the trucks go by outside,
Timed the walls
And scratched my feet.

Finished the
Intelligence Quotient
And started in on the Diary of Soren Kierkegaard—

Soren you . . .
You . . .
Smart bastard you.

THE PRICE LIST

JIM RAY BOB
MET EL SYDO
AT THE DELI SHOP,
LOOKED FROM THE SIDE OF HIS EYES
&
UTTERED A “GRRRR”—

THEN CAME IN MORT
SPEAKING OF
THE
KING & HIS
COMPLETE WORK OF UNIT 45
AND THE PEPTO SYSTEM.

MORT WAS CROSSED BY MAUD
WHO PRAISED WOODY & STELLA
FOR THEIR
EFFORTS IN RESTORING UNIT 7
AND RECOGNIZING THE LONG LOST PSYCHO BABBLE.

ACROSS THE STREET
IN A LIBRARY,
SPAZ & FRIDA WERE FOUND IN UNISON
SAYING
“OH BABY” LOOKING AT AN ARCHIVED PHOTO OF
BIG UNIT 23 INSTALLED BY BUBBA AND SOCCER MOM.

EPILOGUE

WE SHOULDN'T OVERLOOK THE
EFFORTS OF HELEN & TROY IN THEIR
UNIT 15 LOVE
THAT GAVE JIM BOB
HOPE & RED SOME GALLOP IN HIS KICK.

The Quethoaf's

The que
Que
Ques
Questions—

Those que
Que
Ques
Questions.

And again,
Tho
Tho
Thos
Those
Questions.

All
Af
Af
Aft
After the . . .

Through I Go

Afternoon,
The Midtown traffic
Is
Moving like a
Make on a mark—

A tattered man
Slumped over
Matted black hair
Crooked glass ware
Dashes toward the crosswalk
Before my car
That was going over 25 MPH—

I come to a stop,
Look at a black family
Next to me in the turn lane—

He then darts
Into the other stream of traffic
Slunched,
Elbows up over ears to hold
Back the trumpets of the world.

Laughing,
I roll through the red light.

Through the
Reds
I go.

Today Heat -- Give Us

Unstained pieces of
Bleach tan 4"X2" stick
Out the side window of the
House off State Line,
Missouri side.

Black and white men
Moving in sweat about,
Bring the sense of reason
To remodeling
&
dreaming of the downfall
Bob Vila would soon have.

Locusts taking
To their flight from street corners,
Moving with
The people that hurry like
A
Candle on a drowning ship.

Putting decision
Aside,
Walking now is the decision
With
The flight of insects &
Planks of wood that
Hang loud in the
Heat
Today has given.

Wrestling & Urine

She told me
She heard on the radio
That the radio station was giving away
Wrestling ticket in the
Hardware store parking lot.

Heading in that direction,
We pull in next
To
The
X-radio van and catch some
Promo guy calling the
Spinsters at the “station”—

Several minutes go by,
Beeps the off to this phone,
Pulls out an envelop and
Tells us that
We got his last pair.

“They went fast,” he said.

“Great. Their for a friend,” I respond.

Called the friend shortly,
He traveled out to pucker up
The
Good—

While he was there,
We gave him a nudy magazine to
Take a look at.

I included him in a small survey
Of
Males that find women pissing nude in
Photos
Attractive.

He looked at the
Blond gobo on her head,
Vagina cocked forward,
Pissing into her mouth
Next to the left-side picture
Of
Her pissing in a bidet.

Hell,
I’m a devout fan of urination
But
These broads pissing in the name of eroticism?

At first,
I thought
It was some game.

Now,
I've heard enough to know that this is the
New porno fad—

Yea,
Give me some bell bottoms
Pac-Man lunch pail
A hula hoop
And some gum that has that
Corn syrup liquid in the middle.

These are fads I can hand with.

This pissing thing is the shits,
Baby.

YELLOW POLE BALL

Engine injured,
The man in the mask
Brought a glass of clouds to offer
The little children that
Scooped the afternoon into
A
Gravel cup.

The grown-ups could do
Nothing
But
Smile
As
The
Nine lives were lost by
The
Invalids.

Swinging
Swinging
With the
Yellow
Ball on the pole.

A CROW

The tan crow
Was perched on a suspended
Log in the
Corner of the kitchen.

He would peer – squawk – generally make his presence
Known when needed.

He would fly onto my arm
Take food from my hands
And
Let other in on his thought process.

Woe & unbroken—

The plump tan crow
Was in the corner
Of
The
Room.

Approximately 7:24PM EST – 8/2/98 -- Flight 1525 from Detroit International Airport to KCI . . .
What was seen today – Parts of the previous 2.

A little Chinese girl standing next to pillar in a terminal with a heart and the word "Love" below it
Hot dogs that deserved a good mouth and more mustard
25 screws holding down a panel of metal on the wing of this plane
An elmo stuffed animal hanging from a leather noose
A Madonna look alike
Dark coffee a Muslim would enjoy
Helpless looks from domestic travelers
The Chicago Tribune want ads in the Sunday paper
My ink pen that was leaking on a piece of paper
A cloud shelf and light whites and blues that watched over the landscape
Heard a woman in from of me speak of African travels
Fires in the back of an Italian restaurant
Ginger Ale that melted ice quicker than butter
Incidents that had no love songs
Eyes that flashed my way in that familiar way
An overnight cop with a bartending habit
Women that ferment alcohol
Patches of land that looked like an ocean
A Cuban man with an Asian girl
Small bicycles
A woman with a limp
Out of tune piano keys in the withering light
A birch drinking a patch of underground water
Nights that resembled days
Laughter that had cause
Rings that didn't come from doorbells
Shots I have since forgotten

THESE—

THESE—

AS THEY COME TO AN END.

Approximately 10:17AM – 7/31/98 – Flight 436 to Detroit, Michigan from KCI Airport . . .
Things the world will do below me while I'm in flight.

Sue a school teacher
Cook poached eggs
Feed an iguana and hit a dog
Vomit the last vodka shot
Air a car tire
Smash a large rock
Fuck a friend
Injure a road sign
Shave a full head of hair
Call the Wendy's customer comment line
Spill orange juice into the keys of a typewriter
Show with vinegar
Pass new legislation few will hear about
Draw a fictional dinosaur with a white name
Pop a basketball
Run down a street nude
Invest money in a stock that will fail this afternoon
Bleed into an IV for someone else that will need it
Buy a winning lottery ticket
Divide two numbers so large they won't fit on this page
Wash a broken wineglass
Piss in a backyard
Blow-up a building
Kill another person for no reason
Write a ransom note
Invent a new disease
Rent Spice World "The Movie"
Ask someone what toe jam looks like
Build a bike
Wreck a VW bug
Give birth to an elephant
Spill jam on a naked nipple
Cut the pat off a Porter House in a grocery store
Make a phone call to a lost love committing incense
Put a fit up & think about a turkey sandwich
Manufacture a dildo in a third world sweatshop
Paint a poodle
Pour cement into the base of a new malt shop opening soon
Eliminate another animal on the list of endangered species
Congratulate a MORON
Spill soup on a plate of crab Rangoon
Shit in a stool that will overflow
Lose a sentimental coffee mug
Look at the sun through a telescope
Rape the clock at work
Holler at nothing
Cook StoveTop and invite a 3rd aunt over to eat it
Spill motor oil on a detailed map of New Mexico
Run over a small robin
Think up another fucking bad Batman movie plot line
Cook a boiled chicken that will taste like steak
Drink Mr. Clean solvent on accident and call the Poison Control Center
Break a toilet plunger

*Swing on a new swing set
Curse the existence of Hot Wheels
Hustle to a Jazz tune while the coffee boils
Look into the sky and see this airplane
Rig a sporting event
Buy a package of Tums
Break a vase
Watch another "lost episode" of the Brady Bunch
Create an anarchist
Paint another picture of a barn
Reinvent another form of sliced bread
Fall down a well and yell for help
Light a cigarette with the filtered end out
Print a warning to be posted on the front of a junkyard
Come up with a new saying like: "I'm the hype you hip homey" and stamp them into bumper stickers
Muhammad Ali will eat something
A young woman will water a dry plant
Rain will flood a drain ditch
A group of monks will reassure themselves when the end of the world will come
An asteroid will be shot down in a video game
A kid won't talk to anyone except him- or herself
A poem will be published
Fires will be started on beaches
Someone will put air freshener in a Jeep
Someone will coup eating Sugar Babies too quickly
A pitcher of tea will be consumed by a small person in one setting
Piece of furniture will be put on a curb
A survivor will remember the Holocaust
One sperm will hit that damn luck egg
Come up with a new way to use Velcro
Cook okra in olive oil
Watch a Popeye cartoon
Build a flight of steps
Like the end of a balloon like it's a nipple
Draw black circles around a pair of knees
Lose a pair of eyeglasses
Find a pair of eyeglasses
Find more pepper for the tuna casserole
Cut down a forest of trees*

BY THE WAY – THIS FLIGHT WILL LAST AN HOUR-AND-A-HALF

*Burn a Tommy Hilfiger shirt
Piss over a bridge
Choke on a lump of autolyzed yeast
Trip over a chunk of sidewalk
Sell a monkey to the circus
Rob an ATM machine
Lose a sack of marbles
Lift a stature with a crane
Crack a whip for a girl named Amy
Someone will buy a briefcase and a carton of Pall Malls
Dial 6-1-1 instead of 9-1-1
Come out of a coma
Sign another no talent musician into a big budget film contract
Pollute the ocean with 300lbs. Of mini pretzels*

Give Ross Perot more money
Perform an acoustic raggaie concert
Ban smoking in another public place
Get a roll of clown photos developed at a 1-hour photo
Lose 274,987,000 ballpoint pens
Digest 900,000 cups of tomato juice
Go on strike at a stuffed animal plant
Release a new musical CD of a struggling artist
Look at the moon
Run a teenager off the road in rural America
Ban another nudie movie from a video store
Pick teeth with toenails
Throw away a 2-day old paper
Smoke 311,639,017 cigarettes
Predict the next large volcano to hit Hawaii
Market the newest taco
Report that the world has a safe supply of ice cubes
Hail an off-duty cab
Write "I know about soups" 200 times on a chalkboard

**THE PLANE IS BEGINNIN THE DESCENT.
THE WORLD MAY RESUME.**

A – O

Heading into
Week 9 of unemployment,
Mondays are Fridays,
The hiring faces and stolid suits
Should take up
Psychology or the fine art
Of
Lab testing.

The pulse is
Mostly weak,
Their spitting on my soul
And
Losing my shoes.

Clouds break for
The sun,
The sun breaks for
Reasons we shouldn't know.

Now,
This thoughts of knowing
I need some cash
&
no re-sale needs.

Oxygen in breath,
Something
Between the alpha and the omega.

Bald Men Jobs

He was
Standing on
A
Pivotal spot in
The intersection
Scooping fries from
A
Bag into his mouth.

A human vulture lifting the mouth
Open
To
The light of hunger
As
Growling cars went by
In
The ritual below
The
Store top signs.

As I passed the
Man,
He looked forward to cross the walk,
Though
His blank look had
Nothing in particular.

Going on down the road,
My vehicle spit
To
Get into 3rd gear—

Concrete of humidity,
The day was wearing on—

Driving to meet
Some
Famished bald men about
Another job.

Birds & Wind

The morose faces
Approach me
With pails full of bird seed.

Looking at me,
With the strength
Of
2 forest rangers evacuating a park,
they look to me for some
bird seed.

Neither asking nor denying their
Non-verbal woes,
I lead them to my truck.

Holding in my
Mind
Thoughts of another land that I have visited briefly,
I turn around and begin flapping
My wings or arms.

They stand silent
With
Smiles.

We understand—

The birds will make
It even if the wind won't.

By The Voices

Standing at the counter
As the remiss
Teachers, counselors and principals
Pass by me without a word.

Children sipping punch
High school kids giggling over champagne—

At this Annual Conference
Of the United States Department of Education,
A
Unanimous vote was reached.

Junior High
Was
Officially outlawed by
The
Voices.

Cigarette Sheets

While sitting in
The
Business of coffee,
A man mad with
Fright in the eyes
Came by
&
ripped out
a
page I had just written on.

They were words such as
This,
Yet different.

Now gone,
To be read – eaten – burned
Rippled like flesh
By the man
That knew
Thievery of paper
And
Not cigarettes.

Damned Experts

Watched a
Segment on
A
Morning variety show
Today.

Before 9:00AM,
An interview awaiting downtown,
2 men put together a
book
about the fallacy of experts.

Comparing the quotes of
“Experts, economists, congressmen and Presidents”
--the like.

They were proven wrong by their quotes
And subsequent results.

They said many would say
What would not come to be true.

Such as:
“Before the 1929 stock market crash, words
were passed by economists rally to the skins of a strong economy”

Then the crash came.

The point—
Don't trust experts.

Around the ballpoint of experts on a variety of subjects—
WRONG.

Again,
The children have their hopes dashed in the truth.

Hardly to trust their parents,
The experts are false.