

Joe files XXXVII
HALF AND HALF.
WE SIMPLY CALL IT GLASS

INTO THOUGHT

Animals
Hidden under
The bed.

Dogs hopping around
Wondering why so many faces are
Inside and red.

Books and passing cars
Listening to our existence
Move some more
In
Time.

Our laces tied
While the sounds of our world
Turns into
100 cats hissing all at once.

The beauty
Of
That sound,
The anger in their tails.

Food cold in
The
Refrigerator,
Walks become runs
As the
Talk dissolves
Into thought.

JUST AS QUICKLY

THE WORDS
DON'T COME OUT OF HIS MOUTH
WITH THE FLUIDITY IT ONCE HAD BEFORE,
THE POWERS OF OBSERVATION HAVE TAKEN ABOUT THE
URBAN SCENERY
SANDWICHED ABOUT THE APPROACHING
TOWERS OF CONCRETE
GLASS
LOOKING OVER YOUR SHOULDERS,
WIPING AWAY THAT
MEATBALL SURPRISE.

COLLECTING GUMPTION IN THE
CORNER LIKE
A
BUM,
THE SMOOTH FLOW COMES BACK JUST
AS
QUICKLY.

LAUGHTER OF THE OLD MAN

I shook the
Old Italian's hand.

The look and silent senility of
A
Man that has seen much and is
Sickened by his illness that
Teaches his bones and flesh
For a life of years that has brought him to this
Christmas feast.

Beaten,
Yet comforted in this time
By his
Surroundings.

He took down a glass
Of wine,
No water with his meal.

Talks over roast
Turkey
Lasagna
Fruity sauces.

He looks,
Grumbles here
And
There.

The only real response
Was laughter when his wife
Wound up a crystal ball with
An angel and snow within.

His laughter almost
Sent me over the edge in the
Silence of
Unwrapping the gift tidings.

The old man,
The food,
All that in-between,
Outside of the city
Inside while
The shrubs collect frost here
On the
Holiday of the eve
Before Christmas.

Where laughter was replacing the
Merriment.

LIGHTS IN MY EYE

I SAW HER
MOVING BEFORE THE ROW
OF
YELLOW
YELLOWED
WHITE
LIGHTS THAT WERE STRUNG ALONG
THE
LENGTH OF THE DRIVEWAY
LIKE
A
PITCHER OF SPILLED MILK
WARMING FOR THE
CATS
IN
THE
COOL
COOL
COLD
COOL
CAT NIGHT.

BOUNCING TO THE MAIL
AND
COMING BACK WITH THE YOUTHFUL
SALSA
OF
98 BAGS OF CHIPS
READY TO BE DEVoured BY
BOY SCOUT TROOP 316.

INDIGNANT,
WIPING THE NOSE OF THE REST OF THE
WASTE GIVEN BY NOISY MOUTHS,
SHE
CAME
UP THE DRIVE,
TORE INTO THE
OPENING

SPOKE
WITH THE EYES,
MOVED LIKE
A
WOMAN.

AS
A
WOMAN
WITH HER FACE
EYES

NECK
TEETH
AND ALL THOSE OTHER THINGS
THAT TASTE OF
SWEAT WHEN THE SUN
HAS GONE DOWN.

YES A WOMAN,
AS
A
WOMAN

IN ALL THIS FLESH

SHE MOVED BEFORE THE LIGHTS IN
MY EYE.

LIPS AND THE HOOK

I REMEMBER IN
THE FOURTH GRADE
A NEW KID WAS COMING TO OUR CLASS.

JUST ANOTHER KID
IN CLASS.

COULD BE A PEACH
OR COULD BE POISON.

INSTEAD,
JEREMY HUTTON WAS THE KID WITH A
HOOK FOR HIS RIGHT ARM.

THIS KID ALWAYS
HAD A NASTY ATTITUDE.

IN THE BEGINNING,
I WONDERED WHY.

AS TIME WENT ON
I KNEW HE PUT OFF THIS AFFRONT TO
STICK UP FOR HIMSELF.

I WAS NEVER A GOOD FRIEND OF HIS,
NOR DID I JOIN IN WITH THE OTHERS
TO BANTER AND ROUSE
WITH USELESS "ONE ARM BANDIT" JOKES.

IS WAS ALWAYS THREATENED BY WHAT
THAT HOOK WOULD DO TO ME
IF HE FELL ON ME HARD OR
TOOK A HEALTH SWING AT MY FACE.

SOME MORNINGS,
I WOULD ACT OUT MY BATHROOM TIME
AND MY WALK TO THE BUS STOP LIKE I HAD
ONLY ONE ARM TO SEE WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE
FOR JEREMY TO LIVE OUT ALL OF HIS DAYS.

MY ROLE PLAYING.

MY UNDERSTANDING OF HIS EXISTENCE
TO A CERTAIN DEGREE.

IT HAS TO BE TOUGH SHIT.

OR JUST SHIT.

JEREMY AND THE
HOOK,

HE HOOKED ME AND FOUGHT
WITH MORE GUTS THAN ALL THE PISS
JOKES FROM ALL THE ROUGH AND COOL KIDS
THAT LIFTED THEIR LIPS.

LISTENING TO THE SOUNDS

YOU DO THE
SIGN OF THE CRUCIFIX
WITH YOUR FINGERS,
I
DO THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

YOU FALL DOWN ONTO YOUR
KNEES,
I LAND STRAIGHT ON MY BACK.

YOU STAND ON THE BALLS
OF YOUR FEET,
I
STAND WITH THE SKY ABOVE
ON THE
CROWN OF MY HEAD.

YOU SPEAK OF HOW THE
TURKEY WAS,
I SPEAK OF HOW THE MAN
IN THE BACK OF THE BUS HAD THE
MOST ASSURED SMILE ON HIS
FACE THAT I HAD SEEN ALL DAY.

YOU CALL YOUR COMPADRES AND
ANNOUNCE HOW THE COAST WAS
OR WHY THE TEAM DIDN'T DO AS
WELL AS YOU IMAGINED,
I
SIT WITH MY REASONS FOR THE SILENCE
AS THE SIRENS SCREAM ON THE
SCENES BELOW
AND
DWELL FAR AWAY FROM
WHERE THE REAL CONTRACTS ARE
BOUGHT AND SOLD.

SIGNATURES IN BLACK
YOU SIGN,
MINE IN RED AND BLUE.

YOU SITTING THERE,
I LAYING DOWN RIGHT WHERE IT
FEELS WARM . .

TUNING OUT THE
NOISES,
LISTENING TO THE SOUNDS.

LOST WORDS

I PULLED DOWN THE NOTBOOK
AND LOOKED FOR THE
WORDS THAT WERE THERE ONCE BEFORE.

INSTEAD OF WORDS,
IT HAS BEEN REPLACED BY
PICTURES.

PICTURES OF COMMERCIAL INSIGNIAS
AND
OTHER TRINKETS OF SURPRISE
THAT
ARE NARROW ON THE EYE
FOR
THE
RED AGAINST THE BLACKS.

THE BLACKS,
DESPECKLED IN THEIR FERVROR
FOR
MORE
REDS.

THE COLORS SWALLOWING THE COLORS
AND
THE
WORDS HIDING FOR A LITTLE RECLUSE MEDITATION
ON
THE
DAY THEY CALL SUNDAY
AND
THE
DAY THEY UTTER ONLY WHEN
YOU'RE AWAY
AND
CAN ONLY HEAR THE WINDS
OF
LOST WORDS.

MARVELING WISHBONES

I see caramel colored stairwells that
Shoot above my head
While the building holds
Its
Grimace for the winds that come
About
Like jacks of a trade off for a month
From
Their
Bondage of work
And toil.

It's the mother singing
But the world
Sees her as a wife
And a
Woman of beauty away from he
Pots
Pans
Pastas
Pepperonis and
pandemonium
That comes along the dashing runway
Of
Feet.

It's the rainbow colored man that knows not
Who his father is or
Where his mother has gone to.

His skin of pure colors that dance on
The peoples eyes
As he answers the questions from the
Whites, blacks and yellows.

He knows how to play the fiddle and the women
All line up to have his child
For the
Mixture of the chromosomes would be one hell of a match
For a child to come up with
In this world of solid colors.

Yes,
It's the plumber that lost his job
Driving down the roadway with his empty thermos and a smile coming over the palms
Of his mouth.

He knows there is more out there
And he will see that more as the little ones
Gave him his pass to the other side.

The old woman who
Saddles up to the piano after 27 years to play an
Old familiar tune that she believed had slipped from her mind
Plays the tune so well that she forgets
She is the one actually playing the tune.

Once she is through at the keys,
She stands to go turn off the radio that was never turned on in the
First place.

There is also a small boy in a Cuban restaurant sweeping up the
Remains that have been one with the floor and
More with the nights,
Dreaming of how he will get away from Castro and
Into a chance at the American dream.

He thinks Elvis is cool and
That Dali was that man who would always appear in his dream as though floating in a mirage
On the sand waving a cold soda,
Yet disappearing
As he
Would get close.

Yes,
This little one in Cuba
Will become the next leader of the Dominican Republic
And he doesn't even know it as of now.

These and the spokes of stories
That fall along the
Motorcycle wheel crushing
The
Broken mirrors into more bits and
Taking all the wishbones for the stars
That didn't make it down through
The
Marveling skies.

MIDDLE OF THE FLOOR PLAN

WE WELCOME
YOU
INTO THIS REALITY.

YOU THINK OF—
“DID I MAKE THE RIGHT DECISION?”

FIRST MISTAKE.

YOU SHOULD ASK—
“HOW LONG CAN I LAST.”

RED VIENS ON EYE BALLS
ARE
AS
NATURAL
AS
THIRST.

SHOES ARE ALWAYS OPTIONAL,
WE PREFER YOU SPEAK OUT
OF
ORDER
EITHER
LOUD OR SOFT.

MUSICIANS IN PANATONE,
LIGHTS ARE LOW,
THE NIGHT IS ANOTHER DAY,
VINEGAR
WASHES THE HAIR CLEAN,
PEANUT BUTTER HOLDS
TOGETHER WOOD,
RIFLES ARE INK PENS,
BLACK IS MAROON,
DOSTOYEVSKY EAR DRUM BONES
ARE IN OUR CLOSET IN
A
SHOE BOX,
DEMONS DANCE WITH ANGELS,
LOCKS ARE OPEN DOORS,
LONGEVITY WILL BE YOUR DEFINITION OF
CHOICE AND
UNOPTIONAL AS BREATH.

COME INSIDE,
WE DON'T MIND IF YOUR SHOES
LIE IN
THE

MIDDLE OF THE FLOOR.

& MORE

Tossing fingers over
The
Glass and ivory
The incense kids will
Buy.

Relishing in the total
Sum of the less
In
Their eyes
Screaming for more
&
more
&
more
&
more.

NEXT TO YOUR HAND

Black robe
Past 10:30PM in the dimly
Lit room
With the rag time Jazz playing over the old speakers
That have
Heard more tunes than a Queen dwindling away on
Her death bed.

The gray carpet below hides
The
Beauty of the wooden floors that used to shine with such
Glee
As though
The
Eggs were cooked at the right temperature
As the grease bubbles
Burned the hand and
Woke up the morning face.

Yes,
And the
Darts of desire go into
The
Threes and nines
Of the
Board that hangs on the other end of
The
Consciousness
That
Comes like a dream in
The
Murky dusk.

Yes,
The doves on the grass
And
The
Billboard that weaned in the sun as the purveyors
Forgot to pay their monthly bill for the announcement
that would
Come
With such an
Abysmal ease.

This
We
And
I offer
As we slip into another hour
As

The
Small animals feel big
And
Gumption was as close as
the glass of orange juice next
To your hand.

NEXT YEAR AS YOU HAVE BEEN SHOWN

Timid boyish
grin of Elvis looking
on the side of the window today.

Timid girlish curl
of her straight hair
that moves away from my gaze.

Timid little bits
of
this and more of that
which
become in this
end of 1998
and
more of the bits
and pieces that shall become of the next
year

the next year

the next year..the next year..the next year..the next year..the next
year..the next year

and on as you have been shown.

NO TIME FOR NO TIME

“SO, WHAT’S YOUR MAKE OF
TIME AFTER 31 YEARS ON THIS PLANET?”

“WHAT. HOW DO YOU MEAN?”

“WHAT DOES TIME MEAN FOR YOU
AND HOW DOES IT FEEL 31 YEARS LATER?”

“IT’S GOING FAST. VERY FAST.”

“YEA. I HEAR THAT QUITE A BIT.
DO YOU SEE THIS AS A BAD THING?”

*“NOT IN PARTICULAR. IT SEEMS TO FIT
WITHIN THE NATURAL FLOW OF THINGS.
HOW CAN WE ALTER THIS.
IT’S THE MIND THAT KEEPS THE EXCITEMENT AND FULFILLMENT
ALIVE.
TIME IS ONE THING THAT MAN HAS NO BOUNDS TO MESS WITH.”*

“SURE. MY MOTTO IS ‘I HAVE NO TIME FOR NO TIME,
SO LETS HAVE SOME MORE TIME.’”

“BARTENDER – MAKE THAT TWO DOUBLES.”

NOT MY FLEET

FOR IF
THEY ARE THE CRAFTIER,
IS THAT THEIR VICE?

IN THE VIRTUE
OF BLIND TIDINGS,
THE IGNORANCE LIFTS AN APPLAUSE
AS HIGH AS THE
RECTOR CAN OVERLOOK.

INCANDESCENT WITH A
GLOW THE GODS
CAN MARVEL FOR.

THE NIGHT IS CALLED NIGHT
FOR THAT WAS
THE
TERM CHOSEN.

ENGLAN NEVER CHOSE FRENCH FOR
THE
PROVINCE WENT AS FIRST COME
FIRST SERVE.

SERVE MOTHER FIRST,
RECTIFY
YOUR SOUL ALONG THE WAY,
PLANT SOME WEEDS,
LAUGH ALONGSIDE
THE
TULIP ROW.

FOR RIDICULOUS IS CRAFTY,
THE SOFT-FOOTED
ARE NOT
MY

FLEET.

NOW FEELING

You cancelled your bills
And
Made the decision to do
What should have been done
Some years back.

Though,
Those years taught you enough
To know that conviction is
Sure as breath
And
That tomorrow comes with
A
Lease
That lost its binding.

Looking on through that
Clean window down the road
That breaths with all the other souls that
Took a long suck off the
Intake that had time to come.

Yes,
You cancelled the trash pick-ups and
Telephone connection for
Another sort of trash and talk.

Down
Oh down
Brother

On down the road
As
The
Swans speak into your ear
And
The word summer had a new meaning.

A new meaning for it didn't have to be a season.

It was now a feeling.

NUTS CRACKING

The President
Finished his Christmas shopping.

The insane in their cold dream of
A
Warm meal.

The jubilant laugh
And spilt wine over the carpeting of the
World.

We here in
The unfrozen frolicking with
Trinkets below fingers and
Lover where the mind has
Left the blankets for
A
Time.

Senators find time
To prepare for court,
The country moves
To the
Nutcracker suite.

Trykowski
Is you were
Here to hear the laughter.

OF HUMAN OR ANIMAL

Ice cycles
wrapped around the trelises
of
the wood overhangs,
the
footprints in the snow have
a
distinct feel
as though I have crossed these paths before.

The dogs breath has
been silenced
as the cats crawl into my lap
for more time on
the
intonation of time.

Insane thoughts crossing the
intersection of
dreams
on
television sitcom
sets,
the
stars come over to make sure that the coffee
still remains warm and
that
the
sunshine is still hot outside.

Swimming inside and out from the
dreams and wake that
cross the snow that comes down from the
pouring bucket above,
we
rise

we sleep

we become what we become
while the rest of the world
crosses
those familiar footsteps with either tire
tracks or
those paces born
of either human

or

animal.

ON THE FLOOR

We breath,
Scrape our skins,
Listen to hot air seep.

Waiting,
Hearing the bangs lay silent on
The ground.

Stuck.

Bonded.

Ramshackled.

Restricted.

Inside.

No vehicle.

Cold skies.

Karma went to another state or
Town
To
Let us go.

ONE COMBINATION

Frail vertigo,
Sorcery was always their
Way to spell revenge
Without
Having to try that hard.

Numb footsteps,
The wind out back
Has a different temperature
Than the rain that falls in the front of
The structure.

Hexed instinct,
Jellies and wines were mixed together
For a feast that would come together only once
A year
For all the fish that could
Outswim the barracuda.

Dracula and their vampires
Sucking the hair from
Shelley's legs,
Dr. John and Count Basie
Reincarnated in a New Orleans bar
That closes just past six central time in the morning.

Busted pinkie toes,
The
Bathroom was more than just a place to
Meet for the women
That lost their men and found each
Other in the lampshade miracle of each other.

No where left to go,
You seek,
Then
They
Believe.

ORANGE BULBS

I PAINTED MORE THAN ONE
PUMPKIN THIS
SILLY FALL SEASON.

ONE TOO MANY I TELL YOU.

COULD IT BE THE RETURN
TO THE SUBURBS?

OR,
IS IT THE FACT THAT
THERE HAVE BEEN BRUSHES
 PAINTS
PUMPKINS
ABOUT ME?

WE WON THE CONTEST,
ATE A BOX
OF
DOTS.

THEN,
HEADED FOR
AN EARLY EVENING FLIGHT.

INTO THE SKY,
AWAY FROM THE
ORANGE BULBS DOWN BELOW.

OUTSIDE MOTEL BLIZZARD

Stuck in
Blizzard aftermath,
1999,
Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Dead car,
Over a thousand miles from home,
We may stay another night in
The
Motel.

Two cats in this room,
Heat seeping up into our
Talk,
Our dead car is getting stacked with
Wind
Snow.

Below zero outside,
The remains of rubeens and Greek salads
Drone scents in the
Trash can
Below three lights.

Nothing moving
But us and toy mice,
The McDonald's is closed,
Taco hut pulled their beans into the back
As
The
Dreams and working cars
Move outside
Our
Locked
Door.

OVER THE WATER TOWER

Water tower
Next to the
House
In the
Groups of houses
That look like
Houses and
Have
The
Same
Front doors and
Plain color
Coats of
Paints.

Water tower full of
That
Water
And flat regular paint
With the name of the
City in black
As
It
Sits there with all the
Reserves
And
Regular drinking
Water
You
Me
The butler
And
Matron of honor would
Drink
As
The
Water gurgles and runs about in tirades
Circles of fluids.

Water tower above
The ground of grass that has since lost the green hue
That made the kids on skateboards
Trampolines
And bikes
Giggle with joy
As now the grass has died
For another shade of browns
That strangle all the other potential
Shades that hang
About.

Water tower
In the town watching the headlines
Of local papers
And the empty wine bottles of
Blown conversations
Flippant laughter
And
Long teeth that narrowed in on the stalk of corn.

Water tower in
The
Background
Watching the flashing lights
Of the tow truck go to a sale
The recipient would
Rather not pay.

Water tower
Water tower
Water tower
Over
And
Over

Over.

PIECES OF LAND

WE KNOW
IT
NOT TO
BE
STRANGE.

WE HAVE GROWN
UP IN THIS
COUNTRY.

OUR WHOLE LIFE
HAS
BEEN CALLED
TO
THE
STORIES EITHER IN DEPTH
OR
INPASSE.

HALF A WORLD AWAY
THE
PALESTINES AND PEOPLE OF
DIFFERENT VALUES THAT
THE REST OF THIS COUNTRY
HUDDLE IN DIRTIED PAPERS
LISTENING TO BOMB SIRENS
HEED
THEIR
BEATING HEARTS.

WAITING FOR THE
DOMESTIC PLANES
TO
DROP FOOLISHNESS,
THEY
KNOW
THEIR HUMAN EMOTIONS AND
THE
DEBAUCHERY THAT COMES
WITH
GOVERNEMENT OF ANY LAND.

ERECTED TO KEEP
ORDER,
ON THE OTHER LINE,
ASKEWED TO TAKE AWAY THE
ONLY
RIGHT WE HAVE IN THIS LIFE:
OUR WILL TO LIVE.

THESE PEOPLE,
OUR PEOPLE.

GHANDI IS GONE
MOTHER THERESA PASSED FROM OUR EYES.

RUSSIAN WRITERS WITH THEIR REMAINS
IN A SPACE CAPSULE.

BRAZIL, JAPAN, RUSSIA, FRANCE AND THE UNITED STATES
BEGAN BUILDING THE SPACE STATION IN THE
SKY.

THAT MAY BE THE ONLY ALTERNATIVE
AS WE
SPEAK OF NOT JUDGING OTHERS
AND
KILL IN THE IRONICAL TONE THAT
DEAFENS THE EAR DRUMS.

PEACE THEY SAY . . .
AS WE SPILL BLOOD FOR
THESE PIECES OF LAND.

POCKET OF FACES

AN ANIMATED
REPRESENTATION
OF THE CARTOON COCK
SLIPPING THE CONDOM
ON-AND-OFF.

BRINGING SOME FUCKS A GOOD
GUIDE
TO
SEX.

THE CROWDS CHEER WHEN THE TISSUE
AND SOILED CONDOM
HIT
THE
TRASH CAN.

WE APPRECIATE THIS
FROM THE CONDOM COMPANY
SHOWING THOSE HOW TO GET IT ON
WHEN
GETTING IT OFF—

A POCKET FULL OF FACES OUT THERE.

POLTERGEIST COLORS

THE GREEN
YELLOW
WHITE AND RED SPOTS
WOULD FLOAT AROUND IN THE BLACK,
LURCHING IN THE SAME WAY THOSE AMOEBAS
AND SOFT FLOATING CELLS
WOULD FLOAT ACROSS THE CLOSED EYES
WHEN THINKING ABOUT
THE
THOUGHTS IN THE MIND.

LIKE A TELEVISION CLICKED ON AFTER THE OLD
NATIONAL ANTHEM HAD WRAPPED UP
ON THE LOCAL
CHANNEL,
THE COLORS FLASING
AND
THE CELLS MOVING
AS ANOTHER LEVEL OF THOUGH WOULD
FORGET ABOUT SLEEP
AND
THE STEAKS WOULD CONTINUE TO
THAW ON THE
COUNTER TOPS ACROSS THE
FLAT LANDS THAT LIE IN A GROANING
TWIST
WAITING FOR THE ACTION TO COME.

ALTHOUGH,
WHEN THAT
ACTION WOULD COME,
MANY WOULD THINK ABOUT CALLING THE COPS OR
CUT IT SHORT BY THE
WROND END OF THE MIRACLE
WAITING
WAITING
WAITING FOR
THE
CELLS TO BE STITCHED TOGETHER
IN
A
TAPESTRY OF FRESH CELLS
FLOATING ACROSS THE
WHITE
WHITE
RED
YELLOW
BLACK
EYE BALLS.

PRODUCTION OF RECOGNIZING

We the Directors of this
production as the
replica of Michealangelo's Delphic Sibyl
hangs on the wall.

We the producers
as the black spokes of
bicycle trees wait cold in the winds and decree
of opening winter buds
in Ferndale, Michigan.

We the actors
as the next bottle of red wine waits
on the counter uncorked to gather
fresh scents of better tastes
and puckers that will be kind to the soul.

We the key grip as we
silence each sound in the wind
tunnel that extends past the water and
below the city we dwell
we dwell
we bury with the leaves that are called time.

We the script writers
that count the lines allotted to all the
actors in the
lights that will burn the stage in
such whites and make-up mirages
that the crowd will rejoice as though nothing
else has taken place on that stage since
the Shakespearean folks left until next spring.

We the editors coming in with finger that fornicate
with pens and minds that have an idea of how the idea should be expressed
and how the conjunctions will mingle
just so with the past participles.

We the second assistants to the Director
that feel our day will come when respect
is never ending for works well done
and the grapes will taste of sugar peaches
and the trees will never die as the summer becomes fall.

We the assistants to the production
that aren't flashed on the closing credits
as the people
belch – scratch -- think – move – remove –
and
involve more and more

in recognition.

PURPLE HEARTS IN PAPER; MORE THAN TWO WILL GO

I found the piece
of paper stuck in the melted ice
of
previous storms that had
chance to rain on the cold
of
lost parades.

It had one message,
"The purple heart."

I was going to purchase
my father the purple heart dog tags
at the Army and Navy store,
though I opted for further exploration
to warm his
Christmas tidings.

Although
this day after
when I found this errant piece of paper
stuck to the ground
I
had other thoughts.

Should I purchase him
the dog tags or delay the
words of paper in
the
wind under the car?

I shall keep
this a secret.

More than two will
know the answer to this one.

REACHING TO PICK IT UP

RAT TAT TAT
THE DRUMMER
NEITHER SLOWS
NOR LETS THAT SMILE SLIP FROM HIS
COURTENANCE.

CHILDREN WITH
PEPPERMINT GUM IN THEIR
MOUTHS.

SQUASHING SALIVA AND
THE SUGAR GRANULATES
AS THOUGH
CANDY WAS JUST ANOTHER
TERM FOR WHAT THEY
COULDN'T DO
FOR FEAR OF THE CONSEQUENCES.

LARGE CITIES AWAY FROM HERE
DOING MILLIONS OF THINGS
AS THE REST OF THE WORLD EITHER SHUNS
THEIR ACTIVITIES
OR LOATHES TO
BE THERE WHILE
THE
ACTION IS GOING DOWN.

A LONELY BLACK WOMAN
WALKS BY ME ON IRREGULAR INTERVALS THROUGH
THE WORK WEEK ON DOWNTOWN SIDEWALKS MUTTERING WORDS
AND CONVERSATIONS
SHE DOESN'T WANT TO HAVE WITH OTHERS.

THIS AS THE PINK HANKERCHIEF HOLDS
HER HAIR IN ONE PIECE
MAKING THE BALD MEN JUST
ANOTHER BARE HEAD IN THE CROWD.

THE HELICOPTERS GOING ABOUT OVERHEAD
AS THE
PLANES TAKE OFF FROM ANOTHER AIRPORT
THINKING OF RENOVATION AND EXPANSION.

ARCHITECTS AND ANARCHISTS
COMING TOGETHER TO BUILD SOMETHING
PARNTS COULD
BE CONTENT WITH.

OH,
RAT TAT TAT

THE
BATON IN THE
GIRLS HAND WITH THE LOOSE
SKIRT JUST FELL ONTO
THE FLOOR.

I REACH

DOWN

TO PICK IT
UP
FOR
HER.

REASON FOR SMILE

I STARTED AT THE END OF
THAT DRIED LINE
OF BLOOD
GOING DOWN
WHAT WOULD BE SEEN BY SOMEONE
AS JUST ANOTHER
STREET
IN
A
DOWNTOWN
URBAN WAR.

THE DRIED SPLATTERS
STARTED LARGE BY THE DOORS OF THE FOOD COURT
ON DOWN THE STREET
AND BEGAN GETTING
SMALLER AS I MADE MY WAY CLOSER
TO
THE STOP LIGHT ON THE CORNER OF MAIN STREET.

WHEN I LOOKED UP ACROSS THE
STREET ON THE LIT AFTERNOON CORNER,
I NOTICED CONSTRUCTION GOING DOWN
AND NOT A THOUGHT BY THE OTHERS MAKING IT
BACK BEFORE THEIR BREAKS BROKE THEIR BALLS.

THE PERSON WAS WOUNDED HERE,
AS THE OLD ITALIANS OR JAPANESE
PAID OFF THEIR WEEKEND BILLS AT THE
ITALIAN RESTAURANT.

LIMPING DOWN THE STREETS,
AS I'M SURE THEY WERE,
PAST THE BURGERS
CLOSED UP DEPARTMENT STORE
DEAD SKYWALKS
TWINKLING TRANSAMERICAN BUILDING
THE DOVES WAITING FOR COLDER WEATHER
BROKEN DOWN CARS
BEER BOTTLES IN THE POTTED PLANTS
DEAD LOTTERY TICKETS ON THE GROUND
GRAFFITI'D ALLEYWAYS
THE STREET PERFORMERS SOUTH OF DOWNTOWN IN A MORE
BUSTLING PART OF TOWN

THE WOUNDED LIMP..
WELCOME TO THIS CITY.

MY BRATWURST WITH KRAUT AND MUSTARD
AND THE EMERGENCY ROOMS

SHOWS
THAT VOW
THEY'LL PULL THE PLUG AT THE END OF THE SEASON.

TIS THE SEASON.

LAUGHTER WAS ALWAYS THE
REASON

FOR THEIR SMILE.

RIGHT HERE

I'VE BEEN
HEARING THE SCORN
AND
LOOKING AT THE
STARES THAT COME MY WAY
FOR
THE
WAY I AM ON THE JOB.

PRIVATE.

PERIOD.

I'M AT WORK TO MAKE SOME
PEOPLE LAUGH,
GET SOME MONEY,
DO SOME WORK,
AND
AGAIN MAKE SOME SMILES
AND
LAUGHTER IN CONVERSATION MOST
OF
THE
SIMPLE ONES WOULD
DROWN IN.

SO,
IF YOU WANT TO LABEL ME
AS "OUT THERE"
OR "INTENSLY WEIRD".

GIVE ME YOUR BEST SHOT.

YOUR NOT GOING TO FIND TOO MUCH
OUT.

I'M THERE FOR WORK AND OTHER REASONS
AND
MY LIFE,
WHICH I LIVE FOR,
IS AWAY FROM THOSE DOORS.

SO,
DON'T LET THAT DOOR OF DOUBT
FUCKING SMACK YOU UP THE ASS.

LIVE IN YOUR SIMPLE CONVERSATIONS
AND
DULL PROCESS OF MEANS AND WAYS

AND
LEAVE ME TO MY PURE INSANITY.

I LOVE THIS WHOLE GIG
I HAVE GOING DOWN.

TALK YOUR TALK,
WHICH IT WILL BE.

I'M GOING TO SMILE WITH THE
ANIMALS
AND
LAUGH WITH THE MONGRELS AND OTHERS
OF UNIQUE CUTS.

PRIVATE
PUBLIC
PRIVATE
PUBLIC,
TALK YOURS

I'LL BE RIGHT HERE.

RUSH HOUR IN INDIANAPOLIS

It's rush hour
In
Indianapolis, Indiana.

They talk about
Sex in the satin closet by night
And rumble around in the
Day like a new city has been erected on
Either the right or left side of the window
(depending on which direction your going).

Hum drum the snow
Has come down for the children
To sneak a streak down a
Snowy path.

The roads show traces
Of the blizzard
That has passed
As the farmers ponder how the spring will evolve
While the butterflies die.

It's rush hour
In Indianapolis, Indiana.

Just passed the highway of
Overturned cars from
The cold blizzard of '99
That fucked more than one person.

My lover is asleep in the passenger seat
While the cats
Scurry in the lights that are
Askew from the
Lights
Water
And
Cold
That comes through the intersections
And
Byways like a welcome
Coffee napkin in
The
Play on deeds.

We
Them
Going in other directions to
And away from Kansas City.

It's rush hour in Indianapolis, Indiana
As I listen to a Louis Armstrong tape
And
Disregard what the
Traffic
Reports would once have
To
Behold in the held.

Now
As ever,
It's rush hour in Indianapolis, Indiana.

SILENT PANT LEGS

The boys from
Liverpool dove
Into the river.

The women from Lexington
Walked the
Pavement.

The folks in the city by the bay
At the food and spoke the jive.

The people in the front make
It to the back.

The people on the top
Want to get back down to the bottom
In the own way.

The people on the bottom
Looking for their way to get to the top.

This,
As the middle sings
And
The
Knuckles scrape the pant leg in silence.

SOME AFTERNOON

THE LOUSY FOUR
THE INTERESTING HALF
THE ANGRY ELVES
THE TALL DWARF
THE CHOSEN FIVE
THE LISTENING MONKS
THE RINSED SPONGES
THE RUSTLED SALSA
THE CLAMS ON OYSTER COAST
THE BEAT IN THE SILENCE
THE NEED IN THEIR WORRY
THE PAINT ON THE HOLE
THE DROP CALLED A BUCKET
THE INTRIGUE STARTED FOR HOME
THE INCH THAT LOOKED LIKE A MILE
THE RICH CALLED SAFETY
THE POOR IN THEIR BEAUTY
THE DOGS POURED A DRINK
THE MICE LOVED ARMSTRONG
THE SONG CALLED A VERSE
THE BLUE LOG & YELLOW STREAM
THE LONG MYTH IN THE BOOK OF CHANCE
THE LESSON OF BIRTH
THE LOSS OF MITCH
THE LINT IN AARON'S POCKET
THE ROUNDS OF HER DRESS
THE LAST DAYS STUCK IN HER PURSE

THE FIRST RHYME OF WINTER.

SOME ARTIFICIAL LIGHT

Words bouncing off
The empty walls of the
Home,
I sit here alone.

Counting the spots of color in my closed eyes
As
The
Mind is blank,
Yet full of some thoughts
That run
Along like bubbles over
The
Iron gate below
The
Ocean.

Smearred pieces of paint
Burned into my skin,
I may have perhaps given
Myself a free tatoo.

The gray skies that beakon the direction of our human toil
As we make our way down the
Streets to the destinations that are our own
Lives.

The cat just jumped into my lap
To meow
And dig claws into my skin for the pure
Ecstasy of his feline
Hopes.

This,
Just past Noon
on the Sunday the world will watch the football
Teams on television play and plow into one another for
A trophy named after a popular Italian figurehead.

Closed and open parlors that feed
On the lot
Of
Expensive commercials and
The
Granfallon
Of it all in artificial lights.

SPOKEN WISHES

Institutes of fudge,
Loose turkey gravy
White Americans
In
A
Christmas twist.

New Year's eve liquor,
The vomit splashes,
Wishes granted,
Promises
That are
Spoken.

STOP

We walking
We move
Lolling down the street
Where the visions
They once spoke of before
Come to
Us
As though we had created them.

Visions of the blossoms
That drip with nectar
Into the navy blue bowl the Sargent left
Behind as a frank tiding
Of
How
All the blood would some day turn into
Tan nectar.

Now and
More as
The
Ever before move away with the railway cars
Going to places like
Gas City, Indiana
Dyersville, Iowa
And all those other rural destination squeezed
Between and within
The
Petals.

Petals on the
Flower,
Petals in the bicycle crank
And
Petals for the accelerator beneath your foot.

Yes,
Moving like the wind was just another byproduct
Of what has gone right in the
Evolution of nature.

And now we
Stop for the winds have had the way to tell us to do so.

TAKE A BREAK

THAT MEANS
MORE THAN
A
THING
AS YOU LOOK OVER
THE
BOULEVARD.

PEERING OVER HE DRIPS OF
REASON
THAT
HANG FROM YOUR SCALP THAT YOU
HAVE
THOUGHT TO FOR MORE
THAN
SOME TIME.

PEERING INTO THE WINDOWS
OF
FOLKS THAT TEAR INTO
COMMERCIALIZED FRIES
AND
SPEAK IN CONJUGATIONS THAT WOULD HAVE
GOT THEM A SLAP ON THE WRIST
IN
ELEMENTARY SCHOOL.

YES,
INTO THE CARS OF THE FOLKS
THAT
LISTEN TO MUSIC
THAT
TAKES DOWN YOUR EYES
AND
BRINGS YOUR OTHER MOTIVATIONS
TO
THE
FRONT WHERE THEY HAVE BEEN
MISSING
FOR
SOME TIME.

POW
POW PAT POO POW
HOW
THE
ROCKY TENDENCIES
STAY
AND

MOVE IN THE SAME SPLIT INSTINCT

AS YOU DECEIDE
TO MOVE ON WITH YOUR NIGHT AND DAY

EVEN THOUGH THE REST OF THE

WORLD WOULD BELIEVE

YOU SHOULD TAKE A BREAK.

TAKEN AS TOMORROW

The young man
Trudges though
The
Snow,
No food here.

The blizzard is moving
Swift.

Wants food for him and his lover
In the
Motel room.

Notices a car stuck
In snow on the corner.

Goes up to the black woman
With her little girl digging snow away
From tires.

“You need some help?”
he asks.

“Sure. We sure are stuck.”

“O.K.”
he responds.

He helps in the wind and snow,
Reason muddled,
For 15 minutes.

No avail.

“I’ll call for some help
when I get back to the quarters,”
he says.

“Thank you, sir,”
she responds sincerely as the little girl
peers at this skinny male.

He goes two blocks,
Which seems like four miles
To the nearest gas station.

Mrs. Marilyn Manson
Behind the counter,
Two men speak to each other
And

Her.

He looks for food,
Mixed beverages
For
Vodka in motel room,
Pickles,
Chips,
Spoons,
Condiments.

Good luck has been served.

Pays.

Listens to woman speak
Of how absurd that the gas
Station should stay open.

“Sure,”
he says.
“This food saved my life.”

Leaves.

Makes it back to the room for
A
Cold sandwich,
Other sorted treats.

Smokes,
Thinks of helicopters.

Tomorrow will be
New.

Tomorrow will be
Old.

We have tomorrow,
He thinks as the warmth
Begins to pulsate
Blood into his feet and ankles.

Safe and alive,
They'll take this blood flow
And
Tomorrow as
It
Comes.

TAKING FROM INNOCENT FOLKS

The work faces
Nasty remarks
Hidden laughter in the dried apple cider
On the bottom of
My
Coffee mug.

We choose to choose
For
To have the loud airs
Come out and have their pleasure
Would go against the rules.

The Xeroxed copies
Internet jokes
Pen clicks
Loud footsteps down the hall
And the
Closed door all lead to the research I'm
Playing
In
The
Frolic they try to weave in their lives
That make some kind of sense in the
Confused look that laughs
Towards a
Blameless joke.

Cold waters in the sinks next to the tan coolers
The
Moody fucks of the corporate world
Come around hoping to take their abject and blatant distaste
Of their lives
Upon you.

I,
Here with the yarn in my lap,
Making faces and images
And lands with trees
And
Water
And
Peoples
That
Have a soul.

I commune with people that take souls as
The
Items that exist on the bottom of their shoes.

Supposedly
It's comforting to them.

I rip these shoes off my feet
Grab my
Breast and sing songs to the air

They
Take from innocent folks.

THAT DAMN HEAT

A BUZZ THE GERM
AS THE MAN
WITH JEANS REARS HIS
GLASS TO A TOAST
OFFERED BY
THE DEATH OF THE LIVING BREATH.

TAKING DOWN THE GULPS,
A SWIFT SMELL OF FORMALDEHYDE
EXITS THROUGH THE
CELLAR WINDOWS.

FERMENTED DIRT,
LIQUID TNT,
THE ELVES ON THE STREET WILL HAVE TO
TAKE THAT DAMN
HEAT.

**THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN
TRUTH AND CARBON DIOXIDE**

Emptying buckets of
Bathroom trash into
The
Large mouth in the kitchen,
The traffic sounds low
And extinct
Outside as the previous day's rains
Pulled everyone inside
For their activities behind
Pulled shades
And
Secrets they'll tell the world
When the drinks on ice boil
When conviction becomes as natural
As
A
Sneeze.

Dumping the last drips of coffee into the
Alien
Mug,
Refusing any dips of sugar into the malady,
The
Storks flop around in lands
Farther away from this room
But
Close enough to be viewed online
Away from some other sort of technological chat room.

Groups of huddled kids paying for
Henry Rollins tickets
Listening to William S. Burroughs
Emulating Kerouak
Taking
Nabokov straight to heart,
The
Dreamers floating in the fish bowl
Without going out to meet the
Shit suckers on the bottom
Or
The
Gallant that live their lives
Defining
Some terms
And
Giving reasons to the others.

Flippant drug pushers
Opening up their wounds

And
Bringing the only form of clarity they
See they can get in this
Existence.

Running and tearing
Around with opening knives in closing fists
As the impatience
Has another tantrum in rooms next to your
Or
On closed televisions.

Listening to Lennon speak of peace,
The flower is closing on the grounds,
The
Nasty thoughts of Senators
While the porn king in print keeps them in check.

Here in the modern time,
As the media and other technology sources
Scream with the
New century that is on its way to a movie theater
Near you
Some
Time
Here in the future that is
Less than 350 days away.

Yes,
Pull off your seat belts
And
Know the difference between
The truth
And carbon dioxide.

THE DIGESTED

A MESQUITOE BUCKET
FULL OF CANDLE WAX.

SUBURBAN SHORT HAIRS
CAME OUT WITH GOLDEN RETRIEVERS
TO
FLIRT WITH
FALL WARMTH.

CHIMES SILENT ON
WOODEN PORCH,
AS THE CAT RAISED ITS VOICE ABOVE WHISLERS
FOR THE LIQUID BUBBLE FLOATING IN THE
AIR FROM A PLASTIC TUBE.

A SUNDAY WITH THE
LAKE CHANGING COLORS,
JOHN LENNON ART EXHIBIT DOWNTOWN,
HAM AND BOLOGNA ON WHEAT,
SHE FLIPS THOROUGH THE RHUNES AND
SPEAKS QUIETLY WHEN THE PROPHECY IS DONE.

SOME DON'T LIKE HEARING THE TRUTH,
OTHERS FORGE WHAT THEY
CALL HONESTY.

GIVE ME BOTH
TUMBLED ABOUT A BLENDER
IN A
ARCHED CUP.

I'LL GIVE YOU A
STRAIGHT LOOK AFTER I WIPE MY
MOUTH OF ITS TUMBLED AND
CONTENT DIGESTION.

THE FIRST SUPPER

CHEWING DOWN ON
MY HAIR,
ALL THAT HAMBURGER MEAT,
YOUR HEWS,
THOSE NAMED LEW,
THE TIME THEY RAN OVER A CATERPILLAR,
HER VOICE,
THE UGLY WOMEN THAT DIES WITH
THE WILTED GREEN TOMATOES ON THE FALL BRANCHES.

ALL THEIR DREAMS OF ANARCHY,
ALL OUR DREAMS OF OUR THOUGHTS,
THE TONGUE LICKING THE DOOR OPEN
AS THEY SHOUT,
“WELCOME TO THE FIRST SUPPER!”

THE JAPANESE AND CHICAGOANS

ARRIVED AT THE AIRPORT
TO SEE THE FLIGHT
WAS THREE HOURS LATE OFF
THE BAT.

CHECKED IN,
HEADED TO THE AIRPORT BAR
FOR SOME DRINKS.

I KNEW WE WOULD
MAKE IT TO CHICAGO THAT NIGHT.

GETTING LIQUORED UP
LATHERED DOWN
WITH THE MAN BEHIND THE BAR,
HIS OLDER FEMALE CO-WORKER
TALKED OF AN AUNT IN HAWAII AND
HOW SHE
COULDN'T FIGURE
OUT
A
RADIO SHACK REMOTE CONTROL.

"THE JAPANESE ARE FUCKING
WITH YOU," I TOLD HER.

SHE LOOKED AT ME IN
ALL SERIOUSNESS,
AS OUR AIRLINE FUCKS WITH OUR
REMOTE BUTTONS
TO THE TOWN OF TALL STEAKS
MORE LIQUOR
AND LATE NIGHT JAZZ UNTIL YOU CAN'T
THINK STRAIGHT.

HELL,
WE MADE THE FLIGHT,
SLEPT OFF THE LIQUOR ON THE WAY
TO MIDWAY,
FORGOT WHERE WE WERE AT
ONCE WE LANDED.

FORGOT WE WERE ON
A
PLANE
THREE HOURS LATE
AND
TO BE PICKED UP WITH OUR BREATH
AND A CITY OF FOOD TO TAME OUR STOMACHS.

HOPSCOTCH BY AIR,

PHOTOGRAPHIC SNAPS BY MORNING
AND THE
AIRPORT BAR WOMAN
LEARNING
TO FIGURE
HER
LARGE
REMOTE CONTROL.

THE LIKES OF OTHERWISE

IT WAS A SILLY DAY ON
THE
ROADWAYS
YESTERDAY.

TO THE DOWNTOWN
FOR
WORK
AND
MORE IN THE EYE SOCKETS
AND
BACK.

SAW A HOME BLAZING LIKE A PACK OF
RATS ON RAW PORK CHOPS NEXT
TO THE MCDONALS OFF THE ROADWAY
GOING IN.

THE SMOKE AS
PUNGENT AS A SHOT OF TEQUILA
IN A RAW MOUTH ON THE LAST
WEEKEND IN JUNE,
IT CAME THROUGH CLOSED WINDOWS.

ON THE WAY HOME,
MORE WRECKS
THAT I DIDN'T LOOK AT AS I PASSED BY.

YET,
ONE RED TRUCK HIT A CONCRETE BARRIER
BETWEEN A OVERPASS SPLIT BETWEEN TWO HIGHWAYS.

BAD
BAD SHIT.

THE WORLD BRINGING IN
THE COPS
AMBULANCES
FIRE
CRUSHED STEEL
AS
THE
REST OF US GO BY AND THINK OUR THOUGHTS.

IT CAN BE MORE THAN A TOUGH GIG
OUT THERE WHERE
THINGS ARE GOING DOWN
AWAY FROM WORK
AND
THE

TENDRIL THOUGHTS
AND
OTHER THINGS THAT ARE SPOKEN ABOUT IN
CHURCH CELLARS
AND
NOT IN
A
PACKAGE WRAPPED HOME.

SOME DAYS
IT'S JUST
FLAT
HARD TO SUM IT
UP
IN THE PIECES
AND PARTS
THAT EQUAL
DEATH
LOSS
DESTRUCTION
MISERY

AND THE LIKE THAT HAPPEN
OTHERWISE.

THE NIPPLE KAZOO

I PRESSED MY
EAR AGAINST HER
NIPPLE
AND
HEARD THE OCEAN
BEAT
BEATING LIKE A CHILD
THAT
FOUND
A
NEW DRUM KIT.

RIDING THE
DAY FOR ALL THE NIGHT
HAD
LOST FOR IT,
TALKING TO THE FLEH
AS
THOUGH
METAPHOR CANDY WOULD SPILL
FORWARD
ON
THE
HALOWEEN HEIST.

WE COMFORTABLE
WE NOW
THE
DOGS BARK
SHE LISTENS
I WRITE
THE KAZOO LIES ABOVE THE KEYBOARD
AS
THE
GRAY CLOUDS TURN BLUE
AND
THE
DEBT STAYS WHERE IT'S
AT
FOR
NOW.

THE REST HIDE

Grapes in
A
Jar,
Beards in a blender,
The lost
End of a new meal,
We marvel at
The
New ideas
While the
Rest of the
World
Hides.

THE RUSSIAN CLOWNS

There was a Russian
Man
With the
Image of a clown painted on
The inside of his left palm.

He wasn't sure how to
Shake this birthmark that had
Been
Bestowed upon him for such a long
Time.

So,
He decided to leave his home country
And travel into the vista called America
To grab either his calling
Or a great surgeon that
Could take this hideous image
Off his aged palm.

Before he made it to the destiny
Of his dreams or the surgeon,
He hopped into a
One room
Business
With a woman and her gypsy crystals.

He said,
“How do I shake such a thing?”
he asked.

“You shouldn't”
she responded.
“Go back to your homeland.”

This he did.

Yes,
And things were never quite the same.

Christ,
He learned to love that clown
On his left palm and
Decided to get a female clown companion
Tattooed on the other
Hand.

One Russian
Fucking mad about his clowns.

THE SUBSCRIPTION

THEY WOULD SEND OUT
FOR TRIAL SUBSCRIPTIONS TO VARIOUS MAGAZINES
TO READ THE WARES OF
EDITORS
STAFF
AND
OTHER ARTISTS PUTTING TOGETHER ANOTHER
MONTHLY RENDITION OF WORDS AND PICTURES.

AFTER THEIR TRIAL SUBSCRIPTIONS WOULD
RUN OUT,
THEY WOULD GATHER LAUGHTER IN WHEEL BARRELS
WHEN THE MAGAZINE COMPANIES WOULD SEND
THEM THREATENING NOTICES THAT THEY ARE
GOING TO BE SUBMITTED TO A COLLECTION AGENCY IF
THEY DON'T PAY THE REST OF THEIR SUBSCRIPTION RATE.

A SUBSCRIPTION RATE THEY DIDN'T AGREE TO.

YET,
IT'S THEIR WAY OF MAKING THE MASSES
SUBMIT TO A
FREE FLIGHT WITH SOME MORE CASH.

THIS WAS THEIR HOBBY.

TO WATCH THE BIG COMPANIES SLAP
AND ASSESS PHONEY THREATS
TO MAKE THEM BUY THEIR MAGAZINES.

AS THE COFFEE BECOMES DRIED UP IN
FOUNTAIN PENS
AND THE HONEY IS HOARDED BY THE BEES IN THE HONEYCOMB
DUE TO FATIGUE,
THE
SUBSCRIPTIONS CONTINUE TO BE PURCHASED AND DISCARDED
AS THE COLLECTION AGENCIES
EVEN REFUSE TO GET INVOLVED
WITH
THE
PERPETRATORS.

IT'S 98 SMALL CHILDREN GOING DOOR-TO-DOOR
TO SELL SOME SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THEIR
BOY SCOUT OR GIRL SCOUT TROOP,
IT'S THE ISSUES YOU LAUGH ABOUT

IT THE COLLECTION OF TEXT AND PICTURES
THAT
COME IN THE MAIL.

IT'S ABOUT
ALL
THIS
AND A LITTLE
MORE
AS THE
THE
YOUNG CHILDREN GO INTO
THE ATTIC TO DISCOVER YELLOWED
PAPER OF TIME AND PLAYBOY MAGAZINES
IN
THE
FATHER'S SECRET COLLECTION.

THE WORLD'S EAR LOBE

Man standing on the
Bridge
At night.

Every night
For some time.

Cops come to get
Him off the bridge and
The
Heart beats the people trade in
For their lives and issues
That revolve around the man
Making his statement to the crowd
On the level plane
Waiting below for the immense swirls
Of Missouri River water below.

Waiting each day in his life
With the talk show glares
And
Broken glass slivers in his toes
For the nights he
Will stand on the bridges edge.

He'll never jump off
That bridge
At Paseo and 35.

Yet,
The man loves looking into the dark
Wondering how cold the water is
And
What the people will think when they
Process his image
As they fly by at speeds the Highway Patrol
Would love to document.

On that hedge of a ledge
That looks into
The
Opening
And
Closing abyss that puts his
Mind at ease.

It's not the
Suicide,
But it's the suicide in the minds of the startled
People and police
That hurry to

Wonder if
This man will make the leap of
Incorrigible faith
Into the depths fairly few make in their
Waking
Time
Of
Life
During the walks and runs
That come at the expense of bridges and
The
Designers of those bridges hitting
The bottle
Women
Bad words
That
Couldn't touch his joy
At looking out over that frothy
Bubbling
River that babbles in a tone only his mind would know.

The sheer glory of hanging on the bridge
And
Getting his detention slip many nights
The
Water and height would put
Him on the ease of his existence.

His nightly hobby.

One the edge of the
Water
In the sky where the bridge moves
Like sap moving down a living
Ponderosa branch.

Lurching in the world's absurdity
On the show at the top of life's decision,
The wanton faces assume,
He's on the top of his
Enigma
Looking out and over counting the
Flashes of light that come off the neighboring
Buildings
Of medical havens
And the casino that glows on the riverfront to his
Right.

At the peak
Or near the brink,
The man looks out over the waters.

His name is Walter.

A good name for a man that would take up
Such a ritual

On
The
Swinging metal branch that carries thousands of cars
Over its road
Each day.

Walter on the night pulse.

Walter with his
Peace of mind
At the expense of terror in the people's mind
Looking out
Over America's dream lost
And the
Floating consciousness fragments
The world won't speak to their co-workers in
The
Shit chat ping pong match.

Give it to them
Walter.

In the fire on water's ledge
On the stick
That
Will
Die of natural causes when
The
Final bellow
Hits the world's ear lobe.

THE YELLOW DESERT

We go to see the people
That have
Seen us before.

We paint what was once
Green
With hat is now blue.

We invent new forms of
Jazz to keep the medium
Fresh.

We listen to the voice
To hear
As
We ignore the noises to understand.

We folly for
The
Trees rooted
And
Wonder how the grass ever turned brown
In the
Yellow desert.

THOSE BLACK STICKS

THE BLACK STICKS
DEAD IN THE WINTER AND
ALIVE BY THEIR OWN INSIGHT
HANG AGAINST THE BLUE SKY
IN
THE
NATURE SANCTUARY.

BIRDS BELOW
AND SQUIRRELS HUNTING FOR YOUR ENORMOUS NUTS
AS THE POISONOUS RED BERRIES
ROT
INTO A SLOW DEATH FOR THE
DEATH THEY COULD HAVE
BROUGHT TO THE
TARANTULAS WALKING IN THE
BRUSH GRASS.

WE WALK
LOOKING AT THE BLACK AGAINST THE BLUE,
SEEKING
A PEEK AT THIS CANVASS
THAT HOLDS OPEN WITH THE
GESSO SITTING ASHAMED IN THE CORNER
OF
FAR AWAY PAINTING STUDIOS,
ASHAMED
FOR
NATURE WILL WIN
AND OUR MINDS WILL AGAIN
WIN
AND
BRING INTERPRETATION
TO THE POINT IT SHOULD BE POWDERED.

THEIR POWER
AND ACCUMULATING MAJESTY,
THESE
BLACK
STICKS
AGAINST THE BLUE SKY.

THOSE INDIVIDUALS

They tempted the world
With their
Tantalizing selection of sins.

Offering things
Other than cash or rewards.

What did they,
The people,
Those we speak of do?

All we're frogs,
Leaping
Sucking
Slapping tongues
Wallowing
Croaking
Inflated,
More and less than the above.

All abound in their
Individual miracle.

TO THE DOGS

We sat on
That porch.

I sit with her
And speak of the insanity the world
Evokes
While they
Call me insane
And
Throw us all
Out to the dogs.

UKULELE SUNLIGHT

Buckets of paint that
Pour down on the roof tops over the
Peoples faces,
The man in the bus crawls from his seat out of the
Window to feel the wind on top and
Whistle a song while he raises his camera
To capture the moment.

The cold cow in the pasture
Looking into more ground for the
Patch of grass the others looked past,
This as the people go down the rural road and notice
A sign right up ahead
Announcing a
Burger deal at McDonalds.

She shaved her head and decided that she would
Drop her last name
For "Lil" was just enough for her,
He companion came home and laughed loud as she
Told him the story and that she finally wanted to get married.

A burning star you gaze into in the sky just collapsed in on itself
To make another myth called a black star,
Hollywood just rejected another script from a young screenwriter that
Wrote a movie about how the earth is really a star and in the year 2000 it
Shall also collapse into itself and become a black hole.

A woman in a 18 room mansion in Virginia continues her newest
Artistic venture collecting cigarette buds as her canvass for her next
Masterpiece,
The man on the corner of the streets sells hot dogs to no customer
In 32 degree weather.

A man and his son look out of the hotel window 21 stories up
And say nothing but from their ears as they listen to the taxis
Honk below,
For he brought his son along to the corporate headquarters to stand at his
Side while he tells the boys that he's flipping over his hand in this bullshit game of
Corporations
To spend more time with his family.

The teenage girls burns her finger on a fast food grill
As the Tibetan boy continents away scratches his nose for a good while.

Someone is thinking about him and her.

Visions becoming dreams.

Talks turning into words.

Our fingernails growing this whole time.

Hair being trims and cut this whole time.

Halves and quarters

Rolling along in the whole

As

The

Green bean boy plays a tune with the

Yellow cowbell tapping

In the ukulele sunlight.

UNTITLED IN 1999

Sitting around
In black satin.

I tell you
The dreams of
The
Rich while
“Children International”
plead to the world for contributions
for
3rd World nations.

Yes,
Bestowed from aristocratic minds,
I need reality.

The brazen identification of
Humanity stripped and shivering
Like the
Lost wave in a
Brave earth.

VALOR COMING BACK

Speeches on sinking credit,
The holiday heads out of their
Minds taking their cards
To the limit,
While the fickle
Play with their video games.

This now
Is the America
A land of fabricated Wal-Mart
Terrible Blockbuster movies
Fake smiles
The smoldering recesses of conversation
People want to have
That blank my mind once
I hear the words.

It's about America,
The laziness and the lost thoughts
Of morons looking
As though valor
May
Come back again.

WE & THE GODS

We pull down the shades
And
Welcome the gods in for
Some of their
Talk on how the things were supposed to go down
Now in these modern time
But
Were passed by for they aren't in charge anymore.

Hell and heaven
I must tell you,
They have these plans
That come of deceit and unravel in that rough
Road that is called to in the beautiful and forthright
That come on
By
In
Select time.

And how these gods would go forth in their
Stories of clay models made of this planet
And the others that may have planets (for they can't let us in on that secret)
Along with the clay people
Scenery
And architecture
That form about the eyes and mold the madness in the brain.

Yes,
Going and about
This revolver they hide in their
Cloaks.

Laughing at the followers
Crying with the insane
And turning their cheek to the
Brisk winds for some reason,
They drink their invisible fluids
And
Know about the sheep.

Yes,
These gods had their time through our shades
And would lose the battle of the eternal theology
While the world would do it's way as they would
Carry on in their fiction.

They have non of the friction or
Absolutes
We know of

And they would sit around in our rooms
And
Use the
Time
As though it has used them over time.

Us and the gods.

Speaking as though we always knew what
Is going down
And speaking as well in verbs about what could go
Down
In
The
Weaving together of rhymes.

We and these gods,
Speaking

Make believing.

WE HAVE A SPACE FOR YOU

Your greatest
Challenge.

Her and him
Pulling the pieces of pulp from
The morning orange juice that
Tastes of grapes in the
Evening shade.

Your greatest
Challenge.

When you find your reflection in a window
From a seat in a restaurant and
Look around to see who that person is
When the
Minute you turn from the reflection
You realize that it was really you.

Your greatest
Challenge.

When the plug is pulled from the
Sounds as you were
Just getting into the feeling
That wouldn't have had enough time
To live for forever.

Your greatest
Challenge.

The sounds of logs cracking in
Your stomach
As the
Grass grows in a tan tint
And
The
Lawnmower chokes in the cold winds that
Come through the vents of
The
Garage doors.

Your greatest
Challenge.

Waking up to see the same faces
Everyday knowing
That you barely have
The time to see those voices and feel the skins
Of those

That you desire to be around.

Your greatest
Challenge.

Broken down on the side of an Arizona road
Starving and waiting for help
That won't arrive for some time
As you look up into the sky and realize
Why some people ready
The Bible.

Your greatest
Challenge.

This space may just be for you.

WE SAY THE MOST

We load up
the walls with pictures and reminders
of where we have been
when we're not there and
maybe won't be there again.

We purchase those things
at times
to get where we may not go
and likely won't in this lifetime
of living.

We speak of these things that become
of the mind and should remain
a
part of our minds in the only mind we have been given.

We look at the time to
know that we are still here and
should stay here when time stays time.

Yes,
I speak of we
the time
and
those things

while we do more
in the less that is
pulled into the most.

WELLSPRING FOLKS

Their attempt to dry up
The wellspring
Was nothing more than a try.

One bleak look or another
Encouraging word
For the latter half of the world
To shed their clothes and raise
Their eyes to the
Dawn that didn't come in
The sunset.

It came in the strum.

That loud strum that rolls over your mind
Like a joke delivered in warm water
Down your throat.

Ho and how those waters in
The well weave and wobble
For
The
Voices that
Escaped into the screaming.

For the screaming was beauty,
Not of the traditional source,
It made the people smile
And
Gave them something in the pocket
That wasn't
There before they took that pair out of
The
Dryer.

Oh and how the brain waves pulse
And
Bring the rims into the center
Where they needed to belong.

The wellspring is
Here as the folks pop on by and out.

WHEN SOMETHING

ON THE TIP OF
YOUR TONGUE,
LOST IN THE RECESSES OF YOUR MIDSECTION,
IT CAN'T COME OUT OF
THE MOUTH,
FOR THE EARS ARE CLOGGED.

IN-BRED WITH
THE ENGLISH,
LOST IN IRELAND.

DANCING AROUND
THE
FABLES,
BECAUSE THEY SPOKE
OF
IT
SO GRAND
BACK
WHEN IT WAS
SOMETHING.

WHIRLING WORLD

I lay on the bed,
I walk on
The
Floor.

The circular
Breath of sky sucking our hair
Through the windpipe
And
Out of the esophagus.

Eating the rhyme
For the end of the pentameter.

We ride the rulers to build the rules
And tear down the laws to honor
The
Lawless.

Funny
Funny
Media in
A
Whirling
Twisting
World.

WINDOWS AT NOON

THE KIDS
IN
THE
NEIGHBORHOOD
SWIRL
LEAVES
FORTS
SWINGS
TRAMPOLINES
VACATED.

THOUGH,
THE OLD FOLKS HOLD
A
LAWN ORB PERCHED ON A STONE
BIRD BATH
PEDESTAL AND
PARAY TO FACES THEY WANT TO
SEE AS THEY
CALL THE KIDS DOWN
FROM THEIR
ROOMS TO TOUCH THE
PREMONITION TABLE.

EYES CLOSE,
FEET ON GROUND,
THE TABLE RISES AS A CHILD SHOUTS FROM HIS
ROOM
TO HIS DOG
LAPPIN IN LAUGHTER IN THE
LAWN AS
THE
OTHER WINDOWS IN THE HOUSE
REMAIN
PAINTED SHUT.

WORKING AT 12:32 PM, JANUARY 18, 1999

Crooked branches
Poking into the air as though
They should be together devoutly this way even
Through the spring and summer seem to
Have the revered and select group of friends to trollop
Over the fresh dandelions
And
Crisp mulch that felines
Want to swallow for their instinctual puke.

Low lying clouds that hang
On the mountains northern, southern, eastern, western
Way away from here
In the now that comes
Like a silent death in the birth of the
Hospital's delivery ward.

Oh,
And the lighthouse on the mountain bluff looking
Over into the sea that charges like something too altogether
Right to be deemed as a sight most humans should see
On
A
Vacation.

And how the seagulls sit on their perch
Listening to the rhythms of the ocean
Or sea as they have to say,
While the humans hang down below with recording equipment to
Get down the logorhythm of their natural network of
Sounds
That
Have the tempest on its knees.

This
We
And
They give you
At
12:32 - just past noon
two days following January 18th.

YELLOW BUTTER

DRIPS OF REASON
COMING
COMING
DOWN
WITH
THE TICKLE YOU CONSUMED
IN
YOUR THROAT.

ITCHING
ITCH
ITCH IN THE MIDDLE OF YOUR EYE
AS
THE
CORNER DUST BALLS
WRAP NAILS AGAINST THE LIGHT FILM
OVER YOUR SEEING WHITES.

YOUR BODY IS COVERED
WITH A LIGHT SHROUD OF GLASS
AS
WE
WAIT TO TRIP YOUR FEET AND LET
YOUR SENSES FEEL
THE
COLD
WIND
SUN
MOON
FIRE
LOVE

AS THE STREETS MOVE PAST LIKE
ESCALATOR BELTS
ON
AIRPORT TIME,
WE WILL CRACKLE THE SHADES
AND
GIVE THE ROOM A REASON TO
BREATH ONCE MORE.

THIS,
AS THE NAKED WOMAN
WITH THE NEW FIRM NIPPLES
CUTS OPEN THE NEW LOAF OF
BAKERS BREAD
AND
SPREADS TO THE REFRIGERATOR
TO
GET

THE
TUB
OF
YELLOW BUTTER.

5TH CIGAR

A PARKING TICKET
TORN
ON DIRTIED SIDEWALK
FROM THE HOTEL THAT JUST
OPENED FOR BUSINESS,
A FLICKERING BANK CLOCK
ON THE FINANCIAL INSTITUTION THAT JUST
WENT UNDER
WITH THE GULP OF
RUSSIAN POTATOES.

THE HANDOUTS ON 2"x5" SLIPS OF BLUE BOND PAPER
ABOUT THE
TONED DOWN RAVE OF
ART
POEMS
SOCIAL SPEAKING
ON
THE CLINTONS
WE CAN ONLY HOPE NOT.

BUSINESS WOMEN UNDER THE 12:17PM SUN,
THE PAVILLION JUST EMPTIED,
THE CATHOLICS
ARE COMING TO TOWN.

SKYWALKS JAMMED WITH FOOD SPECIALS,
THE SMALL BOY JUST TRIPPED UP
THE STEPS
AS THE LOUD MILLIONAIRE JUST
LIT HIS
FIFTH CIGAR
ON
THIS YOUNG DAY.

A FIRST OR LAST LAUGH

Cordless telephone,
The rising of waters that know
The
Dry winter air
Well.

The death of the 1980's,
Reagan sits wondering why and where
MTV has been.

No more assassination attempts,
The little girl drops
An apple while walking down
The
Orange path.

Fairly keen on
Reason,
Cognizant on what should have been told.

Harp to chords,
More to better,
The end of this line,
Their last breath was their last laugh.

A FLAG

A black robe
Listlessly hangs from the
Closet door
As
The
1947 recording of another
Jazz mad wags in mad denial of what he knows
And
The
Truth he is speaking through the fingers
And
Silent teeth
That
Chatter with
Pure music.

This and more
As the errant ashes from long ago cigarettes
Cling to the computer screen
In
The
9:06 hour.

Windows pulled shut
As the tornadoes rip through southern towns
Telling them that the Confederacy will not rise
Again on this January 18th of Martin Luther King down.

I embrace the blacks
And
Hear more whites through my typical
Day
By default.

Here in a country that
Has several of the primary colors
In the flag

And more than two reasons to
Love tonight.

A SHORT FOR PANTS

“SO, HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET OUT OF HERE?”
SHE ASKS.

“YOU MAY NOT,”
HE SAYS.

“YOU THINK,”
SHE SAYS WITH SOME FRIGHT.

“YES. I THINK.”
HE SAYS GRAVELY.

“HOW ARE YOU SO UNSURE,”
SHE ASKS LOW.

“WELL, THE MAGAZINE HASN'T ARRIVE
AND THERE'S NOTHING TO DRINK,”
HE SAYS SOFT.

DOOR CLOSES.

HE COVERS HIS FACE
&
THINKS.

A WICKED END

Labeling another volume,
He
Brings the bottle flush to his lips
And tilts the head slightly back for a swig.

Bringing the bottle down,
He looks about the room
And
Lets out a laugh
That speaks nothing more than clarity.

Filling in the spaces before the next
Conversation or event was
To go down in the merry-go-round
That
Makes
Life
Life.

You know
All those other events have
A
Way of dwindling away and dying.

For the death was assured to bring about another
Life as though this earth and existence has
Had
Some practice we haven't been around to see.

The smell of love
The taste of beauty,
We pull the hands together knowing
We're
Going to have to take it apart.

It's knowing that this has to
Go down for the smile to last

And
For the wicked to
End their suffering.

ACROSS THE GROUND

You want to
Bargain
In
This barter?

I see the man
Across the way
Shoveling his driveway
In the cold sunlight
That comes in December and
Arrives in January.

The house
Has a feeling as though
There was more than one soul
Expelling their truths
And
Putting together stories that would
Rivals the ghosts
And spar with the demons.

The same people across the way
Walk
Up and about the street with
Buttoned up jackets and closed eyes
As
The
Last of the snow waits
To come from the blue bucket above.

We fixated
We look
We in the
Fixed moments that move with clarity across
The
Ground.

AFTERNOON CITY

THE PEOPLE IN THE
BUS
ARE STANDING STILL ON THE
CORNER OF 12TH,
I PEER UP AND SEE A GROUP OF
EYES KILLING THE LADY BUGS
AS
I
SMOKE THE 1:15PM CIGARETTE
NEXT TO THE BANK CLOCK
COUNTING
OUR MONEY AND TIME LIKE THE
BROKER
TAKING BACK ANOTHER LINE OF WHITE
IN HIS WASP DANCE.

FOLIAGE IN THE LOBBY,
THE DELIVER WOMAN WHISKED BY ME NON-ASSUMING
ACTING AS THOUGH SHE FORGOT
THE SMILE SHE TOSSED ME BEFORE SHE ENTERED THE
ELEVATOR
AND
WENT SOME FLOORS FOR THE RECEIVER
THAT
FORGOT THERE WAS ANYTHING
TO ARRIVE IN THE
DAWN
DUSK
OF
AFTERNOON
CITY.

AGELESS ANGST

WE HEAR
FOR YOU SAID YOU WANTED
TO
LISTEN.

THEY PAY FOR THE NEWEST SHAKESPEAR
MOVIE.

THE WORLD IS KILLING
OF THE STURGEON'S THAT
HAVE KNOW IDEA THAT THEIR
LIVES ARE BEING KNIFED FOR THE RICH
IN
THEIR GLAMOROUS LIGHTS
THAT
BRING
GRITTY LAUGHTER
THROUGH THE CHILD'S CLOSED DOOR.

OH,
AND THESE FISH LIVE TO BE EIGHTY YEARS
OLD AS THE GROW TO 3,000 PLUS POUNDS.

REMEMBER THIS AS
YOU EAT THAT
NEXT TUNA SANWICH,
THEY WOULD RATHER BE CONVINCED
THAT YOU HATE THEM THAN
TO COME ON DOWN
AND
HAVE A TALK ABOUT HOW
MISCONCEPTION IS
THE
ANGST OF THE AGES.

ANARCHY OF CONTROL

The day after Christmas
On the second floor of
Her father's home.

Cold outside of Detroit,
Black robe tied on,
The night met morning,
Portions of family gathering,
Gone for the week.

We come with pieces
For the commonwealth,
We will leave with pieces as
The air thinks of changing,
Laughter comes to an end.

We all throw our hands in the air
While the world twirls
Twirls
In
Anarchy of control.

ARROWS IN SKY

HOW MANY TIMES
THOSE ARROWS
SLIPPED OUT OF THE OKLAHOMA CITY SKY INTO
THE MELTING GROUND.

THE RISTED TIPS GROWING BIRD WINGS,
THE BLOODY RINGS CONTINUE TO WHIRL
ON DRY GROUND.

LANDSCAPE TO LANDSCAPE
HELD YET FELL,
THE SKY IS GIVING SOMETHING MORE THAN A SLING SHOT,
THE REASONS HOLD SILENT
WITH
THE
MOUTHS THAT
CAN'T MOVE
SOMEWHAT
DOWN THERE
BELOW.

AS HE CHOOSES

HE STEPS OUT OF
HERE
TO
GO OVER THERE.

PLAYING THE SELECTED SUITS
OF THE CARD
DECK AS THE CROSSES THE IMAGINARY
STREET IN HIS MIND,
THE
NAKED WOMAN ON THE UNICYCLE
RIDES IN SMOOTH CIRCLES ABOUT
THE
CHALKED LINE OF THIS FLUID AND
EMPTIED MIND (BY HIS CHOICE).

WALKING AROUND THE CONFINES
OF INSIDE
LOOKING AT HIMSELF,
HIS FEET,
THE WALLS
AND SURROUNDINGS
AS THOUGH HE'S TAKING HIS
FIRST STEPS IN THE WORLD AND LIKEWISE
TAKING IN THE FIRST GULPS OF THE SURROUNDINGS
THROUGH HIS IRISES.

PLAYING WITH THE COMMON
AS THOUGH THEIR NEW NEWS,
SALIVA RUNS DOWN FROM THE LEFT CORNER OF HIS MOUTH
AS
HE
PICKS UP THE PHONE AND
LISTENS TO THE DIALTONE UNTIL
IS CHANGES HIS PITCH.

HE WONDERS WHAT THIS STRANGE PIECE
OF TECHNOLOGY DOES.

HOW IT BEAKONS WITH ITS LIGHT
AND
SHINES THROUGH THE LINES THAT
COME THROUGH THE WOOD ON THE
CANVASSED FLOOR.

HE KNOWS HIS RETAINED INNOCENCE THROUGHT
HE
VISIONS AND SIGHTS HE HAS SEEN PLENTY
OF THROUGHOUT HIS YOUNG LIFE.

A LEAFLET IN THE STACK OF PAPER THAT
GOES INTO THE SKY LIKE A MAGIC LADDER THAT
HAS
NO
END.

HE LOOKS UP INTO THE TINY YELLOW
BALL IN THE SKY
AND
ASSUMES THAT

IT'S A GOOD IDEA WE HAVE WARMTH FROM SUCH
A
CIRCULAR SOURCE
AND
THAT
THE GROUND OF GRAVITY

LETS HIM WANDER AS HE CHOOSES.

ASLEEP IN INDIANAPOLIS

Drove over
Mumps
Dilapidated measles,
Spoke to the strips
That
Divided the rising
Mist from
Indiana factories in the sky.

2 cats
several humans later,
we're in an Indianapolis
"Dollar Inn"
ready for the cap.

You know
Those water towers look
As though
Us
Humans are replicating the UFO's
Of
H.G. Well's old.

Mist looking like a Dali print,
The night not nearly dead,
The TV works in the
"Dollar Inn" –

I barely remember
Falling asleep.

BE WITHIN THE SKINS

THE COLD HAS
CALLED THE BILLY GOAT
BY
THE
HORNS OF HIS TAIL.

WE LISTEN
TO THE COLD AIR SIZZLE LIKE
STEAKS ON THE OPEN END OF
WARM
ICE.

THINKING AND
DRIFTING WITH THE PAPER
SAIL BOAT AMBLING
ON THE WATER OF OUR MIND
WAITING FOR THE OTHER THOUGHTS
TO RIPPLE OUT
AS
WE
WELCOME THE ENJOYMENT.

FLOATING WITH THE
COLD,
SPEAKING
TO
OUR OWN MOUTH AS THOUGH
IT HAS HOPPED OFF
AND
PLACED ITSELF ON THE GROUND
FOR
A
WINKING CONVERSATION.

YES,
THIS
EVE OF COLD
AS
THE
TEMPERATURE DIP
BELOW ZERO.

I MAY BE IN CANADA FOR
NEW
YEARS EVE
TO FEEL THE REAL COLD.

FOR
THIS TIME HERE IS WHAT IS CALLED NOW,
WE TAKE THE FRIEND FOR THE COLD

IN LEIU OF THE HEAT IT HAD TO
GIVE
UP
TO
TOUCH
OUR SKIN TONIGHT

AND THE
OTHER
DAYS

IT WILL BE WITHIN OUR SKINS.

BILLBOARD BIRTHDAY COFFEE WHIRL

Swirls
In the top of
Coffee mug
As
Lipids continue in the whirl pool
Motion that brought
Sugar into the day.

The sparkles that danced on
The glass tabletop
And about the moment
The day had the
Chance to make.

I see you
And they see
Me as the circular rotation
Had more of a theory
To
Tell
In the
Afternoon
That brought steam.

Across the way
A
Birthday was being celebrated
As
The
Woman waited nervous
Below the needle
In
A
Husband's new delivery room.

Starlets of new coffee that would
Soon become me
And
Turn into urine later.

All in the energy
All in the sun's faint light
Coming through the broken blinds

Of an afternoon kitchen that has
Been busy with the day.

Billboard birthday
In
The
Coffee whirl.

BLACK ROOM UNLIT

A black bird circling around
A
Black room,
6 dark figures
sit in chairs
thinking this is
something.

One in a chair
Asks,
“When will this stop,”
the bird makes a sound,

circling
circling.

People sit,
Food is cooked,
People sit,

6-5-4-3-2-1,

the
black room stays unlit.

BULBS WITH NOTHING ON THE LIGHT

The delineated glass
bulbs of flowing
thought that go over the
plate glass
of eyes that graze with
astonishment and
silence below the lights
that are deemed lights for
the
inventions of those that came before.

Glass bulbs that shake and
rotate with
grandeur in the days that
were indeed the days and
nights that were indeed the nights.

Yes,
we continue with these glass bulbs
that become us and palpitate with
such human biology that we
can't shake the song
that
has tortured the brain
in this swallow of expression.

Enough
on the glass bulbs
for lighting
was always the better spectacle that
told the lights where they came from.

BY MORNING

FOLLOW THE BLACK LINES UP YOUR SPINE,
LOOSE THE PATH THEY TALK ABOUT CONSISTENTLY,
LEAK INTO A CHARADE MIMICING
THE ROSY RAISE GIVEN
TO THE CHILD IN
THE RED PARK.

SQUARES AND DOTS,
RUMINATING LINES
MOVING
 ROVING
IN A LOW HAZE
LIKE THE
DEW THAT
NEVER MADE
GOOD BY
MORNING.

CALLED MISSOURI

Fourteen flights into
Your own space,
The cat eyes
Pierce up into me like
There's could be more human souls
In animal skins,
The old cigarette butt floats in the clean toilet bowl,
His voice comes over the computer speakers like an old friend,
The acid trip walked by in a parade orchestrated backwards,
The novice boy jumped with his favorite girl on a trampoline,
The grasshoppers were renamed the weedhoppers,
The treetops sang
So and such in the spring
As the winter forgot what it lost
In
The
Missouri minute
That lasts longer than an hour on certain occasions.

CITY HALL LEDGE

Rough guys
And
The
Brash women
Doing flips off the walls
Into the streets
For
Some thrills
That
Are
Nothing but cheap.

We like cheap
Around here,
Chaps.

Dirt or otherwise,
They give us the
Feel we can attach as
One of our own.

They're eyes in the sides of your
Head,
The lizard twist of the neck that notices
The stiff in their corner throwing down the rest
Of their credit card money or more
For
The
Expensive consumer smile
That may last as long as it takes
For the engine to turn over in the mall parking lot.

Yes the cheap malady of
Wire paper
And
2 cent stamps.

Stomping in puddles
And
Running into orange highway barrels,
No burns
On their hands that turn over the kernels
Of
Fire in the place.

The history of history
Longer than American history,
The antiquity of antiques
We
Paints smiles on the walls
And

Run into
Posters downtown that proclaim,
“Graffiti=Jail”

Our cheap proclamation
Open enough
To let your eyes read this for free
And
Expensive enough
To
Make
Laughter one donned on the folks
For
Free
Or the spare change given to
The
Guitar player
On
The
Ledge of the City Hall building.

CLASS; TOP OR BOTTOM

Shake from the
Bottom of the rug,
Kids,
Lets give you a
Course on how to sleep.

Pull from the spots on the ceiling,
Young ones,
Let's give you a class on yodeling.

Between the top and bottom,
Lets give you a course
On class
Or
Both on the button,
In the stitching.

CLEANING WOMAN SMILE

THE LAST ASSOCIATED BRICK
OF CHARLE PENDERGAST
AS
HE LAYED DOWN HIS
LAST BRICK IN THIS CITY.

WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO THE
NEW FLOWER THAT LAYED ON TOP
OF CHARLIE PARKER'S GRAVE?

I
THOUGHT MILES ONLY LIVED UNTIL HE WAS
IN
HIS LATE 40'S.

WE,
THE SURVIVING ONES
WATCHING THE REPORTS WHIRL IN THE
WARM WINTER AIR AS THE VICE PRESIDENT
LEAVES THE BUILDING GIVING THE
CLEANING WOMAN A CHARITY TOSS OF
A
SMILE.

THEIR KICKING THE BACK OF HER CHAIR
AT A MOVIE THEATER TO OFFER SUCH
GESTURES THAT WOULD BRING
NOTHING BUT A DENT IN THE WISDOM SHE
HOLDS AND
KNOWS BETTER THAT THE
COLOR OF BLOOD THAT GOES THROUGH HER THIGHS
NECK
TOOTH ROOTS
AND
MORE
MORE

MORE
AS
SHE IGNORES THE
SMILES FROM VP
AND
MUCH MORE NONSENSE
WHILE THE
OTHERS
PONDER THEIR NEXT
CORPORTATE SMEAR ATTACK
OR
ONE UP
AS

THE
REALITY
SLEEPS IN A BLISSFUL MOTION
THAT
COULD MAKE ALL THE
TEARS
OF PETTY CRULTY WORTHLESS
IN
A
SMALL MIRACLE
CALLED A
PAYCHECK

THE CLEANING WOMAN NEEDS.

CLOSE TO THE GROUND

THE ANIMALS CRAWL
AROUND THE HOUSE
AS
THE
RE-GENERATED SOUNDS OF
GERSHWIN JAZZ
COMES UP THROUGH
THE
FLOOR
AND
THE CEILING THAT LOOKS DOWN ON ALL
THE
EVENTS GOING DOWN IN EQUILIBRIUM.

THE WALLS SHOW TRACES
OF WHERE THE PAINT DIDN'T MAKE
IT INTO THE CRACKS
AND
HOW THE LARGE SPACES SPRARKLE
WITH THE NEW COLOR OF GRAY
THE WHITE WALL LOOK DOWN ON IN
THEIR REGULAR
CONFUSION.

THE HUNKS OF WOOD ON A BASE
AND
THE STEADY LIGHT THAT REFLECTS OFF THE BLINDS
HAVE SOMETHING TO DO
BESIDE BRING UP IMPEACHMENT ISSUES
THAT
SCOUR THE STREETS ABOUT.

THE OTHER FOLKS IN THE NEIGHBORING HOMES
HOLD
ONTO THEIR SOLACE AND CLOSED WINDOWS
LIKE THE NUCLEAR WAR HEADS ARE
GOING
TO
HIT DOWN ONTO THEIR PRAYERS LIKE
UNWELCOMED RECEIPTS OF
THE LOST TRANSACTION.

THE LULLS AND MOVEMENTS
THAT
DEFINE NOW AND MAKE
CERTAIN THAT THE UNDEFINED
HOLD ONTO THEIR QUESTION MARK.

THIS,
AS THE REASONS ARE CALLED TEMPORARY
AND

THE
DOUBT
IS
WIDELY RESPECTED IN
THE WAIL OF THE
MOOSE HOLDING
CLOSE TO THE GROUND.

COLD GOOSE

In toes
In knee caps
In loins
In the air.

Geese coming
To some warmth.

Geese leaving to dawn
Us the cold.

COLD MILK

Hey sharp shooter
Why don't you save that arrow
For
A
Better slave.

Hey sniper
Why don't you hold back that bullet and
Think about the angels that
Will have a time with your soul.

Hey you out there that feel
The walls are against you,
Go out into a prairie and listen
To
The
Whistling stream or the silent crickets
And
Get some other ideas.

Ideas that are born of making
The
Pie cool down
So that the milk can stay cold.

CONTROL IS OUTSIDE

THE BOYS
CAT THEIR REELS INOT
THE LAKE
WHERE THE TURTLES OWN
THE
PROVINCE
AND
FISH LOOK THROUGH THE WATER
WITH THE BOLDEYES OF
THE INQUISITOR LOST ON
WHISKEY GLASSES AND
LOW BALL AFTERNOONS.

TOSS THE LINE WITH NO
SINKER
AND
EXTRA HEAVY HOOKS
TO
CATCH THE FISH THAT FRY IN PANS
AWAY FROM AVERTED EYES
OF
MARRIAGE PARTNER LEANING THE
EMPTY CLOSET.

PLOW THAT LINE INOT THE SILENT
WATER WHERE THE LAUGHING SKY
CAN SEE.

THE STARS HIDE BY THE MORNING,
NOISE IN THE EVAPORATED BLUE OF BLACK EVENT QUILT.

DON'T BREAK THAT POLE OR LOSE THE TACKLE BOX.

JUST ANOTHER PART
IN THE PLAY THAT MOVES IN
SUDDEN MOTIONS STOPPED ONLY BY
WHAT IS OUTSIDE
OF
YOUR CONTROL.

CORN STICKS

PAVING EACH EYE BALL
WITH THE MATCHLESS CHRISTMAS
LIGHTS THAT
T W I K L E
AND STAY STILL
HERE IN THE WARMTH
OF
DECEMBER 1 EVE.

THESE LOONS BIRDS
GOING CRAZY WITH THEIR KIDS
ON THE SLEIGH OF THE FICTIONAL FAT MAN
RIDING IN A WAL-MART BUGGY
YELLING WALGREEN'S CHEER.

THE PAPER SAID
THIS AREA
I RESIDE IN IS THE NEW
HOT BELLY OF RIGHT WING ACTIVITY
YET
I BET 99 PERCENT OF THESE MEN AROUND
HERE KEEP LARRY FLINT IN BUSINESS
AND
DO
THE
DEEDS THAT TALK SHOWS WOULD SALIVATE
AT THEIR CHOPS FOR.

TURNING THE REDS AND YELLOWS ON THE
STRING HIGHER,
LOLLY GAGGING AROUND THE
CAPITALISTIC EVENT OF THE YEAR
THESE PEOPLE
HERE AND THERE PAINTING THE SMILE ON LIKE
THERE'S TOO MUCH PAINT IN THE WORLD
AND
THE CHAMELEON LOST HIS FUTILE FIGHT.

INVIGORATED
LIQUOR RHAPSODIES
DRAINING THE EGG NOGG
DOWN SCRATCHY VOICES,
TUBA
TUBA
DRUM STICK

CORN UP THEIR ASS.

COULD BE OURS

Dogs and cats
Rolling around
The
Blankets,
Our lesser stories are
Your greatest guests.

The most renowned lyrics are
One's everyday drub lives,
As they quantify qualities
The unforeseen
Or lost,
We find what we have
And look into what could
And
Will
Be ours.

DAYS TO COME

THE FLAGRANT
FILINGS OF THE DAY.

WHEN THE SHUFFLE
AND BRASS KNOBS GET PUT BEHIND
THE
DECK FOR ANOTHER SORT OF
REASON
THAT
DIDN'T GET MENTIONED.

THOSE PIECES OF THE DAY
THE WORLD CALLS SATURDAY
COMES IN THROUGH THE WINDOW
AND
WELCOMES THE INTRUDER LIKE THER
FEET WERE THE FIRST TO BE CREATED
IN
THE
APE WALK
OF
THE NEANDERTHAL GATHERING.

BEHIND THE DECK
AND OUT OF THE FILINGS OF
THE
DAY,
WE CONTINUE TO CALL IT A DAY,
ANOTHER PIECE OF THE WEEK
THAT
WE ADD UP INTO A MONTH
AND
TAKE THE 12 FOR A YEAR.

INSTITUTIONS IN THE ASSOCIATIONS
AS
THE
OLD
CRABS OF THE SEA
LOOK THROUGH WET EYES AT THE
CAPTORS
WHEN THE HEAT WILL COMBINE WITH BUTTER
AND
THE
MOUTHS WILL SINGS
IN
THE
TRUMPET LAUGHTER OF THE LOST
LOBSTERS THAT ESCAPED THE NETS.

YES,

WE SEE THE FILINGS
AND
KNOW WHERE THEY ARE HIDDEN.

FOR
THE
HIDDEN WERE ONCE HE FOUND
AND
THE
FOUND BECAME THE SOON TO BE HIDDEN
AS
WE
ROUND THIS SONG TRIO
AND
THINK
SOME
MORE
ABOUT THE FILINGS THAT WILL COME IN THE DAYS TO COME.

DEAD LIGHT

Airs circulating,
The old facades of brick buildings had
Nothing to hold on the breaths that could barely make it
Through the condensation
Of names
Breaths
And
Chances
That would come in through the pole
And leave about on the ropes.

Oh,
And the old plastic gin bottles that wait
Within the rustle of leaves
Keeping behind a silent oath for the mouth
That had to take down the thirst
And vile realities that not only exist on the street
But also run rampant about the atlas
In
Presumably "perfect"
American living rooms
And tidy garages that hum and run with
Uncle Tom breaking in the Christmas tools.

Yes,
And the old black woman that charts her shuffle past my countenance
Looking for the scream of the bus
And waiting for an answer to her cause that
Dr. King spoke of
And
Corporate men shit on.

This,
We be fixed
As
The tired old chair creaks in a slow
Jagged movement
As his girlfriend reaches up to the rear view mirror in the night
While I look through mine at her beauty while
Fumbling with her fingers
To
Kill the light ,
Thus continuing night.

DEATH OF SLEEP

We pull the claws from
The tiger paw
As the man in the corner apartment
Pulls back another breath of
Smoke he has had the chance to create.

Tonight,
He is the lion above his den
Of hypocrites
That shout in their dungeon below.

He wields a stick in one hand
And
A pencil in the other.

He is upstairs carrying on in
An orchestra of sound
That has
Disrupted the maniacs of East Chicago.

The eternal tunes of invisible
Trembles come out from that corner
Apartment
Into the center of minds that not only itch
As the nose
But claw at the doorsteps and on the hands of the
Garage door.

For tonight he is
Orchestrating something in a
Sort of growl,
Snaring in what he needs
And
Keeping away what the others couldn't
Live without on a daily basis.

A dull pencil and
5,798 sheds of life,
he
is the one on the soap box
dictating what the orator will speak.

You shall hear
What we have seen
And the only thing
That
Will stop this breath
Is the death of sleep.

IF YOU WILL IDEAS

DEATH TO
THE MIDDLE MAN,
ANOTHER SHOUT FOR THE
CAT IN THE HAT.

FOUR MORE REASONS TO
GET ON THOSE SHOES AND
GO BACK OUT THAT DOOR AND DO MORE THAN
YOU HAVE DONE BEFORE.

I HAVE MORE POEMS ON THE STREET
FOR PEOPLE TO READ,
WE BUILD THE REASONS,
WHILE THEY CONSTRUCT
THE
SYMPHONIES.

OLD 19TH CENTURY FILMS ABOUT SLOPPY SEX,
THE DRY HUMOR
AND THE CROWDS THAT FORGET THEY HAVE
HANDS ATTACHED TO THE ENDS OF THEIR ARMS.

THE MIND HAD LET GO OF WHAT WAS CONCEIVED
LAST MONTH,
THE HAMBURGER MEAT THAWS IN THE SUB-ZERO
WEATHER,
COTTON HATS,
SILK PANTS
THE CIGARETTE SMOKE OOZES OUT
OF THE WINDOW JOINTS.

THIS,
AS I LOOK DOWN AT A YELLOW INDEX CARD
THAT SHOUTS
A MESSAGE BY THE NATIONAL ORGANIZATION OF WOMEN,
I FUCK TO COME...NOT TO CONVEIVE.

THEY HAVE SOME IDEAS.

YES,
THOSE IDEAS.

IDEAS OF FANCY
IDEALS OF INTRIGUE.

JUST IDEAS,
IF YOU WILL.

DEEP PEANUTS

THEY THINK
OF THE LAUGHING
LANKY
FEET AS THEY WALK
DOWN THEIR SIDEWALK
AND REMEMBER
A
TRANCE
THAT USED TO BE LIKE PUMPKIN PIE
TO FALL INTO.

YES,
THE SPOONS OF WHIPPED CREAM
AND GENITALS OF COFFEE GROUNDS,
LAZILY GOING
DOWN
THE
STREETS AFTER THEY HAVE THE SIDEWALKS KNOCKED
OUT.

THE WHOLE TIME,
STEAMS OF MUSIC
NO COMPOSER COULD MATCH
GOES THROUGH THEIR MIND LIKE A TRUMPET BLAST
KILLING OFF THE FIRST PONY IN THE SACRAFICIAL
CEREMONY.

DOWN
THAT BLANK STREET SOUNDING LIKE A RASPY OLD BLACK MAN
RETIRED FROM THE RAILROAD
SPEAKING ABOUT THE ONLY WOMAN HE TRULY
LOVED WHEN HE WAS YOUNG, VIBRANT, ALIVE
IN A BAND AS A PIANIST
THINKING
THINGS WOULD NEVER
DULL
OR
GROW OLD
OR
BECOME SHIT
OR
WILT UNDER THE SOUND OF THE HALF MOON.

THINKING WITH ALL THE VIRILITY THAT WAS LET LOOSE
FROM THE ALUMINUM TIN OF PEANUTS GIVEN TO
YOU AS A CHRISTMAS GIFT,
YET OPENED MANY MONTHS LATER
IN
A
SURPRISE OF THE EYES BURIED BACK
IN THE DEEP CLOSET.

DRAGON FLY CENTURY

Dragon fly
Swap over the air
And
Bring
A
Treat.

Drop down
A
Piece of water
Or
Waste from the clutches of
Your insect feet.

Bring it down on
Top
Of
The
People
Here on the bottom
Of your sight.

Bring what
May,
Curse June
If you have to.

One dragonfly
Above
The
Heads,
One insect
For

The century
They keep speaking of
That is
In
The
Passing.

DRIPPING WITH BEAUTY

CUTICLES SOAKING
IN LIGHTER FLUID.

WIND CHIMES USED
AS THE SPARKLING DOOR MAT.

WINE ON THURSDAYS.

YELLOW RULED PAPER
STAPLED TOGETHER AS THE FLOOR MAT.

SATURN BECOMES THEIR STAR OF WARMTH
IN THE DAY SKIES.

AIRPLANES OUTSELL AUTOMOBILES.

TOOTBRUSHES USED
AS PAINT BRUSHES ON THE ETERNAL CANVASS.

RED HEADS WITH BLUE NOSES.

CANNIBALS ORDERING A SODA POP
AT THE BURGER STAND.

A WOMEN FEELING HER THIGHS
MOANING AS THE SHOWER HEAD LIES SILENT IN THE LOUD
CITY NIGHT.

THE TACKLE BOXES THROWN IN THE DUMPSTERS
FOR THE TRASH MEN TO PICK UP
AS NEW GIFTS FOR THEIR OLD SONS.

A PRAYER LIFTED THROUGH THE STAINED CHURCH GLASS
TO THE MAN THAT WAS NEVER FORCED AS
A CHILD TO GO TO CHURCH.

SPINACH GROWN IN YARDS TO REPLACE THE TULIP BUDS.

SUGAR CANES BECOME THE MAIN APPLE SAUCE DISH.

ALGORITHMS AND THE MYSTICS,
LIFTING THE GLASS OF WATER
AND EATING THEIR REFLECTION IN THE SWEAT THAT HANGS
IN THE SUMMER AIR
LIKE A MIRROR DRIPPING WITH BEAUTY.

EVER AS IT SHOULD BE

I look into
this America that has been written about
in the papers so bold
today about the year that has gone past.

We continue to bomb Iraq
the President was impeached
the Israelies and Pakistans still haven't reached peace on the West Bank
and
the country has just celebrated Christmas
and will do the same with Dick Clark and the yearly dropping
Times Square ball.

They look at where we came from and
where we are heading.

As a fan of this country,
I must say,
that I will continue to live my life and
survive in what they call "turmoil"

Turmoil of a President in adultery
leaders and bombs spitting in the well
hitting the peace papers
and
thinking that tomorrow will be a day that could clean up
the
vice.

I sit here now and know about now.

Do they know about now?

What does the word "America" mean to them?

Are we letting the ink dry on another story that
will drive paper sales and new program commercialization?

I think this now as
I write about now.

Not collecting the reasons for one year,
but the reasoning of the human condition that makes
our country what isn't our country,
what makes humanity the collection of humans.

This minute in the second
it took me the time to type "minute",
we
need to come away from the ""parenthesis""
and come

into the open.

For this America I write
for
this America that wants to understand
for this America that talks of love
for this America
that
is.

For is
is was
and America shall be.

"For" in forever,
ever as
it shall continue to be.

EYES AND EARS PERCEIVE

We try
To make a friendly gesture,
They comply.

Gas slips out
Of the ass,
We beg for more toilet paper.

I listen through my eyes
And watch from my ears
For what may pass
Could be more interesting
That what
Is
Perceived.

FILLING UP THE TIRES

The brother putting together
My pasta
With scallops and shrimp in
The Bijo last night.

The brother taking my meat to the
Grill
As
I tip my head while he walks by.

There's something better about a brother
Handling my meal.

It's like have a woman touching your back,
It's the sky that won't sing until
Told to,
It's that
Hand that brings you the handle.

The brothers in the back singing their
Soul and
Bringing you a little gift when the laughter
Is ready to begin again.

Have a brother do up your vittles
And
Watch
The
Tire fill up with air.

FIRST RULE

We flip
We flutter
We ride the thunder.

Hounding
Rounding
Writing the song.

Coughing
Snoring
All their fucking whoring.

Coming
Running
Becoming the retreat.

Escape was their last
On the
First set of rules.

FLOCKS OF LISTENING EARS

WE REDEEM YOU
FOR WHAT YOU
HAVE GONE TROUGH.

WE THROW YOU
OUR SINCERE HANDSHAKES
FOR THE MISTAKEN SHAKES
THAT HAVE COME BURBLING DOWN
THE
COLD MILK SHAKE.

YES,
AS THE PUPPET BUFF
PUTS HIS HAND INTO ANOTHER COLORFUL
COLLECTION OF HIS OWN FAMOUS
PUPPETS THAT SPEAK WHEN
HE
MIMICS WHAT HE CAN'T FACE
IN FRONT OF THE OTHER PEOPLE.

PUNCHING THE KEYS
AND
TAKING DOWN THE CLOCK WITH OUR
MIGHTIEST
SWING FROM THE SWINGING LOOPS
OF THE HIGHEST JUNGLE GYM ON THE
ELEMENTARY PLAYGROUND.

UP THE ORGAN CHORDS
AND DOWN THE LIT LAMPSHADE,
THE
STICKS OF WOOD AND HUNKS OF LARD
IN THE GROCERY STORE
OWN UP TO THEIR OWN PITTERY PATTERY
POETRY
OF
WORDS
THAT
GO IN AND OUT
OF
PAPERS
MOUTHS
THE
STREETS
YOUR HOMES
THE
COMPARTMENTS OF APRARTMENTS
AND
ALL OVER THIS DAMN BUBBLE OF THE WORLD
THAT
HAS HID MUCH MORE OVER ITS HISTORY

THAN
HAS
BEEN LET OUT TO THE FLOCK
AND
FLOCKS
FLOCK
AND
MORE FLOCKS
OF
LISTENING EARS.

FREE AS EVERYONE SEE'S IT

They gave birth
To a new baby girl
To give into this
World.

The name was chosen
Before the act went down
To
Bring about such flesh
Into existence.

Her name would be *Free*.

For their parents have had a rough
Row throughout their lives
And one of the few things
That would keep them afloat in
Their skins
Were
The free things.

They loved those free things.

Those that came without even thinking about
Pulling out some monetary piece
And they remembered all those billboards on the side of the road
That would pull their eyes to and fray
As it announced: 'FREE'

Now,
They would bring into this world their
Own likeness they would
Name after the necessity.

She was free.

All the kids would marvel and wonder
As their parents would ponder giving a child such a name
As
Free.

But free was beautiful,
Without
Cost.

She would strum the strings of violet
Music as she moved by anyone
Along the way and when they found out what her namesake was,
That just made it all a little more enlightening.

She was free.

Her parents were free.

Flat free.

Free in a world that knows commerce
And more bills in the gutter.

Yes

And Free carried the name fine.

FUNNIES HAPPEN; THEY WILL COME

The car died
In the
Middle of
Interstate,
Outside of large city
Of Michigan township.

Two cats cleaning their clocks,
My love beat
Back panic.

Uncertain of where
There was
A
Phone,
A woman pulled up letting us use hers,
Made some contact,
Then a highway trooper stopped.

Shortly thereafter,
A female Highway Patroller,
Like the blond off C.H.I.P.S
Stopped and told us
Our car
Had to be towed off the road.

We agreed and waited in her car.

I'm in the front seat,
My lover and the cats in
The back.

Highway Trooper
Had to roll down the frozen windows,
Allergic to cats.

Waited in her warm
Mobile abode
Looking at our dead hunk
Like a hit dog on the side.

This woman spoke to us
About her three
German Shepherds
Husband
Idiots on the road
As the tow finally came.

We laughed,
Helped people stuck in the snow

And
Waited the waiting game.

This,
As the snow piled,
As I smoke with the tow driver and
Breathed some new air.

Breathed there in hotel
Looking at dead care again
As stomach spoke for food.

Just had another breath,
Waiting
Moving
Here in the
Snow
And
Life's frolic of missing work
Come Monday
And
The funnies that happen
&
come.

GLASS ON FACE

Words pouring over the pages
Like the last toast of wine
Slipped from the fingers
Hands
Like evading glass
That didn't quite make
It
Through the
Revolving doors.

Knocking on the door,
Bringing in the paper towels
To clean-up
The spill &
Leave you be.

For the mess was
Much more interesting,
Hell oh
Huboo
In the hobo shack
Off the corner of Father Query's land
In the back of the city next
To
The ranch where wine
Is chastised and
Glass is
Worn on the face.

**GOOD NIGHT --
31 DECEMBER 1998**

It can be hard
to remember,
but try.

Come together with what it
offered before and
try to pull to
and
remember.

For if you forgot what you were trying
to remember you
will reach a time
inevitably where you will remember
to remember once again.

In all the things you may not
remember you
still have the facility of mind
to remember with
the most that
remembrance can bring.

This I offer to
you as
remembrance of
31 December 98.

Good night.

GUM BALLS TO THE MOON

The spectacle of the
World
As
They flew in a plane
To
Greet the new
Faces that would stop crime for at least
Ten minutes on
One
Night in America.

Unrecognized love of the mother as she
Hugs the child's father and
Goes
Into
The
Nursery to play chimes with the
Child while eyes begin to grow
Weary and begin to tie together
Dreams of what the future will be
If they ever make it past the present.

Gumballs stacked from here
Into the sky and to the closets earthly moon
Away from our moon.

I see the tangle of people walk about and to
On the streets making the
Designs and weaves of a child's yo-yo
String.

Intricate and simple
I try to explain the
Simple
In
The bourgeoisie language at times.

They gag

As
Do I

When the time comes that

Our mirror has left the wall

For another face

And the smiles come full circle in
The
Pun

That

Was the welcome

Treat

For

Working a job

Away from the confines

Of corporations.

HALLOWEEN BRIM

THEY LOOK BACK
OVER
THE MONTHS
AND ATTEMPT
TO
STRING OUT AN INVESTIGATION,
OVERLOOKING THE LAUGHTER LIKE A LOST
SMILE,
THE CHILDREN IN THE CITY
RIDE THEIR BIKES TO
MARKETS
WHILE THE ADULTS BUILD THE MYSTIFIED INQUIRY.

NOT LOOKING BACK INTO MONTH,
I LOOK INTO YOU NOW
CREATING FICTIONAL PROSTITUTES
DRESSED LIKE A JOLLY TRANSVESTITE
ON THIS HALLOWEEN IN 1998
IN
CHICAGO

ON THE MIDWEST BRIM.

here

I CROSS
PASS
AN OLD ORIENTAL
WOMAN LOOKING AWAY
IN
AN
UNFAMILIAR GAZE.

PASSING EMPTY FAST FOOD CUPS,
THE ARCHITECTURE HANGS LIKE
HER SHADOW
ABOVE
AS
FACES BREATHE

IN THE FORWARD
GLANCE
AND
THE
GROUND

GOES HOME

FOR ANOTHER START.

here again

THEY SWALLOW SALIVA
FILLED WITH FEAR,
PUNCHING
THE
PORES,
PULLING
A
ROPE HANGING FROM
THE INVISIBLE
HORSE'S HOOF,
THE
CHILDREN BITE
THEIR NAILS
AS
WE FIND
A PATH OUT OF
THE
DEAD END NEIGHBORHOOD.

HERE OH HERE; YOU KNOW WHERE

THE SHRUBS
GREEN LAWN HOSE
THOSE TAN CHIPS HOLDING THEIR WORLD
TOGETHER,
THE AIRCONDITIONING UNIT
HOLDING ITS SPEECH,
SILENT SUN WINDOWS
THE PIPE PROTRUDING FROM THE
ROOF LIKE MISSION SATELLITES THAT
WILL GET OFF THE GROUND
WHEN OTHER MOTIVATIONS
OF
THE MUNDANE ARE PUSHED ASIDE
AND
LIFE IS LIVED.

SOFT WINDS PUSHING
THE BLINDS SIDE TO SIDE
LIKE BROADWAY DANCERS DOING A NUMBER FOR THE
BINOCULARS IN THE UPPER GALLERY.

VINES GROWING UP THE BASEMENT CEMENT OF THE
GRAY HOME
AS
THE KIDS STAY INSIDE FROM THE WARMTH
TO
DEFEAT THE \$40.00 ELECTRONIC GAME
THAT MOTHER AND FATHER
HAVE TO FEEL WAS TRULY ANOTHER FORM
OF LOVE BESTOWED ON THEIR OFFSPRING
FOR
GOOD GRADES OR
FLUSHING THE TOILET AND CLOSING THE LID.

YES FOLKS,
WE ARE IN THE SUBURBS
WHERE
PROPERTY VALUES ARE RISING
WITH THE EXPLOSION OF FOLKS MIGRATING AWAY FROM THE
CITIES AND THE INVISIBLE GUN SHOTS AND
INFLATED CRIME THEY PLAY IN THEIR HEADS
LIKE BUDDING COMPANIONS TO THE
PIMP DADDY BASTARDS ON PRIME TIME TELEVISION MOWING DOWN
THE INNOCENCE.

WE'RE HERE
WHERE THE SOUND OF A DOG BARKING WILL LIKELY BE ONE OF
THE TWO MAIN SOUNDS YOU'LL HEAR.

THE OTHER IS SOUND
IS THE ELECTRONIC GARAGE DOOR OPENERS

GOING
UP
AND
DOWN
UP
AND
DOWN
UP
AND
DOWN
UP
AND
DOWN

AS THE DOGS BARKING
OFFER THE FEW VARIETY OF SOUNDS.

OH YES,
I FORGOT THE
ERRANT CAR DOORS SLAMMING
HERE
AND THERE
EVERY ONCE IN SOME TIME.

WHERE DID THE LAUGHTER GO?

THE CONVERSATIONS THAT MAKE IT EASIER TO CROSS
THE
CUL-DE-SAC.

WHERE OR WHERE ARE YOU TODAY AND
THE OTHER DAYS THAT SLIP INTO NIGHT?

HERE IN THE SUBURBS
HERE
HERE
OH
HERE

I PET THOSE DOG BARKS LIKE THEIR
WELCOMED
HUMAN VOICES.

HIGHWAY NEAR BY

THEY CAME TUMBLING
IN THROUGH THE DOOR
WITH ALL THEIR MALICE AND
DISCONTENT
LEFT ON THE DOORMAT.

THOUGHTS OF YOUNG GIRLS AND
THE CHILDREN'S SHOELACES
WERE
FORGOETTEN WITH THE TURN
OF THE GUTTER DOING IT'S BUSINESS
FOR ANOTHER DAY.

IT WAS A CELECTRATION
MUCH LIKE THOSE THAT GO DOWN IN
VARIOUS NAMES
VARIOUS PLACES
VARIOUS REASONS
VARIOUS LINES
IN MANY
HOME YOU SEE LIT AND VACANT OF LIGHT,
YET THIS ONE WAS
A LITTLE OF SKEW FROM THE NORMAL ATTIRE THAT
PUTS THE CLOTHING ON THE TAILOR'S DOOR JAMB.

THIS WAS THE CELEBRATION OF LIFE THAT
WAS THE DISTINCT DEFINITION AS THE
PARTICIPANTS ENTERED THE ROOM.

IT MEANT SOMETHING MORE
THAN THAT.

IT WASN'T WHAT WAS VOCALIZED BEFOREHAND,
IT WAS WHAT WAS VOCALIZED ON HAND
FOOT
MOUTH
EYES
PANT POCKETS
SOCKS.

UNADULTERED,
WHILE THE STOVE STOOD COLD AND FULL
OF CIGARETTE SMOKE
WHILE THE ASHES CURDLES
IN HOPES OF FINDING A REASON.

A ROOM FULL OF PEOPLE WITH
MORE PEOPLE SPILLING INTO THE OTHER ROOM.

THE GRAND TIDING OF THE

TWIST OFF.

THE MOON WAS AT HALF CUSP
WHILE
THE
ASTROLOGERS WONDERED HOW SCIENCE HAS
MADE IT SO EASY FOR IMPOTENCE TO RISE TO THE
OCCASION WHENVER IT NEEDS.

YOUNG MEN
AND PUNK GIRLS,
MIXING THE RUM BOTTLE WITH ORANGE JUICE DREAMS.

ALL THE NIECES AND NEPHEWS OF THE
WORLD SPEAKING TO THEIR COUSINGS.

THE DEBRIEFING OF THE
GET TOGETHER,

A SCENE IN THE SUBURB SECTION
AS THE HAMM'S CAN WENT FLYING ACROSS THE
CUL-DE-SAC
AS WE LAUGHED ABOUT FRANCE
AND
IGNORED THE FAINT SOUND COMING OFF
THE
HIGHWAY NEAR BY.

HIS CONTRIBUTION

The man of
A
Creative bend that would juxtapose
His foes.

Pulling together logs of bark
And branches of black
To mold together his
Artistic
Endeavors
For
The
Inclined to decide.

Mounting them on plain
Tan frames
Or
Grand green bases
To make the girls giggle their squeak.

Taking nature to the test
Of the art world,
He loved the sticks and branches and other pieces of
Firm botany
That would make his heart race
As he forgot the world and
Molded the remembered world.

Yes,
The man with his hands as tools
And the pieces of bark against the
Ground
As his canvass.

Protruding
Through your forest of nose hairs
And
Out the other side of your
Listening judgement.

HOT DOGS AT THE BUS STOP

STANDING ON
THE TOP DECK OF THE PARKING LOT,
I TAKE A BREAK FROM THE MORNING
AS
THE BREATHER COMES TOGETHER FOR
ANOTHER CUP OF COFFEE
AWAY FROM
THE OFFICES
AND
SMILES THAT COULDN'T AMOUNT TO MORE
THAN A FROWN ON A BAD DAY.

I SOAK IN SLIVERS OF THE WARM WINTER SUN
AS THE CROWDS BELOW AS THE PLASTIC GLASS
DOME AT THE BUS STOP THROWS BROWN SHADOWS
ON THE CROWD AROUND THE TRASH
CANS.

OH,
THE BLACK MEN WEAVING THEIR CONVERSATIONS
TIGHTLY LIKE GIFTS THEY GET THEIR GIRLFRIENDS AND
NOT THEIR WIVES.

THIS,
AS THE BLACK WOMAN WAVERS IN AND OUT
OF THE LIP OF THE STREET LOOKING FOR
THE WHEELS IN MOTION TO TAKE HER TO THE NEXT SPOT
ON
DOWN THE ROW WHERE THE SPOTS ARE SQUARES.

YES,
THE TELECOMMUNICATIONS TOWER STANDS ERECT
AS GIGI'S WIGS ANNOUNCES THE ARRIVAL OF THEIR
FRESH NEW LINE OF WIGS
AS THE SMOKE
COMES
SLOW
AND
PROUD
FROM THE TOP OF THE CONNIE HOT DOG HUT
ACROSS THE STREET.

HOTTEST HOTEL WATER

COURT TV AND
ELEPHANT SHOWS
IN CHICAGO HOTEL ROOM,
THE TRASH DUMPSTER
BELOW OUR WINDOW
HAS SOME TASTY KICKBACKS.

THE LONG IS IN THE SHORT,
THE CURIOUS MEET
THE RANCID,
WE HOLD HANDS IN THE MAGICAL CIRCLE OF
POCKET FULL OF POSIES,
ASHES .. ASHES
THE ASH TRAY IS BRIMMING WITH
4:00AM LOVE.

INSTINCTS IN PREMONITIONS,
THE BLACK MAN HOLLARS
FROM THE STREET
DOWN BELOW.

ANOTHER TIME
IN ANOTHER CITY,
WE LOOK HERE INOT MY 26TH YEAR,
SAVED THE 27TH ON A SAVORED BREAKFAST NAP,
WITH ELEPHANTS IN DIRTIED WATER.

I GO INTO SCOUR MY
BACK
WITH THE
HOTTEST HOTEL WATER
THEY HAVE.

IN JANUARY EVE

Frozen flowers on
The
End of thorny stems,
It's after 3:00 p.m.
And the bags of white and black trash still
Lag about on the
Corners.

Crooning in the cold sleet
And snow,
Neighbors discreetly take
Their dogs to the corner field
For a good
Piss and shit.

Lights going through
The blinds,
The liquor stores prepare for the
New 1999.

We fixed,
We moving,
We waiting
In the warmth while
We
Think and drink in the
Food

Of
January eve.

IN THE FALL

BLOOD LET ARCHES
BENT,
LISTENING TO THE NEW FORMS
THAT WILL AWAKE TO
TAKE SHAPE.

THE OLD MAN LIFTS A CAROUSEL OF 35MM SHOTS
AND
REMEMBERS WHAT USED TO BE CONSIDERED "HIP"
AND
HOW HE WOULD MAKE THE WOMEN DAZZLE IN HIS WAKE.

FURTHER ACROSS TOWN THE OVERWRAUGHT HOUSE WIFE
LIFTS A MALEVOLENT MEAT CLEAVER TO DE-BONE A
T-BONE STEAK.

SHE REMEMBERS ALICE & SAM
FROM THE DAYTIME RERUN SPILL.

THE DEAD TELEVISIONS AND
RISING CAMERAS AS
THE BLOOD LET ARCHES
WOBBLE AS IF
IN
A
FALL.

IN THE INTERESTS OF THE UNINTERESING

The tulips
Buds that roll over on the
Gravel walk way,
Waiting to nip at the bottom of
Jean seams
As the
World rises for the earth.

The glass around the candle
Biting at the bitch heat that
Consumes the air
And
Listens to the carbon dioxide
That has more than one
Reason
To
Come into being.

All the insane madness coming
Down on the streets before the
Eyes for free,
It was never easier to keep
The wallet in that pocket
Where it belongs.

Oh,
And how the railroads with their train work
Scream for the streaming cold and snow
To end for another season.

And the dramas
That killed the melodrama,
Those
Ethnic Albanians making
Their stories to be told
Into the
Blue screen of historical
Generalizations
That
Will
Trickle through the Reagan-gone eras
Of
Tidy suburban classrooms
And
Become the talk that wasn't spoke
But
Thought about on the playgrounds of the world.

The same playgrounds that will lie silent
With the creaking chains on the swing set that go
Side-to-side with all
The vengeance of terrorists

That
Were caught at the gate.

Yes,
As how all those stories become talk
And
Are forgotten in the instant that the words are released
From the mouth.

We're us humans always the
Same
As we carry on with the night sky watching in?

I know so.

For the centuries have told too many people
That humans will do things that will change
The course of
Things.

How we can make the interesting uninteresting
And
The uninteresting interesting.

This in the interest of you and me,
I
Bring for the words spoke in a sentence
And
Brought in a ramble.

INSANE CLARITY

THE YOUNG WOMAN
PULLS OUT HER
GLASS OF WATER
AND
THE COLOR PALLATE WITH
PAINTS MIXING WELL WITH
THE
WATER.

SHE WANTS TO FEEL REFRESHED
AND
CREATE SOMETHING THAT
WILL STAND UP TO THE TIME THAT GOES
BY IN A SOMEWHAT INNOCENT
MARCH
WHILE THE
TELEVISIONS SPIT INDECENCY.

SHE LOOKS UP AT THE OPAQUE COMPUTER SCEN
AND
WONDERS WHERE HER MOTHER IS IN THIS
NIGHT THAT COMES IN LIKE A NEW BLANKET
SLIPS UNDER THE CHIN
AND
OVER THE TOES.

HEAD LEANED DOWN LOW,
THE CARS SPIT BY IN LONG INTERVALS
OUTSIDE AS SOUNDS BECOME THE NEW SUBJECT
MATTER IN HER PIECE
SHE
PAINTS FOR HESELF
ME
THEM
HER
AND THE WORLD THAT WAITS FOR ANOTHR PRODIGY
TO
HOLD IN ESTEEM
WITH
THE
OTHER ONES THAT HAVE FLITTED BY IN THE GRAND HISTORY
OF
THE
548-PAGE BOOK IN THE BACK OF THE CLASSROOM.

WITH HER INNOCENCE
AND UNDAUNTED
ENERGY
I BODE HER A SMILE EACH MORNING AND
THE

CHANCE TO NOT BE SWALLOWED AS ANOTHER
SO-CALLED
SHALLOW HERO
IN THE CD & VIDEO SHOP.

THIS,
AS SHE CLOSES HER EYES FOR THE
FIRST AND LAST TIME OF THE
EVENING THAT COMES
TO
HER
DOOR

LONGING FOR
SANITY

LANGUID IN THE NORMAL

AND BOURNE OF WHAT
THE
INSANE
WOULD CALL CLARITY.

INSANE RUBBER WALLS

THE WOMAN
WHO COPIED ALL THE SHEETS
OF MY NEWEST CHAPBOOK AT NO
CHARGE
TELLS ME OVER THE RIM OF
HER GLASSES THAT
HER
FAMILY
IS
“FUCKED-UP.”

AS I STAND IN THE PRINT SHOP
WAITING FOR THE COPIES TO
SPIT AND FLY
FOR
ANOTHER
JOB NUMBER,
SHE TAKES ANOTHER PHONE CALL.

I GO OVER AN FILL A PAPER CUP
WITH 4-HOUR OLD COFFEE,
STIR
IN SOME SUGAR AND WAIT
FOR
HER TO CONTINUE.

“YEA,” SHE SAYS WITH A DEJECTED SIGH.
“ONE SISTER IS A LEUTENANT IN THE MILIRARY,”
MOTIONING TO HER NOSE WITH AN AIR OF DISGUST.

“THE OTHER IS A POLICE OFFICER,
ONE OTHER BROTHER IS SO CRANKED UP ON MARIJUANA
THAT HIS FUCKING BRAIN IS GONE.”
SHE SAID.

“ANOTHER ONE IS A PUNK,
ANOTHER IS FLAT FUCKED UP
AND I HAVE TO HEAR IT.”
SHE SAYS.

“HEY,”
I TELL HER.
“I KNOW ABOUT THE INSANE.
IF YOU WALK INTO MY FOLKS PLACE,
YOU WOULD ONLY SEE ROOMS FULL OF THEIR DOGS,
YOU WOULD HAVE NO IDEA THEY HAVE ANY SORT OF OFFSPRING
OTHERWISE.”

SHE FLASHES ME ANOTHER LOOK OVER THE RIM OF YOUR GLASSES.

“SO, ARE ANY FISTS THROWN AROUND THE HOLIDAYS?”
I ASK.

“SHIT,
THAT’S WHY I HATE THANKSGIVING AND CHRISTMAS.
WE HAVE TO BE CAGED UP INSIDE AND DO THIS SHIT.
I LIKE IT IN THE WARM WEATHER WHEN WE CAN GET
OUTSIDE.”

“HELL,”
I TELL HER.
“YOU HAVE TO TAKE THE TIME TO LOOK OUT FOR YOURSELF
OR GET SOME RUBBER WALLS TO DEAL WITH THE PROBLEM.”

AS SHE LOOKS OVER THE RIM OF HER GLASSES
TO RESPOND,
THE
PHONE
RINGS
AND
I LEAVE.

DAMN,
I’LL HELP HER HANG THOSE
INSANE RUBBER WALLS FOR FREE.