

JoeFiles XXXX
ROLL WIND..WIND ROLL

If He Wouldn't ...

How could
They drop him off
On that corner?

They knew he hand not a
Try to fight
For
A
Direction back to
The familiar.

Leaving him with 5 years & no emergency break,
He made it down to the local restaurant
And went into the back room—

Looking at the wall
With
His urine splashing
Back on his hand,
He knew enough
That
The
World would
Find its way,
Even if he wouldn't.

In Nodule

How clever
The meaningless
Mores came through the
Non-assuming gates.

To come through and marvel at sharing—

Sharing the solo
Amenities of the loose in
The
Nodule.

IN THIS PLACE

You've tried your
Hand
At
Trying to re-think some thoughts.

It was too
Fucking futile.

Wrong from
The
Word think,
Making that woman know love,
The sky hugs above you
Like a 4" X 6" portrait
Stapled snug to
A
Ceiling.

Gathering the sounds of night
Like minnows in a
Night crawler bucket,
You hurt not a soul,
You think,
Even your own.

Letting the
Small bug
You cannot squash
Fly about your arm
And
Back there into
Another
Space in this
Place.

Into My Shoulder . . .

Cats with their
Faces,
Purses with their lids,
Trampolines
With a rubber net,
She reached up
To
Hug my body,
Her hair was a
Blonde like gold—

I kissed her forehead
And
Felt
The breath
Of
Familial blood
Come into my shoulder.

INVISIBLE FROLIC

Swirling grounds
Of
Gray
Come
Onto the
Dried blood spot
Leaking from
The
White shirt
Growing
Arms from the limb holes
On
Ground.

Turning puddles of
Sand
In the carpet ground
As the woman
Laughs loud enough
Across the street
Making
Surgery extinct
And the
Birds reach down to eat
More
Gravel.

Salivated mouth
Waiting to
Dry
In
Colder night air to
Come
In
A
Minute for the
Hardened clay to
Turn back into mush and
Laugh
Mockery
At the scalpel that had
Any
Hope
In another work.

Expired time
Waiting
For
The
Neighbor

As
An alive light comes on
Above the sidewalk lining street
In
Open prospects
Of
That hardened petrified wood to
Pulp back into growth and
Shake about with mirrors reflecting

Knock
On an invisible door of your frolic.

JAPANESE ENDING

Small Japanese
Girl,
Must have been at least
Eight years old behind the liquor counter.

Flanking the backside of her father
There at the register,
She
Roved around her innocence
Laughing at those that come in for their
Goods to relish the seal
Before it was snapped.

Hopping on one foot,
Smiling with elegance and ease
As the Ginseng
Crushed potatoes in clear fluid
Hops on a march
Come through the credit card swipe
And out the door
Into
The
Banging world of new speakers
And old tapes.

The little girl just looked at all the
White and black folks coming into their
World for moments and
Paying without thought for the
Mind kick that would bring
In
A soft pat to the brain.

I went up and
Said
“hello” to this little oriental angel of the
Midwestern dust storm.

She smiled with every inch of her young face
And said,
“hi”.

I asked,
“how are you?”

She looked me straight in the eyes
And said,
“fine”
as she held her hands behind her back
and twisted to and to with all the power of
a
mongoose waiting to thump an innocent prayer.

I smiled
To keep up with hers,
Finished my transaction and
Waved "so long"
To the small wonder in
The store of bigger wonders in glass.

Loaded the liquor in
The back of the jeep,
I slapped my mate on the shoulder
And
Said
"this will be a good night."

Pulling out of the small
Liquor store lot,
Cars
Just kept streaming in
As though the endless line of celebrating
This
That
Their
Ours
Others

Now

Would never end.

**OVER
THE CONNECTED EVENINGS**

Loss of computer – Pieces of paper are hardly around for rightful disposal. All I have now are my damn hands and nothing more.

**

She got so accustomed to the rituals. Yes, all the fucking rituals. Everything she did was a performed act of familiarity and she didn't ever recognize that. The way she readied herself in the morning, poured a cup of coffee, musical selection in the car, greeting other people and such. All rituals. Consumed by being so cooth for the world and society at work, she turned into a ritual. Her name changed from RITA to RITUAL, it was only an addition of two letters, but that's not the point.

She literally became a ritual. No one wanted to talk or look at her being much anymore. When people recognize rituals it has a way of going sour in their mouths like that pack of chiclets you chewed for several hours. Yes, this ritualized woman became a ritual. Some of the world appreciated her stick-to-it-ness and many more detested it. She just dissolved into ritual.

**

He loved her so much he just couldn't think. He thought thoughts, not really born of his own thoughts, they were of her and her alone. How to better show his love and all the other bullshit that took over his mind. Nothing came out of his mind that was his own. He thought these thoughts until they became non-thoughts.

**

This young man pulled an old dirty condom off a packet of papers that had much discourse about religions and socialism. He then stubbed the top of his foot, bent his head against the wall and just looked down.

**

From his bed, he heard something at the stoplight. It was a song from a tape he currently had in his own tape deck. How random, he thought, there are so many people around at this time. Though, that song sounded much better to him in his own car and own set of speakers.

**

When you have nothing to lose, you have nothing to lose.

**

There was a hole in the sky, the sun came through, rain before lightning--all later.

**

They said to read a newspaper daily. Then, forget to raise the flag of your country late in the day durante early morning activities.

**

Gil DeMore has at least a dream a month about his old best friend coming back to life and hanging out with him. His friend has been dead for some time. Nearly nine years. Since that time, Gil has had many occasions where he has seen his friend, an old childhood friend, come into his dreams and convince him that it wasn't a dream and that he was back in the world. In fact, his dead friend would convince him that he was never dead in the first place. He was just off in a sabbatical or such and unable to be reached. Though, now he was back and willing to get on with the living once again.

Gil looked forward to these dreams, but he just couldn't shake the feeling that they were so vivid. Did his deceased friend make a pact with an angel or deity to be granted this subconscious visage to meet Gil?

It's hard to really tell. Gil enjoyed the dreams. His friend will remain alive even if it's within his head while eyes are closed.

When they were kids, Gil and his friend used to close their eyes and think of the future. Neither one would suspect that their fates would be separated in the physical world. They used to muse about how they would be old men on a park bench feeding the feathered world bread from their front row seat to a set of lives lived.

Still, Gil's friend is alive. He just had to get tired and close his eyes.

Maybe, Gil thought, this month they'll be in that park feeding the pigeons or playing chess.

**

Hugging forgotten people, kissing the right souls.

**

They misunderstood his understanding, standing on the shore where water was kindred.

**

Freckles on his arms – Freckles on his back – He used to drink strange drinks and eat raw meats. He still had all these fucking freckles. He learned to love his freckles over time despite himself.

**

Lights dim with coffee maker on – Lights go down with midnight ice water.

**

Tripped by daisies on the concrete porch – The bar-b-Que. grill still has a hungry fire. Those bumps on the knee won't fade.

**

At the money bar, all they entered with was coins and wooden looks. Set to knock on the luck and grab some cheap happy hours.

**

Sitting at the kitchen table, he picks up a jar of peanut butter. Rolling this jar in his hand, he thinks of mechanics as though they are him. He doesn't walk, he is the walk. He doesn't trot, for he is the trot. He is the mechanics in the movements that shouldn't worry about tart needs. He is the mechanic that is good with moves.

Laying the peanut butter jar back on the dining room table, he knows that he isn't hungry. He is hunger. He is.

**

She's always wanted to fly a jet. More than life. In her lifetime. She wanted to take that jet into her own hands and have those noises that seep around and explode the sound barriers.

Since she was a teenager, when boredom of ground activities took control of her, she wanted to get into aviation.

Take to the air, become one with the sky and laugh at those on the ground that croon and fail to understand.

Particularly those men that talked down to her throughout her life.

She's going to join the Air Force and plod about her training courses. She wants to fly. She has to fly if there is any hope in her staying sane during her lifetime.

Someday she will fly –

She'll fly at 20,000 feet and all necks from the ground will strain skyward to hear the sound barrier crackle like thunder hitting an aluminum turkey pan. Then, she will smile, perhaps let out a maniacal giggle. They will be looking at her. Fuck right, looking at the sun refract off the silver steel of her wings, body, bearings and all the other pieces that have her going across the sky.

Taller, she thinks, someday she's going to fly away and all those men that were cruel to her will have to look skyward to see her move. To see – her – move.

**

The young man stops at the stoplight. Behind the wheel of a medium sized truck, his left arm remains straight. He looks forward, maybe shifting to the side once or twice for the duration of the red to see a little life around him. He looks tired and beaten.

**

The white piece of string floated about and away in the breeze. Straight at some points, leaning against the wall at other times. It was a white piece of string that looked all right in white against the tans and blacks around and behind. About and forward – Whichever way it did float.

**

Fumes of the street and city come in with the warm air through the screen of the window that doesn't appear to have a screen up and protecting objects from coming through. I notice these scents because I haven't had a cigarette yet at 1:01PM on this Saturday and all the new reports on the rising asthma rates among young children in poor urban cities across the US.

Yea, kids are having hard time breathing. At least they have easier time thinking. Oh, the kids that will evolve into the future of this county. You always hear about the future generations, how guns will be taken off the streets, cures to diseases will be formulated in the future – all about doing and bringing these kids up in the future.

Hey, how about fucking now or today, maybe tomorrow won't be that far away. What happened with all the shit going on today as the primary cursor instead of the FUTURE? Don't get me wrong, the future is coming and it is as necessary as the past or present, but come on. If we don't at least make an attempt to do some things now, there will be a future so clogged with shit to be done that a pat on the shoulder will be a glutton for pure blurred hindsight.

I think I need to go get a pack of cigarettes and smoke my first one of the day.

I will do that n-o-w.

**

A large group of Rap musicians/stars have their backs facing the busy traffic with a row of guitars on stands perched on the top of a 6-foot brick wall. The passing cars look and wonder what's going on.

All the Rap stars look upward at the instruments and emit neither a look of amusement or dejection, just a plain look. A DJ has some records to spin at a booth behind. Then, simultaneously the Rappers lift their right hands and all snap once in unison. The music from the funky fucking spin station kicks on and the Rappers start taking stones and pebbles that were stacked next to them and begin hurling them towards the guitars.

Pelting these instruments will all their might and emotion, they quickly begin to destroy the necks, strings and bodies. Wood splits open, paint chips fly, metal pieces fall – General havoc is waged on these guitars.

About fifteen to twenty minutes later, all the instruments are destroyed. The music fades down – The Rappers finally feel some joy. They have defended themselves against the beast, they suppose. They feel just fucking grand.

THE END.

**

A car lot off a fairly vacant rural country road. This car lot has a good deal of cars to be sold to the public. The vehicles that are sold are fairly unusual to be sold to the civilian population. Jeeps & US postal trucks ice cream trucks, fire engines, police cars and the like. I make it up to this lot to see if this is all true in a sort of local rural tale. Coming up the open road I see the crisp rows of cars and the lines of shiny strips of paper flapping on sagging lines strung from light poles around the lot.

There's no one around except two large men waiting outside the gate of the lot looking at an old police vehicle. One black man and the other white, both with tight white shirts on. They just stare at this car without saying a word to each other or the car that sits there next to the windows and metal that joins it.

Shit, they think, they would love to have their own cop car. Yea, they could do the pulling over and macho bullshit. You bet. They wanted that cop car.

**

I was woke-up twice this morning. The first time was about 7:48AM and the other time was at 11:23AM. The first was a phone call for my roommate. Something about him having to meet someone else somewhere. I woke him up to give him the news then I went fast back to sleep. With the shades up high and the window at the same height. Then, I was woken up by the sound of several panes of glass crashing on the pavement outside. I hopped up off the floor futon and stuck my head out the window to make sure that it wasn't an automobile accident. They do happen sometimes around here next to the intersection light. No dice.

Although the shit does have a tendency to happen in series or cycles.

So, as I poked my head through the crack of the window, I saw a young man walking up the sidewalk into more time. I came back in with my head, shoulder and torso noticing that it was just before 11:30AM. I figure that I should just go on ahead and stay awake.

Life is both for the living and choosing. I think I did both at that time and even the time before when I woke up. Fuck, I did a lot before noon today.

**

Random access channels on the transistor radio were the pleasure these two boys had on those summer afternoons that ended, but didn't really end. They would get in the back yard where a tree house was that they constructed with their own bare hands the previous summer. Wood and nails came from a nearby construction site where a house was being built.

With this transistor radio, they could tap into many different channels ranging from radio, television, fire departments, police departments and the weather reports. Over and over they used this transistor and became tired over time of the same stuff coming over the line. The most exciting pieces were those that came from the police or fire departments. Those of robberies, busts, apartment fires, murder, homicides, breaking down drug & prostitute rings. Though, these two kids in their suburban stares wanted more. More than they were getting.

Give it some year's there fellows. You'll get more.

There will likely be kids that listen to them getting called in by one of the law enforcement departments or jockeying on a radio show. It's not clear now, but they may even build these transistors in a factory or plant that pays them menially or very well.

Their future is ahead of them while they try to garner some entertainment in the meantime.

In the meantime – as they grow older and remember the yore of summer transistor days when the murderers, cops, robbers, prostitutes, drug pimps, fuckers, lovers, domestic disputes, Monty Hall and door number 2, radio pranks and all the other pipeline jargon that fed their ears.

In the meantime . . .

**

Ethiopian food on a platter, the car alarm went off and turned the heads around. I wanted another coke and kept taking it all down with my fingers as the hard-boiled egg and spicy sauces soaked with the spongy tan bread.

**

They get ready to play a rock show tonight at a small town coffee shop. Tightening strings, autographs later and the sounds they know they can make. Maybe some cigarettes while they play. These guys will play with sounds the crowd will pay for. These guys will make it. On a magazine cover or straight to the ears of those that want to hear.

**

Shouldn't walk through the doors until you know the sun will hit your shoulders.

**

They sat around the living room of the apartment taking back new jazz albums, soft pack cigarettes; the occasional plastic tipped cigar that had the twang of sugar on the end and cheap 16oz. Cans of an American domestic scent. Speaking of the things that most people run from in the mall food court, they laughed until tears formed in their eyes. Though, not from the stench of smoke that was hanging in the air like silent dreams they couldn't tell each other for the laughter it would invoke. Real fucking laughs that even made their teams of neighbors smile high on their cheeks. Yea, they had some shit rolling out that night.

Maybe an instrument here and there to strum, mainly the vocal chords were being flexed between and about the room with walls that had character.

Catching up with the ashes on their cigarettes, they spoke of how sociology was going to rival philosophy some day. Meaning, that sociological thought was going to emerge as the new theoretical means by which people would ponder, argue and finagle about events that were real and perceived real. So, instead of being called the "philosophical sort", people would be referred to as a "sociological being."

The events of the world and their societies/cultures about them were going to envelope so much of their thought that the only choices that could be seen as viable to ponder any more than a paragraph or fortnight in discussion would be of those that are of sociological value. Issues such as violence in the urbs, children with guns, drugs in white collar cliques, open alcoholism, addictions, neglect, one-parent homes, etc.c.ce.t.c.

Down the line, the issues would cover up any discourse on whether something exists in a tangible form vs. a creation of the mind.

In the process of discussing this new mounting speculation, and some evidence, they began to dribble at the prospects of this new school of thought taking any precedence. Would Universities convert to more of a sociological bend or would the philosophy of yore and now be as revered.

They were loathing the events that could become the events. Philosophy used to be their wheel, now the spare was going to be thrown into the river with the only jack, called sociology, hanging with the sector of philosophy that deemed the jack as a pure convention of the mind. It did not exist in the physical world. There was no way they could hike their torso and implant a piece in their soul that would protect them from the sociological wave that seemed to be inevitably on its way. Just of the mind.

Just of the mind.

**

They put new neon beer signs up in the liquor store windows. New reds, the whites won't flicker; the people driving by won't even notice the letters that spell the product. Perhaps the people walking by will give it more of a glance. The middle of the three new signs just flickered, while a young man waiting for his gal inside changes the radio station and picks at a week old scab on his elbow.

**

You know about the blockage that clogs the mind of the writer? The misplacement of the innocent getting lodged in the incest and going to a blank confession booth for an explanation. Three pairs of scissors stuck in the garbage disposal while the mad man puts on a pair of orange dish gloves, hikes the bottle of bleach above the drain and flips the switch. It's his own personal way of coloring the darks in his hair natural as the bleach eats and flies towards his scalp. You know about the edge of beginning something in words that become non-work. Like the construction man arriving at the new site. A highway stretch. He gets out at the inception of the morning, walks towards his buddies and then pulls his pants down to his ankles on a frigid day with passing traffic to take a simple piss. You know where it's coming from? The non-thought of thought as the prison mate chews on his fingernails as if they're corncobs thinking that the men that landed on the moon still live on the moon. And oh how he chews at his fingernails and tries to wonder, "How the fuck can they live up there for 19 years? Don't they miss their families and the earth home? Second stretch run in the race that has clogged the mind. The hair clogged in the sink, so to speak, choked the Opera and took a lunch bucket and threw it into the sea at a school of tuna. The lunch box drowns – far to the floor – past the third stretch – into a region where the human ear cannot handle the pressure – fourth stretch – we have impact.

**

You shed a layer of epidermal skin each month – You watch her skin and wonder why it should ever wither.

**

You know it's a catch 22 to perform a job for pay, know that with what you give their only going to keep more while they tell you to spend less for the company's sake. Not talking exhorbant fund in exchange for a day's labor. Just adequacy.

I should say though, that those middle class woes and bozo jacks give me a good chuckle and shake of the head to keep my interest. Their abject teases at philanthropy, equality and pure love tend to make me think. Do they know what they want, do they look at their spouses with any love and do they know that everyone has to see their faces when they interact face-to-face?

If this is any indication of what they have traded in for their money, I'll stick with my pay and go on my way.

**

To move forward they say you must go back. What is the forward defined as? For that matter, what is the back defined as? On my body—the front is my face and the back is my ass. Close at all?

**

Helmet claws have their hands open and hammers facing backward for the wrong comment to come at the right time.

**

Ingenious rabbits indeed wrap bows for next year's feast that will be served with sweet yams and a good fucking yank up your neck.

**

The work in progress to come back to. That locked look with hooked hands to get back to the damsel that wanted to find distress. Putting sticks into mud. Pieces are being formulated to make the ensemble the will be recognized for its cohesive whole.

Coming back to the work in progress, maybe with a Premium Cigar or a new pair of shoelaces.

He kept on coming back to the work in progress to see if there could be anymore building.

The work in progress.

**

They tore strips of concrete out of the sidewalk and put a detour sign and more dirt in it's place to make the people go around. Going around the dirty signs . . . they go round.

**

We are the stories, we write the stories. We want the story, we write the story. We yearn in our stories; we yearn while writing the stories. We have some stories, while writing those stories down. We see stories, while we write the stories we see. We forgot the stories, while we forgot to write down those stories. We need the stories, while we need to hear these stories. All the while, sucking on the greatest end of the oxygen tube.

**

You carry the melted candy bar in your hand. As the candy and brown of sugary chocolate come down your arms, some streaks already in the pits of your arm, you see the almonds that made it through and still stick firmly to your arm. You pick an almond off your arm that was cleaned with your skin and the heat and eat it like a dream you had last night. The dream where you had a woman on one arm and no thoughts on the other. No thoughts on the other.

**

It's pretty damn cold to be April 29, 1998. The rains have come down for several days and the temperatures haven't risen past the low fifties. As I heard today – there will be plenty of summer. There will be plenty of wets as well. Thank the gods for that one.

**

Heading west on an eastern course, you see a man tailing you on the open of the interstate while going 15 miles over the speed limit. Also, you see several hitchhikers in the span of a mile-and-a-half. The man won't get off your tail as you flick the last end of your cigarette into the breezy air. It makes a set of colorful streaks as it hits the windshield this old and warm evening. As the car, which has poked speeds around into the fast lane for a better view of the culprit, the lights on the top of the car stay still as the other man searches to find the piss he needs to exhume. It's a cop and all he does is wave to you. Waving for you on your course that should head the other way. To another home or toward the east on a western course.

**

Nothing rhymes with poetry. Not much rhymes with salmon either. Maybe that's why I like both of them the way I do with wine.

**

The door was unlocked at 3:48AM last night. I had a feeling. I went to the door, slammed it closed with the quick lock set into its favorable safe and fashionable place, then went into the bathroom. Looked into the yellowed water, did my business, then went into the other room thinking I should wash my sheets here soon.

**

I should wear my glasses more often. I need to go and have the dentist take a look at my teeth. I need to get into the doctor's office and have a look taken at me. I need to give my car a tune-up sometime here in the near future. I need to make it to work tomorrow. I need to wash myself or I'll begin to make a stink. I need to empty the change in my pocket or it's going to start filling up my pockets and hit the floor for another to snatch it up as their prize. I need, we need, the needs, how you get the needs. Like an overpriced meal with no money to cover the tab or tip. The needs, there are times we need to let the needs be the needs on their own. Though, they would probably choke each other clean to death.

**

They can pit you as insane and drive you mad with their ...their...thoughts.

**

Nails hammered into the ground, plastic draped over a young sprouting tree, sticks of butter hardening on the wooden floor, pens leaked into the ponds behind the farmers place, nights that were mistaken for days, baby chicks eaten by jellyfish on land. . . You know about the band Jellyfish, they're perhaps one of the greatest bands of all time. They had some chicks to talk about.

**

You're afraid of death because you never had a chance to be afraid of birth.

**

Apples, alligators, bubbles, bombs, caught, careened, dream, deceased, elves, Edison, flights, forgot, grass, geraniums, holocaust, hamburgers, institutional, instrumental, jets, jackelopes, kaleidoscope, kabob, lost, lasers, minutes, minus, nuclear, nucleic, opulent, offers, privy, private, quartz, quails, restive, restored, savvy, soft, turbo,

truancy, under, unveiled, vexed, vehement, wallet, will, Xerox, xavior, yellow, yarn, zebra, zealot – about one alphabet two times to get here.

**

The punks hold their social status, a gunner pulls his buckshot from a holster, and the drinker looks towards the sun taking a bite from his sub sandwich.

**

Stan Cramer, the local investigative reporter in Kansas City, came to my door for some questions.

“So, why are you never around when the mailman arrives? Why don’t you give him a little time? Are you cheap? Falling short of your civilian duty to government workers?”

I answer his questions. He gives me more than wry looks. Some more questions...”So, why is it that he has to walk around all day long here in the city, during the coldest and warmest time and all you do is treat him like a pong in your game?”

I respond, “Look Cramer, I’m all for getting mail, but my achievement of a mail checking day is when 98% of what I get is thrown in the trash before I can open the parcel. So, that gives you at least one hint of what’s going down. Also, I don’t have the privilege of greeting my mailman every time he comes by the place. The man gets around. By the way, what’s the injustice here.”

At that time, Stan lowers his microphone and his head. Then says, “Well, there’s a crack down on civilians that don’t pay enough attention to the efforts of those government workers that face the public. You happened to be in the neighborhood that was first on the list. So, buddy, you have committed some major infractions. That’s why I’m here.”

I respond, “Hey Cramer, if this is my crime. My real crime against this government, hang me on a stake.”

**

The brooding thunder—Tormenting the clouds that fell accidentally into place this evening. Yea, the humidity gathered and the storm lied laughing for the sounds and water it was going to pour down on the cars, walking people, chained dogs, lodged accidents and innocent smirks.

Those crisp calls of thunder that escape through the many flashes of lights, just several seconds apart, sent sin into the corner with no excuse. Maybe some rumblings in the near or distant were justification for the sin.

Although, the quivering premise behind our birth had silver eyes, yellow hands, no mouth and a few reasons to laugh at the moisture. For the moisture would cleanse, not absolve, as the fable would go.

**

He pulled up to the light and was shouting into his car phone. “HEY, I’M ON MY WAY TO GRAY’S RIGHT NOW.” Mumbling and silence...”WHAT..WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?”

Nothing.

The light turned green and he drove away.

**

He entered the car wash lobby at the Phillips stations with his girlfriend’s vehicle. As he waited in the glass enclosed atrium that was a viewing station for each vehicle going through the mechanized wash, he thought to himself some things. First, he can’t stand this gal. Secondly, why the fuck is he washing her car now?

Motionless, besides the beating of his heart and sporadic blinking, he had nothing but silence & and he liked it that way. Watching the car go along the slowly advancing metal bars to the large vacuum that would suck the vomit out of the water on the car, he felt like that car. Going through some brutality for the sunlight just outside of the large automated cave. Standing still in his silence, he turned towards the desk where an attendant was standing.

“Hey,” he said. “Keep the car here. I need to walk next door for something. I’ll be right back.”

“Sure man, whatever.” Responded the Phillips clerk.

The young man walked home as silent as he was while watching the car go through the wash.

He was as comfortable as those stinking feet of hers.
Not giving a care to that fact that his girl would probably never see her car again.

**

I awoke the other day with a lime green chimpanzee pouring a pink fluid over my head.

**

I approached the small bookstore that was the bottom floor of an apartment complex. This second-hand bookshop was around the corner from where I worked. After work one day, I decided I might stop by to find a cheap read and be on my way back south over the river into the urban streets.

As I drove up to this quiet bookshop, a mass of people were waiting in line to enter the store. A line that was moving at a steady pace, but still stuck well into the parking lot. I went on ahead and squeezed my car into a spot on the street and figured I'd go on ahead and see what all the stinking people waiting in line were about. The only assumption I would come up with in those seconds walking to the door was a complete book clearance. I could use some free books or dirt-cheap at least.

Getting closer to the door with squinting eyes beating back the demons of poor eyesight, I read the sign in the front window, "ONE DAY ONLY CLEARANCE OF OUR ENTIRE MALT LIQUOR SELECTION."

Fuck, malt liquor. I thought this had been a bookstore exclusively the whole time.

Anyway, I went on ahead and entered the store. Like I mentioned, the line was moving swift, so I made it in quickly. Toward the end of the line, with few people waiting behind me, I got the second-hand choices of the alcoholic pauper. One case of Colt 45, half a case of St. Ide's and several bottles of Mickey's.

In my grateful stupor, I went up to the old woman behind the counter to ask her about this little gift that will go dandy with my pending paperback purchase.

"So, where did you get all the malt liquor? I had no idea you dealt in the sale of spirits." I said.

"Well, we just went under the knife of new ownership. The previous owner left quickly under false pretenses and conveniently left behind her personal stash of alcohol. The new owners had no interest in either drinking or throwing out the beer. So, we figured we would give it away with to the public."

"Huh, you know, they do go swell together." I said.

"You going to buy a book today sweetie?" she asked.

"No. Now that I really think about it, I think I have several in my bookshelf that need some attention." I responded.

"Enjoy." She concluded.

I turned away and headed towards the door. Near the door, I tripped on a stack of books. A Hemmingway biography flew a few feet across the floor.

All I could think was, "Who said you there's no such thing as a free lunch."

**

The drains, taps, washers, baths, sinks, toilets, sunk rowboats, swimming pools, glasses of water, rain puddles, sewers, etc. All the water coming up or going down...the waters how they all have us somehow.

**

Prods of microchips, memory boards, modem lines, sound cards, receptors of docile wires, laboratory tested lines, electromagnetism -- Here it sits on my lap in one piece on one plank.

Not thinking anything of reason or doubt. Not thinking at all out of the machine. Not thinking at all in the machine.

How we humans revere the technology that swarms within. It seems so intriguing and aglow as the screen comes on to grow and frolic amused.

This hunk in my lap couldn't do a sleeping giraffe justice.

**

Wisps of hair in my rubber band hair tie. I love my stinkin' neck hair.

**

Little rose between her breasts – A bigger surprise lies within her pocket.

**

The band stopped on F sharp during the middle of their set. Laughed for the world & said a prayer for earth.

**

Dogs & running water, cats and silent rivers, turtles are on the catwalk tonight.

**

Ripe bananas & dance club commercials – What do you have to say to this?

**

Plastic tipped cigars and apple juice from travel coffee mugs. The people thought he was out of his mind. Hardly lifting a finger to get upset about the people or the social issues that drove others to commit suicide on Southern California bridges.

No, he just wanted some good company to speak his talk, drink his processed apple drink and chew on the sweet tips of his cigars that treated him like a sobbing baby in a crib.

Yes—yes—He let the world talk it's jive while he talked his own, though the people, he called company, that would come by laughed at his.

**

He longed for her so badly that he sold his car to purchase a mule. During the afternoons, he just followed the donkey hoping it would give him a critical kick in the stomach to end his misery.

The fool. He's not going to find reason in his damned donkey solution.

**

Bad night with technology and electronics last night. Now, the rains fall into the dented patches of sloping pavement. Filling slowly with nothing but steady sprinkles. No remote controls or lost phone calls. They'll make it to the drain or evaporate by morning.

**

The young man was driving down the busy highway. Thinking a string of thoughts, mainly, on the large sums of money he was making at his new job. An Operations Manager for the Midwestern Ford plant.

His thoughts – What will he do with all this earned cash? How will he appropriately allocate his funds?

Suddenly, he stopped the car in a gut of white smoke on the shoulder of the road. Turned off the engine & ran into the middle of the grass median separating each highway. Took off his Sportcoat, the gray tweed became dull in the half-lit moon, while he sat down Indian style. Pulled a PUNCH cigar from a case in his front shirt pocket. Fished for his Zippo and lit his dream and blew a cloud of smoke above his head. Then, he squinted one eye and looked square at the moon. The puff of smoke joined with the half moon to make a full celestial platter.

Sitting for some minutes, he started to take off his socks and shoes. As soon as he removed his last sock, a set of whirling police lights slowed behind his car. The cop rolled out and asked the man if he is having any car trouble.

The trouble man simply said, "No. I'm just thinking in all the noise how I'm going to spend my money."

Then, the cop said, "Your coming with me."

The man put on a grin and stood up without a care to pick up his coat or socks. He headed toward the cop thinking about the bright lights on top of the car and how he made a full moon from his mouth without dropping a cent.

**

If you think it's right, it may be wrong. If you think it's wrong, it may be right. Though, if you think, you have it right.

**

Familiar tune comes into the woman's ear.

She picks up the telephone to call the operator. "Hey, what time is it." She asks.

"I can't answer that." The operator says.

"Thanks" the woman sends back.

She wasn't interested in the time. She just wanted to hear an unfamiliar voice while listening to a familiar song.

**

The beach invited all the bums on the day the "clean folks" would stay at home. Their own exclusionary event for the taking.

The bums. All together, at once, on their time they had so much of. To look at the lopping water and rolling thunder of white crests. Their day deemed by the county to hang out. Bottles, hard packs . . .the works. Together to share the beach on their day deemed their own. All while the "clean folks" cursed and fucked around because they were shortchanged and refused their own day. They get days like that every other day of the year. It was time for the bums to have their rhythm and to rejoice in their own unrejoiced ways.

Yes, it was their day on the beach to look at the things the "clean people" wouldn't appreciate.

**

That base on the fan rocked so violently back and forth that it seemed it would come off its hinges. Images of fan blades coming loose and taking out the whole room.

The man in the corner was thinking these thoughts.

He got up and went to the switch to turn the fan on higher and higher.

**

A woman's nipples in the warmest part of a black night. Pink nodules, the men poked around the corner for a fantasy.

**

As the paint dries, the acrylics wait; coffee belly mixes with one last High Life in the ice chest. Thelonius Monk takes to the xylophone and saxophone. Cool breezes of the night that's arrived. The HIV test came back negative today. My love rammed into the front of my car in reverse. The bloody cunt stole her calling card number and racked up phone bills beyond a sight and real in dollars. This girl is going to move to Colorado soon. Shit will hit her so swift she will forget the meaning of Karma. Ahh, the cool winds that will bring light to tomorrow morning.

**

She put together a mastery of work. Adorned with the remnants of plastics and whatnot. She called it "Her Own." Never let a soul come close to touch it, let alone take a look at the long awaited piece of work that was revered as a masterpiece.

She just kept it in that dark room. Except for on Thursday's. She opened the blinds and let the sun peek through on those days.

**

I have a nickel on my brick ledge and four dollars in my back pocket. Both suspended, needeth more air.

**

He runs around in the backyard kicking a medium-sized red playground ball.
I wonder if he'll blame his folks for growing up in the suburbs when his is of another older age.

**

Shifty on the balls of their feet, they scream for an ice-cold melting treat.

**

My landlord waits in the middle median of the busy rush hour street below the window of our apartment. Silver toned shades and a red shirt to distract the passing passengers, he looks in on each car and a way across the street. Looks as though he has bought some love in paper hoping to win the \$70 million dollar lottery. Hendrix on the Axis Bold As Love, he'll get my lottery at the end of the month.
He crosses the street looking at the car in front of him.

**

The street crew works on the segment of the sidewalk. Smoothing the concrete in the warm air, the man with no shirt on vaguely notices the hefty woman leaning against the cement truck pouring the dream into the earth. Pouring with no water or waste. Just pouring.

**

The mirror dipped from the glass chandelier while ice melted in the puddle of water on the lake front marsh.

**

Pen mark scratches, the cat is on its 6th life looking at 5 dogs on the leashes of two people.

**

Toys in the merchandise mart. Lending items to friends. Looking at the ad for the Grand Giveaway below the \$90 million lottery waiting to be won.

**

They blame him then told their friends, had their tonsils pulled, the fool hid his grin, night cures the good, the details had their way of being ambiguous.

**

In love with the shows, they were. Whether real or bologna, they loved those moving pictures. Deep asleep in the recliner, their could have beens ran away with their lives.

**

The Beatles asked for love, the world rendered more excuses, falling -- falling asleep to music.

**

Down the side of the page, up the middle of the blue lined rows, she brushed her teeth & purposely snagged her hose.

**

They had a humorless night and a loud morning.

**

They had no hope but hope itself.

**

Skateboarders up the street, the lime walls just felt like being in the way for I only heard him wreck hard as the dogs watched.

**

Plastic wheels, they gave out free pepperoni sticks at the supermarket yesterday.
Rubber wheels, they took your taxes and bought a real fine peppermint stick at the barber's shop.

**

Black spots on the pant leg,
TB tests,
The mice had no luck,
Moats in Aruba,
Huts in Indonesia,
The trail of smoke,
The pointed finger did follow.

**

Yes – the mark of a mark's man is his aim – Yes

**

When you write or do that talent you do on that voodoo instrument, do you feel like you're the only one in the world that can do it they way you do?

**

The store on the corner of the NEXT WORLD sold a once thought unsellable item – TIME. They packaged up this commodity, as it was to be called past the 25th Century, and sold it to the people. The folks wanted more time and they would one walk into the shop and walk away from having as much time as their barter power would allow. They couldn't just purchase this with a monetary system. They had to sign a contract or agreement to give a piece of himself or herself. Whether it's a gift, knowledge or other personal attribute, they could give this away and be monitored in return for the time they purchased.

Yes, in the future in the NEXT WORLD they could buy enough time to live the average human life 7-19 times over. They just bought this TIME in the next world and started losing faith in spirituality.

Buying time – Giving a piece of themselves up to buy time.

The new moral dilemma in the NEXT WORLD where TIME was for sale and people were hanging out a while longer.

**

Fire engine siren blasting down the street. People look in their rear view mirror to determine the direction. Where were these cars going to turn to get out of the way?

The man sitting high in the back of the fire engine on his perch with his own lookout and steering wheel. The police and ambulance sirens will then pursue. People getting out of the way to get someone out of the way. The sirens went, went, went on loud.

**

Phone rang on the way to take a nice shit. Picked up the phone and started toward the bathroom. Telemarketer was already into his stolid rehearsed speech. The love started pouring out into the water. He wanted me to sign up for a surge protected placed on my electricity box to protect "expensive electronic equipment" from being damaged in the event of lightning or a power surge.

Only \$4.95 "conveniently added to my monthly statement" he said.

I declined.

He asked again, while I was on the tail end of my bathroom business.

I denied again.

He ended his speech; I reached for the toilet roll looking at another empty piece of cardboard that once held a heavy white stream of soft paper.

**

Pearl Light, the neon sign in the window reads. Made in the confines of Texas for the Americans. Never had a Pearl Light. I may have to saddle my Cowboy ass up and grab one of those tasty little pieces of a long told American brewery.

**

Watching life, speaking on lives, the man with a family orders a pizza while the black bird lands in the middle of the street to look at our lives.

Now, he has flown off.

Off he has gone.

**

A company out of Bogota, Colombia has manufactured a bulletproof vest that will be presented to the country's President sometime here in the near future. The test demonstration, on radio albeit, had the blast of the gun go off and the man in the vest yelled that he was all right.

Yea, that should make all the shit better now.

Just keep firing, he can take it now that he has the vest.

**

Rains came through the window with a speed that my face was drenched as I rose out of some sleep. The night poured more than rains. Leaves and other bullshit flew and spit as I wiped my face and crawled back under my futon sheet.

In the morning, I tried to recall if it was a dream or a reality. Seeing the lawn furniture and the boulevard scattered with new remnants of green life, I knew it was real.

Some silver bound with choppers, my face dried by morning.

**

At 5:00AM this morning I woke-up to take some time in the restroom. After one of the longest periods of urination I can remember in recent memory, I came back to my bed.

Looking over the roof, parallel with my window next door, I saw a bird sitting in the tranquility

The McDonalds sign still had no light, no traffic on the otherwise busy boulevard; the bird swiveled his neck shortly. I grabbed by glasses to get a look at his body.

He was still there. It seemed as though he was comatose for some time after I grabbed the glasses.

He was the tranquility. Some solace. I crawled under the sheets, lifted up from my bed for one more look at his sitting style.

He was gone.

Flying off with the lost noise as I went to the sheets for more tranquility.

**

It's just a different style. It's not another life. They all said to each other at different times.

**

Contrasts of each other, the soft sound of the piano goes about the warm spring nights. Several fingernails and more taste buds to go, the melancholy laughter of the bar below comes up in spurts as I sit here without my own alcoholic refreshment.

Lip locked to the words, my mom gave me three words she wanted me to unscramble for an office drawing. Some prizes and such are the give away to the employees.

I've just never been too damn good at unscrambling the scramble in words. Hell, it all depends on the hour that it is given to me.

Scramble the unscrambled, now that's a whole other gig, kids.

**

RITS SPI – SPIT RIS – STIR PIS – RIP TISS – PRIS TIS – spirits – They all mean spirits.

**

Came back from washing clothes. Caught the middle piece of the nightly jazz show on NPR. Came to an intersection heading back downtown, 39th and SW Trafficway, and watched a police car swerve through traffic getting to the scene of something.

Yes, the heat was thick in the air. Not only the buzz of LL Cool J up the street at the local country bar, but from the humidity that was doing some mean time with the heat index itself.

On the way home, I was happy that my music wasn't up too loud and that my perceptions weren't dulled to the point that I heard that police siren come through the intersection.

Oh, and the people, both a mix of black and white, that were next to the white limousine carrying the famous rap act to the country joint. Ha . . .ha . . . you ask why? The cop at the intersection or the rap man at the country bar.

**

Going to her house and coming from work. I tried in my mightiest to remember two things. First, the announcement of the locale that the Jazzfest would be at. Secondly, what was the name of that dog the local weatherman talked about on the early Kansas City forecast report. The answers . . . Montreal Jazz Festival and Wendy the dog. Christ, how they hexed my mind.

**

They dodged the bullets that didn't come from the barrel of any legal or illegal gun. No children out on an angst-riddled day to take away the haste. They more than attempted to weave through the traffic that had the hum of a large lemonade glass and two wooden soldiers. Now across the street, they clasp each other's hands and remember how the weekend was when the week went away to hide.

**

In the Budweiser plant and the liquor store, they were somewhat shaken to take my request or order. Older than enough to partake in the "adult pleasure", they kept their eyes sharp for the wandering scoundrels to come for their mix. I had the mix and their looks. Laughter in the glut, my glut of pleasure the other of the populace finds outlandish.

**

Enough sour mix to forget puckering. Enough hot salutations to make the gorilla walk.

**

He knew all he felt as though he needed to know. Those pieces of information and jargon that mix together like your aunt's old gulage dish that has since been forgotten in the microwaves that blew cold heat.

The knowledge, the ax & those pliers that hold his toe lines in place. He knows how to escape, for he has all the knowledge he needs. All the god damned stuff that would procreate and incinerate. On a pair of self-made stilts he wants to know more about what he already knows.

He remembers the clever quote, "The process of education is re-learning what you already know."

At this point in his intellectual evolution, he will give that knowledge the second time around. But, what would have to be logically next after that to let the mind and world become a rebirth of new feeling?

Knowing more, he thought, isn't the biggest of hot shit.

Maybe, he supposed, I don't want to know anymore.

For it's not the fear of the second go round, it's the boredom he will have to fist down like a cold plate of overcooked Brussel sprouts.

He'll take his chances.

**

As cigarettes go down, the butter melts on the sidewall of the recording studio. For the Oranges that flew over its structure, the animals, human or otherwise, may have a surprise.

Keeping the pendulum is the catch.

**

Flesh in the epidermis, the sound, whether music or other, come into ears. Toes curled on wooden floor, the fingers find some meaning the mind gathered through the day. It's a bout of daydreaming and you better give it a listen. For your hearing and senses may be the only way to find it into this world that long ago gave up on patience.

**

The car that had the "Trust Jesus" sticker in the back window nearly ran me off the road without a flinch last month. Trust me, there are too many damn things a bumper sticker will have no chance to save.

**

Fresh lines of white paint were laid down on the newly strew asphalt. To prevent bunching up of traveling traffic, the cost of taxes and a new layer of dust in the apartment was erected.

Stained to the highest point of the lowering sky, the people come by with hundreds of varied expressions with fewer destinations to make it to.

**

Shouldn't end your written sentences in prepositions. Learn to speak those PRE - POSITIONS.

**

There was some debate today on the early morning magazine show if bilingual education should continue in California. Proposition 227 was to go to the immaculate vote today for those that would make it to the polls for the kids.

No question that English and Spanish should become a dualism to set a precedent in American secondary education. Puigo's novel, *The Kiss of the Spider Woman*, was in Spanish on a desktop jeopardy question. After 4 years and more time to forget many words, I couldn't remember enough Spanish to save my ass in a simple question game. Still questions of giving up the bilingual path?

**

The classic pop duo, well, It's not like that anymore.

**

Please follow me about the theme, then I think you should go on your own way.

**

Last lines of the poems become titles . . . if they're lucky or written.

**

Those racing car fans with baseball heads, the stocked called inventory, we unlatched hands & fell below the Midwestern humidity.

**

A balloon released from a grade school hand with a note attached to someone in the helium.

**

Take this to the man in the shoal.

**

You want to start pulling your tongue out & speaking through your teeth.

**

Our silence in white was the healer letting our raped backs rest against each other. Naked on the weekend from home with no clothes & a locked hotel room door.

**

Escaping away from the crowd of voices, he listened to the new sounds he had surely heard before.

**

To realize you can't do it means you have already done it.

**

He'll come out later with a dead engine. While the old men in young boy's shadows hold up a pair of jumper cables and a case of warm Busch.

**

Write what you know and nearly forgot. Think about what didn't happen & how they fired the last shot.

**

Treason in loungers. Grand larceny stole your eye sockets looking deep into the morning variety magazine.

**

Shoulders & white canaries flew with their wings until their feet were bleedin'.

**

Whistles from the gates. Shouts as she tore off her lace. Your asleep. She's lazy. Your knees blamed a lousy blue cape.

**

Dilated in pupils, the lights came more than should. Shoulders below waists. The second rooster pecked open the chicken's heart for a soul.

**

The Luxembourg seven joined their own band. Watch how they play and lost all their collectivity on an evening of MTV.

**

You know when you're done. You have a feel to know its rights. On the 3rd door to the 1st consciousness. We lay our hands down to admire the SIGHT.

**

Their tap into a real emotion was just juggling the cerebellum. For the lobotomy fucked the catastrophe and the doctor had a bad date.

**

OH, how the laughter.

**

Indignant until . . . until indignant.

**

Booze to explain. This whole way. Making the mess dirty as the clean rag knows this will never last.

**

He told me to call the next public compilation, "Folds & Staples." For you folks out there, I sincerely may just do that.

**

For hours they would just sit around watching it. The innuendo they had no idea how to define.

**

I come down to the remaining pages in this one-in-seven collection of wide ruled sheets. We observe the list of absolutes with a subjective countenance.

**

Excerpts for the journey – evenings to balance or better serve the day.

**

Ink cartridge expired in printer. Paper came through empty. I reached out my hands to touch my fingertips & spoke to the prints.

**

Just this real of-the-earth kind of guy that liked to sweat a lot. Yea, sweating a lot, eating raw foods and liquids, clear or dark with some damn passion.

**

He listened to local radio shows for several days in a string. Doing his daily dose of events, he listened to the Jazz and Blues, along with the tepid voices that would carry about with interludes. Announcing the musicians that performed the pieces and those events that would soon come to town on elapsing days that would become Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

Over time, the DJ's would get to know this man that would listen to the show. Strange feelings and visions like the listener was in the studio making the selections from several walls of CD's that would make the show.

Though, it should be known, this listener never called in or made himself known physically to the DJ's that pieced together their own blend of shows with the swinging music that made the city muse.

These choreographers of local music knew him and he knew the notes that would strike a melody.

He didn't know them while he did what he did throughout the day.

The likelihood of the listener and radio personalities meeting could be a strong possibility. Yet, they probably wouldn't even know it at that time.

**

They want to reinvent the square. I meet with them to do just that. As they push the envelope across the marble top table, I break the entrance to the slip of paper and read their specifications. The square must be a black outline with a faint blue shadow across the bottom and right side of the box.

I nod my head and leave to create the box.

Intentionally, I create a sphere and a parallelogram. Each with a red outline and green shadow.

They loved the creation and requested my further service to reinvent more requests.

I decline.

That's why I made the sphere and parallelogram instead of a crazy box.

**

Pallets of liquid stood before the glass doors. Part of a large shipment brought to the location on 10 wheels, they waited in the bright sun. The 102° heat provided the temporary climate for the cold liquids that would wait nearly four pallets horizontal before the door.

All the wooded planks were loosened of their liquor before the man in shorts ran across the street to deliver the local urban magazine in a white tie. Bundled for the city to read; enough to keep the smile on his face as he arrived triumphantly coming across the mid-afternoon streets.

Cold liquids and new press – Something the city has demanded due to consumption.

Something they shall have.

**

One arm over the steering wheel in his burgundy Chrysler minivan. A striped array of checkered boxes on his shirt. He beat the light blue Ford hefty truck off the line. Hopefully he'll change the shirt.

**

He could never get too close to the ledges. He would just fall off. Hell, he loved it that way. Down until he couldn't go down no more.

**

She peddled down the street without a shirt or bra with a \$4.00 canteen strap bare against her pleasure breasts. The boys ride by noticing the special; thinking how their shirts are three sizes too big and how their dogs ruined their shoes.

**

An ounce of blood & the transfer from one to another has begun.

**

She lost her purse and used my quarter to make “that” phone call.

**

Looking for a job; thanking one I know. Sending a resume; kissing my lover. Filling my car with gas; giving the attendee a mild incentive; waiting for the wind or wet skin; listening to the sounds of life in mine.

**

He walked on the inclined concrete looking at reversed waters.

**

Looking for several books on salt water fish, foliage and other entities that harbor by the seashore. To get this—I go to the local public library. As I pull in, the cops, cameras, reporters and lingering spectators reach above and below the black railing to get a better look at the black charred carnage of metal and malicious intent. One car, one bomb. Blew the fuck out of the car and touched several others nearby. I just wanted my books and a way to get out of the yellow tape that covered the lot and some unemployed thoughts that went over my scalp and into the hot pavement that sent waves. Yea, waves as invisible as anything visible you can imagine.

**

I won two 10th row tickets to a big concert coming to town here in several days. I’ve never won a drawing or of the like.

I’m thinking I should probably go.

I’m sure it’s not a good thing to fuck with the powers of randomness.

**

Swimming colors of the inks go around the pickle jar on the kitchen table. This, as the last strips of sun come through the back door to do a little time with that speech your recited several years back.

With the sun and the ink that sits in the pickle jar, I realize it’s me, the sour cream in the fridge, pancake syrup, bag of sugar, three quarters a bottle of fine red wine, some coffee, mustards and other condiments to go over that speech with the sun.

If this fails, we can always try to bribe the moon in a handshake on forgotten speeches that has been spoken its way. God knows the moon has had its share of forgotten words tossed its way.

Ho, ho, how the forgotten words come through this window even now as the sun dips down below the horizon.

My eyes closed for the words and movement in the fingers that have more than time.

Dipping...dipping...dipping down below the construction paper doubling as nature.

With the sun down, the sunglasses lost, telescopes broken, we can find our way with this stack of condiments and others.

Others.

Others. .. we find others.

**

Overweight woman shifts back and forth on the public telephone. Moving between the brick beams, I see her leg reach out to caress the blundered rubber of a bumper that isn't hers, but her other friends. Back and forth some more, she motions to the other through the phone that cannot hear her.

Talking of fucking, eating or the other breathless lies of fools that have no time to frolic and more time to foul up the events that have gone down in the honor of personal charity as the martyrs of national issues go recognized and unrecognized in a country that finds an easier time sending unemployment checks to you in your search than to lay down some guidelines for companies fucking multitudes on employment row.

She hung up the phone quietly as another pimped out brick fuck pulls away in the sky blue vehicle.

Both gone; your check or more bureaucratic love is in the mail.

**

Cigarettes are for sale, she says as she leans over your previous shadow in the long rumors that kill your leg hairs and make the bald men itch their scalp. These cigarettes aren't necessarily on SALE, their just ready to be sold. For to sit around and linger on the shelf would be a hapless, if not helpless, way out of the plastic barrel that has long since lost its top for a better appreciation of the damn bottom that existed this whole time.

As the woman waits with her breasts, vagina, legs, thighs, smile, eyelashes, pancreas, intestines and buttocks for you to make up your mind about the cigarettes, another woman comes by with a pint of Vermont Gin. She announces that this liquor is also on sale. She has all the same parts as the women before, but there's a heart thrown into this mix of parts, etc.

He picks both the liquor and cigarettes. He likes a little heartlessness with his women.

**

The guilty ones are those that look in reverse on good times lived forward.

**

They held up a piece of paper with 12 number to a group of 10 people. All were asked to pick a number that the one holding the paper in hand was thinking about. Chances are that more than one person out of 10 would get the "chosen" number. The man with the paper in his hand had more than one number etched in his mind.

**

People suffer from headaches because toe aches just don't happen that often.

**

Talks of wine as she stands next to the stairwell nude. Scents of a stove cleaning itself in light covered by lampshade.

**

Man pulled himself from sleep to see spots of blood in front of him on a white wall. Closed his eyes. Opened them again to see just a white wall. Then, took himself down the hall and had to think why? Grabbing the tin of coffee and a filter for some brown logic that would clean the red in the white.

**

Black woman in red Ford comes down the street with all windows rolled down putting the moves forward and some back to the music that has her shit going down. The Afro-Cuban All-Stars are having a time on this compact disc. The inventor of the microwave was working in a nuclear power plant when he walked by a reactor that melted a candy bar in his pocket.

Fuck folks, we have the heat and music creating radiation and the beautiful black women of the world moving to the music they see pure. This on the first day of July during the second to last year before the second millenium.

**

Two blond girls in the back seat of the Convertible soft top summer automobile. Looking around with their young gazes as their mother taps on the slit where the window will pop up. These girls gaze, ponder, point and giggle with each other about the liquor store to their right and the rights they know they'll never have a chance to get or change. For now, they'll take the back seat of their mother's vehicle, away from the liquor on the right or left, the men with their dirty cocks, detailed lies, sweet love, martial law, loss, gain, monetary notes and the other. They can take their leather soled seats and their ideas to run around for some years. This car pulls forward into another state . . . tither west.

**

Four eights lined across the screen as the job market searches. The unemployment ties dig in deep with the heat wave that is over the city like the chime of a center clock that won't fade away or tone down their resonance. Wall units of cold air giving people some gratitude; some contact lenses giving others a reason to see. Just another episodic note waiting for some phone calls or responses to a resume or two. This, as I wait for Unemployment checks to sooth some of my bill collectors. The Jazz is still coming through clear. I don't have to know the name of the bassist, piano man, trombone cat or the trumpets in the back. I know they're coming through unlike the others. We come together to wait, We leave to go out. The trucker just drove by and threw up a nice gray haze of exhaust from his pipes. The window was closed, on a rare occasion, as the smoke crawled and died in this hot summer juice.

**

UNITED STATES JUDICIAL SYSTEM IMPLEMENTS NEW JURY SELECTION PROCESS.... From the boys on the hill in the nations capital, a new and electric idea has been presented. If the House and Congress can come together in some congenial politics, there's going to be some new faces in the jury box. The idea...will cut down on tax dollars, Attorney's, Law School enrollment and judges. A little expose behind the idea is in order— It is a clear, yet unproven scientific fact that domesticated animals such as cats and dogs, along with small children, are very well equipped to be great judges of character. For instance, if someone is not gentile or approachable, a child will squirm away or an animal will become disinterested or riled up. With this in mind, the genetic make-up of this group is a great judge of character. They should fill jury boxes around the country in a variety of cases. These animals and small children will merely take a look at person in the pending case. The criminal or innocent will be singled out based on the response from the jury box. This cuts down on lengthy discourse from the prosecution and defense. Each side will simply explain their case, then the judge will wave the accused to the jury box for a little catwalk jaunt back-n-forth before the box. Psychologists from various schools of thought will be present to record the responses from the animals and children. Their deliberation over their observation will be the determinant to the guilt or innocence of the person on trial. THANK CHRIST, THE WORLD IS ON IT'S WAY TO CUTTING OUT CRIME . . . LARGE INFLUX OF LAW STUDENTS BEGIN LOOKING TO PSYCHOLOGY AS THEIR MAJOR COURSE OF STUDY.

**

Just Two

The two sunflowers
Together
On the same breach
Of sun waiting
For
A
New conversation to arise.

As the cars
Newcomers
And late bloomers
Roll by with their exhaust
Dog chains
And other assorted gimmicks
Of
Fancy,
The sunflowers wait for a conversation.

Neither looking at each other
Nor looking
Away,
They wait for the afternoon to move in like a new mood
So they can soak in their love
That is the current distaste of
City with the broadcast warnings
And
The spit that hangs from the lips of construction
Guys with bright red shirts and tan overalls.

As afternoon turns into
Night,
The sunflowers may find a new conversation.

Now with each other to keep company,
They
Don't want to waste the sun's time
Or
Their growth.

They wait not talking
To
Hear the right
Conversation
That
Will give meaning to evening
Or
The
Cool winds that cross the
Afternoon heat.

Kept Me Occupied

They're building a
Sleep Inn next to the
Gas Stop on
The highway.

The shits & grooves on the side or shoulder
Of the road
Weren't enough to tire me out.

Out into the fog,
I see the flashing arrow pointing West
To
Grandpa's garage,
A film plays for the traffic
In the valley as those
Look on the hill for their free admission
To this drive-in and
Tap their sound box for
Some love in the nighttime.

Torn pieces putting together
A
Mosaic on the wind chapped billboard,
Plastic alligators above my
4 cups of coffee.

Caffeine & a drive on this
Wednesday night
Where
The grooves and Sleep Inn
Kept me occupied.

KICK THE SOCKS OUT OF ME

PAINTED CACTI
IN WINDOW
SILL
AS
TWO SQUIRRELS
RACE OVER
ELECTRIC WIRES
PHONE LINES
TREE BRANCHES
THE COUCH
DEADENED CANDLES
A THOUGHT OF JESUS.

RUN
OVER EACH OTHER,
WAG TAILS
INTO SPECS OF EVENING SUNLIGHT
DYING A NEW LIGHT
AS
MARS HIDES FOR
NOW
AND
SCENT OF CLEAN WOMEN COME FROM ONE
APARTMENT BUILDING WINDOW
TO ANOTHER.

RACE
YOU SQUIRRELS,
RACE WITH YOUR ANIMAL
FATE
AND
A GUMPTION LOST IN THE CORPORATE HOUR.

MAKE HUMAN EYES FOLLOW
AND FEEL THEIR REAL TASTE IN
THIS WADING POOL
OF
ICE CREAM MINT.

LET CAMERAS POINT AND
THE FLYING BIRDS TRIP,
MOVE
MAKING THE BANGO MAN STOP
ON HIS CHORD.

HAIR SOAKED
ANIMALS THE SIZE OF A 9" SHOE.

KICK THE SOCKS
OUT OF ME MORE.

Kill My Eyes

Friday night fashion
Show,
The gay male couldn't handle
Our discussion.

Saturday night,
Big band Oklahoma competition,
Mike & I had the Vodka & soda
Before
They took their
Place on stage—

Bath robes in the concierge suite,
Deep pocket ash trays
Biscuits-gravy-scrambled eggs
On the house for
Sunday Morning—

Here we are on
Tuesday night
Looking parallel to the page
Letting the creeping sleep
Kill my eyes.

LAI D FOOT IN ONE

Came out of Fort Worth steakhouse,
Feeling the Italian chicken sandwich ease down
My torso with the fulcrum of a health gin and tonic,
I notice one from the peripherals heading on the heels of my path.

Unsure of exactly where to head
In pursuit of hotel in cobblestone,
I turn and hear one,
The woman vision in peripheral
Calling for me.

I quickly glance the gal and say,
“Yes. What?”

“You have any change, man.
I need some for a bus far,”
She asks.

“No. Nothing. I’m tapped out,”
I said.

“Just a little, man. That’s all I need,”
she continues.

“I have none. Good luck,”
I tell her.

Going further down the street
With a wayward reflection of a headlight
On the front of a cop’s bicycle,
I think of all the homeless people that
Have never caught their bus or laid foot in one.

LARGER ISLANDS ON EARTH

Instants
Packed tight
With insane
On an island
Several arm lengths long.

The cigarette smoke
Begins rising,
Spilling drinks,
Popping sandwiches out
Of the wrong end,
The
Scent and laughter begins coming together.

Trapped here in
The freedom,
Needing nothing more than
Sunglasses.

A tight group of
Looped bastards soaking in
What
Will

Never be soaked in on
The
Larger
Islands on

Earth.

LATE JUNE / EARLY JULY – 98

ONE WRECK,
SINGING SHOW
WITH THE PEARLY LEAD SINGER,
BLOODY MARY SLEEP,
FIRES IN FLORIDA,
IRAN & A SOCCER BALL,
17-YEAR-OLD BLUES MAN WILL BE COMING TO TOWN
AND LOVES THAT FRUIT,
PARTICULARLY CORN IN TIN FOIL,
THE SUMMER SUN THAT SANK INTO MY SHOULDERS
LIKE HOT GRILLS WAITING FOR PINK CHICKEN FLESH,
3 HOURS WAITING TO ENTER THE EXIT,
AT LEAST 936 STARES FROM PASSING MOTORISTS,
APPLYING FOR WORK IN THIS PERIOD OF UNEMPLOYMENT,
SHIVERS OF FIRE IN PRE-FOURTH OF JULY MONIES,
SINGER QUESTIONING HOW LONG IT TOOK
FOR HUMANS TO CREATE GOD,
WOMENT THAT ORDERED SANWICHES NAKED,
PEPPERS MAKING A MOUTH WET AT THE EDGES,
AN OLD MAN SLUMPED ON HIS HIPS TRYING TO MAKE IT ACROSS
THE PARKING LOT – TO WHAT DESTINATION?
CLEAN CLOTHES,
HER SNIFFS IN COLDER AIRS,
WINNING FATE,
KISSING 5 SNAKES,
KNOWING THAT WORK IS MONEY – PRIDE KILLED MORE MEN
THAN WOMEN,
THE PARROT DIED IN THE 7 MONTH OLD BABY'S DREAM,
WATER WASN'T INVENTED,
THE MOON LOOKED AT 35,000 PEOPLE CONFINED TO \$32.00,
RECESS WAS THE END OF JUNIOR HIGH,
SKIN CONTINUES TO GET CALLUS ON MY FEET,
BACK TO THE RULED PAGES.

MY SPINE IS VERTICAL AS THIS ONE OPENS.

LATINO FACTORY

A week,
This is a long week.

A week such as that is
That a week.

When it is as though it was too well off to
Be just part of a month.

For all those screaming agonies of
Local telecast
News dish,
A week of several mountains visited,
Moon rise in sunshine,
Lost an hour-gained an hour-wend to be even at day's end,
Her laughter,
The late night drinks by an Irish fiddler,
This as a train whistle speaks
Into the night
Like a sage
With a cloak
Not quite made
Of materials in
A

Latino
Factory.

Lead Our Own Way

We bring the sun
Into our skins
Like we expect this
Will be the final time
We will have this star about
Our
Heads.

On the Missouri strip next to
Osage Beach,
We get to the “Star Motel”—

A star on the door,
Marilyn Monroe poster
On
The wall—

No phone or
Promised refrigerator—microwave,
Bulb out in only bedside lamp,
Flickering television,
Neighboring motelers getting drunk
As
The
Traffic on feet and in cars
Stream by in another
Grand consumer trap
Of
The collective consciousness.

There’s an arcade out
Back,
Place Super Pac-Man
Without paying for
The credit.

Lopsided bed,
The German Shepard
Led us to the front office.

We’ll lead our own ways out.

Level Steam

Keeping up
On a schedule
That's hardly my own—

I can take this for
A
While
As
The whizzing whirl
Is
Content and the birds a flight
Slow down
To
Bring
My
Mind to
Their
Level stream.

Lifeless Flee Past

The man stood back,
Woman was positioning the floral wreath
On
St. Louis cemetery gravestone.

On this
Here called
“Memorial Day Weekend,”
they went for their
daughters
folks
friends
or such,
to observe the past like
it’s their future.

Bringing life in the
Stones that once had life,
You see the lifeless marked by grounds &
Walking on grounds around.

We have our links,
Tied to the ground—

Can enjoy this life,
The living as the lifeless
Flee past.

LIKE A SONG OR 2 HAS SAID

He asked me
Questions I could answer,
She sobbed at her mentor's requests,
The night breathed a sigh of relief as the rains passed,
This in a calm nebulae
As we travel here in unchanging
Nature barely
Over the speed of limits in
Residential street.

Yes,
Here sipping liquid smoke with
The couch still on this
Flying mass of rock we all sit on going
And
Going
Around like a gong or two has said.

Like It Never Happened

Sum of
A
Natural coming
To shake your hand,
The smoke of an artificial lamp stealing your
Breath at the incision
Of a blood drop—

The alarm opened her eyes
Before the car was swiped
And the
Magician had
Time to put
Out the flames.

AS the jokes grew
Tired like old shelf garlic,
The comedian pondered the
Tragedy like it
Never
Happened.

Locked Hotel

Guy in
The corner of Dance Club
Trading up for a different
Brand of cigarettes,
The music in those
Plush red benches
That the bass raped with my back
While the
Pool tables were full,
“Up In Smoke” played on the television wall
before the 70’s “SUPER BAND” was to
take the set.

Some more Vodka drinks
&
2:37AM food,
we would listen to
the
bed.

For the breaths of each other
Listening to
Our scalps.

We,
Without both knowing,
Looked out the window
Of our 25th floor
Room
To see the wall of white
From the humid fog.

Our silence in white was
The
Healer letting our raped backs
Rest against each other.

Naked on the
Weekend from
Home
With
No clothes & a locked hotel room.

Locust Flew Away

Thursday morning,
Unemployment continues.

While the Mandarin oranges
Soak in the sugar
And retain their cold,
A black woman whirls on the pay phone
As the 4 foot metal coiled chord
Keeps together for her voice.

Then,
A man in all white appears on the sidewalk,
Pushing his glasses
Against his face,
His matted hair is
Having a fine day,
He swivels and heads east
As the morning advances to noon.

Others in the
Cars below rub their noses, arms, scalpa,
Fingernails, fingers, coffee mugs, coke cans,
Combs, lipstick or other hand sized object
That can handle the tension or retention
Traveling over their veins into the many
Areas of their body that need blood,
Red blood.

The bikes that also go by,
Birds disperse from a gathering to
A sky of peanut shells that just exploded.

Talked to a recruiter today for
Some work,
Before the call I went to
grab my glasses for a better look at a
Locust climbing up the side of our brick building.

When I got back,
The locust
Just flew away.

I couldn't think of anything more fitting.

LOST HOUR FOUND

Here's to you as I turn up the air conditioning,
Here's to you as I think of coffee in morning hotel room 7 hours from now,
Here's to you as I light just one more damn cigarette,
Here's to you with an airport treat,
Here's to you with another city visited that won't catch sleep,
Here's to you with yellow paint turned brown in the parking lot,
Here's to you with empty jars stacked in innocence under my kitchen sink hundreds of miles away,
Here's to you with your smirk,
Here's to you with another photo I take through a peep hole through a hotel door,
Here's to you for you,
Here's to love in a lost hour
I have found.

LOUISIANA SECONDS

Voodoo dolls,
Itchy noses,
Witches brew split on the floor,
Abandoned altars,
Destitute brides,
A night like none other,
Gin down the mouth and on shoes,
Bar-b-cue sauces and hot sauces
Jammed into screaming pores.

Holding the gate open for the crowd to enter,
Closing the locks for those
That haven't been allowed here as
The Louisiana evening slips by

In seconds.

Luck – Sure You Stinkin’ Fuck

The glittery glum of
The
Miserable Soldier
That stole the watchman’s light.

Limping down
The fabled path of the former 70’s damsel in love,
The soldier cocked his gun
And
Aimed a stern look to the
Flag that
Hung on the pole like rotten sour cream.

He spoke with his eye
through the aim
And
Took down some imaginary bullshit
He
Didn’t get when the women felt different
And
The reality was dripping on his eyelids like a wet cat.

Lowling the gun,
He points to the camera that films
This piece being written now.

His voice is
Silent,
Yet you can
see his lips move with verbiage
In your direction—

“Good fucking luck,
I wish I had a coin to drop your way.”

Martyr Joust

It seems to be the same—

When I don't read while
Doing my laundry
In the confines.

I see an American journalistic teaser
Magazine show
Depicting the ills of
Society
In
3-4 segments.

To flush the
Injustice,
Exposing the integrity,
Finding the innocent,
Bludgeoning the degradation.

Not say the positive
Or cheer
Should be the focus,
Although it happens each time.

American camera betting American chimes
That lost some tone.

Beauty in rust,
The 90's have the procreation of
A
Creation—

Into the into,
The television switch will never
Be flicked
By
The hands
Of adoring eyes.

Wonder.

How there could
Be any wrong
In the martyr joust.

Melons & Television

You haven't spoken to
A
Soul for some days
And
The first thing you want
To
Speak about to the truest person
You meet is why you never got into
The
MASH series &
How you never ate
A
Honeydew melon—

Searching in your previous days
For Cheer's shows and
Santa Claus Melons.

Cause that alcohol
&
Christmas fiction went
Down so
Much better that
War & a strange white melon.

Midnight In Alaska

Never been
North enough
To know if
Alaska is
Really that cold,
The night could be a different sort,
Hell,
Midnight hasn't ever been mentioned.

Pelicans scooping in king crab bones,
My toe nails
Need a cleaning.

Maybe those cold waters could do a
Trick I haven't heard yet.

Tow oars away from
A
Tug boat race,
Those penguins
Pack such a nice
Stereotype.

I knew of Midnight's &
Noon's
Separate from other even #'s
On the clock face swoon.

Blue skies &
Warm waters,
That maybe the fate of Alaska past
Midnight.

I've been North
Enough
Not to know
That.

Moist Sky

They kept playing
The tune
Until they got it right,
Little female tied her laces
Until the laces were snug like a kite in flight,
Pulling the choke until breath
Went into the engine,
He whispered to the wires until
Electricity
Came down like drizzle,
The African man listened to the
Irish woman until the
Words sounded like English,
Their message was
A
Mutter
As
The
Muffler
Went straight into
The
Moist sky.

My Feet

For my bread
Is not molding
On the dining room table,
I still love my woman so much
It doesn't take much for me to act in moments
As
A
Cut-throat imbecile in her laughter.

Yes,
The messages came through,
Never lifted an inch of volume,
My stink was pleased—

I fucking love the heat beating
On
Me
Like
A
Mad Marine chopping an ice block with
A
Pick.

Taking me down,
The electronic messages
From the night before and
So beautiful punch bowl sun
I
Burp at now.

Beat me with words & heat—

Oh,
Bitch temptress
How I will move
My
Feet.

Nearly Forgot

Pulling down
The rats,
White thunder of new city scrapers of sky
That fork about
The
Spoons in
This show—

Botanical Gardens were
Above a now show,
The man pounded loudly on
The door next door.

Gray clouds of passing storm
Move at eye level,
The Sicilian donkeys yelped to
Buffalo's taking oxen horns
At equal strength.

Kangaroo bounces,
Spider monkey in
Squirrel monkey cage.

That dog-n-kraut,
Some mustard was sure nice before the
Italian meal on the hill.

I almost forgot the
Canadian Geese &
The other animals of African descent that the
Tour guide nearly forgot.

NEEDLE ARMED LOVERS

The clouds are brighter
Than the seas lit by moons at night,
Flying into Denver.

Have no coat on for the 38° that will greet me below,
More of the labor by skies and ground,
The hope of altitude,
Early mornings,
A mountain awaits my eyes as the history of speed
Wars

Love

Inspired chance comes racing by the rolled-up windows,
Descending nose dive
And
All the damn privy of
Strange noises.

Needle lover.

No Time To Be Sick

You spelled the
Word wrong,
You couldn't piece together a
Formal letter to
Save your soul from the
Line of ghouls that
Want nothing more
That the taste of your blood.

Leaning back in
A
Swivel chair,
Sipping extracts of cold coffee,
Pretending to write something when
You heard nothing said,
Not even the voice of yourself in your
Cracked and convulsed skull.

Itching for
Pantheons,
Running around chartered halls of offices.

Spitting large tails
In the loss
Of
Short-term memory—

Simply,
I pity you
With no
Time to be sick.

Nonsense or Mystery

The baby
Cries
At fence post as conversation
Goes on,
Laughter keeps a secret.

Sun hotter than moon,
Red wine goes below room temperature,
The air conditioning fools know not
What they're missing.

To have the hot waters of the explained
Fist
Up into me,
Those things a of vague
That can be
Twisted into
Nonsense or mystery.

Nothing but . . .

They bark about the
Rapture that doesn't take
Their mortality,
But
Their
Soul at night.

I chime in some.

Then,
We think of the
Betrayed love that found a happier fix,
Repaired we wonder—

For nothing but
The
Joy.

Now Feel of a Thought

The red Volkswagen
Passed on past,
With the large white dog &
Strapless thoughts.

He yelled into the place the
Night before,
Naked against the mirror,
With nothing but unexposed yellowed teeth,
We later saw
The
Line of cops on bikes in
Front
Of
The
TV station for the publicity photo,
No time for an angry thought,
The highway stretched past the
Cactus trash barrel.

We knew the ISDN connection speed,
It just didn't matter—

Strapless,
On the new morning we think & somewhat smile a new
Feel
Of a thought.

OH, ON MINE

Daughters of soil,
The sky is raining comedy,
Oh
And the gladness
As
The
Bland
Becomes
A
Sauce on my sandwich.

On Marble Floors

Fan blades with
The
Rattling noises,
The construction truck
Raised its scoop &
Hammer claw to beat
The 7:00AM ground
As
I
Stepped out of the
Shower—

Laughing on the porch
Leaving work
For these now
Trumpeting sounds
That had no avail to
Bring me
From
Sleep.

Shipped like a glove
In a
A shipment of pants,
I came into work fisting for a cinnamon candy
In
The copper bowl.

Pulled out some
Chewy toffee
while
Grabbing at the carpet,
Pulling time along some more,
Knowing more
Than
The misplaced passions
Lost
On
Marble floors.

OTHER THAN ENGLISH

Written with a pen
Empty of black ink,
The flashes of sighted light
Come down large mouth of runway leading
To the Eden of
Another side where newspapers are bored with
Half truths and the scuttling feet move swift to
Outrun the wind.

As the tide of eyes turn from a fat man in vivid yellow to a skinny
Nigerian shouting for people to move out of his way.

The eyes a wondering,
The sounds in intrigue,
The birth of a sixth sense as all other faces ugly
Fade to beauty in the instance of a beautiful voice
Speaking
Something other than English.

OUT THERE

A DANCE IN
THE MIX,
REELING IN A SOUND FROM
AN UNKONWN SOURCE,
PULLING SALSY FALSETTOS AND
ALTO PIECES
UP INTO THE SHORE.

A DANCE
WITH
NO CAP,
SOUNDS SURE TO BE
PACKAGES
AND
SOLD BY SOMEONE WITH
A
BALD HEATD

OUT THERE.

Pick Into

You love that woman
With every pound
Your bones carry.

Whistling lemons into
A
Vodka glass,
Your eyes are glass with a
Lavender look.

Carrying the weight of
The
3 closest planets to
the
sun.

You walk the earth,
Trading nothing
To
Put vinegar on the plate.

You rough son-of-a-bitch,
Cut from the right
Navel of skin.

That love shakes in weights
The largest black
Crow shies away from.

PLACES IN WHITE

THE EVER WHITE
WIDENED WHITE
BEFORE THIS
WINDOW AS PLANE LEADS
HEAD FIRST INTO THE
PLANT OF CLOUDS ABOVE THE RAINED ON GROUND.

BARELY AND FAIRLY ESCAPED THE TORRENTS OF COMPLAINTS
FROM WAITING PASSENGERS GOING
TO TEXAS.

RIFFED LIKE LOST JUICE,
SEETHED
McDonald's BEANY BABY TALES
WITH A CHORUS OF HEAVING
2,000 MORE PHONES RINGING TO THE
243 DAYS UNTIL THE YEAR 2000.

THIS,
IN THE END OF THE DAY ON KC TIME
AS EARLIER I WENT TO PICK UP MY
MOUNTING MAIL AT THE POST OFFICE
AND MOTICE A WOMAN I DATED OVER 4 YEARS AGO AND FOR THE
CRAZY AIR ABOUT ME
HER FACE,
LIPS,
EYES,
BUTTOCKS,
ANKLES,
WITE PANTS,
BLUE BUTTON DOWN SHIRT
WOULDN'T BRING THE NAME
HARROWING BACK FROM THE VAULT OF CLOSED.

THIS,
AS AN OLD WIRY MAN WITH THICK TAN GLASSES
COVERING HIS FACE
CUTS IN LINE AT THE POST OFFICE AND IGNORES THE
CRAY OF A FRATERNITY BOY SAYING:
"HEY BUDDY, THE LINES ALL THE WAY BACK THERE!"

NO RESPONSE,
REPOSE OR RECOURSE.

THIS SMALL OLD BASTARD
HAD MAIL TO ATTEND TO AND BY FUCK IF THEY YOUNGERS IN THIS DETERIORATING
WORD ARE GOING TO TELL HIM HOW AND WHY HE SHOULD STAND IN LINE.

YES,
NOW I BELIEE THE PLANE IS HITTING SOME STABLE POINT.

I ROLL MY SLEEVE UP,
PEELING TIME LIKE ONIONS AT A FUNERAL,
BEKONING FORTH TO THOSE HERE IN THE WHITE
WHITE

WHITE

SKY
OF FORGOTTEN FACES IN POSTAL OFFICES
AND
THOSE FORGOTTEN IN AIRPORT TERMINAL SEATS
FROM HARRISBUR, PENNSYLVANIA
AND PLACES IN

KANSAS.

RAMBLING ON FORWARD

Baton Rouge
Casino floor,
Rattling the carpets,
Lights,
Lost money falling into a plastic bucket,
Dead city streets,
Jazz away into New Orleans some drive away.

Thirsty with a grin and tonic in my hand,
Hungry with e'touffe,
Crawfish,
Jumbalaya,
The southern way coursing through a new coffee mug,
Miles from the marsh,
Next to the move of time on a craps table.

We believe to have a will
&
live with the communities
of life

ramble
 ramble
rambling on forward.

Sexual Autos

He had a tree
Hanging from the trunk of
His Camry on the
Freeway—

A shovel of dirt away from
Her house,
I had an insatiable
Appetite for both sex and fucking.

To taste her sweat in my teeth
And
Sneeze as though I was snorting pepper
From
My palms.

Licking with
Wine & our love,
The plant still dangles from the
Trunk not wanting to think about the
Other seeds that will
Be planted for
More damn plants going
Out
The
Back of gold trunks
In
Supped-up vehicles.

Shakespeare, We Understand

It was a humid
Summer evening in the park
By the city's art gallery.

The girls, boys, babies,
Children, drunks, mothers,
Fathers, wives, lovers,
The other faces
Came out to see "Love's Labor Lost"
On the lawn.

From the upper lawn,
We watched the performers
Go in a Shakespearean jaunt
While the silhouetted heads
Built a circle of flesh
Against the painted stage props.

Admission was free,
Donations we given as the
Red wine was drank
In plastic Batman cups.

The night went on and
The ovation
Was without picture flashes.

Found the car
After the show,
As did the pre-show mimes and nuns
That made their
Way to their
Shows that
Were going to go down
The
Road
And
Onto feet
Into other lawns
And
New performances
As
Shakespeare
Has us again
In another one of his quotes
The
Populace can understand.

SHE HAD A DENDELION BETWEEN HER BREASTS

Reasons
Were not of fashion—

This damn gal had 23 meters of
Pure class,
3 gallons of gumption to
keep her talking
and
no reasons for her to be bothered.

Wearing a dress
Of Midnight Green,
She had no blues
As she counted her needs of gray.

A dress—
No shoes—small blue hand bag—
No bra,
Other undergarments were
Of
No matter.

In her demeanor,
The dandelion made the
People wonder with some mad determination.

Petals away from
Being wilted,
This flower already tasted death many other
Seasons
Over.

Shifty Art

A vaudevillian play
In
Bushes, or grown,
Of sticks—

The characters
Were louses,
Direction was non-existent.

The crowd was
The only perk.

You know,
The crowd was the acting cast.

In this silly vaudevillian
Set of strings for the wooden knock boy
Of
Called
“shifty art”--

Side of the Interstate

Rap man – LL Cool J playing
At KC country bar,
White limo out front,
Cops with whistles,
I washed clothes,
Talked more about excessive alcoholic friends
My father had
That are now dead.

Italian sausage in
Mustard from a pan,
The Glen Miller Quartet
On local Jazz hours,
The flashing police lights through
39th SW Trafficway could
have taken my neighbor's turn signal off.

Ladies Love Cool James (LL Cool J)
In town,
Well well oh
Well,
The heat is coming
Through 1:30AM windows—

Lovely life,
I saw a daffodil earlier on
The side of the Interstate.

Skin . . . Again

Heard a report
Over the radio waves today
That Yonkers, NY
Was rather riled about
A
Supreme Court decision.

--This Decision—

To break down segregation
In neighborhoods by building
Apartments / Housing
To embody the blacks & whites
Within the same
Geographic distinctions.

Quite a stink was
Raised in City Hall.

Whites say,
“We’re not racist, we’re just looking out for our property values.”

The blacks say,
“We felt safer in black neighborhoods than in these neighborhoods.”

Questions over court ordered desegregation,
Arguing over who
Dropped the Peanut Butter sandwich.

Christ,
Pick-up the sandwich and admit you dropped it,
It’s a better deal.

Through the civic upheavals,
Plights for equality,
Yonkers, NY chooses to throw stones when
There’s only mud that looks like stones.

In this country
The law happens to be one of the few ways
To integration.

Live together,
Laugh at falling property values.

Are we still that concerned about skin?

SLIGHT LOVE

One airport phone
He tells his
Respondent,
"I love you, too."

As a
Pocket full of change falls into
Plastic feet
&
a white boy trips
going up a
slight walkway incline.

Snap Your Neck Bitch

Keep hold
Of that
Tick.

The dirty bastards in
Blood sucking.

Keep away the flame,
Pasteurize it like
A
Jewel.

A form of flattery
From these
Human fluid suckers
The
People love to devour.

Yea baby,
Keep that tick,
Snap your neck bitch.

SOMETHING LOST

Bound,
 Round,
 Bounding,
Introducing family,
 Toting friends
As though strangers,
The
Hip
 Hop
 Hap
--
mop
reality of the sounds in expression,
blips
 bleeps
bop
 hop
of something lost.

SOUTHERN U.S. LAND

A world on
Wheels,
The salary bit the painter,
A kaleidoscope ring moving
Into a bubble of childhood,
Rings in mist,
The land on the ground,
Tuna fish jumping from her pockets,
The tow truck drivers yellow light sending out a warning to the death evaders,
The end of billboard death
As I leave this Baton Rouge hotel room
Into a new
 New
Fucking southern American land.

STANDING STILL

Man playing a flute
In
The back alley towards a 3rd floor window.

I tell him,
“Nice piece of metal you have.”

“Yes. Yes it is,” he responds.

Going to open my car door,
A black man is coming to his car
In the parking lot
Looking for his lost pack of cigarettes.

“You need one? I have some if you need,”
I ask him.

“Shit not. Thanks, man.
I just need to find those 20 sticks. They’re around here somewhere,”
He tells me out of breath.

Sure...sure..
The night the flute music hopped to,
The flute man played while walking between apartment buildings
As the
World hummed a tune
With burning cigarettes in the long ash tray
And
My running engine
Going down an
Avenue standing somewhat

Still.

Statue got up to Go

Welcome to
The gone Ellis Island—

It's your way out the
Door as you hear about
The boy in Springfield, Oregon.

Sprayed his classmates with bullets
Like a fleeing Octopi.

Its not that haven
Or loss of freedom,
It's those asking questions
To
Answers they know,
It's seeing filth on
The car mat as
A
Weekend chore,
It's the solutions proposed
On
A
Television program
Adults watch
While ignoring their children.

It's masturbation not for
A
Titillation desired
but
Until heads bleed.

Your gone Ellis Island
With
The
Statue that got up to go.

Sweating Piss

They diddle around
With their days,
Thinking the night
Will be an easier sort of feast
On the block of daily nutrients
That either enters the head or the mouth.

They're mistaken.

Shaking a stick at their fears,
They piss sweat from the balls
Of
Their uncovered feet.

Over the day,
They heard about the motivations and innovations
That kept them casting an unsure gaze
At opportunity.

Opportunity in this world that has a
Way of promising the existence of non-existence
And surprising the balls out of you when
There is actually something of
Noted
Substance to be found.

During the nights,
When the music is turned low and the
Thousands of silver punctures in the black blanket
Come over to tell the inverse to a reverse tale,
The groups have
Gotten drunk and laughed at those fears.

These fears will catch up to them
In the due time allotted to catch up with fears of
That nature,
But for now the fears can stand in a stream of laughter as loud as the faintest
Chorus

In the
Sweating piss.

That Breeze Within

White lace drapes
Waggled in night air
Before rains like 9 irises of
18 wrangled angels.

Inside as the winds cry cold,
The warmth keeps the aces held in the heat that
Has
Passed on
By—

The cold of summer rains,
Now the time of sitting as
The
While angel mannequins
Won time to beat.

In—
Within—

The winds that breeze
Within.

The 90 Minute Hour

The group had
90 minutes
to explain their
60 minutes.

Some irony,
Maybe some more—

In the room where the
Whites of the walls
Made
More sense than their teeth color,
They went on to explain the
Times—

Ahead of their allotted time,
Behind the 90 minutes they had
With their lives—

Nothing too much extravagant about
Their
Time,
They made another story out of squeezing a
Square into
Their
Circle.

With nothing more to say,
They said more.

Yes,
In those minutes that
Were only an
Hour.

The Ashen

I burn the
Ashes,
Yet not the paper.

For the paper got me farther,
So I must give some regards to
The
Ashes that
Were a belonging to the paper.

You papers and ashes of thee
And those other thee,
Being thought of as the time of embers approach.

You will join the ink holders and
Cartridges that ate my papers
&
made these or me
but
ashes.

The dust and pens
Of the world unite together.

Those that are lost
And those that people wish to be lost.

Each have their own language and
Actions that make it easy to
Be noticed.

**

THE EYE IN THE "I" SEA

Words starting with "I",
You are an "I",
With another as you refer to
Yourself with that person are an "I",
The magic vowel on
A shelf of consonants,
You will be reading to "I" if you read these words,
You and I with a hundred pair of eyes looking at I as a sailor says
"Aye, aye" to a captain,
it's you as "I" as the eye builds blood vessels,
it's you as the "I" while and
"I" in

the sea become
an eye.

The Goat's Eye Ball

As a tourist
In the
Other Metropolis
Missouri city,
A gateway to the West,
Joining the throngs of tourists
To cast camera eyes,
Slow walks,
Tepid speech
Here and there—

Looking into the eyes
Of
A
Goat today,
I touched his snout
 Small horns,
Noticed his horizontal slits as
Pupils.

Around those whites,
Looking at life sideways
Hoping for pellets of food,
Nipples of milk.

Much like us tourists
With pupils the size of small planets.

THE LAUGHTER ECHOS

Tall women
With red hair
Sits next to me,
Article on this “Information Age” and “The Great Disruption”,
FDR lying silent on the dime discussion,
Ripley believing it as
You are indeed not,
Another planetary solar system is discovered
Through the grand reflective mirror on the mountain,
The totes for another tandem dip,
A loud dream awakened in the silence,
A corsage next to her breast,
All the crocodiles laughing at the tigers
And you standing there
As
This
Age of ours
Becomes years
And the laughter

Echos.

E

Eec .. .

The Laundry Mat Roof

Orphaned clothes for Sale!
&
26 tokens redeemed for
the
golden coin coming
out of the change machine—

This notice
Comes to you,
The public,
Via the billboard in plastic letters
Off the boulevard.

If interested,
You need no paper for
The adoption of
These clothes and
A
Swift exchange of silver will come in due time
For
The
Change of a golden shakeout.

All,
As you should know,
Under one laundry mat roof.

The murderer called for a cab from a pay phone. "Yea, I need a driver to come down and pick me up off 22nd & Sycamore St. as soon as possible," the murderer said. "Sure, we'll dispatch someone right away."

When the murderer got off the phone he checked to see if any change was accidentally discharged into the silvery retention slot. He then looked north and south on the boulevard and began digging in his breast pocket for a cigarette. After fisting the cigarette loose from his crushed pack; he fetched a book of matches he got the other night at "Charlie's On The Slug". After several tries – bingo. He started sucking down the carbon monoxide love waiting for the taxicab to arrive.

After the cigarette and pacing up-and-down the block, the cab arrived about 10 minutes later. As the yellow machine with wheels approached, he lightly waved his arm, thus bringing the vehicle to a stop. The man behind the wheel was a black man in his late 30's, good natured, tinted glasses, picture of Christ clipped on the sun visor and full of too many smiles for the area he taxied.

The murdered hopped into the car and asked, "What took you, man." "Hey, I have a schedule just like you my man, I apologize for running a little late. Where can I take you this afternoon?" The murderer said, "10th & Main downtown." "No sweat. Lean back and enjoy the ride." The murderer was looking outside the side window in a tank of thoughts of his own. He didn't respond. Just looked outside and was pulled forward slightly as the car rolled south down the boulevard.

"You from around here?" the cabby asked. "You could say that," the murdered responded. "I'm Rich, who are you?" the cabby said trying to start some discourse to take up the expected 15 ride downtown. "I'm poor, but they call me the murderer." "Say what?" the cabby said while catching a glimpse of the white man in the back seat. "I said, they call me the murderer." "How the hell did you come up with such a non-assuming name?" the cabby asked with a playful grin on his countenance. "It's somewhat a joke, plus I don't want to get into any anecdotes right now. Could you do me a favor and let me swim in some silence during the ride?" "Sure, sure, whatever you ask. You're the boss."

Many minutes went by in silence, just as the murderer had asked. All that time, the cabby would grab a good peek at the man in his late 20's in the back seat. Each look from the cabby came when the man in the back was looking out the window. His looks were blank, yet riddled with thoughts that shouldn't somehow he disclosed.

"You work or live downtown?" the cabby asked. "Look, god dammit, I want some peace. Is that too much for a guy to ask for?" the murdered muttered while looking at the cabby in the rear view mirror. "No, no, no. Not at all. Just a question." "Look, I work and live downtown. It goes along the lines of what I do for a living." "Which is what line of work?" the cabby asked as his curiosity was beginning to get the best of him. "Man, enough. I didn't want to talk at all. You're driving a hard bargain up there. Why are you so interested in what I do." The cabby started to get agitated at the belligerent tone thrown his way. "Just making a little small talk. I'm giving you silence. But a man gets tired of his own thoughts all day long. I just want a little conversation to break up the voices." The cabby said in his defense. "Find it with someone else." The murderer said lightly.

The rest of the ride downtown was silent. As the cabby approached the intersection of 9th and Main, he said, "Didn't mean to piss your shit off. I apologize." "Forget it." The murderer responded. As the murderer reached for his wad of cash in his pocket, he took a business card from the remains of his soft pack. "Good luck with the next passenger. By the way, take a look at my card. Maybe we can do business sometime when I'm feeling more talkative." The murdered said.

The cabby took the cash and generous tip and threw the card in the passenger seat as the murderer began slowly walking north. Red appeared in the peripheral vision of the cabby. He looked down at the card, which had a red wishbone in the middle and no writing anywhere around the picture. He turned the card

over and it was white as the low levels of sky in front of him. This cabby got more than he bargained for. His silence would and wonder would persist for some time. Especially when he would try a conversation with another passenger that day or the other days that would follow. He gave the murderer a ride. Thought it was a joke.

The red wishbone was another tale the murderer may disclose to a cabby or other unsuspecting individual, he thought, as he continued to head north up the busy parkway.

The Spines

I look at
The cover,
Black side building,
The table sits on
With 100 white sheets long
In this new morning
That is really late night.

Brought around in
The heat of the day
That could make a marathon woman
Gag,
My shirts turn wet as
The cold
Stayed away from
These pages.

Blood blister
On big toe,
Thick skin collecting
Around
Perimeters of my foot.

I have walked some days on
Deteriorated leather
Pieces
To come back to
These pages

Now.

The Wrists

Blasts from
Engines of
Exhaust pipes,
They have their trash piled on
Their driveway steps
Day's earlier
Before it will be piled off with
Another bunch,
Like the adopted child pieced together
In
An
Aborted trial.

This simply,
As the beautiful Sunday night comes
Down to a shimmer
Held open by
The
Largest pair of tweezers leveraged by
The
Eye's wrists.

THOSE AFTER

He slid the frozen pizza off the hood of
His car,
Winked to the newly green spring trees
And took to a meal like many men before
With a
Question of style for those thereafter.

THOSE FRENCH

Black man trailing
Down the side of the boulevard yielding a big stick,
Ambitious of
Pulling up the roadside trash of
Cars

Trucks
RV's
Motorists times 2,000,
As he looks over a low brimmed cap
At on-coming and descending traffic.

Ready to pick to pieces the trash,
Talking some good trash as the
White people hide in the suburbs
And a beautiful black couple give
Birth
To
A
Baby nearby
While the Asians
Laugh with the mighty Mexicans
This 4 May 1999
Before the liberation celebration

From those French.

THOUGHT NOR THREAT OF ME

LOWER THAN A
SWIRL,
HIGHER THAN
A
LOOSE AIR BUBBLE.

THE SUN RIPPED OFF
THE PASTOR,
WHILE ANOTHER MAN
SHOOK
A
STRANGER'S SOUL.

HITCHED IN RAGGEDNESS,
THESE PEOPLE WANT TO RAPE THEIR CREDIT
TO KEEP A MIRRORED IMAGE
OF A
SIDE STREET SIGN.

CALL ME FOOLISH,
HOLLARED ME FUCKED,
I WOULD LIKE TO DOWNGRADE
MY MORTAL POSSESSIONS,
NOTHING OF THE FANCY WILL
HOLLAR ME A
LOVELY PLEASURE.

IT'S NOT EXACTLY THAT I'M NOT
HERE THAT LONG,
WE ALL FEEL IT'S LONGER THAN WE'VE BEEN TOLD,
IT'S JUST HONESTLY THAT I COULD GIVE ANY
NUMBER OF SHITS-N-STOOLS
WHAT WILL BE THOUGHT OF
MY "THINGS."

KEPT IT,
YOU WON'T HAVE
NEITHER A THOUGHT NOR THREAT OF ME.

THROUGH GATES

The city,
Cities,
Putting on their pretty motifs
For Lenny's arrival,
This as my plane maneuvers around,
As the pilot put it,
"Some bad, patchy weather around Kansas City"

Yet,
We landed and the sun was shining,
Forgetful of the morning moon over a mountain,
The songs in a dusk provided by day
As the world watchers behold,
Their filming a piece in the Denver International Airport
As the beautiful women
Look away in
Hollywood "Denver"
As the security man
At the gate
Gives a thumbs up for
Another clean escape

Through the gates.

TO HANDLE

“I hope to sweet Christ
we make it there on time,”
she says.

“Yea. What if we don’t make it there at all?”
he revolves.

“We have to! Late, on time, an hour late. No other choice,”
she responds in haste.

“Horse shit. We’re distinguished by our choices.
Let’s go to a liquor store and get a bottle of wine. Then, find
A nice parking lot, have a good talk and go about it in the naked night,”
He says.

“Your fucking crazy! No way. We have to be there,”
she says in mild hysterics.

“Bullshit!” he replies. “Come on. We’ll say we had car trouble,” he grabs her hand with meaning.

She says nothing more as she reaches her
Hand to his inner thigh and the accelerator rises to speeds the night was to handle.

To Take A Piss

Trailing your being
Behind the shadow
It finds
The
Chance to emit—

If you catch your being,
You speak,
If you miss
The shadow of your being,
You still speak.

In the meantime,
You think—

Think of those thoughts that
Will give
To your shadow
Which may
Move forward
Some more—

Some more to outwit
The less
As the shadow stands
Perfect
To take a piss.

Toast To Greece

Found myself to
The mirror
As the morning just appeared
As one hot segment of the day,
Reached for the tooth brush,
Had a pot of coffee later
To
Get me to the Greek restaurant.

Taking it easy during the
Meal to
Roll some food about the
Recovering stomach.

Paula was serving us.

Upwards of 70-75 years old,
She smiled with a
Gritty touch that said
She knew as much about the restaurant business
As
The
Greek Isles.

Towards the end of the meal,
I told her
We should have
A
Toast.

She squinted at me
As though wrongly insane,
Came back out bright eyed like
A
Conniving youth with two
Pure liquor shots of Ouzo.

We toasted to the day,
Wished each other
A name for the rest of the day.

The row of dead lights above our heads
Came back on,
No socket touched,
Only the look of years she seemed to hold that
Didn't appear to have been lived in this existence.

Together & Apart

A cockroach moved
Quick from under the shaving cream bottle
From
The Medicine chest door,
Swinging like a slug
To the sink that has
Been cleaned before.

My love was
Coming down the hall to
Use the bathroom
In her own delight,
Knowing she hated bugs,
I crushed the creature
With the end of my brush.

Swiftly disposed of his body
With a sky blue tissue & washed the rest with a gush down
The
Now
Dirty drain pipe—

She never saw what passed
&
the bug never saw
what came—

Legs in the sewer,
Body in a grocery store
Trash bag.

How things
Do come together &
Go apart.

Trouble Found Clean

Have you captured
Essence until
It was too late?

Have your forgotten
In relaxing
Past the
Time to remember?

Have you had more than passion
Until you
Pissed the character out of hate?

Have you,
Will you—

Wondering time,
Trouble found clean.

UGLY FICTION

Bits of broken
Mirror
Rumbling blind
Through
A
Dish washer.

Cleansing the bad years of coming
Luck for the unlucky.

Our human hand
At
Reversing
Ugly,
Fictional fate.

Unearthing Genetics

The genetic genocide
In
The
Streets
As the skinny, yet tall blond girl
Crossed the white strips in
The
Street to the yield sign post.

There,
The black lab's tail wags quicker
As
He thinks about the blue
Chain and black collar around his neck.

The genetic genocide
As the
Heat punishes those with
Skin and some clothing
Here in the jaws of the city.

Crissing on crosses
About the city
To library – post office – pharmacy
With
3 Susan B. Anthony silver bills
in my front pocket
and a deep need to find a post to
purchase some deodorant.

Genetic genocide
Here in the city
With flaps of wind
Carrying the same discussion to another
Group of discussers.

Yes,
The same line in the same city
With the vents
Blowing and
More unearthing
To be done.

Up For Water

Mouth of top floor
Parking garage stairwell
Winds down to
The
Black level,
As the woman,
25 floors below,
does a hand stand in the
blue
 blue
waving pool.

Waving her legs,
As the downtown traffic moves in a murmur,
The haze is a white maze
From Mexican fires,
The crane holds over the
Newly build St. Louis skyscraper,
Some time to go,
She comes up for water.

Up Yet?

This silver sliver
Of the crescent moon
Listens
To
An empty amusement park.

Car windows rolled down in the
Lot
Knew the can of Mellow Yellow
Maintains
A
42° refrigeration.

Looking up the
Wrong side of the moon
&
into the 2nd window that was never rolled down,
we know the
price of bread and
that we don't
want to get up just yet.

UPSIDE DOWN LAUGHTER

OPEN WINDOWS
BEAMING THEIR
BLACK LIGHT THIS
SIDE OF THE BRICK WALL
APARTMENT UNIT,
SUMMER
COMING THROUGH THE
TREES
HERE AS SPRING SAYS
“NO MORE”

BANANAS ROTTING ON THE
DINING TABLE,
PINE TREES WELCOME
FLYING BIRDS
LIKE WHORES ENTICING THE RICH MAN
INTO THEIR MYSTERY REGION.

A FLUTE IN A DRAWING
AND
AN ANNOUNCEMENT THAT LOOKS
AT ME IN JUST THIS FASHION:

Everybody Loves to Laugh!

USELESS

It hasn't ended,
When it ends
Will it really end?

Their fucking useless words,
Their eyes that dart about
What they don't believe in.

I want truth
As the tears dry and their lies become laughter.

The smile emerging is sunrise
As we
Sit down
To a thing of what is called
Debauchery or

The cure.

VEHICLE OF MOTION

I READY
FOR SLEEP HERE
AT 12:33 IN THE AM
WITH TRAINS SOUNDING
I KNOW MORE THAN LIVING OR MORTALITY,
SOUNDING THE WHISTLE OVER AND OVER
TO AVOID A COLLISION,
THEIR GIVING ME THE SOUNDS AS THOUGH
THE NIGHT IS MORE THAN
ALIVE,
IT'S THE SURVIVAL
FO
THE
LAST MOVING VEHICLE
STANDING.

WAR & THE DRINKS

Buildings in
Kosovo ripped by blind bombs,
More explosions turn off a Western fate
As a Balkan war against Yugoslavia continues.

With silence here in the urban
Neighborhood show,
Laughter up the way now at 2:21AM,
With another 39 minutes of lapping in the drinks
Whores
Blind charity
A Friday evening called by the lemon rhine,
Fights-sirens go over Macedonia
Over
Over.

Ridiculous delivered in their silence,
Pentagon 'plugging' up the wholes
Of the ass with blinders
The size
Of
A
King size sheet.

We go over
And
Over,
War
Drinks,
Over
Over

Over & OUT.

Warmer Than 81°

Got some blood work
Taken
On the 81° day—

Nearly 4 viles of blood
Taken in
That lab.

It went so damn quick,
In with the needle-
Out with my reds.

Doctor told me I should probably
Stop smoking,
Hell,
I said,
I've already cut back
Before Congress decides to raise a pack to four or five bucks.

Results came back today,
They were nice.

Paying my \$10.00 co-pay,
I thought my doctor
Had one
Fucking great
Head of hair.

Still,
Can't put my finger
On it,
Which makes it all right.

Some blood
Given,
Time in the
Sun,
It may have
Been warmer than 81°
That day.

WASHINGTON PENNIES

Roads stretched out like the middle
Branches of Washington—

No headway needed,
Jazz was found easily
On
The
Dial.

I know,
Just for my aching back alone,
I should
Cut
Down
On the cigarettes some more.

No writing pads
In the grocery store,
Underarm deodorant
&
a
six pack would work.

Leaving Washington into
K.C. home,
Smiles were like pennies.

Littered like novice friends
In nook
Next to my knee.

WHEN IT DOES

Strapped
Into seat
While upright folks
Walk
About.

Moving lips,
No response
From other end.

Nurse lifts up needle
To draw blood
As the young man
Lifts his head higher to see
The clouds
Turn into
Bright
Pennies hanging in place
Of clouds
Like lucky lovers
In the last
Hour
Of
Plans.

Later,
He walks down the street
Rubbing the tiny
Hole left
From the lab jive,
Listening to
Laughter
Coming
Out of 3rd deck in a
Familiar
Apartment compartment.

He stops
To look longer,
The takes out a nickel
And lifts it
Up
Against the pennies burning
Through
The atmosphere.

His time ahead of him
Like a clock licking an ice cream cone,
The
Day will
End

Later

Yet
He won't know it
When it does.

WHITE MAN MAGIC IN MISSOURI

He presents magic
Several blocks down the
Road at a Cajun restaurant
That laps up his show every time he
Comes through the door
With his boxed props and
Loud look
That portends displeasure.

His name is Joshua Black.

A local legend of off-hand magic
Mystery
Mind-reading
Card tricks
The like.

Every Wednesday, Friday and Saturday nite
He would
Get his gig together for the Cajun crowd of many laughs
And lewd jokes that would make Joshua fall
From his leg stools with
A roar of laughter.

He had the look in his eye,
When no one was watching,
That there was something more dreadfully evident
To him about mystery
Than the crowds could ever pretend to understand.

Night after night,
The free drinks,
Offers from the women for free massages and more
If he ever felt that lonely air begin wrapping around his neck.

Joshua was getting higher up into
His 60's and the magician gig by night
Followed by his courier job by day was
Beginning to get both dull
And taxing at once.

So,
He decided he would have to give up one his jobs.

To make this decision final
He would tell both places that he was thinking of tossing in his shoes
The top hat
Snickering
Jokes
Water glass
Happy white towel
For an easier ride

And more time to concentrate on what
He loved the most:
Playing his Mandolin.

After several weeks of letting both
Employers know that he was thinking seriously on being
Permanently on the outs,
The heard plenty about how he was going to be missed and
Why he shouldn't leave either trade.

So,
Joshua sat down one weekend off and pondered hard
To some radio, mandolin, old voodoo books,
Mind reading tales with old friends from the International Brotherhood of Magicians.

When Monday morning came around Joshua Black's phone rang.

It rang.

Rang.

More rings.

No answer.

He packed up his belongings on that Sunday evening.

Headed out of town.

For what?

Not even this writer can portend to know the whereabouts of Mr. Joshua Black.

A true man of magic does things the living and dead cannot pretend to comprehend.

Gone.

Defeating the skepticism.

Making the memorial before he left.

No ideas here...

Have you seen Joseph White?

The real man of this Kansas City tale.

WHO COULD HAVE?

A fat balloon
Filled with
Hydrogen
Goes

High
Into blues
Of
Backdrop sky.

Flutter,
Wag,
Wiggle,
Jammed up there like a sock in a used pair of shoes,
The
Sky

Screams.

Opening it's large
Mouth
In defiance.

The balloon raises higher
With
A
Life that
Tilts the mouth
Of
The sky into a stern smile

As hands

Collapse

And we

Whistle a short tune we never knew.

Never
Ever

Could have...

WHO'S TITLE?

TENACITY
WITH A REASON,
INTEGRITY
WITH A CAUSE,
LOSS
DUE TO FATE,
COURAGE
BECAUSE IT WAS,
INDIGNANCE
AS IT NEVER WAS,
LIMP
FROM THE COALS,
INCENSED
AS THEY GROW,
NEEDEDH . . .
FOR WE SHOULDN'T EVER KNOW.

Will Never Last

Bottles on neighboring roof
With
Sugar coated marshmallow,
A
Stick of butter stuck with
The
Silver coating on
Neighboring recording studio.

A trash can stacked with bottles,
The bleach from yesterday broke
Apart
The murky stench of 4,000 cigarettes & more
Brands
Of
Booze to explain.

This whole way,
Making the mess dirty
As
The
Clean rag knows
This will never last.

WITH A PEN

Shock by the Gulf,
Seafood on the coast,
A dream evaporating into mist,
She waves with a hypnotic smile,
Waving in a flight attendant uniform,
Wearing nothing in a package of beauty
You
Don't
Want
To
Open
Too
Early.

Won't Admit

We met
For lunch.

She took me
Into her eyes and
Winked with her nose.

A friend from yore
Was the waiter
Today.

Recommended the
Flesh with chili.

I took it bloody.

Tomato on top.

Lime green pickle
Was the first to be eaten.

I then pulled her
Into my eyes.

We finished,
Spoke

Love does things
This kid won't admit.

Worn Toenails

Catching a nestle
Of twigs down below
On fire,
You laugh.

Like the repented call
From an "unknown" making
A prank
To get your attention on
The
Phone.

Forgetting to wash your car
For more than many months,
Cool thimble taps coherently on
Your calves
While cutting
Your
Nails with a pocketknife.

AS your small,
Self-proclaimed
Fire
Dims
To a dying cherry.

It's time for another drink
&
forgetting the length
of those worn toenails.

YET THROUGH TRUE

Water rolling over my
Naked chest,
The night of more Midwestern storms,
Orange paints,
The end of cancer birth,
The negligence of no self-education,
Eyes watching the mindless television dots,
Ashore away from the bay,
Nine clocks chimed in our one night life
As 2 days come to an end
And the
Lover becomes yet
Through true.

Your Environment

*Taking pictures
Of my brother with the camcorder
On my automatic Pentax 35MM.*

*Looking at the world from his world and
Our tours about the largest brewery in
The world &
Ulysses S. Grant's animal farm.*

*Busses,
Trolley's,
Our feet covered by leather
Plastic straps.*

*Laughing about our tourist notions,
While my picture snaps
With the roll of his camcorder looking
About the
World
World
Holding you down.*

YOUR NEW PLAN

LIGHT MUSIC,
WAYS THEY
PLANNED THEIR LIFE.

MEALS EATEN WITH PLASTIC FORKS,
WAYS
THEY COULDN'T PLAN THEIR
LIFE.

MONSTERS IN MOVIES,
ALL THE PLANS
THEY DIDN'T SEE COMING.

SILENCE WHEN YOU WANTED TO TALK,
THINGS
THAT WORK OUT WITHOUT
PLANNING.

STONES IN SIMMERING COALS,
PLANS YOU NEVER WANT
TO MAKE
ON YOUR WATCH.

ICE IN THE THIRSTY WOMAN'S BELLY,
PLANS THAT COULDN'T BE
ANY FAIRER.

BELLS SHOVED DOWN THE WHISTLE'S HOLE,
A CHILD
PLANNING THE
BEGINNING
OF YOUR

NEW WORLD.

YOUR SIGHT

I love you,
I love her,
I see her,
I smell her,
While she is now away,
Like cotton in the sweat of my loins.

Hear the near,
She is close,
Lover in this rain that falls,
We speak through the failed phone.

Good night for our omens,
Our love,
Your sight.

2 SIDES BETWEEN BREAD

Have you ever held your hand up to the light?

Wondering a thought by the faucet loudly
Pushing air about the room?

Was there ever a time that midnight felt
Like the middle of the day?

Has there been a book you have
Read recently where it seemed as though the first page was
The last one?

Have you wished upon a star or exhumed candle?

Do fables and fantasies wash and crackle with your
Tired toes at night?

How many marbles do you have in your pocket?

Is there anymore lunch meat in the
Refrigerator
Or is
It
The
Mustard that is the issue?

4/27/99 & ANOTHER

Old woman in patterned flowers,
Pinks-greens-blues,
Yellow background,
Comes around again
On
Airport taxi.

Going around and around with
Taxiway pavement heating up
As the end of this
Love

Becomes another

New beginning.

9-Ball Pocket

Living till
You were told
That
Some liver were more
Than
5.

The clock hit 6
And you stepped 7 paces
In
Front of
The
9-ball pocket.

1:46pm

SINISTER
AGENTS
LAUGHING WHEN YOUR NOT AROUND.

A NEW FRIEND
THAT OWNS
14 MOTORCYCLES
AND NOT ONE INCH OF
REAL ESTATE.

TWO CATS FIGHTING IN
A STRANGER'S BACK YARD
WHILE THINKING
LIFE IS THE ONLY COOL GIG
GOING DOWN.

360 FEET CROSSED

Blank slate,
Dressed
All in gray.

A dazzle
Of a day
That doesn't come
Very few in
The often.

A saw ripping
Over wood in
A
Backyard close by,
The Italian cook in the hospital
Sings over
Some
Artichoke hearts.

Motions moving
As half the world
Moves
Away down the street
And through automatic doors
To spend
Their
Spree of bi-weekly cash
For their
Work turned in under an
Auspicious name.

Anger tenderized
By the mix of subconscious,
Pleasure
Brought forth
By what
Can be deciphered
In that land that
Does little
To mask the dreams.

A conscious afternoon
As thick clouds bump into cars,
Think
Clouds play compass
In this dream work
Looking over every degree
Of this

360 foot pie.

A Blue Print

Coming down
The Interstate
Some weeks back,
I noticed
A
Can of blue house paint
Was splashed about on the
Side of the road
And the railing
Protecting the motorist.

Then a
Time sucking motorist grabbed
A
Wind to take my tail for some meters
To
His next destination,
Ready to give me a rousing end to
His time loss,
I thought of the blue.

The blue
That dried with drips
In tact &
The
Other pools hanging like melted ice cubes
On the corner of a hot mudslide.

Up the exit ramp,
The man swerves his car
Around me and nary looks an eye
To give me a piece of his disdain.

He must
Of known about the blue
On the road—

The blue
That had the road
And
Lost its owner.

A DEATH DIVE WITH HER

The plane begins
To take a slow dive towards the ground at over
19,000 nautical feet above the ground.

Shaking and slicing through walls of blue and clouds in drift,
He begins to panic some as
A
Patient, attractive female
To his left begins to giggle.

He turns to her quickly as the
Plane gains speed toward the ground.

Overhead bins ripping open,
Screams,
Shrieks,
Mild chaos as
The pilot announces,
“This isn’t good. We should be at 19,000 feet.
We’re trying to get back on course.”

At this,
The young man has one last request.

To suck the nipple and bare breast of the
Beauty seated to his left.

She has remained remarkably patient at his side.

He wipes his mouth,
Then speaks,
“Look honey, I’m a breast man. Always have been...” he started.

The chaos continues,
The plane is tilted about 60 degrees forward as things
Are flying and the woman begins taking off her shirt.
(She was never wearing a bra)

She winks,
Remains patient.

He begins sucking gently on that beautiful pink nipple
Above all that unreal
Brown flesh.

Then,
His head abruptly snaps back.

His eyes wide open in a flash
And
He looks down into his lover’s eyes

As he ejaculates in the heat of the moment
In their home.

He notices her heavily patient eyes
As he reaches his trembling hand down to touch her lips..

Letting out a loud jingle of laughter
As she squirms to feel him in her more and reaches her hand to close his eyes again.

With eyes closed,
He sees himself on another plane trip.

He rolls the dice for another death dive with her.

A SEA OF SOULS

*A new article
Said
That people are using religion.*

*Using the faith for
Their own purposes in bringing together
A sense of community.*

Using the faith they proclaim.

*Now this may be the reason
Why I have no faith in these no-style
People that call themselves,
In their tepid tone,
Born again souls.*

ABOVE AN ARTERIAL

Air flight #1702 or something
Of that nature,
Told me were flying three-fourths the way
To the speed of sound,
At more knots that are tied
Into
A
Pretzel on
A
Shoe lace budget in a whorehouse.

With -37° below here in the sky
As the clouds
Lay like fantasy mountains
In whipped topped lofts that
Look like dogs or cats ears good enough
To rub against lips
Or
Stir that froth mix with a 9-mile stir stick
Made of green lava
From the holes
That creep
Away from the openings.

Holes that abound a flight wing
Parallel to the moon with
2° of gravity in
nasty weather on ground
and sun here
above
-above
ethereal.

ADMISSION WASN'T ANNOUNCED

Running to love,
Listening to
The script,
Cursing my eyes,
Listening to my ears,
Catching that "L",
Looking with the
Green in the corner of my fingernails.

AIRPORT CHECK #114

I came into the airport
With no cigarettes and
A
Thirst for a fucking nice, tacky posts card.

Found the soft pack of nicotine I was looking for,
Over \$3.50 to pound my body,
The postcard said "Olatta Bull"
From the
Heart of Texas.

A heart in the
Floor,
A
Temptation took the soul out for ice cream.

I headed towards the outdoors for my cigarette pleasure as the
Turnstile glass door roved in a
Winding way to
Replicate the carrying voices.

Voices of a lend,
Voices of
A
New.

This,
As I came back through
After some time with
The erect tobacco and matches,
The metal detector goes off through the security check.

This didn't happen before.

Someone must have planted me with
Something away from my eye.

I scave my cavity with my own hands,
Go through the search door again.

Another unlucky jingle.

I look towards the ethnic black man
Not of this land with arms slightly raised and ask him,
"How? I just came through and not a sound went off."

"Shit. Shit, this guy's been hit,"
he tells his staff companions and me.

"Come here. Quick!"
he yells to several of his assistants in a panic.

They come over quickly with opened eyes and terrified
Looks while searching me over cautiously.

“Remove clothing. All garments at once,”
a small Asian woman tells me.

“Shit no. You serious? Here and now?”
I ask. “At least let me go into a closed room.” I further request.

“No time. Right now. Fucking here,”
a black man says backing up his co-worker.

This going down as time becomes more than a warped
Roll of impeccably slow movement.

People are mounting around.

Teams of them drive towards the commotion and grandstand with curiosity.

Shit,
I couldn't blame them.

Yet,
The crowds keep their distance.

The lines to get through the mystical security detector continue to mount
By the second.

Security personnel begin screaming people away from me.

“LEAVE!” they scream. “Danger...GO!”

Security shouts this several times in the direction of the
Gathering folks.

I begin unbuttoning my Oxford shirt as the others begin doing the same with my pants
And begin removing my shoes, socks and undershorts.

Within seconds I'm totally nude with a world of people looking on...

The crowd of people is horrified by my sight.
Security paces around as one Sr. level man comes near me with a gun and tells me sternly to run around.

“Quick. Do it quickly,” he commands.

“Christ. You guy's better not be fucking with me. What the hell is going on?”
I shout loudly.

“No more talk,”
the man says.

The white man raises his gun
As I pass out.

The next moment I recall is wrapped-up inside a bathrobe in the back office bunker

Of the airport office space that smells of antiseptic and medications galore.

I was told that someone used me as a cog to carry out his or her plan to
Alter time.

Nothing more was told to me.

Several faceless humans then gave me a stack of crisp \$100 bills and told me to go
Change into my clothing.

As I got up to do so,
They said,
“No questions. You are a lucky lad.”

I notice my lower back is aching badly and
The airport is really a warehouse.

Then,
An ease came over me that would likely never
Be explained.

all colorless

They wouldn't
Cash his check
From
The
Biomedical institute,
Donnell Edwards
Wanted his
\$16.00—

After going to
The bank like a vulture
Praying for red meat,
He came back dejected &
Miffed
That
Banks wouldn't cash his check—

Finally,
The manager of the local Rambler's Club,
Davey's,
Gave the barkeep an OK
To cash the check.

3 \$1.00 draws later
we all dispersed,
Donnell had a smile on his person
As we
All
Walked out
Colorless.

ALL FOR NOW

The smell of pot smoke
Trailing from underneath
Their apartment door,
Silent washers and dryers,
A nasty not for one that leaves
Their trash in the hallway of top steps
In apartment building,
Decree reads,
“Take out your trash – YOU LAZY FUCK!”

Yes,
dispose
Of that waste
Both for all
And all for

Now.

ALL THAT DOWN BELOW

NOON OVER
MORNING MOUNTAIN OF DENVER,
MY EYE FOLLOWS THE SHADOW
OF
THIS PLAN AS IT APPROACHES THE RUNWAY
AND
THE WINDS CURL LIKE EMPTY THOUGHTS IN A VACUUM MADE
CHEAPLY.

HERE WHERE COLD IS WARMTH,
HIGHER ALTITUDES WITH LIGHTER AIR,
I SEE THE SPOTS OF PPURPLE-GREE-RED-AMOEBAS
FLASH IN
THE WHITE OF A CLOUDED WINDOW AND EYES CLOSED IN A
TRAVEL BELOW SOUND
AND
ABOVE

ALL THAT BELOW.

ANY LAZY WAY

Amazing words as
Russia falls asleep,
Little vices as China seethes at the U.S. again here 99 of May, 99
A coming summer that could be called post-winter,
A lost tug boat off the port of Alaska,
Rotten sardines in the socks of all their wasted time,
Loud cows and a reason to walk.

Evolution in another city,
Erosion in any lazy way.

APRIL COATED WONDERS

Mark your baggage and
Strap your mind back behind the fucking trench coat
Mafia blowing up malls
School s,
This as the innocence of a small blond girl in a ballerina uniform
Crossed the street before Dallas-Fort Worth airport.

The horns continue to honk and the sky continues
To fill with dreams of the folk kin walking and strolling about with temptations
Of running into a supermodel or actor.

The swirling lights of passing
Extended golf cars taking one
And other
From terminal to gate.

The mounting filth,
Broken wheelchairs,
Old women chattering
About bad health and plane delays.

Then,
I noticed the beauty of one of the more striking women I
Have seen in some time
Crossing the same ballerina street.

The back of her shirt
Said:
“FAITH IN CHAOS”

Yes and oh hell yes
With that flesh and the dreams beginning to fall from the yellow, blood sky.

I say,
“FAITH AND MORE FAITH IN SUCH CHAOS”

That was one
April coated wonder.

AT ONCE LOST

Sound in silence
Piercing the solids,
Beauty in a song,
Invisible as air,
Coming over wet brain as
The
Noodles of chance
Simmer on open range
And all the trickery of thieves outside the door.

Plans of seeing the world
On fire
Were put on hold
As the childish talk
Of a day-long conversation came reflecting off a mirror
In a
Pocket though to
Be
At once
Lost.

Bathroom Cents

There's 26 cents
On top of
The
Toilet.

No novels or
Geography Magazine.

Some money—

One has more of
A
Shine than the other,
As the hot water
Valve continues to leak &
I whistle a 26 cent tune with the
Shower head held
Level
Between my legs.

Bathtub

They'll likely
Never know,
She presumes,
Loading her memories into
A
Journal about
What they were
And
How she knew this whole time.

Opening the window higher
To
Look before the moon appears,
She puts some more truth down.

She begins to convince herself that
Napoleon was probably impotent
And how
Atilla the Hun never knew enough
To
Please his mates.

Into the memoir,
Outside the transcribing,
She knows what she convinces herself of
As
She leaves to go fill the bathtub.

Bird Dust

The bird
Was on his windshield wiper
And
Wouldn't let go—

Even when he went into
Reverse,
Down the avenue,
He turned around with the
Bird still perched—

Back into the lot,
Got out and laid the bird
On the ground—

Didn't want to run
Over the bird,
He said,
Made it out without killing it
Instead—

That bird had devotion,
He loved Gilbert that fair
&
to be warm
Saturday morn.

The devotion
Of that creature—

She told me the
Following morning that
She heard 4 gun shots rip through
The air at
3:00AM—

Woke from her sleep.

I slept through it
All—

The birds with devotion &
Bullet dust with
Malice.

BLENDING RICE

Are you ever
Going to get it down?

Will the divinity
Split into three laughing mouths?

Have the clouds walked on you lately over
22,000 feet off the feet of your ground?

Did the red wine ever taste more splendid?

60 seconds to boil the rice and annul the wedding chime,
a buck shot ripping through
the Oklahoma City tornado alley before the
calm bringing funnels down,
loose girls flirting with reason,
the superior laughing at the inequity
as we know and ever knew all along it
was
just
you and me.

BOAT WINGS

Patches of dirtied
Colorado air,
The atmosphere is crumbling
While
The
Universe laughs
At
This low flying boat
With wings.

Can't Hear It Anymore

Met with
The family today
For Mother's day.

Family
Nieces
The gal I love
&
Brother-in-law—

He's tactless
Foolish
And more than
Needs to be explained.

Known him for some years
As my sister's husband
And
Father
Of my two nieces.

His patriarchal
Lazy means
Were blocked out today.

I don't like him
Nor hate him,
For five years he existed somewhat
Naturally.

Now,
There is the non-existence.

As a mold of flesh,
Neither here
Nor there—

It's just Carl
With his flesh
Stares
Driver's License
And
Maybe his voice if
I could
Hear it
Anymore.

Case of Busch

He pulls into
The parking lot with
His pick-up truck.

The back full of gutters – pipes – plastics – used molds—

Turns off
The engine.

Hops out
To hurry into
The
Bar.

Has to catch that
Busch while it's still crisp.

Keeps his lights on his truck
Like a young woman kept in an
Old woman's shadow.

He'll come out later with a
Dead engine—

While the old men in
Young boy's shadows
Hold up a pair of jumper cables and
A
Case of warm Busch.

Centipede – Millipede

Bites on my body as
Though
Jet black millipedes
Took a favor
On chewing the stinkin
Skin off of me.

Now,
With red welts,
The warmth comes like a good dream,
We hush in the marriage of noise
As
The streets go through renovation
And
The lawns get sprinkled with the remainder of
The
Well's water.

The jet black millipedes,
I didn't see
Them
Attack me.

Stinkin' bastards
Went to my skin
For
All
Those quarters I used to play centipede.

Chagrin; Embarrassment Due To Failure

The calico fish
She bought me,
I named him Chagrin,
Died yesterday—

He lived for about a day—

Had a memory span
Of three seconds or so,
I'm sure that was enough time before
He
Passed
To
Sum all of it up.

All his
Seconds
Gone in three—

The fish didn't even have
Time
To
Realize
His name.

Chashier Notion

Late night
Crowds
Going down the crosswalk
Of early morning lights
Wishing each other congratulatory
Incantations

As the heat
Of day's humidity
Tends to wire and tire
Into
A
Long circuit of
Short remiss.

Fans glow
On the big circular sky
Above as
The elliptical plane of the
Planets
Listen in closely to the late night
Radio show
That
Speaks from
Large cities to small radio
Transistors.

Lights
Go off into shadows and dins of spectacular
Colors
As
The
Time comes forward
Like an intruder that will offer a kind tiding
Of
Good advice.

This,
As
12:58AM comes
gratuitously
like
a tip
offered

without a notion
of
giving a payoff to the cashier.

CHOSE TO DO JUST THAT

Walked through
The gate,
Featured act just started their
First song of their first set.

Poised with instruments in hand,
The warm green air came
Wafting through the scents
And scene
Of one too many beautiful woman

And all the shy one eyed white males
That sauntered around tossing dime comments
To these women
Like a drunk trying to appease a waitress at the end of
The evening line.

All bouncy,
Forgetful for the night
As the city kidnapped the twilight
And NATO planes continued to bomb
A
Region most of these people couldn't pronounce.

Pleasure in the states,
The band slipped into their third song
As a sipped on my 5th drink of the eve.

Fluorescent colors,
Pastel ribbons in wild curls of racing whores,
The band moved into their fifth song.

I moved over to the end of the surroundings
By a Bar-B-Que joint featuring a blues act
Covering Morrison tunes.

With the people mounting
And the leftovers getting crammed into the ice box,
I chewed on a hot dog for the survivors.

The survivors who knew more about this world
And
More to those that

Just forgot because they chose to

Do just that.

Cleaning Dogs or Humans

Institutions,
More shops of
Sort to clean
Dogs,
Or cats if that
Happens to be your knack.

Feeding them biscuits,
Putting collars around
Their necks.

Next,
Human depots to clean each other
Outside of homes.

Collars – Cookies –
Biscuits are extra.

clothed field

SHE SAT IN THE
LOUNGER
WITH HER HAIR PULLED BACK TIGHT
&
A LOOK OF MULTI-YEAR FATIGUE GAINED
IN ONE NIGHT.

SPOKE OF RYHYMES – PROSE – NO K.C. POETRY READING SCENE
AS
A
LOCAL POET.

CAME FROM SACRAMENTO TO SAN DIEGO
& SPOTS ALONG THE WAY
BETWEEN KANSAS CITY.

THIS MORNING,
SHE SAID,
SHE STRIPPED NUDE
WENT INTO THE COUNTRY AND FIRED
3 SHOTS INTO THE
SKY AS A MEMORIAL TO HER SISTER THAT RECENTLY DIED.

LEAVING HER FULL CIGARETTE
LIT IN THE ASH TRAY AS SHE ENTERED THROUGH THE
DOOR JAMBS TO THE GALLERY,
SHE POINTED OUT THE
PIECE SHE WANTED TO PURCHASE
IN THE SHOW OPENING.

I ASKED SOMEONE FOR A NON-MENTHOL CIGARETTE,
DIDN'T QUESTION WHY THERE'S NO READINGS HERE
& IMAGINED HOW HARD
THE
SHOTS PULLED HER BODY IN THAT
CLOTHED FIELD.

CLOUD – CLOUDY – CLOUDS

Disturbance in night air,
Woman screaming,
Broken radio,
The Beatles playing as Lonely Hearts in the Sergeants band,
Dirty postcards by the recorded tape of radio transcripts,
The non-making sense in the cents absent
From my pockets now 16-20,000 feet above ground.

Above you,
A bird,
Homes,
Filth,
Trash bins,
Naked lovers,
Paints,
Words,
Wheels,
Steaks,
Rice,
Peanut butter.

Here above,
With ingredients for
A
Play,
Acted by the cloudy
Cloud
Clouds.

Clouds That Were Dream

Levitated into
The rain clouds
Via auto and dream.

Going through pitch black skies
Next to textured & billowed cumulous clouds,
The flashes of strobe white goes through
The clouds.

Reaching my arm out to
Feel the electricity,
Wet humid warmth charms my arm.

I look down at my
Arm
And it flashes with a spotty erratic yellow.

My Lover & other strangers
Begin reaching their arms into my dream.

Our tanned flesh,
Yellow spots,
The black

In the clouds that were dream.

COMEDIAN & CLOWN MIX

It's the idea
Or the newness of ideas that
Bring us into hope.

It's hope that brings the new ideas.

It's being 26,000 miles above Gage, Oklahoma.

Outside of Wichita Falls, Texas
Ready to land in Dallas.

It's walking,
Room service,
Lonely doves next to dead cigars
And the old ideas being polished
Off for use by the lint
Of the comedian and mirth of the clown.

content countenance

The red burns of all
Day
Outdoor
State Park shows,
Lemonade stand shadows,
Another glass of beer in
The
\$3.00 scheme,
one more chest hair I expose to the closeness
on the right of my left nipple.

Sweat that tastes more like lead
While water
Washes the neck like
A broken car getting its first wash.

She wanted me to keep my hands away
From her mouth,
While I rubbed my feet along her calves.

8 hours later
coming out of Lawrence, KS,
her mob of hair & pretty face on
my inside breast,
right side,
saddled near my new chest hair.

I gulped red fruit juice in the dark
With my knees high,
Level with my content countenance.

CONTINUING ROMANCE WITH LIVING

A candle lit aflame
With character and demure,
This a red wax hides hot in
A
Night she says she's disappointed with me,
This s the living Jazz roves through
The still living mind
Of Einstein here on
Planet earth
5 billion songs from the beginning
contracting in four dimensions
at this time
in the
continuing romance
with living.

CROONING FOWL

A hot call
On
Deaf
Line.

Cold voices come over
With a life
Not
Witnessed by
Outside listeners that
Cannot hear a word.

Smooth magic
In words.

Of how the world is.

Where the clouds have gone from today.

Why the rain loves the heat so.

How your head tips back in motions
Not soon forgotten by anyone that comes across your lisp.

The pieces of cardboard that look
Like lost images from
One of your free Easter road trips.

A taste of Carp that seemed like Bass
In the mouth of Salmon
Floating down the Sword Fish fin

Over a line
Of electricity

Thinner than the love
The
Growl

Croons for.

DALLAS AGENT IN LOW SHADES

The Spanish agent in black leather
Sits between me,
An old white man,
The windows into the clouds & voices in faces that shimmy on the deck of flight 1806,
DALLAS-to-KANSAS CITY.

This woman in black
Did the Catholic cross before heading to flight,
Yet it was a front,
She'll outlive the bumps and turbulence here in the clouds that have
Turned to
Curved surfaces and
Sunshine long lost as companions smashed in the annals of
Old high school yearbooks.

With the black shades
Held lofty on her face,
She looks outside for either a bright future of the
Sun coming down now.

She has plans to Texas,
For she is in the investigation business,
Investigating the stink of the flight crew,
Passengers,
Various shards of hullaboo.

Not speaking,
Perhaps licking a beauty mole above
And to the right of her top lip,
A fear of flights,
The investigation goes on.

Looking into you
Her
And him
And those I cannot presuppose.

Behind veiled eyes,
With the world riding low.

Riding on ideas of radio molestation,
Another outbreak of disease and beauty she has
Been paid not to speak of or
Reveal.

DENVER AS RUSSIAN

A spit of black smut
From
Pipes in Downtown Denver
As
Male-female Starbucks employees
Take their
Stabs
At
Being clever,
Several Mexican cats
Selling burritos
Behind
Missouri ATM bank
As early morning workers
Rush to the hidden door for their purchase,
I whistle a lucky tune as I go to the 13th floor
And laugh at the mountains
And the cocked look
Of a Russian cab driver whistling
Away some weak city haze.

Downs – Ups

The man
Comes to lift up the trash dumpster
With his truck,
The sun lowers,
Cigarette butt falls down
To
Black top pavement,
Coffee down hatch
Picked up in my hand,
Sounds of a dog's breath go up
Above the low car horn,
Scents of a 90° day
Do lower,
Spring trees with their
Exhaust rise
In
The
Nearly bloom summer,
Birds down,
I up,
The songs are silent,
I pulled the volume down—

Down or up,
Now the air conditioner
Rattles next door.

Rattling in
The
Downs & ups.

**DREAM ON NIGHT #9,325
HERE**

A man with a large
Black head cooks me a
Specially ordered
Big Mac,
“extra sauce”.

He comes out with the
Sandwich and place it in
Front of me,
“I hope you enjoy this,”
he tells me.

I look at the burger and
Tell him,
“I cannot eat this.”

“Well, why?”
he asks.

“I can tell this mashed meat came
from a diseased and malnourished cow.”
I tell him.

“Well all our meat does, man.
That is how we make the scratch.”
He says.

“No burger for me. I just realized I can’t eat here anymore,”
I tell him.

“Well, how about a shake, partner,”
he asks.

“That milk came from the same cow,”
I inform him.

“How can you be sure?”
he retorts.

“How can you?”
I ask.

He had no chance to answer.

The throngs of hunger hung him upside down,
He had a mouthful of my sandwich looking out the front
Glass at a young piece of ass walking by.

At this I laugh lightly,
Pull a quarter out of my pocket and drop it on the ground
Breaking the attention of this

Man with a large black head.

I ask one final question,
“Must this really be just another dream I will have
while sleeping this eve?”

“Well yes, sir. Once you wake,
it will all make some sort of sense. Your subconscious part
is easier to pick apart than you think.”
He concludes.

I nod,
Give him a flip of my hand as a good-by for my
Entrance into another dream.

As I grab the handle on the door to leave,
I turn around to see this man with the large black head shoving the
Last cusp of crust of the sandwich I refused to eat
As the nice piece of ass he was looking at comes walking his way
With a sexy gait that should keep him mighty warm later.

I pick the quarter up that rolled near the door
After I dropped it,
Leave through the doors
And
Enter the next scene.

A warm urban city street
With no one around and one pay phone ringing before me.

I go over to answer
As the female voice on the other end whispers,
“Call me back at 534-9877”

She hangs up,
I push the silver slab of metal
For another dial tone.

Dropping the other dream quarter into the
Money slot,
I look down to cough and notice a pair of feet
Had suddenly appeared before me.

It's a woman draped in a wet towel
Holding a cellular phone near the nape of her neck
As the phone starts to ring.

Though,
All I could hear was a plane flying low overhead
As she
Looked square into my eyes
With a slight grin.

An ever so slight grin.

I hung up the phone.

EDGE OF A PEACEFUL WORLD

Two Army men
Wait in the dark blue Chevy van on the curbside from mouth of airport
Baggage claim in Dallas, Texas.

Picking up the chosen subjects
Of their target,
They cart these male subjects off to the den of
Urban disaster and suburban hell.

Taken,
Yes these men shall be,
To other areas forced to witness,
What the served of this country shall feel and experience.

To be taken off without seat belts,
Ready to be strapped with molded currency
For an admission paid course
In what it shall be like to see horror
As Hollywood misses and re-enacts with something the salts and sugars have forgotten.

You may
Never hear from these men again,
Still harboring their respective desires,
As they are carted off into another arena
The Americans of misunderstood
Albanian-Serbian-Yugoslavian
Blood smashed so hart it turns to the dust of wet hair on listless tile
In the last bathroom on the edge
Of a peaceful world.

Every Last Chicken

Pornography
On tape,
Cocks too big on a human
To
Even fit a
Baby elephant snug.

Breast hairs
In the wind,
They explain what has already
Been understood—

The religion revival
Will do their
Deeds,
People will follow,
I see these callous white people
With no soul
Convincing us of what?

Their judgement of love
God
What should be done—

Enjoyment strained carefully
Like pasta in a
Calinder.

The evening seems to be
Getting
Cooler.

I see sheep as
A
Side of ham in the
Hunger famine that
Slaughtered
Every last single chicken.

female

She walks into the room with a laugh,
Moving with curves,
Grace,
Class
That could put the pornography industry back in
Your father's "birds & bees" chest.

The fingers of a benign temptress,
The lust of 9,000 midgets trapped on the moon for a day with a tall woman and the ignorance of
Possibilities you discover of her while away.

Bumbled on mirth,
Fucked by friendly wisdom.

FILL A MARSH

Missed the
Home of Elvis
In Memphis today,
Took the DC-9 into Louisiana,
Heart about Jambalaya pie.

The ruined roads,
Jazz musicians on airport postcards,
Wasted, yet beautiful humid southern air,
The black folks walking into shades darker than tar,
Their beauty beating the white folks,
New seafood shacks,
Old steakhouses,
Hungry eyes looking for pleasure,
Strips of road lined with post civil war peace
As the hum
Of
War drums,
Other odd such amenities
Fill

Air.

Find A Doubt

The love
In a divine
Honey bun
Rolled on
The black & white
Tracks of Ella Fitzgerald had
Over
The times.

Mr. Miles Davis tosses
About some first-hand E.S.P.
In the front seat next to me
As
The
Silent shifts of
Arranged thunder comes down
On the hills that are
The horizon
Behind RED TENSION envelope sign.

Neon's going for
The
COMMERCE TOWER
As the construction boys
Huddle around the hot 10:00PM asphalt.

Waiting for me and the cars
In front and behind me—

Watching the daytime shadows find a doubt.

Folded Ticket Stubs

These people,
More young than
Old,
Though the old did keep up,
In such an irreverent haste to
Play hip in
The
Locks of people at outdoor
Festival.

Waiting for it to become another
Peace rally publicized as
Such,
I kissed my gal,
Ate a Sloppy Joe &
Hugged a man laughed to be my son.

Peace usually comes when
Not publicized and
Being hip takes
More than painted fingertips.

I have little to do with
The eye color,
A piercing
Or
My talked of
Long hair.

It's inside these words,
Nestled below the glitches of letters
On
My folded ticket
Stubs.

FOOLS & THE FOND

AAAAHH—

The loose feather
On the spread of the bed,
Soft water running from you and the shower
Cleansing the germs of the day that feel alright here in Louisiana.

A though to be alive,
More that won't let me sleep,
Silent traffic making a machine cattle call outside.

A southern slumber with slight comedy,
A day to coming with a night going.

Sunshine for the fools,
Recreation for the fond.

FOR HOME

Mind over
Moon water,
A time for sun dry
As an angel
Defeats
The giraffe
Talking to a demon
Behind
The
Oil barrel.

For What?

Looking for some work,
They hang on your words,
Look into the wrinkles that
Weren't ironed.

The damned think ran
Out of water,
Couldn't get any steam.

"So, who are you?" they ask.

You get this while giving birth,
Getting your driver's license
Or applying for a loan.

It's a job.

They make you spit blood
&
count in sand scrit.

These questions,
Presumptions,
The sneers in lost jeers.

It's a piece of cash
For time served.

Looking for some work.

Getting worked over by the inquisitor.

For what?

For what.

For Your Bones

Muscles that have
Pains in the
Base of my neck,
Painters that
Have passed,
Sigmond Freud never stopped in
Springfield, Illinois—

Pastors dreaming of
Fornication,
A
Pastel man just bought a
Case of Hamm's Light.

Tomorrow I head for St. Louis,
Those animals rest for
Ma and those forests
Before eyes meet the marquee.

It said,
"A Drinking Establishment"
on the sign,
Julian Lennon is the son of John & Yoko,
Styled some new glasses
&
12 new songs that have
a
vibration that could be called
quality.

Satisfactory quarries,
Digging the trombone notes,
Holes on our earth,
Filled spaces for your bones.

FROM HER IMAGE

She pops open her glove compartment
And notices her mug looking straight at her in a pocket make-up mirror.

She stops the car suddenly
On
The residential stretch of street, trees, street lights, voices, noises
Picks the mirror up next to her face,
Staring into the silver.

Now,
Several horns honk.

She still sits...
Staring, peering, looking, viewing
Staring some more
At
The
Lie
Liar
Lying
Lies
More lying
Of her living.

More horns accumulate
Behind.

She looks stone cold into her mirror now,
Not shedding a tear.

It would be by police restraint
Some many minutes later
That the woman would be torn

From her image.

Haiku's

The incredible
Incrimination,
The great character,
The louse
That commits no foul,
The limo beside a fire hydrant,
Voices unheard echo
Across the hallway,
Headaches cured by a pack
Of chewing gum,
Swahili murmurs as
The murderer goes free,
Mom loves son more than the ant farm,
Haiku rules forgot meters
& adopted content.

Half A World

Circular lights
From a cop car
Flash on the underbelly
Of the
Overpass.

Classical overtures
As I turn the car around
The
Corner.

Cool breezes from
The
Undertow of the evening
As my vehicle races
To escape
The black that takes
Over the red paint
Of
My vehicular body.

Mind has riddled the knots,
That ham sandwich served
Me
Well.

Over the turns,
Under the rounds,
I listen to the air conditioner bleed
As
The
Cord on the blinds move &
The crowds laugh
Half a world away
In the morning that will be mine
&
is theirs in
the
beginning.

He Caught Silver In A Copper Pocket

The man was
Of such wealth that
People naturally called him a gentleman—

More green bills than quarters
Or
Dimes,
He had this pastime of walking
The
Streets for a good talk
With the bayonet crowds,
And the hopeful chance of coming across a penny on the ground—

Laughing with the broads,
Giving a fifty to a man on the street for
An
Honest shoe shine—

He would find pennies on somedays
&
none on others—

Though,
For all the money he spent,
He had a silver plate to put
Those pennies he found.

Saved and placed there on his dresser
For more of a joke,
Less than on luck.

For he remembered the
Faces & laughs
Others would dole out—

He knew that it took
More than luck
And
Some more on truth.

Another penny in the plate.

Ho The Multitude

Prices of
The
Comic book pimp who
Beat his lovely wife
That sucked more than
On cock to keep
Them alive—

The non-believers held faith
In
Beliefs to keep them smiling,
Never thinking how they kept them alive.

There's more than one reason to
Keep the lid over the
Sauce pan,
Even when I had no
Chance to
Divulge the multitudes.

HOME WITHIN THE HOME

Just moved into
This apartment
A few months back.

Everything
Was in working order
Except the
Toilet.

You need a good toilet.

The premium
Is like a warm moment
With the right woman.

I tell management to take
A look at this wondering one eyed
Water wonder looking
At
All the vermin I can throw its way,
Some paper shavings for the exclamation point.

Management comes to
Have a look.

A pink notice slip sits on my entry table
Saying,
“The toilet is designed so that you have to hold
down on the lever for a while.”

Sure.

I go on for some time,
Taking the two flush methods to get the murky jazz
Down
The septic line.

Live with this for several weeks
Then decide
“no”.

I tell management again
That this holding down for a while
And playing with luck that my
Body waste may make it down.

The third time was a charm.

I will be getting a new toilet
Here this week.

A new dream in another room
Of the apartment.

Another load of purified drinking water.

A small victory
As
I
Flip through a book
Here on one home
Within
The
Home.

Honesty Theme

Hammering nails,
The black family could be taking over
The pool from the white folks that
Lend more loyalty to
Their mortgage than our humanity.

Swimming in the chloronized blue,
I look into the black ink
Coming down now
Knowing
I have given
This white something less
To
Think about.

AS the moles gather in their appearance,
The curtains come up and the fucks all
Gather
For
Their own good
While the reality makers
Plot
Their newest & deceptive theme.

Honeysuckle Scent

She turned into
A
Lesbian,
Or always was one.

He was one of the last men
She
Ever had.

Used her teeth,
I saw him walk down that
Black street to
His car that night—

One of her last heterosexual
Endeavors,
Now her woman is
The
“Bitch”—

While the
Males look at
New caricatures
Masturbating to a show
in
The dying
Scents of a
Honeysuckle scent.

HOW LOW TO GO

A woman smoking her last cigarette alone,
Away from home in an Alabama hotel room.

A man taking a picture of his dog
That will die of natural causes in a home during the next
Few days.

A lobbyist coming to work saying he wants to quit
On a whim.

He's now ready to live life
The way he always wanted it to be.

The world traveling at 1,000 MPH under
The invisible limbo stick in the sky.

A lovely young woman looks into the
Bathroom mirror
While blood trickles from her inner thigh down her leg
As a naked man in the other room
Bows his head in prayer.

The wicked in their cloaks,
The lightly sprinkled insane cackling over a cup of coffee.

Our times,
Your era.

Looking above our own invisible bar
Above our heads
Thinking how low do they have to go.