

Joe files XXXXVIII
Wet Swimming Trunks & Infomercial Stars

bare red feet

Middle-aged black
gal,
red shirt,
faded blue jeans torn in
more areas than Levi's would see
to the little fucking hipsters
trying to ink the next
new fad
that
will fade with the 50's capri pants nightmare ..

With no shoes,
this gal dances on the corner
and chants
syllables,
strings of words that only
her mind can comprehend ..

Raising her hands
in a pail of fists,
the day
looks triumphant,
yet she
feels she has won that battle
that
goes over the newspaper machine,
into the vending machines
and over the teeth
of
hungry fucks
looking for a story
that's
going to keep
their mind going over
the
thawing waters ..

I saw this yesterday
while having a smoke
with a couple of blokes ..

Today,
coming through the park across the way
with the water streaming bits of mist
and
the
smell of coffee and sunshine mixing just right,
several cops on bikes had parked their wheels
to talk to this gal about what she knew about herself
and the ground she was sitting on ..

She answered the questions,
held her chin above the
smell that coffee and sunshine couldn't
extinguish

and
listened ..

Listened to us
walking
our ways
to
work

pleasure,
lust,
food,
drink,
talk,

others
as the conversation of
cops
and
bare footed black queens
continue
to
dance ..

Dancing like
a
sun spot
floating over the afternoon eye ball
all
delicate,
yet with
the
edge of spoiled swiss cheese
lingering in
your
cubbard at

home.

back pat

The last cigarette
In
Your rust colored
Cigarette
Pack
As you lean over to throw the
Newly crushed ball away in the tiny
Green waste basket in the
Corner of your room ..

As the
Plastic paper ball
Hits off the 90 degree angle in the corner
And
Splashes down into the
Mound
Of wasted banana peels,
Bits of dried orange,
A old, used blue bic pen,
Slips of paper with
Exhausted numbers and long e-mail
Faces,
Your
Back slightly aches
From
A
Weekend of too much
Smoke
Countered
By
Enough,
If not more than enough
Time
Outside
In the world

Sucking in the air
Like
A stranded traveler on the side of the road
Syphening
Gasoline
From
The
Last tank in the world ..

As you
Go to pack,
Peel pack the plastic
On a new pack of smokes ..

Hold

Back,

And pat
Yourself on the back.

as movement

Clarity
In
The
Crisp
June
Wind
Coming over
The
Closet doors

As
The
Jazz man
Commits
Murder
To
Ears
Of
Innocent
In
Downtown 15 and a half street
Lounge
Off
The
Regular
Shot of
Whiskey
In the
Last town
To
Serve gin.

As the city tries
To act like
It's
Recovering from the weekends
150th Anniversary
gala
at
the
now
silent
stadium
looking like
a
cheap purse
on
a
BMW showroom floor.

As

The
Mouse
Scurrying
Across the
Floor
Of
Your afternoon nap

Trails behind the couch
With
A
Twisted,
White plastic
Tail
Of
A
Cord connecting
Keyboard to CPU ..

Trailing with
Bits of
Electricity sparking

Off the
Dry,
Cool

Air that
Continues

To seep through

The windows

Like invited company
On
The
Worlds

6,768,789,453th day anniversary
fucking movin'.

all before a P.M.

Squeezed in more
Before
2:00 than
that
stretch of 2 days last February

While
The
CAPS STILL
REMAIN
LOCKED

HERE ON THE
KEYBOARD THAT
WAS ONCE WHITE
AND
NOW
LOOKS AROUND THE ROOM WITH
FLOURESCENT GREEN EYES
AFRAID,
YET CONTENT
IN THE COLOR
THAT IT HAS BECOME.

Did just
Enough
Before 11:28 PM
As
The
Moths
Still flare up like
A
Lesion of zits
Breaking out on
Her
Young,
Yet
Accustomed back.

Yes,
As yesterday evenings feast
Of
Salad,
Beer,
Croppy,
Cole slaw,
Rice
And
The
Bits of other beer
Between

Continue
To digest
This

Evening

I clear my throat
Over the sound of
Tires
Raking over a divot
In the road

Trying to get that one other thing
Done by

11:31 in the P m.

agent of the lost

An unmarked agent of the street
Pulls me aside slow
And
Fucking sly like
Telling me he can take me into a room and show me
All the shit I have ever lost over time ..

Trying to convince me that he's
The truest and most potent form of a fortune teller going.

He can lead me to a secret room in an unmarked place
In an unnamed time and
Show me all
The zippos, tapes, dog collars, pens,
Pencils, paper clips, candy bars, star wars figures,
Shoes, socks, poker chips, q-tips, rings, notes,
Photos, cigarettes, glasses of drink, bread, toe nail clippers,
Brushes, disks, papers, candles, shoes, shirts, wish bones
And
Others
That
I have lost over time.

He has them all locked away in a room .. keeping tabs on my running
Collection of things,
Both boding a good vibe and junk,
Locked away in a collecting chamber
And
That
He will show them to me.

Christ,
I believe I'm going to leave now to take a look in that dark room
With
That pack of matches I lost last night.

a walk we run

We see
Our
Lives as a series
Of events ..
To enjoy the events that go down.

We talk about
Minutes,
Days
And
Hours
Because it rules our
Rummage
And
Takes
The
Match stick to the wick.

We rely on
Other
Because
Everyone
And
Their
Ideas,
Blown ideologies
And
Innuendos
Make
You
Up.

We smoke the cigarette,
Drink,
Eat,
Chew on tootpicks,
Fart,
Scratch,
Burp
And
Listen to the news
Because
Its
All doing the same thing to us
In
Different
Ways

During
The
Means of the walk

We run.

A raving introduction
As
The
Comet
Fly's like bits of ice from a used cup of coke
While
The
Sea gulls squak on CD sound
As the
White ledge holds my hands free.

Yes,
We all see the leaves grow and
Drown as the canned chili waits like a prisoner
On row's longest walk.

It's warm,
The cold air comes over me like a
Bartered gal.

Hmm .. tonight leaves
Only to come back again
In
All
Its flagrant colors.

a couple of cats ..

dressed in all white,
scrapin' water over the windows,
hollarin' into the cautious
Saturday morning sunlight ..

“That's not Art!”

“Don't feed me any of your shit.”

“Yea .. yea, I saw her.”

“Did they ever tell him what she really thought?”

“Is the night opposite of day or does it contrast light?”

“When did the owl pop that neck bone on the evolutionary path and swivel his head around like a guilty villain?”

There were other drops and marks of novelty
As the ladder holdin' the boys in place moved,
Shook
And
Wobbled
About the day

Giving jive
To the busses,
Cats,
Mice
And the drill pounding the ground
In the distance as a car horn

Lifts me out of bed.

23rd Sky

The land rushes
On to another dinner ..

More ice cubes ..

New belts ..

Old lovers ..

New whores ..

Air for their front left tire ..

A CD at the dime store ..

2 colors for a child ..

A cooked egg cooling in the campfire ..

A fight ready to rise ..

A pair of pants Colin' out in the dryer ..

A glass of wine the day before lent ..

A voice that's only their own
&
a large orange meringue pie going down
in 26 seconds
over
the
now 23 May 2000

sky.

2nd card from the bottom of the deck

I peer
Back into life
As
Though it's been peering at me for
Some
Time ..

I look into her eyes
As
Though I have
Seen a woman
For the 2nd or 7th time
Ever ..

I see a sandwich at
Times as though
I'm on a sinking ship
And
This
Is
The
True salvation that is going
To
Make the
Pending waters
Warm

And
Luke mild.

I see the velvet stars
As
Though
Their
Cotton britches

And
The
Wooden branches
As
Though
Their
A fresh bag of popcorn on an empty stomach ..

I see
Cars parked on the streets
As though
Their
New screws turned into
A
Fresh piece of wood ..

Yes,
I see
The fire alarm in the hallway now
As

A
Earthquake
That's

Going to jostle the California
Ground
In

A
Joke mother nature has been sketching for some time ..

Yes,
I cannot see the FBI building on the bluff anymore,
Though

I
Bet
They
Don't

Give
A
Shit.

Your feelings,
Emotional attachments,
Transcend your concept of time ..
Askew and floating in the coolest vibe goin',
Baby.

**

CRAZY GUT.
That's what we used to
Call the skinniest lad on the block.

**

Catchin' tad poles
&
talkin' slightly Polish.

You shouldn't forget shit
That happened which hit
Your balls like a mallet
On the make .. you just shouldn't
Think about it .. that's all.

**

If all the poems go untitled ..
I believe there may be more of a reason
For the people to read them.

**

Nieces and
Ice cream
Are just fucking flat all right.

**

Hello lady ..

Where have you been this whole time?

As the laser of diamonds
& leer of demons

go over the raised foot like a bent bow.

**

Touting about the sounds of a city as
The leads of the scoop came falling out
Like leaves
From the cleaver's hunk of meat.

**

Tornado signals
And still trees as the train whistles
Keep going and the barley tastes
Like a shaved ice cream cone.

**

The story of a big man that deliberately
Hung around tiny people all the time.
—the saga—

**

You can never have
Too many pens ..
Mark my words,
Never.

**

As the night gown drops,
The night begins and
Late turns into early.

**

Her love was truth
And his
Lover pushed it away.

**

She would always
Come in and order a bourbon on ice with

Bitters.

She had perky,
Small boobs
That made the quasars seem large.

She loved food,
Not by the lift of her fork
But

In
Her
Eyes.

**

Fuck it man ..
Just stamp my hand instead of the passport.
I'll remember it, punk.

**

Bright night lights and walking across
The street with the strongest of the meek
While chewing on an apple
As I let the wind beat against my ear like waves.

**

Wise women and their stubbed pinkie toes.
The new drama coming to HBO 8 and a half this Fall!

**

Your inspiration comes in tiny sips of water.

**

The sea gulls of her dreams

As the moths
Have gone away from the eve and were stuck
Here with what used to be wet and
What we can safely say will
Never be dry.

**

Etching your story out on a stack of used napkins
As the brunette waitress with the beautiful eyes
And tire gait
Reaches around to ask,
“You want a refill?”

You know,
They say
Your sums
Are the root
Of
Your soul.

I'll buy that
Slice of
A
Quarter penny

For a dime.

yes u

I'm not
Going to
Check my spelling
For
All the books,
Articles,
Publications,
Pieces
That
Go through
The
Grammatical wringer over the press

And mind ..

No,
I'm going to shout
Straight from
The
Mouth
Of
Paper

And give it

In
The
Most human way

Possible in
A
Concivable

Sketch situation
Of
Episodes

Going over
The
Street

Like a trailing plastic
Bag

Trying to
Find
A
Good tree

To latch on to.

Yes u.

who said when?

the clouds look like
leopards fending off the lust
in the dust forming around
the
bottom of a storm that passed last night ..

The old cat on the corner across
from the Midland strains the slits of his eyes
into the sun light
as
he peers into his reflection in the empty store front
window across the street ..

In the reflection
he see's a prince
mused in a pauper's tale ..

He's content,
the sun is hot,
I burp some red pepper
on a pastrami sandwich ..
Coming to the intersection of the
corner,
I notice a red BMW
stalled temporarily in the middle
of the road
and
think
I never want
a
BMW ..

I would rather see reflections
in an empty window of people
walking

on their two
feet,
under the blues,
whites,
and overdue checks of

now.

whistlin'

&

singin'
over the loud city air
as my ass itches
under the naked frivolity
of sheets and ladders.

Yes,
A wonder in a woman's eye ball
As
She reaches her arm over to scratch the side of
Her
Left breast.

It's spring in the city,
Breeds coolin' off as
The
Breeds become races
And
Races become seeds.

Then,
The small woman with a maroon sign comes through saying ..
"There's truth in your waste."

we conclude

I walk up
To the desk,
She closes her magazine.

She shoots a
Look up at me from over
The top rim of her silver glasses
And
Says,
“You do have something to day, don’t you?”

“Yes”
I reply.

“What is it, baby?”
she asks with a sugar speech.

“All new material, sweetheart,”
I reply low.

“Hmm. Like what?”
she asks with cream.

“Like how the cat jumped into the tiger’s hat
to only end up flying through a portal into the panda’s den that
soon turned into an orangutan’s cage
which evaporated as I witnessed your early bed dreams last night
while sipping on some stout cognac in the furthest bar from your place
here in the city.”
I respond a little out of breath.

“That all?”
she asks with suppressed anticipation.

“For now, yes. For later, no,”
I conclude.

untitled #914

Ferns in open columns
Looking like plants late at night,
Her crooked lip
Looking like a package of opened bacon
Thawing on the counter

Collecting the ways of O'Keefe
And
All those damn flower they
Grow

&
more importantly ..

fucking walk.

toughest animal in the city

Saw a possum get
Smacked by a car
Last night—

Flying down the 1AM street,
Jug of wine,
Us,
Another car next to jetting down the
Quiet dawn of another morning
Coming about.

I slow some,
Bring my eyes over
The steering wheel to see the little fella
Warblin' with
His skeleton tail &
Somewhere to go—

When some gal with
A
Green Honda,
Somewhere to go,
Hits this animal so hard
We all heard the thud smack the night's air
Like
A
5" thick wood paddle
smacking a bag of wet cement ..

Though,
The possum rolled hard
And got back onto his feet.

In the battle of
Possum vs. machine,
That little mostly blind bastard of the night came
Out with his life and the title of ..

“The strongest piece of animal flesh I have ever seen.”

today is the 5th

It's the glow
Of the street lamp about
6 ft. out of my reach
from the 3 AM window
as
engines muffle into the distance
and
the train's sound like they're trapped in my closet.

It's one last smoke before
Sleep
Becomes my drink on the rocks.

It's the calm winds that feel
Like tearing nails going over
The
Back of yesterday's pimp.

It's the like ness of the truth
And
Unquestionable reliance of chance.

It's 9 shades of
Write in the
The
Good minute.

It's now.

My balls are smashed against the mattress
As
My pops goes off dreaming
In
His sleeping chair

In a town north of here.

through the air

Un lodging
Pieces
Of
Roasted peanuts
From
My teeth,
And straw on my head,
The
Sun
Again wins over the sun
And
Comes
Through
Like
A
Freshly showered woman climbing out of
Her
Black negligee ..

Yes,
I again stumble onto
The
Beauty I find in being a single
Man
Here
In
The
Age of my time
And
The century of this day ..

As right
On
As
Love can
Be ..

There's something
Too fucking comfortable about
Throwing on shoes
Without hearing a frantic phone call
Or
Listening to a complete ear load
Of
Jive
Before
Going out into the wind
For some adventure ..

Though,
More than though ..

I believe
There
Are inherently things
Humans
Have
To carry out or live on
Before
That
Temptress
And tempted

Can dig their claws into the melted gum ..

Yes,
The beauty that can make mornings eternal and
Down times
Quintessential ..

I'm
See
The
Streak of silk going over the
Skyline and

I'm laughing with
The
Next fool
At
The
Trolley stop

As we
Make
Heads
And
Coins out of the never-ending love affair ..

This,
As I reach up and

Catch a
Piece of
Lip stick

Noisily flapping through the air.

things about other things

There
Is
Few other
Feelings better
Than

The
Sight
And
Taste of a good nipple.

There
Is
Few other things
As
Nice
As her making your bed
In the morning
As
You
Mill around the
Echo of an old bill
Already paid
As
The
New morning coffee comes trickling
Down
The mouth of
The
Canyon's waterfall.

There is
Few things
Better
Than
Fresh fruit on
A
Morning that has
Promised the rest of the waking
World
Baked beans and 2-day old fish.

There
Is
Nothing finer
Than
Her
Sitting in the middle row
Of a subway car
In a tan skirt,
Smooth face,

Slippery smile
And
The
Stink of carnal freedom

Written on her wrists
And
Woven into
The
Seams of her skirt ..

These,
As with another list of things tucked with
Yesterday's old grocery list
In my back pocket,
As
Several of the things
That

Make you
Forget

You forgot about
Those
Other
Things.

**the wrong drama;
a sliced tire**

Dove into
Some
Words,
Written,
Printed
And
Otherwise on a cool
Saturday night ..

Caught an 80's flick
Through the
Static on
Our
One antenna Tv
Waiting
For
The
Marrow of the evening to arrive
For
A
Good roll through
The
City ..

Then,
I get the phone call
From
Our
Neighbor
Asking if her roommate was
Home
Across the hall ..

I peered out,
Saw no light on nor
Heard a stir
In that glass of milk ..

"Hmm .. you sure,"
she asked with some apprehension.

"Yes. I see no signs of life,"
I tell her.

Then,
I ask her to leave a message
For hear roommate for when she comes home,
She can get back with her.

She goes on to tell me that

She can't give out the number
Where she's at.

Hmm, I think.

Well,
Come by the place and wait around for a bit.

I then tell her that I have
Her duffel bag full of clothes
She left at the place earlier in the week.

At this,
She asks that I leave it in front of her door.

She was to come by in about a half-hour to pick it up.

I tell her no sweat,
And have a fucking nice eve.

About a half hour later,
I stir my shorts to get out the door
To meet some cats in the city for
Some
Drinks,
Kicks,
Novelty,
And
Various spaces betwixt.

She knocks on the door,
Asks for a smoke and
Sits down to tell me her story.

She tells me that she
Was holed up in a midtown apartment trying
To
Straighten her shit out.

Some trouble with
A
Drug
Or
Some cats,
Though
It follows the course of her being more
Than vague as she describes her story.

As she goes on,
Every story concludes with a conclusion
That is just that.

There appears to be little leeway or an outs ..

So,
I go on in the talk and I tell her

That there was an unstamped envelope
On the top of the mailbox bin out in the
Hallway.

She nods with a silent look of
Worry
And tells me that she received one earlier
In the week that had
A
Blank guest check within.

Nothing more.

This one
Had a message from some cat on the back that
Urgently requested that they speak.

Fuck,
I'm start getting the feeling that she's reeling me
Into some shady shit I have no business
Being associated with.

I work
Conscientiously to not
Get wrapped up in stupid
Dangerous shit such as this.

I offer her a glass of orange juice,
She accepts,
The story goes on and
I begin delving into some
Fairly potent questions.

I ask if she's scared,
Is she tired of her cat and mouse game ..

She just squeezes her cheeks in,
Squints her eyes
And nods
In
Agreeance.

And as the conversation goes forth
I recognize the fact that all the windows
In the place are open.

Then,
I hear something like a rock or a bit of wood smack
Against one of the windows in the place.

At this point,
I get up,
Close all the windows and turn the air conditioning on.

She tells me she
Had the same feeling about the windows

About the same time I did.

Again,
I think what the fuck is she getting me tied up into.

As the feeling hits me again,
I realize that I need to flop out of the place
And head
Towards midtown.

Before this happens,
I tell her that I would be more than happy to
Walk her out to her car.

She agrees.

Goes into her apartment to grab some
Clothes
And other odds and ends to make
The
Trip out again.

As we walk towards her car,
I can tell she is visibly
Nervous
And
Had a crooked eye in her head
As we veer around towards her car.

We get to her car,
Shake hands
And
Exchange a short hug
As
I adjust the hat on my head
And begin walking towards my car
With
A
Whistle in my head
And
A
Laugh under my breath
For
All the stupid shit people inevitably get themselves wrapped up in.

I soon forget the whole incident,
Climb into my car and begin
Heading down the road.

Had a nice eve
Of drinks,
Seeing some people and giving
The
City a good look.

Towards the early AM hours,

I climb into my car
And
Head back towards downtown for a nightcap and a good drink,
Sleep.

As I veer up the onramp to turn towards my
Complex,
I hear a clomp .. clomp
Sound from the back of my car.

I turn the radio off,
Roll down my windows
And listen to what I'm thinking is my
Muffler or exhaust
Giving
A
Good final heave before some repair work.

Though,
As I come to a slow stop I realize
My back tire is gone.

Deflated like
A girl getting a hug instead of a kiss at the end
Of a date with her long time crush.

I pull into the garage,
Park,
Get out and look at my back tire.

It looks as though
It had been sliced open well in
Two different spots.

The tire is destroyed.

I reach up to feel in the grooves of exposed rubber
And burn
My
Finger the head I garnered on the several mile
Trek back to the place.

Shit,
I shrug my shoulders,
And
Pick up several cold beers from my trunk
Holding the spare
Tire safe
And
Sane under a carpeted piece of wood.

Initially I assumed
It was some vandals in the bar district that had
Some fun with my rubber.

Now,

I think that perhaps
My car was targeted for other reasons.

Did I get wrapped up in the wrong melodrama
Without my knowledge of it
Up to now.

Shit,
Either way
It's
All interesting
Yet
Bemusing

As I imagine the faces
Of
Several villains
Targeting my
White ass as some sort of threat
To
Their
Daily existence.

I'm the last guy
They need to concern themselves with.

Yes,
The last
Guy

Who just changed my tire

Enjoying a nice bottle of afternoon beer

Thinking about

Picking up a
Cheap
New tire

Some time this week.

the writing & the music

This writing is
The mercy and
Burden,
He says with the shadows becoming
His face.

The music gives you sound and
Steals your ears,
The sage mimicked over a cup of milky tea.

Yes,
The eyesight gives you
Beauty,
Yet
Your mind
Creates its own set of freedom.

the spiral took you

The phases it
Took for you
To escape as
Your looked about
And
Down the road seeing
Nothin' but some antelope dressed in heels.

Yes,
The reality called to memory
Becomes a train whistle
Echoing
Like
A
Glob of spit hitting the ground
From 102 feet above from a building's window.

Yes,
As the paltry leave
War in the conversation
Of common folk,
The insane
Love
Of a hair grows
In
The
Winding,
Growing circle of your head.

The sound
Of the early morning
Birds,
Scrabble in the open AM air,
Train whistles
By the seat of
Your luck
And
Laughter louder than
Whispering
In
A
Vacant underground tunnel.

the red seconds

Her
Bag has been sitting on
Out chair
For several days now
Along with
The
Unstamped envelope
Laying on the
Top of the building's post office box ..

She's our crazy
Italian neighbor
That
Has
Voice that can calm
And
A temper
That
Could
Fuck a room full of hardened criminals
In
Zero time flat.

Yes,
As she's out there in
Her world,
Pulling together her
Stories
That
Will be told over cigarettes,
Lemonade,
In our apartment
For
Her roommate won't
Let
Her smoke in her own apartment ..

I muse over the shit that
Isn't being told
And
The
Never ending malady of shit this girl can
Get her shit in ..

Shit,
Which to me seems
Trivial and
Can be squelched easy
If one sticks to their guns ..

Though,

It's a good pail of banter
For
If their weren't shit takers
And
Weavers of trivial events,
There wouldn't
Be
The
Good old events
Of

Picture pages that
Go down ..

We all stand like yard sticks
Drying off after a torrential rain

Watching each one
Dry
And
Seeing
If science is
Going to make us taller or shorter ..

Yes,
The
Gallery of faces
And
Stage players on the streets,
In buildings,
In homes,
Drinking in cafes,
Eating a greasy forks,
And
Whistling Dixie
Before the moment of warmth comes

Looking at the
Millimeters
On
Each
And
Every person

In reality and on TV

As though
The
Face of a digital clock

Counting
Down
The red seconds.

The printer bin
Is
Full of paper
As
I
Realized
That
She was the best gal I have
Ever
Loved,
Yet
There
Is
Something more soothing for me out
In
This
Wide expanse of land
That
Unfolds like
A
Carpet
That
Won't hold back any imaginable
Mix
Of
Color possible ..

A good
Word,
A nice smile

A
Healthy dose
Of
Debauchery

In

A
Ride

That
Is
Mostly too

Good to be just good.

The day ate
Night
While Europe – Italia
Indeed
Bettered the American labyrinth
On the fledgling tale of a sparrow's wing
Going
Like mad
Jails in the roust.

the clouds look like
leopards fending off the lust
in the dust forming around
the
bottom of a storm that passed last night ..

The old cat on the corner across
from the Midland strains the slits of his eyes
into the sun light
as
he peers into his reflection in the empty store front
window across the street ..

In the reflection
he see's a prince
mused in a pauper's tale ..

He's content,
the sun is hot,
I burp some red pepper
on a pastrami sandwich ..
Coming to the intersection of the
corner,
I notice a red BMW
stalled temporarily in the middle
of the road
and
think
I never want
a
BMW ..

I would rather see reflections
in an empty window of people
walking

on their two
feet,
under the blues,
whites,
and overdue checks of

now.

**

Middle-aged black
gal,
red shirt,
faded blue jeans torn in
more areas than Levi's would see
to the little fucking hipsters
trying to ink the next
new fad
that
will fade with the 50's capri pants nightmare ..

With no shoes,
this gal dances on the corner
and chants
syllables,
strings of words that only
her mind can comprehend ..

Raising her hands
in a pail of fists,
the day
looks triumphant,
yet she
feels she has won that battle
that
goes over the newspaper machine,
into the vending machines
and over the teeth
of
hungry fucks
looking for a story
that's
going to keep
their mind going over
the
thawing waters ..

I saw this yesterday
while having a smoke
with a couple of blokes ..

Today,
coming through the park across the way
with the water streaming bits of mist
and
the
smell of coffee and sunshine mixing just right,
several cops on bikes had parked their wheels
to talk to this gal about what she knew about herself
and the ground she was sitting on ..

She answered the questions,
held her chin above the
smell that coffee and sunshine couldn't
extinguish

and
listened ..

Listened to us
walking
our ways
to
work

pleasure,

lust,
food,
drink,
talk,

others
as the conversation of
cops
and
bare footed black queens
continue
to
dance ..

Dancing like
a
sun spot
floating over the afternoon eye ball
all
delicate,
yet with
the
edge of spoiled swiss cheese
lingering in
your
cubbard at

home.

Stunned by
Her
Grin
And
Shunned with
Gin,
The
Man on the bench
Asked me ..

“Have you
ever been in love?”

I told him,
“She’s wearing my shoes
while I dream of her in a field of wet grass.”

He asked,
“You on your way to see this sweet lover now?”

“No,”
I said with a grin.
“She’s on her way to see me.”

spin of mystery

I notice
A
Loose brick in the
Wall
Every morning
As
I
Work in my shoes
And
Dig
Down
The
Road to
The
Corporate
Carpet down the street ..

I look
And
Want to remove the brick and
See if someone is hiding
Their
Secret,
If a bird is asleep,
Or
An apple growing off a new synthetic pool of concrete
Within ..

Yet,
I hold my eyes in a laugh
And
Hands on the coffee mug
And next to my balls

Knowing
That
The
Mystery of that

Brick is
The
Truth ..

For
The beauty of truth is that it brings
More
Truth

In the
Spin

Of

Mystery.

spin of a quartet

The national barber shop chorus
Is
In town,
Staying down the street
At several abodes ..

Here for the
UV rays
And
The
Warning sprayed out of the mouth
Of
A
Weatherman's exhaust pipe ..
And the price
Of gas still
Remains high ..

Yes,
The collections of 3 – 5 – 7 voices
Singing some
Songs of the 1938 times
As
The
Plaques
Of
Get some green tint

And
The
Guitar tuners
Keep
The
Soundman in check ..

Yes,
The
Sun feels a little brighter today

As
The
Quartets give
The
City a
Pound to the chops
On
The
Spin of a

Half dollar ..

some punk

He said he was
Going to hit goose with his
Stick
By the lake today ..

I said,
“No you’re not.”

He descended the hill towards
The geese and goslings in the humid
Lagoon on a suburban day
In the Sunday park.

Wielding his bark weapon,
Going like
Nuts through his 16-year old mind,
I said again with a grin,
“You’re not going to hit that bird.”

Seconds after,
He just lopped to the lake’s edge,
Looked out,
Collected his history of sense
And
Echoes something other than his motive.

I knew this little bastard couldn’t pull it off
As
I squeezed my cigarette out

&
laughed at the geese’s beaks.

soft silliness

The reflection
Of
Her fingertips
In
The

Magnifying glass

As the old man with a short
Wobble
Comes forward
And
Says,
“I have seen these fingers before.”

A stone in the middle of the
River
As
The big kids set up another can
To
Launch
Rocks
At
While
The
Younger woman on the side of the shore
Says,
“Why do they throw so many rocks at nothing?”

A young bird
Ready to make its first leap out of the
Moth tree
As
The
Girl holding the guy’s hand on the sidewalk below
Says,
“That chocolate sundae was a good idea.”

This,
As the humid air
Wraps together
The
Words and
Small
Movements into a folly
Of
Photographs that could be seen as

A
Bit cool
In

The

Softening silliness.

so, i wake up late for work today,
get a call as I jump out of the show,
tell them I will be in shortly
and
start pulling some shit out of the closet
to make the 7 block walk down the street ..

a late go
at it last night ..
looking at the candles burning while the bears squeeze
their days tighter than a can of cheese in a vacuum package machine,
just because they know that winter is coming
here in some months and
their going to take a fucking
long roll in the sack ..

Now,
getting back to the work jive ..

I can't see my self being involved with this corporate mangle
too much longer ..
my
tank is using up the reserves
and
i feel that solar power may
soon be the liason to the next step ..

small doses, baby

The
Nap is one of those
Little gifts
In the hand
Of a child under the Christmas tree
At
5 AM of the morning.

It's shouldn't be pried,
Shook,
Torn at the edges,
Or thought over like
Some competing theory in a
A chess match from
The
Talking mouth.

No,
It's way too fucking good for that.

It should be taken as
Breath coming in and out
The thousand times throughout the day.

It can be
Several minutes long,
A half hour
Or
Some hours.

It needs to have a good approach to be
Pulled off
The
Way
Naps should be pulled off.

It can't be thought over in the
Warm afternoon sunshine
As
The
World maneuvers out in
The
Streets
And
Around
Construction barrels,
Or
In the sweaty sack during a mounting escape
Of
Fucking and sucking.

It's the head
Against the pillow,
Eyes shut,
Dreaming of dreaming in 60 seconds of black
And
Letting that
Rested

Body rise
Like a flagpole being erected on a new
Downtown building ..

Yes,
I tell you this for
The
Coolness of the nap

And
The
Enjoyment

Of
Sleep

In small
Doses,
Baby.

silent wink

Slow AM
As the airplanes fly home,
Runways look up like weathermen
Expecting rains to
Sweep away an early
Spring draught.

The gas meters humming like beggars
Sipping a beer
In the newest bar
On the edge of the corner giving out free drinks
To the
First 124 people
Coming through
The
Door.

The locusts dancing with the lady bugs
As my half full glass on the ledge
Winks in

Silence.

shrapnel, baby

Just finished a book,
Walked over a walkway recanting Vietnam's way,
Saw a replica of the Vietnam Memorial in KC,
Ate an apple,
Took down pizza pie at the market,
Was shit in the face by an overhead bird,
Dreamed of her being back and seeing her in the patterned dress,
Went through an old train station,
Watched a plane angle 100 feet above me and
Land on the runway before me,
Saw two lovers on a bluff looking over the river .. bridges .. tracks .. roads ..
Trees .. bees .. birds & voices here in the city,
Walked a quarter mile easily,
Had a drunken man ask me what city he was in,
Had another ask for a cigarette which I fisted over,
Bought a raw piece of sirloin steak,
Saw the jumbled mass of people buying meats in a Mexican meat market,
Sitting in the grass
Listening to the trains water the rocks
Through the afternoon air,
Watched the Frisbee fly in a park before the country's only WWI monument,
Burped a tune,
Gazed at a balloon over the antique building next to the Interstate proclaiming .. "Giant Sale",
Bought a cola I finished quickly,
Look at a pig's ear .. pig's snout .. tripe .. kidneys and the breakdown of meat
Cuts on a poster of a cow on the wall,
Saw a man cry before the traveling Washington D.C. Vietnam exhibit,
Listened and watched two men shake hands and talk about the war as vets,
Saw the TV camera filming the memorial replica as I lit another smoke,
Picked up literature on Agent Orange,
Talked of an 86 mega ton hydrogen bomb that if detonated would draw a semi circle so immense
It would circle the earth 3 times in thirty-six hours,
Watching a little black boy on the corner alone in a red shirt wave and stomp
While waiting for 2 cats with him straddle up and look about,
Noticed – in comparison to Italia – how fucking overweight Americans really are,
Listened to stories I wanted to hear,
Disregarded talk I didn't want to hear,
Wrote a memoir,
Pulled out an Italian-Communist poster to show a friend,
Was myself
As
The world was themselves on a
Saturday afternoon before a big meal

More walks,
Books,
Colors
Beers

&
sights in this land of fucking livin'.

She walked up to the young man
on the street,
it was a Tuesday in 9th and Locust,
she told the young man that she
had seen him around before ..
he stopped,
put his hands to his head and tried
to recollect a bit of remembrance of who this
gal was..

"So, how have we met .. when did we meet? .. Are you sure we know
each other?"

"Yes,"
she comes back with a drained smile.
"I was in your apartment about 8 months ago ..
We had some good times. You had the largest collection of Barry White albums I
have ever seen in my life ..
"Well swee shit, baby. Salaki .. it's you isn't it?"
he says in a verbal pop.

"Who. You tellin' me that you don't remember
who I am. Is my shit not worthy of bein' remembered?"
she asked with a rising intensity of anger.

"No .. no .. sweetheart. It's hard, you know.
You meet, hang with and see so many people throughout the day
that it's hard to keep up with all the names, talks and faces that come
and go .. Wait .. wait .. I'm starting to remember .. Did we meet at that bar on the corner of
12th and Central .. you know, that local tavern giving the world a little salt of the earth
it needs with that heap of mashed potatoes."

"Fuck me, Jemon. You really tellin' me that you don't remember me.
The taste of my skin you talked about, the sound of my fingers popping,
the freckle on the lower end of my right ass cheek.
You don't remember me?"
she asked.

"Hey baby .. that's all you had to say .. I remember you now.
You have changed the hell out of your look .. that's all."
he stumbles out .. trying to cover his sinking, flailing cover.

She just
Called me and
Told me
She
Was waiting for
My
Friend at the bar ..

She wants me to come up
That
Way to keep her company ..

Christ,
I'm happy
To

Be of such
A

Service ..

She called
Him early in the evening
And
Asked for a pair of socks back
That
He borrowed several months
Back during a time of detergent shortages
And
Short term memory hikes ..

Yes,
Demanding that the socks are either delivered to
Her house
Or
Lying out on his front porch
For
A
Delivery in the ensuing AM.

He
Laughed,
Told her that that striped blue set of socks
Were long gone
And
That he would buy her a new package ..

shadows of you in the flanks

People,
Counterparts,
In your corner reciting your life.

While living your life,
They know about yours
And are the immaculate orators of you walking,
Thinking,
Acting
And
Speaking.

I come to a bluff looking over the
River,
Airport,
Bridge,
Dung beetles,
And there's a guy always reciting my thoughts.

He stands beneath
The oak tree off the side of the vertical wall.

He smiles
With his eyes
As I walk by ..

Then,
I reach up and ask,
"Perhaps when you're tired,
I can take over for you."

He says,
"No. It's not in the rules.
In fact, you've never seen me before."

road 'b'

I hope
She's happy
As
I look
At the scuff marks
On
The back of my closet
Wall
Glisten in
Setting sun ..

I know
She's
Still beautiful
As
The
Bleach stains
Stay on my cords
Wash after wash
And

Laugh
Over
Tune ..

I
Can still imagine her
Smell
At times
As
I see
The
Clock wind down
To
A
New
Date I will take
In
The evening ..

I know time
Is of a different hour
Where she

Sits
Or
Walk

And
It
Makes
Me

Feel all right

There's still time

Shared ..

Here

There

And

Within the light brown

Marrow

Of

A

Tree

That

Will

Fight

For

A fraction of a millimeter

To

Grow

Along

A

Crowded,

Beautiful

Road.

red fender

Today I got
Into
One
Of the coolest wrecks ever.

A cat smacked me from behind at
A
Stop light.

Dropped my smoke,
Looked for it,
It was under the seat.

I lunged for keys,
Then pulled over into a residential neighborhood
Off the boulevard path
To talk to 'Todd'
About
The
Crush.

There was nothin' but three scratches
My fucking bumper
As his whole front end was pouting like
A
Promiscuous catholic girl.

I shook his hand,
Laughed
Without exchanging insurance numbers or
Bringing cops in

And
Went on forgetting
How
Good a winning wreck can go.

red bus

Long black hair,
Legs shooting
Out of her
Knee high dress
Like a hot coal
Leaving a wet glove ..

She has closed the
World's sounds off with
Her headphones,
Wearing big
Black sunglasses ..

The sex of 231 straight nights pouring out
Of her sideways glance

As I laugh into the
Hot air
Existing the
Red

Doors

Of that city bus.

reasons we explain

Dust
On
My finger tips,
Clouds acting
Like animals in
The
Slow
Movin' sky,
Papers
Rolling over
The dry ground by
The
Neighborhood swimming pool,
A child
Asking his
Mother on a street corner
What multiplication is
Before they
Cross
The
Walk,
Young black women
With walking off the
Bus
And
Into the next song a young
Cat is going to write for the radio,
The
Stacking numbers as
I
Throw my check stub on
My night stand,
The sky getting bluer by
The
Second
As
The
Storms ready to come through
For
Some
Evenin' folly ..

Yes,
Pop star on the radio,
Concentrate grape juice
Thawed in the refrigerator
And
The
Tongues
Of
100

women

licking their
lips
for
what
could
be
next

as
the
show deservedly goes

on

for us

in
them

and
for reasons
we
explain
about

the day.

Pieces of pamphlets,
Parts of clovers,
Scents of spring holding back rain as
The
Planes veer
In from the east to take the north approach
On
The
Runway.

The silence of
The
World
Moving
As the movement sounds like a small bugle blowing a typany for the
Pigeons flight.

Oh you,
Stop for a minute
And
Laugh
At your

Reflection ..

next mouth

Glue dried
To
The
Carpet next to me,
Smudges of paint
Lingering on the carpet
Like
A slug
Still trying to make
It
Out
Of a pile of salt,
Cool air of
The Saturday
Coming over the insane
Waves of
Jazz,
Thinking about
The taste of her nipples
That
Reminded me that after rain smell
On a warm summer day,
Hands going like
Mad,
Mouths piercing each other
As
Though we were attacking each other
Like animals in heat
On
A
Prairie,
Feet rubbing out the cold spots,
And cold
Orange juice
Jostling
Soft,
Smooth
Here on
The table
As
The
Keyboard churns the yarn
Of
Another word quilt,
As
The world
Goes about slow outside,
Giving the birds
A
Chance to really let their
Voices

Be heard,
I laugh
About the audiences in Infomercials
And
Wonder about little

As my
Feet look up
At me and the ceiling

Like
Tiny Vienna sausages
Begging

For the next
Mouth.

much ado

It's hotter than hornets
Outside and
It's
Somewhat past
Ten thirty at night ..

Yes,
The ruled out pop icon
Holds
My
Pop around the edges of
The
Cup
As
The
Strawberries enter the oven

And
The
Blueberries

Slice open the breads ..

Just a hot
Summer Sunday eve

With
Plenty to do.

moth stretch

Bright
Lights from new buildings
Coming
Up
In the neighborhood
As
The
Night sky fills up with
Thousands of moths ...

So many moths
That if you turn down the music
And
Tune out the tones
Behind
You
Hear them flapping their wings in unison
Like
An
Angry
Cup of bleach ready to eat
Through
That
Flimsy pair of socks entering the fire of
The
Washer ..

All the trees up
And
Down the boulevard
With their flowers,
Rumors,
Skins,
Scents,
Pollup from daytime bumble bees,
Meat juices,
Echoes from insects
Of
Another wing ..

Yes
And
Now in the cool of a June eve,
All the moths
Are
Attaching the building lights
Like
Actors
Warming up for the newest
Hitchcock film ..

Someone just walked by below
Wrapped from head to toe
In a black
Trench coat,
Tan aviator glasses
Walking swift
Up
The
Street

While tossing
Swift,
Sneaky

Eyes at the
Small
Bats of night
Attacking
Nothing but
Shit

Most
Just take for granted

Here
In this one stretch of city.

making these words worth it

I lunged
A brown
Paper bag with handles,
An empty jug of wine
Down two stories into the trash
Mouth below the window ..

As the bag flew out of my hands
I noticed
An animal laying
There on top of the
Heaps of crumpled plastic withholding
The human
Waster,
Bits of raw meat,
Used tissue,
And other
Wanton pieces ..

It was a possum ..

He glanced up my way
As I let the other bag of trash
Sit by my foot ..

He blinked several times
With a civility
That
Kept me peering over the ledge
Into his eyes ..

Blind as a bat,
Curious as a drudged cat,
I let the little
Guy fucking do his deed in the evening
Offering of
His treasure ..

As I went over to get
Some smokes,
I looked back down and he
Had
Vanished like
The last scene
Of a Shakespeare play ..

Then,
I hauled over and threw the white plastic
Down below
With
My

Next move towards the wine jug ..

As I now
Come back to my thirsty screen,
I hear another sort of
Rumbling down low
In
The
Gallery of missing,
Dispelled and
Otherwise

Used
Pictures of what was ..

There's a regular,
A black cat down
Rummaging through the waste
Of
Our capitalistic adventure
And
The
Deed that keep
Most people bound
During the day
As

They sleep of
The
Dust at night ..

Looking down,
I think about a talk I had with a Brazilian cat
While
Having a smoke at work today ..

He was handing out flyers about this
Cuban kid
Causing a swell in Miami
And
Bullshit in Cuba ..

This cat was handing out propaganda
Asking
People to support
This
Kid's permanent stay in the States ..

The cat told me,
"We're trying to protect this kid
from becoming another communist casualty that will
labor long hours in piss conditions in a country that
doesn't treat their people right."

"Well,"
I told him.

“How do you know it’s that bad? Plus,
this kid deserves to be with his dad. The bottom line is this ..
The boy is a fucking media sensation .. For the rest of his days
He’s nitched into a media darling role. There’s no fucking way
Their going to send him anywhere but a palace
Of pleasing his desires and keeping that smile wide.”

The man nodded with a smooth grin,
Following my hard line of English with
His
Eyes straining to understand.

He said
He wanted to promote this boy’s stay in the states
To make a point about abusive governments around the world.

Those that treat their
People like third class citizens in a cramped coach seat.

Well,
I now look over a windowsill
At the empty trash can below.

The possum and man have left.

Taken their 4th rate goods away
To keep their
Soul
And
Belly warm for the evening ..

I think of the justice ..

Here in America and with humans
All abound
On this hurtling rock
Trying to find sense ..

The animals and humans
Coming together with
Any
Pangs of communism,
Capitalism,
Socialism,
Or whatever government structure going down
Is fine
And
Great ..

We need to take care of
The people ..

Those going through
Others waste
And
Those trying to peer through

The night
With
No sight

And
Enough
Courage

To make these words worth it.

lincoln logs

I'll tell you
Somthin' ..

When you hear someone
Has hit writer's block
It's one of two things ..

They could never write in the first place
Or
It's a convenient term used
For
The fact
That the ideas
Just are
Fuckin'
Arriving.

likely your story

Phone
Calls coming over
The
Line
Of girlfriends
Looking for their
Guys
Lost in a parking lot after a fishing trip ..

The
Remaining letters of a sign on a downtown building ..
“Sto age” .. yes

Several cats handcuffed on the side of the road
As two cops
With red flashing lights in their cars
Wait for back-up and
Talk about the high gas prices they
See on a 7-11 sign up the street ..

Warm air over the
Dusted patio
As the cigarettes tasted like
Vinegar with a punch
And
The
Dr. Suess quiz
Floats over the
Lawn
Like
A
Lost story
Chasing after
Someone’s
Fresh childhood ..

Yes,
The
Evening in the city
As
The
Buildings are nearing completion,
While
Others are getting
Their
Foundations poured
Into
The
Deep

Deep ground ..

Here
With stories of
Space filling with
A shit load of debris

And
Wondering
How
They

Are going to contain all the space trash ..

You know
What
I
Say,
Let's
Keep
The
Story going along
With
The
Candle,
Cheap wine,
Crackling jazz,
And
Another

Movement
On
The
Sidewalk
Below

That
Will

Likely be your story.

JOPLIN, MISSOURI -- FBI agents hope to determine Monday if two News/Weather trucks heisted from WJAS-Channel 6's parking lot, containing secret news/weather not intended for public disposal, were indeed "tampered" for possible public dissemination. The vehicles disappeared from the station's gated and secured parking lot in Joplin, Missouri six weeks ago, then mysteriously reappeared last Friday behind the local "Chicken and Curls" chain restaurant that already had been searched several times prior to the confounding discovery.

The vans were then weighed, loaded, stamped and flown to Washington, D.C. on Sunday for further analysis.

With a mounting number of local citizens calling Channel 6's General Manager, Fred "Stump" Engard, to resign over such a security breach, local newspapers close to the pulse of the matter said Sunday that the FBI was focusing its investigation not only on "Stump" but the cast from the early AM, afternoon, 6PM and 10 PM newscasts. The prevailing belief that a local personality, disgruntled with their job and slumping ratings on a local TV dinosaur, was the brain child behind such a heist can't leave the public eye.

"Hell man, I've been in this city all my life," said 26-year old local Brandy Swanson. "I just thank God's lucky cloak that they didn't seep out news or weather our God fearing people, and the world for that matter, wasn't quite ready to be exposed to. It's almost like they were doing that cloning thing they pulled off with that lamb several years ago. Tampering with God's work. When they catch these punks, they're going to be sorry. Many folks in this community want to see them behind bars for a bucket load of time."

Thus far, local authorities and the FBI have administered all known suspects, employees and the General Manager, to lie-detector tests, and a few appeared to give "contradictory" answers, Spanky Williams said on NBC's "Meet the Press."

The number of employees whose answers were considered suspect has been unclear as of press time.

"I don't want to go into the exact number, because the investigation is still continuing, but there's more than four people forking us lines. And hey, they're in just another form of show business .. it's like talking to an actor. Like getting Jack Nicholson on the stand in that one moving and not necessarily getting the truth,," Alan Croupus, Joplin's beloved Sheriff, said Sunday on CNN's Show Biz Today.

"These people we are probing are continually providing contradictory statements and appear to be involved in this particular situation," Croupus further disclosed said.

In the meantime, TV personality "SCABS" have been filling in on all time slots on this local news channel. And the reception hasn't been friendly. Even though ratings have skyrocketed since the scandal broke, in fact the station has charted the highest ratings in the stations 47-year history. Though, the "SCABS" have been carted in security vans behind the building to a mounting group of folks tossing vile resistance to replacing the anchors. Local residents view these "SCABS" as guilty as those under question.

Many residents feel the station should play a continuous loop of "DORF", "ALF" or Walter Cronkite's collected history of television broadcasting as a morale boost. Many feel the news has been sabotaged from the inside and they are horrified.

"How could these faces, we see every night, go to their fund raising events, invite them to talk weather and broadcasting integrity to our children pull off such a scam," said one concerned parent, Josie Russelbaum of KT's Roadside Diner. "I know we don't have a guilty party or know exactly what their motive was, but I can't shake the chill that it was someone on the inside trying to demoralize news and weather we rely on in such a fashion."

Croupus characterized the investigation one of the largest criminal matters against the media on record.

"I believe the guilty individuals are as hardened as say, a serial killer or terrorist," he said. "Whether this stunt was pulled off initially as a wake-up call to the community of Joplin or the media at large, very serious infractions were committed. Somebody will be charged and held accountable."

Local city council members and distinguished stakeholders on Sunday called on General Manager Fred "Stump" Engard to resign immediately. The station's owner, Buddy "Bud" Allen, wouldn't comment. Though, City Councilwoman Toby Thompon has "full confidence" in the community, fellow council members and the public at large that Engard will step down and media virility will be restored this small middle American town.

Sen. Richard Gephardt, R-Missouri, said on Channel 6's popular "Late Edition" that action has to be taken before the loss of confidence and sagging morale begins splitting Joplin, the good people of Missouri and the nation apart.

"Until the true guilty party comes forth, "Stump" is indeed accountable," he said. "He has not done a particularly good job in the past. I mean, look at the ratings. I think he should go."

Since the incident hit the wires with a red hot velocity, security around and in the station's quarters off 611 Plum Ave. have been at "White House" levels to ensure that no follow-up deception occurs.

In the meantime we wait in the case of the "the media vs. the media".

i'll come back

Unchoke
The holds
And
Loosen the chains,
The
Young beauty
Screamed from her window
The
Night before
She
Was to
Consummate her relationship
With
Some
Meat hook fuckface ..

Give me
Olive
Oil and a
Quart of warmed sugar,
The
Roman cat thought to it's own brains
As
It
Walked down Via Delgi Scaponi
In
A
Frown
Twisted into a simple
Knot
In
The
Rat's mind ..

Give me no shoes,
No socks,
A glass of lemonade,
Bottle of gin,
Her grin beside my chin

And
We'll call all bets of the day
Even.

What do you say,
We still have some hours to go ..

I'll
Come back ..

if there is anything you question,
send it in to a game show
and cross your fingers,
you
lucky little moment may be around
the
corner of your pants and in the
back of your memory ..

Hot liquids
Of pain,
Pleasurable spurs
Going about my legs
Like globs of chewed gum,
Swallowed,
Blown out of the mouth
Of an Asian kid going down
A
Water slide.

**

Clock on the watch tower
Leaning and lurching
Like a
Large grin
On
A
New
Gal.

**

Twists of wind.
They snarl like vodka
And whistle like sin as the coffee flows
In sobriety's song.

**

Bugs crawling over the ledge tops.

The small enjoyment in a paradoxical clamp.

Yes,
And the names of truth sprayed over
The graffiti on an empty highway billboard.

**

Trees coming to spruce
Outside a nite of chilled spring air.

She began rubbing my calves as the cat's warmed up to a
Cold bowl of apple juice.

**

He jerked his shit off with shaving cream
And
Went bald in the face.

**

A sneeze over

The eve
As air conditioners wait like warriors
In a heat
Rubbing between an old man's hands
&
running wild over the socks of the
school kids playground.

**

Sounds of locomotives,
Barricades,
Cars smashing pieces of metal covering holes in the street ..
I'm almost fully into the swig of America again.

**

My legs splitting the asshole off of me
As the walnut
Cracks open a paper fortune and
The joke goes from one mouth
Into 12 empty rooms.

**

Being one in the cold
Is like being 9 in the sweaty heat.

**

Who borrowed the book that taught the children
How to speak?

**

hot bowl of soul

Bought
Some
Things for the family today ..

Birthdays,
Father's Day and
The like ..

Got all my stuff in a five-and-dime store
And
A Latin American import place ..

Though,
As the black checkers stack up against
My
Chest,
I realize

How much shopping is
A sham ..

It still sends me into disbelief
That people
Truly
Buy
All
That
Horrible shit ..

Though,
As I was strolling the streets
And about this little section of town
For
Some goods,
I hear a wreck at the 4-way stop intersection
Close by ..

As I come out of a shop,
I hear a big black gal
Letting out some
Chap
About
What bullshit it is for people to call
The cops after an accident ..

She was just a bystander,
But she was letting these
Old gals have it with the verbal flings ..

She was pushing her boy aside that was trying to get some
Words in

And
Flying about how people should trade insurance numbers
And fucking get on with their
Day ..

I could agree more ..

Yes,
I love
That

Soul wisdom

On
The
Fly

When it
Knocks

Upon my ears

Unexpectedly

Like
A
Mouthful of cold ice cream after

A hot bowl of soup.

hittin' and missin' the bad ass

Having that
Knack
To
See things,
Grab them
And
Going
Down the road with those stilts
Is
Nice ..

Though,
I have a knack of missing shit
As
It floats by my nose ..

The other night
I caught a show at a local theater house
Called "Communicating Doors" ..

There was an actress in the bit
That used
To
Be an 80's sitcom star
With
Arguably one of the coolest
Fucking cats on television ..

The cat was
Older,
Had a swank
And
Could lay the charm on like an Indian taming
A
Basket full of lion snakes ..

Yes,
I wanted to saddle up to this gal after the show
And have a good talk about
A
Lost Hollywood cat that
Had the flinch of Bronson
And
The swagger of Bogart ..

As I climbed the escalator steps,
Going the wrong way,
Breathing like a bastard through the cigarette smoke consumed,
The
Other main actress in the play was waiting at

The top of the electronic steps giving me and
A friend a hairy eye ..

She asked,
“You looking for something?”

“Yea,”
I told her.
“I want to talk to that actress opposite you tonight
about Ted Knight.”

“Why?”
she asked with that big city sass and charm.

“I just want to know what the fucking guy was all about.
Did he knock down vodka straight from the bottle,
Was he good with kids,
Was he a good storyteller.
Shit like that.”

At this,
She let her legs take her down the descending staircase
Into an after show fuck with her husband
That is the director ..

She just looked up in a speechless slur.

I then
Found a guy that worked for the theater and asked
If this actress I was looking for had left yet.

He said no,
In fact she was on her way out.

So,
As I waited there,
My friend went to take care of the bathroom.

Waiting there,
Peering through my blurred vision in a dark corridor,
A large black woman came up next to me
To punch her parking ticket for some validation.

She was complaining about having to validate her ticket
This late at night.

I shot back a couple of jabs her way
As I noticed several people coming down the hallway.

It didn't look like the actress,
So I went on talking to this gal
About
Tickets,
And the air around.

About 15 seconds later I hear

The bartender
Cleaning the nights leaks
And drips
While on the phone
Put the receiver down and tell me that she just walked by and was taking the elevator
Down.
Shit,
I mused as my friend was coming back from the pisser
And I whipped around the corner to see if I could catch them before
Going down the elevator.

No dice.

I missed my shot
And

Back up the
Thought
That
Sometimes you hit the bull's eye with a flaming fucking
Knife
And

At other
Times

You talk to others
While the action passes.

Christ,
It seems like a good enough
Trade off

Though

I wanted to know
A little somethin'

About
That Hollywood

Bad ass.

him and i up and down the street

Walking
Past
Bits
Of
The local theater down the street
Going
Through
A
Facelift ..

The construction barriers
Up
Like roman candles warding
Off
The
Fucking loon kids
Of
Ridalyn ..

Then,
I walk through the courtyard
Between the catholic church and retirement tower
And
Notice an older cat
Sleeping on the pavement before
One of the tinted glass
Side doors ..

Out like
A
Match dropped in a puddle ..

His hands curled
Beneath his head,
Bible underneath
His left knee ..

Waiting for a
Piece of salvation
Or
A
Good word when he wakes up ..

Yes,
The renovated theaters
And
The
Play on the streets ..

I wanted to wake this cat up
And
Have

A
Good
Talk

About
Other
Ways
The city could spend money
Over

A
Stout
Drink at a

Bar down the street.

hair .. it seams

*Watching her
Head from behind.*

*A gray explosion
Of hairs
Comfortable finding no uniform direction.*

*This old gal just held her hand,
Purse in her lap like
Clay hardening in
The
Winter air.*

*Snug,
Yet inwardly a beam in her
Lounge dress
Going into the steps
And
Around that block as
The
Heat,
Visions,
Sweat
And
Hair*

Keep us obliged.

gladly think

Green of new
Tree lovers,
The sigh of
A pounding air hammer,
Bicycles,
Screw drivers,
Tearing concrete,
Solid earth to nothin' ..

As the train whistles,
Roarin' engines
And
Tiny talk comes
Through the
Open window next to my head.

Yes,
Leaving lint,
Stony grit about the apartment ..

On the surface
By
Which
I
Gladly

Think.

Gal steps off the bus
With
Wisps of hair hiding several pimples ..

She has a tomato plant
In her hand ..

A little somethin' for the city,
Heat,
Them,
You,
Our neighbors,
And
Those that get to crash into
Those
Yellow seeds in several months.

electric puddle

New faces,
Old pieces of wood as the
Carpenter congratulates
The reformed mechanic
On
A
Job well done.

Yes,
Toothless Chuck and his heirloom of
Easy broads
Gets the room
Poppin' with
Anticipation
Like an overhead wire

Split open
And
Hanging in a
Fresh puddle on the street.

drifter's home

Dust on
The
Screen,
Paint flecks
On
The
Keyboard
As the sun and the misspelled words
Go
Down
With
The
Birds

Watching the sun set.

Old black beans and rice
And
Red beans doing
A
Rendition on my belly button ..

The
Night aflight
As the government
Takes
Credit
Card companies
To
Anti-trust court ..

Yes,
And Cuba still waits
For the golden American media boy
While
My
Feet
Feel a slight tingle in
The
Rolling
Smoke
Through
The
Shadows
Of

The wall
Here
In
Some drifter's hometown
For

The night.

Deciphering
Between the continents,
Speaking
Between countries.

Rome felt different,
Yet connected to Italia
The whole time.

All the small cars,
Vespa's,
Insects,
Cream,
Pepperoni's,
Yet it had that
Enormity in a compact place.

It was like riding on top of a balloon ..
Sliding about on hot
Bacon grease.

dead bird; glorious city

Picked up a dead bird ..

Young, young fellow
At the stoop of our building's front door
And took it out to the trash dumpster.

With the sunny yearlings of day
And the marveled mix of
Radio over
Fresh air,
It seemed sad and
Too real as the bird went with
His few days of life into the green dumpster.

Just like that.

Yes,
In a plastic sandwich bag,
He went down with the bones of a midday siesta.

This,
As she just came through the building's front door
Coughing her way to her keys
And
Going into her
Apartment on
A
Glorious

Day in the city.

compassion on a bench

Came out of work
The
Other
Night
To
An older black
Cat asking me in
Some
Jumble of disjointed
English
If
I had any change ..

Another in a long string of cats
Trying to cavort change from
My
Pockets ..

I told him I had none
And
Kept my
Path
Straight forward
Walking
Into the horizon
Clouds and
Warm evening sun ..

He then
Asked,
As far as I can remember,
If I felt guilty about the
Way
White people have
Treated blacks throughout history ..

I waved him off
And
Smile for a day
That
Racism won't
Be
A
Front page
Or
Shouting issue ..

And I thought
To ask him,
You feel bad about the Jews ..

The way they have been
Treated throughout
The
History of the human walk ..

And I knew
Somehow
He
Just
Wouldn't get
It ..

There need to

Be fucking human compassion

Period.

comic bullets

I hear people
Talk about an old gal
That
Was shot at a baseball game the other night
As
I listen to a
Conversation with a friend
Watching
Television's ultimate assault on intelligence .. pro wrestling ..

I hear
Stories of missing security information
On
A
Hard drive in the wrong hands
From a top secret laboratory in California
As
The
People in neighboring cubicles
Try
To hash out lengthy conversations over
Trivial topics
That
Make me shove my headphones in
Tighter
For
Some
Comedy over
A web site's folly ..

I turn up the music
And
Churn the talk towards another venue
That
People raise an eye towards ..

For there's nothing
Duller
That
Matriculating over what we already understand in a base reality
And
Nothing cooler that
To
Catch folks
On
The
Wrong toe
As
Topics come up that

They

Squirm to handle ..

Yes,
The
Comedy is constant

As
The
City

Still

Tries to find out
Where
The
Bullet in

The ballpark came from.

Cattle and Poultry Industries Protests Rat Meals

Industries Cry That Dining On Rodents Is Barbaric

NEW YORK -- The TV residents on "VH1's Realer World" weren't the only ones sickened by their slow-roasted rat dinner.

Representatives from the People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals found the set and marched the live feed of the show outside CBS' New York studio's on Friday to protest the network's portrayal of the real-life people eating the rodents.

Eight hundred protesters, including the star of the 70's hit "Rat Boy", chanted and stormed the set, "Rats have feelings to! Eat chicken breasts! Rats have more rights than chickens or cows! Rats are really smarter than most animals!"

"You have people who think it's fun to trap rats, cut off their legs, skin them and cook 'em up," Raul Jemon of PETA told reporters. "It's better to chase chickens, chop off their heads and roast them for good family meals. Or, it's much better to slit the throat of a cow open, let them choke on their own blood for the pure American tradition of having a burger and fries. Though, it's disgusting to do this to our rat pals."

The rodent dining experience was a part of VH1's popular follow-up to MTV's "Real World", which has been a big hit for chicken and cow eating executives. More than 23 million people watched last Wednesday night.

Hungry house guests have also requested cat meat in their Chinese food take-out orders. Jemon was angry that the cameras caught the residents laughing when the restaurant worker taking the phone-in order was heard laughing through the miced phone and saying, "That's one of our most popular dishes," as a picture of a cat hung in the open view from the open door of one of the resident's room in the background.

A network's spokesman said residents have been instructed to order cattle or poultry products from now on.

beneath a river

Birds competing
With the airplanes
As the mechanical nose
Leaves the runway.

The proletariat laughing down the wallpaper in the bourgeoisie
Home next to the lilac fields ..

An old homeless cat on the street rifling coins
About a used, white
Styrofoam cup as
The white people with dogs
Go by as though nothing but the sky and their animals
Exist.

Chalk back talking the blackboard
As
The mustard squares up with the
Last tube of ketchup.

One in their two
And four in their seven
As the cars do away down more pavement
On the roads

Here

Beneath the river.

Below the
Pastel,
Azure sky in clouds
That
Litter above the Atlantic Ocean ..

Patches of land lie low with mist
Laughing like
Faint intuition.