

Joefiles **XXXXIX**

bought the stage for a dime and the crowd for nothing

Bright night  
Lights ..

Walking across the street  
With the strongest  
Of the meek,  
While chewing  
An apple  
&  
letting the wind  
beat  
against my

ears  
like  
a  
woman in a dream.

\*\*

Wise women  
And  
Their stubbed pinky toes ..  
The new  
Drama  
Coming to FOX this fall,  
Fuck right ..

\*\*

Your inspiration  
Comes in tiny sips of water ..

\*\*

Gal calls tonight ..

One of the better telemarketers  
In some time ..

Call lasted 70 seconds ..

She was selling the NY Times ..

I told her  
They could send me an apple every Sunday instead of the paper ..

I wanted a little New York fruit not the news from New York  
About the rest of the world besides New York.

She kept talking .. I wondered why.

\*\*

Naps in the evening  
Kick ass.

\*\*

The sea gulls of her dreams  
As  
The moths have gone  
Away for the eve  
And  
Were once stuck here with what  
Used to be wet and  
What can safely be said ..  
Will never be dry.

\*\*

Sounds of cows at night,  
Women topless in  
A  
Bar.

\*\*

Young couple  
Picnicking with  
Other  
Things on their mind ..

\*\*

Lookin' through the back window  
As the mildew  
Turns to jelly and  
The city vents  
Laugh in  
A  
New  
And strange motion ..

\*\*

## cat in wool cloth

Caught up with  
This homeless cat today ..

James—

Little or no teeth on the  
Top and bottom roof of mouth,  
Mexican t-shirt  
From  
Some Wisconsin fiesta ..

Started layin' down his line—

He called Social Security  
And his pension was bein' held back  
From his shit ..

He served in Vietnam  
And called all these people  
“Communists” for not giving him  
his monies .. those bastards, he continued,  
with a wobbling,  
fiery look  
and  
gait he went with ..

Telling me of his  
19 cents in his pocket  
&  
being ran out of the pharmacy  
down the way for pleading with his pennies  
for a 63 cent cup of coffee ..

Then,  
He told me of the various  
Homeless shelters in town.

How they strip you down,  
Give you pajamas to wear,  
Fumigate you for bugs,  
5 PM curfew,  
No smoking  
&  
how he was kicked out  
when he woke  
before the 7 AM bell in the morning ..

He got up at 5 AM ..  
Wanted to leave ..

So,

They threw him out ..

Then,  
He asks me for some change.

I give him a quarter and he tells me about his  
College years.

About taking a marketing class,  
Writing about panty hose and the new mustard find.

He said  
That he aced the course  
And  
I told him I preferred livin'  
As a kid with a yellow shirt in the back of a car  
Smiles on ..

Then,  
He started speakin' of cords ..

Those fuckin' beautiful pants ..

Keepin' you cool in the summer  
And  
Warm in the winter ..

Amen,  
Brother.

A quarter well spent.

**close to a cure**

Late night poker  
And  
Regular fucking white people  
Spinning  
That  
Consumer wheel  
As  
Hard

As Bob Barker working the microphone ..

While the famous cook on the evening  
Show throws some more lard  
Into the baked potato casserole,  
A  
Family  
In  
A  
Southern shack sings a mouthful of songs  
That  
Would

Beget more

And more ..

Yes,  
As the airplanes go overhead in a  
Silent trail of

Smoke the government  
Has approved

We hear

Scientists have

Come that much closer to curing cancer ...

## **crazed laughter**

Cracked rib,  
The end of a finger gorging  
Their stories  
Of  
A  
Sport gone far  
As  
Corporate cunts  
And  
Soulless business women  
Push me farther away from  
White faced work.

Just give me less money  
And  
Bed springs full of laughter.

## dark hole of love

Went up  
For a  
Cup  
Of  
Coffee ..

The barista  
Tosses it my way  
Just  
The way I like it ..

I say,  
“Thanks, chief.”

No response ..

Then,  
He looks at me and asks,  
“What’s the quickest way to a woman’s heart?”

“Words,”  
I tell him.

“No,”  
he says.  
“Through her sternum.”

I go over an mix just enough  
Sugar into my cup  
And grab a seat.

Yes baby,  
Just a hint of sweetness  
To that dark  
Hole of  
Love  
Before me now.

*downtown sidewalk*

Fast hands moving  
Against the  
Stacked house of tricks  
As  
The  
Beethoven sonata  
Plays to the tune of the  
Woman that wanted  
To  
Walk in his shoes ..

Knocks late at night on the  
Door,  
Empty plastic suit cases left in front  
Of the door  
As  
Stranger move into warm apartments above  
And  
The  
Carpet wipes away my dead skin  
With the same brush  
As it would  
To  
Greet the new follicles ..

I tell you ..

There's time enough to finish that 2<sup>nd</sup> drink,  
Hang the lamp shade sideways,  
Look at the sun crooked as it comes in straight as a blink,  
Paint that glued over canvass,  
String that old guitar that used to never hold a tune

Yes,  
There's  
Time also for the third drink

As you forget  
The  
Fourth  
While

Running into an old friend  
Out  
On the downtown sidewalk.

## flinstone man

The round  
Grained sun  
As  
The  
Homeless cat  
In Flinstone's pants,  
Dirtied beyond mud and nails like a nightly special,  
Came to pick over the butts in the ash tray  
By the corporate stack of windows.

I stopped him  
And gave him a smoke ..

Lit it for him as  
He took a drag in and asked,  
"Did you ever get that money back?"

Hmm .. I wondered ..

"Yes,"  
I said.

No knowing what this cat was asking about.

I just wanted to give him  
A little assurance in his maze of fast thoughts.

Yes,  
For that man in the corna' park.

**get in the car and go**

You have  
That  
Real light on  
In a tin alley  
Effect,  
Don't you?

I'm not sure what  
You mean by that ..

Which part?

The whole thing ..

Well,  
You give off light and it reflects in an area  
Where people would typically not see much  
In a rather bleak atmosphere ..

Groovy .. thanks.

You know,  
You're a real flicker in the bottom of a mustard jar.

I think I know where you're coming from  
With that one.

Do you?

I believe. Enlighten me.

No .. no .. you tell me what you think  
It means.

Well, it means that I'm lighting up that mustard  
In the can enough to give off some extra yellow .. thus  
The whole light up your world vibe ..

Your close .

Yea ..

Yea ..

Then what corner did I miss to be  
At the destination ..

Well,  
I'm really hungry .. and there's no mustard in your apartment.  
So, I would like to pick up some food and grab some of that yellow  
Shit to lather up with ..

I believe you are on to something ..

Yes,  
Some people need to decode their words a  
Little more ..

What?

Let's get in the car and go ..

**goin' on**

The moon in  
Its shadow  
As  
The  
Park Ranger  
In  
Yellowstone  
Pulls out another cigarette on a slow night  
For  
The  
People  
And  
Wild on foot.

The sirens coming from  
Both the east and west as the mid-40's male  
Security guard checks the room of screens  
One last time  
Before he goes off to do his duty with his lovely little nudie magazine.

The silence of the fountains beside me now  
As the conventioners are in town lapping in liquor,  
Swimming over used appetizers  
And  
Ready to set their KC eve goin'.

The peaceful park benches  
And  
Foil streamers  
Stuck in the branches of a median scaped lane.

Neon glow from the gallery above the hotel as the  
Old, used vacant hotels of the city echo – resonate  
With the days of Basie – Bird – Ellington  
And the boys in the drum room of  
The next to President's Hotel.

The click of a birds chirp,  
The bang of a flat bed going over the  
City's manhole are on 13<sup>th</sup> and Central.

Yes,  
There's somethin' going' on here in KC.

Yes,  
There's somethin' going on everywhere.

## have you given?

I believe  
He can hold his own.

As his homeless eyes  
Squirm for a dry flat  
And  
Refusing toothpaste,  
Soup,  
Crackers  
Or toilet brushes from  
Those with homes.

In the battle of the  
Have's and have not's  
On the city street ..

The have not's have always got me.

Their choices and chances are always much fucking  
Broader than all the white people that have.

When they looked tired,  
They look alive,  
When they look defeated,  
They have that bounce as though they're goin' to win.

Yes,  
The bruisers.

The true bruisers of the boulevard  
Keepin' the city lit and  
Open to a warm donut  
When they want it from the  
Cleft,  
Givin' hand.

## heat & colds

It's still hot,  
Thick air  
In the 9:30 PM air.

Though,  
My bare feet on the wet gravel feels just so  
As  
I see the invisible platform  
Of the speech our Vice President gave some weeks pat.

He just picked  
His running mate.

The 1<sup>st</sup> Jewish man  
Ever to be in the heat of the erection.

Yes baby,  
The heat is up here in KC ..

I know I would vote for a brother or sister,  
A woman  
Or  
A  
Handful of children to run this government of ours  
Through  
All this heat and  
Occasional colds.

**her and all the more**

I see  
Her  
In  
The  
Dreams at night,  
Early-morning  
And  
Catch her scent of  
A  
Wary imaginary eye  
Here  
From  
Time to time ..

She goes  
About in that all familiar way  
And  
You wonder to yourself for a splice of a minute

If she should  
Be next to you during those dreams  
At  
Night  
And early-morning  
And  
If  
Her  
Eyes should be close by giving off that  
Ever familiar scent ..

Though,  
What has been scratched in that sealed note  
Has been scratched

And  
The cars still race down the block  
And  
The  
People keep on going to the back room  
And  
The dogs run around the back yard  
And  
The  
Salesmen take down whiskey  
And  
The  
Martyr marries a pacifist  
And  
The  
Time listens to the waterfall  
And  
The

Flower gets sold in a coke bottle

And

The

Eagle nurtures the stork's nest

And

The

Acronym applied for a new loan of words

And

The

Lizard bought a new snake skin suit

And

The

Matrimony went into the warming oven

And

The

Family in the SUV went to see that world's largest frying pan on a summer vacation

And

The

Thought of her doing something

I can't write down

Makes me smile

All the more ..

## Hoffa just checked into Morrison hotel

And they  
Asked at the counter if  
This was true—

Sure as shit,  
The concierge whispered ..

He said  
The train just rolled through on its last pass that night  
And  
Hollywood just decided yesterday to go on strike.

The people didn't quite know what to believe as  
They masturbated their dreams.

Yes,  
Hoffa just slipped off his slippers  
As the dove on the ledge  
Took a shit  
And  
The people  
Went on buying a story that  
Bought them long ago.

## **in for a cup**

An old couple dippin' their feet  
In the quite fountain tonight  
As the convention starts pulling free a bit ..

Some youthful shouts,  
The cars circle this park like an orbit millions of miles  
Away.

I'm hungry with a belly full of food  
And  
Awake as though the bed is a friend.

Yet,  
The arm of the clock is our familiar.

Just as long  
As  
You invite it in for  
A  
Cup.

**In honor of**

*She came by last night,  
Our neighbor,  
After asking earlier for an umbrella  
And a towel for her car.*

*The rain was pissin'  
And her  
Car seat was hissini' with wata'*

*Gave her some goods,  
Took more than some  
Minutes to get the pungent seep of perfume  
Out of the air—*

*Then,  
She came back  
Several hours later with a bandana in her head,  
Apron  
&  
a desperate plea  
in her voice ..*

*“Joe,  
can I see that Mario Puzo book I gave you  
last week?”*

*“Yea,”  
I tell her without any questions.*

*I come out of my room  
And toss her the book.*

*She flips through to the middle,  
Grabs a little pouch of  
Cocaine inside – wedge within the packed  
Mountain of tan pages.*

*She pulls the white pile out,  
Smiles  
And tosses the book back.*

*“Fuck, I've been looking for this,”  
she tells me.*

*“I haven't,”  
I respond.*

*Christ,  
I seem to get balled up in these drug schemes  
Unbeknownst to me ..*

*Shit,  
That was the first time I've seen cocaine  
Eye-to-eye ..*

*So,  
She leaves  
And  
I think about the title of the book  
That she gave me ..*

*It fit the scene ..*

*"Fools die."*

## keepin' a diet

Goin' to head  
Down the street  
For  
A  
Quick drink in the  
Repair shop ..

The shop fixing up mouths  
And  
Getting the teeth wet

While the whores shoot pool in the  
Back room  
And  
The  
Tire guys throw darts  
At  
A  
Row of hearts they'll never quite  
Catch ..

I see the  
Cast of old doubts in bar stools  
Looking over with a heedful of wisdom  
And  
A  
Diminished vocabulary  
That  
Used to work them like a trick

Yet now,  
Play them like a wench ..

I see the floors from here

As I ready

To leave this chair ..

For this kid  
Has  
A  
Diet to  
Keep to ..

*middle of the wad*

He throws  
Off his shoes  
And  
Looks past the couch ..

The scene outside is swimming with some  
New fish  
While the familiar one's suck down cigarette  
And  
Barter for liquor ..

Yet  
The real prize lies inside a gum ball the  
Crap's dealer just bit into  
As  
A new female face comes straight up the table  
And  
Asks  
If she could get a fresh napkin ..

At this,  
He tilts his head and says,  
"Mam, we don't have any clocks in here."

At this,  
She tilts her head and  
Says,  
"Sorry to bother you."

He nods with a conciliatory smile

As  
The next  
Gambler comes to the table chewing a big

Wad of gum.

**minute to go**

A brick of  
Film to go,  
One smoke on the ledge,  
Warming orange juice  
In a green glass as the  
Spanish folk singer  
Draws his plan to rule an evolving  
Musical world.

Yes,  
Clothes on the chair and  
The sky burping pieces of lighting it forgot earlier on  
In the rains that whipped the scene and now the cars  
Rev  
With heat  
And  
Women slip out of their low skirts as  
The  
Sounds of the tempest hold low  
In the high heat  
Of another  
Minute

To go.

**more like an event**

Streaks of black  
In  
Smearred over the  
Ovals of a  
Page your going to  
Give your speech from ..

Her  
Belly tucked like a kerchief in the magician's top  
Pocket  
As  
The wine looks nothing  
As  
Tasty as her  
Clothes that would unravel  
The  
Truth above and below that belly ..

Bits of strew food  
Loosening in the wet sweat on the side of  
A  
Cold glass of ice water on a  
Ninety degree evening ..

The sound of the  
Interstate traffic for many miles as  
The  
Radio is turned off and  
The  
Visor  
Is held low to hold the sun  
From suspicion in  
Unsuspecting eyes ..

The day that  
Minutes evaporated quicker  
That  
A  
Tiny cloud over the  
Bay in San Francisco ..

The amazement of our musing ..

Another day that  
Hasn't felt

Like a day ..

More like an event.

**move like the breaker**

Listening to the planet

As

An animal

Run's away successfully from a hunter's arrow ..

Talking with a new tell tale beauty with green eyes

And hair that won't wilt

As the court reporter

Slips into her nightly

Midriff ..

A rumor that died in his mind

As

The truth came from sources the people once suspected

As

Being somewhat sketchy ..

A train traveling down the interstate

As

The

Bicyclists of the world decided to upgrade to motor cycles ..

A vowel in the consonant's nightmare

With a new set of verbs

That would fucking move

Like

The breaker ..

**necessary to remember**

The cocked roach in  
His  
Caterpillar  
Glare ..

As the  
Water rides the  
Smoke  
And  
The  
Button stays attached to the node ..

Yes,  
I have just consumed  
A  
Large  
Fucking burrito  
And  
The  
Evening air smells like an  
Old home with hardwood floors  
Ready  
To  
Sell ..

The  
License costs a dime,  
Though  
The  
Mind  
Is  
More  
That  
The  
Chime ..

Yes,  
As you drive on down that  
Road  
This  
Evening  
And  
Have  
That smell turn from floors  
To  
A woman's scalp ..

Remember  
That

To  
Remember is not

Necessarily  
Necessary ..

No purpose  
To write  
But to write  
As  
The dogs look like angels  
Walking around  
In a pastor's robe ..

\*\*

Why do you need so much sleep ..  
I ask her.

Well .. it's not that I need it so much,  
She says,  
But that it needs ME.

\*\*

Hot coffee late at night ..  
Some jobs are just flat overrated.

\*\*

The afternoon  
Your morning arrived.

\*\*

The bumper sticker sabotage artist ..  
Some cat that puts horrible bumper stickers on cars  
While the owners are in stores, work, screwin' off, etc.  
Horrible neon stickers of bad bands, foods and products ..  
Fuckin' messy to get off.

Laissez Fair, friend.

\*\*

When does 1 decide they have lost their minds ..  
When they don't think about it anymore ..

\*\*

The day all city busses traveled the wrong way down city streets. Just to liven shit up and let the civilian drivers know who really runs the street.

\*\*

Quick exits and slow entrances  
As the pasture of glances melt into reminding looks of when the  
Day was once lit and you came to enjoy the dusk.

\*\*

Docks by the water ..

She asked him if he believed in the world.

He asked,  
“Does it believe in me?”

\*\*

I hear the words you're writing as though  
Your sayin' what your doin' as your talkin'

\*\*

The scaffolding in the chapel  
As the dragon fly tried to out run the vintage bomber above the afternoon skies ..

**on the green board**

Chalk on a green board,  
They're trying to get printed  
In another journal  
Made by lines  
And  
Ripped open by the lights.

Children in a coffee shop  
Forgetting  
The feeling of a diaper  
As  
The  
Grocery clerk down the street  
Puts another  
Can of peas on the shelf.

Yes,  
As the  
Ambulance looks  
To give another life to  
Earth's water barrel,  
The streets  
Look to give another reason to god's meter.

Yes,  
Without chalk anywhere to be found,  
The words will make it  
Up  
On the  
Green board.

*on your feet or back*

Celebration of  
The revelation  
As the people wrapped their arms  
Around the dream  
While the bus missed its stop and  
The plane over shot the runway.

Yes,  
As an endless steam of  
1 – 2 – 1  
swallows  
came out of nowhere  
and  
flapped their wings erratically  
over my head ..

The celebration of a dream – nap  
Where I ran into  
A woman by the hotel down  
The street .. she was in town for several days.

We began neckin' like thirsty alcoholics  
And  
Went back to my place as I woke up ..

Wished us well and  
Went out for an evening walk  
As  
I ran into another woman  
In town for good that worked at another hotel down the street.

We started exchangin' the mouth's last glance  
And went up to her comped room.

Yes,  
You must do for you  
Because it's happening to you yin the  
Dream  
You can catch on your feet or  
On your

Back.

**only a term or word**

Wipin' up China with a  
Napkin from the  
Hong Kong Hyatt ..

Drawin' over Kansas City with  
A pen from the Knoxville Hilton ..

Towlin' off with a Baton Rouge bath towel  
In Athen's local hotel ..

Drinkin' from Chicago's Econo Lodge high ball glass  
In Topeka's last vacancy of the night ..

Travelin' because these pieces need to see everything it's missing ..

Movin' because static is only a term  
Or  
A  
Word.

## open eyes of the dogs and homeless cats

The neighbor gal  
Told  
Me  
Her roommate  
Turned her into the front office  
For  
Having  
A  
Dog in the place ..

A dog she  
Saved from a cardboard box by the dumpster  
Behind the  
Diner  
She works  
At  
In  
The  
Overnight ..

Her cold hearted cunt  
Of a roommate  
Prouncing around with a  
Skip  
Of  
Genial gentility

Turning a good gal  
And  
Her  
New found dog

Into the  
White authority ..

Then,  
I talk to an older sister at  
Work today about  
Her being harassed by  
The  
Buildings security for  
Giving smokes,  
Money and  
Food to a homeless cat that  
Goes up and  
Around  
The  
Streets and blocks looking for sanity in  
His  
Mind  
That

Has been taking for an unexpected ride ..

Yes,  
The  
Humanity is out there peeling away the onion skins

As the  
Oiled down  
Fucks  
That  
Have no other time but others to pick at

Do  
Justice an injustice ..

These people,  
The ones saving the dogs and the homeless cats  
Are  
The  
Truth  
Behind

What is hailed as heros ..

Yes,  
We see the judas complex rear  
Its piss

From now and there ..

Though,  
Its  
Weakness

That can be blighted

By the smile

Of dogs and someone looking for a good cold sandwich to  
Keep their eyes open ..

Yes,  
Open.

**our asses**

Random shouts from around  
The blackened corner off Broadway ..

The drunk voice breakin' the glass of a humid,  
Rain soaked eve where the winds kicked the piss out  
Of the trees and left the wood chips off the sidewalk  
Strewn like puzzle pieces on  
The recovering pavement.

Shouting loud insults to himself  
To the only ear that could hear as the few cars  
&  
people flopped by like customers in a post office.

Yes,  
Giving the night a good stromp to the chops  
As  
The  
Drinkers drink,  
Thinkers think,  
Blinkers brink,  
Lingerers linger,  
Ringers ring  
And  
The sound of his voice comes still  
Over the  
Thick air going into his lungs and  
Out  
Of

Our asses.

## **pets & their bones**

Got several gay neighbors  
That have small dogs.

Dave and Armando  
Stringing their ambiguity for all the sharp shooters  
North ..

They lean back as their boy dogs hump like jail nests in  
A Georgian heat storm.

Laughing  
&  
jabbing about these funny bones on  
their pets.

Guess pets and their owners  
Really do start acting alike  
After  
No

Time flat.

## played again in KC

At the Blue Room  
The other night  
Off 18<sup>th</sup> & Vine  
With a gal seein' some live jazz ..

There's an older black gal,  
Louder than a tambourine &  
Sturdier in that dress  
Than a floatin' submarine.

It's a non-smokin' joint,  
So I have to go out every once in a time  
For a cigarette with some blokes ..

At one point,  
I go out,  
No one around except the silent, green 18/Vine signs  
And echoes of the crazy cats hittin' the scene.

The driven mad musicians in their suede pants  
Goin' to KC as the relic of  
The music world  
Blowin' into the eve even if it's mornin'  
And  
As though they could wake the world with a smile if they're not  
Just kept on flowin'.

As I mill over the hulls of this evacuated craft,  
A smooove, large black cat  
Comes out the front door,  
Down the plastic bubble atrium  
And  
Shakes his head slightly.

Pulls out a smoke,  
Looks to his left (I'm on the right),  
Lights his tobacco in the crowned outside lounge and wheels around  
On his feet ..

There's no "How you doin'?" asked ..

He says,  
One of the more classic conversation entrances I have seen in some time,  
"I remember when my father brought me down here 42 years ago ..  
I was 11 at the time and this area smoked .. "

"People all over .. Miles Davis used to come down here from Seattle  
with his quartet .. most people don't know that he's from Seattle.

I tell him I would more than much  
Have liked to see this Vine block doin'

Its glory back in the day ..

He smiled,  
Shook his head again,  
Threw down his smoke with half to go and went back into the  
Club.

It was just too much for this cat to see what the area had become ..

Yes,  
I finished off my smoke,  
Went in for another drink  
&  
smiled with the Jazz gods and ordered another drink  
as  
Miles in black and white played on the Tv screen above the jukebox  
Again  
In  
KC.

## **pure fucking color**

The blue letters  
Of the  
“West Leg” sign  
off the highway  
as  
the  
cars trickle along like toys  
on  
a  
boy’s basement floor ..

A dog walking in a cower,  
Then sitting  
As  
His human master gives  
Him  
Several verbal words ..

He now claps,  
Applauds the dog’s obedience ..

Yet,  
The dog will win.

He’ll get well fed ..

Then later,  
He’ll chew on his balls  
And  
Sleep with dreams in pure

Fucking color.

## real meal, baby

They gave me  
My freedom the other day  
And again confirmed that it's just a job.  
As the litter flew by on the sidewalk that day  
Like a child's lost bouncing ball,  
The leprechaun went to the thrift shop next door  
To buy another pair of curly toed shoes.

They told me things weren't working out  
As planned .. Yes, I thought,  
You have that story straight.

I believe they take too many hours out of my day that  
Can't completely be compensated by cash .. Yes,  
It was time for divorce court to see the anvil down and I believe  
I got the end of the bargain I was lookin' for.

Freedom is a reality we need to think about & they were thinkin'  
About it as much as I .. So, as I see the evening slip into  
Later PM and hear the conversation rise octaves above a "G" ..  
I know that things are Ok .. all right ..

For the mornings look like nicotine and tastes like caffeine  
As I wag my toes with the rest of the city's pets and those free  
Doin' what they want.

Yes, it's not about what I want to do for a livin' to get some funds ..  
It's about what I need to do to realize that a job is just work and  
Livin' the way you want is the real fuckin' deal.

## recipe list

Took another route  
Home  
In  
The  
Hall of steps  
Between here and near ..

Went up the alley  
By the day car center  
With scenes  
Of  
Dogs standing by their filled bowls ..  
Planes going from the USA airport ..  
Cats scratching the joke ..  
Wheels turning the toy fire engine ..  
Spokes stuck out of the old telephone pole ..

As I seen an older  
Black cat asleep in  
The  
5:18PM heat ..

Licking down the sweat in a  
Dream  
He's  
Seeing as  
The  
World leaves work  
And

Goes  
The  
Make a little bit of  
Magic

They left

Off  
The  
Of  
And seldom  
Seen

Recipe list.

## reunion tour

Spiders climb over the red holes of the park bench  
As the church sounds its  
10 PM tone.

The silence of a statue with a  
Horse riding a cowboy  
And  
The  
Hotel sign looking for a vacancy  
To  
Rest its bulbs.

Porters running after their first  
Chance at love  
And  
Call girls walking away from that  
Voice that says it was never love in the first place.

Sure,  
&  
the motorcycle man taking 12st street nice and easy as  
the old,  
rock icon decides the band should  
come together for a  
re-union tour.

**rule 2 on the list of 5**

He pointed  
Towards the chalk board  
In the back coffee room and  
Said,  
“Whatever you fucking do .. don’t cross  
paths with rule two.”

“Yea,”  
I said.  
“What does it mean?”

“Just what the words spell – there’s no hidden  
semantics,”  
he came back.

We finished our smoke,  
Squeezed our bits of fried tobacco  
On the drying ground  
And  
Split our separate ways—

As I walked back  
To the dryer to pull my clothes out  
And stuff them into a burlap sack ..  
I looked over and saw her standing close to me with  
That look like she  
Had the map plotted and  
Was waiting for me to help her burn the whole tank.

As I pulled the last warm sock out,  
I stopped,  
Looked her in the eye  
And said,  
“Not one for adhering to even #’d rules.”

At this,  
She pulled out a fresh cigarette  
And  
Threw me the car keys.

This meant I fucked with #2  
And  
I never

Looked back.

S E A R C H L I G H T

They stole  
My shoes  
And held the truth,  
Yet we knew about the  
Taste of the  
Color blue.

They called her a thief  
As  
She worked for the poor,  
While I looked into  
The sky's open friend and  
Knew what color  
It was.

They gave you sweet relish  
When you asked for a dill pickle,  
As  
Sylvester the Cat helped the hobbled woman  
Across the Interstate,  
Yet our eyes worked will in the Tenor's wake.

They baked you a hunter's pie  
And  
Gave you a piece of bread  
As  
The neon sounded yellow under the  
Fort Worth moon.

They charged you 7 bucks for their  
6 cent show as I peer out  
over the planes landing in that ol' ladle  
Of pourin'  
Blue light.

**see & hear**

Sirens of the city  
As  
I pick thick  
Pieces of skin  
On  
The  
Side of my foot ..

Hell,  
I love knowing  
My feet are  
Coated with  
Callused glue skin  
Here  
In a field  
Of  
Grass ..

Your feet's condition  
Is a lot like  
What comes out of your mouth ..

It either accentuates the truth  
Or  
Flattens the crap loud and clear  
For

Everyone

To hear.

## seeing her

Does she drink  
To think ..

Does she have to be drunk  
To be silly ..

Would she prefer  
A sandwich or perhaps a bowl of chips and some cold scotch in a bottle ..

Is her breath identifiable above yours ..

Does she laugh or giggle when nothing  
Is said ..

Could she race a boy and defeat  
A man ..

Is the imagery in her gait ..

Could she turn the dime in the opinion ..

Bottom line ..

Are you seeing her now?

## shit with a pen

The old chalk poet  
And  
His ministry of  
Word followers  
Give the ground another handful  
Of  
Coffee grounds.

Wipin' his brow as though  
His eyes are his forehead  
And  
Taklin' the ground  
As  
Though it's coming up  
To grab him.

The healer of the  
World was another in a long line  
Of  
Magic touches  
As  
The cradle raised the  
Proverbial bed  
And  
The hand held up  
The ramp while the crib raised  
The next one swift of tongue and  
Exploding shit  
With  
A  
Pen.

## shoes & volcanic ash

Building the  
Stack of cards  
Against  
The  
Glint of her poker chips ..

The old,  
Muse came strolling by with a wiley  
Wink in  
His  
Nap case

As the  
House  
Brought in another body  
And  
The  
Glean of the tambourine  
Went  
Echoing  
Through  
Areas

That were once seen as

Habitable ..

Yes,  
As  
The  
Clarinet goes  
On  
Chiming through the telephone's

Dream

The city will be waiting  
With  
A  
Fist of cooled volcanic ash

And  
A  
New pair of dress shoes.

*show's final curtain*

Let that shit cool off,  
Take off that black tank top,  
Stick around for a while,  
Listen to the candies melt together and  
Taste the sugars as they fall off the table ..

Fits on that black hat,  
Invite the neglectors and remember  
The instigators.

Know that the word is only what is made of it  
And that a show lasts as long ass the final curtain is ..  
(color also has a lot to do with it)

## SHRINE OF VINE

Tight necks  
&  
new stories loose  
as  
we pulled out  
glasses to talk to the gals at  
the bar.

They flipped their hair and  
Played off puns  
While  
The night kept on whistlin' a rousing whirl.

Yes,  
They spoke  
Of cars and pastry  
As Animal House played in the next room.

Yet,  
I couldn't figure how they could build  
Their shrine of vine

So high.

**small brigade**

So,  
Two crazy fucking lawyers  
Looped up on  
Liquor started launching  
Furniture,  
Chairs,  
Binders,  
Stapler removers  
And  
The  
Like out of the 14<sup>th</sup> floor  
Of a neighboring  
Building  
In  
The  
Burgeoning mix of skyscrapers in the  
City the other day ..

When I found out that I just missed  
The  
Mix,  
I thought that would be one hell of a kick  
To  
Start shoving  
Those  
Office instrumentation's  
Down where they belong ..

On the  
Streets moving  
The  
People  
As  
The  
American dollar  
Goes rotating in the  
Flour bin ..

Yes,  
The story never made the break into the papers  
And  
Few people know about  
The  
Whatabouts that went down ..

Christ,  
The next time I see two drunk cats tossing shit out of  
The window in a high rise building ..

I'm going the grab the wares I want  
Tossed

And join them

On that little

Brigade

Of overtime fun.

**smilin' like heroes**

Slip on  
Back into the easy chair,  
Switchin' channels  
In the sky,  
Turnin' dimes by the flick  
Of a card deck,  
Listenin' to the eagle in a buzzard's kill,  
Speakin' to the clock as it  
Hunts the wall,  
Cookin' a meal shortly after noon  
For the 2 PM villians  
Smilin'

Like heroes.

## soap's shampoo

They finished the  
Concrete stacks  
And  
Took down the street barrier  
And  
Hard fences  
As  
The  
Daylight hides now  
From  
The street laps that artificially take  
Their place ..

Old engines  
Pushing new cars  
And  
New oil  
Ages on a broken machine ..

We suck on what the toothpaste can't  
Undo  
And  
Laugh at  
What the soap washed

Away.

**somehin' well**

There's a black cat  
That  
Walks up and down the  
Cross walk of  
A corner I grab a smoke on  
During  
The  
Day's  
While the clock works the labor ..

He's a transvestite that  
Has  
No ambiguity floating about  
His  
Actual sex ..

He's a man  
Dressing badly as a gal ..

Hyped up on some sort of speed or crank,  
This  
Cat

Need to do something with his look ..

Christ,  
If your going to look  
Like  
Somethin'

Look like  
Somethin'  
Well.

## son's adventure

A big boxer  
Rattlin' by with his chains,  
A hat blowing over the street  
With invisible eyes  
Of  
A  
Face it used to please,  
Silent façade  
Of  
Corporate building's  
That hold the  
Feared faces like animals,  
Away from the  
Air,  
Sights,  
Juices,  
Jive  
Goin' on down around ..

Yes,  
As the lightning bugs  
Huddle here before dusk ..  
Exchanging secrets  
Of the best way to light the darkness,  
The sun waits behind a shelf of cloud  
Ready  
To  
Go off  
Into its own dark

For an adventure we won't,  
Haven't and

Will likely  
Never see.

## southern soul

Orson Wells in  
A  
Dog's pleasant dream ..

An old beaker laying next to the  
Latest genome article ripped out  
And sitting on the counter top ..

The tarnished goblet in the  
Back seat of the wine maker's car ..

Her 'cheers'  
To the neighbor's cooking steak ..

The growl in a bowl of rice  
As the Indochina couple walk to the car grabbing each other  
As the orchestra starts tuning the cello ..

The new kid on  
A storied block

As the beach moves the sand bars back into the water  
And the  
Movement

Of the slug  
Rolls

Along like a Sunday Baptist church

Deep in the soul  
With

The brotha's and sista's ..

## still shaving

An artist's extra fucking large  
Laundry hangs  
On  
Lines over the street  
And  
It  
Makes me smile ..

Teamsters flying banners at a rally with  
A talking fish on a plaque at home  
And  
Some see the cameras as a slave,  
Yet  
The  
Laundry on a wire  
Makes me glad.

As I see the concentration of  
A  
Street paver waxing the new black pavement,  
The panties and bras  
Make me proud  
As  
The  
Trucks slows down and  
The show does give more than it takes.

I see the large garments and giggle  
Now  
With a pen losing ink and  
7 nights still glowing.

A stranger looking down on me from a hotel  
Window  
As  
The  
Rest of the city sleeps or gets off work.

**stray animals, baby**

Stray dogs found in a box  
Behind a city dumpster ..

His eyes in their lack of respect,  
His walk on the short end of their  
Orange rope ..

I'm convinced that the truth is in the people that take in stray pets  
And  
The most aggressive transgression is  
In the souls of those that feel it's their duty to tease the fate of dogs.

Don't fuck with the dogs,  
Cats,  
Pets of the universe.

They know  
And so soon shall they,  
Baby.

## surprise sting

The excitement in her hand shake  
As  
The  
Cook goes to the bathroom to  
Clean off

All the  
Meals he

Created that evening ..

As my stomach roves over  
A  
Chunk of cold tomato paste  
That  
Come from

A dojo north of this street ..

Yes,  
With another cigarette at hand

And  
Hardened clay looking about with confident eyes over the  
Place ..

We all soon decide that  
To drive is usually better than being driven

And  
That  
The surprise

Was  
Always better than

Being stung.

## sweet bubble gum

Airplane flying low ..

Looks as though he's kissin' the buildings  
As Leonard Maltin goes out for another movie  
And  
The brother sitting at the park bench  
Shakes his leg as though he invented soul.

Winds invented in a tenor's cheeks,  
Words  
Of their almost escape being shouted over the juke box in  
A Wyoming Bar.

Yes,  
It's a night of the believable as  
The old man on his mountain bike rides across the soft gravel in front  
Of me within their assembly of buildings turned like an adult campus  
Of urban intrigue.

Yes,  
As a beauty,  
Which could be yours,  
Unties the back string of her dress to let the mystery rest for  
At least 7 hours.

The land keeps on  
Getting' off the buss  
And  
The  
Bubbles keep the gum sweet.

*TO APPLAUDE*

River moving  
In slow,  
Brown swirls  
Like  
Sap inching down the back of  
A  
Beautiful woman's leg ..

The green leaves of  
Tree tops  
Wagging like a beagle's ears  
While  
Its head sticks out of a side car window  
Racing at 62 MPH.

Hot air balloons ..  
Neon signs ..  
Ferns in planters ..  
Slowly movin' cars with people  
Looking around as though  
Something  
Just happened ..

Yes,  
The crazy trick,  
Twirl  
&  
growl of a faint breeze  
here looking over  
a  
full landscape  
in  
the  
city.

Knowing Hemmingway was from here  
And  
Twain wasn't,  
The air whispers  
Something more  
As  
The  
Weeds grow stronger  
And  
The  
Grass holds erect  
As  
Though  
A  
Crowd of thousands  
Wanting

Waiting  
To  
Applaud.

## take a piss

Bowling shirts  
&  
lights that don't want to work.

As the Asian girl at her table tries to light her smoke ..

No luck ..

Then,  
She reaches for another choice of fire,  
Looks into the lobes of her coffee mug  
And  
Flips through the city's newspaper magazine  
For the 3<sup>rd</sup> time tonight.

I'm counting the notes in the piano's half step,  
Listening to feet move in a peripheral flap,  
Ignoring jingles from cell phones ringing  
& regarding the lamp for the light it emits.

Jokes in the animal's growl,  
Comedy in the human's naught whisper,  
The young Asian gal uncrosses her legs  
And listens to the smoker's cough get louder  
As the young gal in the table caddy corner tells her friend,  
"I'm gonna take a piss .. then we'll go."

Sure.

**tame noon, bitch**

Empty beer cans  
On the top of trumpet cases,  
Red guitar picks stuck  
In a stack of half-price CD's from musicians  
That are a quarter of their hype,  
A burned out cigarette on the table top,  
Glass with the face of Jackie O smilin' to a crowd of  
Crooners as  
Her smoke covers  
The  
Screen of today's unveiling of the 1<sup>st</sup> genome .. DNA map.

Yes,  
And as a dried drop of blood or dark spittle dries on  
My bed sheet,  
My bean soup cools off  
And the world looks one degree brighter on the  
Cool,  
Cool  
As

A tame bitch.

## the children see

I hear that old tune  
Spinnin' the  
Disc  
As  
The  
Sensations go under the door  
Like a note  
Slipped in the middle of day  
Pleading  
For  
Another hour  
To  
Let the sky settle in ..

I see that familiar head  
Of locks twisting like  
A  
Lion reaching back to the rear loin  
To  
Take care of the  
Minute itch ..

I stretch the end of my shoes  
Over  
The  
Now  
Familiar pavement  
As  
The  
Jets above do backflip dives  
To  
Elvis girating a jailhouse  
'b' side ..

I hear the balmy erasers  
Going over the  
Meat of a old green blackboard  
In an abandoned elementary school

As that little  
Voice keeps  
Saying

Things

The children are seeing ..

## the hot asphalt

Knowing the  
Old  
Songs  
And  
Keeping the story where it should  
Stay  
Before the ending ..

The  
Kid  
Kissed  
The  
Girl

As  
The  
Tulips survived the  
60 mph winds  
last  
night ..

Yes,  
As the branches of the  
Oak  
And  
Birch  
Lay around  
In  
A  
Broken lurch ..

The  
Morning bird mocked the  
Most jovial thing about ..

Oh  
And as the bucket of paint was held face up on  
A  
Bungee rope  
From  
The  
18<sup>th</sup> floor of a downtown high rise

the world walking by  
on  
that  
hot summer day wondered  
several things ..

How good that cold paint would feel on their skin,

What sound would the paint make when it hit the ground  
And

What  
It  
Would look like when the colors would  
Cool off  
On  
The  
Once

Hot asphalt ..

**the monopoly forgot**

Nighttime  
Shadows  
On  
The  
Wide  
Open  
White  
Wall  
As  
Armstrong  
Looks  
Up  
From  
His  
Trumpet  
And  
The  
Flood  
Lights  
Give  
Cheer  
To  
The  
Loose  
Bricks  
That  
A  
Monopoly  
Forgot  
To  
Build.

**the silent words she creates**

Bits  
Of strawberry seed

Lodged in  
Her teeth  
As

She picks them  
With  
An  
Intent

As she  
Grazes over  
The  
White lines of the intersection ..

Picking,  
While the slit in her long skirt  
Blows  
Freely in the ringing winds

Call  
An array of numbers at once

Without a receiver ..

Still picking as  
She finally crosses the street ..

I watch her cut up through the hopscotch city blocks  
Making

1 out of 3 heads turn

as  
she stops for a moment

and pulls a fresh peach out of her side bag ..

This fruity

Girl and  
All the

Silent words she creates.

*the superstar .. that night*

Superstar  
Sitting  
In the middle of the large crowd,  
Spilling drink over  
The  
Front of his overalls  
As  
The  
Sound of the surrounding crowd  
Gets louder  
And  
More adds more tempo ..

Superstar  
Getting up to shake off the bits of drink and  
Shavings of a good conversation with a female accomplice  
As  
He  
Heads around the corner of the hip surroundings  
To  
Shake away his built up urine ..

Superstar  
Coming back down the hall to see his  
New soft friend  
Talking across several tables to another potential beau  
As  
He comes to the end of the bar to order another drink ..

Superstar turning around  
With a cold, wet glass and  
An evening with no plans  
To see his new beauty taking down the forks of  
A new man's conversation ..

Superstar takes down his drink quick as  
The beauty catches his eye and gives him that,  
"you're all right wink,"  
as  
the used ice from his quickly exhausted drink splash against  
his open mouth ..

Superstar turns around  
To get to the bar  
For another drink ..

Yes,  
He's the superstar and  
This gal will decide to take off with another guy sometime ..  
But just not  
That night.

## the virgin's last defense

While the coffee shop geniuses  
And  
Recluse writers  
Tackle the word  
And

Try to decide when the world will  
Be  
Slayed by their words ..

The sellers buy the marketers  
And  
The  
Printing spool keeps on going ..

Yes,  
Get your shit out and give  
The  
Word  
To  
The  
People ..

For  
If your mouth can't heed your actions

Then  
The  
Pen

Will run away from the ink

And  
The

Truth will only be

The virgin's last defense ..

## them & your life

People,  
Counterparts  
In your corner  
Reciting your life ..

While you're living your life ..

They know about yours and are immaculate  
Orators  
Of the walk,  
Thought,  
Action  
And  
Speech.

I come to a bluff  
Looking over the  
Airport  
River  
Bridge  
Tree  
City,  
There's a guy  
Always reciting my thoughts .. life  
In real time as I walk by  
And he stands beneath the mid-size oak  
Off  
The  
Side of the vertical retaining wall  
Keeping the people straight and erect.

He smiles with his eyes  
As  
I  
Walk by ..

Then,  
I reach up and whisper ..

"Perhaps when you're tired ..  
I can take over for you."

He says,  
"No. That's not in the rules.  
You know before I do."

Yes,  
I do.

**this sweat**

Corporate cunts  
And  
White men  
As  
Wooden rings

Come  
Into the  
Carpeting and  
Snigger about  
Havin'  
To go into a neighborhood

That isn't all the same  
In  
Their  
Suburban stench ..

Yes,  
These  
Ideas  
In their suits and slips going about  
As though  
Ideas  
Are something people talk about  
And

Mechanics of absolute habit  
Are  
The

Way to move  
Their  
Minds ..

Fuck,  
It's a bowl of insanity

You will never  
Remember

If you get near it's sweat ..

Thoughts in  
Their space ..

The pockets  
Filled with  
Keys,  
q-tips,  
pink gum,  
used bank slips,  
bus transfer passes,  
alligator teeth,  
compasses  
and  
kakhi lint

are  
under the mattress of  
a  
bed that  
was once  
used  
by

president,  
turned libertarian

for reasons  
that  
go beyond the glove box of  
that  
new

car interior ..

\*\*

they hopped on the  
train  
because they  
were convinced that  
trolleys and  
cars  
were  
second rate ..

\*\*

small red barn  
in the middle of a grass field ..  
where the  
horses used to  
run  
and  
drunks used to think ..  
it has now been  
turned into some new,

hip dance jive  
the  
kids are  
going to  
ruin and  
talk  
about for some time ..

\*\*

it's hot at 12:45  
and  
I just saw the oldest Brady kid  
Riding down the street  
As  
A  
Part of a Elvis parade ..  
I could see it in his eye ..  
He was thinking about  
The Brady mom  
And  
Firing his agent when the  
Joy  
Ride ended ..

\*\*

those canadians sure  
could make some  
fuckin' bacon ..

\*\*

seven shade of right ..  
I was  
Three paced away from her front door  
When the  
Owl hopped out of the  
Tree  
And  
Tried to chase down the  
Small red fox going  
Over  
The  
Strewn kansas street  
Defeated by  
Storms and  
Raised by  
The  
High ball ..

\*\*

what are you doin' with  
Your day  
Besides

Livin it .. ?

\*\*

there's somethin' in  
that southern soul ..  
you see,  
the black folk keep that region  
alive  
while we hear about stories of  
white construction workers up north getting  
their story in the news because  
they were driving around on a pavement layer  
with  
a  
confederate flag wavin' around ..

\*\*

## to a door

She knocked on my door  
With an urgency.

As I looked through the round hole  
To the hallway's outside world,  
She had her ear held close  
Hearing the residue of an AM BBC broadcast.

I held the phone loose to my ear,  
Opened the door and let her in.

It was our Italian neighbor.

Decked in her evening's best.

Tellin' me of her strippin' .. dominatrix dancing gig  
She wheels to white guys for a fee.

Then,  
She pulled out her whip,  
Handed it to me as I tried its truth and agreed to be  
Tied up in sex's ultimate reign to let pain become a fetish game.

She hooked my hands,  
Wrists,  
Neck  
And  
Ankles in a lurch as I reached for my lit smoke.

Christ,  
I thought this wouldn't boil my balls on  
The whole.

Yet,  
If it was some saucy dish ..

I could make the jump.

Yes,  
As gay or straight cats or bored stiff white cats go to lengths to  
Get their sperm straight  
I just need a scene with traditional cuffs to make me stand up.

So,  
Tie together the wreath  
And  
Let the neighbor tie it to a door.

## tonight's matinee

The hot dog vendors  
Are done for  
Tonight.

Out somewhere else listening  
To the temperature fall  
As the  
Birds cackle a  
Slow tone and  
The cars pulled to the curb to invite the truth.

Yes,  
The low lights  
Of a concrete flower pot,  
While the air conditioned folks  
Look down from well aglow hotel rooms  
And  
Briefly remember this evening's matinee.

## toning the tone

I hear  
A lot of talk  
About  
Getting that  
“lite light” cigarette  
that  
will  
reduce tar intake  
and  
all those other crazy carthogens  
that clog  
the  
pores ..

Yet,  
They just wean people onto  
A larger  
Quantity of cigarette ..

You just  
Need to poke several holes  
With a needle point in each side of the  
Cigarette  
To  
Do this ..

Yes,  
Make your own blend  
And

Tone  
Down the tone.

## treated well

There's a  
Man  
Down below  
At the dumpster  
Picking through  
Our  
White plastic bag of  
Trash ..

Taking out the beer cans,  
Smashing them on the  
Ground  
And  
Throwing it into his  
Personal bag of  
Change he will exchange later ..

He has to be thinking,  
"These cat's take in a shit pot of beer."

Yes,  
That's our bag

And  
We

Treat the  
Guests well.

**week-old sweet**

Someone  
Has been leaving flowers  
On  
The  
Ring around the outside of our apartment door ..

Not an  
Eye  
Or  
A  
Wandering hand  
To  
Catch,  
Just  
A  
Flower hanging on the rim ..

Yes,  
It could be one of those chat room mistakes  
That I didn't make

Or  
It could be the gal  
Watching from her 5<sup>th</sup> floor window  
Next to  
The  
Building that I know nothing about ..

As it stands ..

I may never know nothing about it ..

Though,  
If I catch  
The act in the midst,

I will invite them in for a  
Piece  
Of  
My only sweet in the place ..

A week old  
Cookie.

## when you get what you want

Pounding the keys  
To make some sense  
Out of the notes ..

Coming across like a lamp in a lighter's last  
Try ..

The infant reared up on his knees ..  
Then to the balls of his new feet to get  
Over to something his fledgling mind wants to get a grasp  
On  
What the older legs are trying this whole time to get their  
Arms around ..

It's a bowl of cold cereal in  
The  
Hot kitchen waiting to be eaten ..

It is a closed window  
Closed only because it  
Wants to let so much in ..

It's the zipper on the front of her pants that wants to  
Open up because  
There is much more that can be told when open  
Than closed ..

It's the snake's first drop of venom that means  
The most ..

It's the carpenter's first nail  
That really has power in a house that is being built ..

It's the first couple of words a public speech that  
Can set off the angels or bring  
Down the shit ..

It's truism in their lie ..

It's a free meal when all you wanted to do was get dressed up  
To pay for a little bit more ..

It's what you want  
When you don't think your getting what you want ..

## woke-up for it

She gave out her  
Numbers to  
The phone because she was looking for a good time ..

She shifted  
Her  
Legs in that short  
Black  
Skirt  
Because she heard silence  
And  
Wanted more of it ..

She flipped  
That bottle of beer back to her lips  
To  
Give  
The  
Guys  
Some idea of what it could be like  
Even when it  
Won't  
Be like that ..

She  
Walked through the doorway  
In  
That particular way  
Because

She knew  
The  
World woke  
Up for

Her

As much as  
She  
Woke up for it ..

## woman's man

Had some food,  
Walked past an older sort of man  
On a park bench in a ladies negligee style top  
Coating mascara on his face.

He poured it on for a good several minutes  
As I was around,  
Then he pulled out his compact mirror and kept  
Applyin' that shit on.

Christ,  
It's somethin' you just don't see  
Everyday  
And

Makes a good woman want to be with  
A  
Real woman.

## women in their lives

Portrait in the lost anchors  
Of a picture's frame  
As  
The  
Pointer Sisters try to put out the  
Long end of the flame.

Marriages built over the  
Internet  
&  
guys who own a lot of land,  
women with  
dominoes in their hip pocket,  
a lamb in a sheep's cave as the  
next cup of coffee  
stands as the last quarter between you  
and  
the first dollar on the Denver mint's first  
press of the day.

As women continue to flip their hair  
& rodents keep hiding behind crevices in homes  
you never knew about ..

The world decided it was time to  
Get rid of decaf  
And  
Suck in its chest full of courage for  
The  
Women in their lives.

*you're doing what 1st*

So,  
You're going to find a new job,  
Start taking some chances,  
Dance with a stranger,  
Invite debauchery into your shoes,  
Kill the remote control,  
Call an old friend,  
Eat that first can of sardines,  
Go to Tahiti,  
Walk naked across the deck of a sparsely populated cruise liner's deck,  
Read another book you haven't read before,  
Drink that gin that was recommended to you from a stranger by the baci ball court,  
Get a crotchless pair of pants,  
Walk across three states to a named landmark to finally get you 15 minutes on the evening news corsage,  
Join a band as the gourd rattler,  
Give your newest niece your most prized possession,  
Throw down with a former flame one last sweaty time,  
Give your paycheck to a homeless woman on the street,  
Design a shirt for senior citizens (2 breast pockets and loud floral prints),  
Pop a racist's balloon ..

So,  
What are you going to do first.

**you see, punk**

Just got my first  
Pair of contact lenses  
Today ..

Christ,  
The shit I can see now ..

All the time ..

As the monsoon swells in the  
Talk beneath her shoes,  
In the lawnmowers face  
As he cuts through the middle of the day,  
The café on a street with their forks tearing into the spoons  
Short memory,  
Into the tooth of a used bottle cap,  
On that line of numbers taking up a small slip of paper that fell  
From behind the dresser drawer,  
On the back of a cat chasing after the dog's tail that finally unlatched to get caught  
By another mouth ..

Yes,  
And the solution in their wet stains

As  
I  
Think,  
"How the fuck can I see this well all time"

What will I see that hasn't been  
Seen ..

Yes,  
This shall I see,  
Punk.

## **your I and face**

An e-mail world,  
You settin' that  
Electronic transfer,  
Some acronym invented  
By a WWW site,  
Another marriage with 2 folk  
That met each other for the first time ..

Credit card security,  
She didn't skin her knee outside  
Because she was online,  
Sure I have your IP address,  
Need any support for your web ..

Yes,  
I believe I do.

I just want to talk with you  
To

Your face.

## 1 more drink

Etching your  
Story  
Out  
On  
A  
Stack of used napkins  
As  
The  
Waitress peers up and asks,  
“You want a refill?”

Canned peaches on a  
Night of cool breezes  
As the rest of the city  
Runs out  
To get

1 more drink.

**a story you should have been told**

Cats whistlin' over the night air  
For a taxi to the Holiday Inn as  
The dog collars rattle  
And  
The back windows of the  
Tan Monte Carlo rolls by with the sounds of old school, bitch,  
Goin' like nuts against every window pane.

This cat keeps whistlin' as  
The boards of evening construction crush against the air's jaw  
And  
The bank clock flickers in the loudest silence going  
And  
The  
Large articles of clothing-art  
Hang over 12<sup>th</sup> street in victory  
Because they're drying off,  
Just so,  
The rains of yesterday that ripped through like  
A story  
You should have been told.

## A VICE PRESIDENT & 2 BEERS

Now  
I'm sittin'  
Before the  
Invisible lamp post  
Podium  
Where the Vice President  
Of the US  
Gave a speech last eve.

Bearing down to become the next negotiator  
In  
Office ..

The sweat was rollin' like  
An angel on vacation,  
Tempting like a fool in a Cadillac  
And  
Vocalizing like Dr. Sues in a megaphone ..

Yes,  
He was givin' it to the city  
And  
Takin' it from the cameras.

Christ,  
The dirty game of politics  
And  
The novel ride of euphemisms  
With  
A  
Minced coil  
In the social security ear ..

With men perched  
On buildings,  
Guns the best militia couldn't dream of ownin' ..

He crafted his sultry words  
And  
Packed the kids wonderin' .

You know,  
I used to wonder whom  
And  
How  
The fuck people got into  
Presidential rally speeches ..

With fountains spraying like  
A  
Stutterer behind me

And  
2 beers before me ..

I now know.

**all of this**

No one wants  
To know about  
The hole in your pants,  
Or the true love of a couple of strangers in love talking  
In the PM scaffolding,  
Or the reason why the Juniper trees are just a little better off  
Than the pine,  
Or why the creator of Winnie the Pooh  
Pulled out of making a Poor liquor,  
Or why the taxi driver gave up the chance  
To do some work on a Hollywood sound set,  
Or why an artist selling millions of albums  
Has to tour to make some scratch,  
Or why Boston could be cooler than Atlanta,  
Or why the chimney in an invention of luck,  
Or why the wax stars above never melt,  
Or why the moment can't be counted  
In a minute,  
Or why this hole in my pair of jeans keeps getting' bigger.

OR – maybe you  
Do want to know about all of this.

**another's release**

They sailed  
Out on the boat . .

What the others would refer  
To  
As  
A  
Simple dingy ..

They were going to catch some fish ..

Have a snip of liquor  
And  
Get  
Their  
Dippin' with not clothes on ..

Hot fucking love  
In the

Summer  
Ocean ..

They were going to find  
A  
Wave and  
Adopt it for the eve ..

Yes,  
These  
Crazy kids  
And their ideas ..

While the people on  
Ground  
Go  
On  
About  
Doing their doin'

And  
Being

Another's release ..

## around the curves

Lint on  
The  
Ledge,  
The coolant went by the heat's  
Side for  
A  
Little look into what the  
Other  
Portion does ..

Shaves of skin  
Flaking off the arm  
As the airplane tools around close to  
The  
High rises to see what  
All  
This  
Activity is really all about ..

Eyes swimming to fish the contact lens  
Back into the eyeball  
As  
The  
League of actors  
Warm up their feet  
For  
A  
Play that is going to  
Be about  
A  
Girl who wrote notes non-stop from her third story bathroom ..

The record on the CD changer rovin' around  
Like  
A  
Frown going into  
A  
Smile that the  
Folks will confide ..

Yes,  
Here with the animals  
And  
There with the foliage ..

Just tryin' to make my  
Way

Around  
The  
Curves.

**as it needs**

A cold can of  
Pears  
And  
The bitch heat  
Roams  
Around like charcoal lookin'  
For  
The meats ..

Hums of Palmero  
Over the radio speakers  
As  
The  
Night time store fronts  
Ready to  
Open  
Up  
For  
Those that need their thirst  
And  
Depend on their hunger ..

Yes,  
Crushed packages of old smokes

And  
The numbers running over the letters

As I say over this cold can of pears ..

Let that fuckin'  
Heat rise  
As  
High as it needs ..

**August 9 2000**

Two months behind  
On the phone bill ..

Though the  
Pizza is still hot ..

Acquired tastes and  
People out buying new rakes as I laugh  
Under the cold flow  
Of  
A  
Good vent on this  
Warm August 9 night.