

JoeFiles L:
your eyes are watching you

pigeon crack

Pigeon shit
on the ground
and
the crack burnouts asking
for change in a coffee-stained
Styrofoam cup
on
the
afternoon downtown street ..

Yes,
there's a liquidation sale
of old hotel furniture and fixtures ..

Do your place up if you need ..

The shit's almost like new ..

Then,
you have the conventioneers and the businessmen
holding cold cups and hot grease in bags
going back to
more
mauve,
stale
serious looks
in
a
job
by
the
window
over
a
desk ..

These fuckers need to go back
to kindergarten ..

They need to learn how to smile
and
float their
arms
through the warm afternoon wind ..

I hand it to the used crack peddler

and the pigeons ..

Shitting freely and
smiling

as

though

everything has been

deemed all good

from

the

go get ..

satur day

smoke moving up and out of the window
quickly
as
it's 11:02 steady
in
the
morning of a Satur day ..

little more room on this floppy drive
as
I go on with what I have to say ..

yes,
birds are what humans want to be
and
dogs and cats are what humans can't be ..

while,
the engine
sputters down
the
road to another destination,
the
buildings hold still
until
the
next storm comes
raining through ..

yes,
as the beautiful weave and twirl
of
light

come's through making a birds nest
light string
criss-crossed over the hands
of
a
small girl,
the
world knows

more than

it will lead on

and
will continue

to learn

more

for what it doesn't already

do ...

she wears what she needs

wheels on the road,
face in the rear view mirror,
land behind,
land before

as she pulls her dress off
in the passenger seat
and
says 'pull over' ..

immediately the young man
pulls the car over
to
the
side of the road ..

his eyes
looking over the naked
flesh of his lady ..

she a free rider with dresses,
particularly while traveling on the road ..

no bras and panties for this little beauty ..

she asks him,
"DO YOU WANT ME"

at this,
he puts his hand on her left hip
and pulls her over the gear shift,
on top and
says,
'BABY, I HAVE A HARD TIME GOIN' THROUGH THE DAY
THINKING NOTHING MORE THAN I WANT YOU.'

'ARE YOU SURE? YOU NOT JUST FEEDING ME SHIT, ARE YOU?'"
she asks slowly, wagging her head as her spray of hair
tickles his face.

he laughs as she uncorks his weapon
and he quickly enters.

'WHY DO YOU WANT ME SO BAD?'
as she glides up and down over the barrel
and emits deep breaths with slight squeals ..

'BECAUSE YOU'RE MORE THAN I'LL EVER SEE IN ANOTHER PERSON.
I CAN GUARANTEE YOU THAT,'
he says as the sun lays like a platter of American cheese on the dash board

and an 18-wheeler crests the hill from behind
like a small toy shaking in the rear view mirror.

'IT'S NOT JUST MY BODY IS IT, SWEETHEART?'
she asks as a wave of climax goes through her arm
as the trucker passes, honks his horn and lightly puts on the brakes ..
though the red fades
and he keeps on.

'LOOK BABY, WOMEN DO THINGS TO MEN THAT JUST CAN'T BE EXPLAINED. THERE ARE
PLENTY OF WOMEN IN THE WORLD,
BUT A MAN KNOWS WHEN THEY'RE WITH ONE THAT HAS THE DEAL. THE REAL FUCKING
DEAL AND BODY IS JUST A PART OF IT,'
he says as an old Ray Orbison tune comes to a close and the DJ says,
another scorcher out there today folks .. try to keep cool.

'STAY IN ME,'
she says.

'OH DON'T WORRY. I WILL,'
he responds with a grin.

'NO. STAY IN ME FOR A WHILE. THERE'S SOME THINGS YOU JUST DON'T WANT TO END,'
she says in a cheerful, almost sad note.

At this,
an aardvark
comes warbling over the crest before him
and

he
agrees ..

this
can't and won't end ..

spry man

The old black man
would walk his boy down
the
street
so he could pick up some lotto tickets
and
buy him a sprite ..

Every time he went in,
the Hispanic gal at the register
would
flaunt
flirt
flick
and feel around some talk
with the older cat
while the young kid had his eyes
pitched onto the bottle of clear fluid
that was
going
to
be his prize for the day ..

All this time,
several middle aged white women
would
talk,
gape
and
say hello to the little black boy
that
looked like a prince that
fell out of
a
different era ..

The boy would cower closer to his
pops
as
the gals kept prodding him for a hello ..

The whole time,
the boy wouldn't say a thing
and
the

old man

kept on pulling
the
juice
out of this gal ..

getting a little fantasy over words
and
thoughts

while
the
young prince
opened
his

bottle of pop

and let the day fizz open ..

stool or a pigeon

Balloons stuck in
morning tree,
birds whistle
whistle
an extra
spread of jelly on this toast
of
now ..

Smoked too many cigarettes
last night,
needles are pointing towards my lung,
and around my heart
as
the
hot coffee
sooth
soothe
soothes
the
lumps that
go
around

the burn ..

Yes,
it was a good eve though ..
back to an old drinkery
I haven't seen in some time ..

I used to live in the apartment next to
and
above ..

About 10 paces from a stool or a pigeon
at any point
while in the place ..

taping talent

everybody does somethin' well ..

i know this cat that
can make a mean mixed tape ..

he made me one many months back that
i just found the other day ..

don't get me wrong,
this cat has
other talents ..

though he
can through together a tape
of mixed
melodies
and
verse ..

sure,
we all have at least one talent,
I believe

if
not
2 or 3

maybe more ..

just wanted to pass along
that
makin' a damn fine mixed assemblage
of
songs

is on

the list
of
talents ..

the best meats and cheeses

Nearin' the end of my 27's ..
the fabled rock age
and
slippin' down the road of days ..

though,
this hype on gettin' older jive just doesn't work for me ..

I feel fine ..

I believe when people really start getting
into the whole, "You're getting older"
or
"You should be close to marriage and kids now, shouldn't you?" ..

I think there's a good dose of fear and conforming to the prior generations
lifestyle and voice .. and a general fear that life will pass them by if they don't ingest their
prescribed social pill .. Not me, baby .. the less you truly push towards all those things that people
speak so much of being "fate" .. the better the chances

that the gal and eventually offspring
will literally smack you square in the balls ..

and the surprise is the best price
in the meat counter you can find, eddies.

THE CASES

they solved
the
case ..

cracked it wide open
and
went
down the street
to
get

a drink ..

while the bartender,
a pretty brunette gal in her early-30's,
was waiting while they walked into the bar
trying
to
think through the case currently going through her mind ..

This,
as a group of cats in the corner
thought over their cases
as
well ..

Out front,
there was old 'Jim Low' trying to get
a
beat and wrap up his case within the confines
of the weekend ..

Down the street,
at a drug store,
clothing shops,
boutiques,
book stores
and
such

everyone else was working on a case ..

they all had
crimes, felons or misdemeanors they were working on ..

This was an undercover
town
or,
if you have the badge,
an out in front of you town ..

keeping check on the people
and
more importantly,
on the law enforcement in the surrounding areas ..

Yes,
the FBI, CIA and other undisclosed law enforcement localities
would send everyone to this area
to
work on their cases ..

yes,
a town full of cases ..

cases are
constantly

being made ..

the whore is o.k.

Old
friend, lover of sex
on
late night phone ..

how's the livin' with that flesh of yours?

gettin' around and makin'
some men
happy in this town ..

You know,
women like you give the town
an
extra spark that could start a car in the morning
even though it's deader than a fuckin' door bell ..

yes,
you temptress in red,
black,
yellow,
tight,
high,
heeled,
low,
cut

love

you o.k. tonight?

Goin' out to get a nip of coffee
or
is there a scheduled appointment coming by
to take care
of
your
feet
and
that long massage across you chest?

you sure
you're doin' fine tonight there,
you
with your
toes
curled around the riddle

and
laughin' high
and
speakin' low ..

you
out there tonight,
i believe you are doin' all right ..

this free window

I see
The empty slice
Of electronic paper
Betwixt
Before
In front
About
Me now
Looking for me to move closer to the Queen ..

Waiting
Fucking yearning for something new
And
Coaxing
As
Yugoslavia
Goes through the final proceedings to kick out their
Now forgotten
Ruler
From
The
Confines of his office

As the
Stray animals of the world
Rove
Around below the
Beak of the barn owl
As
The
Rodents
Mice
Insects
And
Such have
Neither the legs or miracle
To
Escape it's nocturnal swoop ..

Yes,
As the small children on the African
Landscape speak a language
I
May learn some day,
I sip on some cheap
American beverage and
Feel
The
Cool

Cool ass

Breezes of night while
The
People begin stirring again ..

Yes,
There's times
And
Means about the day that will get people
Outside and down

The road

Ready to see the
Next souvenir

And
Perplexed while trying
To
Decide
What
The fuck
To

Purchase next

While
I look out
This

Free window.

through the desert

I see a small elephant,
Tiny 8" inch trunk
Searching around
For
The
Next soy bean
Or nut if it has the chance
As
Sweat collapses on my face,
About the torso

While
I hear footsteps going around the house ..

As I try to
Pull my haunches
Up from the black leather,
The sound starts fading away down
The hall
And
I can't
Fucking pull myself from
The
Sensation that has my body ..

So,
I ease up and slip back in ..

I see several
Delicate female nipples
Looking
Around
Like Siamese twins with 5.4 things on their mind ..

Then,
I tumble into a wreck room in the bottom of a
New, yet comfortable
House and
Talk about who could have created the footsteps that were previously parading around
Me
While I was sleeping earlier,
Yet
I'm still sleeping ..

Then
He's gone

And the phone rings ..

While I run to the receiver,
Still in a dream,

I
Hit

Talk and
Feel
The
Wave
Of

An
Incredible fucking nap
Snap
Laughter through

My body like
A
Stout cup of cold water being poured over a steaming
Hot, bald head

Wandering

Through

The desert ..

The desert ..

what the hell?

I see
The kids around,
Hear their music,
See their style

And
I
Ask along with the rest of the
People
Wondering,
“WHAT IS THIS GENERATION COMING UP NOW,
YOU KNOW,
BELOW US,
GOING TO COIN, SIGNIFY, STAND FOR.”

I wonder the same shit,
Yet don't give a shit ..

I see them as lackadasical ..

Many people are coming out of their educational jaunt
Illiterate ..

Don't get me crooked here,
You don't have to go to college,
Get mastered
Or
Tack into a doctorate,
But
You have to have
A
Grasp of what's going on around you ..

I just don't see it ..

There seems to be a void
Or an overwhelming amount of pure black in the eye
Balls of these kids ..

No color in the pupils ..

I wonder about these pupils ..

Yet,
Each generation will somehow come out and have
An
Ink stamp pressed into their mark ..

At the same time,
We all look at the generations below us
And think,
“WHAT THE HELL?”

you know?

Morning radio show
asking
'what do you know?'

do you know what you know?
or
do you understand what you know?

yes,
that's the question ..

you can know what you know all you want
as long as you know what you want to
know as you know how you know ..

but,
do you understand what you know?

ask yourself ..

do you understand what you know with what
you know?

9-29-00

format that piece,
they ask

as the candle wax
stands upside down,
dripping in a dry mold

looking at the sand on the ground
as
the
blinds flap
to
a
b-side melody coming out of the speakers ..

an iron standing before me,
a little shine
and
dark around the plastic
after
smashing some heat over
cloth ..

yes,
the early restless crowd in the cars
start making their way
back to
suburban
dwellings

as the summer bugs and rodents
keep on drawing their blue prints
in the waning days of heat
to
get into a home,
shack,
apartments,
buildings
or
other
to
keep their shit right
through the cold ..

this,
while

a
bear

picks a pear from a northwestern tree

and

scratches
his

lower back.

afternoon game of bridge

the traffic
is at a slow standstill,
maybe a move here and there ..

like trying to locate
and
keep an eye on the night
lightning bug ..

air is getting warming ..

more
cars are piling up on the stretch ..

a popular interstate loop around
the
city ..

the city's building two new over pass bridges
over the highway
to connect the north and south
and
by virtue ..

the east and west portions of the city ..

as the traffic completely comes to a stop ..

the head from an old Monte Carlo
peers out and yells to people ahead,
"THOSE ARE SOME BEAUTIFUL FUCKING BRIDGES THEY'RE BUILDING."

behind him
a gal in a ford metro screams,
"YOU GOT THAT RIGHT, WHITE-O. LOOK AT THE BEND IN THOSE GIRDERS, THE
COLOR,
I CAN'T GET OVER IT. THANK CHRIST I'VE HAD THE CHANCE TO SLOW DOWN
RIGHT BEFORE IT AND ADMIRE IT'S ENORMITY."

some cat in a truck in the back yells,
"FUCK BOTH OF YOU. I HAVE A FAMILY AND A LIFE TO ATTEND TO. I DON'T GIVE
A SHIT IF THEY'RE BUILDING A FUCKING BRIDGE OR IF ITALIAN ROWING TEAM IS
PARADING AROUND NAKED. THIS IS HORSE SHIT!
I WANT TO MOVE."

an older man in a Cadillac up front gets out of his car,
cups his hands around his mouth and yells to the

man that just spoke,
'GO TO HELL, YOUNGSTER. THESE ARE SOME
IMPRESSIVE DAMN STRUCTURES IN FRONT OF US.
I HAPPY TO SHARE THIS WITH
ALL YOU BASTARDS.'

After this,
he climbs back into the car,
pulls out a cigar ..

clicks the car lighter in ..

.. the traffic begins moving ..

as the cars start honking
and
waving
at
the
workers

doing their

bridge.

believe in the goose

If you don't think about
The
Movement ..
The moment will visit you with free passes
To a show
And
A tickle of liquid for
That
Bearable thirst ..

Sure,
If you keep the mind's eye
Still in an
Constant sway,
You
Will smile like a champ
And
Whistle like
A
Hero ..

Oh,
And now
The band tunes their instruments on a
Los Angeles stage
During the intermission
As
They ready to go on and
Give the ears a good shot of
Good time motherfucking music the
Radio
Can't afford ..

Yes,
The world is full of beautiful
Sounds

And

Goose pimples

If you believe it ..

Black & Messiah

the old catholic woman
wrapped in a black shawl,
purple skirt,
white blouse
holding the hand of an older man
with
shoulder length hair
and
a light beard ..

Fighting the wind
and
twisting like a daisy in a hurricane,
the young man smiles,
as the woman holds her emotion like
the
final hand in a poker final ..

She comes through the tall wooden doors of the church
being greeted by the bishop,
sisters,
and parishioners ..

she says,
'HE HAS ARRIVED .. THIS IS HIM.'

As the man smiles,
the bishop steps a foot before the gathered crowd
and
touches the young man's face ..

As a tear comes to his eye and
the others ask,
'ARE YOU THE ONE?'

The man asks,
'WHICH ONE?'

'THE ONE. HAVE YOU ALLUDED THE SCRIPTURES AND COME BACK
WITHOUT A TRIUMPHANT ENTRANCE. ARE YOU THE CHOSEN ONE.
GOD?'

a nun asks as the woman in the black shawl stays covered up
and shakes lightly ..

'WHAT IS ALL THIS? MY NAME'S CHARLES RECTOR. I'M JUST A GUY ..
I WAS TOLD THAT I WAS DOING A FAVOR BY HELPING THIS WOMAN

TO CHURCH. I HAD SOME TIME DURING LUNCH AND THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M DOING.'

he comes back.

With this,
the woman takes the shawl down and speaks
in an audible, medium whisper ..

"WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ALL OF YOU? THIS IS JUST A NICE MAN THAT HELPED ME ON THE STREET."

The bishop begins,
'WELL, WE WERE ALL IN MY OFFICE WHEN SISTER PRATT COMES OVER AND SAYS THAT YOU HAD WHAT LOOKED LIKE CHRIST WITH YOU. YOU KNOW, YOU HAVE TOLD US THAT YOU BELIEVE YOU WILL RUN INTO GOD IN THE STREETS. OVER AND OVER, YOU HAVE TOLD US THIS.'

"YES, I BELIEVE I HAVE. THOUGH THIS ISN'T THE ONE."
she whispers back.

'IT'S OUR MISTAKE. WE COLLECTIVELY HAD A FEELING.'

At this,
the young man shakes the woman with the shawl's hand,
starts walking towards the door,
looks over at a mobile podium in the corner with a bible on top,
goes over,
grabs the bible and says,
'DO YOU REALLY BELIEVE YOU WILL RUN INTO HIM ON THE STREETS SOME DAY, IN THIS CITY?'

The woman looks back,
'I KNOW SO.'

The young man leaves,
veers towards the neighborhood bar
and

laughs while his fingers run over the
pages and word
of

the
book in his hand.

bottle cap

Bottle cap

Bottle cap

Go off and listen at the door

For

The

Next

Drink ..

Yes,

If that doesn't work ..

Go off and

Hang with the melted wax lying on the tabletop

Looking so thin,

And scaly

In

The

Approaching evening

That

Could use

A

Good talkin' to ..

Bottle cap?

Are you there?

Have you left ..

I can't see you around ..

Are you hiding behind the book,

On top of another bottle,

Trying to light a butt in the ashtray

Or

In my pocket ..

You little

Bastard,

You we're there the

Whole

Way.

cigarettes?

I'm out of
cigar
e
ttes

no
more smoke here ..

the tabacci
is extinct ..

nothing
but asses
and ash
in
my

vegas tray ..

no more
bets
in
this craps tournament ..

yes,
a cold beer before me
and
nothing to
breath ..

out
of sticks ..

"no
more

cigarettes?"

comes to an end

The barracks
And
The
Train whistles
Arresting the folks
In
Homes around the stock yards ..

The cattle
And
All the steaks,
Burgers,
Pork loins,
Tender roasts,
Rib eyes,
Ground rounds

The people have enjoyed over the years
Was
A
Smell that once wafted through the area
Like
A
Saw blade
Acting as a fan
Blade
Whirling the air
Like
A
Hand
Mixing sugar
In
A
Coffee cup ..

Yes,
As the smoke curls around the flame and the ash
Here
In
An
Evening

That has been deemed 'open'

This channel of catfish,
Salmon,
Hammer heads,
Minnows,
Sharks,
Whales,
Monster fish,
Gars,

Catfish
And

The
Like

Of water
And
Not knowing of any land around

Comes
To
An end.

crazed amazement

We all have
Time
To
Wait for that bus
To
Crest over that hill
In
The
Kill of winter
While the ice coddles above
And
The
Wet sheaths below ..

We all have time to
Wait around while the
Bass player
Re-strings
His instrument during a hot set where
The
Women moved like mechanical jelly
And
The
Act
Acted
Like a scar on the arm .. something you'll never forget
And
Show it off to your gal at one point or another
Late in the sack
Or
Early before
Going
To
The work ..

You have time for once
More cigarette
While
The
Shot putter in Australia launches another throw
And
The
Archer pulls out another sharp point to
Prove
Something more to the world ..

Yes,
You do have enough time to wait for that steak to cool
Off before
You
Grab the Worchester

Sauce
To
Cool shit off some ..

Christ man,
You have some
Time
To
Wait around
While she slips that pair of hose
Over those legs you'll check for hair later on
As
The
Schools of the world
Continue to fight for some more cash
To
Teach the kids
A
Little more than the next grade ..

You have
Enough
Time
To
Finish reading this
As
The
Lines
And
Words
Lead
Further and
Further on
Down
The
Electronic
Key
Of
Time

Following the blinking
Colon
Goin

Goin
Going
In a mad race
As
Though it doesn't even have time
To
Wait for the numbers as they try to
Catch their breath
From
Last
Night ..

Sure,
You have just a little
More
Time
To
Let
Your eyes go
Down
The
Remainder of this page

As the blues guitarist/singer
Winks
At
The
Crowd

And
Explodes into

A small piece of candy that lies
In
The
Middle
Of
The
Stage

While the
People look on in crazed,
Wild

Amazement ..

day's rotation

Pieces of hair
Growing out of the old man's scalp
As the old woman trims her
Ear
Hair.

The whore gets a proposition
That includes no sex
As
Chicken chain restaurants
Decide to branch out into the Mexican food scene ..

Lactose for the tolerant colon
While the roundabout answer walks
Straight past the question.

The baby's first day
Of
Walking as
The runner finally
Caught up with
The

Day's rotation.

down the hall

morning slice on
the ice hat
as
the
tip slipped comfortably into her back pocket
and
her
smile was more than the bullshit talk of her table
and
the ensuing bills,
which was nice and fat,
but hardly
worth her look ..

Burnin' the vomit out of the gallery of eyes
and
givin' the cats another reason to tear through the trash
in search of that
extra t-bone strip
as
the old housewife brings in a warm cup of
milk to her husband
that
has been off work for some months ..

Bad groin ..

Now,
down the hall
faint echoes of television voices
and
static going through the flourescent lights above ..

Buzzin' and rearin' at each other
to see
which will be the white noise of choice ..

fold and unfold, sweetheart

Sometimes you notice
When people aren't around

And then
At times you notice all too much when they are around ..

That's a fucked and curious
Part of our
Being ..

We want the
Company,
Then
Feel we could use a little time to
Tackle the word
Brush
Instrument or other ..

It just hits you like
A
Taunt whore that won't leave
Your zipper alone
No matter how
Hard your words swat her hand away ..

Yes,
It's a wacky bowl of fruit loops

How it works ..

Though,
I think you can tell your mind things
The
Rest of the lot will think is insane ..

And that's my problem ..

I don't give a shit ..

I dig folks
And being about,
Though
Moments are all we have in the minutes
And sometimes you
Need to break away to get that line down,
Talk to that gal,
Give the canvass a good push,
Get that lyrical line down

Or just
Lean back and let your head become your hair

And
Your eyes
Your torso
As
You clasp back

And
Watch this
Whole

Show
Unfold
And
Fold
And
Unfold
And
Fold
And unfold
And
Fold,
Sweetheart.

gambling books

Here's my take on gambling ..

If you come out even after a good
tousle with the tickets, dogs, slots, horses, roulette, blackjack ..

Just went
to the convenience store and bought
five lottery tickets ..

Then,
went up the street to a middle school to drop
some things off for my job
and
scratched the tickets off in the parking lot ..

I won five bucks on one ticket ..

Went back down the street
to the convenience store and cashed them in
for
my 5 dollars
back ..

Now
that's a fine damn day
of gamblin' in
my

books

and
marks.

he doesn't like to be called bob

an older cat
doing Public Relations
for
a
construction outfit in town ..

i work with him now ..

he has that east coast charm,
calls me young man,
has a wise, jaded cynicism that's refreshing,
calls me the wrong name from time to time,
talks to himself,
listens to everything
without raising his head,
happy as plum shit to have many young, plump women around him,
smiles with his eyes,
remembers the Beatles for what they were on the Sullivan show,
ponders much,
thinking little,

tying pieces of confetti
to
those that want a shot ..

having lived it,
he's spoken to death
and

refers to life as the other side most people only
see as the one side ..

he's always around ..

when I come back to the place
after movin' about through the day,
he's there in an old button up sweater on
a
87 degree day ..

we need more,
true,
tough,
gritty
old fuckers

to keep the world
sane
and
the

jokes
full
of
comedy ..

**keep your mail;
i want to paint the halls**

I keep putting
paintings
above
the
mailbox
in
the
hallway
in
this
apartment
building
that
contains rooms,
bedrooms,
bathrooms,
lights,
pipes,
fixtures

and
more importantly .. people ..

Yes,
and
people are taking down these
paintings ..

I keep putting them back up ..

Yes ..

and I will keep on ..

if I run out of paint,
I will get more ..

If they get tire of looking at the
picture,
I will keep on putting
them up ..

people get jacked up over
a
little color
and

playful askew in the world ..

i'm here to help ..

so,
let's open a warm shell of
sight

and
remember ..

I will win
this
particular battle,
whoever
you
happen

to be
or
are
with your
rooms,
bathrooms,
lamps,
shades ..

you person you ..

lifter

Man operating a crane next to
my building,
putting the pieces of another large
parking structure downtown ..

Over 200 feet in the air,
an air conditioned cockpit with flags
and twirlin' red lights
just
liftin' stone to be placed
where the cars
will
rest their brakes ..

yes,
as he lifts the blocks of stone,
he begins thinking that he's doing this for all
the
wrong reasons ..

downtown doesn't need another fucking parking structure,
he rolls over and over the
line
of
thought through his head ..

At this,
he cuts the engine and looks around at the
high
splendid afternoon view of downtown
while the birds fly at eye level
and
everything seems busy,
but tranquil ..

All the workers below begin
waving their arms,
whistlin' and shouting for him to keep
stacking the
stones
on
the
structure ..

At this,
he snaps out of his
fixed glance over downtown

and notices
a
slender, beautiful gal waltzing by in a
yellow and white cotton
dress
eating
a
cone of cream ..

he smiles
as
he thinks about the times
he's going to have with his
gal later
that
rollin'
roarin'
rearin'
Friday evening ..

He's going to pull all the stops,
he's goin' to romance
his gal so well she's going to forget the news,
the day
and
her
nails
in
one
snap of sexual debauchery ..

He revels in this for a minute or more
before
he
bursts the door
on
the
cab open and yells down to the boys
wavin'
cheerin' and waitin' ..

"I'M NOT DOING THIS ANYMORE, BOYS. END OF THE LINE.
GET THE FUCK OUT OF THE WAY. I'M SMASHING WHAT I
BUILT. THIS PARKING GARAGE REPRESENTS EVERYTHING I'M AGAINST
AS A WORKER IN THIS UNION AND ON THIS PLANET.
FIRST, WE DON'T NEED ANOTHER DAMN PARKING GARAGE DOWNTOWN.
SECOND, THIS IS GOING TO BE ERECTED SO THAT THOSE TIGHT ASS
BUSINESS FUCKS CAN PARK IN HERE, GO TO THE CONVENTION CENTER,
DRINK IT UP FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MONTHS AND FUCK A WHORE. THEN,
HAVE THEIR CONSCIOUSNESS AND CO-WORKERS COVER THE WHOLE THING.
I'M NOT DOING IT. MOVE OVER. I'M SMASHING THIS SITE."

At this,
the boy's below begin scurrying to the edges and outside
of the construction zone
as
the engine fires up again ..

He raises the crane arm as high as possible with the slab
waving like a mother to her child descending on the morning school bus
then
let's the slab fall on the 3 levels already erected ..

Shit crumbles ..

a cloud of smoke raises for all those on the ground to peer
and
pull their eyes tighter to see through the dust
as
the
cat in the cockpit laughs from up high seeing the
demise of his previous toil ..

Laughing and laughing ..

He doesn't care a flick about the repercussions of his
act ..

With this,
he crawls from the cab and begins taking the
elevated chair down the trussed, vertical metal elevator ..

As he comes down,
sputters of applaud and whistlin' goes about
and around
as
he notices the construction manager
flying through the crowd with a crowbar
in hand
and
a
face flushed
a
bright red ..

Though,
it didn't matter ..

The man in the crane couldn't do it
and
that's all that mattered to him ..

All he couldn't think about after noticing
the
boss coming in a charge through the smilin',
cheering crowd
was
that

he was going to make
his
wife's face
as
red or
more
in
a
flurry of

celebration lovin'.

lighting the candle again

Lighting the candle
Because someone put
It
Out ..

Bringing back
The flame because its
Time was
Brought
To a close by the invisible breath ..

Getting the fire back where it
Should
Be
Because the smells
Are ripe
And
The
Curve more like a woman coming across a
Long hallway
Leading to
You ..

Taking the sticks to the stones
Because
The
Stones wanted
To
See the sticks again ..

I'm lighting
This candle again ..

love in a napkin

floating paper napkin
playing
around with the airs
in
the middle of the highway, interstate ..

going over windshields,
under tires,
through front grills,
under the oil pan,
over
the barricade separating the roads ..

down into the ditch,
up over into the sky some 9 feet high ..

down into a gulch,
off to a side street,
through a drive through

and later that
day

an older cat on the boulevard
picked it up,
blew his nose

and tightened his new grip
on his
lady's hand.

morning tar

Oh .. ahhh .. that fresh smell of road tar
early in the morning ..

the boy's are below pouring that black froth into the road
and applyin' the heat all thick
and
real
this morning as the cool
airs waft that scent up this way ..

yes,
it smells of livin' and

truth this morning ..

fuck yes,
keep on pouring and melt
that
into
the
afternoon ..

MOVIN' THE SHAFT

had a dream the other night
I was
in a car with Shaft ..

Driving down the street,
we go past several movie posters
promoting the new film that just came out
and
when to look for the sequel ..

the sequel is to come out in '2049' ..

Shaft was telling me that the movie company
was trying to squeeze him out of the sequel,
he went on ..

"Shit man .. I won't even be around for the sequel ..
Why do they want to wait 49 years to release a sequel to a movie .. "

"Probably because they waited over 20 years to have the
first big Hollywood release of your jive, friend,"
I tell him.

"Shit man, that still doesn't make no sense. It took
too long for them to release the initial film. Now,
they want to double the time period,"
he says looking straight forward. Keeping his eye on the action.
The actor still has the role in his blood and tends
to lead the real life of Shaft now in his off time ..

"Well, have you talked to production about what their
mind set is behind waiting so long to release the
next film?"
I ask.

"Damn man, they won't be tellin' me a god damn thing about
nothin'. While we were makin' the original, they treated me like a plump
gooseberry pie .. Now, they seem to have turned away and just
forgotten the agreement we had. I signed it in my contract that I would
play the lead in any subsequent films that would go down,"
he said .. still lookin' forward .. lookin' for action.

"Sorry chief. It just doesn't seem right,"
I tell him.

"Yea man, that's why I be doin' the Shaft off camera .. They can put off the film,
but that intercede the duties of a man tryin' to keep
the shit safe for others .. "
he continues ..

Then,
at the same time,

we
say,
"FUCK YEA".

moving little

moving vans,
trailers,
hitches
goin'
on
down the way
to
get somewhere's else
with all that shit stuffed in the back ..

it continually
gets me
how
much
shit
people pile,
collect,
gather,
keep,
hoard,
insulate
and
such

all
stuck in the back of a trailer
or
hitch

that will be moved
and
tucked away in a new dwelling ..

the best thing about
moving
is
throwing out
all
the
shit that has collected ..

yes,
give it away to the blind
or
other ..

do you really need that much shit?

never seen before?

A little rock,
Some classical tunes,
Maybe some AM talk
As the switch goes scanning through the waves
Looking for an eye to question ..

Yes,
As the paintings dry,
Candles get extinguished by fate,
And the bottles of beer
Ease
On
Down the tunnel like a new amusement park ride
That is ready to live up to all it was spoken about ..

Sure,
As the words start piling on top of each other and fighting for
New space
In
The
Old
Temptations that made all the Henry's in England fuck with
The wrong women ..

Sure,
It's the subtraction in your multiplication tables,
It's the subordinate in your ideology,
It's the straight-faced fuck making out with your girl as you come out of the pisser,
It's the nine tales stuck in the novel about 6 takes on luck,
It's you and her and him and them as she and they and it come full circle
In
The
History
Of repeating stories
And
New

Adventures
Through
A
Cliff,
Ground,
Road

Or poem you have

Never seen

Before.

no more cookin' love

where's the cord to this microwave?

I cut it ..

why?

oh, i want to cook more on the stove. some better shit, you know what i'm talking about.

no. i don't know what you're talking about. are you o.K.? this is my microwave and i want to cook with it. fuck, that was flat stupid.

no. no it wasn't.

sure it was, hun. why didn't you just store it somewhere or put it out of sight where you knew you would be tempted to use it.

oh, yes. i thought of that. it's too simple to approach it from that angle.

what.

too simple.

and this was complex? cutting the cord?

not complex. just logical in my estimation.

your estimation? well, you better figure something out quick, because I want to use this fucking appliance and it won't work on the stove.

sure it will work on the stove. you have pot pie. pre-heat the oven and throw it in. plus, it tastes better in the stove. the top layer stays crispy.

fuck crispy. fuck the oven. do something about this microwave.

all right, open the bottom left drawer below the utensil drawer.

(she does it)

shit. where did you get this? i never knew it was in there.

precisely. how would you know? it's by the pots and pans. you never use that shit .. therefore you wouldn't have any idea it was there the whole time.

well .. it was still fucked to cut the cord on a perfectly functioning microwave oven.

that's your opinion. go ahead, plug the other one in and cook away.

hey baby.

what?

i love you.

what?

you heard me. now help me move this severed mute of a microwave ..