

can you read that bottom line?

Amplitude and
Men with rainbow handbags ..

Yes,
The 90's ended and the 60's are your wall art.

You talk of inventions,
While you fail to create ..

Talkin' of what you want to be
And how you're going to do it ..

Only the crazy fucks
Have the real licenses ..

You can talk of your Class F's – E's,
Liquor license ..

Though it's the crazy motherfuckers
That hold a real liability
To
The truth.

click that tempo

So,
Your
Standin' at the point
Looking
At
The
Frame ..

Thinkin' somethin' real good
Could go in there
Or
That
Somethin' real good used to be in there ..

Yes,
Now it's your king
Vs.
Their queen
As
The
Ticket holders

Wait to
Cash in their rain checks ..

Oh
And the point bein'
Is
That you're at the point
And

Somethin' will come of what

Is made

And somethin' will leave of what
Is made

And in between there is where you'll get the
Adventure ..

Yes,
Crazy asses,
Taste your heels

And click that tempo ..

cooler evening, baby

Goin
By
The
Sound
That
Carry
Noise
As
The
People
Frolic
About
The
Streets
In
The
Coolin'
Coolin'
Weather,
Baby ..

So,
Grab
A
Piece
Of
Fruit
And
Join
Me
On
The
Sidewalk's
Tarmac
And
Don't
Bother
Trying
To
Decipher
The
Words
About
The
Ba
Bas
Bass
Basss
Beat

Baby ..

Just
Grab
Your
Shit
And
Forget
The
Bra,
We
Have
Plenty
Of
Support
Out
Here
For
Your
Eye
Lids
To
Stay
Wide ..

Yes,
The
Fuckers
In
Their
Floods
And
The
Wise
With
Their
Cuffed,
Open
Buttons
Puffin'
Cigarettes
Like
Fools

As
The
Tobacco
Kings
Raise
Your
Glass
Of
Beer
And

The
Evening

Gets

Cooler,
Baby.

corner of the line

Grinding machines
And
Flyers on the bulletin board of risin' stars ..

Men walkin' around confident
With divets in their face as the
Women exude truth in their head tilted
Over a blank piece of paper,
Pen in hand.

Feature articles
On 'where are they now?'
As
The
Star forgot exactly what
He was doing
Before he got there.

Tales in a peacock's mouth
As
The small dog refuses
To calm down for the winds travelling
Like a bastard towards
Your

Corner of the line.

countin' with the gals

Met this
Gal at a drinkin' joint the other night ..

She teaches small kids
Everything they
Need
Before
The
Ground hit the water ..

Yes,
Prouncin' hair from shoulder to cylinder
Of back,
Smilin',
Taking down a mouth of smoke
As
We go
On
More
Over
The
Drinks
And
The
Sounds of the
District

Stitchin' together a pair of pants
It
Will rip open
Later in the night ..

Though,
I left too soon ..

Didn't get the #
Or
Another
Splice of time we could
Take care of
The
Ears ..

I called her work today ..

First time I've gone this far
To
See a gal the second time ..

Yes,
I see more than A-B-C's

And
That

It wasn't a loopy leap ..

We're too short sometimes
With the time allotted
And
Have
To step back into the light
To hear what the crowd was cheerin' about
That
Whole
Bloody time ..

Lookin' forward
To
Countin'
To
10 or more
with
this

gal.

downtown mixin' machine

He's a
21-year-old kid,
his
wife's pregnant,
he's
climbing the
steps
thinking about
getting
a
good slug of drink in before the sun goes down ..

Another is a young cat
Moving furniture
Out of his fiancée's house
Into
Their
New abode ..
He broods a low smile
As he approaches
With
Thoughts of
Becoming the next
Heavyweight champion
Or
Another
Regular cat walking down the street
Open
To
The
Interpretive temptations
As
Life rolls along like
An
Inter tube over a
Skim of water ..

Then,
You have the recluse
Who finally opened their windows
And
Blinds
While the orange manila envelopes
Sit
In
The
Sill of their window
Bin waiting for the pressure of
A
Pen and
The

Good scratch of a woman over
His
Back ..

The other is a she ..

She's an old guard from the
Italian northeast front
Keeping it
Straight and fucking
Narrow
For the
Cats
That
Think they have the answers
And
For
The
Jackasses
That
Forgot
Which way the
Hot dog vendor
Went ..

Yes,
Some kids
In
The
Buildings around
Leading
And
Weaving their existence
With

A
Look
A
Smell
A
Frame
A
Slice of wood in the folds
And

Some

Downtown juice
For
This
Mixin' machine ..

dryness of now

The coffee tastes like time
As the
City
Doles out the water
That
Was poured from the cloud
Last
Night ..

Yes,
With open mouths and
The
Chance for another
Opportunity,
The
Kids
Run through the puddles with reckless opinion
And
The
Opossums go
See
The
Eye doctor ..

4 parts of
the
9
as
the
sky

decides when
it
will rain down again ..

Yes,
In the bucket
Of pails

We
Drive around in an old
Pair
Of

Shoes
And
A new
Shirt

Enjoyin'
The

Dryness
Of
Now.

fading sun

One minute
Away from 6pm
As
Coltrane
Comes glidin' smooth
And
Good with the red fruit punch ..

Yes,
It's nice to work about 14 paces
Away from the abode
As
The
Rest of the teeming scene of faces
Race to either corner of the city
Back
To
The
Suburbs
And
Rising garage doors in unison,
Yelping dogs on the top of the proverbial steps
And
Spouses already sharpening their knives
On
Their
Does of nightly tV.

Yes,
As the cigarette ash
Splashes against the cymbal
On
The
CD sound,
The
Cars putter pat a pitter with their small engines
And
Clenched fists of
Stress,
Means,
Ways
And
Hallways
That
Keeps an extra fluorescent bulb hidden in the corner ..

Yes,
I now see the small
Kids of the
City
Doing children things

As the
World laughs
On
The
Last
Round

About
The
Sun

Fade
Fade

Fading.

fancy bark on your linoleum tree

Chasing the coat tailed brim of a din
In the master's rim ..

Matching your rhyme for the count that took over the
Master ..

You never had it
As the words spill vertical in
A
Horizontal dream ..

Grabbing the paper as though it never knew you,
Inspiring the pen for al it didn't do for you ..

Yes,
You tame,
Low tuned
Bastard
Trying to write
Because the evening proved
That
It
Was only
You.

forgotten market

Pen ink seepin'
Through
To the other side
Of the page as
She refuses to discard her bra ..

The sting in a cup of salt
And
The piss in a grocery store check out
Magazine rack ..

I hear the stock market
Out my window now
Within a dog's bark ..

It's erratic and something
I
Will soon forget ..

fuckin' funny

Laughter is a funny
Little thing it is ..

It's funny in
Its
Way ..

A
Sound
Or
Spell from the nostrils

It's
A
Comical
Thing ..

Funny like a 3 legged dog waiting on a list
To
Get an artificial limb ..

In motivated gal
Deciding she wants to be a full-time whore ..

In the empty bottle of malt liquor
Rolling down the side of the highway ..

In the imagination of a
Small child while
Fooling around with a small pet ..

In the funny little thing
Called 'laughter' ..

Such
A
Funny
Fucking thing ..

fucking sweet

They
Look at me like
I just
Got
Out
Of
School and want to do their job ..

Their sympathetic,
Searching
Eyes
Looking
For
The
Nodule
That
Will tell me to stay or arrive ..

Yet,
I don't want to live their life ..

Nothing to do with years and years and years and years
With
The same gig ..

Strumming the fucking wash basin
As
Though the
Rest of
Civilization
Is
On
Standstill for hours and hours and hours ..

Yes,
I
Like this floatin' gig ..

From one parcel
Of cash
To
The
Next to
Get
Around
The
Bin ..

I'm thinking New Orleans
And
Looking at the

Boston
Skyscraper
As
The
Man looking at me like I need a memo
And
My first job ..

I smile
A
Sigh

And
Know
How

Fucking sweet it

Can be ..

gal's show

Cold in
The
Sept. air
As
The
Birds scourage about
Thinking
Where

The south came from
And
Why the north is far away from it ..

Yes,
As the wet,
Morning lamp poles rest from
Last nights lighting,
The
Women of the city
Wake
With

Their figure
To
Figure

How they rule the world ..

Yes,
Girls
Run the show,
You crazy fucks.

Their

Making
A cup of coffee
Now

As
The cereal cools off ..

give it to them

Guitar chord
Out loose
On the road ..

The cops are
On the snouts
Trying to find
This
Chord ..

Yes,
As the city pulled the plug on
The nightly jazz shoe,
Another dollar
Was
Raised in the name of
Feeding
Several hundred mouths in one
Day ..

Yes,
As the emergence of classical music
Comes
Back and kicks people in the ass,
There
Are
Two old Harvard gals arguing over the fact
That
They collected research
Proving that the arts and music
Don't necessarily
Make a child more apt
Or
Increase intelligence levels ..

Makes me think more
And
More
That
Studies
Are just studies ..

Nothing more ..

Bullshit is bullshit ..

Cane is cane ..

Stone is stone ..

And
The
People need
Arts and music ..

For an inherently subjective medium.
To strap a realm of subjectivity

On
Top

Of
This

Is crap.

happen next

Crow
On top of afternoon
Street light
By the creek,
Mouth open,
Neck erect,
Bending and fighting for more to see ..

Yet,
Just enough was coming through his eyes
Over that fluttering colony of land ..

Yes,
In the moments that would
Pass
And those about to follow ..

The bird fellow looked
About as though he knew what
Was
To
Happen next.

heat that shit up

Nearly in
The dark ..

One last cigarette
Before these feet
Go
On

Movin ..

Yes,
As
The
Moccasins of evening
Get their
Warm on,
The
Cold hearts will work
On
An
Evening of
Love at it's best
And
Some thawing

The
Way it was intended to be ..

As the world in on the make
For the taking
In the giving,
A

Person grabs a can of cold corn
To
Heat that

Shit up.

her smiles

The truck flew
Over the overpass
With a group of white faces
And the saying .. "a smile in every aisle"
As the driver was just laughin'
And laughin'
While he fondles his gigglin'
Wife
With no pants on

In the passenger's seat.

his medicine

He came
Over late last night ..

I had
Good slugs of wine in
My gut
And
Wash polishin' off a late film ..

He came in,
Sat down on the ground.

"I just don't know what to make of it,"
he tells me.

This is about his new fiancée and her child.

From what he said,
They were going to rent some films
When
She stops by a diner she used to work at ..

The gal and the kid take off as he waits in the front
For some time and
Finally makes his way outside ..

Some minutes later,
The kid comes flying out the door and towards the rental store,
Past this cat
And without her mom.

He looks around for his fiancée to come out and
Get her kid ..

No signs ..

So,
He goes over to the video store and
Hangs out with the kid while she picks her video out ..

His gal finally makes it over ..

By this point he's dismayed ..

They pick out their goods
And head to the counter ..

There are late fees ..

The gal begins getting angry and making a scene ..

Another episode of her blowing up in public
And
It's wearing down on this man's soul ..

Shit man,
I just tried to talk to this
Cat and give his some laughs ..

He had that look of fear in his eyes ..

Like he's not sure the sort of union and such
He's getting ready to get into ..

At this,
I couldn't give him the truth ..

I'm too good with the both of them to do that to him ..

My advice is that he
Gives it some time
And then makes his way on down the road ..

He had the fear in his eye and that's
Why this cat needs to go on
Down the chow line ..

You have to realize ..

The hardest swallow of truth
In the surest dose of wisdom ..

Mark your make
And
Live with the stake ..

I noticed this morning
A necklace by where he was exhausted and hanging out on the floor
A
Medical bracelet ..

I will have to give him this medicine the next
Time I run into him ..

Hula Boticelli

Morning sun over
Boticelli as the hula girl
Holds her ukulele
Closer with a
Smile ..

Because when eyes aren't around
And the night
Turns into morning ..
She looks for action ..

Things others
Haven't seen and spoken scenes that
Can't be
Recited ..

if you listen, click

One more time for the
Jet setter
As the yellow light stands in the middle.

Deciding on a child
As the yellow gets ready to move up to green.

No more gin, sweetheart
As the yellow inches
Down towards red.

The signal box
Just hums ..

Then, if you listen close,
It clicks.

into focus

Smells like baby powder
As I reach my arm up
And
Scratch my neck.

Looks like a windy vent as
The
Candle flame
Moves and darts
Like a ping pong ball on a roulette wheel.

Seems as though science will clone
More than a human being some day.

Appears as though all creditors
Get together and talk about
Their immense debt.

You see the crow diving into the falcon's coup
As the old maid in a Catholic school uniform
Applies to be a truck driver.

Yes,
As the asphalt turns into black jelly,
The clouds remain vapors reaching down a
Large hand that cannot grab onto a feather
Yet
Brings all the presumptions .. assumptions .. predictions ..
Prescriptions .. inscriptions ..

Into focus.

it's gonna be all right

When you believe
You don't have any more
Words,
Paragraphs,
Ideas,
Brush strokes,
Notes,
Rhythms,
Steps,
Speeches,
Blinks,
Links,
Truth,
Jokes,
Stories,
Frolic,
Drink,
Eat,
Breath,
Millimeters,
Pants,
Windows,
Wheels,
Balls,
Tits,
Or
Gumption
To give
It
The
Way
It
Should be dolled ..

Think again,
Pal ..

It's there

And easier than you
Have come
To
Resist ..

We're all full of somethin'
And
What separates us
For
Those that have nothin'

Is that we have to keep on

Pushin'

And
Knowin'

As
One counselor
Told me while I was leavin' his school
Today ..

“IT’S GONNA
BE ALL RIGHT, NOW.”

jaunt about

Piles of spent
Hub caps,
Fenders,
Grills,
Various pieces of car bodies
Molded into a mound reminiscent of
A
NY landfill
As the KC side
Of the sunset squirmed into the eyes of the
Westbound drivers.

With hell heat of over a hundred degrees,
I felt grand
As I winced while
Grabbing the wheel after letting my car
Sit for several hours in
The
Open.

You know,
The heat make you feel soul
&
the trash looks back at what it created.

Several
Things

On this Sunday about.

just bullshit

The bugs
'squeet' outside
as the young boxer and his gal leave
the place.

She's emotional
And he's just complacent with
His feelings.

As a single man,
I feel sorry for
These cats.

The complexity of a woman
And the simplicity of a man ..

Or is it both
For the two of them
Or
Just bullshit?

keep on'

Haven't
Found
A
Job
Yet ..

Talking
To the phone,
Writing to the computer screen,
e-mailing servers for a response ..

I'm just sittin'
Back a little,
Letting the smoke curl,
The drink sweat out of the pores,
Runnin' like a stream ..

Livin' a little
Time
That
Was held back on
Their
Clock ..

Yes,
I'll keep on looking
While

They keep on searchin'

KENNEDY & CASTRO

Echoin' record
And skippin' disc
As the
Band broke their drum sticks
And sold their
Used strings to the highest bidder ..

Sure,
Your hands are good
But how are your toes?

You see well,
But when's the last time you really
Used your eyes?

Captive in a captor's seat ..
The night turns
Into ice water as the tempo
Drives a Ford to pieces and
The instance went on to involve the moment ..

Oh,
Calico woman
With your mutt hands ..
Let's talk about Kennedy and Castro.

know about

Beautiful kindergarten
Teachers
And
News of China
Having words with the Pope ..

Old black inner city teacher
Ready to retire
After
38 years
as I miss the green light
while the beautiful girl
crosses the road with thoughts
of truth
even if her clothes lie ..

Yes,
As the woman in the leopard print top
Asks me to help work on her computer ..

I agree
Because she may have
1 secret
I don't know about ..

laying down a toothbrush

The girl
Who always brushed her teeth
Married the podiatrist
As the proctologist gave the chiropractor
A good look over ..

Strings in the boy's lentil soup
As the bread rolls were sold off to the corner
Jeweler ..

Oh and blowing off the steam
Off the top of a standard stream in a dream ..

I have your cusp
And sip your milk
As you lay that toothbrush
Down in
The
Mornin',
Darlin'.

leanin' back, baby

As you
Sit back and hear the news,
A new song,
See a new woman,
Taste a new pickle
Or
Simply play with those thoughts
As
Though
A
Cat is racing through your mind with
Nip on it's tongue ..

Know that
The scuttles,
Small articles
And
Petty bull jive
Will be calculated and carried
Out by the rest
Inventing
Social recipes
On
A
Cell phone they can't afford
Or
A \$20,000 vehicle that owns them and
Is written
In
The
Book of Chapter 11's ..

Yes,
Smile and roll along
As
You
Would
And
As you shall while the inventors
Keep
Going
Back to the drawing table
To
Figure
The
Words
And

Bullshit that
Makes
You
Know

That
Leanin' back
In
The
Place
To
Be at times ..

lottery child

Was leaving a school
Today
After meeting with a teacher
On
Giving
Some
To the people that need it in the city ..

I saw a little
Black girl on
The
Bottom of the steps crying ..

Big balls of wet,
Clear tears
Crashing against her cheeks,
Arm
And
Railing
Telling another teacher
That
No one had come to pick her up yet ..

Her folks
Brother
Or
Sister,
Maybe an aunt
Uncle or the other couldn't get their shit going
To
Give this little
Black girl a familial smile ..

Fuck,
I thought,
I almost took this girl
Out to the nearest ice cream parlor
And
Let her go crazy for a while ..

Then,
Drop her off at her place ..

You see some crazy shit in
The
World
About
A
Day
As
The
Hour goes by ..

If anything and when
Anything,
Take care
Of
The
Kids ..

It kicks the shit
Out
Of
That
Purchased
Lottery
Ticket

Waiting for the state
To
Shoot out the numbers ..

louis' toe

You know,
I was
Listening
To
L. Armstrong
In the car tonight
And
Started thinking
About

Those cats that needed to exist ..

Louis
Was
One of them ..

Taking the notes
Of
"Beautiful World"
in a time when the US
or world
was
slicing through or reeling from a war
he
overlook
all the bullshit
and

talked
of
shaking hands,
the marmalade

ice
sun

and such ..

An steel wooled crooning black man

Making
The
Truth

A
Damn fine

Tap of the toe.

lovin' and a brick wall

These boy's aren't going
To hurt
Nothin'
As the young Mexican cat
With a shaved head goes around the wall around the city
To give his gale some oral pleasure ..

They can't hurt nothin',
They're on probation,
They assume
As the friend of the man givin' oral pleasure
Sides out to have the gal give him oral pleasure as
The other walks off with a wet smile around the brim of his mouth ..

These boys weren't taught to hurt anyone
As the next man comes up to the guy getting his shit squeezed
And says,
"If you don't walk away .. I'll hurt you."

The man getting' it responds,
"Ain't none of you cats ready to hurt anything."

Mend the Dr.

Molten
Sweet
Like
Amber
Down
The
Titanium
Pole
As
The cowboy's stretch their
Plastic ropes
To
Raise the cattle ..

Melting like
A rubber raft
In Iowa
As the wordsmith
In the wood shop
Fashions letters
On a lathe and throws
His scraps
Out to the kids building rocket ships ..

Yes,
As the air boils and
The water evaporates,
The sink comes to a head
As though the operation
Cut
The
Doctor ..

my groove

Dogs sniffing
Out chipmunks in the bushes ..

No time to stop
For a good pat on the point ..

He stops me at the crosswalk for some bullshit as I take a piece
Of
Cold pasta from his plastic bag ..

Yes,
As the molecular biologist contemplates
A break
In
Experimenting
To think
About
The
Big cells,
He can't because he
Has
No time.

As the small kid
Stops on the playground
To tie his shoes ..

I hear a soprano singer
Deep in her apartment above the Blue Room on Vine sing
Faintly ..

“Will you stop and listen to my groove?”

new(s)

She knows more
Than she'll
Talk about
&
talks less about what she
knows about ..

As her toes tense and curl
Against the end of the mattress,
Her
Name makes sense and
The
News
Is
Just
News.

nice dream, man

Midgets
Are always good subjects to have in dreams ..

Yes,
When the shit starts mounting
And
The
Landscape begins bubblin' over like
Froth
On the top of a cup ..

It's a good time for a midget to appear ..

You know what else is good ..

A clown on stilts,
A woman with no back teeth,
A used Tempo on training wheels,
Pudding bars with legs,
Buddha with a head of long, dark hair,
Candle wax melting upside down,
A lake of water turning into an enormous red wood tree,
A woman blowing bubbles from the tip of her index finger,
A monkey eating a bowl of cereal,
An DJ spinning the hits on a brand new 8-track player,
A retired tax man dealing the deck in a game of 21,
Turkeys barking like a dog,
Loose overalls on the skin of a naked body of a woman ..

Yes,
It's a damn fine time for a dream ..

night watchman left his keys in the lock

He had the chicken cordon blue
For lunch,
Talked to that fine young
Woman that comes across the swirlin' carpet every Tuesday.

Yet this time,
He boiled his grapes and asked her out.

They would go out for some chicken together.

As the scenes played over the clavichord,
The rest of the band was packin' up.

He kept on playin'.

Fiddlin' like a fool beside the
Front door
As the lights dimmed and he forgot he had shoes on.

As the last cashier asked what he was doin' that night ..
He just smiled, winked her way and threw his keys later
To a friend sayin' he has some business to attend to ..

The next mornin' he heard the news.

The keys were stuck in the lock on the outside of the door
Overnight ..

Cops were real concerned.

Now,
He's out of a job,
Pickin' the chicken out of his teeth
While his new gal in the other room of his apartment slips off his robe
And asked who was on the phone.

"An angel,"
he replied in a coo.
"The sweetest voice this pair of ears has ever heard."

no pepper

Coming
To the hill on the chill ..

Yes,
As the brotha' and his gal do
Some squeezin' at the top of the short stairwell ..

The boy's in their cars
Crankin' the jive as the juice stays cold
And
The man shouts his trash from the speakers in the hoop-t .

“DRINK 40'S TILL YOU THROW UP.”

I keep wonderin' ..

How huggin' and fuckin' gets misread as
Love and music
As bad as what is circulating around ever grabbed its
Mass appeal ..

Nothin' but mashed potatoes
With no salt
And
Not a hint of pepper ..

now and around

The Olympics,
A bottle of beer,
Processed corn under fire,
A stick of cinnamon gum,
The mayor wants to pass another bill,
The fruit juice melting in the cooling eve,
A gas strike in Europe,
The papers folder like a triangle untwine before me,
Presidential candidates talking of Medicare, social security, education,
The taste of candle wax sticks to my tongue after my last inhale of smoke,
Milosevic was overthrow for a new government in Yugoslavia,
As the fast food burgers settle in the pit of my belly ..

Just
A little update
On a piece of
What's
Going
On
Now
And

Around ..

old bird in a hen's world

In the post office yesterday,
Sending
Off some
Papers to an editor
Of
A
Local magazine ..

I was about 4 back in
The
Huddled line
As
The
Older black gal doin' her business
Counted out 'one .. two .. three .. four ..' up to seven
Dollars
For
Her transaction ..

The gal behind the counter was laughin'
As the old gal says,
"You know the reason why you like me
is because I ain't right in the head."

Then,
She said,
"I don't want to get married to a man. I pray to the good lord that
he doesn't send me a good man. Cause if her does, I'll just whoop his ass."

The only people laughin' we're me and
Several other older black gals
Pennin' their information on
Express delivery labels ..

Yes,
Comedy all around you
And
Few
That
Constantly through out
Their
Truth ..

one cold beer a bit past 1 PM

“Little early for a beer,
donta think?”
she asks while lazily walking by.

“Depends on what you mean by the term ‘early’ sweetheart,”
I reply.

“Shouldn’t you wait till a little later in the evening,”
she comes back.

“Who made up that rule? The advertisers, politicians, your folks? Where does
it say you can have a drink either early or late?”
I ask.

“It just doesn’t seem normal,”
she says.

“Looks as though you just answered your own question and lost the debate. Cause your question is crazy,”
I tell her with a grin.

At this ..

She looked down, then up to the bar
And said,
“We’ll talk two of whatever he’s havin’.”

I tell her,
“I like the way you’re starting to think.”

open a book

No more work for the laborers
Because the bosses finally figured and
Forgot
Their capitalistic bone and
Opted for some fun.

Enjoyment stretched like puddy all silly
In a smudge of black newsprint
Telling of used lottery numbers
And
Inner city girls finally getting their education.

Yes,
In the weaves between labor and education ..

Just open a book.

open it up and laugh

Don't let
It hold you back or
Keep you away ..

Open up the
Door
And
Poke at it,
Talk to it,
Give it a piece of ginger root,
Tell it a story of Paris,
Wipe peanut butter on its walls

Give it
A good lookin' through your eyes
And
Send it a post card by hand ..

You know what this is ..

It's the thing you
Think you can't put your hands on ..

That
Epoch of space

You need to open up
And
Laugh at ..

other cars begin

Old
Rocker
Came out with
A new album ..

As the organ
Goes
With the
Kick set,
The bus
Driver
Tries
To
Mustard together the remainder
Of
His
Brake pads ..

Cancer patients
Within
Eyes
View
As
The
Smoke leave the tray
Like
A
Shoplifter fleeing from
The
Cops ..

Yes,
The
Jug
Of
Wine stands
In
The
Corner with a wig
As
The
Pieces of paper around
The
Place
Sit
With
Stains
Or
Scratches ..

Old

Rocker
Is
Half way through
His
Midway
Point
As

The
Other
Cars
Passing down
Below

Begin.

others have said enough

People
Are always
Looking to strip the layers ..

The story beneath the
Story,
The tendons behind the facemask,
The scared mouse listening to a cricket symphony behind the wall,
The light finding a sale on 'dark accessories',
The
Finger
Going
Forward,
Around
The
Corner

Curving like
A
Precipice,
Laughing like a blind woman
Going like mad happy down the sidewalk to buy a Snapple and play
The new Braille version of their instant win sweepstakes ..

Yes,
Whether it's people talking down the street,
In a building
Or
On a platter of television fed raw to cooked and poached eyes,
People
Are
Lookin
Lookin
Lookin

For a way to peel through the paint,
Melt the varnish
And
Beckon the groundhog before the sun rises ..

Yes,
I would
Say
More

But I believe
Others

Have said enough,
Friends.

* play *

Stoppin' because the
Train runs
In front of me ..

Listenin' to the cat walk
Because the dog's were put inside for the eve ..

Talkin' to here in a lisp
Because I bit my tongue while taking down a
Hot plate of tortelini ..

Movin' because there's
Never any traffic on this street
While nimble
Women decide to take on
An immigrant's post on painter's row ..

Yes,
While the variables do speed as though it's standing still,
I see an infant with a cloth towel sitting up in her crib
Rubbing the scratches out of your record ..

Play it doll,
Play it ..

random act of day

Pushin'
The car up the hill
With several strangers
I vaguely know ..

Strainin' to get the vehicle horizontal
Over the hill
Before the engine turns over ..

Yes,
Pushin' like a woman givin' another soul to the world
On
The
Maternity ward bed,
Giving a piece of sweat for the pounds of blood pumping through the cat
That
Needs his car to go pick up his gal ..

He's already late,
You don't know him from shit,
Though
You
Know what
The
Situation is all about ..

Sendin' that car
To the flank of the hill as you hear the key turn,
The stick shift
And
Daydream while a dragonfly floats up and down over the center
Of the top of the car ..

As you drift away,
The man behind the wheel yells,
"Fuck, it's rolling back."

You forget the dragonfly and imagine
A
Woman dashing
About your mind with sweat,
Curls,
Naked neck and the car flings back to the top of the hill ..

As it moves over the hump
And begins rolling down,
The man behind the wheel starts the car,
Farts,
Honks,
Waves

As the three strangers on the top of the hill
Watch the dragon fly floating back and around higher in the sky
Before them
And
Collectively smile ..

They missed his
Wave,
Yet know he's gone and on his way ..

Standing there in a line,
Middle of the street

Just
Watchin'
The
Bug

Weave
About
A random act of day ..

reachin' for junk

Went into
A
Bar tonight
With a friend to see
Another friend ..

Having some cola and cocktails,
A gal from Baton Rouge .. a Mexican-American
Drunk on a seldom given furlough from the office life
Comes
Over
Cooin' about our faces
And how we look.

Squeezin' our cheeks
And
Pulls our hands into hers
For a
Walk over to
A
Table of
Middle-aged women
Smokin'
And
Hittin' the drink hard.

While I'm telling a gal
That I'm older than her youngest kid,
The Baton Rouge gal
Reaches her hands
Straight back towards my junk ..

As I dodge and
Re-lodge back to my seat,
We
Laugh about the bar
Whore over another fresh drink.

As they flick the lights
For last sips,
She comes back by,
I catch her eye by chance
As
The
Female waitress we know
Grabs the Louisiana gal with a glimmer in her eye
And
Takes her out to the sidewalk.

Yes,
Sometimes sweet justice doesn't arrive

Until you
Either go to sleep
Or
Wake-up
Or
Realize that
Sobriety is the great equalizer.

said more

It's been
Over
5 months
since I have heard her voice,
though
it feels like 3 years ..

Yet,
You need to let the feather go
To
See how it will float
And
Land ..

I see her eye
And
Still find
Her
On
My
Ankles ..

I know
Reason has
Said

Much more ..

SINATRA NIGHTS

Older cat in a wide brimmed hat
Sips down hot, house coffee
As his 'escort' for the night sits silent,
Goes outside for a smoke,
Averts the eyes of other men that know
As
Her
Customer on that eve just keeps on readin' the magazine
In front of him,
Covering her face.

He wanted no sex that eve,
Just her company as he tore through
Cup after cup of black, sugarless coffee
While
She
Looked round,
Fought to hop
And
Thought of her former days as a real classy
Busy whore workin' the streets Dover, DE.

Yes, he opened a bag of cheese puffs
And
Shoved them down his mouth
While lookin' at
His magazine.

Phone rings.

She looks towards the back of the coffee shop,
Then down to the pad of paper before he
That
He
Brought.

She grabbed an uncapped pen and began
Scribbling the cash she could have had if
This
Morose cat didn't render her stationary
And fuckless on the verge of a rainy
Eve
Where she could easily have spread,
Guzzled good booze,
Laughed plenty
And made some healthy cash
As
The
Man interrupts the room by snorting

Like a retired captain walkin' over the deck of a cruise ship.

Yes,

She thinks to herself,

“Sinatra never had nights like these.”

Sippin' soup

Meandering over a pot of soup
As the
Staggering group of Mexican cats
Wait for the Acura to pass
So they can
See their babies in the house ..

Yes,
Up the street
Dogs barking at the fence
While
Another coat of plaster goes
Over the home's siding ..

This,
As the traffic hoards the train line
Below
The
City ..

Night cools
Like a woman's leg against
The ice cream truck's chest ..

Oh
And how they invent games while
The
Kids
Sip
Their
Soup ..

still workin'

Here in America
People doing
Tai-Bo – Tai Che
On the steps of the art gallery by night,
Plump cats walking along towards their owners
As skinny kids walk away from
Their
Parents.

Yes,
Clapping hands
And whistlin' mouths
As
The
Girl asks me what my story is ..

I told her,
“You shouldn't interrupt someone while they're still writing.”

the former

The BBC is in London as
The
Winds
Blow over KC trees ..

Bells and train sounds in the
Distance as the
Word has turned into a breeze ..

In that,
You can dip you head and
Torso down to enjoy or pull away
And
Question the source of wind ..

I see
The
Former is chosen ..

the hot & the heat

Oh,
You with your on and on talk
Of the humidity ..

Let me tell you
A little somethin' about the hot
& the heat.

The hot is when your lady comes out of the shower,
Nothin' on,
Towel wrapped in a turban on head,
Bottle of lotion in hand
Askin' you for a little application help.

The heat ..
That's just walkin' down a warm city street,
Sweatin',
Laughin'
Cause you recognized somethin' you'd never
Seen on that path you walked more than
Many times over.

Again,
The hot is when you buy a train ticket for no particular
Reason and board for a city you've never seen ..
The whole time you's just laughin' at the prairie rollin'
By as the waitress asks if you need another one.

All right,
The heat again .. on the other hand ..
Is knowin' that your dreams are your mornings
While your vision is the evenings.

To recap ..
Your hots are a little rarer than your heats.

You should be care not to mix the two ..
But if they do .. it's all up to chance anyway.

Such as the events that transpire in the heats & the hots themselves
And
That's an all right,
Marvelin' event that needs no explainin'.

He went to bed with the sound of the BBC going low over the summer nocturnal embers and flipped open Zhivago for one last go. As the sounds of the BBC went over the details of a sunken submarine in the ocean, the book started wearing on unprotected eyes. Sleep was the next thing as the lights went down low and the shadows on the wall danced around like living manequins scurrying for one last drink before last call closes down the front doors.

In the morning, he rolled off the foam and thought about the corporate world as he reached for a towel and started whistling a tune as the bathroom door went shut. Cleansing before having to fend off the suits sitting around the growling coffee maker and fluorescent lights sending the people to the eye doctor on their newly received vision insurance cards. As the water came down in a welcome array, soap went over the body and made complete sense. Cleaning the body .. for it was dirtied by the previous day and evening. Giving the people a sense of good smells. Though, the corporate flow didn't seem to make any sense at all. It was after about two years of labor on their clock. Taking a good portion of the day, while he would make it a point to stay up late into the AM to rectify the time that the corporate faces weren't giving. So, the mornings would sometimes fall into the red zone as he would tie on his shoes and head towards the gleaming glass doors holding the people in from the downtown bustle of the outside world. Shit, he thought, particularly that day as he reached for the navy blue button-up he hasn't seen for months, it felt different that day.

Going up the elevator, he started thinking over ideas from the previous minutes that came like a surprise in a child's game of hide and go seek. Getting off the elevator, he headed towards the chair that would give him his electronic in's into the word that would take him through the day. Ironically, he was having a good day getting shit out the door and ready to get out the door in the near future. Feeling good about the flow, the boss comes over around 3:30 PM and asks if he has a minute to meet him in the big bosses office. "Sure," he says with a grin. As he was led back into the confines of the chamber, the head of Human Resources for the company was sitting with an empty pad of paper opened up and a pen standing erect in her right hand. At this point, he had a good feeling what was going to happen next. The anvil was getting ready to fall down and the sure chance of getting his clearance from the chambers was imminent. Then, the stream of words started coming out of the mouth of his boss. Most words were heard, but not listened to until he said .. "As of 5:00 PM today, your employment will be terminated." He resisted putting out a large, minced smile as his approving acquiescence to the decision that came down. As the words continued, he heard the buzzing of the lights more clearly that the words that were being spoken to him. Something about continuing insurance coverage and a severance check.

Following the news, he asked the HR gal if he could have a minute with his boss. She gave an apprehensive look over to the boss for an agreement. He nodded his head in a 'yes' motion and she got up for her final exit on my clock. As the door closed, he looked out the window and admitted that he had a feeling this was going to happen. His bosses face dropped a bit as he went on to tell him that it would take no longer that several minutes to clean up his hard drive and work area. The 5 PM cut off wasn't needed. He was ready to go then. The boss nodded and followed the young man out the door towards his work space. As the started rifling through his things, the trash can began filling up quickly. In a little over 3 minutes, the cleaning whip had been extended and it was time to take the final elevator ride down the chute. The whole time, the young man's boss and the HR gal followed close behind as escorts in some prison documentary you would see on a late night PBS special. The young man said "Sianora" as the doors closed for the final time on that corporate scene. It was pure freedom from that point on. As he went through the shimmering glass doors into the city head of late afternoon, he pulled out a smoke and began laughing at the folly that just took place.

He didn't just lose a job .. he was given his freedom. That pocket of truth you have to keep holding on to everyday.

the world

Job offers,
Holes in 7 month old skivies,
The radio sounds like porch chimes
As
The trees hold up like a 96-year-old black gal in
A
Nursing home ..

Another shot of German liquor
For
The
World as
The
Beauty in wine sips
A
Cup of coffee
Before going to bed ..

Yes
And the rich folks
Pawned a case of underarm deodorant
To
The highest bidder
As
The sirens just cut loose,
Racing tires,
The silence returning
To
Night ears
As
The woman sipping
Tea
Gets her son a glass of hot milk
Before
Making love
To

The whole fucking world.

to fit

Been
Driving around the eastern streets of this city
Much lately ..

Yes,
Getting a good swill
Of the scene while running
Around
To schools for a charity drive I'm helping with ..

Yes,
I see that segregation runs
High and hard in this city ..

I never realized it
As much as now
As
My white face peers through the open glass to find
Addresses smeared,
Scribbled
Or
Penned on a piece of withered paper ..

Yes,
When people talk and make it their plight to
Eradicate racial barriers,
They need to go to the other side to see how it rolls ..

Whether it's on the white side or the black
Side,
It
Should be viewed and taken in ..

Though,
The eastern portion of the gate
Has
A
Good fucking look to it ..

Though,
You can see a real kick back to the day when shit used to really swing and
There was
More
Of
A
Mix going down,
There
Is
Indeed a barrier that still separates cities from people
And folks
In the urban scene ..

Christ,
I would like to see a good melting of faces ..

This separation
Doesn't

Seem
To fit.

treatin' all animals

A flyer on the wall-

"There's a better way to deal with animal cruelty."

Sure,

As I remember a friend telling me that the cost of one stealth bomber

In front of us

Could feed every homeless person in the US comfortably for one year.

People talking of Prime Time TV portraying cruelty to rats

As

Throngs of people are stranded, hungry ..

There's a fuckin' better way to treat all animals.

up and down the steps

She pulled up to the
Front of the house
With her friend in the passenger seat ..

The girl ran out of the car and
Towards the house ..

Her beau was inside and
A young man, around 18 was hanging out on the porch ..

She walked straight into the house and up the stairs
For her rendezvous as
The girl waited in front of the house,
Engine killed,
Looking all around except towards the young
Cat hanging out on the porch ..

The young cat looked around,
Went inside,
Came out about 20 seconds later with 2 cold beers
In hand
And headed down towards the car ..

Approaching the car,
He asked the gal if she wanted a beer ..

She said 'yes' ..

He nodded,
Handed her the beer,
Smiled as he careened around to the other side of the car,
Opened the passenger door,
Climbed in ..

"You know, I love the feeling of drinking in a parked car,"
he said looking straight forward.

She laughed.

"I've always noticed you from the street either through the front window
or on the porch every once in a while. Though, I didn't have the nerves to come
up and talk,"
she said.

"Hmm. This is the first time I've noticed you and just came down. You
the designated escort while she's inside?"
he continued.

"Yea. She really likes this guy. I wait out here as a precaution. Just in case the
ex-boyfriend starts prowling around,"
she said.

“Yea. That’s pretty fucked. Why doesn’t she just take a taxi or walk. She doesn’t live that far away,”
he said.

“Yea. That’s easy to assume. Though, I need to be here to soothe him down if he comes though this way. He’s a crazy fuck and there’s no telling what he would do if he assumed they were in there knocking shit out the old flesh way,”
she said.

“Yea. Does he come through that much?”
he asked.

“More than you think,”
she replied.

“So, what are you to do if you see him?”
he asked.

“Honk to prepare them and stall him in case he tries to climb the steps,”
she said.

The beers went down quick.

“You want another?”
he asked.

“Better not. We have to work tonight. I need to honk and get her back down here. Hey, can you shout upstairs for me? We really need to get on down the road,”
She said.

“Sure. We’ll see you next time,”
he said.

“Maybe more. Come by work some time,”
she said as she grabbed his free hand and moved in to kiss him on the cheek.

“Yes. Yes I shall. By the by, you have a great grip,”
he said as he left the car.

As he headed up the steps .. the gal was coming out of the house.

As they passed,
He said,
“You may have to be dropping her off here soon.”

“What,”
she came back in a disoriented glance.

“Come back whenever,”
he said
as
he
laughed and headed back up the steps.

without a joke

He tells me of friends
He
Knew
That
Could make a shit load of counterfeit bills ..

Money for
Zero
And
Taxes for fools ..

Yea,
He said he would give them the piss about what they were
Doing
But
They
Knew otherwise ..

Literally in the business of making money ..

It kills
Me at the amount and variety of criminals
That exist here
In
USA ..

How many people are looking for the ride
Without the fare,
A pair of shoes without the laces,
A meal without the cooking time,
A ride without the waiting time,
A dollar without the packaging,
A job without hours,
A sweet without a need ..

The story without the conclusion

And
Laughter
Without

A joke.

women as men in Florence

A bottle on a frame

As

A

Kid gets a high chair for the day when she
Will actually be tall.

Yes,

The children spend their days

Wanting to be an adult as

Age knocks on their toe nails like a leaking gutter.

Then,

As the whatever becomes moreover,

The violin string tightens the lancer's bow

And

Makes the horse rear like a bastard

As

A

Group of old ladies parade down the KC block

Like older men strolling, bullshitting about auto racing

In Florence.

workin' class whore

He tied his shoes
And skipped past
The gum machine.

Late again for work.

He crawls the elevator
Singin' Norwegian Wood.

Gets off the connector
And walks past his boss.

The boss asks,
"Who are you?"

"What?"
the young cat asks.

"Do you work here?"
the boss asks.

"Still sleepin' boss,"
the young man comes back.

"We'll see,"
he says as he walks over to the phone and
calls security.

As the part-time musician and artist
As security badges take him to the front door,
He slowly forgets
He was ever a full-time whore as he gets on the phone and
Calls the airport ticket counter.

The whole time .. realizin'
We have to keep on securin' our freedom
Every day.

“writers on film”

He traded in a small piece of his
Vocabulary
For a nice day’s pay ..

He typed for hours straight without knowing
That a thousand eyes would watch his words being formed some day ..

Yes,
In the new, web, multimedia cast world on now
Readers had their wishes come true.

Hidden cameras or those in the open now
Film contemporary poets, writers, novelists, etc.
Writing their pieces.

Fans and non-fans start sucking these
Images in like nothin’.

Even people that don’t read the authors
Or at all swallow up these videocassettes of authors in the throws
Of the process.
(*Watch for the new Miramax release – “What are they doing while you go to work?”*)

The writers at the computer,
Typer,
Ledger,
Stack of pages,
Roaming around speaking a story into an audio recorder.

People are fixed to the process authors take.

It’s a new fad and authors are having a hard time understanding the fascination.

Yet,
Some or a good thrown give in ..

Though,
There are a decent number of authors that won’t let their process be filmed
Because it inherently goes against the grain of what they do ..

As one said,
“Why the fuck would someone want to watch this?”

“Well,”
says another author that has signed on to a multi-tape video deal, which is one of the top sellers in the US.
“It’s just a phase. People are silly and fickle that way. It’s like this new wave of reality TV going on right now. Status quo has a tendency to burn out sooner or later. They will eventually realize that their time is much better spent reading the material than watching how it’s being constructed.”

Another author, responding in opposition,

“That’s what I’m talking about. This whole ‘behind the scenes’ voyeurism is not only inane, but it contradicts our creative flow. It’s just not right. We weren’t meant to be filmed and watched. We are intended to be read.”

So,

As the American idolization of a new fad goes .. it will fade and the writers will collectively laugh.

Though,

It was a nice thing.

Writers finally got paid well for their craft even if people weren’t reading their shit. In fact, many authors made more money in this one period on video sales and rentals than the actual assemblage of words they were putting between covers.

Yes,

It is a comic irony.

What people will buy into.

Misinterpreting the final product of the literary process.

Taking the first for the last.

Looking backwards through binoculars.

Getting a scene they have never seen before.

People love what they don’t see on a regular basis .. that’s why the opposite of the regular is preferred and It swept through one of the last veins of the creative process.

I believe I am being film right now.

yawn in another cage

Blackjack on a backgammon table
As the
Triple 7's laugh at the
Triple 5's lookin'
To set the lights afire.

Yes,
As the kids play pool on the marble counter top
While the star 6-pocket hustler finally decided
To court his favorite girl.

Chalk over a typical neighborhood sidewalk
As the slate reflected the dim,
Swimmin' reflection of the popular computer screen.

A CD playing in an 8-track player as the old woman
At the microphone decides that music will
Always keep the world fresh.

Yes,
Your eyes in a cat
While searchin' for a new bone
As the tiger yawns
In
The
Marsupial's cage.

yellow green

Night time drivin' in a storm,
Daytime heat sippin' a hot cup of coffee,
Loose curtains flowin' as she comes to 'air dry' naked in the breeze,
Zero's supporting a prime number as the integers
Look for a good couch to talk with their babies.

Kids and crayons,
Scientists in the vacuum of a kaleidoscope
As the words get large,
Inflate,
Resonate
While the fable in an emptied and clean mustard jar
Hops out
To
Buy some
Of
That new green ketchup.

your history

History
Does
Repeat itself ..

Whether it's an old broad you dated
You haven't seen for
Some time
Or
Someone mentions an old teacher you
Can't
Remember the name ..

Yes,
That wheel doesn't just happen in history
Books
About nations that are still alive
Though
Used to
Rule the
Ways
Of the world ..

Such as American
Now ..

Yes,
It comes back in a bucket of salamanders
And
It's somethin'
You
Will
See and
Smell ..

Though,
It can pass with the next
Car on the
Narrow
Highway ..

Or
It could be that one
More moment that you were afforded for reasons
No receipt will ever
Tell
Of
The
Bet made ..

Sure,
You in that new pair of socks,
Remember

The old socks
You threw away could come back

And
There

You have the roundabout

Cycle
Of

Your history.

Z (two)

Lovers

On the retaining wall row

As the white limousine pulls away

And the cop's search light

Glares out

One bright eye

For those

That

See

With

Two.

a story

Lawn fodder
In the grass
As
The
Evening bugs
Unfold like drying paper
On a hot sidewalk ..

The sound of keys
&
a dog collar behind me
as
the
young girl
asks
for another bed time story
during
the
middle of the day ..

Yes,
Anytime is
A
Good
Time

Forastory.

a video game

The Mexican cats and pimp cats
Come to the bluff to smoke over their bitch stories
And
Get more than a few laughs
To drown out their work day ..

Wobblin' side to writst,
Talkin' of fightin' and maybe the race's struggle
For equality as the old hotel stands vacant and the corporate
Whore shops stand guilty ..

Yes,
With night moths flying blindly into my bare ankle
While
I hear footsteps approachin' ..

Walkin' without shoes
As the population tries to fight literacy
With a video game ..

and such

Where do all these people come from?

I wonder.

I see them,
Talk with them,
Walk next to them,
Listen to them,
Smell them,
Jump next to them,
Skip around them,
Drink with them,
Smoke by them,
Read about them,
Write about them,
Wander next to them,
Instigate a laugh with them.

Yet,
Where do they all really come from?

animals like humans

Coltrane hits
A fiery solo
Through
The
Strained and
Dulled speakers ..

Though,
He painting everything in glass
And
Giving the air exactly what it called for this cooling,
Autumn evening ..

And now,
As the solo starts rising to its apex,
The birds begin gathering on poles,
The window sill,
Trees,
Protruding bricks on the neighboring building,
The roofs
To
Hear the remainder of the song ..

They are swooping in
Steady,
Heavy numbers ..

Some are squeezing through the open screen and window
In my room
To sit on top of the radio with cocked head
To
Figure out the sound ..

Feel the vibrations through their stick legs ..

FUCK
They keep mounting ..

THERE HAS TO BE
At least 70 or more birds all over the scene
As
The
Horn lowers and the drummer flops into his
Solo ..

With this,
The birds begin
Flying away in a slow,
Melodic pace ..

Not

Leaving like hell is on their wing tips as you would expect
With a person so close ..

No,
They are taking their time ..

Going on to
Their nests and other areas
Of
They sky

Knowing

They heard the best ..

The mark of a bad ass ..

To pull in the animals like humans ..

auction talk

Holding the book down
With a block of metal
While
The sprinklers
Run the pouring
Rain ..

The marriage procession
Over
The
Radio
As
My friend looks quietly,
With the fear of his pending
Matrimony ..

Ducks eating
A
Chinese man's rice
As
The
Next fashion
Item
Goes
Past the
Auction talk ..

before me, honey

I'm not
Going to take
My fingers
Off of you
My darling harlequin
Sitting in rows and hunks
Of
Shapes ..

Looking up at me
While
I look into the other light
Or
Hole
Of sorts ..

Yes,
Pounding,
Careening,
Sending signals,
Lisping with fingertips,
Listening to wounds heal,
Relaying the message if the messenger has a voice,
Delivering the letter if the coal feels the fire,
Dialing up the number if the coordinates match,
Cooking up the meat if the package is around,
Making the ice if the tap works,
Defining the color if the 'black and white' group has gone,
Looking around 2-D as the 4 dimensions help the wombat up the tree,
Making it 100% if the people see 20/20,
Raising a foundation if the ground is dry,
Smoking the match if the cigarette looks tasty,
Giving a word if the interest is interesting,
Walking around the square if the hole is funny,
Keeping the lines straight if the narrow is even,

Touching
You
More

If
The
Handle
Is
Before

Me,
Honey.

both lips

Stains
On the carpet
From
Paints that
Didn't need to make
Their
Way
To
The
Wood,
Canvass
Or
Otherwise ..

A flickering light underneath the
Chest of drawers
As
The rest of us
Here in the city
For
The
Night

Make plans and
Lines about what is going to go down tonight ..

I give
All my best on waking next to their dream
And
Lifting

A beverage

That
May
Truly grace

Both lips.

boxer cars

Funny car
Race tracks &
Boxers that underestimate
Their power.

Someone's eating a Popsicle in a high rise apartment elevator
As a small kid loses his fear of dogs and pats a chow's head
While the young man in a wheel chair wakes up with feeling in his toes ..
Stands up a little unsteady as a small trickle of excited urine goes
Down his leg .. the doctor's can't explain it.

The next Houdini .. a 9-year-old boy from Upstate New York buys a unicycle and 3 juggling balls,
One pair of hand cuffs
As the cream melts in the microwave,
The tea stays warm and the yams gather more flavor in their plastic bag ..

It's almost a quarter past the half tone
As the pigeons dive from another dwelling in the city's roof
As
The horn of the train welcomes racing carts,
While the funny cars laugh around the mud pit course and
The boxer
Decides he doesn't want to
Hit another
Person

Again.

bring it all closer

Sometimes
You need to shout
Sing
Write
Talk
Shout
Whisper
Walk

Move
Nap
Check the time
Get a snick of a snack
Pull the tab off the top of a can
Listen to the numbers speak
Figure out why you don't talk to her anymore
Play chess
Open up the chessboard
Stop in the middle of the street and watch an airplane streak over

Paint the blue square yellow
Part with the rainbow and head for the street light
Make a fire on the end of a stick you pull towards your mouth
Ask for answers at the end of a speech instead of asking if the crowd has questions
Eat an olive instead of a pickle even though you don't live olives

Wear a shirt that doesn't fit
Put on a pair of shoes that don't match
Drive you car to a park to read because it beats a chair in air conditioning
Invent instead of contemplate
Give instead of taking
Pull instead of sitting

Listen instead of talking
Talking instead of hearing
Trotting instead of walking
Loving instead of going out with friends
Singing a song instead of listening to one

Trying to catch the locust flying crazy and lopsided
Across
The sky

While hearing that symphony of bugs
Brining
The
Night closer.