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## JoeFiles LIV

### losing count of the days

**plum on a thorn tree**

Unseeded  
By  
The  
Seaters ..

Sitting  
With their fruit juice  
Stains

As my coffee sings the hair off the fronts of my fingers

And  
The  
Pungent

Smell fills  
The

Room

In  
Good,  
New

Fashioned

Insanity

That  
Makes me happier than a plum on a thorn tree ..

## our third shot

been having some  
of those  
vivid  
dreams  
here  
as  
of late

with  
the  
afternoon sun  
coming  
over the lines  
of  
cold warm

here  
with  
several hour old hot coffee  
doing  
it's  
deed before  
the  
new Century .. our Third Millenium  
as humans  
comes  
towards our  
temples  
like

dry ice  
seething  
for  
a  
better secret to

reveal ..

## new and newer

The person on  
The radio  
And  
The  
Person  
On  
The  
Corner  
Said it was  
A  
'new day' ..

Yes,  
I thought,  
It is a new day ..

Good enough for  
A  
Rolled cigarette  
And  
A  
Warm beer  
With  
An  
Older black cat over his living room table  
As  
He  
Shook his head over the New Year's resolutions  
He  
Had  
Made over the years  
And  
How he was going to make some more this year ..

Yes,  
As  
The  
Weather people predict more snow  
And  
The  
Skies  
Predict more clouds,  
I

Agree that it is a new day ..

Good enough  
As

A new day

As the world makes some more  
Events go  
Down  
And  
I again have  
No idea what is making news in this land

Other than bit  
Reports  
Over  
The  
Public radio station  
As  
I  
Go from one destination to another ..

So,  
As  
I have been  
Told of the new

An old burn  
In  
The  
Carpet

Get some more dust covering it's deep

Hole

And  
The  
Evening  
Comes

Now looking  
New

And  
Newer ..

*names of him; monikers of her*

Was getting  
Ready  
To  
Go  
Grab a couple of

Drinks the other night ..

As I was ready to leave  
With some  
Fairly young cats that had  
The  
Twinkle of  
Booze,  
And potentially women  
In  
The

Future,  
I asked

One of my  
21-year-old  
neighbors if he  
wanted  
to  
take the journey with us ..

He looked over at me  
While fondling the shells of a manchala board  
And  
Said,  
"I'M NOT AS YOUNG AS YOU."

Seven years his  
Elder,  
I laughed at  
Him

And  
Said  
"TRAINS DON'T RUN BACKWARDS AND I NEVER TRULY TRUST SOMEONE WHO HAS A  
NAME THAT COULD BE BOTH MALE AND FEMALE IN THE SAME THROW."

He looked back up  
And

Laughed at  
A  
Man named Pat

Piloted

A

Train whistle through

The

Slight crack in out winter, apartment

Living

Room

Window ..

## little grain of ..

Sometimes all people  
need is a little confidence .. as the photographer  
takes  
off the lens cap,  
raised the aperture up 60 points,  
fondles at some lighting  
in  
the area,  
squints at  
a  
chair that doesn't belong in the  
scene he's going to grab  
for  
that

one shot ..

moving the chair,  
coming back,  
throwing an old kerchief  
to the right of  
the  
human subject in the subject matter,  
crouching  
down  
in the resolute on  
his knees,  
the

scene is hushed ..

again  
grabbing  
a  
small scene of  
confidence

so  
many need ..



## lemonade piss

I made  
Lemonade again today ..

Yes,  
I pulled out that worn  
Wooden spoon and  
Mixed  
Me  
Together something

Familiar,  
Wet

Crunchy

Sour love ..

I  
Made you again

And  
You

Always put me away ..

Just  
Letting you know,  
In  
Case you

Didn't give a piss ..

## *LEGS AND VAGINA*

The lock  
Unlatched  
And  
She came through the door

While he flipped the large page  
Of print over on its back ..

She asked him,  
“WOULD YOU STILL LOVE ME IF I DIDN’T HAVE LEGS AND A VAGINA?”

He looked at her  
And began laughing as he thumbed over another  
Page in the morning newspaper ..

“SERIOUSLY. WOULD YOU STILL LOVE ME OR WOULD WE SLOWLY COME TO AN END OF OUR INVOLVEMENT?”

As his laugh trailed off,  
He began,  
“YOUR VAGINA AND LEGS ARE COOL, DON’T GET ME WRONG. BUT IT’S YOUR WAY THAT SLAYS ME. OF COURSE I WOULD STILL LOVE YOU.”

“OK THEN. WOULD YOU CONTINUE TO LOVE ME AS TIME WENT ON?”  
she asked as she pulled a chair near him .. crossing her legs and keeping a safe stranger distance away from him.

“SURE. THAT’S MY ANSWER. I WOULD STILL LOVE YOU. THOUGH, YOU COULD NEVER TELL DEPENDING ON THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF SUCH A LIVING SITUATION,”  
he came back with a slight smile.

“SO YOU’RE SAYING THAT IT’S POSSIBLE THAT YOU WOULDN’T LOVE ME ANYMORE?”  
she came back.

“NO. IT’S NOT THAT I WOULDN’T LOVE YOU. IT’S JUST THAT IT’S A TOUGH QUESTION TO COMPLETELY ANSWER BECAUSE WERE NOT IN THE SITUATION,”  
he answered.

“SO, YOU ARE SAYING THAT IT’S POSSIBLE THAT WE WOULD END UP ON THE FRITZ IF I DIDN’T HAVE LEGS OR A VAGINA?”  
she asked.

“LOOK BABY, I DON’T BELIEVE I COULD EVER STOP LOVING YOU. WHETHER WERE TOGETHER OR NOT. WITH LEGS AND VAGINA OR WITHOUT LEGS AND VAGINA. IT’S JUST HARD TO SAY HOW WE WOULD BOTH REACT IF YOU DIDN’T HAVE TO BODY PARTS ANYMORE. FOR INSTANCE, YOU MAY START GETTING STIRRED IF YOU KNEW WE COULDN’T HAVE SEX AND YOU WEREN’T GOING THROUGH YOUR CYCLE. IT WOULD AFFECT US BOTH ON DIFFERENT AND CONVERGING LEVELS. YOU SEE WHERE I’M COMING FROM.”  
He explained.

“SURE. I SEE WHAT YOU’RE SAYING. DO YOU REALLY LIKE MY LEGS AND VAGINA,”  
she came back.

At this point,  
He put out his smoke  
And

Grabbed her hand .. leading her body towards the bedroom.

*THEY  
WERE  
BOTH  
LOOKING  
FOR  
THE  
TRUTH.*

*just the way you found it, now*

There are  
times

when the beauty of a person  
goes beyond the beauty ..

you  
recognize it,  
yet  
they  
have  
surpassed that mark

and it makes it very easy to questions  
the kernels  
for  
the  
corn cobs work ..

as she whistles to herself  
naked with a plate of food  
or  
laughs at the pain in her fingertips  
after  
slugging at the guitar strings  
for  
an  
hour or more,  
I  
get a little shiver up my spine ..

again,  
as she laughs  
while  
tripping over the angles of chicken  
wire

I laugh  
with

it

and  
know  
that  
to  
look into the beauty  
is

to  
take a whole,

other bold

step into

why life can be so  
fucking

nice ..

Just like a slice of cold  
watermelon  
after  
getting lost

in  
a  
hot,  
motherfucking hot

valley ..

## human versus dog time

The dog  
Went out for an early afternoon piss in the  
Freezing weather ..

Outside for some time,  
We realized we had to go ..

Late again for work or a good cup of coffee ..

As she yelled for  
Him to get back into the place,  
There was no sight of him ..

I went to start my car and take a look up several of  
The streets  
For  
Him ..

I came back in and  
Explained that 1 year for a dog is seven years in human time ..

Thus,  
2 minutes for a good piss and run  
is really nearly an hour in dog time ..

So,  
Let them run as they do  
While we whistle and whittle in our  
Tiny human

Minutes ..



## her place and all the clothes

We got back to her place  
fairly

early  
for  
our  
clocks (or lack of watches) ..

came through the door,  
colder  
that something

as  
we rolled into the warmth  
and  
started to take

off shoes,  
laces,  
socks

and  
the  
others between the neck and  
crotch ..

after a wedding,  
some drinks in the 'red bar'

we were both over our  
limits

as  
she dropped the gin and tonic  
to the cold ground  
coming out of the final  
bar  
of  
the  
eve ..

the crash was so well  
sounded,  
I  
threw my cold glass of white russian  
fluff

on the parking lot pavement ..

she crouched



next to the passenger side window,  
fell  
in the snow and had a good laugh  
as

I fished for the keys  
and

thought about the last time I had a good plate  
of  
hot  
orange roughly ..

climbing in,  
unlocking her door,  
calling her in ..

we're back at her place,  
from the scene prior

pulling off clothes

as I hear a loud  
clonk,  
bang,  
grunt

as she's splayed against the door,  
hair strewn over  
her  
face ..

she hit the door hard with the back of  
her  
head

as she sloughed off the pain

and  
drew her hand through her hair  
in one smooth,  
erratic motion

as I went over to give her  
a  
hand with getting off her shoes and  
her body off the floor ..

as  
we  
laughed over

the  
line  
drawn in comfortable liquor

consumption

we knew we would likely forget about

some events of the eve by next morning

and

as

it

happens

never forget

others

as

the

mind

continues

to play hop scotch

with

what we

have

and

what

we're trying to

get ..

## have you smelled it?

she smells of  
sweat and sex ..

rolling  
around the torn over  
sheets,  
mattress,  
blankets,  
quilts  
and  
scattered clothes  
like  
a  
doll with eyes  
that  
move

move  
following you ..

she laughs in a voice  
that  
could  
bring  
truth  
to

a large crowd of doubters ..

yes,  
she squirms  
like  
a  
fish  
waiting for the warm waters of his new aquarium home ..

sure,  
she's  
the  
bet

i'm  
willing  
to make

as  
the  
dogs  
round  
the

corner

and  
my bet  
is

in the middle of all those  
lapping tongues ..

*guns & furniture*

sitting on her couch last night,  
just lit  
a  
cigarette  
and  
was

laughing at a new scenario  
we  
had  
concocted verbally from one room  
to  
the other

when a gun blast  
shook the couch,  
floor,  
the  
stitching on my stocking cap ..

sounded like  
it  
came from next door ..

she laughed again  
and  
said it was good that it didn't  
hit

her

and I laughed

because

there's a better way to look  
at  
things

than  
with a perched,  
serious

eye so often ..

## good sayin' and bad sayin'

there  
is a fair clip of people  
out there  
that  
have

much good shit to say ..

there  
are  
many others that have nothing  
good  
to  
say ..

seems  
as  
the years go by,  
I either laugh  
or  
ignore those that  
have  
nothing

to say ..

I don't believe  
I'm being too  
rough  
about  
those that have nothing to say ..

we have  
expectations as  
humans  
and  
a  
bad conversation  
is no  
excuse ..

it's like living in unlivable filth,  
dating a horrible person,  
tripping to the ground when all you want to do is walk a little taller,  
killing the flower when all you want to do is simply smell it,  
breaking the plate you're getting ready to shovel food onto,  
or  
the  
other as you like  
and

can well imagine ..

so,  
the next time  
you  
start hearing  
shit  
getting

sloughed around  
like  
it's  
clever banter or something the gallery  
should  
perk their ears up to ..

Just interrupt  
and

ask,  
"HAVE YOU EVER CARRIED A RECORDER AROUND WITH YOU AND TRANSCRIBED YOUR  
VOCAL THOUGHTS? WELL, YOU SHOULD."

if they have any sense,  
when they  
play the tape  
back ..

it will all make sense to them

and maybe

we can  
reverse  
some

ways ..

**ghost paper; spirit squint**

the ghost  
in a stack of bills  
and  
the  
spirits in the  
stack of papers  
I won't read or will throw out very soon ..

the voices in  
the  
matchbooks lying around the place  
that I will never get around  
to lighting ..

all the magic tricks I  
won't have the chance  
to  
learn and use

as  
the  
other clowns of the world

make up  
for  
what

this clown  
just won't have time  
for

in the spirits and ghosts

that lying  
in  
the  
shit

around your place  
in  
stacks

waiting for a wandering eye ..



## getting what you got

I pour the top of  
the  
gel bottle  
towards my out turned palm  
of  
my  
hand and squeeze ..

nothing  
but  
a  
little air and a chunk of dried  
gel  
comes  
pelting against my skin and into  
the  
circle around my sink ..

so,  
I go to turn on the tap  
to  
get the strings of follicles out of my  
eyes,  
forehead

and get a drip .. drip .. drip  
of  
ice  
cold water  
going through the pipes  
of

outside now ..

as I take what I can  
get

I laugh

at  
what  
many people have been quoted throughout history ..

'SOMETIMES YOU JUST GET WHAT YOU DESERVE.'

## **fucking great day**

There  
Are many things  
You know ..

And I know that ..

But  
I will tell you something

From the bottom  
Of  
My  
Binger hole ..

If you  
Try to verbally  
Challenge me on a complete  
Load of  
Truth

With pure shit ..

I'll pin it against the wall  
And

Laugh

Forgetting  
That you even had a point you were trying to make ..

So,  
Go off and have yourself a

Fucking beautiful day ..

## frozen hearts and cops

Stopped into  
The  
Amocco for some  
Cigarettes  
Last  
Night

Before meeting several gal friends  
For  
Several  
Pints  
Of  
Suds ..

As I was waiting in line,  
I notices a skinny white gal in front of me trying  
To  
Tame  
Her  
Cute blond daughter  
Talking like  
A  
Fire hydrant spewing  
And  
Looking for the next flame to quench ..

She then  
Leaned forward with her mouth and nose,  
Getting slight contact and  
Blowing onto the cold glass ..

Then,  
She turned around and said to her mother,  
"I JUST MADE A HEART WITH MY MOUTH."

Her mother was  
Busy completing  
A  
Transaction  
As  
The  
Retractable drawer  
Behind plexiglass went back ..

With the ignoring,  
She looked up at me briefly and started walking towards  
Me ..

I thought she was curious  
And

Was going for my junk ..

So,  
I shook away the peripheral  
And  
Looked down at her ..

She looked up at me  
And  
Said,  
“I JUST MADE A HEART WITH MY GLASS.”

By that time,  
It had already evaporated ..

I said,  
“THAT’S VERY NICE. DID YOU LEARN THAT IN SCHOOL.”

Her response  
To this was,  
‘YOU KNOW WHAT JESSE TOLD ME?’

I told her ‘NO’ .. I didn’t know this Jesse cat.

‘HE SAID THAT IF YOU WEAR STOCKING CAPS LIKE THAT, THE COPS WILL PULL YOU OVER.’

As my hand tendered over the front of my navy stocking cap,  
I said,  
‘DID YOU KNOW THAT 90 PERCENT OF YOUR HEAT LEAVES OUT OF YOUR HEAD. FOR ME, IT COULD BE MORE BECAUSE IF THOSE COPS PULL ME OVER AND TAKE ME TO JAIL, I COULD AGAIN BE WITH ALL MY CLOSE FRIENDS.’

At this,  
He mom looked at me with a smile  
And  
Said,  
‘I HOPE SHE’S NOT BOTHERING YOU. SHE HAS A TENDENCY TO TALK A LOT.’

The mother looked  
Quite different from the front than from the back .. she actually didn’t look  
All that bad ..

As they walked out,  
I though

We should take more chances and lessons from kids  
And  
Talk to strangers more  
Often ..

Talk  
About frozen hearts and  
Cops pulling  
People over for no reason ..

## freud .. the molester

I've heard  
Many

Freudian  
Slips lately ..

Good solid innuendo's  
From good looking gals

And  
From

Close friends ..

Shit  
That  
Would  
Make a child grab a sparkle on the adult humor  
And

Leave with laughter ..

Freud,  
You motherfucker ..

Sometimes  
You  
Have

More influence  
Than

DeCENT hardworking

Wasps,  
You

Funny asshole  
With  
Your eight ball and molesting ways ..

*cool fire and a flat tire*

Heading  
South  
On  
The  
Interstate last night,  
The snow has melted with  
The  
Help  
Of  
Sand, salts,  
Plow trucks ..

The weather is still  
Colder than a detention room ..

As I veer off onto BROADWAY,  
No lights illuminating the road,  
I  
Smash into a pot hole  
Hard  
Enough  
To  
Hear the air begin its slow seep  
Out  
Of  
The  
Violated tire ..

I pull over for a good 12-pack of suds  
To  
Match the cold outside and  
Make  
It  
Over to her house

In  
A solid piece ..

Night goes forward into morning ..

She cuts my hair,  
We play chess naked over cups of libation,  
Talk of train tickets  
And  
The  
Laughing abyss ..

Morning comes,  
I reach over her for a good squeeze,  
Get in my car  
And

Start  
Towards  
A  
Cup of solid coffee ..

As I veer out of snow banks on the  
Side of  
The  
Road,  
I notice  
My  
Car is riding

Hard to the left and with  
Only  
A  
Cinch  
Of  
Traction ..

Stopping at the stop sign,  
I get out  
And  
Notice  
My  
Tire is  
Flutter

Than  
A  
Ledge in a pre-teen home ..

I go back to her  
Place,  
Grab some gloves,  
Call work,  
Start changing the tire ..

Once I find solid,  
Un-iced ground,  
I  
Begin

Lifting  
Morning  
And

The metal ..

As I pull the old  
Scab  
Off  
The  
Axle ..

She leans out the door and

Says,  
“COME IN HERE. I HAVE SOMETHING FUNNY TO SHOW YOU.”

Before I went outside  
She was asleep  
With  
A no

Prospect of waking any time soon ..

So,  
For her to be up  
And  
Yelling out off the cold porch  
Was

A guarantee  
That  
It  
Was going to be funny ..

As I walked inside,  
The  
Place filled with noxious smoke  
And  
A  
Smoldering stack by the side, front room window,  
He  
Son

Stands pantless looking with wonder

Asking his mom,  
“WHAT HAPPENED MOMMA?”

We start laughing ..

He holiday tree,  
Thin tan curtain,  
Table,  
Ornaments,  
Window trim,  
And window

Are wet and smoldering after  
A  
Candle  
Had  
It's  
Time to 'spread out' ..

I help quench the  
Fire

And  
Go back outside thinking ..



'her tree was to symbolize earth, air, fire and water'

looks like all were  
materialized  
in  
this  
little early morning event ..

I go back out,  
Finish changing the tire,  
Go back in ..

She asks through the haze in the air  
If  
I want a cup of coffee before I leave  
As  
Her  
Son  
Continues to ask,  
"WHAT HAPPENED MOMMA?"

I tell his,  
"Fire .. but it's cool."

I turn down the coffee and  
Head towards the  
Porch and out the door

Off  
Into

The unfolding  
Fiction

That  
Is  
The  
Reality  
Of  
My  
Days

At  
Times ..

Like  
The  
Fire .. it's cool, baby ..

## cold coupons on the street

While I was paying for  
Some smokes  
At  
A  
Midtown gas station last eve,  
A  
Black cat at the door  
Asked me if I was going towards Main street ..

It was a cold night  
And  
He  
Was huddling by the door

Waiting for some head to  
Pop through  
The  
Glass  
In  
A  
Moment of rare osmosis ..

'I'M GOING TOWARDS WESTPORT. NEED TO MEET SOME PEOPLE  
FOR A COUPLE OF DRINKS.'  
Figuring this may deter him and forgetting momentarily that Westport  
Is near Main Street,

He says,  
'GREAT. THAT'S NEXT TO MAIN.'

He was playing under the assumption that I wasn't going  
To  
Answer and that I was going to give him a  
Ride  
To  
His chariot anyway ..

This impressed me  
In  
A  
Strange slight of motion  
And  
Decided that  
I would give this cat a ride ..

As I finished writing off my electronic receipt for smokes,  
I headed towards  
The  
Door being held open by  
This homeless cat's able,

Callused and cold hand ..

I asked what his name was,  
He said  
'Steve' as he climbed into the car ..

I  
Kept an eye on a plastic bag between  
His legs  
As  
He  
Reached in for a slender case  
Asking for one of my smokes ..

I grabbed a fresh pack out of my pocket,  
Keeping an eye on the curve in the road  
And  
His hand  
As  
I  
Said,  
'PACK IT FOR ME, CHIEF.'

His eyes looked  
As  
Though I was talking about a hit  
Of  
Pot ..

He momentarily  
Got the forgotten I had earlier  
As  
He  
Asked,  
'PACK WHAT?'

'THE SMOKES I JUST BOUGHT,'  
I told him  
As  
His cold hands grabbed the pack  
And  
Began the deed ..

Seeing his small body and bald head comfortable  
In my  
Passenger seat  
Made  
Me  
Laugh ..

As we chewed the shit about a job  
He was getting  
The next day ..

He opened the case he pulled out  
To

Show me a watch  
He  
Wanted me to buy ..

'THIS WAS A GIFT FROM SOME GUY TODAY. HE WANTED ME TO SELL IT OFF FOR A  
COUPLE OF BUCKS. I'M TAKING 7 OR 8 EIGHT DOLLARS FOR IT. INTERESTED?'

'STEVE,'  
I began.  
'I HAVEN'T WORN A WATCH FOR THE LAST NINE YEARS. IT'S NOT GOING  
TO WORK ON ME.'

He grimaced  
Saying  
He  
Was just looking for a good meal ..

I told him I had no green  
And that I could give him a good coupon for a Subway sandwich ..

He told me it was too damn cold out,  
I told him he could get a hot meatball sandwich  
Thinking  
Most  
Beggars I run into are choosers when they want to be ..

As I pulled the car to park,  
He wanted to hang  
For a couple more minutes to let the blowing heat on high  
Singe his body before the beast came back  
To  
Him again ..

He asked for change,  
I pulled out a singular nickel out of a hovel of pennies  
By  
My knee ..

I said,  
'THIS IS ALL I HAVE.'

As he uttered a long 'man',  
He started attacking my penny collection,  
Scooping them in  
As  
I looked in  
Telling him,  
'TIMES UP, PAL. I HAVE TO TAKE OFF.'

As we shook hands for the final time,  
I gave him a smoke for  
The  
Road

And  
Thought about the gremlins

After midnight in the heart of the city  
As  
He  
Went talking to himself while

Strolling  
Towards other  
Points

Of  
Interest  
Away from my walk

Going  
Down  
The

Avenue ..

*call it air*

There's only  
One  
Car out on the street  
Tonight

Here in the city ..

Just one car ..

That's  
What the weatherman does to people  
When

He talks  
Of  
Inclement weather ..

So,  
Turn off the Tv,  
Close the paper

And  
Walk around  
Outside

To the

Strum of a small  
Chord

Called

Air ..

*all the world needs is a little bit of style*

Bob Zimmerman

Rev. Farrakhan

The Bomb Pop

A good pair of black dress shoes

A cold cocktail in a China town bar

The wind from a sexy temptress

A rainbow in the sky before the autumnal equinox

A dog with a permanent, natural smile

A laugh that pulls a rib cage muscle

An old typer with a fading ribbon

And

The

Jet plane that just got a new tank of fuel

As

Your escort pulls up on the runway and your woman looks over

And

Asks you,

“WHAT DO YOU DO FOR A LIVING?”

Your answer .

“This. This is what I do for a living.”

As

Sagittarius gains a new star

And

You

Fuck a super model 23,000 feet over Ohio

With

Your socks on ..

## **all the laughs tonight**

Woman sitting  
On the top step of 4 off main  
By the bus deport ..

I cross the street  
And  
Smile at  
The  
Business faces crossing and  
Flaunting  
As  
They  
Go back to their straight-faced  
Terminals ..

As I approached,  
She  
Began laughing at  
Something,  
Which I wasn't  
Aware of ..

Either an inside jab  
Or  
Someone around did something  
That  
I couldn't  
Catch ..

This  
Made

Me laugh all  
The  
Same ..

God bless  
All  
The  
Laughs  
Out

There tonight ..



**a talk**

He  
Grabbed the  
Back  
Of  
Her right arm  
And  
Said,  
“WHATEVER I HAVE, YOU HAVE NOW.”

“MEANING?”  
she came back.

“AT THIS POINT IN OUR JOURNEY, YOU KNOW WHAT I KNOW?”

“I DON’T BELIEVE YOU. THAT IS THE FIRST UNTRUE THING YOU HAVE SAID TO ME YET.”  
She came back as she leaned up on one elbow,  
Letting her soft breast lean against his chest.

“IT’S TRUE. EVERYTHING I KNOW IS NOW WITH YOU. WE ARE AT GROUND ZERO. WE  
MUST COME UP WITH NEW THINGS TO KNOW SEPARATE AND TOGETHER FROM THIS  
POINT ON.”  
He said in all seriousness as she began laughing.

“WHAT’S SO FUNNY?”  
he asked.

“WHAT DO YOU REALLY KNOW?”  
she asked.

“NOT AS MUCH AS I COULD.”  
He said as he put his cigarette out in the ashtray on her stomach.

“I WOULD HAVE TO ADMIT THAT YOU KNOW MORE THAN YOU THINK.”  
She said as she pulled his hand over to her other covered breast.

“YOU SHOULD KNOW.”  
He concluded.

*a snow day for the kids and dogs*

Took the day off  
From  
Both  
Jobs

And pulled a  
Small child around in a toboggan ..

It  
Was  
A  
Snowing like hell  
Day  
When I was literally stuck

In the city  
And  
Didn't mind ..

Running around  
With  
A  
Dog

And a beautiful  
Gal ..

There

Should be more  
Days

Like  
These ..

I'm starting to regain my  
Ways in the winter again ..

I just need  
Day's  
Like  
These  
To  
Come more often and

In more

Unpackaged varieties ..

## a bird

Drove by  
A  
Bird today  
On  
A  
Bridge overpass ..

It was cold  
As  
Nuts

And  
The temperatures were  
Dropping  
As  
It  
Had  
It  
And

Was ..

The bird  
Was writhing on its side,  
Back,  
Wings  
And  
Such

Trying to get back to its center of  
Gravity that was knocked out

By  
The  
Weather

And  
Passing cars ..

If the traffic hadn't been so thick  
With  
The  
Faces of

Hungry eye balls,  
I would  
Have  
Pulled over

Brought the bird  
Home

And  
Had  
My first pet in years ..

As it  
Works

Now,  
The

Skies have  
Another pet

And  
That's

Just fine enough

For now ..

*34 below*

Getting ready  
To leave the Sacramento Holiday Inn  
As  
She rubs her eyes  
While leaning towards her camera bag ..

As she reared back up,  
My  
Eye was on her as she said,  
“THIS IS MY KIND OF WEATHER. LET’S HAVE A STEAK FOR LUNCH TODAY.”

“Sure,”  
I tell her.  
“We need to be in San Francisco by night fall. The editor lost his patience before his wife lost her  
virginity.”

At this,  
She dropped her camera bag  
And said,  
“WHO NEEDS THE COLD ANYWAYS?”

She started taking her clothes off ..

I respond,  
“Eskimos, Minnesotians, hides of skinned cow and ice fisherwomen.”

As a shot of warm air came  
Through the window  
I laughed at  
The  
34 below wind chills  
back in Mid America going  
down

now.

## 12-31-00; italia holding to america's ear

got a phone call  
this  
near noon  
from a friend in Italy .. they were 5.5 hours  
out  
from  
the

looming lira ball dropping  
on  
the  
lurch between the 20th and 21st century ..

so,  
as the words again make it from the keys  
to  
the  
electric paper,  
they  
have only 3 hours  
now

until the country explodes  
into  
fucking,  
drinking,  
more laughing,  
another plate of food,  
several heart attacks,  
the birth of a bear,  
the extra layer of freeze over a pond,  
a shot for the short people,  
a jazz set for people that can truly appreciate their vibe away from the american slot,  
the loss of a dollar in the penny's lucky drop,  
loud laughter in the balloon's helium,  
the plan in their attempt,  
the dancer making concessions to sleep with the grocery clerk after 2 years of being friends,  
the burning of the mistletoe as the young virgin giggles with the friendly fools,  
the writer putting down his pen to look out over the firework's heating up over a holiday he doesn't give a  
lick about,  
the warm pair of pantyhose lying in her open top drawer redeeming the stupidity of 231 senseless acts,

her  
laugh

as  
I  
tell her 'buon anno'

and

the  
delay over the wires as she  
gulps  
through

her own cup  
of  
coffee

and  
the  
last

of the year

that's  
really  
the  
first

of  
much more ..

## 2-day fast

Place full of  
Cranberry smell

While Sinatra  
Comes over  
The

Air  
Like  
He created it with

His  
Croon ..

Sure,  
The  
Coffee is still holding  
It's  
Temperature steady

As  
I go  
Through another  
Day of  
Not knowing  
What  
The  
Score is in the rest of the waking world ..

Haven't  
Seen a lick of news  
Or  
Events

In  
Weeks

And  
I like it that way ..

They can

Have their news

While  
I stick to my fiction

And  
What  
I would consider news



In a  
Walk down the street,  
The heat in a bowl of soup,  
Dill in a albacore sandwich,  
The truth in the smile of a sultry woman I go see during various times of the day,  
In her dog's tail wagging and his face when I initially see him after coming through the door,  
In my pops talking about his improving heart condition,  
In falling forward while climbing a wet patch of ice,  
In laughing about nothing in their something,  
In another tip of red wine,  
In Oscar Wilde making a jackass out of himself within another bright quote,  
In the splatters of used fluids in cups all over the apartment,  
In the world's build-up to another new year,  
In two nearly drunk, senile women on the radio shooting the city a fresh dose of jazz as I and many other  
wait for an quick end to their verbal segway's between songs ..

Yes,  
In the catfish dreaming of dating the carp,  
In the accident that was later ruled a miracle,  
In the world gripping and believing in their own gods,  
In the cold gutter dripping with an even mix of wax and icicles,  
In the woman's painting pinkie toe wagging before he goes down on her,  
In the lewd conversation that is the sanest thing I have heard for months,  
In the surprise that didn't make it to the banquet,  
In the dirty windows that make things look cleaner,  
In the rolling river

Going  
Like  
A  
Mad,  
Raging

Bitch

Looking for the next bowl of water  
To  
Quench a

2-day fast ..

*1 blown bulb; 300 lights out*

You know  
They say everyone in a tug of war is equal ..

I say it depends  
On  
The  
Hope in the rope ..

E Pluribus Unum,  
Yea,  
As another obese consumer buys a piece of China they will never eat off of  
&  
will only get notices when someone accidentally sneezes  
and  
looks up into the display in the curio cabinet ..

Un de tutta,  
Sure,  
It has been said that Caesar  
Fought for all of Rome ..

I believe he really wanted  
To  
Save his own balls ..

Don't get me wrong ..

There's strength in #'s,  
But when the meat hook open's its eye ..  
**ARE YOU GOING TO TAKE ONE FOR THE TEAM?**

All right,  
I'll let you ponder your answer as  
I replace this one blown bulb on a line of 299 dependent lights ..

**went to come**

I walked  
Up  
To  
Her  
At the end  
Of the night

For some talk ..

She told me,  
“I’VE HEARD ABOUT YOU. YOU WANT TO GET TOGETHER SOMETIME AND TALK?”

“Yes,”  
I told her.

As she grabbed a slip of paper .. pen ..  
I finished off my  
Drink ..

She handed me  
Her # ..

I quickly tore it up into pieces  
And asked her,  
“What are you doing right now?”

She laughed  
And  
Said, “LET’S GO.”

We  
Went

And  
Went

From that point on ..

*verbal slam*

Dull cold  
Cars

Go  
By  
Down  
There

While

The  
Warm  
Solo men tighten

Up their  
Chins

For  
The  
Event that is going to take place

In  
An hour ..

It's  
Called

The  
'verbal slam'

and  
people sit around

in  
a  
bar and  
don't  
say  
a  
word ..

the  
first one that speaks  
will

get the 'vocal rape' ..

yes,  
there's no television,  
just

cold drinks and warm  
shots

while the people  
try to exercise their  
vocabulary

so they make  
better decisions while they're  
drunk ..

it's  
a  
trend started by one  
this one Irish pub called 'O'Knakagillians' ..

the idea  
has taken  
off quite well  
with  
the  
city folk

and attendance is crawling ..

incidents in the area of  
doctor visits due to STD's is down,  
relationships are lasting longer with many fruitful thrusts,  
and

the people generally tend to smile more in times  
when

others  
aren't smiling

at all ..

so,  
if you have to speak now ..

speak now ..

and spit out some words  
for  
those in the 'verbal slam' ..

## the sheep are all blind

They're  
Running on  
Motorized engines  
Pulling a carpet of moving  
Plastic beneath them

While  
They  
Exercise  
With eyes fixed on the TV ..

They toss  
Around getting an extra job  
For 'christmas'  
As  
They  
Curse the man they don't know walking on through ..

They eat terrible  
Food and have

Conversations

That  
Wouldn't even be enough to fill a fat  
Filling  
Hot  
Air balloon ..

They  
Fart, squirm, consume, belate, complain  
And

Exist  
In a way that

Couldn't be stretched into interesting no matter how  
Much

You

Pull,  
Tender,  
Laugh,  
And

Think over it ..

Yet,  
I'm the one that's completely fucking out of

My

Skull ..

Yea,  
It's always a good  
One

When  
I think about  
It

On infrequent moments

As  
Now

Here

Tonight

With marvel  
And  
Beauty

Blinding me like a goat in a rig's high beam ..

## the final symphony

He went  
Down  
To  
The  
Cold,  
15 degree  
floating  
river ..

looking out  
there  
until his hands  
froze to a golden  
red  
and  
his eyes  
were dry enough to hold contacts in place,  
he  
picked up a  
big object buried in the snow ..

too cold to see if it was a rock or a  
chunk of ice,  
he  
threw it as  
hard  
as  
he  
could  
into the flowing river

as  
a  
white pigeon  
flew away  
in  
a  
fucking out of place way

while

the sound of  
floating  
ice

played like a woman

rubbing  
his  
frostbit



hands

before  
the

symphony

hit  
their  
final note ..

## THE CAT'S CLAW

As  
The  
Cold  
Engine going  
By  
Looses antifreeze

Like it was never  
Really  
Needed  
In the first place,

My body is retaining

Water

And  
Throwing out smoke

Like  
A  
Sleek  
Engine

Fighting against

The cat's claw ..

## the boys and cracked wine

She told  
me  
she had to sick her Italian liaison boys  
on several  
crack neighbors  
that  
was

making her walk to the car  
more

like a mile walk in the cold ..

the  
breaker was  
when  
an old crack whore's head was broken  
through her driver's side window courtesy  
of  
her  
boyfriend's hand ..

that,  
as  
she told me,  
was the final wave of the ugly conductor's switch ..

and  
now,  
she looks at all  
the  
other  
crack whores  
and  
pimps

as  
friends

just as long as they mind

they  
mind

and  
keep

a blind smile on their walk ..

So it twas and so it is now .. it's Monday January 1, 2001 .. how do you feel? How do I feel? I feel like having a cup of coffee over the phone with Sir Arthur Clark in Sri Lanka laughing about his astronomical predictions brought to life in the '68 film classic .. or, I feel like having coffee before this electronic piece of paper now.. I think how my great grandparents and generations before and before would fucking shit their stockings if they saw how far technology has come .. technology .. flashing on the screen like a lazy eye that follows you around the room .. just giving you enough time to rest .. and no time to sleep .. so, it's 2001 .. it's 10:41 AM .. early for this cowboy .. didn't think I would get to see anymore AM that what I had already toasted to .. my body feels fairly good for the way it is usually treated .. so, it's 2001 and I have two candles lit before me (one is vanilla to kill off the smoke) as the sun comes screaming through the gray haze in the sky .. there are flakes of snow coming from the lower rim of the sky or it could be a spirit's recollection of what nuclear fallout would be like .. because it is 2001 .. the world didn't blow up, burn up or bullshit anyone into the Y2K scare this past 2000 year.. no major events that would be construed as an effect to a 'major technological' cause .. the biggest events of the year revolved around custody rights for a Cuban alien boy and voting for a corporate President puppet .. which reminds me, I finally got out of the lurch of corporate America in the year before the official 21<sup>st</sup> chime .. more pleased than a hot piece of apple strudel going into a naked woman's cold mouth ..

As time has it and Nostradamus had it .. I'm going to make a slight swami depiction of the events that could go down in the days during this first year of the 21<sup>st</sup> Century .. and when it's all said and done .. our great, great grandkids will likely be living on Venus thinking out their poems, stories, novels, dialogues, etc. instead of typing into this electronic piece of paper before me now .. so, reach down and scratch whatever itches .. here is a brief synopsis for the year 2001 on day one in a new fucking millenium .. lovers.

DAY 1 – Woke up with a woman who kicks my ass on a daily basis to make an early pot of coffee ..  
DAY 2 – Fed a horse a bowl of Wheaties ..  
DAY 3 – Saw a story on a fleeting TV at work that finally let the truth out about Oprah's rampant lesbian past ..  
DAY 4 – Slipped and fell on a piece of ice because I kept telling everyone to watch their step on the ice ..  
DAY 5 – Dreamt I was a caterpillar, yet moved like a millipede ..  
DAY 6 – Played Ms. Pac Man (fast sit down version) so much, my hands started to resemble a bruised eggplant ..  
DAY 7 – Gave a kid a piece of advice – don't push what you want to do in your life as a career .. enjoy it all right now .. it will come.  
DAY 8 – Filled my gas tank to the brim with hot, strong French coffee ..  
DAY 9 – Threw a boomerang at a bunch of balloons

floating right above a water tower ..  
DAY 10 – Listened to a Vaughn Williams symphony piece called "Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis" that again kicked me squarely in the balls ..  
DAY 11 – Saw a film that had an old porn star in a supporting role .. it was actually good ..  
DAY 12 – Tied my shoes and had a good fart before I left the place ..  
DAY 13 – Devised my own reason to their rhyme to make sense of it to myself ..  
DAY 14 – Interviewed for a job to intentionally fuck with the interviewers .. had no interest in the job .. they will likely give me some sort of an offer ..  
DAY 15 – Had a cup of coffee with an old war hero .. I didn't even know ..  
DAY 16 – Winked at a girl that paid my tip and let me borrow her gloves ..  
DAY 17 – Got so cold waiting out in the streets to take a good picture that I

couldn't feel my balls any longer ..  
DAY 18 – Finished off 4 week old Summer Sausage that kept its vigor well ..  
DAY 19 – Took the B train to spot C while we all finally figured out how destination A came about ..  
DAY 20 – Read an article on blood transfusions .. while reading, I got a paper cut that took over an hour to clot with bathroom tissue ..  
DAY 21 – Thumbed through a page of Hunter S. Thompson's new book and again laughed at the true insanity coursing through the veins of likely the sanest man in the world that scares the shit out of everyone .. you fucker, hunter ..  
DAY 22 – Realized I could have gotten a rejection notice from a publisher in the mail if I would mail out more transcripts ..  
DAY 23 – Felt like it was going to snow .. but all it wanted to do was rain .. rain .. baby ..

DAY 24 – Smoked my last cigarette .. this day ..  
DAY 25 – Wrote a piece that had no innuendoes or bullshit .. yet, it was chalked full of metaphors and dangling participles ..  
DAY 26 – Heard a report that scientists believe there really is a Planet of the Apes in a new solar system discovered just outside the reach of ours ..  
DAY 27 – Another report .. experts believe that Charlton Heston is really a well-disguised chimp ..  
DAY 28 – Glued together a mirror and told my mother you can glue water into one stationary piece ..  
DAY 29 – Ran out of plutonium for my flux capacitor ..  
DAY 30 – Ate what I thought was a taco .. later discovered that it was really just a cleverly shaped pinto bean with all the aesthetic fixins ..  
DAY 31 – Gave a real Bronx cheer for all in Brooklyn ..  
DAY 32 – Ran into a brother that had no sisters .. he believed every other word I said .. while I thought about having a big pork chop ..  
DAY 33 – Captured the pigeon stuck all those year's in a room with the coal miner's daughter ..  
DAY 34 – Stopped my car in the middle of thick rush hour traffic to roll a tasty cigarette ..  
DAY 35 – Again caught the familiar '11:35' flashing by on a passing clock ..  
DAY 36 – Didn't see a lick of piss as far as the sports world is concerned ..  
DAY 37 – Finally picked up the guitar and began playing ..  
DAY 38 – Ate 2 whole jars of peanut butter to make up for all the Peanut Butter

sandwiches I haven't had the chance to have over the years ..  
DAY 39 – Didn't think about something I should have thought about ..  
DAY 40 – Thought about something I shouldn't have thought about ..  
DAY 41 – Thought about something I should have thought about ..  
DAY 42 – Didn't realize we were already 42 days into the 21<sup>st</sup> Century ..  
DAY 43 – Ordered a plate of bacon .. the waitress misread our table and accidentally brought me out a bottle of aspirin ..  
DAY 44 – Decided to put together a new chapbook for the streets ..  
DAY 45 – Heard the Dali Lama had a big fucking strip steak and liked it ..  
DAY 46 – Bought a trip to the sun and made it as far as the moon ..  
DAY 47 – Heard a child yodel their ABC's to 'Hard Day's Night'  
DAY 48 – Passed a man that looked like Ed Sullivan and shook his finger like a 2<sup>nd</sup> grade teacher disciplining me in the back of the room ..  
DAY 49 – Was given a book of matches made by 'Zippo' ..  
DAY 50 – Actually read a funny comic strip ..  
DAY 51 – Found a bowling ball underneath my bed .. who's could it be ..  
DAY 52 – Seriously thought about how many books will be published this year and how many people buy books .. there's no equation that makes sense in this scenario ..  
DAY 53 – Saw a painting of Marilyn Monroe with Liz Taylor's tits ..

DAY 54 – Saw another picture of an Okapi and marveled about that enormous purple tongue licking tufts of hair and insects off it's back ..  
DAY 55 – Saw an advertisement for a film that I know I will never see ..  
DAY 56 – Saw a film that I had been wanting to see for some time ..  
DAY 57 – Left a tradition behind and didn't realize that I had just started a new one ..  
DAY 58 – Ran into someone I knew in high school .. again, couldn't remember their name if it was told to me ..  
DAY 59 – Didn't have to explain myself as the media overstated a story's simplicity ..  
DAY 60 – Got fitted for a pair of socks I had been wanting for some time ..  
DAY 61 – Drank a good cold beer as an old jug of wine in my place remains the "Vinegar Experiment" for my next salad indoors ..  
DAY 62 – Came across a fellow that really believes he used to be a bullmastiff ..  
DAY 63 – Sucked a kiss onto her so hard that I pulled a tooth clean out of her mouth ..  
DAY 64 – Bought another tub of cottage cheese that won't last but a day in this place ..  
DAY 65 – Came up with fifty new ways to love my lover ..  
DAY 66 – Saw pieces of glitter falling out of the sky .. forecasters couldn't figure out if it was snow or actually glitter ..  
DAY 67 – Had a snake tamer explain to me the history of alchemy ..  
DAY 68 – Turned down the radio ..

DAY 69 – Turned up the radio ..  
DAY 70 – Gave a flower away I found on the way ..  
DAY 71 – Tore a page out of this old book of yours ..  
DAY 72 – Made some sort of sense out of the senseless because they couldn't make any sense out of their own sense and that's just senseless ..  
DAY 73 – Talked to an old friend that just bought a new car ..  
DAY 74 – Had a piece of beef jerky .. got a piece of meat stuck in my back wisdom tooth that I still can't get out ..  
DAY 75 – Bought a toothpick for that piece of meat stuck in my tooth .. didn't work ..  
DAY 76 – Bought a container of dental floss .. that shit worked, yo ..  
DAY 77 – Wrote a song in the shower and performed it in the car on the way to some .. destination ..  
DAY 78 – Wrote an election piece and decided it wasn't in my best interest to vote ..  
DAY 79 – Held a cat by its back and belly while she stroked my leg and said .. "What if we really have 18 lives to live .. that could take a long time .. down here"  
DAY 80 – She stroked my junk without laying one hand on me ..  
DAY 81 – Did something I had done before, but didn't realize that I had done it before ..  
DAY 82 – Did something I had never done before, though it felt like I had done it before ..  
DAY 83 – Did something most people would consider nothing .. OH SHIT .. we now have something in common ..

DAY 84 – Jumped in the lukewarm swimming pool and pissed in the water out of the pure joy of warmth in the air ..  
DAY 85 – Had a good, lengthy talk with a clown about all the jive going down in the Middle East between the Palestine's and Israelis .. we just laughed and laughed .. *(fucking clowns never take anything seriously!)*  
DAY 86 – They tell me the way it should be .. it's the way it should be for them .. it's never the way it should be for you .. so, I'm now telling you the way it should be for you from me .. you see?  
DAY 87 – Writing down another deed done during the day ..  
DAY 88 – Forgetting to write about an event that went down during this day ..  
DAY 89 – Found myself strangely caught between the Moon and New York City ..  
DAY 90 – Actually met Jesse's girl .. she dresses all her dogs in suits and ties .. coincidence?  
DAY 91 – Spoke well of a friend while they spent a favor on the world ..  
DAY 92 – Played the keyboard like a piano ..  
DAY 93 – Made love to the word, while it left me the next day for a little 'time away to recollect' ..  
DAY 94 – Had a brief moment of silence for another animal that completely fucking went extinct off this planet ..  
DAY 95 – Again smelled the stench of the human ego ..  
DAY 96 – Missed those stock quotes again ..  
DAY 97 – FUCK, missed the stock quotes again ..  
DAY 98 – Didn't see my horoscope for the 98<sup>th</sup>

straight day in this 21<sup>st</sup> Century clip ..  
DAY 99 – Laughed at one's prediction, while I made my own ..  
DAY 100 – Someone got the wrong number calling my number .. as I talked to this stranger for a moment .. he said he was "Gab Kaplan" off "Welcome Back Kotter" ..  
DAY 101 – She called me from work to simply tell me to look at the sky .. the clouds were coagulating into a cool formation .. I thought 'some men do get luck' ..  
DAY 102 – I rolled a seamless cigarette and smoked a bad cigar ..  
DAY 103 – Saw the death of another boy band ..  
DAY 104 – Heard a rumor that George Burns actually faked his death .. he's hanging out with Morrison in a small hotel on the edge of Cape Cod drinking like an old champ .. pure whiskey ..  
DAY 105 – Pulled a canary feather out of my mouth .. called the waitress over and asked her what kind of meat they use in their burgers ..  
DAY 106 – Talked more than the average woman ..  
DAY 107 – Walked more than the average American ..  
DAY 108 – Got a new pair of slippers ..  
DAY 109 – Finally beat the town champ in an innocent game of chess ..  
DAY 110 – Made a grilled cheese sandwich because there wasn't a morsel of meat to go around ..  
DAY 111 – Flew around the world in a day .. still haven't made it around this city in over 20 years ..  
DAY 112 – Actually pissed up a slick rope .. (I did) ..  
DAY 113 – Met a man that claimed he was the real bozo ..

DAY 114 – Construed the math and forgot the equation ..

DAY 115 – Talked to a gay man about how much I enjoy a woman’s breast .. he was beaming with solid, heterosexual glee for one minute ..

DAY 116 – Finally gave my neighbor his Christmas present .. it took some time for it to come through the mail ..

DAY 117 – Hailed a miracle as a regular daily event ..

DAY 118 – Paid for taxi fare as I took the bus across the city ..

DAY 119 – Lost my contacts in her double vision ..

DAY 120 – Talked louder as they told me to ‘please, keep it down’ ..

DAY 121 – Realized again that F. Scott was probably the real ‘Great Gatsby’ ..

DAY 122 – Toured a show that was merely an interlude ..

DAY 123 – Understood again that it was easy like Sunday morning ..

DAY 124 – Painted my toenails and finger nails on accident ..

DAY 125 – Got a message on the machine from a mystery voice .. I will likely never know who it was and the message was fucking clever ..

DAY 126 – Bought another jar of pickles in a long like of pickled packed peppers ..

DAY 127 – Saw a squirrel leap from one branch to another with such style and accuracy I tried to do the same in my mind while walking down the sidewalk ..

DAY 128 – Realized that memories are made just as easily to be forgotten as they are to be remembered ..

DAY 129 – Realized that age is only an aphorism for

another quote that will be printed in a grocery store book ..

DAY 130 – Met Henry Rollins on a connecting, domestic flight ..

DAY 131 – Had a drink in a bar that was actually a club .. later being told that I was drinking a cocktail the whole time ..

DAY 132 – Repeated something I had already talked about before ..

DAY 133 – Came up with something I had never heard or said before ..

DAY 134 – Rode the wild horse through the night as the boars of the day went for a good plate of hay ..

DAY 135 – Found a whole package of needles in the hay and just laughed like it was one ..

DAY 136 – Picked a flower in a thorn patch and gave it to a passing pastor ..

DAY 137 – Left a place for another place before I arrived at their place ..

DAY 138 – Thought about selling my property on the moon for something a little more quaint and economical on Mars ..

DAY 139 – Heated up a cold cup of Tea and drank it down like it was sake ..

DAY 140 – Didn’t watch TV today .. didn’t miss much ..

DAY 141 – Wrote a paper on why one instant felt like more than a moment in nearly one minute ..

DAY 142 – Saved my own place in line while I went to the pisser ..

DAY 143 – Bought a stalk of celery and thought about how high Jack’s beanstalk had to be to reach into the air as high as it did ..

DAY 144 – Ruined another pair of shoes ..

DAY 145 – Thought about buying a new pair of shoes ..

DAY 146 – Bought some new undershorts ..

DAY 147 – Underwrote all those nasty overwriters ..

DAY 148 – Met someone that had a perfectly formed overbite and laughed like it was 1999.

DAY 149 – Need to do something about this .. missed the stock quotes ..

DAY 150 – Arrived near the middle of the year that felt like it just began ..

DAY 151 – Wrote a sonnet that was really just free verse in the nightmare a haiku woke from ..

DAY 152 – Bought a stone from the hotel that used to be next to a church ..

DAY 153 – Ate a solid piece of fried chicken and gave away my cole slaw to the highest bidder ..

DAY 154 – May isn’t just a day .. it’s a play in a woman’s bay as she reaches for another can of hair spray ..

DAY 155 – They say that going to the drive-in in a car isn’t cool anymore .. go there in a Taxicab .. I couldn’t agree more ..

DAY 156 – George Burns and Jim Morrison surface in the Reno, NV Planet

Hollywood to cover, as a duet, Frank Sinatra’s ‘Lady is a Tramp’ ..

DAY 157 – Passed an airport and just let my thoughts fly ..

DAY 158 – Had sex that was so good I thought I lost my cock in there when I left her place ..

DAY 159 – Traded in 21 shirts for one solid pair of slacks .. jack ..

DAY 160 – Had a bowl of clam chowder in the pouring, pouring, glorious rain ..

DAY 161 – Gave some money to the ringing Salvation Army man by the entrance of the grocery store .. he's getting a jump on the holiday season this year ..  
DAY 162 – The media officially runs out of 'news' to report on .. all plugs are pulled from news transmissions for the day .. it is the first day in the history of CNN that they didn't report on a fucking thing .. people are pissed initially and later realize it was the truest sort of blessing in disguise ..  
DAY 163 – Found a pair of glasses I had been looking for over the past 3-5-7-10 months .. and now they just don't fit anymore ..  
DAY 164 – Again realized how fucking cool women are ..  
DAY 165 – Realized that I do much better either living alone or with another solid woman ..  
DAY 166 – Bought a record today that had a title I just can't remember now ..  
DAY 167 – Something happened today that I will remember .. though, since these are all predictions for the year .. I will retain the element of surprise for this day and fill in an actual even in a pen when it arrives on June 16, 2001 ..  
DAY 168 – The fruits really do fall far from the tree ..  
DAY 169 – Bought a plastic tree that came to life later .. I still can't explain it ..  
DAY 170 – George Burns and Jim Morrison sign a lucrative deal to act in a movie recounting the life of 'Liberace' ..  
DAY 171 – Russia deems the White Russian as the official drink of Russia ..  
DAY 172 – NEWS OF THE WEIRD .. Child in

Harrisburg, Pennsylvania has to be rushed to the hospital after self-inducing a fatal overdose of Flinstone vitamins ..  
DAY 173 – Rubbed the baldhead of the Buddha statue .. went on writing like nothing happened ..  
DAY 174 – Greeted her insanity with more insanity ..  
DAY 175 – She spoke to me about love and things like that .. I asked her if she could change my oil and go to a cool picture show with me ..  
DAY 176 – The art gallery ran out of room as the fast food chain kept cooking up the meats and fries with plenty of space to go about ..  
DAY 177 – Humans invent a new language .. it's called 'what the fuck did you say?' or in a more compact acronym form .. 'W.T.F.D.Y.S.?' (*it's pronounced how it sounds ..*)  
DAY 178 – Jazz makes a comeback and no one hears about it or recognizes it ..  
DAY 179 – Put another smudge of paint in my carpeting ..  
DAY 180 – Piss a smiling face in the toilet ..  
DAY 181 – Don't go into work today because they wanted me to come in (an e.g. of W.T.F.D.Y.S.? language)  
DAY 182 – They broke down the doors to put on new locks ..  
DAY 183 – All the world needs is less fire and more aim ..  
DAY 184 – We roll, roll, roll another cigarette for the moment ..  
DAY 185 – Their whistle broke .. so, now they all just scream ..  
DAY 186 – WASHING MACHINES GO ON SALE ..

DAY 187 – DRYERS GO WAY THE FUCK OUT OF STYLE ..  
DAY 188 – People start getting into this new fade or style, if you will .. they start thinking the earth is really cool ..  
DAY 189 – Watched a bowl of ice cream melt right before my face ..  
DAY 190 – Told someone to remind me about looking into those stock quotes ..  
DAY 191 – The fact remains that the fact is a fact and that is a fact ..  
DAY 192 – Realized that some silver is really gold even though it may still have a silver lining .. see what I'm saying?  
DAY 193 – Thrust into her crust .. I couldn't be happier that I just so happened to bring all the necessary utensils ..  
DAY 194 – The saxophone players go on strike while the trumpeters retire .. the drummers just keep on drummin' ..  
DAY 195 – I let it cool off while she dried up ..  
DAY 196 – Perched in a lurch, I decided I should probably still go ahead and pay my rent for the month ..  
DAY 197 – Saw a cat catch a moth that really turned out to be a butterfly trying to imitate a fly ..  
DAY 199 – It's the last day before the 200's .. oohhh & I see where it IS @.  
DAY 200 – I'd really rather prefer talking to a smart-ass than a dumb ass ..  
DAY 201 – MARY LOU HENNER GETS ANOTHER TUMMY TUCK .. YEA!  
DAY 202 – The folly of one country's history is a part of another one's lore ..



DAY 203 – I really saw a pink elephant climbing a purple pole ..  
DAY 204 – Just washed my ears today .. the rest of my body felt fine ..  
DAY 205 – Met someone who appeared to be a damsel in distress .. but they couldn't stop laughing .. I just couldn't buy it ..  
DAY 206 – Started instigating shit with the numbers as all the letters crouched around me for some attention .. I said, 'HEY, GIVE ME A MINUTE. THIS STREET GOES BOTH WAY, PUNKS!'  
DAY 207 – Met someone who had a "Mean People Suck" sticker on the back of their car that was actually a mean person themselves ..  
DAY 208 – Held onto my expired ticket just in case I find a way to change that silly little date ..  
DAY 209 – The person I told to remind me about the stock quotes asked someone to remind them about the stock quotes .. the word never got back to me .. I'm so back with stock quotes ..  
DAY 210 – Wrote a check to a person I didn't know as another person I didn't know wrote me a check .. oh, it works out dandy that way .. pure unadulterated symbiosis ..  
DAY 211 – She checked her out .. and so did I.  
DAY 212 – The dictionary market goes on a big fucking boom .. book forecasters can't quite put their fingers on why .. because when they interview the public's interest that can't understand the forecasters words and have a tough time speaking on their own ..  
DAY 213 – I don't watch television .. but if you take it

away .. you kill a whole hell of a lot of social interaction ..  
DAY 214 – Heard a story about the football announcer who retired to sell Avon products with his wife .. now, he can't show his face in public anymore and blew all chances of being inducted into the Broadcasting Hall of Fame ..  
DAY 215 – Could there be anything better than being better? (this is the question I have asked)  
DAY 216 – The Nutcracker finally cracked ..  
DAY 217 – Forgot who I owed money to as I loaned a couple of bucks to a friend ..  
DAY 218 – Thought about having some fresh fried gar .. then decided not to have some fresh fried gar ..  
DAY 219 – WHATEVER HAS BEEN SUNG HAS BEEN SUNG BEFORE .. WHATEVER HAS BEEN SAID HAS BEEN SAID BEFORE .. do you believe in this statement?  
DAY 220 – I believe in you, if you believe in you ..  
DAY 221 – Come to find out .. we both spilled the same drink at the same time miles away from each other .. weird?  
DAY 222 – The artist traded in his brushed for one big hammer and a shit load of nails ..  
DAY 223 – Measured her IQ with a regular, metric ruler ..  
DAY 224 – Heard them walking around in the apartment above while they moved in silence ..  
DAY 225 – Realized once more that quotation marks can be used for so much more than just making "quotes" ..  
DAY 226 – As the day goes by, the month goes by, the year goes by .. though, the minute stands still like a deer

waiting for the right moment to cross ..  
DAY 227 – I have one hundred more ways you can spend your days ..  
DAY 228 – Accidentally e-mailed myself a message and didn't get that annoying busy signal ..  
DAY 229 – Someone stole a spoon from my place as another person came in with a shiny set of forks for the feast ..  
DAY 230 – The duo became a trio as the quartet finally broke up ..  
DAY 231 – For that one time, if you paint within the box .. do you really have to paint around it also?  
DAY 232 – Their conversation could be summed up into one word, 'STOP' ..  
DAY 233 – They drew their blinds and drew more looks than ever ..  
DAY 234 – If they ask you for a good story .. your obligation should be to provide a great tale ..  
DAY 235 – The phone company went on strike, while the post office started staying open throughout the night ..  
DAY 236 – THOUGHT: Rock stars will always get women as the scientist scoffs at all the potential they could have had with the ladies ..  
DAY 237 – Hotter than a fresh biscuit .. and cooler than passing Kravitz in a taxicab ..  
DAY 238 – Long hair again starts becoming the fad and the new grunge capitol of the world is Biloxi, MS ..  
DAY 239 – If you see the finish line before you start, especially when traveling, you'll want to rethink your thinking ..

DAY 240 – Tried to buy a compass today .. it was much harder than I expected .. where have people's direction gone?  
DAY 241 – Met a woman who wouldn't go home because she thought her only pal was the drink ..  
DAY 242 – Forgot to turn off the coffee pot while the dog lapped up water out of a full bowl of water ..  
DAY 243 – Bought a package of hot dogs as wedding gift for them (you know, just in case)  
DAY 244 – Bad comeback .. 'WELL .. WELL .. YOU'RE MORE TWISTED THAN A TORNADO.'  
DAY 245 – Decided that I like sneezing better than coughing.  
DAY 246 – Yet, I enjoy stretching more than yawning .. though, if I can pull both off at that same time .. it's flat fucking all right ..  
DAY 247 – Bought a tube of paint that looked like a tube of mayonnaise ..  
DAY 248 – Burned a cigarette because I didn't want to burn anything else ..  
DAY 249 -- Enee  
DAY 250 -- Menee  
DAY 251 -- Minee  
DAY 252 -- Mo  
DAY 253 -- Yo  
DAY 254 – Don't run away from your days .. one way or the other they will run after you ..  
DAY 255 – If you didn't get to do something you wanted to do with your day before you go to sleep .. stay up later .. as late as it takes to do what you wanted to do ..  
DAY 256 – Not sure if they have this, if they do, I will start laughing like it has all be lost in a human haze .. dog & cat toilet paper .. (I'll look into this)

DAY 257 – Have you ever wondered about a wall while looking for a small oasis in the city ..  
DAY 258 – Do you think you can really trust a rock and roll band ..  
DAY 259 – Another person became famous ..  
DAY 260 – Another former famous person filed for bankruptcy ..  
DAY 261 – Some words that are spelled correctly just don't look like they should be spelled that way ..  
DAY 262 – BOOM .. BOOM .. BAM .. BAM .. is what I was thinkin' all day long ..  
DAY 263 – Decided to continue not giving a shit about stock quotes ..  
DAY 264 – Accidentally caught the stock quotes .. thought I was watching the Weather Channel .. 'who know?'  
DAY 265 -- My nose itches ..  
DAY 266 – My toe itches ..  
DAY 267 – My neck itches ..  
DAY 268 – My forehead itches ..  
DAY 269 – The question is .. do you have anything that itches ..  
DAY 270 – The moon may really be following you, after all ..  
DAY 271 – Is it as mad as you think out there or are you just mad?  
DAY 272 – As the bass line goes into the guitar chorus .. the drummer pauses to share a cigarette with the piano player ..  
DAY 273 – Turned in all my turkeys for one plump chicken in a can ..  
DAY 274 – Who do you know that may actually be a CIA agent? And, are you comfortable with that?  
DAY 275 – Still haven't heard from her .. likely never will again ..

DAY 276 – The truth is barreling towards you like it belongs to you .. the truth is .. it does ..  
DAY 277 – Stephen King announces that he is going to release a rap album .. Shaquille O'Neal will guest rap on the record ..  
DAY 278 – Another person that doesn't deserve an Academy Award or Oscar gets one ..  
DAY 279 – Oh .. oh .. oh .. the birth of another fucking boy band ..  
DAY 280 – The squirrel ate my bowl of cereal ..  
DAY 281 – The cow snuck into my place early today and took back the milk and beef that was rightfully his as I hid the belt around my waist ..  
DAY 282 – Do you see what the children see? If not, try it once .. twice .. three times a lover ..  
DAY 283 – The family down the street from my folks in the suburbs finally took down their Christmas Tree and Christmas Lights from the previous year ..  
DAY 284 – A pain in the ass can really hurt where as a 'pain in the ass' person can be avoided or ignored ..  
DAY 285 – The international pop band decided to break up to spend more time reading ..  
DAY 286 – As I follow the days on these pages .. they keep running away from me ..  
DAY 287 – Self-professed is self-proclaimed in a vain, vain way ..  
DAY 288 – I think we really did land on the moon ..  
DAY 289 – If you really caught a tiger by it's toe .. there would be no way anyone would pick anyone for anything .. you would get the shit bit out of you ..

DAY 290 – Took a refreshing nap in the middle of the night .. just for kicks ..  
DAY 291 – Had a dream about the Walrus as Grimace came through with a Big Mac with my name written on the outside in big ‘BLACK LETTERS’ ..  
DAY 292 – Realized the next new year’s day is only 72 days away ..  
DAY 293 – Sometime this year I’m going to celebrate my birthday ..  
DAY 294 – A number is a number as much as a word is a word .. but the words look so much cooler and work much better on the eyes ..  
DAY 295 – Trying to get to Europe again ..  
DAY 296 – Made a joke about a joke ..  
DAY 297 – Thinking about changing my name to “funk” ..  
DAY 298 – Then I could be the person formerly known as Joe .. though people probably would get a kick out of it so much because Prince has already gone back to being referred to as Prince ..  
DAY 299 – Does switch it up really just mean ‘change’ .. I think so ..  
DAY 300 – Could you really live in a yellow submarine ..  
DAY 301 – I love the sandwich ..  
DAY 302 – Thinking about snorkeling sometime here in the near future ..  
DAY 303 – Wonder if all the shades get together and talk about how they all really want to be solid colors?  
DAY 304 – Threw a spark plug in the wishing well .. that should ignite something a little more than a coin ..  
DAY 305 – Another piece of trash thrown out .. another piece of trash thrown it ..

DAY 306 – Thought about a good meal at “In and Out” burger .  
DAY 307 – Do you really know how a crankshaft works ..  
DAY 308 – If you could say it, would you have to write it .. More importantly, would you prefer to say it or write it ..  
DAY 309 – Do keyboard players think much about their fingernails ..  
DAY 310 – If the sky was one big eye .. would that creep the fuck out of you? Think about it .. on a windless day in the summer .. that winking eye would send in some cool, comfortable, mean winds ..  
DAY 311 – She dreamed of him while he dreamed of another her ..  
DAY 312 – My stomach was growling so much .. we had a little conversation about lunch ..  
DAY 313 – They bought the carnival and gave the circus to the highest bidder ..  
DAY 314 – Someone has an idea to make all the recyclable waste on earth into a new planet .. a lot like the death star in star wars .. it has gotten to the point where we may all have to jump ship ..  
DAY 315 – Doo .. ditty .. diddy .. dummm .. ditty .. !  
DAY 316 – Realized how much I enjoy not cutting grass ..  
DAY 317 – If she was a glass of water .. would you give her to a very thirsty friend ..  
DAY 318 – Chewbacca would make a dandy President ..  
DAY 319 – Candy canes and twirly curls .. they go together like dentures in a naked mouth ..  
DAY 320 – Are we all really just another brick in the wall?

DAY 321 – That question begs for too much change ..  
DAY 322 -- Sleep  
DAY 323 -- Wake  
DAY 324 – Asleep and awake in the same day .. while some sleep all day long with alike thoughts ..  
DAY 325 – Turn off the video games ..  
DAY 326 – Can you find a new way to do it .. I believe I have found a couple of new ways ..  
DAY 327 – The 9<sup>th</sup> page is really your 9<sup>th</sup> chapter ..  
DAY 328 – Don’t criticize what could criticize you .. or go ahead if you like ..  
DAY 329 – They bought a subscription to the newspaper because the TV was too expensive ..  
DAY 330 – When the ball drops .. will your balls drop?  
DAY 331 – David Bowie did something cool again today ..  
DAY 332 – It’s starting to get a smidge cold outside ..  
DAY 333 – When you’ve been there too long .. is it really just enough ..  
DAY 334 – Energy is just another word for gumption .. or vice versa ..  
DAY 335 -- Spoon  
DAY 336 -- Fork  
DAY 337 -- Knife  
DAY 338 -- Plate  
DAY 339 -- Napkin  
DAY 340 – I would love to have a side of beef ..  
DAY 341 – They played like they were joking and believed like they were full of shit ..  
DAY 342 – Laughter is really better than drama .. try it out sometime ..  
DAY 343 – I bet if they built Rome in a day .. they would have gotten bored really quick ..  
DAY 344 – As the day dawdles, she begins to drool

at what could happen when  
the covers open up ..  
DAY 345 – Realized that  
whenever you see actors or  
rock stars on ice skates .. it's  
absolutely unflattering .. they  
look like fumbling jackasses  
..  
DAY 346 – Do you know an  
Elanor Rigby?  
DAY 347 – Finally bought  
that pair of shoes I needed ..  
DAY 348 – NASA calls a  
press conference no one gives  
a shit about ..  
DAY 349 – Rice is good food  
(so is soup)

DAY 350 – Sometimes you  
get so hungry .. you just get  
thirstier ..  
DAY 351 – The bouncing  
ball on the screen is just a  
bouncing ball on the screen ..  
DAY 352 – Is a lyric really a  
poem or is a poem really a  
lyric or are they both separate  
and valid as each as such?  
DAY 353 – The world could  
use John Lennon for at least  
another 40 years ..  
DAY 354 – Wonder why  
they call fasting, fasting ..  
seems to me it should be  
called slowing .. without all  
that food and such .. you're

body has to become slower  
than shit ..  
DAY 355 – Enjoy your toes,  
folks ..  
DAY 356 -- 9  
DAY 357 -- 8  
DAY 358 -- 7  
DAY 359 -- 6  
DAY 360 -- 5  
DAY 361 -- 4  
DAY 362 -- 3  
DAY 363 -- 2  
DAY 364 –1 .. baby bitch ..  
DAY 365 -- Need to pack for  
the big trip to the moon ..  
they say people are  
trespassing on my property ..

## roast beef cold

Colder  
Than  
A  
Penguins

Flapper tonight

As  
The  
New age spinstress puts  
Together

Her  
Nightly show  
And

The  
Birds nips  
On  
A  
Few seed that  
Fell of the  
Feeder during the day ..

Colder  
Than  
A divorce lawyer  
Cheating on his  
Wife

As  
The  
Single woman's  
Child

Makes  
His first unaided  
Peanut butter and jelly sandwich ..

It's  
Colder than  
Chunk of rock  
Frozen on the top of a pond  
As  
The

World awaits  
A  
Decision

And

Makes  
A  
Question

In  
The

Hot  
Coming

From their  
Roast beef stained breath ..

## resolve what?

never been  
much  
of

a resolution man  
when  
the  
clock

turns over to  
another calendar ..

as the world  
stocks up on  
liquor,  
whores,  
kazoos,  
hats,  
cigarettes,  
weapons,  
fireworks,  
cheese,  
crackers,  
summer sausages,  
raw packages of meat,  
juices,  
stickers,  
stamps,  
ATM receipts,  
candles,  
fires,  
ash trays,  
plastic drinking cups,  
styrofoam plates

and  
other junk

I  
realize why so many people need  
to  
make resolutions ..

because the resolutions don't need them,  
people  
need them ..

for  
a  
resolution to me is a daily event ..

I'll do it  
or  
won't do it,  
will continue to do it  
or  
will never do it ..

don't need  
a  
holiday  
or

event  
to  
be

that resolute,  
yes.



## regular weather

Is the  
Weather outside  
Really frightening?

I don't think so ..

It's weather ..

Some snow,  
Sleet,  
Cold,  
Ice,  
Others in the course ..

Frightening  
Is something else  
All together ..

Whereas  
Weather is weather

And  
It's

Just weather  
Unless your  
In  
A  
Hurricane,  
Major blizzard  
Or a tornado ..

Regular  
Weather  
Just isn't that frightening ..

## politics of loneliness

Kicking stones  
On the side of the freeway  
As shots of brown wind rearrange  
My hair ..

Making a tuna – pickle – egg sandwich  
At 2 AM in a stained bath robe ..

Sipping a Boris Yeltsin at the growling AM bar  
As the folly of carnivores rear their last toasts ..

Flipping past the last page of a book  
And grinning to see what the cost of Penguin Pocket Classics  
Were back in '67 ..

Rolling a cigarette next to a cardboard cut out of a monk  
In the back of a transmission shop ..

Tuning a guitar with bloodshot eyes a half cup of lukewarm coffee  
Is all that remains in the place ..

9 moves away from a win in your last chess game  
and  
3 snowflakes from a pure blizzard that's going to make exposed dentures chatter ..

Sure,  
This doctrine can be seen as examples in the Politics of Loneliness ..

The key ingredient in  
These political affairs is laughter ..

You may  
Begin

Laughing now ..