

evening sunrise

It's the little
Sunssets
That
Will pull you
Thru to the comedy ..

As the locked lip man
Waits behind
The
Serpent's fog screen
With the newly made
Golden key ..

The time will
Have its
Make as the funeral evaporates

While you
Watch
The
Sunrise in the evening ..

fifth idle hour

I tilted my head
Towards her
In
The
Bed ..

We had been frolicking for
Over 4 hours
In
Bed ..

Snowing outside ..

Sometimes heading towards the
Ground,
Sometimes heading
Back up towards the sky ..

I told her
As
My elbow and arm was folded so
That

In it's particular position it
Looked like
A
Nice,
Flush ass ..

She laughed,
Grabbed the camera
Off
The
Stained ledge before
Us and

Crawled onto my back to grab
A
Snapshot of out optical illusion

At
Hand ..

As she peered the camera forward,
Her breasts brushed my back
As

I laughed
And
She said ..

“IT’S TOO CLOSE AND BLURRY. I’M NOT GOING TO GET ANYTHING.”

So,
I thought later I would just write it out ..

It would last longer that day

As I
Got up to take my time
In the bathroom like a grandchild
Playing with
A
New toy ..

Then,
Stopped by the coffee maker to make
Another

Pot of
What we kept drinking ..

Shit,
The smell of that morning bacon
And grease
Was hanging in the air like a
Bowl of
Rotten eggs smoldering
Beside
The

Old chicken bones
Clean
Good and fine
By
The
Dog lapping up some more water
Out
Of
The
Whipped topping bowl ..

As I started heading back to the bedroom
I thought
It
Would make it easier
For
All
At hand to move the coffee maker
To the bed stand beside us
For

Drive-thru convenience ..

As I plugged it in
And
Her beautiful face

Came leering my way again

She
Just

Laughed ..

Laughed again

In out day in the
Bed

While

The snow kept

Trying to make it's
Mind up much like us ..

Should
We go up
Or
Down ..

Stay or leave ..

Or
Just keep on laughing ..

Our
Choice

Was easy & obvious
In
This 5th idle hour ..

get the right pen, jack

Hot dogs
&
paradigms

as
the
young man
with the look
of

many weathered years
climbs the street towards the bottom of the viaduct
looking for the pop cycle stick that
will
get him entrance
into the soup kitchen
on
the
edge of the prairie

where they sever healthy porterhouse steaks with
sides of
mashed potatoes,
vegetables
and

any stout liquor on the menu ..

So,
As he fights
Against himself and
The
Hill that works in his favor

He wonders if he
Could just
Buy
Or find a Willie Wonka
Chocolate bar
Wrapper
And
Trade that in for the
Pop cycle stick,
Which unknown to him,
Has

Already been
Picked-up and redeemed
For

It's worth
By
Another

That is now eating his steak and
Drinking

His ale ..

But this
Home

Of give aways isn't on

The edge of
Shit ..

It's in this man's
Home

While

His wife looks

For
Him

And the other
Wife
Tops

Off his meal

With
A
Meal of her own
Beneath
The
Table
Cloth

Between
His
Knees ..

Oh,
It
Can

Be a beautifully crazy

World

If you choose the right pen ..

hard on the ground

One flat
Tire,
Badly flat
Tire

From another visit

To the tire

Shop down the street from me on twelfth ..

I've
Had

Tires
Go like

Heffner's whores

From his
74th room in the mansion ..

Which brings up another point ..

I run the rubber
And
Soles out of my shoes quicker
Than
The
Italian man pounding away a new pair ..

I
Just fucking hard
On
Anything that roves
Around
On

The ground

And it's good
In
That way ..

I have
No
Real way
Or
Reason to be hard

On the sky

Or

Air for that matter, baby ..

i got 'em while they chased me

just
got
in
from

the outside
world ..

i thought
they
were going to get me ..

tie me
up in a licorice
rope
and
make me

watch
a
boy band marathon ..

shit,
i really escaped
it

this time ..

sure,
they
could
have

blindfolded me and taken me
around the town
on
some drooling shopping adventure
hearing

the
hippedy hoppedy
hit

bop

of
the
world out there ..

yes,

they almost
got
me ..

though,
over

the bottled water
i
got
free

and the cheap cigarette
rolling
over

the screen ..

i just
wanted

you
to

know that i
was

the one that got the outside world ..

in the diner .. with her .. in the morning

sitting
in
the
afternoon

diner

with the girl

that's
running with my fancy ..

ordering
breakfast,
watching

all the afternoon people
making left turns,
carrying plastic bags full of stuff,
walking dogs,
getting money out of machines,
selling books
and
religion to the highest bidder

as
we give
the
waitress our order ..

she asks how

my lady lover's doing

as
she tells us some
stories about how her
is caught between
two fashion movements
and

17 different ways
to think ..

as she takes our menu
away,
I grab
the
cigarette from

her hand

and smiling

face ..

waiting

for
food with the girl

of

my
fancy

and the earth
movin'
the way it should

as we all go on breathing

in

the figurehead
of

getting
towards

our own end
with each other ..

it's o.k to be late, human

I walked
Into
The
Coffee-snack bar

Late Sunday morning
With

The quiche that should have been
Delivered
The night before ..

My lover friend
Cooks
These pans
Of
Love

For the
Kids off the boulevard ..

So,
As I pull up to my place

And take a final look
Over the
Back seat ..

The pie pans are looking at me
Like
A
Camera taking the first snap shot of
The
Crook ..

I release the stick into reverse and

Head towards the breakfast eaters

Wanting their
Quiche ..

Holding the conch of their morning delight,
I come through
The
Doors

As a guy in a table near the front counter
Says

With a chagrin ..

“OH .. THERE’S THE QUICHE.”

I tell him he’s correct ..

As I lay them on the front counter,
The man
Cooking the food
Shakes his head
With back facing me

Like a parental unit scolding a kid
For doing something wrong,
Yet

The kid knows no better ..

It’s too early
To
Be pinned to a crime I didn’t commit ..

So,
I left the quiche

And walked out
Towards my bag of food
I’m going to
Cook this

Early and
Lustful

Sunday morning ..

Enjoy

Your
Quiche

Wherever the fuck you are ..

And

thank you,

I
Confirm
Again

That late is
Late
And

Human is o.k. ..

*IT WAS A REAL
THINKING DAY FOR HER*

She came back to her
Home,
Let the dog out,
Checked the machine,
Took off her soles,
And
Started contemplating Monk's lasting legacy
As
A person
Aside from the music

While
The
People kept talking through
The
Machine ..

Then,
She got up,
Cracked open a can of peas to heat up
As

The tuna fish came out
For
A
Dance with the dolphin plate ..

Then,
He called up on the phone ..

She answered ..

He said,
"I WAS EXPECTING THE MACHINE. I DIDN'T THINK YOU WOULD BE HOME, SO I WAS
GOING TO LEAVE A GROOVY LITTLE STEAM OF VOICE."

"Well,"
she began.
"I was expecting you. So for now, that 's good enough for me."

She went on ..

"I'm wondering. Do you think Thelonius ate tuna fish?"

He said,
"I DON'T SEE WHY NOT."

"I do,"
she came back.

Further,
She told him that she would have to call him back.

There was a sandwich to each
In other truths
Of
Christ,
Cream cheese
And
Cataclysms

She

Had to think more about ..

it's either mustard or ketchup for this cowboy

Mustard in the sky .. and a tale of ketchup hangs with
Ease on
The
End of the
Curled napkin

As she lays out her
Story
About

How I would break her heart

If I didn't marry her ..

I burned

A
Eye hole through

That red
And
Thought

This is one fucking sad tale ..

level roundness

Birds
Molting,
She's
A beauty

That
Could scare the

Piss pile out of most men ..

The elephant
Playing

Feet with
The
Other trunks in the zoo yard
As

The
Lightly tosses
Her
Hair around
And

Makes a wily joke
About
The
Morning

That could make
The
Discriminate
Equal ..

Sure,
As
The
Small girl evens chocolate spread
Over
He hot morning toast

She
Levels
The

Field with
A
Wave of her
Blue scyth ..

So,
As

You

Climb into your
Daily
Doing,

Know that

The
World is indeed flat

In most places

You reside

And with only be
Round
When

You meet this

Woman,
In

Her beautiful curves ..

'why would
you write about such a small moment?'

'BECAUSE ALL THE BIG MOMENTS DON'T SEEM AS EXCITING.'

'but no one wants to read about the small moments.'

'WELL.. MAYBE I DO. PEOPLE ALWAYS WRITE ABOUT THE BIG MAGNANIMOUS MOMENTS.
I ENJOY THE SMALL, SIMPLE MOMENTS THAT BRING AN INDELLIBLE PLEASURE TO THE
FACE.'

'I think there's something wrong with you.'

'I THINK WE JUST HAD A SMALL MOMENT. AND GIVE ME A MOMENT .. I NEED TO FIND A
PEN AND PAPER. THIS IS JUST WHAT WE WERE TALKING ABOUT.'

'I don't want to be a part of this moment. I'm waiting for something bigger.'

'TOO LATE. YOU'RE IN. KEEP ON TALKING, THOUGH. BECAUSE ONCE WE GET CLOSER TO
A BIG MOMENT I WILL BE DONE WRITING IT DOWN. AND FOR NOW, I NEED TO WRITE THIS
DOWN.'

'I'm out. You contemplate these things on your own.'

'YOU'RE THE ONE THAT ASKED THE QUESTION.'

'Did I? I can't remember.'

'YOU WILL NOW.'

lovely head

walked by a beautiful
negress
several minutes ago
that

smelled of fresh powder
and
jasmine,
she

asked me a question
with
her high forehead and tall,
sparkling afro ..

i
now

hardly recollect what
she
asked me ..

she looked like an African queen
from

a day i can only read about
in
free time ..

and
now

marvel

in
the
free time

she
gives

to all of

us needing
a
beautiful kick in the ass ..

make good music

I may have said this before ..

but
there's no excuse for bad music ..

bad love,
bad art,
bad writing,
bad jokes,
bad toast,
bad liquor,
bad tonic water,
bad hats,
bad blood,
bad ass,
bad

all around ..

though,
the period stops on
the
quarter's

grimace

when someone has

to hear bad music ..

more cod for you tonight?

Came
Home tonight
Listening
To

A Canadian
News,
Magazine show ..

They were
Interviewing a Norwegian marine biologist
About
A

Super cod

They were trying to revive back to health ..

As the line goes ..

Some
Cat,
Blind in one eye and partially blind in the other
Had
Been catching and letting this
Cod go for the last
25 years ..

Finally,
He caught the fish for
The
Final time
And
Contacted

The proper authorities
On

Reviving the

Pre-baked delight back to health ..

The fish
Has now been named 'balder'
After
An
Old
Norwegian god ..

These are
Reasons

Why I continue
Having
Faith in reporting

And
Listening to
News on the radio ..

This
Nearly blind man
Did

More over the last 25 years
Than people
Do

In a whole

Lifetime ..

I'm
Pulling

For
This
Fucking cod

And

More
Of
The
Same,
Yea.

Morning 'V'

They woke early
To
Take a walk,
But the walk came to take
Them as the goose
Formation
Froze in an Antarctica ice monolith
And
The
Fire storm knocked on Dr. Friendly's stoop for a piece of buttered/jellied
Toast ..

The two youngsters
Finally made their walk for a talk with
Bloody Mary
&
the ice ball melted in the lap of the minister
waiting for the world to warm up to
his words ..

&

on the other end of his
spectrum,
we have someone called you with
your roving eyes
&
fresh intents
&
me here ..

Thinking about
The
Blackbird on the side of the road today
Talking to the
Flower
Which ate
The
Snake and
Apologized for the frozen geese
As
I passed
At

Nearly 70 miles a our ..

(they're still in formation)

never sleeping again

Dining
at
11PM
as

the remainder of the
folks
around
the
block
dust off their alarm
clocks

and ready to call it an end

of
their
adventure ..

this,
as

the ex
remembers
the
others
ex's
birthday

and
runs over a large
stick on the side
of
the
road,

just large enough
to
get him back on his
train

a
go
go ..

So,
as he
pulls the fork
of
beans to his mouth,

cracks the corn
bread

and waits
for
the
thunder to hiss
around
the
sky again ..

he
grins

because
he
may
never,
ever sleep
again ..

not
in
this
city ..

no more lights

All the lights
Were out on
The
Highway
As the cars
Continued
To merge in the laughing chaos
Called
Speed, metal & rubber
Behind two eyes ..

So,
As the hair
Tickles your upper arms
And
The
World opens
Up
Its last can of vienna sausages
For
The
Starving pigs ..

Know that the
Lights
Won't
Be
Needed tomorrow

During
The
Daylight ..

no news for the turnpike .. is no news for the turnpike

the day
the
Jersey Turnpike
was

shut down for repairs ..

No one
reported on the incident ..

A car dangling off the
Golden Gate Bridge
courtesy
of
some college prank necks
trying to get an

engineering school on the school map
got

press all over the joint ..

But the Jersey
turnpike,
all the lost money,
horns honking,
death threats,
mounting graffiti

couldn't

get a mention
from
anyone ..

not even
a
belated,
beaten

woman in a Jersey corporate cubicle
would
mention
it

over a cigarette

with
a
bishop

who stopped
in
his car
on
the

corner

heading

towards

the pike ..

no script for the dust ..

Dried out contacts
On
The

Spit,
Hair covered
Counter top

As
Thoughts
Of
A cure to cataracts came and went swiftly ..

The buzzer on the dryer went off
As

The
Popcorn starting falling from the
Hypnotists mouth

That was finally
Taking hold
Of

A
Solid smile ..

Yes,
As the

Dust started falling more and
More

He felt
As
Though

He was rising

Like

An old epic spelled out in
A
Marquez novel ..

So,
As he dripped a couple of drops
Into
His
Dry,
Red

Eyes ..

The
World was going to become
Clearer

Even

If
The
Dust wasn't ready to cooperate ..

oh computer, why art thou in a lurch?

This computer

Wanted to
Steal my document,
Take
The poem

And
Give it away to the birds
Circling the
Compost
Of
Documents

That once
Had a lick in their flavor,
Flame in their shrinking groin,
Mandolin in the dark cloud,
Nutmeg in the child's last cup of apple cider,
Renoir on the moon,
Rapture in the morning infomercial,
The Olympics in Betelgeuse's lazy throw,

Red ribbon
In the exhausted typer looking to lick
The

Next wound
On
The dogs tangled collar ..

Yes,
The
Computer is fighting right

About now
As
The
Words tattoo its arm that

It too old
And meek for a 'paper graph' ..

Shit,
It's just bloodied
My

Lip
As
Double – elbuob

Vision

Keeps me standing on
This sturdy peg
Leg ..

Fuck,
Another
Jab to
The
Ribs

But I'll finish
This

Up before the fish hits the pan ..

It won't

Take
It

Away to the pile
Where the birds

Pick
And
Peck

As
Though
They have somewhere to be in

The

Pile
Of

Words

That will
Make

It through

The temperamental

'save' ..

OH SHOW IT

I'll show
You
Mine if you show me yours,
He tells her ..

She doesn't buy it ..

She wants him to show her his
Before she'll show hers to him ..

He
Thinks on this ..

Then
Says
He'll only show his if she shows hers first ..

She thinks on this ..

It doesn't pan out ..

Usually the man relents early
And often when it comes down to showing it to have some more shown ..

So,
She sticks to her lurch and says she won't show him hers
Until he shows his to her ..

FUCK,
He presumes,
This is tough ..

He just doesn't want to give in ..

He knows if he sticks it out that the reward
Will be grander than the acquiescence ..

So,
He tells her softly,
Trying to use all the charm his thumbs couldn't hold,
"I will only show you mine if you show me yours."

She gives in ..

Which is odd not only for her,
But for him as well ..

As she
Pulls down
Her pants,
He stops her and says that he's already seen it before ..

THIS STORY'S GOING
TO TURN OUT
FINE.

on the dip

Her phone was off the hook
all night
long as he
decided to load the saddle
and
get on with other things ..

she
caught word of this after
she
found out her phone was kicked on its
side
and
she called to the sounds of an answering machine

and
somewhere else to be
on
the
where are you going to be game ..

when they talked
the
next day ..

she was gold

as
he
just

poured another cup of hot coffee,
laughing

with

the gales
that
do

things they just have
to
do

no
matter how brief or

long

in this human

strive

for permanence ..

Otherwise Mr. Wise

Was

Talking to the executive director/maintenance

Guy

At

The

Place I work

At

The other day ..

He said

There was a shit pot of ideas

Making

Millions

Out

There and that

He

Had

Plenty himself ..

I asked him what one of

Them were ..

He wouldn't tell me ..

It was proprietary ..

He gave me that look like I may

Go out and

Actually capitalize

And

Rape his idea

For

The

Interests of my own pocketbook ..

I told him he had the wrong idea ..

I use my own ideas

And

Not

For

Exorbitant cash and daunting parting prizes ..

His idea was safe with me,

I didn't

Need

A

Lot of cash ..

He wouldn't buy it ..

As

He
Thought

Of

Much
Of

Nothing that was ever

Going to end up
In
Your
Car,
Home

Or otherwise

Wise

Wise

Wise

Wise

Wise

otherwise.

passin' the match

Blowing

Out yet
Another
Match

As you
Try in vain to get your
Outfit
Coordinated
Before

Going out
Into
The
Air

Open

Space

Of
That

While

I
Think about the
Next
Match I may light

Though,
In
Your

Case

I
Will

Probably pass it up ..

pieces of talk

brushing
bits
of
teeth off the breakfast
table,
there

was a lot of talking
going
down

about
Kuwait's 10 year
anniversary

and
the
girl
down the street
entering her red flow
of
woman hood ..

as
the
housewife
takes the dust pan
full of teeth over to the

trash
to
empty
them out,
she instead
lays the pan
on the counter
and
pulls out
an old pasta sauce
jar

to save
these

teeth

in case

she

needs something
better

to say ..

prank tip #twelve

Saw a big sign

on a
department store
attached to a dying mall
in
a
county next to here ..

It said ..

"GOING OUT OF BUSINESS"

in big black letters ..

this is where a good
dose of
urban pranking could come in handy ..

Someone should either spray paint
or
tack up a new sign
that

said,
"NOW HIRING."

Just a tip
for

you
up
and

coming

pranks

waiting

between
magazine covers
and

the
breeze's

first
girl ..

quitting option

It's
Crisp,
Clear

And fucking cold ..

A good
Pretense
To
The
Eve

As
I take
My
First
Good slug
Off

A
Crisp,
Clean

Beer,

Here
This
Day above
January

And
Several shots from May ..

Sure,
Adding
To
The social commentary
Of America

As
The
Rhetoric
Builds
Like a cheap phone call
About
Why the
Wall

Didn't come down before it did in Germany ..

Yes,

As the brewer's brew a woman's excuse
And
The
Wine press squeezes out the man's next mistake

I pause for

Sip

Three
In
This
Commonly
Cold,
Cool
American

Eve
That

Will take
More

Of what I have

Because

That

Quitting
Is
Taught

To be

Not an option ..

she came in with a

&



left with my

As he worked out the idea he had floating around his mind all day long .. she laid down in her bed .. turned off the lights .. reached her hand down her unbuttoned pants and started taking care of the idea that was in her head all day long ..

**

You know sometimes it's only as good as your mind can draw it ..

**

Throwing shadows on your page because all you ever knew was dark lighting ..

**

With a wooden branch leaning on your window .. have you ever known something so well that it could possibly be disproved?

**

They all know each other without knowing a thing about each other ..

**

Irregardless of who you are .. hospitals absolutely force you to think about and consider your own mortality ..

**

As the lines .. arrows .. and boxes come down into an egg-shaped blender .. the crowd waits in hopeful anticipation with a fork in one hand and a good piece of toast in the other ..

**

Watch where you walk as the valley of props come firing out of the ground like a gallery of puppets .. fast, alive and waiting for some muscle tendons of their own ..

**

So, she's having a shit day, she says .. so, he says, would you object to me trying to make you have a good day?

Yes, she says, I want to keep on having a shit day. It feels right, plus people talk to me more because they want to sympathize with me for having a shit day.

That's completely weak. You drowning in your own weakness. You need a good laugh. To drone on and throw your day in the 'I'm not going to try pile' is beyond weakness.

No it's not, she says. It works every time for me. It's like getting pulled over by the cops and being able to talk my way out because I'm a woman. It just works.

Even weaker and a terrible analogy. Get something better, or I'm going to have to make you happy in spite of your theory.

**

They fell
A
Step

Ahead

Because
The
Clocks

Were

Moving
Slowly ..

**

I don't believe we have met before .. but, I am your lemon dream ..

**

"Judgement arrests understanding .. " quote from a bartender, KCMO, the other night during 2001 ..

**

One good anecdote is better than all of them getting blue in the face talking about the god damn weather ..

**

Their blood is thicker than yours ..

**

Adrenaline thirsty vixens in a bitch's sweet tooth ..

**

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF THE DOG .. by one cat—

**

Making the old enchanted & just drawing circles around splashes of pasta sauce on this page ..

**

Looking at all the algebra as the geometry folded into a physics exam on the ledge of a long-winded pendulum theorem that blew inside the child's over-inflated, aluminum balloon ..

**

I may be able to add home to your question for an extra fifty cents ..

**

They're not going to wonder where you went if you only went where you were going ..

**

The laughter made her gag .. She was now waiting to choke in a good, good way, man ..

**

It's good how things work out .. I think over another 9PM cup of coffee ..

**

I made the call.
No answer.
The phone wouldn't spit me my money back.
So ..
I decided I wouldn't give it its receiver back.
How do you like me now?

**

So much time to fill here on the bottom of this small, small page ..

**

The composer wanted to put together bits and pieces of parts for the whole composition .. though, the director wouldn't have it ..

**

Love in a telephone booth is a lot like love in the cabin of a boat ..

**

Now .. when people have trouble not creating .. it's like those you have a problem with because they don't create in any way at all ..

**

When you
Get wrapped up
Into a circle
You
Don't
Want to run around ..

Draw a square and squirm

As
Though
It's
Not
A
Shape ..

**

They all know each other without knowing each other ..

**

40 times your toes is 9 times your fingers ..

**

Reading the Wednesday Magazine on a Tuesday night .. A day early and a magazine away ..

**

I was living in an apartment complex I didn't recognize .. it was like I was living out west somewhere . warm .. tropical trees .. a nice nip of warmth in the air .. walking across the second level patio-style runway towards the ice machine or the maintenance shop, an old friend from high school swiftly stopped me in my tracks and started handing over gifts for me and my family from the Christmas that had just passed .. I thanked him as he offered a warm, laughing welcome into his abode .. I was obliged and flattered that he remembered me and my kin during the holiday season that passed .. as I walked in and sat down on some Rent-a-Center furniture and looked around the place .. he was asking me questions about what has been going on lately .. I gave him some thoughtful responses as I asked him how his wife and kids were .. at this question prompt .. his wife came roving out of a back room in the apartment with a smile, eye wear halfway down her sweating nose, light pink robe and worn, brown slippers .. she said "hello" .. grabbed some milk out of the refrigerator and went back to her activities and room in the back of the apartment .. it left a tinge of mystery in my bones as to what activities she was up to .. I just assumed she was nursing their new kid .. we went on talking briefly as I slipped into the next dream on the sleeping agenda for the eve ..

I still don't know what he got me for Christmas .. though for the purposes at hand, the thought was really all that mattered .. and really should be all that matters ..

**

wisdom
comes when
you
do what you want

when you want
and
how
you wanted to do it ..

period ..

**

You've got to know the economy is doing well .. even the pigeons pecking away on the ground are plump, smiling and flappin' .. your measuring stick for the day ..

**

There was a guy that used to refer to everything in candy bar terms ..

"You know, I used to date this real butterfinger. She couldn't do anything right."

"All I ever really wanted was a good bit. Just a good bit of honey."

"Just had a child you know. She's a real Baby Ruth."

"Shit that broad had the Mounds."

"Had a moment on the toilet this morning. It was a real Almond Joy."

“Man I would love to win that lottery. It would be a sure ten thousand dollar moment.”
“Yea, that animal was a real butter cup until it ran away from us.”
“That cat was cooler than a pepper mint patty.”

I haven't talked to this cat for years .. I'm sure I'm not missing too much of his sweet fucking metaphors.

**

when
you
really think its
them ..

when the thought

won't get out of your mind ..

its likely been you
the
whole time ..

**

this cat told me
"I CAN SAVE YOUR WORLD."

"Yea,"
I came back with one eye open.
"Save yours .. I believe mines already been looked after."

**

If we took all the Tv's off earth .. things would either really improve or the whole show would blow up into
a big mountain of hot vomit ..

**

I can't get the smell of bacon out of the place .. it hangs in the wall .. it comes out of my breath after
scrubbing the fuck out of my molars with flouride .. it hangs like a cob web waiting to bring in the next fly
.. it just won't leave .. and I love it that way .. it keeps away all those low talkin' little vegans as vegetarians
..

**

They stole
my
fingertips

and
paid
me

in
stolen
silver dollars ..

**

When you
Have
All

You have ..

Is that
Really all you have ..

**

I'm
Not
Going to ask you why
You
Asked me that
Question
There
Over your busy
Pushy eye brows ..

I'm just going to give you an answer ..

**

people
etching

around

for a good deal
on
a
car,

while
i
look for a good
deal

on a pepperoni sandwich ..

**

smile upon me
or
frown upon me ..

come on me ..

i
may
come onto you ..

**

Open the whole world to yourself & take off your clothes ..

**

Went by the Ford Plant .. a car in a Ford security/police car pulled me over and ticketed me for having a Toyota .. This happened to everyone that day coming by with a foreign car or something other than a Ford ..

**

Man who put up highway guard rails all day long .. Though, didn't believe in putting a fence up around his yard .. Just wanted to protect his road .. not enclose his home .. That's all .. not much more to it ..

**

The ultimate form of public patience .. the separation between the first and lasts .. the interior and anterior .. waiting in line .. when you get into a 15 – 30 – 70 person hole .. you look to the front and think the group of 1-2-3 are bad asses .. then, you make your way through the line without thinking much about it and look back when your time in the front is up and think .. “Fuck, if all else fails today .. I'm in the fucking pole position in this line here at the post office.”

**

The trophy maker was an odd sort .. he would model, chisel and mold together trophies all day long for the city's winners .. yet, the man himself had never won one trophy his entire life .. but he's the winner by which all the other winners prove their winning .. yes ..

**

I'll give you this page, if you give me your page .. but if you take my page I may want another one of your pages to compensate for the fact that I'll never see my page again .. so, go ahead and take my page .. I'll have your book before you know it ..

**

The spite of those numb in the mind is like someone spitting on the ground .. you just don't think about it much after the glob smacks and won't think about it any much more if another clod comes from another person's mouth ..

**

The waterfall is my tongue as the sugars turn into saliva and the world's sky went red ..

**

Oh yellow dream .. why is it that you always run behind that black and white mountain? Is it the color that intimidates you? You're yellow after all .. And you goin' on hidin' behind that black and white mountain .. try to find the greens while I lay you down to wake in a blue blanket ..

**

A baby's pacifier goes about sucking itself as though the old man held the secret to the old woman's entire life .. just sucking, sucking and sucking more .. the old man smiled from the slits of his eyes .. he has it .. and the old woman will be the last one to figure it out ..

**

A violin bow is only as good as the hairs .. the violin is only as good as it's wood .. the player .. well the play is only good if the hairs, wood and mind have something more than everyone else in the world ..

**

Genius is a definition .. so is catastrophe .. you know what separates them from the page of explanation? One simple IDEA.

**

Open doors are like open windows .. they can see me from both .. but won't leave if they get near me ..

**

The port of his wine call .. the wood in his bourbon burp .. the berry in his gin kiss .. the hop in her scotch .. the world tied to a rope going around the kid's skating rink on three wheels .. we the dreamers are planning to make a visit to your home ..
BUY EXTRA COFFEE, DOLL.

**

Ohdoledaboodooleeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee .. lafosederay .. yea ..

**

Shatter the China, kiss the Japanese doll, take a jab at the resting Nazi .. give your kiss to a Brit, read about America .. and dive into the lagoon if you get near .. hear me there?

**

Old commune in the pea field that grew it .. an old bean in a penal colony as the blades sharpen the used nails of the serf trying to change his address just enough to never ever get postage mail again ..

**

Blinds in my left hand, used eyes in the right .. 20/20 vision comes from the rest, baby bitch .. all right?

**

Oh oooh Oh oooh .. I could just go on and on like this .. so .. Oh oooh Oh oooh (once again)

**

The tiring chronicles of the man with one face, two hands, four toes .. a missing neck and enough salsa to dip all yo cheeps en ..

**

You in your calm casual way as the Parrot repeat the thought that kept coming and leaving without your lips moving .. once ..

**

As the usual criminal does something wholly unusual .. the witch leaves her home to do something for the kids ..

**

The raining rainbow cutting into the razor like a cloud made for the mad Egyptian that never got fully recognized for his pyramid arts ..

**

One hand tied behind the other while I try to bring you the honesty .. all it wants to bring is vile jive that can be spread all even and slow like caviar over a woman's belly ..

**

So instead of going out and spending more money .. why don't you just sit there and answer the question as to how the money bought you and is only selling you off to the nicest broker as you flip out your coins and cash during the next purchase ..

**

They took his shoe polish and cursed his shoes .. he just stood there stolid, straight faced taking all of it in as though his feet were all that he really needed on the particular journey he was going to take ..

**

I haven't written anything but this today .. does it count?
Do you know how to count?
They taught me one day that such in school .. I've been practicing every since ..

Looks like the question may have been answered ..

**

He glamorized the world while the world glamorized him ..

**

Coughing up the tickets while the cheaters sneak backstage to feed the whores the scraps that were left over from the previous evening's feast ..

**

Fast and bestial like the way it was prescribed .. but it just didn't seem right in the right handed chime that stole the seconds from the clock like a Russian running loose down the street with the last of Poland's bakery goods ..

**

Everyone has written a song .. even if the instrument mocked the accuser in the soft play of love's little light that gave birth to a praying manthis ..

**

There's only two ways you're going to get out of this fork .. and it has nothing to do with silverware, bucky.

**

I'm good with letting that ride, Clyde .. Yea, I'm good with lettin' it go ..

**

Things just sound better in an old set of headphones ..

**

The dog licked the woman's scab .. front ankle .. as she finished the score to a pilot that will one day be aired in your home ..

**

They couldn't see the rainbow for those movin' in thunderheads ..

**

Waiting for the cow bell to hit the chime as the piano player looks over his swirl of cigarette smoke .. nods to the drummer to get the bass player out of the woman in the turquoise dress for the solo ..

**

I don't need to be released .. but I do have a list of those that should be released as soon as can be possible ..

**

If you think your doing everything but trying .. then you should probably do it .. again ..

**

She knocked on the fog glass .. I approached .. put my ear to the window .. told her to speak up .. she said her car died but it didn't matter .. I said many things die everyday .. so lets go buy a good record album & give each other some life ..

**

If you really think about it with head tilted back .. looking up into a huge Arizona sky at night .. you realize that nothing down here is really serious ..

**

If you have a good line or a joke to flick .. I may have a drink or a meaty pork chop waiting for you ..

**

THE NEW SITCOM TO TAKE THE RATINGS ON A WHIRLING BOIL .. A MAN AND WOMAN .. WITHIN A ONE HOUR SEGMENT .. RUNNING FOR ABOUT 12 WEEKS .. TRY OUT THE FULL GAMUT OF LIFESTYLES AND CAREER OPPORTUNITIES ..

1. MUSICIAN
2. STRIPPER
3. ACCONTANT
4. MEAT CUTTER

5. INVESTMENT BANKER
6. BAKER
7. CAR THIEF
8. HOMELESS PERSON
9. GARDENER
10. NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER
11. WRITER
12. BOOKIE

WITH THESE 12 DIFFERENT LINES, THE MAN AND WOMAN GET IMMersed IN THE WORK AND AT THE END OF THE EPISODE, THEY HAVE A CONFSSIONAL AND TALK ABOUT WHAT THEY LIKED ABOUT THE STYLE AND WHAT THEY DIDN'T LIKE .. SO, THE NATION HAS TO TRY TO GUESS WHAT PROFESSION THEY LIKE THE BEST .. IT'S THE FINAL SHOW FINALE OF WHAT IS THE BEST THING GOING .. PEOPLE ARE BETTING LARGE BILLS IN OFFICE POTS AND OTHERS ARE JUST WAITING OVER A DRINK TO SEE IF THEY WIN, LOSE OR IF THEY FIGURE OUT THAT MOST OF WHAT IS GLAMORIZED IS JUST BULLSHIT ..

SO, THE FINAL SHOW ARRIVES ..

THE WINNER?

HOMELESS PERSON .. NO SCHEDULE TO KEEP .. NO BILLS .. GET MUCH FOR FREE .. CAN USUALLY GET MONEY WITH A CLEVER STORY OR GOOD TWIST OF THE LIPS .. IT'S NOT ALL CRACKED OPEN INTO A STORY OF FLOWERS AND SOLIDITY .. ALWAYS ON OPTION TO BUY WITH THIS LEASE PLAN .. BUT THE TRUTH IS WHAT THE SHOW IS ABOUT .. SO THERE

..

**

Late night penmanship and the new memories that come rearing around the corner like a flank of teeth you have seen before, but forgot in a dream ..

**

When n someone states the obvious .. throw out the bizarre with all fingers, saliva, instance, pomp, primary colors & fibers ..

**

The history is the past, but I say it's a flair for the future, baby ..

**

Some would say that I'm just waiting here .. spending my time in the way while the wean goes on by with 2 fingers in its mouth and 9 months ahead of schedule .. though, I'm not waiting .. I'm doing a little jig saw puzzle while balancing a pair of chop sticks in the other .. so, are you waiting?

**

Watching individual droplets of water coming from the tops of buildings to the ground is best done in a downtown district .. where the backdrop is layered in pure color and the winds kick like a bitch .. just watch the drops .. they're coming for you .. they have already found me ..

**

So, what do you want to write?

Nothing big ..

Why?

No one will read it ..

So, the smaller the better, as a matter of speech?

That's all up to opinion .. I'm just saying that too many try to grab the golden ring when they reach for the novel .. as a sort of childhood dream fulfilled .. something a psychiatrist recommended to a patient .. a way for someone to become the next 'big thing' ..

What's your advice then?

There's too much advice going around about how to write .. I'm just telling you that personally I want to write something small .. If it explodes from there .. I have goggles .. If not .. it's small and that's just damn right with this astronaut ..

Thanks for your time ..

Any time ..

**

Every dream I had last night was set against, with and inside a McDonald's .. At one point, I made it back into the private suite that was tailored with an open bar, dark oak wood fixtures, cabinets, etc., an easy to cook grilling station .. some cleaning men came back and started cleaning the fuck out of the place .. I looked down at a newspaper and noticed that a Ronald McDonald was apprehended for stealing a car .. there was a mug shot and a lengthy story on the matter .. In this paper and in the McDonald's world of news .. everyone was either a Ronald McDonald, Hamburgler, Grimace, Fry Guy or the other .. It was that faction of people split open that was either African American, Italian, Asian, etc. .. in another dream sequence .. I was hungry for breakfast .. an Egg McMuffin and Hash Browns .. while waiting in line, I heard the attendant tell a customer that they didn't take credit cards .. so, in a trough of water we were all waiting in .. I reached back in the water to check my wallet for cash .. as I reached, a black woman behind me was fondling me .. I laughed at her and found that I had cash .. before I could get my food .. I looked back towards the street .. it was an open air restaurant over a parkway .. I saw a small Honda smash into the back of my parked car that was on the right side of the road .. I went over and looked in mild amazement as the car did a 180 turn towards the other side of the street .. smashing into other cars .. then, the driver's side door opens and a limp body is thrown out into the road .. people start scampering about .. I look back and ask in the crowded restaurant if anyone has a cellular phone I can use .. No one responds .. I yell, "THERE'S A CRAZY FUCK DOWN THERE AHNILLATING PEOPLE. SOMEONE HAS TO HAVE A PHONE! I NEED TO CALL FOR HELP." At this point, cops arrive on the scene and apprehend this wacky woman ..

The whole dream .. I had not an ounce of food .. and I'm hungry now ..

**

She said
she
would

love to see me ..

I told
her

I would
enjoy her
company ..

We came
to

a
miraculous impasse ..

just then ..

something more in the trash

Playing
An
Instrument
Of
Your
Choice

When all else fails,
Throwing
On
A
Can of corn
When
The
Belly starts sagging like
A
Wet
Bag in the hand of an old woman,

Tossing
Around the word
Like it's never been spoken before
Because

People somehow inevitably lost
Their

Flair for a language they've been speaking their whole lives,

Balancing
The
Check book
Just

To make sure that next drink
Will land
Either squarely on your tab
Or
The next bloke that has
Some
Kinship and libations he's willing to dispense with ..

So,
Your

Throwing the trash
Out of
The
Place

Because

It's trash

And

Not

Something

More ..

store talk

on
the
informal toss
there

are things you figure out ..

and let others know about ..

it's
those tiny things that don't hinge
on
your

survival day by day ..

yet,
they tug on your nuts
like
an

itch or sweat that
won't go away ..

such as,
a
gal at the art supply store
stopped
me
while
ringing up my
PROducts,
if i knew
what
those eight pieces of triangular plastic
attached
to
the
back of every canvass were all about ..

so,
I
threw out my toss,
they
were
an option to put on the back
of
each corner to keep spaced from the wall
or
protect the corners in
case

the painting or piece falls ..

she
nodded her head and said that made sense ..

she went
on to tell me about a curator
friend that
could
never

figure out what they were all about ..

during all his time
collecting,
hanging
and

roaming around the pieces

he had
a
faint idea ..

so,
i further ripped open
the
back of the painting and
placed
them

on each corner using basic geometry ..

she smiled

and
i thought
it
was a lot like
using a condom ..

but
not quite as important ..

takin' their boats home

having a pint
at

5:55 in the p.m.

while the dwellers
come down
to
the
town

for a little thing
called

the boat show ..

cold
as
cold

and
not an inch of heat in sight,
they drive
around and look at the city
between green lights
as
though
it's
a
miraculous
European city
they

will only
see

now

and never

again

as they finish poking
their eyes about a
floor
of
boats,
sails,
motors

and
pools with busty broads handing
out

literature they will throw away later
when
they
discover it underneath their seat

after

they go back
to
the
planet

called

the suburbs ..

the answer is below their hair

She's
Laying
In bed

Watching pro wrestling
On
Tv

While
He

Moves his head
To and fro
With
The
Basketball game
On

The Tv in the living room ..

Every once in a while
They
Emit
Moans
Or
Cheers for their respective sport

Entertainment ..

They do this
For several hours ..

Not into each others
Form
Of

Tv pleasure

They ask each other questions every once
In
A
While ..

Like ..

“DID YOU EAT ALL THE BEAN DIP?”

or

“YOU KNOW, BASKETBALL IS A REAL SPORT. THAT WRESTLING IS ALL LIGHTS, MAKE-UP
AND SCRIPTED ACTION.”

or

“YOU DAD CALLED YESTERDAY. I FORGOT TO TELL YOU.”

As they slip
Through the minutes

Only connected by
A
Voice ..

It's another
Human separation

Maneuver ..

Then the
Gal
Recommends after the 2 hour, 30 minute
Mark ..

“WHY DON'T WE TURN OFF THE TV'S AND PLAY SOME CHESS OR TALK.”

The man
Says,
“WHY?”

That's my general question about their actions
To
The both
Of them ..

Why?

the balls of this kid

Sure are
A
Lot
Of

Birds on the side
Of
The
Highway

As the tape
Gets jammed
In
The

Tooth of
A
Semi-cold

Tape deck on a warming
Winter day
That

Went with
The

Fools
Behind the side of the building to put one more card
On

That
Stack of cards that wasn't
Supposed

To have anymore gel

In its

Hair ..

Sure,
There's a
Whole
Helluva lot of birds on the side of the road pecking at the
Tire's

Residue

While

The rest of the world skips

Their

CD

And

The

Colder

Coffee

Gets colder

Sitting here in

This

9 day old

styrofoam

cup

that used to

hold the

balls

of

this

kid ..

the beginning and end of his simplicity

My lover
Friend an I were

Sitting at our favorite bar
Venue

Having some sips

With a stranger last evening ..

He couldn't look
At my lady friend all evening without
Getting

A grin that kept
His
Slumbering mouth
From

Telling us a story ..

He was a half black, half Italian
Man
That

Had a real penchant for a good sandwich, pickle
And being
A
Full boar Italian ..

I told him that was funny,
I always wanted
To
Be a full boar black man ..

As the time went on,
He kept addressing me by my first name
And
Was the first one out of his stool
When
On older drunk bird
Clocked
Some young kid so hard in the face
That
He fell over
Backwards,
Chair and all ..

When he came back to his stool
He
Told me and my lady lover
Several profound pieces of advice

His
Father had given him over the years
During some
Informal,
Conversation dinners and drinks he had had
With
Him ..

First,
Be with someone you can
Have a good laugh
With
And
His father also
Told he should never be
Alone with his mother ..

This cat
Had
Some issues with his mother ..

Never really got along with the full
Blooded
Italian woman ..

As the eve went on he
Kept telling me
He
Loved
Poems
And
That his favorite was one called 'simplicity'
That
Someone had given
To
Him ..

It was a short poem
And
He wanted to go home to get the
Piece for me ..

Obviously two coals away
From a warm fire,
We told him that
He could climb in my car,
While my lover friend drove his

So we could get
Him

Home to the
Beat
Of
Something other
Than

His
Tipping heart ..

We took
Him
To his place ..

He was a tall man
And
As
He leaned in for a good hug
On

My lady friend,

I
Saw a simple piece

Of simplicity

In
This
Tall

Man

Hugging this
Small

Woman

In
The
Beginning of

Our
Simple
Night ..

&
the end of his ..

the courage of the page

Only
One more
Page to
Go

In this trail of pages

That
Rides over
The
Trail and
Holds

The carriage hostage ..

Yes,
I'm almost there on
The
End of the row

As
The
Team decided to put down
Their

Oars for a better

Cause that came
Across the blip of their life
That
Assumed itself

As
A
Flash

And felt like thunder ..

So,
As I finish off
This

Page ..

The first of the last ..

The middle
Of
The second man's march ..

The 2nd to the last

In the cough of a marsupial trying

To make it over to the spring for

A

Cup of

Vodka ..

Again,

This

Will

Be another page in a line of pages

As

The young hipsters

Wave

Their

Heads and hands over

The

Cooling

Lava

That looks a lot like a candy

The

Company

Will try to market

And

Promote

In the months to come ..

Oh yes,

I

Think you know

There will be another

Page

After this page

In

A

Page of pages

Going

Into

Another leaflet of pages

That

Had

The

Courage

To become a page ..

the fat man with the funny face ..

stopped me on the
sidewalk
the

other day as I was making
my
way

to
"Mississippi Grace"

for some lunch ..

he said,
"I love basketball and look at the caricature
on the lemonhead package to have a good peaceful laugh."

I looked back
and
said,
"JAM ONE HOME FOR ME AND PISS YOURSELF LAUGHING
THE NEXT SIGHT OF THAT LEMONY LITTLE LOVER."

He shook
my
hand

as

I stopped before 'grace's' and looked

over the
chalk
scrawled

sidewalk specials ..

the next show

Swimmy

Soupy drum

Sticks

As

The traffic

On the Tv in the commercial

In the other room

Honks and removes

The

Center line

While the

Rookie traffic cop down the street

Waves

People through the four way juggernaut of traffic

Flowing to

And

Away from the

Afternoon

Event

At

The

City's arena ..

He has that austiere look as

Though

He

Has the wrong job for the day and if you fuck with him

He will get

You with a heavy whistle

And

Equally

Strong gloves

Covering the sun

And

Cold from his hands ..

I pull up towards my turn and

Wait to go

As he looks at me wondering why I'm

Not moving ..

I give him the

"WHEELS STUCK IN ICE, WATER AND SNOW ON AN INCLINE"

motion

as he ignores me and continues to
wave traffic on ..

I was wondering
If

The wood I
Just
Fetched would thaw out

Before

The next show

Or
If

I would be stuck throwing fire on
Some
Porous water

That
Had other plans

For
This
Afternoon

When people are going to see
Another

Show

While

I was thinking about

The next one,
Sweetfucks.

the piss tale

Had
several beers
before
calling

it time for
the
pen

and
covers

for
the end of the eve ..

As I threw all the clothes
to
the
ground
and
pulled
the

notebook to my chest,
the
urge to piss
held
me in a lurch ..

with my roommate and another friend
ricocheting
through
a
match of chess,
I didn't
have
the stamina to slip
on my robe

and get to the pisser ..

Instead,
pulled my body
to the side of the bed,
emptied an old 'decaf' coffee tin (which i don't know how it got into the place)
and
shoved my friend
down

to
empty

the

venom ..

I laid the can down,
felt
so
relieve

that I was ready to dream ..

Three days later,
my lady friend noticed
the
can,
which I meant to empty the next
morning ..

so,
while she
jaunted off
for

the other
way to take a piss in the bathroom ..

I raised the window

and
hurled the
tin
without looking at the
volume of trash in the
dumpster below ..

it was packed to the tits ..

the can
bounced,
piss
strewn
all over the sidewalk

and
that sad,
defeated
green decaf tin

went

rolling

on down the inclined sidewalk
south

while

the
sun
brewed stronger
and
I went

into the bathroom
after

her doing

what
only
i
know how ..

the presidents, time and temperature .. now

it's 6:04 PM and
thirty degrees
in

midtown
right
now

as
the
theater cast
rehearses once again
their

parts .. lines .. gestures .. entrances on stage

..

sure and
the
critics
now rank JFK as the 18th best President ever,
as

Ronald gets the #8 pole slot ..

sure,
as

people forget about
Somalia
and

that we ever had a struggle in their
land

for a little solace,
the
new

President
bombs
Iraq

again
on
strategic spots that
are
to
spare civilian lives

and give America some more solidity ..

the temperature
is
still 30 degrees ..

though,
it's

now 6:06 PM
as

we
all
keep on movin' on ..

things I do and don't have

The man
Slides
Over

With a blue stocking cap
And eyes

Sticking out like
Kernels on
A
Cooked,
Wet ear ..

He says,
“DAMN MAN .. THESE LINES. I HAVE A CAB AND SHIT OUT THERE.”

Not directly talking
To me,
Yet
Giving me the chaw
In

The only non-verbal directive
He
Knows of ..

I look
Down at his six of the blue bull

And
Say,

“IS THAT YOUR CAB OUT THERE ON THE CORNER?”

“YEA, MAN.”
He comes back.

“SHIT, YOU CAN HAVE MY SPOT.”
I tell him.

He looked like a man
Scraping his scruples together for the eve
And

Had no where to put them ..

So,
We play the musical lines
As

The teems of cars wait along the street and in a

Pot hole ridden,
Abandoned
Parking lot

While we take our last
Shot
At
The
City's

Night supply of liquor ..

It was the
Least I could

Do ..

Not only for him,
Nor
The
Cabby

But
In the name another person

That didn't come up to

Me wanting

Change

I just don't fucking have ..

time was being kind

He had
Done

So much
During the day that

It felt good
To

Throw off the exterior
And

Dip
Into some more
Words of paragraphs

Printed long ago on
Fresh
Pages from
A

New York City printing house ..

He looked over
And

Noticed the blue alarm clock said "4:32"

As he plodded forward in the book,
He went back to an idea
He

Had been thinking about
Before he turned the key into the lock of his place ..

Then,
Almost instinctively looked over
At the
Clock ..

The time read "4:18" ..

Which made him wonder ..

So,
He picked up the
Phone,
Called the always reliable time and
Temperature hot line ..

The computerized,
Semi-human voice talked of ATM convenience all over

The city
And
World for that matter ..

Then,
The time .. "4:17" ..

Shit,
Time was falling backwards ..

He was wondering when it
Would
Start going back forward again ..

If he going to leave the place again ..

If he was going to see
A picture of
That

Magnifying glass,
Kiss those lips
Or
Pat the dog on the head as
He did earlier in the day ..

Or,
If time was in his favor and for a while
He was going to get to
Do more of
What he wanted to do while knowing he
Did
Exactly what he had already set out to do during the day ..

It was
All be all right
If he didn't have to
Work
More ..

If time would stay moving forward when
He punched in on the work clock ..

So,
As he kept going through the book
He had in hand,

He thought
He
May be able to
Take down another

If
Time

Was going

To
Continue being so kind ..

**together for a talk while the music
played in the background**

She said, "You have quite a way about you."

"Yea," he began. "We'll you do have to have direction."

"Good point," she came back. "But it's more about finesse than direction."

"Listen doll, direction takes much finesse and practice at luck."

"How would one get that," she came forward.

"That's one question you shouldn't ask or worry about, doll." He concluded.

tough man & a musketeer

I would
Have believed you
If you would
Have told me
&
believed it yourself ..

On the other half
Of the tortise,
I would
Expect you to believe me if
I
Told
You
My facts were mixed up ..

So,
As the engine
Rides by in a cloud,
Trimming the cumulonimbus
To
A
Brief shower
&
when the Harlem
trio climbs onto
the Apollo stage
for the last tribute concert
to the
“Musketeers of the Southern Shack”
&
as the red cord
pulls the blue light
into the yellow home
where
the
single girl
lives
with
her
single dad ..

Know that
To be right
Isn't
Precisely correct
By all
And
In all intents of the purpose ..

The real aim is that we can all talk ..

Talking

Like

Communicating fools ..

weather façade

Always
Somethin' about
Bad weather ..

Rainin',
Snowin',
Fog
Or otherwise
That
Causes people
To drive
Like they're halfway from Chapter 11
&
closer to their 15 minutes ..

Saw a wreck tonight
Fresh
After it went down ..

A car
Perched over a curb,
Black man tears
From the
Twisted car
Holding his left wrist,
Shouting
At
An
Alert,
Scared
White guy
In a small red car still
Clutching both hands
On
The
Black wheel ..

The charging man looked
Like a vigilante from
An
Old
War film ..

Still shouting ..

Sometimes you
Hit,
Sometimes you mess
And
Sometimes you miss

While most
Of
The
Time

The weather is just something behind the

Real façade ..

what do you do naked?

Took
A
Painting
Class
Last
Night ..

The first
Class
For

Me
Since high school some 10 years ago ..

It's a new,
Somewhat rigid deal for me ..

Classic, French realism
With
Nude models ..

This first night
There
Were two models ..

One male,
One female ..

So,
We
All
Go through our
Motion ..

The female nude
Kept
Looking
Better and
Better
As

The night
Wore away ..

Once finished,
The teacher
Went around to each easel and critiqued
The
Piece,
With
Class input ..

Teacher
Gave me the wide eyes
And
Asked me things like,
“Have you ever painted before?”

With questions like
This

It's obvious
This
Man
Wasn't into what I was doing ..

Mine

Was head over fists

Different from
All the
Others in there ..

So,
A
Girl
In class that
Was
Just getting into painting
Was

Telling me she really
Wanted to drink
While
She painted ..

Fuck right ..

There were already naked
People in the room,
We
Should have thrown in Kind of Blue,
Pulled out the
Gin and juice

And went
Like mad motherfuckers ..

Most
Couples and people
Go
Out
In their clothes
To
Get out of their clothes by
The end of the night ..

These kids,
The models
Were already naked ..

They
Had done what everyone
Else in the class
Likely

Wanted to
Do ..

what does plastic feel like?

went
to buy
some art supplies
for a class a gal friend of mine
has
arranged for me ..

it was a 2 for 1 deal
at
the
known art institute here
in
town
here ..

the only stipulation
was
to
pick out my own supplies ..

things
such as
premium paints,
linseed oil,
palettes,
large canvass
and
such ..

poking and throwing things
in
my little blue basket,
i
thought

I had a couple more than several bucks

in
that
basket to show for ..

but
the
total was nearly \$200 ..

I've
been painting for a time now

and
I've never bought anywhere near or over
one hundred

for
supplies ..

i felt like
i was
paying

for a war that was going to wound me,
digging a hole
that

my dog was going to be thrown in ..

well,
it's not that bad

or
really bad at all ..

it's just

crazy how
much
money

the starving artist

apparently

has ..

i
know
this starving kid in the wallet

needs to eat,

so the cheap
shit

works

out like
a
sandwich i made for myself

and
will later eat ..

when did it start?

The bottle
Exploded

And
The
Remainder of the
Pieces

Just found their way

Back together again

As the morning phone and stand

Fell on my foot

As she laughed

And I stuck the stubbed toes against
The heat

Vent
Putting

Back
Together

What wasn't broke

And
Can

Only find

Itself back

To where it didn't start ..

who's flame?

Little yellow flame,
grabbing the wick
like
a

prayer
around a convict's crime ..

sitting next to
the
bottle
cap

that let loose

all three wishes
into the

asking for one more degree of warmth,
and

another
way
to

Tuscalooska, USA ..

Again,
I say
little yellow flame
pushing wax
against the side
of

small window panes

rearing
foward like a moment
the old
woman
can't remember

though
her
children

will speak of for years to come ..

pulsing,
pushing

flame

of your
yellow

as
the

China man
sneezes away
the
stereotypes

and
any other sound
from that turntable

that
is
all together

odd

in

that

damn dowry of flicker ..

you can count this

if you count
the
words you have in a document,
you have the wrong idea ..

if you count your toes while your bored,
your
just havin' a time with the memory
chutes ..

If you build a cage around an
animal that should run,
walk over to the gates with a pair of clippers
and
cut the fucker down ..

If you find yourself
running around in a warm, fenced in yard,
listen

to the birds ..

If
there's
anything I forgot
on

this list ..

don't
hesitate
to

write me,
bastage.

you slow poke

It's
A
Slo
Slo

Friday evening

As
The
Fires pump some more head
Into
The
Mouths

Of the urbanites ..

It's
A
Slower evening than usual

As
The
AM resonance comes and
Goes
Throughout the room like an Emergency Broadcast Signal
That

Just won't
Make

It's way out of sonata soon ..

It's
A
Fast eve of leisure
As

The
Alliteration comes looking
For

The dangling prepositions

The drunk
Girl
Will use as real speech
Later

After she leaves the club of choice ..

Sure,
As my

Lover

Friend touches

Her world

And others

The only way she knows how ..

I know

It's

Going

To be

Just tidy right

Here

In the 9 degree

Tundra

Of an evaporating winter solstice

And

The

Continuation

Of

A

Slappy,

Slow

Eve ..

your cop ways

Morning
Cops

On the corner

Escorting
The

Large,
Mobile

Homes

Going down the hill
As

I wait in the far right
For

The smoke,
Nails,
Shingles,
Plastic,
Wood

And whistles

Pass ..

Yes,
Dreaming of another cup of coffee
And

About
The
Pin up girl that fucked you good

In the storied

Night

That
Brought
You

This morning
And

Day
As your lights refuse to work

And
The
City of drivers

Break all the laws you can't
Catch

As
You
Wait there on the corner

With

Your

Cop ways ..

1 glorious artifact

Damp
Streets

In
A
Town

Once known for jazz ..

It's traded the claim
In
For
A
Bottle of Bar-B-Que sauce

And one pig rib drying on
My

Rooms window ledge ..

So,
As
The
People drive by the museums
Of what used to
Be around

The
Country ..

Of old president's homes,
Halls of fame,
Galleries of varieties

And
The
Such,

Know that

One
Day or the other

It's
Going to have
To
Dry out all the wet laughter
That

Used to make

It
Drip

During
It's
Day

Of
Shimmerin'
Shimmerin'

Shimmerin'
Motherfucka

In
That

Rolled
And
Glorious light ..

2-17-2001

cold branches,
warm
yellow
hues
from street
lamps

that look pink
in
her

leg that raises,
hikes

rises

like a bascule bridge

eyeing the next ship

looking for port ..

gray street
looking
green
like

the
spinach
she's shifting around
with her
fork
while her gal friends laugh
about

their newest exploits in
bed
and

think aloud
about the newest debate over human
cloning

that will soon hit the streets
with

word of new
zygotes
walking

walking

walking

to the edge of a canyon their non-existent
grandparents
never had
the
chance to enjoy together ..

oh,
the light gray/blue sky
bringing
down

bits
of
red
or
more red

as
the

black lamppost without
a
bulb

sits

cold
like
a
branch

but
so

sooo

hot
now

as
the
radio
voice

wishes individual

Americans
happy birthday

&
other assorted

greetings ..

a good one during the art party

Went
To a valentine
Art
Party

The other night ..

I saw
Several portraits
Of

The girl artist who
Owned the home,
She
Had

Some saggin',
Waverin' tits

Looking for a garden to plant
For

The eve ..

As,
I talked to my lovely lady friend
Curling her legs
On

The sink

While

I
Saw
A
Box
Of

Pads
On the shelf

Next to me

I thought
About
A
Funny comment
My lady friend's son

Said to her the
Other day

When he found one of her tampons

On

The

Floor ..

“MOM, ONE OF YOUR BUTT PLUGS ARE
OUT HERE ON THE
FLOOR.”

Good

One,

Little guy.

a little somethin' in your chorus

Requesting
Something,
Maybe a piece of candy
From

Someone that's not accustomed
To
Giving out too much

On
The
Coal train that runs
On

Gasoline ..

Sure,
I'm going to give it a shot
As

The
Charlatan

Shot
The
Witches
Nose

In the evening talent show ..

Yea,
There's more

Than

1 way
to

get something from someone
who

gets nothing for nothing

and something
from

someone that
needs

a little somethin'

a real storm, sweettail

the bombardier
and
me

as the city
gears
for

what could be the last
or
next to first
winter
storm

to hit
the
streets

in
sometime

while the sidewalks
harden
from

the pouring hands
of

last
March ..

Yes,
as I decide weather or not to
shave the
hair
off my
face

this evening,
there's
a
flock of birds
diving
after the stray cat

holding the
secret
to
where the
water is buried
and

the gold
looks yellow ..

Sure,
as the smell of crayons
waft throughout
the
city,
there

are no reports
of

backtalking or
crime

in the
dungeons ..

And
while

the people swill down
expensive
bottled

water,
a
young

beauty
in
her
torn
red,
silk
robe,
pours

some
of the city's finest
tap

water into
a
bowl of hot chicken

broth ..

she
doesn't know
a storm is
on

it's

way,
yet

she's prepared for the real
storm

that's ready to go
down ..

another ruler in a minute

Miles

and miles

more

in the afternoon

as

I should again be

into

work

yet

I have other ideas

as the

cop goes business to business

talking to each

business

in

the

bar district

about increased weekend traffic

and the choking

of modern

art

by the elitists

that

forgot all they're doing

is

creating work that someone is going

to

enjoy on their

wall

for days,

weeks,

years and months to come ..

that's

what it really comes down to,

he explains to the bar

and business owners

as
they tilt their head in
concentration ..

trying to figure out

if he's fooling or

joking

while
the
elitists turn their backs
and
go

into the back room to pull out their

microwave meals

and
contemplate their greatness

the
rest of us will
forget

here ..

momentarily ..

for greatness' sake ..

board of dart flesh

A dog
Chained in the front yard
As
The
Harvesters
Kill the weeds &
The
Morning procrastinators
Create
What
The
World
Needs
At night ..

I open a tin of tiny corns
&
think of all the ointments
gone to good use
and
waste in your first throw
at
the
flesh dart board ..

brush for only a short time

As the other
Continent,
Say Africa or Asia,
Brush their teeth of another
Law or international
Somethin'
That
Was hard to see passed ..

Realize this ..

If only fleeting and temporal
Like
The clean tingle of
A
New mouth ..

History
Is the carousel
That visits and revisits like
Credit applications

And

Our time here
Is
Short, baby ..

comic mischief

I see you
Hiding

There behind
The chicken
Wire

As the Turkey eaters

Head east
For
A
Little recreation

Today on a thawing
Day

In KC ..

And

I saw you move into your hiding place
As
You
Snickered to yourself

Thinking

You were damn clever
For
Getting

Where you were going ..

So,
As
You stand there in your hiding place
Believing

It's your secret against
The
World

And in your favor ..

I have

One eye open

And the other
Laughing at

The

Kaleidoscope
Of
Your

Comic

Mis-
Chief.

cuttin' through the sights

Old beer
On

Ledge leaning
Against

The
Smudged glass

That
Used to prance around in
Clean

Wear ..

Just
Hanging out there on the clear,
White

Ledge

As
The
Ministers of pleasure

Come up with another plan
For

A
\$276 million dollar

theme park ..

Oh
And
What a park its supposed to be

As
The
Misery crew

Comes up with another
Way to
Take
Blow

Up their nose ..

Now,
With
Thrown punches going in reverse

And
The
Knife blade making it's fold
Back to where
It's
Safe

And
Warm

I'll

Be here cutting through

The
Sights ..

do you know penguin pong?

Heard a report
the
other day
on
a
radio quiz show that

researchers
have figured out that
penguins
indeed
don't

fall on their backs while
watching planes fly overhead ..

Some Canadian fleet of planes

flew over a pack
of
the
the cold noses

and their ambled on their feet to watch the
flock
fly overhead ..

standing on their feet,
ready to retreat to the cold waters,
they

were

the victor's
in
this

little experiment

if

you wanted to know ..

(i know i did)

dreaming maids

Could probably
Use
And

Early evening of sleep

As
The
Ghosts make off with my
Socks

And
The
Maids

Take my pillows back to their
Home
For
The
Evening ..

I'm still thinking
An early night
Of

Sleep would
Probably bode
This

Body more than well

As
The
Last pack of cigarettes in the
IRS'

Man
Gets

Heisted
For
All the debt

The government is trying to recoup ..

Sure,
I'll tuck away a dream
Of

More

If my body doesn't leave
Away

With
The
Maids

And

Their dreams ..

drinking water during the alcoholic's vacation with the bottle

swilling
down
another

good
gut of water

as

the night
of
real drinking

gets into second gear ..

while
the whiskey drinkers
forget where their dicks are
and

women
try
to hide their vaginas some more ..

the
boys
and

girls ready to play the adult game
of
how
much

does it cost

to get drunk

and

how much have you lost when you puke ..

I won't pull any punches ..

I love the drink,
but
you have to know how to drink ..

that involves a delicate
equation of knowing

people that serve drinks,
splitting the tab with
a
good gal
or
friend,
walking the tow
when

the truck is being

evicted

and
laughing

when
it's

funny ..

there.