

JoeFiles LXIV
Everything She Does Is Charity



the real reason
for
toilet
paper
is
for
someone
to
get a good laugh
off
the
prudes
buying
that
economy pack in the grocery store
as
the
same store
runs
a
sale
on
pork-n-beans ..

the roof is raining

anchors
dropped,
the ship is looking
for
some pickle juice
to calm
the
raging stomach
on
target

for
another alibi
that
slipped through
her
thin,
delicate fingers ..

sure,
the
anchor is
firm on the water' surface
as

the
gull dives
towards me
hand
to
get
the
pickle slice
I
forgot

to eat

in
the
cold,
sunny
afternoon ..

tiny women monsters

the spoon toothed
llama
and the blond
witch
in
the
field
playing
a
game of
fetch

with the
F-18's buzzing
overhead
looking
to
root out the next
crooked tooth
fuck
that
decides to bring
the
gauntlet
down
onto this melting stone ..

the fork toothed tiger
and
the black haired sorceress
making
a
fire in
the
middle of a monsoon
as
the
dry air blasts over
the
top of the shack
while
reporters speak
about
how
we can combat the
shape
and texture of a new and approaching enemy
using
a
book and deity
most
are confused
about ..

sure,
it takes
a
fable to understand
what's really
going
on
around here ..

tonight's presentation

Couple old drunk piano
players

doing a
show
on
their glory days ..

Playing a tune
here
and
around there ..

Talking about people
both
dead and alive,
mostly,
talking
about

how
the
chord invented them
versus vice versa ..

crooning over
the
mic
with

scathed vocals
and

when
a
lull
would
come
in
Christmas tales
and

notes ..

Then the woman
talks about her dad having a bottle of 'shrub',
a
mixture of wine and liquor,
she
thinks,

as
they

both
start dreaming,
he continues questioning
the

liquor ..

just
a
dreamin'
of
their

next tune to the old days ..

two in the very same

she told me about
getting frisked hard
in East Berlin at the airport back in '82 as her friend made it over the wall
and another friend didn't make it ..

she ran into him recently and
thought
that he was doing quite well ..

I think I would be too
if
not only luck but
time
was on his side
here
in
the
new millennium
and

another new robot
cat
being released in
the
Sunday
newspaper ads ..

two twos and two zeros

the second day
leading
to
the rest of your
life

as
you calculate
the
week and
the
children
swoop and swirl over
all holiday festivities being done ..

sure,
people making New Year's resolutions
and
the
television box
continues to look more and more like a conversational
newspaper
as

the cough syrup
runs dry
and

I cough out the amalgamation of nicotine,
liquor
and
caffeine
from

my
2002
bones ..

sure,
I look at the year
as
a
day
and
the
month as
a
minute

as

each day unfolds
in
a
pill of insanity that
the
sane

may want to

get
online and order

before
all shipments are swallowed up before the
release date ..

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war between the hots and cools

Pressure is needed,
but not desired
at
all times ..

Relaxation is good quiet,
but
I like it loud many times ..

One solid smoke while sitting in the middle of the day
is needed,
but not breathing could stop things ..

Driving two miles is easier than walking,
but trains are
much cooler ..

When hot heads prevail,
you need to pull the chop out of the pan
&
when cool heads lurk,
listen to what
the have to say ..

Every last word ..

war in a bowl of bean soup

Lately there has been a marked
tone down on war talk
as
bomb slip into the shoe heels of
a
passenger from Paris to
the US ..

Thinking it was the
safest time
to fly over
the
advertised friendly skies,
a
smell of sulfur
and
amped passengers
saved
the
flight pattern
and
made the in-flight peanuts
that much more enjoyable ..

so,
as
you crunch down
on
the quesedilla
in
the
back of the local
mexican shoppe,
don't
forget that
the plane above
is
the
in-flight movie
you
may never see

and
ground
food is likely always going to kick
the shit
out
of
coach offerings
except
for
the
taxi into a new,

unfounded city ..

warm wait

in the cold
by winter's
window

waiting for
my
body to
get
the
temperature up

as
the
Sri Lanka terrorists
make
bin Laden
look tiny ..

it's starting to get
warmer
in here
as
the
thin red blanket on my
skin
turns
Islamic
as

the Christian
peels out hard
at
the
green light that just flicked down
the
street ..

yes,
I may be
getting the stink under my pits
as
the
heat goes up
and

the
plans
for
the
Trade Center

site
go
to
a blue print ..

it's a cold eve
here in
America

but
there's
something

warm
on
the
brewer's
mind

and I'm
the
first one in line ..

we present .. the kids

as you get along
in
years,
you realize
that
the
truth in Christmas
is
the
kids ..

was around my lover's kid
for
the
big morning of wrapping paper
and

the
grand finale
gift ..

the
kid was a bomb
that

blew up and
the

missile toe
was

the last thing standing ..

what argument?

arguments over
giving charity
and
that money going to the appropriate cause
as
the
#1 album stays #1 and
America remains the most overweight
nation on the map ..

Our food is fat good ..

I tire of those questioning giving
to
good causes and
angry because their cause is being supported for another valid cause ..

You see,
you need to find something
valid to
argue ..

what happens when the ink runs out?

where you going to go?

can you gather the strength to beg
someone for the liquid you need most?

would you rather poke each finger for all the blood they're worth
than replace all that ink that
worked its course so well?

would you rather piss into a plastic bowl and mix in some food coloring
while making a quill out of goose feathers in your pillow?

will you shout into a empty pickle jar or other lidded object to
retain their originality?

or are you going to stop
because the ink ran out?

***what to tell the young ones
when they file for divorce***

I know who she is but can't remember
her name ..

He talked about her as he
lamented his passing chance
as she reads a romance novel at 8:53 PM in the pazely bed
I know I've seen her in at least
3 naked positions he hasn't ..

The saw her name in a magazine
and
wrote a letter to the duchess about food laws ..

Sure,
you know her ..

Not as well as the husband
& you were likely the lucky one because she didn't break
your bedroom window and hock old jewels
to the pawnshop ..

So,
she's movin' on as the bear moves out of his den for a spring fish ..

In the wake of bein' on the make
&
bein' made,
celery remains celery
& culture is something you will never figure out ..

So,
when she tells you it didn't work or
it wasn't the way it was supposed to be ..

Grab her by the waist,
agree
&
show her something that still works ..

where'd the food go?

before
I take
care
of
this hungry belly,
I have
something
to
take care of with
you ..

did you eat the last
of
my peanut butter and pickles?

no?

well,
I would like to get
more,
but
I think you would
likely eat
them
all over again and tell me you didn't ..

so,
I'm going to get some peppercini and jelly,
call
it
a
meal

and
say

'yes'
i did the whole way
to
the
shitter ..

why?

sketching etches of my hand
before going
into
the
work shack ..

yea,
30 minutes again I had to explain
to my lover's boy
in his plastic motorized bull dozer
that his mother and I
had to go to work soon ..

we didn't want to work as
much as we do,
but the economic wheel dictates that we do ..

he stopped,
looked up and
asked his famous response,
'why?' ..

beyond 'what',
I
don't know exactly 'why' ..

winter mornings in a warm bed

is the hardest time for
me
to
get up ..

whether asleep,
or staring at
the
ceiling,
a window,
her bra,
the tiny pebble oddly placed on the floor,
a shamrock in the chef's soup,
the spoon melting into the fork as the knives snicker,
Venus coming out of her clam trap,
itching my groin,
mimicking the alarm clock,
counting to 30 before I go back to sleep,
trying to remember the idea or dream
that

will eventually get
me
back on
my
feet ..

with this said ..

it's not
that the world
doesn't have
anything to say ..

there's plenty
to
say ..

things from
country to continent,
to carrot sticks and strawberry jam,
when the weather will snap the tree in half and such ..

there's
a shortage of good shit being
said
and it
just
needs
to
be said that

advocates for
quality volleys
are
high
in
my book

if it
ever gets
written ..

wooden globe?

circular globe on wine rack,
I've been there,
but I would still like
to
see the Indian Ocean ..

Shit,
I'd like to see Connecticut
as
you spin towards the Atlantic
&
over London ..

Yes,
as you sit there
each day
with your worldly demeanor,
I stare at your wallpaper,
absent eyes,
no arm,
gone legs,
zero teeth,
no hands
nor
brain

&
wonder
how you made it so far
with
every inch
of soil and water on your body?

1-18-2002

microwavable gum balls,
re-heatable moth balls,
freeze up those oxford buttons,
toss me some of that tasty cold bullion,
play me that warm overture one more time,
go ahead and cool those lemons off
& take my cereal to
the wolves ..

16.1.2002

just lettin'
the stain
soak
into the fabric ..

her blood
still rests in the thick weaves of my fabric,
the spaghetti sauce leans further into my old sweater,
red paint smiles off my few remaining pieces of once clean cloth,
my carpeting is in shambles of wood shavings, paint, and ink
from

the
reasons
why
I keep carrying on ..

2001 in 1 night

Those calm hours on the bridge,
I forgot some of the coin I spent,
but I saved the train ticket from another country ..

They make good bookmarks ..

A rainbow behind clouded by the mist as
the hour of the angel passes
&
the myth of the serpent gives me
another pound note
to break into pence for a piss
in
the Victoria train station ..

Yes,
as the empire candle glows
and
the
Empire State continues to bull doze
the remains,
we remain here
and
theorize or just talk about the possible conspiracy
&
certain loss ..

It's coming to the end of the year
and
it's going to be a
glorious
cap
to
the
eve

very soon ..

1-14-2002

the dull
head
dreaming
of
vibrant
animals
doing

tall things
to
reach the highest coconut ..

spry brains
reaching
for
the
sky's last rain drop
as
the
sky opens
up
and

the sunshine
looks like a pile of bananas
with no
one around ..

the restive
set of hands making the cats
cradle
by
the
red moon light
as
the
engine turns over
and
the
roof loses another shingle ..

with
the
washers
and
bolts
reliving

what
was

once
screwed up,
we
have
a
newly
screwed chair
for

you to sit in ..

12222001

the way the sun
shine
hits
me
in
the
brow ..

didn't
even think
there
was
going to be
sun
today ..

now,
it
hides
behind cloud,
away,
far away
from

anyone's secret

while
it
concocts
it's

own set of
secrets
as
the
cloud moves

out
of
the
way ..

blind again ..

a funeral

a squirrel on the power line
scaling
to the other side
as
the
marines get into position for the three gun
salute
as
my lover friend looks on over
her
father's pictures
and
the
short gallery of family and friends pay
their last and firsts
to a man they once knew ..

with the squirrel on the other side of the line
and the marines cocked
and ready to give their salute ..

I stood on the flank and watched their guns lower towards me and
several other old times ..

with heart racing,
wondering if they needed to pay their tab or if they were confused,
the first set of shots rang out towards me as I shot my head back ..

they were blanks
and
it was all very strange as I stood calm for the remaining three shots in unison ..

with the end
of the funeral
came
handshakes,
embraces,
looks,
stares,
lighting cigarettes,
talk of lunch
and

my
hand behind the wheel
as
we
left
one
of the most bizarre funerals I

have
ever seen ..

a night's workin' drink

the boys
are outside
pulling wires
around
trying
to
get either the phone or electricity working again
for
some
people in the neighborhood ..

working off
the
last of the ham's fat
and
picking their teeth of
the
last

big gift they'll buy
for
a
young one at Christmas time ..

laundering
off their long underwear
for
better long underwear ..

it's fucking cold out there
boys,
better

call home and
make
sure

the
whiskey
is

warm and stiff

after the phones get turned back on
or
the
electricity goes

'poof' ..

AMbulance

the ambulance in front of
the lodge
across the way
as the light blue lighter
absolves the echoes
of closing door,
cars hitting glitches in road,
cold train whistles,
the drummer's quick high hat solo,
the other cops in their loud cars,
her voice above the washing machine thump,
the click of my throat taking down juice
as
the
1:25 AM
town sleeps
&
the ambulance lights
flashing lights
just
pulled away
don
the
street,
amen ..

America – 2002

her boy
doesn't
want to talk
as
the
American flag waves
on
a
house
several blocks away ..

their investigating a Florida boy who smashed
a
single engine cessna into a downtown high-rise
as
my kids write the local fire department
while
the
flag waves in some colorful assortment in
a
downtown department store ..

the doctor
is going to take some x-rays of
my shoulder in several weeks
as
a huge US flag flies over a tiny home ..

the CIA is trading
another gun for a dollar
and
the man in a historic diner on the corner of 39th and SW Trfwy
just finished a good burger
as
the
homemade flag
waves on a fence off 35 HWY ..

the radio reporter doing the 'STARGATE REPORT'
on the Taurus constellation
as
we
in
the
United States
keep

stitching our
desire
to

stay

the
world's
strongest chess piece ..

american posture

where do you fit in as an American today,
Jan. 30, 2002 ..

Washington telling us as much about aid relief in Afghanistan
as prisoners railed into cells in Guantanamo Bay ..

so,
we're in good graces with Cuba
and the rest of the world that doesn't understand
can take a leap into the hot cup ..

not prancing with the ACLU trumpet
or standing on the box of decayed civil liberties ..

just coated a hard drive on a piece of wood with the American flag,
taking some pictures of the patriotism
about the streets and galed in windows lately ..

just wondering where do you fit as an American today?

do we climb onto that airliner as a vigilante or
vacationer?

do we talk about the possibilities or let the possibilities talk
about us?

do we buy that new pair of pants
or hold off because my 501 3(c) employer may not have enough mustard
to coat my bi-weekly sandwich payoff?

where do you stand as an American
sitting at the bar,
on the couch,
in a library,
in the museum,
in the unemployment line,
in the police station ..

where,
may I ask
are you standing in this hour
of filling the glass with lighter fluid
and sketching in the circle with a rectangle?

I'm
in a chair in Kansas City, MO
as
captive
as
the

next to the next
on
what will fall next
and
how
it
will rise
once more ..

another administration

drinking better tap water
these days
as
the
standard lemonade gets the sour shoulder ..

candles
looking
for
some dry land to buy
for a vacation home ..

we're here making
some
decisions
that
may affect you,
though

you
have already
went
on
ahead with your
plans

that

we
will
never know about ..

around the lilipad

Overhaul
the recourse
and
heat
up that cheese if
it goes
flat again ..

take the flag off the
top of the building
only
if
fire breaks out ..

Throw off your socks
when the girl isn't watching
and
unbutton her pants
while
her
eyes are fixed on yours ..

Turn off the television when
the
electrical current is good
and

open up the pad
to
an
empty leaf of paper
when
the
electricity goes out ..

That
should

make
shit

just straight
enough ..

bare chicken bone

one bare chicken bone
in
the
parking lot
as
the
car load of kids
honk
at
the
pretty lady
asking her 'waz up?'

she doesn't answer
as
they ask,
'hey doll, you OK?' ..

She stops ..

Looks to her right and says,
'sure. just had some chicken.'

she then flashed
a
small used .22 below her garter belt,
hidden below a tight skirt
saying,
'you boy's wanna party?'

the car squealed off
as
I put the key
into ignition
&
now know the story
of
the
bare chicken bone ..

before the astronomer went on vacation

galaxies are slipping further and further away
as my contact lenses fog over in
a dry morning ..

planets eyeing the sun in a circle
as my socks collect the sweat from her last comment ..

asteroids zooming towards my home
as the TV dinner holds my flailing hope for food tonight
while the iced streets stand too tough for my front wheel drive vehicle ..

saturns rings would look cool as shit around the earth
if scientists or NASA could find a way to come together and do so ..

I'm going to end with that ..

a non-stop show of northern lights and the ultimate squandering of money in
the name of pure fucking coolness ..

Billie + Ella + Lena + Sarah = Now

someone slipped me
their card
as
I thought of Billie, Ella, Lena and Sarah ..

a stranger walking the basketball court in the
exercise house
gave me the 'hello' head nod
as I thought about Billie, Ella, Lena and Sarah ..

my boss's little girl
gave
me some of her bland of playful kid jargon
as
I thought about Billie, Ella, Lena and Sarah again ..

while the girl handed me my sub,
chips
and
drink this afternoon
I thought about Billie, Ella, Lena and Sarah ..

as the Christmas decorations basted in the cold January light
I
was again caught thinking about Billie, Ella, Lena and Sarah ..

while
the car warmed up going down State Ave. towards
another destination I would forget until
later
I thought about Billie, Ella, Lena and Sarah ..

with this said,
I
should listen to Billie, Ella, Lena and Sarah now ..

blue flashes of light
I would
levy
a
bet
that
there
is
no
more red in her
dress
than
a
lobster ..

book compass comes home now

I face
the
power direction
of
my
functway directive
someone
read to me some
weeks ago ..

yes,
taking in some words,
the flappy ridges of the world
and
a
gulp of water here
and
there,
I
face
the direction that favors
my
fingers
and
the
cars that go by
intersection lights
to
freedom
or
a
Sunday morning wreck from time
to
time ..

so,
my
bed doesn't face
south
like my fingers,
it
faces west and that is my
least powerful functway direction
as
the
dreams
of
the
turtle float into the cold air
of
the

train whistle ..

this functway jive
also
calculates
how
you face
shit when you
work,
shit,
piss
or
read a book ..

it
all spells of Asian
fun

and
as
much truth
as
a
horoscope on your birthday ..

so
with
this direction at
hand

I will

let
it
lay with
that

for
there is more
to
divulge into as
I

masturbate
this
power direction
with

old familiar
letters
strewn
before
this keyboard of mine ..

bouncin' up

the last
sonata
before
the
train skids
to a halt,
the first
'hello' as the car
peels off the white stripe,
the next
dollar
in
a
line
of
good times

and
the
last

quarter

just
bounced off the table

directly
into
the
middle of the

ash tray ..

broken plan

A mouthful of chance,
start
the car,
no time to warm up,
this sheet of ice film
on the windshield will fade
soon ..

neighbors shouting
to other neighbors,
the cats won't be waking for at least
another 3 or 4 hours ..

oh and
the revolution is in the resolution
as
the motion is in the emotion,
so
grab you set of jacks,
I'll fetch
the marbles
and
we'll meet on the corner
to
make
an

exact mess of things ..

car map

leaning out
the car
window for the city I want
to
live in ..

laying down the petal for the
city I once
slept in ..

taking the toothpick into my mouth
for a minute or two alone,
the city I once passed through cooks another porterhouse ..

rubbing my feet
after taking off my tainted socks
as
the
cities that have been in my back pocket ..

so,
I now go through my front
pockets
for

that ticket
to the city
that
wants
me
to visit (maybe it was the other way around) ..

caramel over vanilla

Went over to
the
gal's place
tonight ..

Her boy
summoned me to the ground
for
a
little play-dough love ..

He told me to sit,
we had little time to construct
a
whole bowling alley ..

I stood ..

Told him to give me the red and yellow play tubes ..

He did ..

Warned me not to touch the pink ..

That color was 'for girls',
he told me ..

I grabbed the canisters ..

Made myself a tasty
hot dog with mustard

as
he
called
the
cat
a
dog

strolling on by ..

catch-up

Go ahead and give
me
more
of that bologna
you have ..

I know someone with a lot of bread
and
I have
some

extra mustard
in
the
cabinet
to
make
it
worth our while ..

Classics vs. Jazz

the classical conductor
stole
the
record shop's
entire collection of jazz albums ..

bequeathed
by
a mastery he didn't study
and
befuddled by all the women they steal,
he
broke the lock
and
made the jazz album that much rarer ..

as the classics come into a shower of jazz
I have
a
towel ready to soak up
the
grease
and
the
glorious grime ..

now the conductor
is running down the block to his Park Avenue
throwing the albums in haste into his trunk
as
the
albums that fell from his grasp
gleam
there
on
the
ground ..

just straight baby,
no chasers
for this kid ..

Close - IT

I asked a
group of inner-city kids
at
a
bus stop
to tell me where
the
key plumbing of
a
girl is at ..

I mean
the fresh spot of unforgettable
thigh shakes
and
weeks of phone calls ..

After a 13-year-old boy talked
of fucking
a
girl recently,
I whirled
and
asked the group of black faces
sitting on a wall
waiting for our ride to
point it out ..

My hands
formed in a full vulva shape,
I told them
to
'X' the spot ..

One by one
they approached
and
pointed,
talked,
grinned ..

No one got it ..

Then,
one kid sternly stepped forward
and
pointed upward
and
pushed the imaginary
spot between my hands
in
the
cold air ..

It was the
quiet kid
in
the
group ..

In a grin,
leave it to the
quite types ..

The next
sly pimp
in da hood,
yes ..

crack in the doorway

somehow
in someone's way
I
run into the insane
where I work ..

last week
a
woman
that was just released from
the
local police headquarters
made her way over to our
YMCA
looking for a room
to stay in that night ..

it was frigid
outside
and
she came
all dolled up in a long denim winter coat
with a hood
tucked
high and right over her
short
haircut ..

she said that she was referred to our
place
for
a
room ..

told her,
"hey, this place really upholds the second letter of their name. men only. we have nothing here."

so,
my boss comes by and she starts telling us that she was just
arrested that day on the other side of state
lines
and
that
she has never been arrested before,
she always gives to people,
she's nice,
kind,
a born again Christian ..

well,
my red flag went way the fuck up in the air ..

she was waving the banner
of
problem after problem
masking them in her
own blend of poop that she was hoping she could
flush down our toilet ..

so,
she hung out while my boss tried to find her a room
and
called in a routine check on the information given to him ..

as it happened,
she had a chest of history ready to unfold ..

she had received around 17 psyche evaluations in the past month-and-a-half ..

a true insane case ..

so,
as we called the cops and ambulance to take
her over state lines again for a place to stay
and
some
more of the tests ..

she remained calm as a palm tree
telling us that she didn't want to get junked up with a lot of drugs
and
stay in the insane home for the rest of her life ..

further,
she went on in a completely calm drawl
about how she had been wronged in her 30 some odd years in life ..

family was always after her,
she always tried to fit in and no one accepted her,
the peanut butter jar snickered at her when she left the room,
shoelaces wormed out of her shoes,
statues would create elaborate rumors about her doings and whatabouts,
she could even look at the mirror without jokes being cracked ..

in the span of 20 minutes while waiting for the paramedics
to take
her back to the 'institution'
she
climbed
a
short peak on the
ice stick

and
let
us know only a fraction

of what
it
really is

to
need some kind
of
synthetic or imaginary drug ..

proof that
when the plug is ripped from the wall,
the
appliance
keeps on

logging ohms ..

date mole

It's a day after
the
Christmas
went
by

and
a
kid turned to me today and asked
what

today's date was ..

Should
have
told

him

it was April Fool's Day

instead

I said
it
was

Boxing Day,
fighters ..

dead roads; walking mouths

no one
driving around
tonight ..

the lights flip up,
down,
up,
down,
never going out ..

a
large truck or car will trickle by
every now and again ..

winter advisory
as the heat singes the lint
and the cat licks the wound dry ..

candles lit
for the electricity that may die out ..

a
can of soup
for
the neighbor that might stop by without a working stove ..

so,
I ask that if
it
does go down,
you
toss me
a
drink,
I'm
going
to
need

it ..

deaf note

the overture is no where
around ..

art tatum is
to be found
as
the
flap jacks and stacks of bacon
simmer in the
crisper ..

waiting for symphony #2
to come
crawling
back from
deaf ears
it
had
to leave ..

developin' day

tourist time is up,
potted plants wandering with roots looking for new soil,
the damp is a hot record,
done with cigarettes after this one,
someone covering Parker again with a new fugal horn,
the day started with snow and has gone to wet rain,
the sun is in my morning coffee mug
with the cold leftovers,
this evening is more than a mountain away,
there are more magazine articles around that I have eyes to read,
L. Cohen sits there cursing me on the ledge
for the only pair of eyes I have,
no food in the place,
the grocery store waits for the winning lottery ticket,
neighbors playing with a new baby in the belly,
hidden fist fights,
new cover shoots
&
the
song in the hopper that is
in
the developin' stage ..

dove over the waterway

NASDAQ composite reports
& kids slipping into sleep
while the marionette
juggles
4 eggs on the shingless roof ..

running
stock quotes
and the ties that stole the suit's soul,
we
listen
for the kid
to go into sleep
as the first glass of wine is poured and
the
TV announcer
tells us again that the weather man
has
refused to come into work and his staff is boycotting the station ..

so,
the lead anchorwoman is stuck predicting again ..

that's the story of her life ..

predictions ..

I predict it's going to rain
very,
very fucking
soon

my friends ..

dropped bills

I have a great
knack for
not paying my bills on time ..

Electric,
Credit Card,
Phone,
Calling Card,
you name it ..

Late every time ..

Used to
really give a throw about
crystal clean credit reports ..

Though,
I ran into a reckless maneuver on the street
the
other day off 18th and Wyandotte ..

Noticed
a
stamped envelope to the phone company ..

The stamp was pasted upside down,
wasn't processed through the 'system' yet ..

So,
I picked it up and opened the envelope ..

Curiosity made this cat straight ..

Inside I found the subpeana
and
a
fresh check for \$127.89 from Chapman Recording Studios ..

My brush with
the
recording industry
and
a
subtle reminder
that
my

forgetfulness could
be
worse ..

English (middle-central-dialect)

went
through a whole
list of
pages today

looking over languages
of the world ..

there were
over 250 languages saying 'welcome' on one side
and
about
320 saying 'good-bye'
on another ..

looking for the exact number of languages
existing in the world today
was

not easy ..

couldn't find an exact number ..

though,
it
has to be well in the upper hundreds or
even over
the
thousand mark ..

and
when
people tell me they
have
nothing to say ..

I think,
'bullshit' ..

there
are
too many ways out there to say it ..

enough time to talk about time

Spittin' out
the words
as though
the letter thieves
have mounted the horse ..

Eating the corned beef sandwich
as
though the raving hungry are
coming
to wish me a widow's welcome ..

Smoking down the circles of cigarette
as though
the
fire is going to take a round about
way of kicking me in the gums for good ..

Snapping a roll of film
as though
Fuji is going to take back
their roll
because
someone is going to Fiji and they need my roll of film ..

I
have
a
tendency of being a rusher ..

More as of late,
I
understand
that

enough time has gone
by
and

I have
a
whole
load
of
shit that

needs to me
said ..

evening marching band

Had a PBR
in the
bar
called Wild Wild West
in
the
bottoms of this city ..

Just
had a man ask me if I played in a band ..

told him,
"I can't play a musical instrument."

he went on with questioning me ..

"can't play guitar?"
he asked.

"no"
I said.

"can't play bass?"
he came again.

"no"
I said again.

"how about the drums?"
he inquired.

"you got me. I can play some."
I said.

he smiled,
rubbed his nose
and went
back to his beer and headphones playing a tune I could easily
image
he
was
listening to ..

at this time,
I get a handful of quarters from the short, round older gal
behind the
bar
missin' a front tooth ..

head over with a friend to que
up the billiard table

as
he
went to the jukebox ..

looking over the table,
I heard the slowly approaching sound of a marching band ..

thinking it was the tingling of one of the many Christmas decorations
in the joint,
I shrugged it off ..

then,
it was upon us ..

with a band leader in a gray stocking cap,
man with a big white tuba
and
the
rest of the pack following behind ..

I looked
along with the sparsely populated bar ..

one couple at a nearby table,
the bartender,
man with 70's music going into ears,
another man playing video poker,
my friend,
a
gal friend of ours
and
me ..

watching them go by,
one man without an instrument waved
as
the
music sliced about the cold airs
on the empty street ..

we looked at each other
in
the
bar ..

didn't say a word ..

my friend asked me to break the balls ..

I
said
'yes' ..

everyone cookin'

throw off your coat
&
grab your
ankles,
twist,
run amuck
and
get your reasons
straight
because the audience
left where
the
crowd remains
and all eyes are
on
you
now ..

feathered song

the real aim
is to not kill
the
bird on the light pole
as you
pivot toward the cantaloupe colored light
glaring through your window ..

the
real aim
is
to get the sun back into the sky ..

so
I ask you to put
the
gun down
and
let the rest of us

enjoy
the
dark ..

cause
there
is
a
chance
that the sun will listen to your
bullet
and
the
bird

may have no where to escape
to

with his
tiny heart
and
hungry beak ..

fuckin' guys and gals

we have a gal from Planned Parenthood
come into
work today to
talk to the inner-city kids about
their plumbing and sex lead in ..

she pulls out flip charts,
shows the dick and puss in full color as the boys in the back of the
room
squirm and giggle
in their world of pre-pubescent jokes ..

this,
while the girls just sit there wondering
why they're going through this again and
dotting eyes of 'bring it on' ..

yes,
the girls know where all the
needed parts are at and
wonder how
the
boys get so wrapped up into something they can't
and
won't understand for some while ..

a little
notebook I'm keeping on the division between the sexes ..

the most important point for both boys and girls
is to
know where the clit it ..

for the boys to know exactly where it's at in the vulva sequence
and
for the girls,
in their infinite wisdom,
to bestow
that
on the younger creatures about us ..

period ..

give me India at 20-1

as though there weren't enough
wars in the world,
India and Pakistan
are aiming missiles at each other ..

as
the children reach out for one cup of rice
and Yeltsin sits in a retirement throne of more and more vodka,
the bordered lands
start spitting at each other's feet and pull
the cock back on the trigger ..

the chessboard isn't enough
and UNO is just too fucking cute
to settle
such a
match that
isn't
nearly as important as friendly sport ..

so
as the world mounts for another war
and war asks for another world

I'm going to side
with India in this one ..

they
have more people and more board games ..

got back to

Hold off on the filtered
water
because
wine is coming out of my tap ..

Sure as you flip that steak
while
the
lovely lady fingers the vegetables,
the
tap
is
only full of good chloride,
but
I have
a
little something more for
you
to sip on ..

it's
a
secret tap the city's not charging me
for
and

I treat
it
as
an old coin
found
on
the
ground

that will
always
be
spent

without
ever
exchanging hands ..

hard sell

mad woman
coming
after me for
a
painting of mine
and
can't get back
with
her ..

it's
the
porcupine that
stuck me on
the
melon sack
and
when I turn around
I
see nothing but a field of cheetahs running
for
the
next fly full of meat ..

ran into at
a
bar
about a year ago when I was having
a
showing
at
a
local coffeehouse ..

the stipulation of the contest
was
that I wouldn't title anything
and
anyone who came up with the best title for a
piece
would take it home with them ..

well,
she
came up with 'girl in indigo' and it got me ..

so,
I told her when the show
was
over that I would give
it to her ..

she was ecstatic ..

told me that she stalked the coffeehouse
one night
and
stole all the announcement postcards
with the
painting's likeness on it ..

she
said that she had to do a confessional the next
day
because she felt
so bad ..

so,
over the past year
I have
tried here and there to get the piece to her ..

through
her
eves of drinking and forgetting,
along with mine,
we never got together
for
the
woman in indigo ..

so,
several weeks ago she leaves me a message
at
my
place
from a number
in
St. Petersburg, FL ..

I try the number
and
it's the wrong one,
though
the
gal on the other end invited me
to
hang out with her if I ever made it in the area ..

so,
I knew she was from Indiana
and
checked the area code listing and found out that
she
was one number off the area code,
she
was from Evansville, IN ..

I call that area code
and
get the wrong number again ..

two
drinkers,
two people with something
in
mind

and
we can't
get it out ..

here's to you
Melissa
and

that woman
in
indigo is yours

even if you never hang it on one of your
walls ..

&
take one down for me tonight,
doll ..

horny dog

stopped into the
hardware
store ..

saw a worker girl
at
a
phone at the 'customer service' counter
holding back a strong
pit
bull on a leash ..

I walked by her
and
the dog
admiring his
mouth and
ears ..

she was getting
the piss pulled out of her arm ..

I went over,
picked up my item
and
went towards my gal ..

she was being asked by the store manager if
she brought a dog into the store ..

no,
she told him ..

we met,
went to the cash register ..

we
asked what the story was with the dog ..

the cashier told us that it was running around the store ..

just roving without an owner
and
the other girl was on the phone trying to figure out
what
the
fuck gives ..

at this,
I noticed the girl with the dog squirming ..

hips twisting,

she was saying 'stop' ..

the dog had a full grip on
her leg
and
was humping for all he was worth ..

sheeyat,
that dog was getting his fill ..

&
that answer's 'what the fuck' ..

it's as if ..

land as a sea of lines,
sky as a sea of spaces,
trees as a sea of triangles,
you as a sea of years,
them as a sea of candy canes,
dirt as a sea of jewels,
windows as a sea of vices,
doors as a sea of cunts,
slippers as a sea of zebras,
candles as a sea of missed potential,
Knoxville as a sea of boiling lobsters,
shirt sleeve buttons as a sea of new fuckers & old lovers,
window blinds as a sea of lost sunglasses,
drill bits as a sea of old holes and new birth,
the
sea
tossin'
around

like
some
girl
hopped up
on
music

ready
to
fuck
her

first
moment ..

january fantasy

the crackling old
jazz
record
recording
with
the
house
on Quality Hill
split into more apartments and phone messages
about
why
cold Jell-O is so good
and
why did the pumpkin pie
eat all the whipped topping when no one was watching,
the
old
recording dawdling
in
a
swift pace down the wax grooves
while
another pair of dentures
are pounded out
on
the
press
and

the
small
boy

loses a silver
capping during the middle of an evening sleep
and
the
turn

of
a
whole new fairy tale for the
fantasy

weavers

out of the shout
of
a
phone

taking
down

a
carrot potpie ..

just an idea

I think if one could
pick theme music for your dreams
one
would have an easier time remembering
exactly
what went
on
&
when

as
the
yellow bouncing
ball
keeps

on
bouncing ..

kept away from the dream

keep rolling
around
the
bed
wanting to write down
the
dream ..

I get up
and
most of it is gone ..

can't
raise my hand to salvage my fingers,
can't tempt the poison ivy for all the ointment about,
the old remake of a sub-par classic tune,
the big head with black mouth and no teeth explaining cricket,
moving to LA,
living in a radio box and the owner never turns it down to hear the airplanes land,
the paint brush spreading my pigment,
the crow brushing his wings against my shoulders,
a shit sandwich
and
ring around the cuff link

&
all the paper is hidden

so
the
next dream
may
give me a compass ..

kid talk

bulldozer stories
and new movies
the gal tells me ..

it's all the kid talks about,
she continues ..

sure that's all he's going to talk about,
I tell her,
he's smarter than us. it's some good shit and needs to be talked about,
I continue.

all the time I hear about it and this,
she says,
we stop at every construction site between here and my mother's place
and all the new movies ..

good .. good for him,
I tell her,
that's the way it should be. when adults slip into adulthood the talk gets dimmer and duller. talk about
construction, bulldozers and movies. they're much more exciting than the weather, reports, new tires, old
mortgages, failed relationships, burned tongues and the such.

yea,
she started,
but what if he never gets out of this phase?

then good for him,
I tell her,
fucking good for him.

kids running the world around

The making of a skate board ram
in the bowling alley's shadow
requires a 4-year-old,
some sugar
and no where else to be for a while ..

sure,
the ramp may not be used
for some time,
but that doesn't matter ..

what matters is the
instant imagination
of a child
making
the
world flat and giving the sun's
a centrifugal flip of the middle finger ..

what matters is that this blond haired four year old
rules
the
world,
his mother,
me when I'm around,
the dog,
a cat,
many house plants,
and
anyone who accidentally trips into his fortune ..

so
be warned,
the kid
is
going to build a skate
ramp ..

pull out your
knee pads

and
get
ready
for
the
best scrape
of your life ..

last week

it's been a good
week with the
inner city youth ..

three days of
no action
due to a closed down city deemed a disaster zone
from
the frosted crust of ice ..

a lawsuit levied against me for
zeroing in on a
punk thief
that
took from the pocket of humanity and
left the smoking gun in the pocket
of
an off duty cop ..

left several messages with homicide and pawn shop detectives
to chase down the same
thief ..

eating a good can of beans and corn
for a re-visit to
healthy shit for my guts ..

meeting a bar owner
looking over a menu
we
designed
and
getting a publication in the mail
that published one of my pieces ..

in mid-week
a 4-year old refused to sled on an icy slope
because I couldn't get the day off work ..

I went to the local bar three nights in a row
and
looked at our waitress with a wary eye as she told me that
I didn't pay for the beer I drank ..

looking down the pipeline of manners that make sense
and
tough decisions you only thought others had to make day after day ..

been a week of living and a collection of hours
that could fill the collection plate of the social deity
that I look after with a careful eye ..

so,

as the ice of the sunny day today looked like a fantasy land
of glass covered memories,
I shot some pictures,
slipped walking down some steps
and
felt my heart race after seeing my lover after several days of
winter separation

it
has
been a good
time ..

the best of times,
the worst of moments
and
the collected
sum
of
shit
that

makes
this kid
tick
like a watch run over by a large arching tire
and
brought in to
rest up the
the
mother of the next waking race ..

late january

cold winter rain ..

tree's bending
like a group of old men walking
towards the racing track ..

the ground turning cold like a flank of chicken
in the misty freezer box ..

sirens are more frequent ..

the rain comes down just above the snow line ..

branches are breaking ..

streetlights are flickering ..

light in here are flickering as
the
computer waits for the judgment ..

can I save this before it all collapses?

another tree fell in midtown ..

my lover friend calls to tell me of open power lines dangling
in inches of water and ice ..

the friend of the invisible shadow
is looking at me through my deck of shades ..

waiting to save us
from civilization
as
we know it ..

locked car

monotone
radio hosts,
the pony the horse rode in on,
pot roast in the flamingo's afternoon dream,
pop corn on the
ham's corsage,
midgets
running for Presidency

and
the
car

stalls
in
the
middle of 11th St.
as

the
traffic cop comes up
to
write a ticket for the wiper blade
to hold

as
the
driver inside yells
in
vain
as
his windows
and door
remain

frozen

there
in
the
middle of
the
road ..

locked out

I held that broken key in
my pocket
for several days
bein' locked
out of
the
doors that were once so easy to
slink into ..

no entrance and
easy escape
as
the
skunk crawls under your bed and
the
ram pokes your calf as it sneezes under
the covers ..

it's the call
that never comes
and
the
letter in the mailbox that won't stop arriving
day after day ..

so,
as most in this city waits without electricity
on
this iced evening,
I give you
the half of my
broken
key
for

a
better chance
to
open the locked hole ..

look into this

morning papers,
the paper cup is my warmth,
people arguing over
memorial statues
&
the whereabouts of the FBI's most wanted ..

we're a land of critics
and investigators
while we listen to,
support
and
purchase the critics and investigators ..

we all have
2nd, 3rd, 4th jobs
out here
as
the Big Mac
goes to waste
and the attendant
tries to sell me a hot dog for \$1 ..

so,
let's give
our current shit
a
go
and
let the critics investigate
some more ..

love talkers

Had a good talk
with lover
the
other night
about
things ..

Going
nicely after a year,
things
have
a
tendency of
getting
a
little low on preservatives ..

When
the
tortilla is hard,
heat
that
fucker up ..

We need some space
to look down on what we have created ..

I'm a believer in that
when
time
calls
through the mail slot
for
a
package that won't fit
if
the door isn't open ..

Look at the hamster run around the cage
instead
of
being the hamster trying to find a way out ..

Give
the
gusto some speed,
take
the
taco and leave a quarter for a tip ..

Sure,

when
it's
good

enough
to
eat,
make

sure all the condiments are in place,
but
the
place
you eat it in shouldn't

matter

that
much
at

all ..

major, if not minor

majority whip
&
your dreamy independence speech,
why
has the blue bonnet girl
left for good?

supreme council
with your painted wigs and Kentucky dreams,
where
did
all the hula-hoops of the world disappear to?

incumbent GOP one
& the ass that rides you through the side streets of DC
can
you tell me why fantasy films don't ever end with someone falling asleep or waking up?

OK Mr. President,
I'm going to back off with the questions,
but you
better
bet your
nuts I'm going
to
ask the Vice
where
the
fuck he takes all those
tasty whores

after they have had their moments
and
why
would you
call a fart
a
bronx cheer?

missing mexicans

&
the border slipping further and further down south
as
mexico city looks back at '85 and
venezuela is having quite a kick in '02 ..

decades laying on the side of the rich man's
finished plate of food
as
the
morsels of now wait in the cup of a refugee that needs nothing more
than
a
good bit of food and hold the bullshit ..

I'll go ahead and give you the rest of what I have
now
if
you promise
to
never give it back
and
only give me what
I need later on ..

my address is listed

as
American's
refrain
from boarding
a
airline
I
say
mail all your
near expired tickets my way ..

I have
some plans
and
know others that

would like
to
make a variant on your plans ..

so,
if you get the gusto to check that mailbox
of yours,
just
forward
that

package my way ..

I will check the mail
and
gladly open your package ..

can't
get
Sweden or Tahiti out of
my
mind this eve ..

next bird

the organ fell off its riff
as the light bulb just had another breath
&
casserole at noon
&
neighbors at 11 AM ..

We're OK,
I was before,
with checking the mail ..

No more anthrax in the world
or the media hasn't told us about it ..

so,
when the next swig of rain hits
these grounds
and
rids us of the bird shit on the brick facade,
there
will be a new bird in
line
ready to

crap it up
again ..

oil lube waiting room

sting ray swim ..

swim into any door ..

go over my couch
& knock over the kitchen table ..

take out a loan
& give me a cup of that poison touch ..

watch it though,
don't get your stinger fin flaps stuck
in my door ..

it sticks sometimes ..

so stinger,
you
as
electric as
they say or
did the
fable
squash you out
too?

old autographer

old outfielder's mitt,
the ball autographed by B. Costas years ago,
the collection of sports memorabilia my father sold off several years ago,
the matchbook I'll never catch up to,
the new autograph my boss signs for an admiring youth,
an old straw hat for the days when I want nothing more than a good hat,
that neon pen circling her name without any intervention,
the door handle with their name tattooed on the inside,
the old instruments sacrificed for a piece of painted wood and no
one to play it,
that sheet music you accidentally dropped in a Chicago windstorm,
the echoes through the streets of Detroit,
Amarillo, TX serving up another hot plate of chicken fried chicken,
a dense brick on a Missouri sidewalk
and
the
rest

of the
autographs
that
will be
signed
here before the
week is done ..

old morning woman walker

she looked
like the blue elf
from
the red mountain crossing
the
10AM crosswalk this morning ..

scarf loose
and
breezing over her new hairdo,
the cars waiting,
eaters at the diner wondering about the pick 3 numbers from the previous evening
and
me
ready for
another
poke at the coffee furnace
as

this woman
in
blue
kept walking ..

I couldn't see her face,
neither could
many others
as
we
watched her
go
between
the
neatly painted
lines

towards
a
cup,
slice
or

something
we
weren't privileged enough
to
know
about ..

police line-up awaiting

Approaching
the cold
corner of Minnesota
and
6th

as
the line
of
hardened
boy's sat

looking at passing cars
as
though
they
needed some sniff
or
smoke
to
get them through the rest of the day's light ..

the
one in the middle had a red scarf on ..

it was pulled tight around his chops
to
keep back the new
and
first sprig
of
winter cold ..

he was the ringleader,
it was written on
his
position
and
scarf color ..

I
got the green
light after my brief inspection
and
stared down
the

man closest to me on the end ..

he looked at

me
as well ..

following my car
while

I was thinking
about

how
to
stay out of

the
middle ..

renter with a hidden miracle

the old jazz master
and new
hustler of the
low rent hotel house
has some plans ..

he's working on the next masterpiece
the neighbors
hear
him working on,
but
won't talk about
as
he
smokes
and
laughs at stale TV in the day room ..

sure,
as the box of checkers
or
UNO
sits on a corner table waiting for the others to finish
his
tune

he gets up out of his chairs
with
his hip attire of no socks
in
the cold wave that has hit the land ..

he walks towards the door and
his
exit sonata
as

a
resident peers up and asks
where he
could score a pair of thick rimmed black glasses
he
wears all the time ..

the jazz
master stops,
takes off the glasses
and
replies,

"I'm not sure you want this curse. Keep the eye's your god gave you and let the rest of us duke it out."

as he
left
into the cold blast awaiting him out side,
he
slipped into that wry smile of
his

and
just
kept on walking ..

renting rooms to the mad

the guy
who runs the dorms for the poor,
psychotic, ex-cons,
current cons and such
took me for a tour
a
the door hall ..

over 74 rooms,
the insane and more insane
staring down the
pudding pop until it melts into creamy goodness into a small glass bowl
linger in the hallways
and come down for a smoke in the day room ..

I walk by and lose my
breath from the stench
coming out of
the
bathroom ..

I've been in some shady trees in my time,
though
this
pile of piss
was enough to choke
a
chicken clean of its feathers ..

with tears in eye,
I see a cat coming out of a dirty, dilapidated
room
with a brown sign saying in scrawled thin black letters: 'WILL WORK FOR FOOD'

my chaperone
stops him and asks him what he's going ..

the 'he' is claimed around the halls to be Elvis' son ..

he was left nothing at Graceland or Hollywood,
just a room in Kansas
and
a cardboard sign to
stop the people going out for some Chinese entree ..

so,
the chaperone
asks him what's up ..

he says he's going out
to do the deed ..

yes,
out to grab the chain of command
around the ball sack
as
the hound dog chews a
big hole in
a
pair of blue shoes,
the
son
of

rock's finest hour
goes
for
a
crust of
bread

or
a whole
loaf
if
you know what I mean ..

.. here in a Kansas town ..

she's awake as you sleep

laying in the soldier's
arm,
you explain how
B. Ross
made the best poached eggs
&
how
the FBI wants to know more than
you
do ..

yes,
napping in the back seat of
the
police car
as
all they ever wanted
to do
was find your clit
&
another nickname ..

Making it
with the
bartender
at
the
local VFW post
to get another new beer
&
some cheap thrills ..

You
with that tenacious grin
that explains little
&
describes much ..

You there,
waiting in a bed made
by
tiny child hands
speaking of a peace
most the world sleeps on
while
blood
rushes over
closed eyelids ..

sides and corners to escape

In the middle of a rectangle,
closed off,
seems
as
though there's no way out ..

I look towards the 4 corners
and
4 walls ..

I have 2 chances to get out of this ..

Should I go one corner - one wall,
2 walls,
2 corners,
smoke two cigarettes and get comfortable
with
staying around for some time ..

The gal is sobbing
and
the boys are whispering ..

I look around,
figure one smoke couldn't hurt none ..

That shouldn't take away too much of
my
air if I have to stick around ..

I light the cigarette,
yell up
to the top of the rectangle ..

"SAY, IF I GO A LITTLE TO THE SIDE OF A CORNER, CAN IT BE CONSIDERED ONE MORE TO
HAVE THE CORNER-WALL COMBO?"

The voice laughs ..

Shit,
I get halfway through the first cigarette,
or
just a cigarette ..

I take off my shoes,
pull off my socks,
take my left sock to nose ..

Not bad ..

I finish the cigarette and
smash it out on the ground ..

Then,
I tie the sock around my head,
covering the eye sockets ..

I spun my body hard
and
headed
in
a
twirl
towards

my first
mistake
or

sure escape ..

slip behind the Dr. door

in
the doctor's waiting room
while
the
grandson waits for
his
grandmother
in
NASCAR gear
while
I
look at the 40th minute waiting for
the doctor to x-ray my shoulder ..

it's been some time since
I smashed my shoulder in front
of thousands of people during a
half time show in a championship soccer match ..

I was in a big bubble,
took a good rolling dive and snapped the fucker in half ..

I got a certificate to a restaurant that I never used,
but I got
the girl's phone number
and
thought about how
I would
quench the burn without insurance ..

so,
here I am a year or so after the game
wanting to know what went down
as
the
grandson pulls the waiting room door
shut and
farts a good one
before coming back out
shouting
to the women
cackling behind the glass walls
where
his grandmother is ..

she's been behind the fabled tan door for over
an hour ..

I go up to the counter and
ask when my turn will be
into
my 45th minute on the bench ..

they tell me that they thought
I was already helped ..

I told them I've had no help up
to this point ..

Back in my seat,
the nurse assistant comes out
with a straight face and no penchant for a joke
telling me that
the patients are stacked up ..

it'll be another 5 minutes ..

I re-read the Rabbit and the hair,
waiting for
a
picture machine
as

the grandson
farts
again

waiting
for
his
grandmother
behind

that
big
big
door ..

sonic girl wanting fame

On the way back to my place
the other night ..

Getting a 12-pack,
a film
and
a quick jaunt to some tater-tots with chili and cheese ..

Shouted my order into the
electronic stump,
pulled forward
to
see a woman at the window
looking at me ..

Not just looking,
peering,
on the verge of getting giddy ..

she smiled ..

I smiled ..

she pulled the window back and said,
"Have you been in films before?"

Christ,
I laughed,
itched my face
and
handed her my money ..

"Really, you've been in films haven't you?"
she asked hanging more and more out of the window.

She seemed safe,
secure ..

If I was a star,
why would there be any threat?

I told her,
"Man .. man .. I really have to go."

I pulled the emergency brake release on my dilapidated Toyota Paseo,
smiled
again as she kept peering with
her
lovely eyes ..

I said,

"Have a nice night" and pulled away ..

she remained giddy

as

I pulled

a

smoke

up

to my common folk lips

and

laughed at

a

story

she telling

her

co-workers right now ..

spell it o-u-t

metal hangers
holding up last night's discussion
with the girl,
this morning's horseshoe getting pounded for
the fuck of it,
the small child getting thrust into school clothes and winter coat
for reasons that won't hit the kid till much later on,
the fisherman sitting on the edge of a frozen pond
wondering why the fuck he chose ice fishing as a hobby,
the gecko running to see his other gecko kin
as the trash truck hits
a
hard bump in the road .. out comes a coke bottle circa 1985 (the heavy shit)
and
landing in the Sanoma sand ..

from that comes
an ant
and
the
spell ..

spell the rumor

kids miss-spelling
the world
learned (larend) ..

Looks like Ireland,
moves like an American shadow
we try to slip the
black sheet cover over
so
we can monitor it
yet
it slips
and
slurps
like
a rumor we want
to
decode
badly ..

still workin'

black kids punching me
in the arm,
postcards from Canada,
job postings for cultural awareness,
half-filled bags of chips,
the old statue of Lewis & Clark gets a polish,
the stork nesting in the flamingo's egg basket,
glue corkscrews,
being stuck in Europe feels like yesterday,
comfortable fitting hats,
bright light bulbs pumping out bits of yellow juice,
insane folk concocting a new cell phone plan,
the pencil's tip after sharpening it for the last 2 hours,
the first cold beer of this aging evening,
my lover's father getting his life support plug pulled tonight,
families picking through old photos as they say good-bye to that one friend,
drying pasta in the sieve,
cars pulling slowly through the red light,
a neighbor friend telling me of a new job and a better boss as a result,
the last cigarette of the evening and it's still early,
a comic I just rapped with several turns ago on national TV while watching a good show,
our President choking on a pretzel as we try to find out what the first lady was masturbating to while it
happened,
another neighbor inviting me over for a poke at a new film,
the sounds of E. Garner going through the keys as though he's making out for the first time,
a group of avante folk remembering Beethoven's birthday,
the crab sinking his claws into an age old truth,
bad ink from my result,
a nude girl buying a new cotton robe,
the raise in our government's new cut,
the pasta sauce in all it's red vigor
and
me
coming
to the end
of
my
cigarette ..

Streaking

print ink
streaking
across these
words ..

I'm hopeful
you'll have
a
chance
to
read
what
is
being put down ..

cause
these
are
times
of
interest for not
only the country
but
the
neighbors
down the hall
and
the cats scurrying through the
trash piles
in
the
dumpster out back ..

sure,
planes
are
sending minor
sound crackles
over the roof as
the
radio tries to work
out the kinks of a bad radio format
that
will be changed soon
because

the people
are always wanting more ..

so,
as
the

ink streaks across the blade
and
the
blood becomes the vein that will carry
lemon juice into your
mixed
cocktail,
I
wish

you luck peering through
the
lines

of what we're
doing,
they're doing

and
how
we
have
been done,
baby ..

take and leave

animal cookies
waiting for
the boy
as old gift bags
wait for
takers here
in
this apt. with
an old art book,
carmex tin,
sheets of sign language,
old circles of coffee grain,
pine wax,
fresh cigarette papers,
last month's news,
today's dried recollection,
yesterday's antelope,
an alligator skull,
&
carpeting on
your way
out
&
leave some food
behind ..

if so inclined ..

the biggest story on US TV I missed

making mixed
tapes,
smoking what's left,
Elliot is talking about 'happy holidays'
as
I

remember the hits that took this country to
where
we
are
at ..

never saw the two planes hit NY
until last
night during a
news mag
show ..

never,
I should say,
on an American television set ..

suppose it's another reason
why
I shouldn't
watch TV much ..

so,
in the business of describing the
indescribable ..

I'll
just
leave
it
at
this ..

the last room in the hotel

your living room is the first room
on the list as
the bathroom sits in the prized possession niche ..

her house
is the breeze that continues to blow through
your second room as the trees stand still ..

further,
the barstool is a throne
as the taproom holds a mysterious look ..

With all the open air of a neglected pond
&
the climate control of your dry room,
the only real adventure is
the hotel room that waits in a city you know little about
&
when you remember to forget ..

the real shadow about is the last hotel room standing
in that city
&
that's luck a casino holds a cup to catch ..