

Joefiles LXVI

Rocket Ship Made out of Water Balloons



daylight savings

she parked her car
in the 'commuter parking' lot
and
no one has heard from
her
for days,
the dog's leash has to be the longest
on record as Guinness means nothing more than another pint of beer,
flown forward again on this trampoline of time
in Spring as
the last rays of sunshine bring burns to the red bird's wing
as
the roasted pork cools off next to the picture of the plump
pig
in the kitchen
as the local newscaster is quoted as saying
that the Capitol froze his fucking nuts loose
while the cigarette smoker walks crooked
and the alcoholic suggests that he take vitamins
to walk as straight as he does throughout his
day
because
posture
is
9/10ths the law
in

that whole big
unwritten book ..

daytime UFO in a new world

I wake
feeling swell after a good
slug with
the
gin berry the night before ..

the gal
is getting the cold I just kicked in the
arse ..

sipping on a mug of hot liquid
and
looking over the skyline while
driving back to her place,
I notice
an
enormous fucking plane
hovering over midtown ..

driving slowly through the skies,
angling
eventually parallel to us
as
we
look on and try not to wreck into
the
median,
traffic,
terrorist in disguise
or
other obstruction that could
have
made up a name ..

so,
we look over at this cross between a military cargo/F-16
and
marvel at how the world is changing ..

our heart rates raise,
we eye this plane
like it's ready to
blast our plus into a minus
or
take a landmark out of the downtown skies ..

something brewing ..

I drop the gal off and
presume the plane
is going to land at the downtown airport

or
still be careening through the air ..

so,
I drop the gal off
and
head towards the plane
and
find nothing ..

nothing but
a
city of scant sirens and a test tornado drill
smacking
the
cold,
spring afternoon air ..

sure,
it's a different place
we're
in
now

and
all I know is that the Vice President will be in
town
tomorrow ..

maybe?

but,
there seemed to be something else
in
the
air according to my
retinas
and

we'll
never find out

if
it
was a story or
just
another daytime UFO waiting to disappear ..

**dead car
downtown
murder mystery ..**

woke up with the girl and kid
this morning ..

we left,
them following me,
to a local discount shop to get
some
tapes,
coffee
maybe a CD player ..

on the way over,
my car of 4 years shot craps ..

the heat went beyond 'H' ..

thinking I was low on water and anti-freeze because of
the recent
more frequent puddles under
the love guts ..

I took it in to a couple of bloke
to fill back up the fluids ..

they go on to tell me that the head gasket is blown ..

the car is dead,
essentially ..

always a sad day in some respects
when that close friend blows the last of her gas ..

so,
I come back,
buy a paper,
clean the slob job up
and lay down for some TV when a crash happens
out the
window ..

a red car is implanted between two white cars on the street,
a section of street I'm usually parked if
not
for the dead car in the garage ..

so,
I see no one involved in the accident around the car
that veered over a lane of oncoming traffic to meet the parked cars ..

I hear one guy from a truck with a cell phone yell he called the cops

as another post-witness on the sidewalk listens in ..

the man in the car says that one person is on foot going up
12th,
while another may be dead ..

I look around and see nothing as the tow,
cop,
fire and ambulance
truck pull up ..

one guy is put on the stretcher
as the guy who parked his car in the wrong spot
drives away after
giving
the
cop his goods ..

shit,
another mystery
here

in the
dead downtown car heist ..

still
want to take your coffee black?

dinner & pepper

takin'
it nice
&
easy as the band aid heals,
the hippo rides off with my roller skates,
the old friend moves into the building and window alley across from me
and
the
girl comes down to pick me up for
some evening food ..

coffee is sometimes best in the evening
as
the
papacy looks at
the convictions of a bunch of priest bent on touching the wrong
flesh
in
the
wrong hour
under the wrong guise ..

a friend wants me to come over to
play poker
tonight
as
the
song fades down low,
the cigarette comes to an end
and
the girl

arrives

for
food ..

lookin' forward
to
the
pepper on the table ..

DOVE TALK

driving through the old part
of the city ..

where the families hatched
and the papers
proclaimed that
there was a boomer generation
ready to leap
upon
the
scene like a hatch of new
birds ..

sure,
several doves above the wire
were having a talk
as I drove under and looked up ..

sharpening their beaks,
tossing about metaphors of car styles and
car colors,
the birds
were doing giving their snapping wings
a
break over the 10:42 traffic
as

the thought of coffee wouldn't leave my
mind

and the
thought of banquet beer
went through the morning customers my girl is serving now ..

her car is dead,
mine is alive,
we're alive
and
so are the birds ..

so,
here's to you out there, stranger,
alive
with your liquid potion
and
swirling secrets you can't
wait to
meet someone

to tell
absolutely fucking all ..

dreamer's tale

one man's dream coming true
is
another man's
dream
ready to begin,
another man's going through the sewer system,
another man's
vaporizing into the air
around your sneeze,
another man's nap
and hope to get back to that

dream
which
held

no
guarantee

as
we
walk around
trying to do the
right moment right
and

watching
the
wrong
ones

come through the TV set

and
the
harlequin mannequin
in
an
abandoned window
of
a
downtown department store ..

Early April

a heartbreaker
because I know what else I could be ..

meat eater
because I know more than a couple stalks of celery is too much non-nutrition ..

a good skipper
and moderate jumper ..

a galloper,
running is something this kid has done too much of ..

want
to
go to the park?

FANTASY CLIPS FROM CELLULOID PRISON

end of the jinx
for the warlords,
they're on the big screen now
as
the fantasy heads jerk about
thinking
childhood
and
light blue bomb pops ..

just about time
for another movie
as
the
microphone goes out
and
the
gaffer stepped out to smoke
some grass ..

sure,
the heroes are even going out with the villains
after the shoot
and
whippin' up
some

new
and
assorted debauchery ..

oh hell,
how the film
turned the warlords into
the new anti-hero

the kids

will
buy

posters of and remember
to
mention

to
the
kid's friends ..

get more while you give

So
he yells back at me ..

"EVEN IF YOU HAD A COUPLE OF BUCKS YOU WOULDN'T GIVE IT TO ME ANYWAY."

I turned around
and said,
"Look pal, I'm poor too. What do you want from me?"

He comes back in vengeance,
"YOU GET MOR WHEN YOU GIVE."

"Same goes to you, chief. Same for you."
I respond with the wind
tearing hard over my face.

"BUT I'M DOWN HERE, YOU SEE."
he responds with a flat hand waving like a want about a foot over the
grass that is getting pummeled by this sunshined windstorm.

"Me too. I'm walking into a YMCA to work. Do you think I have a pocket full of cash?"
I say flatly.

"BY THE WAY, MY NAME IS ALLEN."
He says about 40 yards away from me.

A constant distance we keep away from the entrance to work ..

"See, that's a better intro before asking a guy for his money. My name is Joe."
I tell him with approval.

"HAVE A GOOD DAY,"
he says as he starts walking on down the sidewalk
towards better dreaming and another shot at a stranger's earned cash.

Though,
he got the last say in the verbal dig ..

"YOU GET MORE WHEN YOU GIVE."

You certainly do,
pal,
and we're all waiting in line to see
it
from

you
and

you again ..

going to bed soon

weary from
too many hours on the clock
and
low pay from the
non-profit house writing my check ..

tired
from doing things how
they can be done when well is just good enough ..

wide awake
and
naked in the coffee plantation
once
the
donkey kicks you in the ankle

and
the
open end of a straw
on
a
wide open issue
brought
before

the
house

and burned up in the shack ..

goose tail

one loose goose
riding the tore wind ..

not another arrow of bird
heads around
for it ..

did it split on purpose?

is there a lone pond
around he flew from?

that arched goofy neck
peering over the dung,
cars,
painted stripes
&
the moon roof above me ..

move on goose heed ..

if we had wings,
we'd break off and float through
this
Sunday afternoon
sun sliver
also ..

I look

I look for
the dog
in the early - mid morning
driving around
in
car
because last
night's dog
chewed up my sandals
and discontinued my only magazine subscription ..

I look for the vague
going down the Trafficway I see
at least 12 times during the week,
grabbing at a new dogwood or some crow fight in the retirement village lot
because
the specific
gave me a too much and left me with more
questions that needed to be asked ..

I walk next to the bumblebee without a worry,
filling a water balloon for the boy
and filling my hands with water
because
I've been stung by bigger things that didn't have stingers
and lived
after
they were done ..

I filled the mug with water this morning
because
all the coffee was gone
and
the smell of last week's food creates a stench
from the refrigerator
once the door is open ..

I put on short sleeves because the sweat under long sleeves coats my entire
body like a weak handshake
and somewhere else to be ..

I talk about myself now because I'm in some kind
of word competition with the songwriter
vying in a more vibrant market to get their song
on
the radio while
you
read this in a tree,
waiting room,
living room,

car,
park,
bus stop
or
wherever else it
may
be
hip

to crack open a couple
of
words ..

if it doesn't sell ..

there
are ads all over the
place ..

billboards,
home plate,
her face,
the shirt in his closet,
in car windows,
on her clit,
over his ball sack,
through the used toilet paper tube,
in the corn kernel that fell on the kitchen floor ..

sure,
the executives and creatives
thinking up another
way to
get the item out there and sold ..

the never ending demand of wanting more
from a demand ..

i see one of the last frontiers
being the animal world ..

sure ..

your sitting in some rotunda in a European city
or in any park USA
and a bird flies by
or squirrel runs up full of bright paint
and a
Coke,
Ford,
Pillsbury,
Chevrolet,
Formula 409
or
Wrigley's logo
spay painted on its body ..

sure,
the paint is safe for the bird or
other mammal
and
will wear off in a month or so
but
the
bastards will target the flying,

running,
darting,
skirting animal kingdom to
get their
ads somewhere
that
is
'inventive'
or 'new'

and
it's going to be all over you ..

keep your onions shucked,
the
day

is going to come
and
if
it
doesn't

it
will somehow ..

keep on, funny man

ran into a guy the other night
who I went to high school with ..

used to be the funniest motherfucker going ..

I had to stop talking to him
or
walk away because my stomach would hurt ..

now,
he tells me in a morose tone,
slight grin in his patent way,
that he's living up north at his folk's place ..

a 29-year-old man chained to the rule of life,
not cracking a joke,
dotting the tie of his new job as the GM of an Irish pub ..

I cracked him a couple of good laughs in the mouth
and
told
him
I would never see him at a reunion ..

he said he would never see me there ..

now,
as the ways have parted and returned to paths
I'm
pulling
for
a
re-visit
and
having him make me leave the room because
his
shit is too much for my joke bone ..

though,
I don't
see it

coming
any
time

in the near and nearer ..

known in the unknown

compounding the print
for the end of
the
imprint
as
Guttenberg
calls
the
publisher
to
add one more detail in
the
last
second of 1:12 AM ..

confounded in
the
passing of the millennium that we have easily forgotten
because
September
was
a
month that was supposed to come
but
not
expected to pass
as
it clearly has ..

shit,
it's not about a year or an event,
it's
about

getting to the point where you
feel
like

an
old man

and
continue
to
groan

the same statement,
"I JUST DON'T REALLY KNOW FUCKING SHIT."

local kin

a fire truck
and ambulance
screamed down 8th street ..

the kids were swoopin' up
to the windows,
I peered out,
saw another call
was made
by
the dorms
next to ..

above
the basement I work in with
the inner city kids
there's
a
boarding house
of
the sane,
insane,
ex mental patients,
guys getting back on their feet,
no booze,
no gals,
acrid stares,
fresh faces ..

the peer and bob by
throughout the week
makin' their way up the sidewalk
or
they just hang on the concrete benches out front
watching the traffic pull to the light
or
the occasional passer-by going
though
the moccasin
of
this town ..

emergency
pulls up yesterday
and I go up into the dorm area
to talk to Esther at the counter to see what's going down ..

she tosses me the front
page of the local paper ..

there's an affable black cat
painting a picture ..

with other paintings montaged around his
consternation around the big picture in the middle ..

his name is Robert Eastwood ..

local artist ..

a big article on the local library doing a 27-year retrospective
show on his
art ..

shit,
I've seen this guys face before ..

he asked me where he could find crack in the alley
next to the dorms on a cold winter day while
smoking a cigarette ..

though,
I've seen the face before ..

I had a booth next to him at a local market some years back
while
we both displayed
work
for
the
public to buy ..

just so happened that he
called the paramedics
again on a bogus call ..

the gal at the front desk rolls her eyes and
says the man is out of his head ..

nothing wrong with him,
he just calls the paramedics when he thinks something may be wrong ..

she's pissed and says
she could make a call and get his ass out permanently ..

how small the world
seems
as
we
paint,
show,
call
and

wait
for

the cry wolf
scenario
to
snare

Robert

and
his
world of painted images down the royal path
to

an idea

for
that next
painting in
the
back of an ambulance ..

lookin' for a nickel in the limp bush

Always believed
I worked in the land of ravin' lunatics ..

Dogs with one testicle,
women without toenails,
the dentist without a mouth,
all barbers wearing hairpieces,
the bus stop acting as a taxi stand,
beers poured into your hand,
bubble gum machines full of 22' caliber bullets,
the clowns with machetes in their back pants,
the flagpole waving a hubcap,
the stray cats begging for change ..

I walk out to take a look at a
rather hot day in April
as
the man who dodges traffic

comes by in the 80+ degree heat
with a full gray winter coat,
stocking cap,
ski gloves

looking straight ahead at the new intersection destination ..

this man darts
and
fidgets between contrasting reds and greens to avoid traffic
well within the median ..

Then a guy
on the other side of the street approaches
in full military camelflounge fatigues ..

He has a gun holster tied to his belt
with no gun
and a military walk ..

Quick and formal ..

Looking straight ahead
without a comic thought to be sprung ..

My boss comes behind me,
to my side
as
I ask,
"What the fuck is it with this town .."

No stranger to insane jive,
I actually get a
jolt from the melodrama here and there ..

But this
town
fell down somewheres ..

It fell hard
as
the old Gospel workshops work on new siding
for the suburbia lot ..

My boss just looks at me and says,
"Just doesn't make no god damn sense .. "

Just doesn't
make no god damn sense indeed ..

more money to come

college kids
asking
for
money to
keep the

late night jazz rolling ..

the sound
of
40's kicked around the linoleum floor ,
deranged alcoholics
going door-to-door to feed the habit ..

a kid asking
for
a
dime to keep mom alive ..

Sunday employment ads
screaming for
people to give a minute
for a dollar in return ..

the blood bank advertising
to the sperm donors
for something more ..

a world of give
give
give
wanting more
and
giving

giving

and wanting ..

the grand design
never moving over

as

the radio voice
comes back on asking for
more

as
my last dollar

fell into the sewer hole
and
her
joke

still has me laughing ..

Relationship

she's hanging on every word
like the
watermelon seeds in the hatch
hanging on for every life
that
may
happen in that small black seed ..

she's gripping onto the handle bar
as
though the cycle has flipped over the ledge and
the
only thing left is the parting integrity wired deep throughout her life
as
she is feet from the ground ..

she's staring every movement down
as though the investigator
retired and she stepped into its place ..

sure,
she's monitoring,
looking,
breathing,
heaving,
walking
and
loving
every moment
as

us
male
one's
try to figure it out
and

come
back for a bit more ..

so,
I'm guilty ..

knock me ..

kick me ..

throw me ..

ruin me ..

I'm coming back baby ..

We only
learn when
we
least

expect it
so

the
day goes into another minute
as
I

see
her
touch

and
wait for

the

tearing
of
so fucking good ..

sex pipes blarin'

the hot
relentless tug of spring ..

sure,
been a while since the sex
and
I've been ruining sheets and blankets nightly ..

between seeing the gal
and other vignettes of gals
in
sleep winks,
I'm
having a hard time drawing between erotic
reality or fantasy ..

and
that
seems to be a line many
try to get
to

so
I'll

keep it
and
hope

it sticks around after the sex picks
up
again ..

Slightly Egyptian Bird

Israel broaching on the manger in Bethlehem
as
the
world continues to fight 'terrorism' ..

the mid-wife is
creating innocent plagiarism
while cooking a recipe sworn secret by
a
client from year's ago
for
a
group of 100 people celebrating the boy's bar mitzvah ..

Saudi Arabia has written
off another country in the name of human life
as
the
urgency of other human lives
huddle below my window for one last smoke before the business
closes for
good
later this evening ..

the kid was rummaging through my
desk drawers for a dime to put into the food machine
as
the computer screen flinches
and
the
bird sings a song
I

know
I will never hear

again ..

ever,
ever again ..

SOME REST

peanut jam,
frozen potato peels,
come on down with
some
hot juice
to
break this string of freeze ..

Hot Lips
on the register,
Bennie M.
trying to pluck the mandolin
from the naked woman's chest,
Parker
fondling a harmonica
left
behind by some
fool

who
didn't
say much
but
may not be such a fool
after all ..

work done,
work beginning,
these
guy's
don't even use the term 'sleep' ..

they
just
say 'rest'
and

that's
about the rest of it ..

SONG FOR THE GIRLS

climbed
into the elevator
from the 10th floor ..

saw a big,
affable black man
in the corner ..

sly smile,
waitin' for a lady ..

gave him the head nod and a smile,
he
said,
'how we doin' partner?'

'could be warmer, colder, the sun still rose .. '
I shot back
and hit the first floor ..

he was going to the first also ..

said he was ready for the wet,
dripping
shit ..

tired of seein' the women in all their clothes ..

want some sundresses,
laughs,
want some tank tops,
laughs more,
want some bare legs and something to string along the imagination,
kept laughing ..

I gave him
the
nod and a fuck right

just
going
on
out to see if his
wish
was to come damn true ..

stamp a corner

car alarms
& empty pockets
as
the
lovers
wonder why they can never choose love ..

it's like a condiment,
they think,
but they never have
anything to do with
coming up
with
the
decision on when
or
where ..

it's
just the final answer to 'why'
as
the
airplane takes an upward nosedive
and
the
flute
guy

leaves
stage for another gulp of Rum ..

again,
there's nothing in the pocket
as
humanity
runs
and
roars towards tomorrow
as
the
sick
just want to know what happened to their yesterday ..

did the tumbleweed have
that much speed?

or,
was there something else
horribly or beautifully placed
in the road

that
would explain

why

we are speeding so fast
towards tomorrow

when

today

didn't
even have the chance
to
mail

off
that
short
little
postcard

to

the end of the day ..

the best of the neighbors

ultimately too
tired
& just too open
to
sit here and act
as
though

it's
just
fucking cool ..

ultimately too 3 sided
& full of flour
to
really bake
all the cookies
you have a tendency to talk about
in
your sleep ..

ultimately too pent up on a good pile of steak
& not thirsty enough for a snow cone
so
go
ahead and pay my tip as well
because
I
think
I'm
going to
go

leave the room
and
listen to a
little
Count Basic
and

watch the sun
rise
over

the
building
of
people
next door ..

the life of a child
and the relationship with a devoted gal ..

sure,
throwing water balloons with the kid past bed time,
getting threatened to be thrown out of the grocery store,
the lime in the gin's last request,
a fuck you ash tray for a fuckface person,
boiled eggs in the chicken's worst nightmare,
something more in the bargain
as the woman crosses her legs
and brings about a legion of dreams
about
warmth,
conception much later down the road,
new forks,
old China,
the problem with no problems at all,
Christ with a bald head and Buddha with a neck of locks and a barber bill
longer
than the book he bore ..

yes,
there
is

a bit more to be said about the life of a child
and the relationship with a devoted gal ..

the swing

tourists looking off the balcony in wonder
as we've wondered and
wondered
similar things before ..

passing security mobile
on a yellow cart,
gleaming badges,
other long lights flickering while the TV becomes
the city ..

any city and the swooshin' white noise
of this view of hotel row
looks familiar
and
strange
even after hundreds of times on this
swing set wing ..

theft & searching for honor

the marginalized lie
and
the crime the punk was ready to hide ..

taking from the barterer is
like
giving to the crook,
it's
a
lose,
lose

while
the
one pleading innocence
gets silenced
by
the
loud noises of the thrill seekers ..

it's
the victim getting a car stolen
and having to continue
the
bumper car ticket
as
the
crook goes
on
down his avenue of karma
points

yet
the
ones that need to see the justice
are

just
never

around ..

the old story of urban
punks and downtown
thieves
running

around
with
their mouths,

bad breath,
horrible women,
squeaking wheels,
wet eyes,
the wrinkled sweat pants
and
a whole griddde of bad
pancakes

ready
to
smash
them

into
an
oval ..

took

off work,

test drove a Jeep

I was thinking about lying down

scratch for,

talked crazy talk with a bunch of car sales folk,

test drove

another car,

got an Italian Steak sandwich at a dive off Prospect,

took pictures of a baseball field by the FBI building,

got a ticket for \$88.50 for parking in a handicapped zone,

listened to Benny Moten,

paid \$65 dollars to have my car towed,

watched a crow land in the road for a kill I couldn't see,

chased down pictures of kids with baseballs,

threw together the meager remains of food in this place for a fat ass burrito,

kissed the girl,

borrowed her car,

talked to a vet about the world war sweltering,

read about Israel,

went over streets of this city I've never seen and it felt like

Denver

or

London,

fixed a shirt,

tore over a loose rock

and

at one point I stood next to the Rosebale Arch and

looked

over

the

city

wondering

how

people can get fucking bored?

TWIST ON WORKING

I told him
I wanted time away
from all this 'smart business' shit ..

just wanted to sit around for some days
and read
the
dictionary,
look at a wall map of the world and
drink some donated coffee ..

then he told me
that in the spirit of being an American
that he could sharpen that pencil
and give me more money once I came
back ..

no one ever requested that
kind of time off
to do the kind of stuff I requested ..

so,
he let me off ..

after lighting a smoke,
I studied Saudi Arabia and made sure I understood
the word,
'relax' according to Webster
and

took
a
good long pull off a donated Rolling Rock ..

doubtful they give me the
job back ..

the boss is a bit of a smart ass ..

a fucking raise once I get back ..

shit,
I'm looking a Australia
or Asia,
may
have
no
need to
get back

there ..

walk on young one

my niece had her
communion
yesterday ..

following,
we went to a local buffet to
dazzle the marching band ..

my advice
to her 8-year-old mind
as
this ..

"HEY, WHENEVER ANYONE ASKS YOU WHAT'S NEW .. PAUSE .. PEER CLOSE TO THEIR
FACE
AN SAY 'MY SHOES' .. THEN WALK ON .. JUST WALK ON"

young
lucky
lad,
you ..

warm tiger balm

hot toes,
cool breath,
nice chest,
luke warm tongue,
great position,
sparkled eyes,
the end of the winter,
spring feels like
summer and
April won't come to
an end
as
the tax men/women count
their profits
for
the
new highway
and gearing up for another congressional tax ..

kids translating
words,
the
Arab
spitting at an English newspaper
as
the
beauty sprang from
a
fountain in the middle of a parkway,
turned into a moth
hungry
to eat through
pulp
and
cure the feelingless
into
touching

something
all together
hot

and
damn cold once more ..

wherethenwhy

Capote trapped in his own eternal glass jar
while
Hot Lips Page gives
us some good fuckin' licks from the day of single digit recording tracks
in the back
of
shady joints that few people could or would brave ..

Steinbeck picking a bale of broccoli in his Salinas Valley
as the next
drifter from Oklahoma
moves in next door
and
the
sound of music becomes the modern anthem on the street
as
the mountains fade away and the children from Switzerland find
new ways to keep the country clean while polishing
their mandatory military guns ..

Richard Wright walking past the group of whites
thinking up another eternal tale of how
the races may some day come together and cook marshmallows over
a
good, healthy orange glow and not have second thoughts of
who is standing next to them,
rather
what they have to say and who they are is of merit
as
the wiry bloodhound smells out a saliva patch
and licks it clean off the
ground

to
ready us for the next small puddle of wonder ..

white baked

report came out tonight that the Pillsbury doughboy
got into
a
fucking mess ..

accidentally fell into the April Fool's Joke
and
hopped in the oven to save his little dough daughter ..

no one ever explained the holiday
and
as the newscaster explained
that the world
will
have
to get used to a new dough boy,
we
all
remember the man in that fluffy white suit
who

fell
for
the
final joke
in
the
book
on
the first
fatal day of a Spring month ..

4-20-2002

Splats of window paint,
I had to use a paint chipper to open her window
to a little Spring relief
as
the
world of cars turn on their headlights and the only thing
really making sense
to the money makers
are
the charitable folk on the radio asking the world to donate what they have
and
if
lucky they can get into the 'President's Club' ..

An afternoon set to the tune of
rain as
the
windshield wipers scrape badly
and
wish for a good dumpster to rent the rest of their time off to ..

So,
as the sound of engines
fly higher and
the
look of this glass of water
goes from clear
to
yellow
to
red
to
mud

I will drink it up
and

toast to the next

window
that needs a good lift
of
fresh air ..

4-7-2002

chicken thighs
and
the rights of passage in the middle
of
the
road

as
the
truck goes
around your shoes,
yet
grazes your pants ..

chalk
up

another one
for

the gimp ..

a bad whack

It's all a matter of time ..

you do
a
string of good jive,
then

BAM
the stupidity hits
and
you wait to pay for it ..

some months back I was
in the backyard with the kid
while the gal was puttin'
the
touches on a meal inside ..

the kid was shooting me wet
with a large
water gun
while
I collected yard sticks for a Chimenea
that
was going to blister the kid's marshmallow
and
warm my cold
bones ..

I find one stick that is
of medium size,
not that dense,
hell it felt hollow ..

so,
instead of whacking the wood against a tree,
I started taking the timber against the clay of the outdoor fireplace ..

thinking that for
such a pot to withstand as much heat as it does,
it has to have some cast iron or other metallic substance as a backbone ..

WHACK
WHACK
WHACK ..

when the gal comes tearing through the kitchen,
she's at the back door yelling 'DON'T' ..

I split the clay chimney into bits

before I looked up and heard a clean 'DON'T' from her mouth ..

she just walked off,
I dropped the
now
rater sizable fucking stick ..

shit ..

I took out her fireplace of 5 years
and
thought about how to fix
the
ensemble of clay ..

the gal
was cool with it ..

just a little worried about
how
I could rationalize such
a
way
to break such a stick as the one I was swinging ..

shit,
it's a line of hit
hit
hit
hit
hit
it
on the bulls eye or near ..

the
flat fucking splat ..

stupidity has
no

clear course

as
20-20 looks
me up the ass ..

A MINUTE ON THE COUCH

Automatic toothbrushes
with small motors,
3D screen savers,
she's reading the kid a late eve tale,
the cat is standing in a puddle,
the evening paper ran out of words,
she wants me to go down on her more,
the water ran out of the bottle,
there's more just .. abundant juice
out there in the world
as the hot girl farts
and we reach for the
next name on the
long
list of strangers
you pass
throughout
the
day

waiting for
a
lenient gig
with

a good meal as
tithe as
the
end of a days

wink ..

a ten-dollar world wall map

sunshine all
over
the
world ..

sure,
didn't take but
a
piece
of colored paper,
lamination,
a wall
and
now ..

the
world glows
like a good woman getting ready
to
get felt up ..

wind
blowing
a
bit cold,
but it keeps the
wretched goons away ..

starting to
spill over
into
the
Birds
bath,
this world map is ..

so,
I'm
going to let it happen

so
the
sun
bounces
off of it just that much
more ..

AM - PM

cuttin' the AM time
in half
as
the
PMers lament
about

the
juice
spilled on the carpet
and

celebrate the blood
still going
over
the
muscles
and

bones ..

april remembering

hair growing longer,
longer,
longer,
paints
drying
sooner,
sooner,
sooner,
the burrito shack serving them
hotter,
hotter,
hotter,
the teenagers from the urban core
yelling
louder,
and louder,
and louder,
the stop watch keeps on
going,
going,
going,
the lost button has a way of continually staying away
away,
away,
away,
the dream from last year keeps appearing
closer,
closer,
closer,
a christmas candy can in April remains sweet,
sweet,
sweet,
as the lemonade gets a little more sour,
sour,
sour,
sour,
while the gangster's song to his divorced wife
ends
without
any applause ..

awaken recently

Girls jogging,
11Am
on the morning,
the jury arrived for duty
and found the
judge guilty and dismissed all others in the room ..

this,
and it's starting to look like spring
as
the
Doorbell rang again last night
while
the
computer watched me walk out of the room ..

I finally made it back,
doll ..

a night later,
9 tissues later,
hot beverage instead of cold
and

the cool
yellow
liquid
girl jogging
in
tight top
cars mumbling over metal manholes
faint, reception-riddled music
and
their majesty's morning ..

baseball, meat & water

shot pictures of kids with baseballs,
girls with softballs,
equipment bags on chain link fences,
kids warming up in the batter's box,
overgrown coaches in kid's uniforms,
stripped bats in stripper's hands,
and
ate a face full of bar-b-que in
the premier joint to catch meat and sauce in this town
and country ..

had a glass of beer,
laid in bed listening to the rain
and
feeling the cold again
as
the sound of tires
outside the open
window

flings
water all over
the
painted lines

making

them good and clean again ..

beautiful midday make

lunatics walking
down Minnesota Ave.
on
the sunniest day this year
as
the muns inch along in their old Chrysler
though traffic
behind
some
mechanical contractors ..

the hotel is
poppin' through the horizon as
hard hats crack in the new heat ..

Jay McShann
perched at the right volume,
shady characters on
city concrete slabs
reading tomorrows obituary over a
bent newspaper
as
the fast food chain readies to close
its doors ..

shit,
seems just when you believe
a town is in ruin
and the malady can't drive no more
that they rent an oversized 18-wheeler loaded to the teeth
and come rolling
over the dandelion patch ..

welcome to the city across the river
as
my pits boil here above a big boiler making
the pool water
nice

and cozy ..

BLANK NOTE

got the SASE in the mail
the other day ..

another rejection notice ..

my folded poems,
a tiny slip of beige paper with nothing on it ..

not a word ..

blank ..

was it their way to deduce the publication by
the postmark
and invisible fingerprints ..

or did they just slip
the wrong piece of paper between the rejected work ..

sure,
another faceless poet
trying to get
my
pieces in front of a faceless audience
I can't
stop writing about ..

a face of wrinkles,
dripping saliva,
green eyes,
platinum blond hair,
cured bi-polar disorder of a grandfather,
the land of a million toenails clipped,
the used cheeseburgers,
another home run for a sick kid,
the priest giving his blessing to a healthy adulterer,
the grocery store whore and her seamless stockings,
the kid throwing a water balloon at a passing stranger,
the wink from girl to boy,
the clock has fallen off the wall,
another cigar for the tycoon in wrinkleless clothes,
the stopwatch in the greyhound's last race before adoption,
the gambler with a new sport coat and a taxicab ride he's bound to remember,
and the other
boundless walking gaits of street crossers
on
an April day that will reach the high 80's while
the following

day
assures

something
much

hotter ..

continent tune

wind blown bags,
a city in a fight with its own change,
the bus engine lolling and
visitors turning on
their window lights
overlooking the city ..

one hand shoveling,
the other giving more
as the flags continue to wave
and
hang
here
in
America ..

America?