

joefiles XLLVI

unfold the napkin

&

burn some strangers



on the edge of history,

they say,
repeal death,
support life,
make a bomb,
drop your pants,
give up on pills,
drink till your ill,
you are the only one with a pen,
give your eraser to a trash bin,
we are on the perch of history,
follow a bullet,
listen to an elephant's heart beat,
crack open a can of spray paint and listen to the whistle,
cut down the pine,
plant a pear tree,
leak the story,
piss in the coffee can,
you are history,
you are the dolls in the back room that don't move,
you are the one's that are obedient,
you follow directions,
we are on the girth of big history,
you don't ask questions of your elected,
you only turn on the TV,
you are good at watching TV,
you are also good at walking away,
here in comfort,
at least America is safe,
speak the bomb,
speak the bomb,
cause the contract for more will be a CEO's comfortable Cadillac,
keep following that round of bullets,
you
are history,
we are history,
I am history ..

(oh men)

one white dove

sky over
the red brick
usually fill
quick with
the gray and
black pigeons of
industry
lookin' for a place
to
perch,
loot,
yell,
conversate,
desecrate,
laugh
for a bit ..

they flop
in groves,
over the old
oven vents,
bar windows,
the thoughts of an old
newspaper editor ..

then,
there was
one white dove
that
flew,
swallowed up the color of the other birds,
landed on
the
end,
look around
and
asked
the gray guy next to him,
HOW'S THIS WAR IN IRAQ GOING?'

over with the dandelion push

hard to
improv
once the dandelions
arrive,
he told me ..

sure,
snow,
tulip blooms,
red fall leaves,
walkers,
runners,
broken,
found,
all of it
can keep me goin',
nor even hitch me a bit
and
then spring comes ..

have to put the sax away
until the dandelions
wilt into spores ..

all the little yellow dots,
they look
like a yard of taxis or a field
of school busses,
just shuts down the hands
and
makes my mind wonder ..

that ain't any way to improve
for a man with the lung capacity
as mine,
he said ..

so,
when all the dandelions are done,
I run out and blow all the spores into the air
on one fine day
and
dream

about the next woman,
line,
miracle,
note,
scent,
chance,

album
or

piece that
will into the grand
trash receptacle
I
call
'THE MIND' ..

part of the tobacco anthology

about 7 weeks
out
from not
having
a
single
solitary
cigarette
or
anything of that nature put to
my
lips ..

when I talk to pro smokers
about it,
they light up ..

when I talk to amateur smokers,
they want to light up if
they have any cigarettes on them ..

when I talk to the quitters and X's,
as I am now,
and they start wringing their hands a bit
when they
contemplate life without a smoke,
yet they know the truth ..

the little fuckers ..

the little fuckers ..

after all this time,
spit,
deliria,
withdrawal,
lonely cups of coffee,
I think
tobacco consumption exists
as
a
population control measure ..

it's a lot like a gun for every household or
individual,
or simply a war as we are in now,
they just wipe the slate clean a bit
and
move on to the next lot of life ..

the little loaded bastards take too many people out of
the planet's

mirage and
it doesn't make a bit of sense
to this kid ..

so,
as I sit here watchin
the swirls of wind around the 'MEN WORKING' boys
on the corner trimming trees around power lines,
I wait for the guy on the ground to pull out a
romantic cigarette,
fondle it between his fingers,
pull it up,
light,
and
let the smoke
carry
away

with the rumors ..

rumors of
more war
and
the reasons
to
save
your
life,
if you feel clever ..

roll to your duty, small publisher

I wouldn't
feel
appeased
or pleased
if
this pulpit
wasn't filled
with the left over feed
from the day that was
and
the day that wasn't for the dreamer
in the
blue suit
who won't confess to anything
as
the Feds bear down hard
and the traveling carnival continues
traveling,
never stopping,
keeping all the kids on the side of the bartered road
confused with their visions
of yellow bobbing balloons
and baby blue cotton candy,
but
you
know that I wouldn't at all be appeased if
I couldn't throw this pile
of words right
into the fires that
were discovered by a man
our history books now little about,
in fact I would have to believe the way things have a
tendency of working out,
that the actual documents
for the originator of fire
was likely
burned by the sun
or
eaten by the flame
of some fictitious
animal
the government has sworn us all to never talk
about
again
because it would disturb sleep
cycles
and
possible tarnish the white facades
of
the exterior ..

once more,

this is my
chance
to please
if
we are to ever appease the

time
clearly ..

Scream into the history tube

try
to be historically
accurate,
kids ..

don't mince,
don't mix,
don't omit,
don't disregard,
don't be racist,
don't be sexist,
don't look over the shoulder
and throw pepper on one side
and
salt over the other ..

don't explain the circle,
just tell me what they did,
write it down,
throw out a plume of
smoke
and
convince
the skeptics ..

toss it out fogie,
we
will be
sure to take it
as
the
story they
never wanted told,
or
we could just

act as we have up to
this point ..

oh,
dove of fiction
fly over this Eagle telling us
the politico story
of
romeo dressed as juliet
and
King Henry
giving
Washington a box of jelly donuts,
please
get

it
right

this time ..

senator man with a beer and book

he ambled up
the back stair way
towards the pool tables in the
back of the newsroom ..

struggling over,
he came to an old stadium seat by me
and several of my chaps
to sit ..

he looked more than drunk
and a bit mentally handicapped ..

he looked over and politely
said,
'HI' ..

particularly to my friend's gal,
he said he was 'SEAN' and needed a one beer before
going back home ..

so,
he pulled that bottle to his mouth
and reached into his bag for a book ..

he sat there in the cacophony of
laughs,
drinks,
flirts,
playin'
and read intently
this worn
and
destroyed book in his lap ..

then,
he stopped,
looked over to my friend next to
and said
'I'VE READ THIS THINK OVER 40 TIMES AND I STILL DON'T GET IT'

it was a book
on a computer design program
and I didn't have the
heart to tell him what I told someone earlier ..

you can read,
read and read
about how to use a computer and it won't make a lick of good
for you if you don't use it ..

so,
time went on and this chap
pulled out some anti-war propaganda
he had made on the computer,
threw out some jokes
and
picked up his book again ..

for the 41st time ..

an honest man
with an honest beer ..

he should be a senator
in
a
world such as ours ..

sky over alabama,

first thing in the morning
she hops up for the fuck of her life,
the komodo dragon slithers
about
outside
as
the
thought of unconceived children go
bumbling over the broadway walkways,
towards main,
through my cup of hot coffee,
over the lens of the amateur camera,
into the cat's tail,
out
the window
and
back

into the skies of tennessee,
who still
think
confederate
thoughts

of
internet lollipops ..

talk crud

under skies
of rain,
gray
we start a war with
a country the size of California ..

hear nothing around
but cars,
traces of cold urban warfare,
but nothing more that
would
indicate
that
we are ripping one capital loose,
aiming for the dick in a potato suit,

still silent
around here
while the noisy
shut themselves behind doors
or head to the streets to get arrested ..

nothing is ever one sided
and the three sides are there tip toeing around each
other trying to figure out what the secret really
is
as
another report of heavy bombing,
warning sirens
sound over a cloud of folks that never had a chance
from the beginning
and the end comes
flying down with the pie on the
fork
and

we
all play
sweet around
here ..

the big and smallest

the boy in a yellow shirt,
walking fast,
his mom is in a mechanized wheel chair flying down the street
as the brother in a camelfloured jacket
grabs and plays with his groin for a bit,
looks around,
slows up a bit,
looks directly back
and keeps on moving forward towards the boy
and his wheel chaired mother and relative ..

there's something in the air tonight,
nothing different from other nights,
it just matters now because it's tonight ..

it's the picture in the roll I won't part with
because all we have are the memories of the day,
each day,
the chance to remember a memory
and I hope the brother catches up to the kid and his mother
and
they do something about this memory business today,
because they don't know me and
they likely won't ever know me
and
they should do something about that
and

run into something ..

the police guy and his dog

hop into the cab,
pull away,
through the stop sign,
up the way,
somewhere else to
be
with the tongue tied
butcher's sharpening their wares
while the dancers polish their
shoes for a new performance
and the photographer gives
up on traditional rolls
of
film
for something better
in the stack
of cards
for
all
of us here
a
bit idle this Friday morning
waiting to see
if everyone else is bluffing
with a shit hand
or
really sitting on a
goldmine
hand
and
a
poker smile to match ..

two weeks of war down

coins all over this place,
I have no more reasons for their restitution,
have
no more energy to theorize
or think about how the conflict is going to end
because the beginning never bore any of us
ants walking around out here in mind,
just not a single thought
except for folks in neighborhoods
that makes this one look like leggo land,
so when they
want to know if there is money to be had,
I say yes,
yes,
tons of change ..

metal change,
spoken change,
her overnight change,
weather change,
but
the war is still going
and
it doesn't look like it's going to change anytime soon ..

unbelievable chance

to aim your slingshot towards
the gods,
let it flop forward,
get out of the way
and
see the stars shaped as birds rain
down into the goblet
of chance
while
the
midgets start growing
up tall
and regular like the rest of us
and
the deaf start talking
and the innocent
finally
taste
what it's like
to be

guilty from
the
get - GO ..

unlikely politician

went through
the town I grew up in
last Sunday,
saw signs for this guy who was running for mayor,
'BARTLETT FOR MAYOR'
up and down the blocks of houses
in the yards ..

shit,
I remembered this kid ..

I used to run with him in school
and he used to tell
me that he was going to be mayor of that city someday ..

don't know how the election turned,
but I knew that he was the most unlikely of kids
to run for mayor ..

even later after school,
we had a couple of drinks and he
didn't have an authoritarian air to save his balls,
yet he's running for mayor ..

another kid
I used to work with
was recently elected to the Missouri house of representatives ..

he pissed his pants before a speech one time,
was a goofy man that used to feign what he knew,
he was a good kid,
but not the type I would want representing a whole state of folk ..

beginning to think
that politics are for folks that can't do much
else,
or they don't like to face much of
what is true ..

sure
one
of 'em is gonna take a shot at President
and
right now,
I
would vote for either
and
anything
other
than

what
we
look
at
now ..

I lost American

they stole the map of this city
and stuck it in the
bernard's canteen ..

we don't know where the dog went,
and further,
we don't know where the fuck we are now ..

we stand on our porches and yell his name ..

nothing but some wind,
bad bass thumps from the back of a passing Chevy ..

we can't even speak because
the map had everything on it ..

we just make sounds
we hope the bernard is going to recognize
as
we fly around without a map ..

this wasn't supposed to happen,
sure we didn't vote,
but they never told us it was going to be this bad ..

we just inherited this map,
thought we knew things better than this,
had an idea of landmarks,
street names,
the direction of east - west - north -south,
we swore to each other we wouldn't get to this point ..

now all we can do is listen,
just listen and
maybe mumble to a deaf ear ..

the dog is on the loose out there ..

he has our map
and has decided to jump the waters and go to war ..

the dog is killing and we can't say a fucking word ..

nothing left to say
and
another election we hope
the
people can claim ..

the dog has our map,
maybe the queen can help us now ?

2 shits in harmony

there's been
something about
this cat
of mine ..

my lover's mother told
me after the cat
was born that
it was mine ..

I said 'no',
I'd rather have a dog ..

as it happens,
I moved into a place
that would only allow cats,
so
I finally saw the cat
and
it took to me all right
and
it was a good lookin' cat ..

still,
I wasn't convinced
and
didn't take it ..

so,
from time to time
I went out
to her mother's place
and the cat was taking to me ..

one eve,
the cat was leaping up my leg
while walking
to my car ..

wanted to hop on and
take off with me ..

so,
these episodes would happen
and I changed my mind and took the cat ..

I was fairly convinced that there was
some
kind of glue between us,
until I was completely convinced ..

one morning,
I was shitting,
the cat came in shitting with me ..

now,
months later,
every morning,
the cat shits alongside me ..

perfect,
my kind of animal ..

2 of the same,
a couple of regular early bird shit heads ..

3-31-03

the middle button
of the first
march
while the drunken buffoon
sits at the bar,
gets up,
wobbles to the next seat,
asks for a new drink,
gets refused,
pisses pant leg,
the kid selling cookies walks by the front
of the bar
and
asks the sky if it would like
to buy a pack of M & M's so his
school band could go to New Orleans
to play and celebrate
and
the sky replies that it has never ever talked to anyone in the past
and it sure wasn't going to start by talking about buying a piece of candy,
but the kid starts pleading and a bit of lightning starts in the West
as the car load of 3 girls go on by and they talk about
how their men can't keep them interested and that they want to go out
and collectively cheat on their short term boyfriends,
one girl is in a long-term gig,
but cares very little about it,
as they conspire to get into a group orgy if they trip upon the right place
with the right guys and the right circumstances
as
the
man inside the bar
finally gets his request,
a cab ride home
and
some time to sit
and
imagine
what that first drink of the day
was
really like ..

a lackadaisical day

is

gonna come visit you ..

you're not

gonna know

what to do ..

you'll just do out of necessity,

the old flames and folks

will fade away ..

the impulse comes,

then leaves ..

you won't know what to do,

until you take a nap,

recognize it for what it is,

look out the window for what it's worth

and

try not to listen to the banter

too much ..

but

that lackadaisical day is

gonna come on down and grab you all good and fine

around the next,

by the molars

and

up through your thighs

for a little tight ride ..

don't buy any duct tape

or bullets

or water

or rations,

nothing is gonna keep the lackadaisical day from coming on

down your stretch and into

your

home,

locked or unlocked door,

you won't know what to do ..

so,

lay in wait ..

shit on your people,

shit on yourself,

shit on your hands,

shit on the kitchen sink,

do what yo do well,

shit ..

and it's gonna come,

you'll be at a loss

for exactly what to do ..

even shitting won't be natural,
it's all gonna be lost,
friend ..

done,
out with the talk of the pimp,
hooker and hustler
jiving with waving mouth and hands for what is gonna be done and what is needin
to be done ..

lackadaisical day
just asked me where
you've been?

all about the start,

the young
dove lover was,
but
when the mid-way point came
he would always leave the room to
have the girl
but scratch her
nice,
pretty thighs
in wonder of what was going to happen at the
end
when
the house disappeared from sight
and
there was nothing but a single premonition
and
conviction
that
the
end was
the middle
and
the
start

was something that
could easily be swiped from
the
memory of
books,
or
the mind,
whichever decided to come about first ..

been here thousands of days

had a moment
to calculate
that
this is my
11,043rd day alive
on planet earth ..

over this time,
one would hope,
that much has been seen,
heard,
felt,
gained,
lost,
re-claimed
and
rejuvenated ..

after leaving the gal and her kid
this morning
I felt
tired of the process,
tired of the war,
tired of the same conversations,
tired of the same routes,
tired of the same bimbos,
tired of the same gangsters,
tired of the same slanted TV coverage,
tired of the tired
and
not wanting to be this tired ..

so,
I knew the remedy and
took care of it ..

bought a good sandwich,
left work,
sat around with my cat,
took a nap,
and
went back to work ..

at work,
I listened to an amazing song,
the sorts I haven't heard in a long while,
accepted a check for \$3,500 at a race track,
ate my face loose with potatoes - vegetable - roast beef,
bet on the dogs and lost,
caught an even tempered night of humidity flat in the mouth
and
now eat the shells

of what was busting my grapes all morning ..

the war,
more war,
war here,
war over there,
more war brewing,

I
find myself reassured more than disillusioned
by the process because I pay less and less attention
to ding dongs
and
the details ..

here
it is 2 hours and 20 minutes away from
my 11,044th day here on planet war ..

bit of love getting' away

the woman was
on the other side of a busy Main street
waving her arms
to cars passing on the other side
and
some people waiting in a makeshift hub
for the bus ..

there were bits of paper flying
up the street,
erratic,
lazy,
quick,
no clear patter between cars,
over the curb
and
up the block ..

she was
confused and a bit panic
trying to see how she would make it across
the busy street ..

what was this papery substance ..

looking a bit closer in the mirror
it
was a stack of bills ..

flopping out of
her
sight,
just from the ATM,
the wind was a sailor's dream
and
she

waited for her turn
to
find her cash ..

her chances were diminishing by
the second
after second,
in the wrong neighborhood,
someone is probably eating
lunch on her
or pumpin' some precious war oil into their
vehicle
with her livelihood ..

the only woman I know
who may never use
an
ATM
ever again
on a windy day ..

bright red ingredient list

it happens
that habit is not a necessity
and if you want
to get over the snake
you have to jump,
move quick
and
remember the nearest hospital takes
pure cash ..

it's the burning cigarette
in the bottom of
my sock drawer
that taints
the smell of the open book
wafting for chance
to have more eyes
look over it with that waltz
of love ..

so,
it also happens that when you discover
that
there is no truth to your truth and
that the other truth out there is someone else's
truth
and
the only objective truth is a subjective one built up
in one's own mind,
then
know that you are always right,
but not
always right in
my
book,
nor
the
person sitting next to you ..

so,
jump over that snake,
cause if you walk around it
you
may not agree with yourself ..

bristles

cat brush,
tooth brush,
hair brush,
she brushed by,
the brush caught on fire,
don't elect George Brush,
brush your balls,
brush you tooth,
brush your neck,
brush her boob,
brush in the woods,
the brush
in
her brush,
because
we all brush
at
one time or another ..

call in the bulldozer crowd

cat licks,
the bare boned President,
ice cubes long melted,
the statue has run over Boston,
the price of coffee is rising,
they gave up on gas,
she just got felt up,
he left the porn shop,
the next drink in a row of one's,
the newest reason to make a plan,
her panties look like metal,
they just stole my belt and I haven't moved in minutes,
the team decided to name themselves 'INDIVIDUAL',
more cramps for the Dostoyevsky fans,
right turn signals in a left hand town,
the flashing light is blinking with style,
her new movie was going to be the best of scripts,
they'll replace the light bulb when everyone gets off their asses,
we all yearn for that one coffee mug,
the world's smallest tripod for the county's biggest photograph,
old radio hits are clever quotes on A & W napkins,
they stole my fork and left a knife on spoon stationary,
something about a clock -
there's just something to be
said
about
a
good old fashioned fucking
timepiece
that
works

through anything ..

can't use an excuse for the rest of your life,

if it's wrong,
it's going to stay wrong,
if it's right,
need not talk about it any more,
if the blind is hiked,
keep it hiked,
if the window is broken,
walk around the broken glass,
if the song is skipping,
get out of your chair and skip along with it,
if it isn't published,
they may line it in the pantry some day and someone may read it
after the person moves out,
the lost article in the pair of pants,
circling helicopters and
the plane's ear dive,
we have all the reasons in a climate of war to get out of the war
but
we continue to talk about the war
with the night illuminated by
innocent fire ..

innocent fire,
because it's domestic
and
that takes a back seat to this thing
they call freedom overseas ..

cat's yawn

the cat's yawn
believes,
the cat's yawn
is tomorrow,
the cat's yawn is the song
that never skips,
the cat's yawn is the ship
sailing at night,
the cat's yawn is the tuna
before it gets in the can,
the cat's yawn is a good fuck
with a great lover,
the cat's yawn is something
you look forward to,
the cat's yawn is one getting
their health back in a plastic bottle,
the cat's yawn is a government check
in the mail you didn't expect,
the cat's yawn is the bus braking
on the boulevard to pick up a stragglin' hooker,
the cat's yawn is the limo stretched
out like a piece of used taffy,
the cat's yawn is all that can
be said on a night like tonight,
the cat's yawn says nothing,
the cat's yawn doesn't have anything to say,
the cat's yawn doesn't need to speak,
the cat's yawn is
all we got
left ..

chewy fuckers

new recording
of
django,
something better on the
dinner bar,
the need for need is still a need,
something fell in the monkey's soup,
nothing more here for the small people because
all the big people took it all,
the end of the end is something we can never conceive,
we need to talk in pursuit of saying something that has likely already been said,
the lights of the day don't touch the moon in my pants,
more colorful magic markers for the tough little black girl in the back seat
of her auntie's cutlass suuupprreeeeem,
the team lost today,
another team won today as the cheerleader girls fuck the color off their dildos,
the hawks are vultures in training,
the cat climbed out of the window and
the
new tasty licks climbed right back in ..

night full of reasons,
do you
want
something to chew on?

day following april fool's day

heart attack
drum stick snap
roll up the carrot window
speak to penguins
strike the match on a tortoise shell
invent the ice cream
bring something frigid
because we ran out of wood around here
the fact that facts are so many
becomes another stat
the scientist ate the chemist
an integer sounds like something bigger
no more drugs for the alcoholics
baby fingers are the most innocent items ever
loud music for the quiet neighbor
no more plane trips to Paris for the poor
something in the lemonade made water fresher
no more computers for any more paper
the next is coming up next
when there is nothing at all left
on the right bent TV
where war is OK
fight the fight
just as long as the US wins
they will die
they won't show them die
pudding pops are the product of 80's downtime

'HEART ATTACK - DRUM STICK SNAP'

death and the story of death

last week a
man died
above
us
while we worked ..

some dorms
or old rooming houses
for men ready to get back on their feet
or look at their feet for some time ..

my partner and I were taking in some air at the back door
when the sounds of a fire truck and ambulance
came smashing in our direction ..

usually they come to
the building because of an old crack head who
has a knack of getting a bit confused
and thinks he needs medical treatment ..

well,
he didn't live there anymore,
so
this had to be a fresh call
and
we looked for the whirling reds and white to smash open
the dark air ..

sure enough,
the vehicles came,
stopped,
the boys go out
as
one resident man slipped out and said
that a man had a heart attack and died ..

he went up to his room to check it out
and
said that rigor mortis set in ..

he nodded his head like an entire collection
of encyclopedia books
or the medical officer who just discovered the newest cure to insanity ..

shit,
we just sent off the kids
as the old folks
leave it all behind to them ..

leavin' it
and

leavin' it
as

the
man who discovered the body
talked to my partner about know 'HIS PEOPLE' ..

at this,
I had to bow
out

of the show ..

my ticket was for another section of the arena ..
man died right above me at work one night ..

drinkin' bush in the desert

more war correspondents
have died
than I remember in
previous wars ..

we don't know the number
of natives
and

the faces of Americans gone are being
memorialized
on
the
TV ..

the dead
are remembered
as
the mainstream living
keep
holding the banner of
war high
and
tight ..

giving
the
banter it
is wanting,
giving Bush more
of a reason to
get back into bed with the Americans,
fuck 'em,
leave 'em - make 'em think your are going to marry 'em,
W.,
but
I'm not gonna
get fucked any more
by
your
brainball bulljive,
give it to the kids
in
the
sticks
or those that are afraid to let
DC know what we
really think ..

something stinks
and
it's not the litter in

the other room
or the drying paint in the hallway,
it's the TV letting off the fumes
of
what
it has
to keep up
with

on this
colonialization gravy train
coming to a
theater
on
your part of
planet earth
sometime
before the 21st Century
closers,
fuckin' suckers ..

drunk father folly

stopped at the
stop
up the way to
grab a
drink ..

went in,
got some bottles,
stood in line and
noticed
an
old timer stumbling backwards
while waiting in line ..

he couldn't retain his footing,
a seal with an olive oil soaked beach ball
peddlin'
peddlin'
back
and
back
until
he smashed into a
candy display nearby ..

he fell hard to the floor
and knock over about 6 boxes
of various colorful packaged
candies
that
rained down
in
glee
all over and around him ..

he glanced about,
mumbled something incoherent
and left
without a trace ..

done ..

done with the booze,
candy,
chance ..

tell you,
he had solid form for a good old fashioned dive
in public ..

give
it an 8.5 with a promise
for a 10 after

more
training
in
the local drinkery ..

dry press the clock

lost
1
hour
on
the
7th
week
into no
cigarettes,
though
my gums
bleed
from
eating more
food,
takin' in a bit more drink
and
one hour
taken,
though
each night
I have more light,
if I was a vampire
I would be
pissed,
or it could be
just fine to
go
out later,
so,
next fall I
will get this hour back,
or will I?

do we ever
even out in our lives
with this
hour taken,
hour given business ..

I do
feel well rested,
the camera
works,
the cat wags the tip of his tail,
the girl is healthy
and her boy still
flicks
me
5 year old shit
as
the

gravy
train
rolls by
the
place
offering
to sell watches cheap
that
has a
permanent time
of
one hour before
we
lost
this
hour

on
a
delightful
gray,
rained
over

March
march ..

En Mass-Ive

it only takes one time
and
they'll know what you are thinking ..

slip up,
chap ..

let it out
of that mouth of yours,
shake the foot,
smash your toes
and
scream it out ..

tip that bottle a bit more
or get a new bottle
and
watch the fool come on out ..

I have learned that there is a charm
in this precocious operation,
the act of
giving the foolish demon a bit to eat
and
a message to the angels that you will be out for a bit ..

raving about on the front porch naked,
or fucking like a jackelope in your place while a team of officers
on the street wait for her to go down
and
begin the 'FORBIDDEN ACT' ..

shit,
go ahead and fuck on the lawn of the art museum,
guzzle some moonshine,
give your mind a god damned break from all the coffee
theorizing on war
and
the actual war blistering over the television set ..

throw away your knives,
burn your needles and
give your guns to the trash hole,
we
need something a bit more insane
than all the unimaginative
real
weapons of mass
destruction ..

it's really all about

MASS
isn't it ..

sunday mass,
a massive ass,
he has mass,
the mass populace,
boston is in mass,
en mass oh mass,
the mass says 'yes',
knew this guy once named paul mass ..

massive,
lovers ..

eyeball blinds

a bit to be
said when
the weather turns
to the warm cheek
and
the windows are up,
trade winds and cross hatches of air
come through the place
and
every bit of an instance
a kid scream
or children voices come
over the low radio
and
urban hum
and

make all the presumptions
and
allegations
fade

away
for
the parents raising
their kids,
the kids
raising their parents
and
the animals
looking on
that
continue
and
will
always raise
us ..

father – father
mother - mother

old lines just tumble down the street,
crumpled in a mash of old gray
dirty print
that was so proudly displayed earlier
on this morning when the winds were tamer,
and how the tops of the trees
whip around like an invisible heirloom
whips a multifaceted weapon to keep the storm
brewing,
brewing over the roof,
over the chimney sweeps,
under the swipe of the broom stick
and
out of the way of the son,
escorting mother to her
next
appointment ..

flopping over syntax

wrong moves,
the right motives,
you know love because it makes you look around without talking,
a bit dazed when you have everything to do
and nothing else standing in your way,
one last beer as a bag of peas plead for your attention,
the solider getting led to his last parade,
the battalion chief in his fist game of catch,
the captain answering his commander
and a country picking sides because CNN told us
to and the same station analyzing the media's role
as the sublime roller coaster continues to throw oxymoronic snowballs
into the hell fire brought about by the angels and fanned by the devil
as the Muslims look at us the way we look at them
it's the new breed of animosity and stupid racism that has shifted
the light of idiots we have been in the white and black issue,
we are again at war over it,
a new civil war on another land and for religion,
oil and
pride of the father

as
we march again to the death of a death idea: WAR ..

folks,
we have filled the Library of Congress with every conceivable idea
of intrigue,
beauty,
horror,
truth,
malice,
integrity,
courage
and
contempt

the best and most volumes of all
and
we
are
still idiots ..

just a bunch of idiots
feigning this
grand warehouse of
intelligence

while
we
continue
to fight

wars
wars
wars
fighting wars ..

GLUED UP

son of a bitch war,
this cocksucking thing
we see all over the TV,
this fucking annihilation of Iraq,
we watch like Americans before the death
of US
and will later go back to see the instant replay
of how we decided that diplomacy was to be forced
instead of tendered patiently
which is what all the history books said about our founding fathers,
fuck war,
fuck this war,
never been in it,
have enough sensibility to know that it has to be excruciating hell,
and to imagine such a hell
is enough for me to believe that
war is fucked,
fuck this war
the further of war
in a land enamored with explosions,
violence action more action the guns bullets and all the rest we have created,
we now bring to you on TV in another country,
viva liberation if this to be construed as imperialism,
fuck war,
fuck this war
on March 22 of 2003 ..

**

UNGLUED

son of a bitch war,
this cocksucking thing
we see all over the TV,
this fucking annihilation of Iraq,
we watch like Americans before
the death
of US
and will later go back to see the instant replay
of how we decided that diplomacy was to be forced
instead of tendered patiently
which is what all the history book said about our founding fathers,
fuck war,
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never been in it,
have enough sensibility to know that it has to be excruciating hell,
and to imagine such a hell
is enough for me to believe that
war is fucked,
fuck this war
the further of war
in a land enamored with explosions,
violence action
more action

the guns
bullets
and all the rest we have created,
we now bring to you on TV in another country,
viva liberation if this is to be construed as imperialism,
fuck war,
fuck this war
on March 22 of 2003

higher as the lower

colder up here
higher,
I tell you ..

as the adults and kids
sweat below
and
throw up their used
dreams
and
bad homage's to the future ..

they leave it on my ledge,
and the edge of my flooring
hoping for an answer and
all
I have are some left over cookies
and
fortunes that
my animals won't even
take within their mouths
and
entertain it for
a
moment ..

so,
between the red bird
and the black rocks,
I bet that
there is going to be
some
kind of dream thrown up here with all the death
of histories last presentation
and the rhetoric of that great Presidency in the 90's that
can continue to make
us marvel
at
what

we don't want to besmirch,
but
are
forced to because
our
police
state widens

and
WAR
will not get off the paper boxes

and TV machines ..

so,
throw me your brand new
sparkled dreams
and
I'll give you something of a bit
of
mine,
if
it
warrants ..

how march marches here

love is going
to kill all of us
some day ..

hate is going to
send more people to the disease room
than the mushroom cloud ever could ..

haste is going to make more than
a few hairs fall from that shining
corporate head ..

the makers of cigarettes and liquor
fuck together well
and forget about all of it the next morning
as the room smells and a haze lays over the eye balls ..

an eraser can only take away what the pencil
created
but the head can take away anything
it wants to ..

so,
do we still want to write this war down
in the history books
or
can we just say it never happened ..

what do you say, Florida?

invisible war applause

the radio station of
static
sounded like a stadium
of hands
clapping,
loud clapping
and whistling for the non-event going down ..

I kept it there
thinking that
our war President was coughing up some
more reasons to sway us into believing in what
he believes in,
but it
was nothing ..

driving over the speed limit
with the flashing light speaking 'DRIVING TOO FAST WHEN BLINKING'
was looking
over my head and car
as
the
station of applause went
on and
on ..

all day applause,
no one has to pay for its bandwidth,
everything is a pleasure on this station,
they just clap and cheer at
everything ..

maybe this station was set up
to
cheer on
this
war

with non-existent clapping,
just clapping
at
everything

or
nothing ..

it began innocent enough

birds pecking
the feast of worms
in the yard
as
my body
is getting ready to stink
me out of the room ..

we
are the patriots,
the politicians
are the fakers,
we
are the pot pie,
they are the oven,
we are the shoes,
they are the cotton socks,
we are the hot potatoes,
they are the forks,
we are the tree limbs,
they are lightning,
we are the filled up balloons,
they are a sharp poking pin,
we are the skin playing,
they are the cat's razor claw,
we
are the people
for which we
stand,
one nation
under
the rhetoric,
for Canada is above US
and Mexico below US,
we
are US
and
US

isn't
as certain
as
it
once

used
to
be ..

justin

made for the moment,
he's a lanky kid
with a wide brimmed smile,
concealing more
than it reveals ..

he smelled real bad yesterday ..

the others around him complained ..

an 18 year old kid
living in a hotel room with his little brother,
sister,
mom
and
boyfriend ..

comes in with the same clothes on,
has that smile,
always talkin' about the new girls and their phone numbers,
wants to burn more CD's,
has dreams he's afraid to tell
his homies about
for fear they'll fly out of his bowl of cereal
and
steal them from his scalp and make them
their own,
or simply ridicule because
that's the hood he knows ..

easy
and clairvoyant,
we knew nothing was wrong until we heard
bits of shit were rolling from the bottom of
his pants,
he nodded when we offered help
and
laughed hard when we asked if he needed some
condoms ..

sure,
he kept laughing,
and we looked on knowing that we're only as alone
as we make ourselves out to be ..

a bunch of animals
on the sahara we are,
and this man with the smile
is a giraffe looking
for
a
bit of respect,

and
he's getting it,
yet
we only acknowledge what
we know
and
he just doesn't know it ..

the
kid
with
the
hundredolla grin,
tucked behind headphones
and
the blue jacket he wears everyday,
the cowboy's are comin' in for some domestic
help
and
remember,
no one has to know about it ..

knowers & nayers

my
own family
doesn't know me,
except for
my
brother ..

walking around
the eggs
and constantly wanting to know about the yolk ..

I bring out the salt,
they don't want the salt ..

a bowl of cereal on the table
and they scramble for a spoon
when I pull out a spork
and they say it's just not right ..

we talk,
but nothing is really figured ..

we joke,
but we expose more than we think we do ..

we carry on about as though we may have some of it figured out,
but there
is nothing but a waterfall in progress and
a hole
that
is waiting to catch it ..

eating food,
plate after plate,
cup after cup of liquid
and
we are here
as
though strangers decided to wave a wand over us and
make us tied as family ..

makes me wonder about us
and all the other families out there that
want to know
everything possible,
but
they don't know each other ..

what we need to know
is usually always right in front of us
and

like fools,
we

always look over it as
the
eye doctor fills out our prescription and bill

to
be
paid before we leave ..

lightnight

breezes
are
claws,
around here tonight,
cars roll slowly past,
and the old timers
remember faster speeds,
new pants
and old shoelaces,
the world is acting like war is just war,
when the truth is
that it's more like a fight after school,
a useless fight that
defines red
and brings the bugs
higher than the human head,
here
tonight the wind is catching up a
weeping gale of beauty as
the small hispanic kids rush home,
the single mother rushes to work,
drug heads are slowing and looking at every passing cars
as the whores practice more mouth exercises
while the headlights go out on
the passing Ford
and we
all feel our way through this
dark
moment ..

look brother,

all I want is a good head nod,
a talk,
some coffee,
maybe a high five later on,
good hand shake,
nothing to shout about,
who's arguing,
the end of malice,
they didn't say anything behind the back,
the pork chop is warm enough,
they don't want all your money,
the world wants to be flat,
someone actually invented roller-skating, brother
and
that
is
just enough ..

March 2003 country invasion continues

the continuing
hostage show of the US continues
as we
go into April Fool's Day 2003 tomorrow
and
the
war of our era,
the Vietnam no politician wants to admit to
has Dealy Square crawling around on mantis feet
and
the old folk in the VFW hospital up the street
a bit more than anything scratching their scalp at
the idea of war
and
the further interests
of
our

boss and bosses in DC
that continues to operate
on the appendix
when it was taken out long,
long ago ..

the only thing I need to see on TV tomorrow
is
that the US decided to pull out and
avert complete humiliation,
but that
would
be
the
biggest April Fool's joke
of
all,
because
we have lost track of the months here
in our
land

where the crime on the neighboring streets
and petty insane folk strolling around in a drug induced whore haze
seems
just about
right
to
get the mind off the TV headlines
and
the
truth

that
we are the turds following the paper
trail
straight down
the
last
wave

in
the
first of
what

was promised
to be a glorious 21st Century ..

morning is all they need

early morning lovers in the slum apartment complex
next to
had the ebony hits
fuckin' cranked ..

the only building in the neighborhood
with
the dilapidated
outside
full of windows embedded with particle boards
and small satellite dishes line up for
the
young dreamers watching away ..

so,
going towards my house on the corner,
I looked over and couldn't place
the window
but
knew that this man had the day off of work
and likely didn't work
with his stereo of soul
and
I winked over
dreaming

of
the loudness,
the
loudness

of
their
place

and
the
quiet of my
entry to

see
my
cat in my place ..

morning tree cutters and passin' curiosity

little black boy
with his mother in
a
green dress
walks up
the
sunnyside of the sidewalk ..

swift pace the mother keeps,
the boy is keepin' up ..

they look over at the big orange truck and the
man in a hydraulic basket cutting the branches
of a tree ..

the mother doesn't look at the men
cutting,
the boy does,
let's go of her hand
and peers at these men,
slows up
while
the
mother keeps her pace ..

what we don't want to see as older folk
intrigues the kids,
what the kids don't want to see,
we want to see ..

the
kids are always right
as
the
black boy in the jean jacket disappears out
of
sight
with
his
stylish mother
in
her
Wednesday best ..

natural tendency

pretending you have
hit something big,
when all you have done is
ran into something fairly small and regular is
about the lot we are given
at times
and to embellish it beyond what it really is
is fictitious bullshit that can appease a crowd,
sell an album,
move a big or
invite a screenplay,
the rest of it can be seen for
exactly what it is..

BULLSHIT ..

and it's bullshit
at varying degrees
and
depending on how well it is presented to all
of
us

out here ..

never as old as you are young

I always
wanted to grow up ..

youngest of three,
got
the shit squawked out of me
and I
in
turn was
the
biggest shit of a kid
possible ..

always talkin'
about being
grown,
smoking cigarettes,
my own car,
all of that shit
at a fairly young age ..

embedded in being the youngest,
I suppose,
I was done with it and ready to be
on
an island of my own ..

out,
older,
didn't know about these bills
and
other bullshit ..

after sweating youth and the younger years out,
I'm older
now
and
I feel like a kid,
act like a kid,
dote around like a jackass
and
I realize I finally made it ..

I'm an
old
fuckin' kid ..

be careful what
you
wish for,

mine came
fuckin' clear
and
true ..

never knew about blue lights

again
time got away from us ..

we walked towards the place,
my white house on the corner
with the second floor and attic
of my disposal ..

on the sidewalk,
a woman said to my lover and I,
'IS THAT YOUR KITCHEN?'

sure,
I told her.

'I JUST LOVE THOSE BLUE LIGHTS AROUND THE WINDOWS.'
she said looking up admiringly through the window
as the cat was shoved in the window waiting for me to advance
further.

appreciate it,
I told her ..

'YEA,'
she went on.
'I WALK BY HERE FROM WORK EVERY NIGHT AND REALLY ENJOY LOOKING INTO YOUR
KITCHEN.
THOSE ARE SUCH PRETTY LIGHTS.'

good,
I continue,
take care ..

coming back into the place,
I thought about how they were christmas decorations that have lasted into March,
on everyday,
I like 'em too,
but you never know what kind of effect you have on folks ..

the simplest of the simplicity in the city,
a string of blue lights
on
all the time ..

come on by
and
look
for yourself ..