

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,  
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 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 fairy 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 ..