

Joefi | es LXXVI |
Tear the Town Down
To Brand New



12:53 PM 8/17/03

the pimp is
walking up the street
fast,
middle of the road,
to the sidewalk,
staring up Baltimore
with a brown crumpled bag in one hand
and
a pink towel in the other ..

hawking the surroundings,
moving several miles per hour,
hot as a mug,
the day is in front of him
and someone looks to be either after him
or he is after them ..

this place has traffic like I have never seen ..

day in and
day out,
the carnival comes tripping by,
the cars,
walkers,
dreamers,
perverts,
drunks,
whores,
drug heads,
honest old men,
buggy driven old women,
and
the man with the pink towel

heading towards the gay black men
checking them out ..

the hustle of NYC
in front of my coffee mug ..

the shout of Sunday
in my ears
and

I finally,
coming to this end,
see zero activity ..

nothing ..

our neighborhood
calm before the
storm ..

8:58 AM 8/21/03

donut ships
in
the high tides,
and the girls that love their generals,
the story made by a sea
as the kids pop vitamin C
and all that
we ever wanted was a bit
of shut eye,
the story told right
and a night
that we could call our darkest own ..

5-15-2003

things can
only be cheapened
in so far as
a person is willing to cheapen them
and
when the time comes that they
have been cheapened down to their
final nozzle of anything worthwhile,
then
the cheap is there
and there to stay like nothing else
worth anything

and
this is the way the
relationship circle seems
to be spinning for me
in
a
cheapening circle
where there doesn't tend to be a girl I've
known that has knocked my
doors off its hinges ..

it's always the girl
that comes through in a strange,
fleeting moment
in a store,
shop,
walking down the street,
because once I get to know more,
the more the truth gets skewed
and
the cheap comes in ..

push trite aside,
bitter aside,
unresolved anger,
it's the way of the horse
and the waltz of the hooker,
it's the blend of sunshine and moonlight that will
intoxicate the strongest at heart,
and it's the mist of a comet with the juice of an asteroid
that will wake me up,
wake me up to
that sweat,
itch feeling
that
there has to be someone I will hurt to want,
and savor
every painful moment

of
such a collision ..

11-25-2003

parliament in my pants,
the president is the carnival,
betty boop lost her clothes in my house,
minnie mouse isn't all that small,
if it was really believable - we wouldn't talk about whether it was believable or not,
my old girlfriends are forming the EX-league of super heroesses,
dreamed of a faceless girl that looked like you,
woke up in dover, Delaware and didn't wonder why,
gave a kid my cowboy hat because i don't need to be slinging guns no more,
wrote and mailed a post card to my past telling myself that my future wouldn't have an address so don't
bother writing back,
asked the leaves yesterday to just leave me alone,
guys in hummers and the immaculate compensation trip,
& her giggle is lodged in my laugh
with a price ..

A bit before April ends

estrangement of
the necessitates
is just a bit something like stepping
on a tack and
not gettin' too angry
because it wasn't put there on purpose
and
you know that you saved the tack from going into someone else's foot,
or you convince yourself of that ..

the nice attunement of mind on the star that
spells your name
is hopeful wishing in a world of faces that only wish and
forget how to dream,
or you convince yourself of that ..

you may not go to the voting polls this time around
because you realize that everyone is going to be viewed as an ex-con
or a vote to be suppressed in light of the last election,
so it would be easier to let the hands that move over
that Oiji board without you having to interrupt a damn thing,
or you convince yourself of that ..

people really start coming out of their spokes
and creating some incredible shit when the weather turns and it's warm all the time,
or you convince yourself of that ..

hot dogs are better on lazy Saturday afternoons than
peanut butter and jelly sandwiches
and ginger ale is always the best bet when matched against a clear soda like Sprite,
or you convince yourself of that ..

the only good advice is your own,
or from a famous diplomat if it applies
&
again
I try to convince myself of this ..

a girl mix-up

her message was
the first of the morning ..

she called to tell me that she was thinking
about me ..

I didn't have time to call back,
it had been some days since I saw her new place and we
threw each other around into a sweaty mess ..

then,
at work she called ..

said she was getting back with me for
the call I just made ..

I made no call
and she told me someone did from my place ..

I thought back,
my ex Sarah is the only one that has my house keys
and for some months since the break up I have noticed
some odd shit about the place ..

things moved,
pair of boxers ripped,
the others ..

so,
I got off the phone and came back
home expecting to catch any culprit ..

nothing,
no calls made,
doors locked,
nothing moved,
nothing stolen,
everything knit like a button pin ..

so,
I call the girl back and she apologizes,
I called at 9:17 on another day and it was at night,
not that particular day in the morning ..

but,
I thought about my ex and
knew that it wouldn't be her style to break in my place ..

so,
that night
I ready to leave the place and lock my keys in the apartment,
go over to the landlord

so she can let me in ..

she laughs most the way over
as I tell her it had to be the new close alignment of Mars
to our planet ..

as we wait at the door,
she fumbles for the right key as my phone rings,
machine picks up,
the door is ajar,
the message begins and it's my ex Sarah ..

I bypass my notion of not talking to her ever again,
pick up the phone and
talk ..

felt like I won ..

didn't let her have the pleasure,
the gun shy adventure over with
and
I discovered more than any other time that she is just a girl,
a confused girl like
many other confused girls
and it's good to at least talk to one ex girl
even if she's the worst ..

& now an envelope with her keys,
earrings,
dad's pictures and such wait
in my mailbox ..

told her to throw away my shit,
don't want her memory around anymore ..

this little epoch
again confirms that we don't just think,
assume
and move for no reason ..

there was something brewing yesterday,
and
it

makes sense without the benefit of 100% hindsight ..

a line

jaw
breaker
rot
gut
sling
shot
paper
clip
instant
photo
strawberry
milk
small
mouth
bottle
nose
red
pen
big
house
dull
horse
fat
cat
eight
ball
instant
porn
salty
pickle
long
hair
fair
idea
street
sign
greener
grass
wiener
dog
old
man
young
girl
end
transmission.

a neighborhood through crazy balls

again another
crazy person
woke me in my third floor window bed view
early on a Sunday morning ..

heard the commotion ..

someone saying,
'I'M NOT AFRAID OF YOU MOTHERFUCKER'

and more ranting ..

ignoring it,
turning over
and taking in my rare Sunday sleep,
the man
started making sounds ..

quickly,
I flopped over to see him punching a truck window
across the street,
punching like a prize fighter with switching fists and
a fluid flow,
then I thought what did the gay man that owns that car
do to this crazy man ..

but,
the gay man was no where around and it was only this crazy shadow boxer
taking out his jive on another man's car,
then
he walked and started looking at my jeep ..

I looked for my pants,
just in case,
as the man went up the street,
saying nothing audible for my ears ..

and the neighborhood temporarily returned to normal ..

back to where we call it normal ..

a moment of clarity before
more
crazy comes
home

to roost
around these corners
and hidden spots ..

a promise about a gal I know

you never escape
the mouth clamp of
a woman ..

as hard as the last one was,
and as easy as you take the new one,
they will always turn ..

they're the pear
ripening into the cactus wheel ..

I assure,
more honest than I have ever been,
and I start believing that their pussy
thinks for them
as much as our dick for us ..

sure,
sure,
lovely,
it's cool with you,
but let's not get nuts about shit so early ..

she nods,
they have all nodded ..

.. & it never fails
when the sentence turns into a paragraph
and I have a whole fucking book in my lap ..

a wet,
tear soaked novel about finding their love
they dreamed about during boring 3rd grade homeroom sessions ..

sure enough,
from slow nods
to fast grips,
it has always been the same with this
jackass ..

a woman,
the girls with their simple starts and tearful regrets ..

we're all a bunch of sea sick fools
with nothing more than the vomit
that is going to come up
and the mouthwash that will convince us that
we are
at
once
free,
and clean again ..

a renaissance can happen in the bath tub ..

it should happen in the bath tub ..

all that water,
the potential,
dirty one minute,
clean the next,
the bubbles,
your nasty brain and balls and slits,
the soaps,
the soot on the bottom of the tub
and
all the ingredients before you ..

i had a renaissance
in the bath tub,
yesterday,
the day or two before,
i have them constantly ..

i write my novels
naked,
and towel off with a brush,
my beginning
is
the water
and
my end is the well,
i'm
ready
for

the next renaissance

and you may
hear about it
if
you haven't already ..

a wish for the hands

I'd like to make more
than something with my hands,
something with the brain,
a lot to do with luck,
something more about laughter,
all about the walk,
and I can crawl if I know if will help,
but skipping along the longitudinal line
would also be something I'm willing to cross ..

sure,
willing for the stack of creations to land
on my lap
as the world loops around
and around
like a dime stuck on centrifugal force
in
the thick air of
rising gravity ..

abject ambrosia

luck of the
dog is
the flip of the bird wing
and desolation
is the thud of a lump of coal
against another lump of coal,
unless a diamond is inside
and it falls out
and you're into that kind
of thing,
but there are things that diamonds
won't cut
and things that can cut into a diamond,
so if you are believing in love and forever,
forget about it tonight,
we don't have room in this vacuum for your dreams,
the scent of a woman won't cure you,
it will just make you forget,
but the touch of a woman can make everything smell better,
so it's better to gamble with the losers that
risk bad luck with the winners,
here on the street level
there are no more bits of steam to break up the concentration,
just exhaust,
a lot of exhaust
and

that
is
the
last of my
exhausted
hue ..

absolute start

had this image in the beginning
of the universe ..

a big hairy asshole lit up by lights
just stagnant,
then an enormous fart igniting the big bang,
sending shoots of cosmic matter,
starts,
lights and here
we are the universe
borne of the
enormous asshole shooting all of
us into the correct bowling pin formation ..

ads for new churches in the area

as

coupons for chicken are traded for gold,

and there's

the skater kids

and

bicycle men making it to their next

place of

fancy

and

the cold getting colder,

there's nothing like looking on it

from the warmth know that the only

memory I have

is

the next on

and

the past is a balloon that continually

escapes from my hand,

to the sky,

and eventually out of sight,

only to return when

least expected

and when the winds will pick back up around

here and a

woman with scratch my back to wake

me

on

some

eternal

morning

of

my choosing ..

all jacks in the deck end up in my hand

I welcome the
skeptics over for dinner,
I welcome the witches into my
bedroom,
I bring in the murderers to
watch television,
I invite the robbers over to count
my change,
I ask the adulterers to come
in and help me buy porn magazines,
I ask the repeat offenders if they
would like to change my tires,
I call over the politicians to
oversee my banking account,
I ask idiots to speak for me at
gala events,
I ask the violent to look after my cat
while I'm out of town ..

then,
it fades ..

I wake and can't remember anymore
how
I got all these people over,
or if they ever did come over,
but
it appears to be a good idea ..

your enemy closer
means
your friends will be closer,
hold on,
I'm going out to
ask the habitual liar
across the street if he wouldn't mind
cutting my grass
for
free ..

all the authors are drunk tonight,

throwing their change at my windows,
pissing in my lawn,
puking on my porch,
couple are running naked up and down
the block,
breaking neighbors windows,
yelling Russian expressions,
tearing copies of the yellow pages over sewer vents,
breaking bottles,
finger fucking underage girls in the fresh grass,
making out with local whores,
climbing trees and
throwing
more books
out in the streets ..

these fucking author motherfuckers
are the craziest pricks
going ..

the grease in the wheel
of our
history,
the reason why we watch,
read,
reason

and
fucking
go god damn mad ..

fucker
author ..

all the greens of the world are coming back,

vines,
leaves,
tree branches,
the grass,
more leaves,
shrubs,
the flowers time couldn't stamp out
and
they are thrown about in
such a random,
ordered hand
tossing all the greens
on
the
palate and
there's nothing much left to be said ..

nothing
except there is a
balance in the chaos,
the girl holds the key,
but the boy has the lock,
the kids are the past because we believe we have a stake on the
future,
the next event is really something that already happened before
but it will just seem new to you,
to be a sucker is to let yourself be a sucker,
to let the ice cream man pass you by is just a damn shame,
to have more greens around here
would be

nothing but a mix of yellow
and
green,
but I've already seen all that before,
so take
the
green and put
them somewhere else ..

all those mornings in my 20's when I would sleep in ..

till at least noon to 2PM

after a night of

running,

booze,

running,

gals,

running,

lights,

running,

smokes,

running,

tag lines,

running,

spaghetti straps,

running,

sun glasses,

running,

tonic,

running,

leather shoes,

running,

shiny table tops,

running,

album of smiles,

running,

pissing,

running,

a girl tear,

running,

watching,

running,

breathing in,

running,

breathing out,

& running ..

now in the morning I see

runners,

running,

kids,

running,

dads and daughters,

running,

walkers with packs and a place to go,

running,

eaters moving to more morning,

running,

gardeners hustling yards,

running,

kids moving into apartments,

running,

a woman motoring up the block partially disabled,

running,

pimps hustling a view,
running,
the dream of bacon in many an eye,
running,
regular guys swilling water,
running,
girls walking a bit funny with a smile perched high,
running ..

I could run away with
a
morning like
this morning ..

always given the chance,

but never one to
take opportunity
like it was supposed to be,
or am I just wrong like
the critics
that say,
'IF YOU HIT IT .. HIT IT AS FAR AS YOU CAN.'

the problem with hitting it
too far
is that you forget
the pieces of the particle that get you
to the point of knocking
it out
and
away

and that's just
a
waste
in
any
book ..

Always heard about the romantic days of Kansas City and Union Station

past it's prime
and
around to hear the heart of this city
beat faintly ..

had a rare city pleasure to arrive by train
via Chicago
into downtown Union Station during an intense rain storm ..

wet windows,
humid air like a can of fried beans,
I stepped off to spider webs and crab claws of electricity
spiking over the skies ..

drops of water here and there,
all 30 or 40 of us stopped and looked on ..

I had a passenger's baby seat I was helping her carry
and we just looked on ..

in the far west,
there were holes of bright orange light puncturing through,
and funnels of cloud twirling ..

the coolest storm skies I have ever seen in Kansas City,
and as I walked through the main lobby of Union Station
I felt at
home,
but wanted the throng of Chicago ..

but the storm made up for it ..

I think the gods are mad
that Kansas City
left the swinging days of Paris
behind

and
adopted
a
parking garage as its
savior ..

I heard Sinatra that night
when I walked through the
station ..

not one tune,
but many
as the soldiers continue
fighting our wars ..

always mix in cold water

hot-n-cold
sweats,
the cold sweaty water,
sweats on my legs,
the worm ate the spider,
there is nothing more divine than
divinity,
the old woman told me in the check-out line,
and now I believe in the power of Croatian women
after a month or more seeing her
and if you don't believe
it,
they can really fit more than 6 people in a small cab,
just
try it,
every request is honored around
here where the heat
is king,
and the cold sweats are all the
lovely,
traipsing
neighborhood queens ..

an expectation for you

maybe if you
ignore it,
somehow it will go aways ..

turn your back,
don't look over the shoulder,
it may evaporate ..

let fucking loose and
forget the consequence,
it's bound to get tired and leave ..

ignore the voice,
shut the mailbox,
it can't come back ..

go to another city,
move your mind to a new zip code,
doubtful it will follow ..

run away,
run away,
run away,
tie up the sneakers,
wish for more candles on the cake,
believe in the wish,
make the wish,
tell no one
and run away,
run,
run,
run,
run away ..

it's just the way,
don't take out the messenger ..

but if strength turns the cheek
and all the above fail
you have one thing in 'expectations',
and that is
the
word
EXPECT ..

an open casting call was posted

the other day on TV,
but they didn't say what for?

if it was a nude women
or female swimsuit or county beauty contest
wouldn't all the guys be a bit pissed?

maybe it's some cowboy
rockabilly lesbian meets gay men planet bullshit
and all will be welcome?

there's a casting call
and the only script you need is in yesterday's trash
with other destroyed headlines?

have you heard,
Kansas City is having a big mall casting call
and no
one

is
going to
show

because

everyone will
be out
in other places
about
the
city

acting their asses off ..

ANOTHER 12 HOURS

Try
try as I might,
I sit here foiled for going out of town,
for now,
I suppose ..

almost went to Waco, Texas with a friend,
his girl and her son
with a TV and VCR in the backseat of a small vehicle ..

had to pass,
a bit too much bite for an apple that size ..

then,
I tossed the notion of going to Chicago
with a group of friend's in a band
and I was foiled on that turn,
just not enough room
and time was coming down the bottle like the last swuig of coke
in an angry car ..

so,
I reside to that and
head downtown for a drink with a couple of friend's ..

the drinks were going down smooth and
easy,
too much and too frequent
as
I run into an old friend,
he shakes my hand,
looks deep into my ball eyes
and says,
'SORRY ABOUT YOUR LOSS.'

I twist my head and wonder,
later I corner him by the bathroom and ask,
'WHAT LOSS?'

he goes on to tell me that my ex-girl of about 3 years
was in a bar he bounces out
having a good old feel up / make out session with
her new girlfriend ..

I don't think I retained a helluva lot after
that in the evening,
yet the drinks kept retaining me ..

finally,
I had to shake the fog,
off the bar stool
and

to the new Jeep I just bought ..

I climbed in,
way too over the edge to drive,
my adrenaline was working overtime and
all I wanted was the confines of my place
and to listen to my cat meow a bit ..

so,
a bit off the downtown loop,
I clip a big concrete barricade and
start veering over 4 lanes of busy,
heavy highway traffic
and I notice the wheels are losing air in no time flat ..

about 100 clicks down the highway
the whole Jeep is clunking like a rock in a garbage disposal,
chards of rubber are flying in my peripheral to my right,
CD spit out of its mouth,
I go another minute or two to my place,
pull up,
laugh a bit,
run in for a flashlight
to see the damage ..

luckily,
I didn't smash the car up but just a bit on the very front
and
very back,
but the sight of those tires was something to behold ..

just flaps of exhausted and melted down rubber
over what used to be a usable wheel ..

I slept it off
and woke to a perimeter filled with the
residue of liquor breath,
the gray skies,
the cat meowing at my every twitch,
the rain coming down
and my dead jeep slumped on one side like a
slug smashed on the hot asphalt of a big bitch day in Texas ..

after tossing a bit,
I stood naked,
looked out,
motioned to the cat that his food would be served
and
scratched a hard itch near my butt hole and
felt
absolutely,
perfectly stripped
there in my human

shape ..

another graduate gets the world

about 20 minutes away from 1PM
and I will be going to see a friend of mine
graduate from college ..

the same college I graduated from
some 8 years ago ..

he's a good kid,
at 25 he has 2 kids he hardly see's,
a failed marriage
and a whole lot more shit than I had at 25 when I was graduating ..

but I look at myself now at 30,
no marriage yet,
no children
and I feel like him at graduation ..

I'm itching for something to happen,
it's going to happen,
it happens everyday,
it's a restlessness
that can be attributed a bit to age,
but I think harping on age is a bit like avoiding the real issues in one's own
existence
and my issue is my stubborn brain and tall tales weaved about this heart
of mine,
I want to find it,
but I lost the flashlight,
found the flashlight
and sit perched on replacing the batteries in this ideological
dream of mine ..

I am going to sit in those stands alone,
intentionally alone,
to see what it's like to watch a graduate from college walk across the
stage ..

never done it,
except for when I was walking
and
I think

some things are bound to make a bit more sense to me,
and if they don't,
then we gave it a shot
and the world can remain as it was
or return as it was
to all these floating bubble heads of the future
that are aiming for the baby boomer's retired jobs
and
the survival of
the
survival ..

Another 'Sarah' Song

if you really were in love with
someone,
you would remember them
and
yearn sometimes through your
day ..

i haven't done that some 3 months later
with my recent ex
of 2 or 3 years ..

sometimes i get relieved that I don't
have to experience her
hell through my eyes anymore ..

seeing her floating turds because she
couldn't wait to flush the toilet,
watching her smoke shortly after being diagnosed with asthma
and taking down her steroids,
stories of her fat weight and never wanting to leave her home again,
not able to handle her liquor,
her stink,
and the others ..

sure,
it's negative,
but if you have no positive charge on a battery,
what do you expect?

the only thing that kept me in the game,
was her son ..

a
boy named after water
and
the chosen one for his time ..

i have dreams
about him,
but never of her ..

sometimes we move on,
and sometimes we realize that those we have been with
helped us move no where ..

now
I'm moving fast enough
that
I
may

never
slow
down,
not for this poem,
not for the toothbrush,
not for a cold nectarine,
not for the cops,
not for anything

as long
as
the memory of her

sticks around ..

as fortunate as the unfortunate

beaten by nights
of neglect,
the caterpillars
echo my name,
I turn,
there's nothing but
a pimp and his hooker walkin',
laughing towards Main ..

my voice scratched,
body a bit weary from hops and martini rings,
the man with a 40 strolls up the sidewalk
while his girl in a gold
van follows after him slowly,
pleading for his return ..

the coffee today has
a
different feel,
as though it is another glass of gin for the
good adults who worked their week and have enough after
Bush tax cuts to not care,
as the birds flop around here getting the UFO conspiratress
thinking that something is amuck ..

as I crawl out of the noon
bed,
all the Beatles are fast asleep,
the world is restive
and
I am getting closer and closer to forgetting
her and
the
way
we unfortunately used to be ..

at one once again

saturday morning,
I wake as a single man,
no more of the
talkin' at,
schedules,
let downs,
the roller coaster without a big hill,
the nights alone with her,
the days trying to figure out when
she's going to flip her top because of something
I couldn't even imagine,
the complaints,
the compliments when they came,
the ride with a steering wheel that became ignored,
I'm single again
and there's something that feels like death,
but something more that feels like life ..

we always say we will be more careful,
but careful is as careful does
and we all are a bit green when we get together
later in life thinking we will understand and accept all the
years that passed between us that we never knew about ..

it's a candy cane hidden in the middle of the cotton candy
and I have metal hands that won't let me through,
so
I dream
about dreaming again Saturday
solo
in
singularity ..

BAD NERVES

I whipped
the head back
and
the nerve was stretched,
the neck hurt,
the torso
was fine
and
work was coming at me ..

I only run
because I can't walk
and
I gallop because
being fashionable has nothing to do with
clothes ..

so,
when I hurt myself I know
that
I am operable
and
that inactivity for
a healthy one
is
an
inexcusable excuse ..

when
my
next pulled muscle
or crick
in the next
comes around -
I'll name it after you ..

baltimore beauty

the hero,
symbol of free will,
bastion of independence,
the only hope for the dope fucks in this neighborhood
is an old woman that can't make good use
of her legs ..

she's the one,
a sun bolt in the face of need,
a piece of perfectly buttered toast on an egg platter,
the cold in ice water
and most folks wouldn't bat an eye in her direction ..

she's an older woman,
peppered gray hair,
red 4-wheel motor scooter style operation
and she's always coming up and down
Baltimore ..

morning,
evening,
late night,
she's flying by with
precision,
a smile,
I have waved to her,
she has waved to me,
she says 'hello' to everyone
as she beats her
condition,
the slow aging hand of cruel time
and the glamour that society deems accessible,
and responsible
and she just doesn't give a shit . .

the queen of baltimore is
living,
rolling
on my neighborhood
concrete,
asphalt ..

beat that beat some more

once we figure
out that those chances we
had are gone -
we fall silent,
quiet,
because we know that
we are never,
will never be in control -

just a delusion of
having it
together ..

been a full day ..

bought flip flops,
threw away a pair of flip flops,
bought eggs,
saw a gorgeous medical student in the grocery store,
entertained a neighbor friend on the porch while his dog went nuts,
didn't realize it was a full moon until I saw it later at night,
can't shake this cough and bright green slop coming up in the morning,
saw many men in skirts today at a Scottish festival,
ate a sausage hot dog that was to be a scottish delicacy - it was OK,
had a beer that warmed too quick,
a kid stabbed me with a plastic sword,
drove by what looked to be a dead body off the shady Cliff Drive in the Northeast,
had some tacos and tequila,
found out I wasn't to chaperone a dance,
went out later to see dancers dancing,
got a cup of coffee and ran into a friend wanting to shake an Ecuadorian girl that was quite nice looking,
they tried to shake her off on me,
I wouldn't take,
but I did do the Salsa in a parking lot with her and got some hots in the pants for what could happen
if I was willing,
but it wasn't my nag to shake,
this kid had to learn the ways,
but I couldn't shake the face of the dead guy on Cliff Lane
and the sound of the engine humming in the blimp I was riding under today while on my bike,
and it was a hot day,
another day in the city,
then the M-80 went off later as we drove from my place to see some bar women,
and bar women we saw,
many skirts and
my stamina to talk or strike it up was lost somewhere between last year and yesterday,
just seemed like a waste or not calculated enough
to give much of a shit,
but the rest of the day took most of the shit out of me I cared about
and
I hope that dead guy we thought we saw on the ground was
taking an awkward nap,
which is what I'm getting ready to do before hitting F5 for your time and date (which is a day late)
2:26 AM 6/15/03

BEGINNING OF EXTINCTION

there's one thing
i want to figure
out tonight,
it's rather small,
but it's the best i could do on
a
short notice
and did i ever get a short notice ..

some skinny eyed punk
fuck
threw me a slip of paper,
green,
just now and told me the producers are storming for a response ..

they need to know what the fuck
i want to accomplish on a night like tonight ..

all the pomp,
conversations,
drinks,
gulps,
intrigue,
potential,
wheels,
movement,
the lot
and they want to know what i want to do,
what the crap do i have to contribute ..

on the spot,
flush like a toilet after the cheese riot,
i think,
grab,
dig,
jump as far into my bone marrow as possible
and
wonder,
wanting to know this ..

**'HOW THE FUCK DID ALL THOSE THOUSAND POUND ANIMALS OF CURIOSITY AND
GRANDEUR
KNOWN AS THE DINASOURS DIE SUDDENLY? IN ONE FATAL SWOOP - HOW WAS IT ALL
OVER.'**

that is
what i am set to find out tonight,
will
let you bastards know in the next edition ..

big case of pink ass

what is it
about the big
women
wanting to wear
pink
pants ..

huge,
snug
ass cheeks
like
flags,
wrappers around big fish sandwiches,
the thermometer gone wrong,
and it's usually
the real
big
women
in
the
hot,
middle earth city
that have 'em on ..

the real pink
girls of the world,
pushing that
big
plump

butt

up your
ass ..

big old slick

fat pile of cheese stuck

in my back tooth

like a rock in the smooth rubber of a new tire

and I

just don't mind ..

bird rent

there are birds in the wall
chirping
for
the cat ..

confused
with a mouth of gravel,
they are eyeing
me now
wondering how I did it ..

but,
I didn't do anything ..

I have never been bird like,
known folks bird like,
but I cannot help ..

I just
sit here and make noises
that is
mundane,
simple,
discreet,
nothing that could incline
the birds to think that I'm guilty ..

I don't even know how to get these
birds out of the walls,
they are
pecking
more and more
each day ..

bits of paint,
plaster
and
the floor looks like
a
zoom of loony landing seed
and
I cannot communicate with these birds ..

ready for birth,
the day has
the
number
and
I'm just another
person
in
their
way ..

my birds are
in
the wall
and
I never want to let 'em go ..

bottoms of my feet hurt ..

I woke several times in the middle of the night
and
walked down my deep slope of steps
and
the bottoms
hurt ..

I beat these
fuckers up ..

not real good about getting the
best shoes,
but I have some good ones now ..

not good about getting the best socks,
but that just doesn't matter ..

the one thing I am
good at is picking a solid woman to help
rub em down
and
I need to think about this ..

cause
when the equipment fails,
there's always a good
woman to come through

like a good walk ..

bras

one
of the best things
about summer
are
the girls
and their tank tops
and
when their bra strap shows a bit ..

peels back the imagination,
makes 'em look more human,
not like some goddesses with all their flesh
shoved onto the mantle
for everyone to see ..

the exposed skin,
their smiles
and
the

metal lopes
of
straps

brings

summer smiles
to
this face ..

break a vase instead

I got a ticket
on a bogus turn during rush hour traffic ..

flying fast in 5PM car lanes to get my hair trimmed ..

making a left turn during the wrong time
and a cop was there to swivel me over into a side lot
to mouth me up a bit ..

I never imagined he was going to slap me with a fine
and when I asked if it was just a warning,
he wrote faster ..

I looked down,
my hair fell in my face,
and I told the strands that it was the reason
why ..

growing faster than my fingernails,
my head is the
thing that continually gets me in a fix ..

the brain and hair it concocts ..

but at least I didn't use the
excuse a guy next to me who got pulled over used ..

he tried to convince the copper that his wife was having a baby at
a hospital down the street,
the one I was born at,
and that she was dilated to 7.5 ..

as I looked over,
I saw the woman in the passenger seat looking comfortable
and two kids in the back ..

it was a weak excuse and the cop didn't even
acknowledge this kid and his crackpot logic ..

when the cop came over to rip out my ticket
I told him,
'AT LEAST I DIDN'T FEED YOU A LINE.'

Again,
he didn't acknowledge me and just handed me his line and paper ..

and as I drove away,
I felt bad for a man that had to give and hear so much crap ..

by the time he's in his 50's
he won't listen to anything
nor anybody ..

bumper car dinners for 1

hunched over the Friday night table,
no where to go,
no where in particular I would want to go,
but would like to go somewhere
and I was looking out the window
for the next thing to happen
and
it happened ..

at the intersection below,
a busy one most the time,
a man runs a stop sign going east and plows into the back end
of a small silver car heading north,
sending the car into a sideways tailspin and out
of my sight ..

I just heard the sounds of metal crunching further
as the evening's antagonist scurries up the street towards Main St.
and off south
away from any sort of responsibility ..

off and gone,
I grab the phone, keys and camera
and find out if the person is OK ..

out the door,
I see a young Asian girl standing by her car
saying that she is fine,
just a bump on her forehead ..

she is nervous,
in a bit of shock
as some other neighbors come out,
they already called the cops and she asks me
if I saw anything ..

I told her,
'JUST AN ASSHOLE WITH SOMEWHERE TO GO.'
I gave the direction of the vehicle ..

At this,
we walked over to the corner to see
what this spooked young girl thought was her hood laying in the grass,
but her hood was on her car ..

upon further inspection,
it was a bumper off the jackleg's car that drove off,
his front bumper with the license plate still attached ..

this girl jumped up,
hugged me and

another guy from across the street ..

deal done,
some urban justice for this little
gal

and
the karma champs hanging on her shoulder ..

BUNCHA VAN HANDS

it's been about 2 hours or so in the making
and i still watch
the small smashed van across the street
try to get out of what appears to be
a small situation of being stuck in snow ..

time after time,
the tires scream
3 or 4 people working on it,
front bumper hanging,
light busted in front,
and nothing ..

nothing ..

i look on waiting for my ride and
wonder how and why they can't escape their predicament ..

not seeing the other side of the car
and seeing a distinct dip,
I figure they are stuck in a serious gulch and need a hand ..

i wait for my ride out to Saturday eve activities
and ready to push them with my Jeep when
my ride arrives and I get in the car and tell my friend
that there's is some bad voodoo going on with this van and guys ..

the dudes look like rebels from a ousted local
rap band
and they want out bad ..

we look on and wonder ..

my friend has a small import car,
he says that we need to leave not help,
I tell him that he may be right ..

the energy of these dudes translates to me
that the universe is against them and I don't want to
get sucked into their vortex ..

but,
our bones tell us different ..

my friend whips around and says
that he is going to push 'em ..

we tell them,
they agree ..

we size up against their rear bumper and begin our push ..

nothin ..

absolutely nothin ..

so,

I tell them they may need to get motor assist,
but ask if they want me to give my all wheel drive Jeep a shot ..

they nod a yes and
i'm suddenly behind their bumper ..

my idea to fruition
and I push them slightly and they are out ..

I listen to Sting sing about every breath you take
and veer over to my parking spot ..

as I come back,
there are handshakes all around and we wait for a congratulatory smoke
as
we sit on the corner and admire
the fact that these dudes are carrying away an smashed door that they
were using to protect their wheels from falling further into
the gutter they were stuck in ..

the idea came through ..

i finished this poem after stopping on the word 'nothing'
and
the night is ready to start ..

Chicago Proud

we hopped off the train
during rush hour in Chicago ..

middle of July,
the hustle was all over our ass ..

couple of KC kids used to a dead
downtown
and
had our bags slung over our shoulders
and no idea where to go ..

looking up at the Sear's Tower remembering how
tall the World Trade Centre was before
they were destroyed ..

it was about as hot in Chicago as it was in KC ..

so,
we hit up some folks about where a cheap hotels and bars
were in town ..

they told us the 'NORTH END'
and pointed us to the right bus to take ..

both thirsty as motherfuckers,
on the heels of an 8 hr. train ride and early morning drunk,
we were ready for food,
action,
and drink ..

once we loaded on the bus,
it was fairly packed ..

then it got packed ..

and finally it was overloaded ..

in this crowd all I noticed was the profuse sweat rolling
down the back of my ankles
tickling me like a leaf waving over my skin,
and the beautiful women taking the bus ..

you never see this in KC ..

folks take the bus here out of necessity,
and there are rarely ever beauties riding the train ..

you just don't see it ..

but these women were sweaty,

content with pursed lips
and
were thinking about things I didn't need to know about,
but I admired them ..

all of them ..

the women,
men,
halvsies,
fullies
and
all those in between on that bus ..

the blood of a city
is the people of a city
and on that short Chicago transit
I was proud of everyone
for just being in the city,
perpetuating the name
of Chicago,
making
me
proud
to
be a
human
with
a
bunch of
profusely sweating
folks,
and

the women were our
queens
of
England ..

choice is a choice

save your closed mouth
because it will be open one day and you
will have no one to blame
but the
originator of the rain ..

sure,
keep your legs crossed and act as if no one
wants to get down there
to see if there is blood flow or
a pulse ..

it's a style,
but it's more of a way
and a way can be direction or a
modicum for existence
and
to exist you must be
humbly full of pride and ready to
go into the 22nd Century

and if you're not ready for that,
the kids
are
going to toss you in a trash bin
that

my friends don't have the gloves to dig you out with ..

christ incognito,

how do we know when
he'll be back ..

if they say the dark saint
is lurching the grounds,
i've seen enough good goin' down
to warrant a
messiah existing here now ..

it's fair
and the biblical folks continue to read,
harp,
ask,
buy,
sell,
seethe,
smash their eye lids
and

profess that they know it,
but
my
feeling is that Christ is back
and
that's why I keep extra coffee beans tucked away
and
a solid dollar in my wallet
to
share
a
cup of coffee
with
the

most
powerful man
on
earth,
if
you can believe it?

christmas eve 2003

if there is anything that is
going to keep us together
its the patches of ice
on the ground ..

but if there was anything that was going
to wedge us apart
it would be the stretches of grass
that hasn't passed onto another color yet ..

and if there was going to be anything that would
make things goofy between us
it would be the whispering I can hear,
but you can't,
which would make me say things that I typically wouldn't ..

you dig?

now,
if we decide that this is something we want to stick through,
i suggest you put some traditional notions aside
and try not to get fixated on striking first ..

i'm glad we
had this little
write up ..

cold women; warm sheets

here's to
the joys of women during the winter months ..

here's to calling into work
because her nudity and hot fluids is
enough to call it all off for the day ..

here's to a joke you won't remember telling her
but will make you
stay slipped into the sack until spring comes ..

here's to the couple of geese necks you see flitting
by the window
as you look out with tired morning eyes and
she says,
'GOOD MORNING'
and again life makes some semblance of sense ..

here's to the rocket shit with ice shoved in its fuselage
as you rocket towards her goods in the warm confines
of an early morning ..

here's to girls in the cold season ..

color of this morning is steam ..

straight vapors
of
steam
training
over

a gold colored cup
with
black insulation ..

still surprised that Bush
almost made me lose my job yesterday,
still ready to let it known that his presidency is
a shame and that he is not wanted as our CEO anymore ..

but,
beyond the politics and news that never changes,
the color of sunshine is steam today,
light,
waved,
weaved,
bouncing steam
and it feels fucking divine ..

- & you can file this one -

**come on,
get to know me better ..**

stop by,
bring some beans or hops,
we'll talk about it ..

but,
don't blame me if you
get more than you bargained for ..

don't blame me if you fall in love
and I won't blame anything but the unknown
if I accidentally fall in love ..

no papers to sign,
just directions to remember
and don't cry,
there have been too many tears from pretty eyes in my
journal to make it nearly too wet,
runny and undue ..

ready to get to
know me?

is this the bargain you wanted to buy,
you're starting to cross your legs for the excitement
while I lightly wring my hands
and wait for your muffler to come around the
corner,
baby ..

cost of advice

if i listened
to all the advice
friends,
neighbors
or the lot
had about gals
i've seen
in the past
i
would have no past,
just a bucket
of advice
from folks
that have times with
their girls,
breaks in action,
singhhood,
strained marriages,
and
i
would have nothing
if i
took
all the advice,
no stories,
no favorite breast,
no favorite nuisance,
no favorite tooth,
no favorite compliment,
no favorite fruit,
no favorite windmill,
favorites gone,
i would just have
a basket
of
goods
called advice
as
experts gone
smart
turn on each
other and
we take
what we
have for what
we
have,
the rough
fucking
pebble
smooth glass
road
called

girls,
the relationship,
if chosen - marriage,
and
that's why
we're all here,
right?
sound advice ..

couple of dumb potential fuckers

all about
playing your cards right ..

if you would have done things well,
you could have taken her home and
screwed her like
the top off a bottle of red vino ..

played your cards right
and there would be nothing else to do but
listen to the birds in the morning with her ..

played your cards right,
she could take your mind off a whole
lot and
time could flow even and smooth like they say in movie films ..

played your card right,
she would have danced and you could have moved in and
been the wing guy ..

sure,
just if you would have played it right
it could have all landed in your lap,
the audience was cheering you on,
you had her by the hands
and they fell back into her laugh ..

the little moles,
the dark skin,
the way the night was talking to everyone,
then

you fell ..

fell and
decided that logic
was going to win because the gin
was only going to be there as long as the
tonic
and dollars were going to be around ..

sure,
if you would have played it right and been her sugar daddy
none of this would have happened ..

but she's off somewhere else now
and your just here ..

here ..

and

here
is where

I
want to be ..

CRACKED SCHOOL SCAM

the school cop
and cafeteria wash man
had a deal ..

sure,
they laughed over jokes while the kids
packed the lunchroom,
high fived around administration,
talked like they were interested in politics,
but they had no idea what
these guys were up to ..

ripping lunch room profits,
fucking the most available of lunch room staff,
stealing athletic equipment,
ripping electronics
and general mayhem ..

they were good
and with their reputation and background,
they blamed the kids along with everyone else
and
got away with it ..

they've been doing this for several years,
but their administration has leaked
to higher sources that they
have suspicions that it's an inside job ..

next week they are going to wire the place with
ultra-secret hidden video cameras
and doing exhaustive interviews with all staff ..

and the cop and tray washer keep laughing
because they
have enough saved to quit on the spot
and they plan on doing so ..

but there's one hitch ..

the mousy,
quiet 6th hour teacher has already caught these boys on
tape over and over,
without administration knowing about it
and with her personal penchant for nailing these guys,
today is their final day ..

the cops should arrive to the front lot in
about 10 minutes
as the washer throws another set of 8 chicken trays in the
industrial washer
and

the cop responds to a kid that supposedly stole another kid's wallet ..

it's laundry day

at school

and

the cops

won't be laughin' at this tale ..

crazy enough on my own

you hip hippies
and all the questions
about how I'm doing these days ..

I'm doing flat fucking fine,
I have no more insane lady,
it's single
and I want to enjoy single ..

if they say they don't want to fuck,
they're lying ..

our desire is desire,
so they can have their morals
and
forget the pretext ..

I want to want
and
I have to want or their
would be no need to talk to anyone ..

the cornerstone of what we say has to do with desire
and
want and if I didn't want to
have anything to do with desire,
I wouldn't
be writing anymore ..

I would be sleeping all the time
and
I just don't have
the
fucking alarm clock for all that,
baby ..

DAHC

I hadn't talked
to him in
some time ..

an old friend,
recently had his phone line snipped,
just graduated from college,
looking for solid work,
still searching,
25-years old and 2 kids,
he's scrapping like a fighter in the 8th
and he tells me that
his car ran out of gas
that night ..

had to hike 3 miles to the nearest gas
station for gas ..

once filled up,
a guy picks him up and takes him back to the car ..

the fella,
we'll call 'CHARLIE'
said he doesn't have very many bad days ..

knows his windshield is tilted at 52 degrees ..

my friend said this guy was out to lunch,
but it sounds like he has it figured out ..

instead of know the newest headline on some celebrity plop,
the angle of a windshield sounds tasty and
to not have that many bad days,
the fella knows something ..

& even if he is completely full of sight,
it makes
for
jolly solid good world
of bullshit,
at that ..

dead as a bird

my cat
ripped up a dirty
bird in my
place
today ..

i was stuck in something
beyond a dead bird
in the afternoon
and walked over it,
then
went back in to
see the blood heart
and dry blood stains,
the feathers on the floor,
and decided
that I would clean it all up later
when the night
was right ..

it was another example of the cat
giving me his best
and I can only give
him respect when I see his
ripped birds,
he can't stand shit that
have wings that can get away and dart about ..

then,
i realized yet again
that I'm getting older
with my cynic head,
carrying folks on my shoulders,
the masquerade of folks
that is adequate enough to be adequate
and that's why my cat is the hero ..

no expectations
for this cat,
but I get the birds
and beyond
adequate ..

need to
stick with the cat
and let all the other folks
muddle in
their adequacy,

cause i'm
getting dog tired
of
seeing it from my own eyes ..

death day

there are some days when surreal
becomes something you have
to witness,
no choice about it and
then you find out what kind of fiber,
cell,
DNA
and sockets you are all about ..

a good friend and i are at a light
off Central in the hood
and we pull up behind a small pick up truck with
a badly smashed up front window ..

a second before,
my friend,
a big man himself,
nodded to this cat while driving by ..

i caught a glimpse of him and what looked like
a small dude sitting next to him ..

yet,
it was a small woman with some jacked hair and
a puffed face ..

so,
we wait behind this car and notice the driver
yelling,
hitting the passenger and
smashing his front console in anger ..

this little woman's voice goes in and out,
her arms flail,
he starts beating the fuck out of her,
she lunges towards him and his door,
he throws her back and leans in for a severe beating ..

my friend calls the police on his phone and the pursuit is on ..

we give the car details,
license plate number
and location
as
this man pulls off a side street,
quickly stops the car and starts beating
her again ..

we poke by and continue talking to dispatch
as dispatch tells us to turn around and follow the car until
the cops come ..

we do that,

we turn,
intercept the man
and
try to follow him
but he's too much,
he shook us quick ..

out of touch,
the woman may end up dead later today,
yet it was hard for either of us to intercept a situation we
knew nothing about ..

we stop,
save the gal one time
or we all end up badly hurt or dead ..

never seen anything like it
my life ..

a mad plunger of life
smacking the
dry ground,
the insanity of folks,
i've never really seen a man hit a woman
like that in my life ..

i've thought about her all day ..

been wanting to find a good woman
myself to
take care of,
tired of thinking and taking care of myself full time,
want that girl who can
smash my doors down,
then i see the abomination of humanity
in front of me ..

we are the living,
passing the dead
while

they say
survival
is
the
key at

a
day's end ..

dogs & girls

the curiosity of a woman
that wants to know your secrets
is like that lapping dog,
a stray,
on your doorstep
with the eyes,
but can't say anything other than
'I GOT YOU, NOW'

don't start writing drunk again,

they're gonna notice ..

sure,

your shit,

puke,

punk,

and please stories

were great,

but it's going to go unnoticed

if you keep the

fucking liquor going ..

sure,

they say it's better to be drunk

because you have an alibi,

but sobriety was the only way

anyone could

decipher good shit from

bad shit

and

these days

it seems as though bad shit is

the way,

so

on 2nd thought,

fucking buy some more

drinks,

I'll join you ..

duped by the dopers

dope heads
peddling their
wares on 38th,
T. Waits throwing his tune
with the broads over the ear pieces,
the coffee grounds are settling,
again I feel like I didn't sleep much last night,
there are more paints I would like to give attention to,
and all I have time for are short stacks of words
describing how the tuna finally fought out of the
dolphin infested waters to have a nice mayonnaise sandwich
at sunset
as the giraffe finally outran the smart ass panther,
while the next competitor in line
rose,
the previous one fell,
and the guy at the end of the line waiting to try out for
the reality TV show
can't get back to his reality and hopes the show will
help him out,
but he doesn't know how much more lost he will
be if he gets on
the show,
the big,
big show ..

early december 2003

secrets scribbled in crayon,
my days are becoming simpler,
it seems,
and this morning i woke with such a calm
and had to write a girl that i don't know but love because of who she is
and haven't heard from her all day long,
and to my chagrin,
my sense of calm is roaring about me,
thirsty for whiskey,
i can stick with the taste of water
as the wooden easel leans cockeyed like a forlorn corkscrew scarecrow
and all i have left in my food stuff is cold left overs and
the rest of the night that doesn't proceed to being older,
it gets younger
as
we all do
if you believe this ..

Early June is the Best I Got

first thing
thought about all day
is
why I'm up
now
thinking
that I have to have all
these thoughts to think,
sometimes
the dreams have a way of getting
my thoughts down ..

heard the black prince
through my
tossing and
running
before waking ..

he was yelling for
school,
mother
and
it all seemed to make
sense then ..

let the little prince
think for me,
he has
more
figured out
at
the
bus stop a 9 than
most of us
fucks
up
in
our
decades ..

so there,
good morning ..

elderly pinball

there's something
graceful,
odd
and
alluring about older men and women ..

the men
will stand around counting change,
flipping over bills given to them in front of the bank,
arguing over what they forgot the
cashier gave them ..

arguing
because they didn't save enough in their youth
or arguing because they have been
around longer than those punk fuckin' kids that know
nothing of real war,
suffering
and
that the old man has simply been around longer than that ..

there's more of a civility and
grace with the older women ..

they try to make sense of losing their
feminine qualities,
while admiring all the young gals
and guys for what they have to offer the world ..

they tend to not say much,
until spoken to,
and quietly watch the world spin into a mountain of fire,
knowing they have lived their prime
and that the rest of us blockheads left are going
to have to fend for ourselves ..

the older folks
saved the world for us
and
we ignore them in older age ..

I feel like an old man,
counting this change
as
everyone forgets the old man walking by my
house with his basket of
goods

he
eyes
because

he probably got a raw deal ..

election day

today,

house still won't sell
across the street,
was warm as new pudding yesterday
as a lead in to the cold of today,
tree leaves barely hang for the
last of the autumn photographers,
torn transcript under a stack
of pens and kazoos,
windows closed and the room
begins filling with dried oils,
vines on the wall wait for next spring
to think again,
the bullseye on the dart board
watches the doorway for the next lucky shoe,
my mother is tired of her job
and doing it still as I scrawl,
kids in white shirts walking on the sidewalk
as the man in black rain gear takes the middle lane,
no more dope as the cops take
the day off to relax,
soundtracks to cooking shows and
:20 minutes past the hours keeps flashing in my
mind from last night as
I end this
at 10:19 in the AM ..

every lie is out from under the rocks

they can't lie anymore
because they have
finally fooled themselves ..

that's right ..

their day of bending bullshit about
is over,
they have no more causes,
no more bills to heist,
no more snort to court,
just a fact that is no longer a fact
even in the back of their own brains ..

it's the journey
to the edge of a string that was supposed to lead
to a clean meal,
instead the napkin is solid,
silverware is plastic wear
and the mat idée took off with the plates ..

sure,
the truth is stuck in a paper bag,
clear - wet,
the end is
another
lie

and
this
lad

can't even lie
himself
out
of

a con man's cover ..

every shade of my face changes by the year ..

the memory of
people,
the time of place
goes away like
rain through a gutter,
over the shaved glass
and gone ..

then,
the folks want to hear the same things ..

that their lives are the same as yours,
or not as bad,
or as bad,
just enough to give 'em the confidence that it's not
all a lost
shot in the
pile of craps circulating around the
circular magnet,
pulling,
repelling,
and
the expectations of your
glass of milk
go
spilling over
the ground

and
the
cow gets shot for
your
neighbors grill ..

everything around here matters today ..

because I found her pain
hidden in the back of my closet,
and I found out that
my paychecks are a another man's joke,
and the only line I need to tow is the one
I'm able to draw,
so it doesn't matter what line has been made,
cast or thrown into my square,
I have my circles,
I know about the isosoleces triangles ..

even that old clove of garlic
that's waiting for a carbohydrate bath
matters the most because it
gives the bugs about something more to hope for,
and the sweat on my water glass means more than
the ice cubes that have since left,
and I just took the cat's curiosity and needs -
put them in my pocket
and spread it over the table
for later ..

and the girls running out of the pouring rain towards
their apartments,
homes,
kids,
men,
women
or other obligations

has
always
meant
everything

when

there
was

nothing ..

everything you wanted to know about your days

they ripped up pieces
of yesterday
and
glued it together for today ..

sure,
tomorrow was tossed in a blender,
poured in a cup
and hidden
from me
until the appropriate time is
'APPROPRIATE' ..

so,
here I am with today
and I have no
tape,
glue,
clear fingernail polish,
varnish,
grease
or mender
to put the

fragments back into one ..

all I have are my nails covering the sensitive parts
of my fingers tips,
the nails over my toes,
my tooth enamel,
the lashes over my eyes
and

another
route
to
tomorrow
I
will never
tell

anyone from yesterday about ..

exaggerated - but true

sky is a
ham hock
shoved with money
and
the pork eaters down here
sharpen knives,
find forks
and retain that crazed look
towards the north for what
they need ..

all are looking
for their due compensation,
the next thrill in a string of
highs,
the piñata that once poked
is going to rain
bills,
coin
like
nothing no one has
ever seen before ..

a big fat,
rain pour of
cash no one
needs,
will respect
or
would know what to do with,
but once the fat
is penetrated
folks
have a hard time
turning away ..

get your
spoons,
mustard,
napkins

and
greed strapped
folks,
there

are some people
ready to
bring

down the sky for
their own,
wrong,
concocted means ..

exfoliating

all year,
all day long ..

31 years
down,
the rest of my existence
looks at me in the ball eyes ..

girl from a year ago gone,
disconnected the phone

but
I have my strings tugged around another good girl,
got a mobile phone

and we keep changing ..

everything constantly changes,
no matter what it is,
had this talk with a lady mate the other night ..

wanted to believe that something wouldn't change either permanently or
temporarily,
but it's not possible ..

through the motion of the universe
and the course of an atom,
all of us change

and I have changed more over my 30th year on earth ..

got a cat,
had a surprise birthday for the first time,
new music,
newer lovers,
dreams of new cities,
reclaimed my 'alive' vibe
and
the rain falls here
on the morning of my 13th
and
when you switch those numbers around,
you have
more
change
and
the
year
of my earth year,
and I leave now
to change
some damn more ..

FAT BIT LIP

he's a big kid,
bites his lip when he thinks real hard,
told me that the mustard seed is the smallest seed on earth,
and the coconut is the largest,
also told me that kids pay money
to feel his velvet blond afro,
says it with a smile,
says everything with a sly smile,
he's a young kid,
works on algebra problems
and tried to convince me that $1/15$ is less than $1/16$,
through his meticulous math - he may have beaten the mathematicians that have
passed - and faded,
he bites his lip harder,
walks slowly,
looks around the room in a survey as though he figured it all
out yesterday
and we're getting in his way,
and someday,
the kid with the bit tongue is
going to figure it out,
big figuring,
problem solved - lip bit to fuck ..

fat

cat

tail

swish,

twist,

twirl,

a sound,

the air of commonality,

the mystery of everything forgotten,

everything i want to do,

nothing to do with the price of prime rib,

fat

cat

tail

move

faster,

swift,

the rest of easter europe smashed in the heart of a wasabi pea,

the drifters running after the loose bills,

orange plastic wire blocking the water main break,

the end of crime in sarasota, florida,

and the

cat

tail

slows

down,

not completely

like the clock moving the rest of my time forward

and the bank foreclosing on your past,

but it darts slowly

as

the

cat

and

tail

get

up

and

slowly

leave

the

room ..

flat belly bean bag derby

ridden like a pillow case over
the years
there was nothing
more for the jester to clunk about
and
the joker had nothing more to jab about,
it was all left to the
children,
kids,
tikes
of opportunity,
so you better
move away,
get out of the space,
because they are on the invasion
and
this time it will be kind,
and consistent,
like
mayonnaise on a good sandwich,
like
the
sunset in the tropics ..

flat mad

been an angry day
for some reason
today ..

the brown grass
is eyeing me like a prisoner,
the spikes in the sky aim at my ear lobes,
the kids look at me like I'm the monster under their beds,
the adults talk to me like kids,
strangers talk to me as though I'm a moron,
all the grocery store workers are moving too slow,
the traffic is much too fast,
the heat is high and hard,
the stop signs are all wilted,
the canned food is warm when cold is ideal,
the pencils are all broken,
paper ruined,
the night came too soon,
and it will all end too soon
and
this
is
rare

but it's an angry day,
so

fuck you,
folks ..

Flat Wrong

metaphysical questions,
the girl
has
her
shit centered,
she believes,
but
the proof is in the error,
it's always in the mistake
and
make
no mistake,
we are
only
right

because all us
bastards
got
lucky ..

Fluidity of night,

gave me a jar of
jelly
and warn me that I have to go out
and fend for my own peanut butter ..

sure,
they gave me a moment with my lady
and used the condoms
as water balloons to launch off my house
down to the
crows of midnight ..

then they came through,
they gave me my oxygen flow
and
some solid images
to look
at,
but
not the clairvoyance of morning
to remember
all that much ..

selective evening,
where is that objective
idea
you had about where the rabbit went to and
why the walrus
got his tusk
stuck

in
the
top of that jelly jar
you said
was to me mine
and
to share
could ruin
the
relationship?

follow the 'NEVER LEAVE' instinct

Got the call
to meet up for a show ..

I agreed ..

It was a short distance away,
but I had to pick up a friend a bit a ways ..

ran into some people from the past,
it was a cold reception,
dashed in,
ran out,
and now I'm out ..

as usual,
don't want to be out for more than a drink or two,
but it turned into more
and
after the fights,
ex-girlfriends attacking friends,
back bookings,
the beer was a bit more than I wanted,
I was
thinking

I should have never left the place tonight ..

forget the sleep,
the arguing,
forget the fucking bus,
just download ..

sure,
all the kids are doing it ..

de-ODE,
just send your shit down ..

photos - words - spare rib bones - pickle scraps,
download,

they take everything ..

*Forgetting the gurl
Until she's forever gone*

she has all
my good water colors,
she has my best
baseball mitt I ever owned,
she has some pictures of mine on the wall,
likely my likeness is gone,
she has some of my shirts,
underwear,
socks,
pieces of paper I will never see again,
keys to my place,
other things I couldn't fathom,
but none that matters anymore ..

the only thing that matters
is that I need to get on to what matters
here in this day and day ..

I hope she gets use out of the paints,
shirts,
and such,
because
she
does deserve
to
have a bit
of
comfort in these days
that has
passed,
but
maybe she already forgot,
women tend to be like that at times
and
these are some of these times
when
I think
she has forgotten
and
I'm the one writing
the
poem now

after
the days and minutes of
being
railed for not remembering or
being considerate ..

if you ever get this,
baby,

keep it and quickly forget it ..

former band queen

little girl,
you used to have the band to
stick behind ..

the jokes,
charisma,
free passes,
no pay for booze,
the taste of old tobacco,
more laughs,
the food was bearable,
the lights glint on you in encore,
and you had all the boys ..

sure,
your glistening lips
shook around like an
unlocked mystery in your pants
and the crowd adorned you,
because you knew the boys ..

around,
around
you knew it would end someday,
but it didn't matter ..

you were part
of the band,
fell in love with rock
like you did as a little girl,
became the dream on your poster wall,
took down laughter,
hid behind shallow intellect,
the regular price of bar liquor
but now you're boys are out of town ..

all you have are web replies
and an old shit shirt signed by
the band ..

they don't know who you are now ..

another casualty of traveling rockers ..

you were sure the lights were fucking bright enough
to stay hung like a globular in the
night
sky ..

you were sure your stars were yours,
always yours
because you're a woman

and men always adore you ..

- wonder what happened
to
all

that
glamour
talk
and

liquor

without end?

good night - darling ..

free form shapes

come squibbing
up and down
my walls,
and i have nets to catch them ..

once caught,
they're put away for future use,
but
i wake the next day and they're gone ..

phantomed out of here
like all the bugs of summer that just
disappear at the thought
of a frosted farmer's almanac ..

& every night,
sometimes into the morning,
i grab at the shapes,
tube 'em,
box 'em,
tie 'em
and tape it for a trip to the moon
and
they're gone the next day ..

could set up surveillance,
but that's
too much

yet
i want to show and give these free form shapes away
and they keep escaping ..

maybe that's the point of these shapes -
it's all
in the name ..

Free of the Cigarette

all these
motherfuckers
are making me
want to
start
smoking ..

white
lines
in hands,
the pull,
relaxed face,
yet
I don't want her anymore ..

she killed me,
it still kills me,
but I stare
as
the stick is pulled out,
placed in the vagina,
lit,
drug,
exhaled,
loved,
fondles,
re-ignited

and
I stare
at
everyone doing it as
though they have bested death,
they have figured out the process
and know a way around
the
death part,
the black lung,
the fucked arteries ..

I stare on
as
though they are fucking my
favorite girl

and
don't care that I
see

and
more about how I'll feel afterwards ..

these
fuckers
don't make me want
to
smoke,
they

make me

wonder

how
to cheat death

every fucking day ..

girl before st. louis

I may have
pissed him off ..

an old friend,
turned comedian,
drinker,
funny guy,
good kid,
always wears kaki's and white shirts,
solid disposition,
been knowing him loosely for some time ..

a friend calls him over from another table,
he asks about a girl with him,
knowing that he has a girlfriend
and he gets on the defensive ..

warning us not to tell,
I tell him I don't care enough to tell
and wouldn't know how to gossip
about girls and a guy I barely know ..

then,
his girl starts striking up an interest
and conversation with me ..

she gives me the rest of her beer,
knows my full name,
talks,
and we shake and I tell her I hope we
meet again ..

she says that she will be at the same place
the following night,
wagging her shit while walking away
looking for her male fuck friend ..

she's gone,
he comes out of no where and I apologize for
what appears to be encroaching,
but I respect this cat too much to
fringe,
he looks like he doesn't know what I'm saying ..

we drop it,
I meet some friends out front ready to
close the 3AM morning down
when we see the two new love birds on the corner ..

I strike it up with the girl again,
she asks for my age - thinks I'm 28,
I tell her I'm 30 and
don't ask for her age

because I know she's young ..

as we mill,
the man butts in and says we should meet him and his lady
at the dirtiest diner in town,
no doubt to be packed with the drunk crowd ..

he weaves and wobbles,
declaring that we go there in a drunken slurr
as the girl talks to me a bit more
and
he pulls out a knife in jest ..

waving it a bit,
I know I pissed him off,
he knows I know I pissed him off
and he can't see around the logic ..

knives,
girls,
booze
and jealousy

can bring everything
to
a
flat
halt,
stop ..

girl perfection

Young girls
with ideals
and
smooth skin,
with their big doe eyes
and
wanting to believe everything that guy has
to say in such a strong way,
she had a great handshake,
believes most of what she knows because
she read something or heard it from someone that
appeared to be a champion of what's right
and wrong,
she wants to travel,
maybe have children,
she wants to get another tattoo on her inner thigh
of the moons around Saturn,
she won't eat meat anymore after a documentary
she saw last year on the meat industry,
she really likes to have sex
but hides it in casual talk with strangers,
she wants a new hair do and would like to be a bit more
mainstream,
but she knows that her friends wouldn't accept her anymore,
so she just stands there talking about how she is going to move to Canada
if Bush gets re-elected
and looks with some innocent,
kind eyes that make me think about an infant before the innocence
leaves
and flutters away into some ether that is made of
cosmic evil
and the beginning of something about to end,
and she is named
after a key part of the eye
with those strong woman hands
coming from that strong woman heart,
I wish you luck dear
because you will need all the luck you can get to stand behind all
of those young convictions of an ideal world
where it
will all make sense
in
a giant pile of nonsense,
I throw all my luck to you,
and keep a bit for myself,
young lover ..

girls are leaving me alone

it's only been a week
and the girls
aren't calling anymore ..

last friday,
i had a night ..

machine full of girls,
hanging out with girls,
thoughts of girls,
the taste of girls on my tongue the next morning,
and the girls that aren't my girl
that will never be my girl
are the girls of fancy,
fanciful fucking girls
and their voices
on the machine,
about my porch dropping notes,
going into laughter for more,
trying to climax in a nation of daily eruptions,
and now they are gone ..

the one i want,
has other plans,
no need to get out during the week
and weekends are full ..

the others are old whores
i wouldn't want on a bad night,
and the next is a woman
that just can't give up the crush properly
and
i find that being single
is like being in a relationship,
the chief difference is
that with your relationship women
there is always a guarantee of a warm body morning
and some love,
if lucky,
but the mental attrition
and
ping pong marathon
flies
like
a snapped
high heel
going up,
over and
through the
power chord
of this electrical pole ..

give the brain a life no-liner

go off and
don't think about it no more,
there's no more
need for thought ..

sure,
it's a new government edict ..

they said that some folks
of an artsy - intellectual type
are starting to make the boys in DC send out filibusters
against the practice ..

done,
no more,
they want the puzzle pieces to be
bland puzzle pieces ..

no more wholes,
questions,
lobbyists,
rebuttals,
or pure abstract thought,
it's scaring too many folks ..

they say Ashcroft has been up for 4 days straight
racked without sleep,
being assaulted by naked male statues groping his tits ..

Bush won't even talk about it other than
to say that we will 'STAY THE COURSE' ..

Cheney says it's a national tragedy of unparalleled
proportions
and once 'thought' comes to an end in the American consciousness,
we can all take in a collective sigh of relief ..

so stop thinking about it,
makes their job easier,
yours cake
and
much easier when
this American experiment comes to
an
end ..

give the news mouth-to-mouth

the paper's first
hint
was yesterday's classified
and today's
first headline was yesterday's obituary
and now the cold
pages sit in the green grass amongst
scattered leaves
and passing
cars waiting for attention ..

a face to pop out of the
stranger's
to
give it some needed
looking
and
take it into the warm confines
on another dream,
a new headline,
some comic's,
star revelations
and away from all this cold
and obituary talk ..

and the teems of folks
come close,
the paper palpates,
then they pass by
as
I sit here looking at
the paper
trying
to read
the fine
print

and
knowing
that
most of it
today
comes
down to
the
small,
barely readable
words ..

grade school teachers & santa claus

came in
the laundry mat
later
than expected ..

not much time left in the half shell,
but enough
to get my three loads
and
leave ..

an older black woman,
small,
stout,
serious about manners,
was womaning the joint
and I went up to break a five to test her
and she gave me the look up
and down,
another eye
and came back with the five small bills ..

I thanked her,
and started the water on my collective
filth
in progress ..

through the hour or so
there
she speaks scant
and warns a woman at one point,
'DON'T SIT ON THE TABLE. PLEASE. SIT ON THE CHAIR.'

the woman down the way feels the weight of a woman
who
raised some kids and grandkids in her time,
the woman hopped down
and said a simple,
'SORRY'

Towards the end of the eve,
the laundry woman walked by while I was folding my laundry
and caught a glimpse of the book I had with me ..

it's called,
'LIES MY TEACHER TOLD ME' ..

this woman built into a fit of laughter
I didn't think was possible ..

she kept muttering,

'LIES MY TEACHER TOLD ME.'

I told her the book should be a
whole lot bigger
and
she told me a convoluted story about how
her mother was always upset when the kids found out that Santa Claus
wasn't really real ..

she said her mother
always wanted to give without abandon
and taking away the myth hampered this pursuit ..

she just smiled about
her momma and
the old stories ..

I watched her close
and there was a smile I don't think she
cracked in quite a while ..

from the lies came a triumphant woman
helping Midtown clean their clothes
and
spread a little truth,
if we have the strength ..

heart doctors are failing

she cried in
her truck
as
I again had to go through the
'I have these feelings for you'
talk
and
I couldn't be honest
for fear
that I would crush another person's heart ..

I just don't have the heart for it
now ..

so,
I thought back and realized that I
only really missed my cat over the Chicago trip I
took out of town
and
the time that she missed me ..

not that I didn't have thoughts about her,
I just
dig
the
cat too much
to
make

so much
over
another

pussy ..

hitcher has it made

the man hitchhiking
down the hell hot
Sunday highway has everything figured out ..

cars flying by,
the heat is bad enough to have a city forewarned to
watch it ..

his thick beard,
dirty pants,
hat pulled tight against the throng of passing wind
from
exhaust spitting cars,
he slits his eyes against what's ahead ..

car after car
won't pick him up
and
most have pity for this guy ..

clearly not in the system no longer,
a hobo for all intents,
but
he has the system beat ..

all the GM's,
SUV's,
Cadillac's
and fancy chrome are mired in the system with no return ..

my Jeep and I are in the same
boat,
but the Sunday hobo has it
figured ..

clean clear,
the hero in an aerial picture of the area ..

dodging the bullet of taxes,
he picks the fruit of our debts
and
smiles because he has surely won ..

no more a part of it than we want to be a part of it,
he's
realized what

most chuckle about as they drive by ..

a
hero in a hobo's clothes
has
Jupiter on a string ..

home briefly

fancy,
fickle Tuesday afternoon
with the blood bank van
flying by in a
bloody hurry ..

all red
and nothing else to be well read on,
the
pun
is
in the bun
hun,
so sink your mouth into the
proverbial sandwich
and flip the weather channel
and see whether it's gonna
rain or not ..

because perception is seven tenths the law
around these parts
and
if you leave too early the phone is going to ring,
the phone call that you have been
waiting for and
you'll miss it,
miss it like the others
that was supposed
to have happened ..

now,
the blood bank is gone,
the weather is gone,
the page is gone,
the genre has left
and
the pauper stole all your hooch
and
now all you have is this
sheet tell you
so ..

good bloody luck with
all your nonchalance, pal ..

honk

honk,
honk;
honk!
honk@
honk?
honk%
honk^
honk*
honk&
honk()
honk!`
honk`
honk=
honk+

man,
the people honk
all the
time around here ..

the new universal language
of fist to wheel
and
nothing left to study in school ..

hooker was

hollerin' up
the street
to her pimp ..

'YOU BETTER GIVE ME MY MOTHERFUCKIN' MONEY. I'M NOT FOOLIN' AROUND,'
the pimp kept walking,
not losing a touch on his step ..

'I DON'T GIVE A SHIT WHAT YOU DO TO ME - BUT I WANT MY FUCKING MONEY.'
she shouted off ..

then,
a white van - her new clientele
pulled up and she shouted,
'ONE MINUTE'

then,
the went on with the pimp walking,
'YOU BETTER GIVE ME MY SHIT YOU FUCKER.'

then,
another man comes from the shadows and hands,
words are waving,
then the hooker turns
to enter the white van ..

she didn't get her money
as
the pimps walk up the way
like a bunch of tax collectors with
the masterpiece
out

doing some more
fucking for 'em ..

how much do you have to know?

the color of her
love
is nothing,
but it's everything now
as the cigarette burns out ..

the place fills with smoke,
being uncertain is just
another thought along the train of figuring
it out if
you
are lucky enough

and
i know what it means to not
know,
the know in an instant ..

the ex-smoker
regrets the fact that they ever picked
up the habit,
that it ever started ..

the started ex-lover feels
the same way down the string
as you
damn
and relish the moment that it
happened ..

i remember mine
and I want it again ..

that's why we search ..

that's why we are fools,
that's why
this

word is
a word
and

the action is coming to
a
theater
near me ..

how was the break-up, lover?

was it you that left the
war behind
and tried to convince me that the
dandelion was
going to love me again ..

was it you that
took all the milk
away from the refrigerator only to
leave behind a half eaten steak that
was supposed
to last for the next week ..

your topic of rumor
is one week late
as we all look to find our love and
find a new love
here in the

days of hot,
hot,
hotter

and
the iron
left on
to
burn through the
newsprint of
how
how
how

much more
can you handle?

hungry for something tonight,

but not
sure if it's for another night of
staying hungry,
taking in my thirst to compensate
for an appetite that can only be filled up
by the stuff of foods
that can in no way be doused by the
touch of liquor,
or the reproach of mixed alcohol ..

pre-cold saturday night
before the year of our way and
the cans of heat hang hidden in my slippers
for the right chance to sprout,
spring and leap into the pond of
fortune and swim
around choking on coins
of
necessity
because
that's what I have now,
a need ..

not a chance,
or the best of chance,
I suppose,
so if you have the best of foodstuffs,
the louse of liquor's best effort,
give
my pants a tug
and
the girl a kiss on
the neck ..

2:32 PM 9/28/03

corn cob piped
dreams dripped with pickle lava,
the dream of your catapult is the hope within the fall,
every drip has meaning
and every splash makes for a new wish to make way,
we have the edge of philosophy to make our
sociology easier to digest
with all these
nuclear homes,
wars,
bombs
and the criss crossing of street vendors
selling plutonium hot dogs and
cubic zirconium
foot mats,
it's the mars dream on earth,
it's an arcade game when all we have left is the virtual,
it's the geniuses stuffed in a jar
not wanting anyone to hear a word,
because the brilliant will find a way to release
the brain
when it's way,
way too late ..

11:29 AM 10/18/03

the day
became yours
and you didn't want it then ..

the game ended,
and it wasn't your cup of cocoa ..

the stuff faded and
you wanted more stuff ..

when desire
met desire,
you couldn't stick around
with all your words of
wanting
'valor'
'desire'
'integrity'
'courage' ..

once it arrived you
were gone with
all the rest of the damned cowards
in their cream colored glasses
and brightly painted cars
honking at the next
failed attempt,
the next moment that won't be genuine,
then you
will return to square nil,
circle nothing,
and the end of everything is
going to be
the
beginning your wake-up ..

so - keep
arguing,
denying
and
roving on those flat tires of yours -

maybe zero
is the loneliest and most powerful number
after all,
huh?

12 hr. train rides with no sleep ..

8 hours we had no money to buy anything ..

a bit of food in the beginning,
and broke from there on out ..

some coffee,
cards with St. Louis girls,
delirium,
following the Missouri River,
shooting pictures like fools,
loud in the dining car,
taking pictures of everyone around,
stories of strange broads,
dreams we may never be able to realize,
aspirations that will happen
and
heading towards home ..

punching the air
with a strange deck of cards,
I finally got my faith in baseball restored
with a trip to Wrigley Field
and I was coming home ..

it never fucking
lasts like it says in the brochures ..

long rows of colors,
big words
and fat promises ..

then,
you come back home ..

only missing my cat,
I could have had him mailed to me ..

more and more,
I'm ready to rid myself of this town,
But I keep getting snared back in ..

As with luck,
As with strangers,
As with money,
As with the way of a gathering storm,
I return,
I leave,
I return,
I leave,
and
ultimately it doesn't matter where the fuck you are at ..

It just matters that it all matters ..

8:40 PM 8/20/03

piles,
mounds of hot flesh,
wet heat ..

faces of misery,
hell,
yesterday's stock,
tomorrow's snoopy,
the anguish

here with our West Coast blitz
and the sesame street gang
all laughing on the TV ..

shit,
the sweat came out of me like I was walking about a steam
room
without the cleanse,
or escape,
just globs of sweat stuck to the urbanites,
the city burning like a coal forgotten
at the overnight campfire ..

stacks of sticks that have no reason,
and the
wet hair,
pimpled backs,
wet cracks of femalian breasts,
and the coated lies of red brushes and blue sweatshirts
that no one wants on an August heat bitch like today ..

heat like this makes me
want to
swill booze,
smoke a bit
and
jerk my pal
all nice and hot
like

the city
in
the burner ..

10:08 PM 8/17/03

found out
the other day
that my old lover,
the new lesbian,
fell into a windfall with
her new cunt licker ..

as it goes,
her new girlfriend's ex-girlfriend got in a bad auto accident
and died,
as a result,
the new girlfriend got about \$70,000 in cash from an insurance policy ..

now,
they are traveling about,
planning a new home together,
giving out money to folks,
living it up on the insurance loot ..

another classic move from a girl
that wanted to sue her
dad's nurse practitioner for misdiagnosing mouth cancer
that eventually took his life ..

she was always looking for the easy dime,
the way out,
the house of drugs to sell the easy way,
the sneak into sleeping in everyday,
working lazy and making the world think she's hard,
the fall without grace ..

yea,
sometimes you realize that the only class act in
a girl like
this is the door ..

the door out,
on
and away from the mess ..

10:44 AM 12/19/03

you purse your lips
and take back the first swill of coffee in weeks,
the taste of air is different,
the smell of a log is something that can only conjure a
trip you took with the family in 1981,
there are no more cabins left in the civilized world,
the President is just the same as the previous one,
the leaders are just puppets,
the mounds of meat are just regurgitated vegetables,
the ground is protecting us from water,
it's the illusion that keeps us from the next illusion
and with this cup of coffee here a week before the biggest
holiday in the western world
I say don't buy anything else,
let's dry up the pump and make love to those that need it
in the
right damn way ..