

# Joefiles LXXX

Cracked Up On

Female

Retirement

Notions



**7:15 PM 1/4/04**

there are small fables  
and more dryer sheets  
I need to jam  
into the  
wet, dirty  
situations of your  
smilin' desires ..

**7:16 PM 1/4/04**

they make puddin' with bread hands  
and sell it  
to the meat people for  
sweet,  
pure  
sugar ..

**7:17 PM 1/4/04**

axioms are the beginning  
of the descent  
into the glowing  
box  
that held  
the flawed heart  
trapped in a jewel  
the  
President  
blindly ordered ..

**7:18 PM 1/4/04**

all the snow in the world tonight  
is enough  
to make  
me  
warm  
and the numb  
is something I will hold off on  
as my landlord cash's my  
early  
morning check ..

**7:18 PM 1/4/04**

they focused  
on the quota when  
they should have  
honed in on  
the speaker ..

**7:19 PM 1/4/04**

the smell of my  
fabric in your skins  
is proof  
that today  
is valid  
&  
the wash is here  
to stay ..

**7:20 PM 1/4/04**

if i loved her  
i  
didn't know it  
and  
if someone asked  
me  
if i  
did  
i  
wouldn't deny it ..

**7:21 PM 1/4/04**

the temptation  
is the truth  
because sin  
is  
so  
supremely fun ..

**7:22 PM 1/4/04**

we do what we don't  
because  
we already have  
and pine about  
what we did  
because  
we didn't  
do  
it  
right ..

**7:23 PM 1/4/04**

girls  
come  
in,  
girls  
come  
out  
&  
I'm stuck  
with  
the  
moment  
they  
are  
here ..

**7:24 PM 1/4/04**

your life begins  
when something ends  
and a life begins  
when  
something ends  
and ends when it begins  
and begins when it ends  
&  
ends finally when  
it has  
all  
begun ..

**7:25 PM 1/4/04**

till the fulcrum  
comes to meet you  
on your doorstep,  
i give you this stone  
from a bird  
that dropped by  
the other night ..

## 31 lies that are my truth

it is not  
often,  
but there are times  
that comes around when i want to completely forget  
myself ..

so many beverages,  
so many nights,  
so many ways,  
oh  
and i don't want to know all about them ..

i want to just keep going  
in  
forward motion  
and sometimes  
you need to realize  
that the most important thing that you need is  
what you don't crave and what someone ultimately needs from you  
because your fate has tapped you on the  
shoulder in such a way ..

so,  
here's to one more beverage  
and slipping into a land  
that i'm not sure  
i  
can  
return from ..

so arrivederci-le  
folks,  
i'm  
off to see the devil  
and  
do  
some rope exercises around my fate ..

## 39<sup>th</sup> Time

she called last  
night  
to tell me that she missed me ..

it's a recent brief relationship  
I had with an older woman  
getting out of a  
bad marriage ..

we had some kicks,  
but she wanted more,  
possibly a child  
and I just didn't want that with her ..

so - we had to cut it  
off ..

i know it broke her spirit,  
but there was nothing more I could do after that  
than to move on and find a  
good girl,  
or get myself mended from the artillery of the  
previous love stint I went through ..

she calls and asks if I have a date for new year's eve  
and if i'm going home with a woman at the end of the night ..

i answer 'i don't know'  
to both questions and she  
seems very sad ..

she says that she may eat vegetables and drink water  
for her festivities and  
I tell her we should get coffee some time  
and she agreed  
and this is the last day of 2003  
and I dedicate this  
to you,  
baby,  
and all the vegetables - water - booze - words - and tomorrows  
you can  
ingest ..

**7:26 PM 1/4/04**

everyone is sneezing around  
here ..

i can't even stop it ..

it won't stop  
and  
no one seems  
concerned  
at  
all

about it ..

**12/31/03**

her mom  
sent me a christmas card,  
but i don't want to talk to the daughter ..

another bad earthquake in iran  
and the locals wonder why it always hits them so damn hard ..

the inspiration fills the streets like a tide of emotion  
a surfer would love to flop into,  
but the street burns are hard to heal ..

the last gulp of whiskey is for you  
because if I decide to take it,  
you won't remember who i used to be ..

i thought about what my elaine may have gotten for christmas after  
watching a spanish film last night and the lead actor looked just  
like her with her beautiful big nose and smooth neck ..

i turned on the radio to static this morning and thought  
that maybe there was no need to report the news because nothing  
big happened overnight ..

i stared at my cat inches from my face this morning just  
wanting another minute or two of sleep  
and reached out my hand instead to make today begin and his purr the only sound to fill the room ..

i can see the reflection of my hands in the screen right now  
and wonder if there is ever going to be a paper  
where you can see the reflection of your eyes going over these words,  
relating and seeing someone over your shoulder trying to find out  
if they can read the secrets underneath  
your darting eye lids ..

## a drinking parable

whiskey is my broken car,  
vodka is my broken clavicle healed again,  
gin is my lost hat,  
ice is my found cat,  
straws are the pieces i still have,  
beer is the last bad fight,  
vermouth was enough to constitute an end to the night,  
malt liquor was the steinbeck novel i finally finished,  
the cup has always been my saving grace,  
and the napkins were always my metaphor in a pinch,  
but when there was nothing more but nothing in this  
march over liquored lands and sloshed sights,  
there was always a reason,  
i can always lend my head,  
ear,  
hope,  
soul,  
wavering existence to the  
fact that a drink was eternal enough for me  
to not lie through my life,  
not to become callous,  
not to treat strangers like dirt,  
not to become what i could have  
and the courage to admit that i have nothing more  
to hide,  
so here i share this plastic mug of  
whiskey and cola  
with the cold,  
large icicle hanging  
like a drunken champ here  
in front of the window  
being filled by the king drunk himself,  
mr. t. waits,  
&  
this cold, brilliant world tonight never,  
ever felt warmer ..

## **a real tulip and liquor neighborhood**

we woke,  
had the coffee,  
kissed  
and opened the big box of tulip bulbs ..

we started planting the bulbs,  
laughing,  
the sunshine was making us warm  
and our flow was good ..

nothing but sobriety on our minds ..

then,  
the neighborhood awoke ..

caroline's suburban reality was a new one to me ..

first,  
we start doing whiskey shots with the neighbor a bit after noon ..

then,  
we do another round of shots ..

next,  
i make a big whiskey with cola and forget that the day is Saturday ..

then,  
the crazy woman from down the street strolls up with her 7 month old in  
the stroller and stops in front of our drunken faces ..

she says 'hi' and i peer down at her baby and  
comment on the fact that they're the bluest eyes i have ever seen in my life ..

immediately  
the kid starts crying ..

she waves it off  
and offers us a flavor from her mobile bar roving around the block ..

she has a collection of beers and raspberry brandy ..

i accept,  
caroline accepts,  
she accepts,  
the whole neighborhood accepts ..

the drinking game of suburban blunders is on ..

the whiskey has flowed,  
the brandy was alive,  
the beer was crackling,  
the evening was before us,  
and no

one knew what time it was  
and it  
just  
didn't  
matter  
on  
that particular  
saturday afternoon  
in  
  
suburban amazement ..

## **all the pipes are busted**

and love  
is again a reality  
for me ..

the place is a wreck,  
but i  
have other thought of other more immaculate messes  
that i  
want to make either tonight  
or  
soon ..

there are only comparisons  
and you are the best comparison  
i can come up with tonight ..

there are no more drinks left  
in this dry house,  
but the city looks at me with a surly eye  
and i  
must  
confide  
that  
i am heading for the hills ..

high into those  
lush covered  
bumps of mumps  
to find  
my  
prize ..

## AM proposition

friend dropped  
me off  
and i walked towards the  
AM journal newspaper in the yard ..

a black woman calls,  
'HEY BABY. HOW YOU DOIN'?'

I ambled closer to  
the paper and say,  
'good. how you doin'?'

she then asks as her bait - a hopeful advance,  
'WHAT ARE YOU DOIN'?'

I come back,  
'just getting the paper.'

'OH',  
she says in defeat.

she sped through the 4 way stop  
as I go inside  
and on up to finish myself off  
in that  
good old urban  
old fashioned way ..

good night, kids ..

## **an early scenario**

the chinese gestapo  
flopped by and  
warned me about my words ..

a government official (can't announce their branch)  
also  
stopped into my work the other day to warn  
me that the re-election was going well and  
that our modern, progressive government didn't need  
my nose muddling up matters ..

the angry tan trench coat kids on the corner  
even eyed me down as I walked past  
wanting me to silence my words ..

then some Armenian thugs grabbed me by the throat  
while leaving the convenience store and said that  
the world didn't need my insight or written words,  
flat out ..

a Norwegian crazy woman grabbed my arm at the club the other night  
to warn me that the Sweed's have been looking into my actions  
and that the madness was going to have to stop ..

also  
the Japanese have been sending me nasty letters about how  
our democracy is a gift and any of my 'destructive art ideas' are  
going to have to stop or they are going to start tainting my raw fish ..

i have nothing but critics as I  
look around at the words going over the screen  
and worry little  
because this is the only time  
i can have true comfort ..

so if you want to silence someone,  
you fucks,  
go to the movies and right before the big screen gets  
flooded with pails of light,  
utter a shhhh to all the lovers,  
loners and such  
wanting to  
watch the  
images of writers dance  
in brilliance  
over the dark clouds  
above  
the  
smell of  
battered,  
purchased  
corns ..

## **back to pulp speak**

it's been  
so long ..

will i remember how?

when there is nothing left to  
be recorded,  
i can rely on this ..

all the cupcakes gone,  
tea spilled,  
the hoaxes of psychology figured clean out  
and I will  
have this ..

the 1 thing i can rely on ..

my link to the last,  
my bond with the first  
and the non-stop stream of laughter  
in between the curse of letters,  
the flight of words and  
my thoughts on dry pulp ..

they have come back  
because  
my mouth refuses to have much  
more  
to  
say ..

**bangin,**

bangin,  
banging away on these keys  
or cramps in the hands  
is one of the few things that i can relate to  
anymore ..

people are exhausting,  
the family won't stop with questioning social customs,  
the press is loud,  
but the words and pounding out such words makes complete sense to me  
now  
after everything else has faded away and the  
sound of the dust has become another voice going on  
about what it's going on about,  
there are always the keys,  
words or  
the clicker to come back to  
in order to make everything come back into one and make  
a bit of sense that it never did before ..

so,  
i hope all of this makes sense to you now ..

## boy girl parable

the world is full of lost boyfriends  
and searching girlfriends ..

you believe this?

or,  
maybe it's full of lost girlfriends  
and searching in vain boyfriends ..

does that make more sense?

or maybe all the boyfriends and girlfriends are lost  
and no one is searching for any of them ..

would that go over better?

how about this,  
for the crowd,  
all the boyfriends found the right girlfriends  
and all the girlfriends are screaming in delight ..

is that too ideal?

how about were all lost boys until we find  
our girlfriends ..

too sapped up?

then,  
how about the flip,  
were all the girl's are confused until they find their boyfriends ..

still too much?

and we all go marching into the sink to  
find traces of the girl or scents of the boys  
and in reality we are all lost because we have found the girl or captured the boy  
and we are going to continue to search together and  
everyone has the lost propensity ..

## **brief girl lullaby**

sorry baby  
but i gave  
your flowers away,  
sold your name  
and returned the panties to  
the lingerie store  
because the sex was  
only a lie  
love decided to put over on me,  
but I know better ..

## *caroline*

leaving your home  
the other morning,  
the sun looked more brilliant than i remembered  
before ..

leaving your home the other day,  
the clank in my car was loud,  
but my music was louder and nothing was going to get between  
my mind and the thought of you ..

leaving your home on that saturday  
i saw the twirling purple cop lights on top of a hearse  
leading a procession of mourners to their new life of  
losing,  
and eventually gaining more ..

leaving your house the other day,  
i picked at my deteriorating gloves and decided that i needed  
to stop squinting so much,  
but didn't buy any sunglasses ..

leaving your house the other day,  
i saw you wanting me to stay  
and saw myself in the familiar role of leaving and not  
wanting to repeat,  
repeat,  
repeat  
what the past has said should always happen  
but as the saying goes,  
this time it will be flat different ..

leaving your house the other day  
wasn't me leaving  
because i never left  
and i haven't left yet  
so when i decide to leave  
you will be the first one to leave,  
but know that i am done leaving  
and to leave anymore would be just  
another reason to stay  
and  
stay  
until  
i repeat  
the  
word  
stay  
repeat  
stay  
repeat  
stay,  
END ..

## changing fingers at this desk

been a time of  
new equipment  
and the death of old equipment ..

plugged in a new keyboard tonight and my fingers keep  
spelling the words wrong,  
fingering the keys like a girl for the first time,  
going over the vowels as though they are consonants,  
staying away from the numbers for now,  
keeping the entirety of it in my peripheral for safety sakes,  
wondering if the old keyboard is OK with this arrangement,  
flicking fond memories towards my first Packard Bell keyboard I had over 10 years ago,  
know that this is going to fit me like butter on a roll,  
then there is the death of my printer ..

it fooled with me  
for the last time the other night  
and I put it away to its grave ..

smashed to bits,  
the apartment is still seething and crawling with its remnants  
and I feel good about all of it ..

it didn't communicate,  
print,  
cooperate or spit out the right shit for the last time ..

i looked forward to,  
counted the days until I could take that former technological friend  
to the cleaners ..

i mean a real good throw around,  
thrashing and out of here ..

no life support,  
no hope for resurrection,  
no surgery,  
no life flight ..

the printer is fucking gone off for good ..

no more communication ills,  
the light is gone forever and I kept one piece for nostalgia ..

a faceplate with the model number to  
remind the other printers that I want  
flowing ink,  
open communication,  
no more jams,  
good paper flow,  
easy cartridge fluctuations and that  
sweet

sound  
of  
the  
click,  
clack,  
paper lodged into the right place,  
sweep,  
sweep,  
beep,  
click  
and  
the  
miracle

is on paper,  
the menagerie of everything is alive,  
the words  
can

become  
real,  
they  
can  
be my hard copy

in  
softer  
print  
times ..

## coon eyes in the city

i cross the street  
to get my car  
while helping a friend up the street  
get his car off another car snow stuck  
in an ice parking lot ..

as i ready to leap over the sewer gulch by my house,  
i see eyes look at me from underneath ..

several piercing yellow darts  
i don't stop to examine  
and keep on moving ..

i kept it out of my mind ..

i end up getting my car and  
helping this friend of mine get out of his jam ..

afterwards,  
i leave and head toward my place several blocks up  
the way ..

as i approach,  
I see a raccoon coming towards my 7 bags of  
trash on the corner ..

he was coming from the sewer drain in the thick snow  
like a slinking disease ready to pound the judgment fist  
on an innocent soul ..

i looked at him,  
watched him dart from passing traffic  
and studied his stealth ..

it was his eyes,  
he was the yellow eye warbler,  
the mystery in the sewer drain,  
my albino alligator,  
another affirmation to myself that i'm not  
seeing  
shit  
just yet ..

## **cops stuck**

in the middle of the road,  
kenny dorton on the radio,  
i don't want no whiskey tonight,  
the coffee kids laugh all the way down the block,  
the streets bleed with desire,  
there is so much to be done as there is so much that has been done,  
the only way to the end is to remember the beginning,  
the cop just moved from the middle of the road,  
bail is just a joke no one laughed at on time,  
the melting ice cube is the world's potential turning into something else,  
where there is one there is usually more  
and when the well becomes wet,  
the well becomes dry,  
and when the wet and dry become one,  
you have the beginning of a time period  
and when that one ends,  
one begins  
and the parable starts over  
and we get confused  
and when the confusion is over  
you lean  
back and wonder  
exactly what  
the  
fuck  
just happened?

## **dreamy proof that our president is a dud**

i was following the  
first lady of the united states  
down the hallway of a hotel ..

around,  
around,  
i was noticing her well starched dress  
that was screaming easter colors ..

neon pink,  
green,  
some yellow trim  
and she opened the door to a side conference room ..

i approached,  
knowing that i needed to be in the room,  
but not exactly sure why and  
why i was following laura bush to this room ..

as i approached,  
i noticed a sign that said,  
'CONFLICT RESOLUTION SEMINAR'

i opened to door and walked in ..

the first lady was on one side of the room  
and the president was on the other ..

they acted like strangers ..

there weren't many people in the room,  
there wasn't even much security,  
but they looked on at me as though i belonged ..

so,  
i took a chair by the president hoping for some sort of talk  
or illumination from this ding a ling i see on tv and in the papers  
all the time ..

we sit and there is nothing more than  
a nod exchanged between the two of us ..

then as sudden,  
an advisor calls over the president ..

some news has come through  
and he quickly gets up out of his seat ..

too quickly and carelessly because his  
keys jumble from his pocket ..

there were about 17 keys, a light blue rabbit's foot and an asthma inhaler ..

a bulky stock for a key chain ..

he doesn't notice that they have fallen ..

i go to pick them up,  
call him over and hand them over to him ..

with a suspicious eye,  
I ask him,  
'HEY, I ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO HOLD THE PRESIDENT'S KEY  
CHAIN.'

no response but a 'HRUMPH'  
and gone ..

the man was a dull dud in my dreams ..

couldn't even pull off cool in some dude's dream ..

final confirmation that this dim bulb in dc is a failing pile of light that never had the expected potential  
of a wad of used mouth tobacco from a greased up pork mouth ..

amen that one, bush ..

**drying beanstalks,**

the price of corn bread as  
the sailors charge the skippers new fees  
and the shipmates are now ruling the skies  
and charging  
all satellites a toll ..

## **election is in the air ..**

the election is  
in the city ..

i went into the voting  
polls today for a simple primary  
run by elderly black folk of the neighborhood  
and voted for the  
only black in the primary ..

Rev. Sharpton is the funniest guy  
in the lot  
and that means the most to me now  
as the politico process limps along  
in serious dismay ..

and i was confirmed by the angst in the air  
as I pulled away or  
slipped away on an ice sheet of a street ..

they don't get around with the salts and sands  
here in the city like they do in the burbs ..

and I heard thump,  
thump,  
bam,  
bang  
in the air ..

as I slipped to the stop sign,  
i thought someone was getting ice off their car,  
but it was something else ..

some mulleted man was smashing the fuck out of  
a  
new raspberry colored ford truck ..

he was sending some brutal blows to the tail lights,  
body and  
i veered forward,  
and around the block to get a short video of the action ..

by the time i came around,  
the man was gone and the cops were milling around  
the place ..

and I thought about the election ..

what is going on in the streets ..

the anger,  
the pent up adversity  
and  
the sun shining off the tree tops ..

the glimmer of ice coating the bared winter branches  
and  
that  
was  
what  
made complete sense around me ..

## **everything good monday**

usually seems  
like the best days of the weeks to have  
a  
holiday no one expected  
is monday ..

it's already the day that the barber's are done ..

it's the day that i come to look forward to because no one else  
wants to be there and  
that means that i can finally blend in and not have to deal with folks much ..

it's the unassuming day ..

it's the beginning and the end ..

it can be enunciated in many ways ..

every holiday should be on monday ..

it should be deemed through government channels,  
through the appropriate voices that  
monday is the day we want ..

i want monday ..

you gave up on monday ..

no one wants to do anything on monday ..

fuck - it's just monday ..

it should be our holiday ..

what you say -  
ready to give up your stack of mondays for our holiday?

## **everything is about choice**

as the pun comes hopping through  
the gallery  
and the naked one's decide not to cover  
up because there is nothing to see  
and the nudity is just another term for something  
else you can't put on  
so  
the next time there is a joke  
to be made about anything  
and no one is around,  
yell it into a jar  
and believe that the next time you lift it up and  
place it next to another ear  
that it will be in there,  
the sound of funny,  
the echo of the past  
and the hope that everyone has that they will be remembered,  
that their last breath won't be the last thing  
and that their finest moment can be preserved  
in an old mayonnaise jar for the skeptics to giggle  
and the enthusiasts to just nod their head  
in  
complete  
adherence to  
what was  
and  
  
always  
will be ..

**female voices from the past,**

gone and beyond  
call me with  
cheese in their teeth,  
perfume in their pants,  
peppermint in their hands  
and they expect me to refuse?

i have strength  
and where I don't have it,  
they want me to have more ..

so,  
if you come calling,  
lurching on the doorstep and coming closer,  
then  
know i won't resist  
and

you  
can tattoo that  
on  
your precious,  
sweet  
circular areolas ..

## first monday on earth

it's the way  
you don't know that will get you ..

it's what you think you know  
that will come asking you one more question ..

it's the action you made without thinking  
that will force you to think later ..

it's the goof hidden under your bed,  
the red coated ghost in your closet,  
the green hated ghoul in your attic,  
the blue blood in your veins,  
the candy colored mornings hiding the fog in ireland,  
the infatuation with incontrollable situations,  
your friendship with the adulterer,  
your murderous thought that bring life later,  
a moment made for them but you stole it without notice,  
your engine of desire taking a wrong turn,  
another bolt in the motor that doesn't exactly fit,  
a perfect tapestry with one  
mis-matched colored string that no  
one will notice  
until you  
forget all about it  
and

then  
& then  
you

will have to answer  
for it ..

## **for a reason**

i can't put my touch on,  
i called my old lover last night  
in a dream  
and she answered the phone  
by saying that  
she was in the bathtub  
and  
i hung the phone up ..

then,  
in my dream i wondered why i called her in  
the first place  
as i wished away any chance of her retracting back  
and calling the number i called from ..

and it was soon thereafter that i woke  
and remembered  
how lovely it is to wake alone  
and  
to  
be away from  
such  
utter  
ass pain  
and  
it  
was all in her voice,  
i didn't see her face,  
skin  
or a tooth to save me ..

amen ..

## frozen window art free

my weapon  
of winter,  
the sculpture of  
the season,  
the frozen tundra of the neighborhood,  
the beacon of refracting light  
by day,  
the reason to go out at night,  
the point in the mounds of  
water,  
the drip from the ceiling,  
the hang on the gutter,  
the reason i would wander  
has fallen ..

the icicle in front of this  
window  
collapsed at some point this AM  
and now  
it lays in broken pieces,  
sections,  
bits,  
and looks up at the ceiling wondering  
how it lasted as long as it did ..

& it doesn't take long  
for new ones to come in for  
the replacement dance ..

7 new icicles are in  
their place ..

and  
as  
with this march,  
we all freeze on,  
dripping our  
water,  
growing  
and  
waiting for our  
own fall ..

## **garage sounds and the end of the end**

is the tooth stuck in a rhine of fresh watermelon  
on the december ground  
as i contemplate loving her more,  
loving the next until my mouth bleeds  
and loving the final one until everything in me becomes  
a numb joke that only my lover will understand  
and we can sit around petting the cat in sheer joy  
as the world goes ahead and passes us by with  
their jittery wish list of things,  
tires,  
more gas,  
the tampon string,  
a condom wrapper,  
the instant of forever,  
the toasted nut in a cereal box,  
and all the phone calls that need to be returned  
won't be returned because my lover has  
made me forget my wallet in bombay, india and the culprits  
of the mississippi tales have me  
captivated in the reflection i see in her meager lipsticked lips  
as the taste of red turns to yellow  
and i let all that sunshine fill up my molars like a ghost gone mad ..

## **girl quandary**

is a person quandary

is a human quandary

is a kid quandary

is a past quandary

is a rock quandary

is a particular quandary

is a small quandary

is a specific quandary

is a pudding quandary

is a present quandary

is a negligible quandary

is a legitimate quandary

is a diamond quandary

is a talkative quandary

is a mitch quandary

is a stephanie quandary

is a music quandary

is a blank quandary

is a tiny almost forgettable incident

when you talk about

a girl quandary ..

## **giving up on change**

maybe i  
need  
to  
get  
a  
new  
computer,  
writing chair ..

maybe i  
need to get a bigger chair  
with better  
arms  
and more cushion ..

maybe i need to get a new desk  
for more comfort and room ..

maybe i need a new desk to hold more stuff  
and make everything more comfortable ..

maybe i need to get a new keyboard  
that has a better sound and ease ..

maybe a need a keyboard that doesn't have consonants  
that sticks so much ..

maybe i need a keyboard to make  
things more comfortable ..

maybe i need a new monitor that is easier on my eyes  
and head ..

maybe i need a new monitor to make  
things more comfortable ..

maybe  
i  
don't need any of this ..

maybe  
i  
don't need comfort while  
i write  
because i get it  
because of everything but my conditions ..

maybe i should be more rational about this ..

maybe the only way i should be irrational  
is when  
i'm writing ..

SO WHY DON'T YOU LEAVE ME THE FUCK ALONE  
ABOUT GIVING AWAY ALL MY GOD DAMNED TABLES,  
CHAIRS,  
MONITORS,  
KEYBOARDS,  
COCK,  
BRAIN,  
TOES,  
SOUL  
AND GIRL  
FOR MY FUCKING COMFORT,  
JUST LAY THE FUCK OFF,  
OK ASSHOLES ..

chirst, i feel so much better about  
my modest,  
yet  
needed conditions ..

## gone girl keeps tryin' to come back

found out some information  
today  
about the hell girl  
i saw before ..

she told one of my best friend's wives that  
she could fuck her husband if  
she had the chance ..

i just found out about it today from a woman  
that i am falling for ..

another arrow to the heart ..

this kept me from hanging out with this couple  
and estranging me from a good friend of mine ..

another bit of jaded information from  
this  
supposed  
peace loving,  
tree hugging,  
benign,  
environmentally friendly,  
non-fluoride using,  
pot head,  
bad with liquor  
waste of time cunt that turned into a lesbian ..

it just doesn't stop with this mess girl ..

and now she is still asking people around  
town about me ..

i never knew about half the shit people tell me  
she sprinkled over the time i saw her ..

a two-faced little kid  
who pranced around like she had some strength to  
give the world ..

she had nothing,  
is nothing,  
will be nothing and she always knew that ..

she should know that now ..

so fellas,  
if this hell vomit ends up enjoying cock again  
her name is sarah elizabeth simms in kansas city, missouri and you need to  
run the other way ..

run,  
hide your head,  
duck,  
end it  
and leave the fucking room ..

if she stays with licking pussy lips,  
girls you can all have her ..

i'm sure you will fuck her up all good  
and well as she needs to be ..

the things,  
folks,  
the things ..

good night  
to all straights and fags out there  
who  
are still interested  
in interested interested  
interested  
interested ..

## her scent stuck in my skin

i pulled a hand to my  
face  
a time or more today and pulled,  
sucked,  
yanked in the scent that was on the black gloves  
and my saturated hand  
and smiled about  
caroline ..

all over my nose,  
i look up and see her biting her lip,  
looking down at me as we  
have known each other for fucking decades and it  
hit's me that  
she's  
become beautiful ..

it's the minute the mountains just become another  
woven stitch in the fabric of your backdrop ..

not that you can't recognize its majesty,  
if needed,  
but it becomes surreal comfort  
and you never want to leave it,  
you never want it to leave you,  
it could hurt your breath if it doesn't stay there,  
it is there,  
it is you,  
you are it,  
and she  
is  
my  
lucky penny

shimmering  
in  
that  
fountain i have  
reached into many,  
many times before ..

sometimes,  
i came up with a dime,  
sometimes a quarter,  
other times a pound,  
an unnamed canadian coin,  
other times a pruned hand,  
but  
this time i found  
my  
mountain

and  
i  
can't wait  
to  
again  
suck in that  
wintry gloved perfumed  
  
glory ..

## here is the best way to tell my story

if you ever want to know  
what is going on  
with me  
you are going to have to read what i have to say ..

sure,  
you may get some nodule of understanding from  
my words,  
talk,  
conversing,  
the string of syllables,  
but  
it's gonna be the word that is gonna wield the results  
you are looking for  
if you care ..

if you want to know what my attitude was like the other day,  
why i reacted in a certain way,  
how i came to a decision,  
why i settled with a decision,  
became into what i became into,  
flip open the page  
of words i have penned ..

you know that i'm broke now,  
too many phone calls,  
too many car repairs,  
not sure what city i'm gonna settle in,  
not sure what job i am going to stick with or leave,  
my sister and i are likely finished having a relationship,  
i'm falling in love and nervous,  
my eye twitches on a semi-regular basis,  
my beard is getting speckles of gray hair,  
the night is becoming my morning,  
i want to quit heavy drinking for some time,  
my orgasms are the best ever these days,  
i have one trophy in my place that isn't mine,  
there are only so many ways,  
usually i can communicate some complicated shit only when drinking  
which makes me want to not drink as much and face my mirror,  
there are old rumors i tire of confronting,  
the edge of eden is in my coffee,  
i ready to leave this,  
i write these parables quick and  
it resembles my speech ..

so if you want to know the truth,  
you came to the truth about me ..

if you didn't and took advice to read this,  
i'm not sorry because  
you might have  
just come closer to figuring yourself out ..

## Holiday 2003

one down,  
and one more to go  
before this town folds  
up all it's christmas cheer and shoves  
it up  
in the attic,  
garage,  
basement or a spacious ass ..

don't get me wrong,  
christmas is good for the kids and those that  
still believe in the fable  
but the rest of us fucks buying because we have a list,  
or have to,  
or are expected to  
should sleep it off ..

christmas is done  
and i'm sounding like a fucking mean man,  
but i'm just more into the original concept  
or hanging with folks you want to hang with and giving something because  
you want to give something ..

and then there is  
the next one - new year's and  
that's easy for me ..

more than easy ..

it's the evening i celebrate well throughout the year ..

talk and drink ..

welcome to my social hour  
of hosting a toast to next year ..

sure - i will dance around those hot embers until my  
forehead melts into my ankles  
and  
here's to  
hoping you never get everything you want for christmas  
because  
that's the reason why  
us  
silly fools  
write such folly ..

## **i am so fucking open**

now

that the only thing

that i can

hide

is

my

hiding

space

and

i'm not

going

to

let any of you motherfuckers

know

where that is at ..

## **i can't wait**

the porter can't wait,  
the taxi man's foot is wagging,  
the kids are away from the table,  
the roofs have left buildings,  
socks have given up on shoes,  
gravity is thinking about leaving earth,  
the bishop left the church long ago,  
they bounced from the city,  
cat swallowed mouse and left for other curiosities,  
the dog has no time,  
we have no time,  
no one is waiting,  
i'm not even waiting,  
she is tired of waiting,  
the man in the intersection gave up on waiting,  
the servers don't even wait anymore,  
the world of weight can't wait no more  
but  
i'm glad you waited around  
for the end  
of  
this  
small  
piece ..

## **i got a monumental love letter**

from  
cupid's new attempt to  
make  
me  
fall ..

and it's working ..

never got any dose of words  
or emotion  
after such a brief time  
as i have  
with  
this  
freckled dandy of a woman ..

she keeps asking me to jump off the horse  
and leap,  
fucking jump  
and  
i want to ..

her words knotted up my throat ..

i have never had a woman so eloquently and  
aptly put emotion on paper  
and in subjective reality as that was done ..

i may have fallen in love with her then,  
i believe i did under a tree,  
but know that if i do  
as she asks and get the fuck off this high horse of mounting memories,  
i may  
never fall in love  
again

with  
another  
creature  
as  
well  
crafted  
as

she is ..

**i keep seeing sunshine  
and the moon is still my friend ..**

suppose the planets are planning something  
right as the birth of your solar system went  
on without the unintended hitch  
of the century  
and now  
the tumbler drives my cloth off  
and  
I realize  
there is absolutely nothing  
left  
to  
fear ..

## **i love the city cops ..**

all these city cops  
when it comes to traffic transgressions ..

the other night,  
got some bottles at the local liquory up the way,  
pulled out of the parking lot looking to head north - then west,  
but instead i had to turn south ..

it all happened so fast that i had no seat belt on,  
no lights on and my erratic turn mid stream in flowing traffic stopped  
folks behind me for a time ..

as i turned through a late yellow light in the intersection to get  
a block within my place,  
the cherries are shining loud through my back glass ..

i pull up into a parking lot,  
don't even worry about clicking the seat belt in ..

i'm cooked and was thinking about how much the ticket was gonna be ..

a short, young white dude comes up and I hand him  
my license and insurance card ..

he asks,  
'SO, I STOPPED YOU BECAUSE YOUR HEADLIGHTS ARE OUT.'

'oh yea,'  
In genuine bewilderment.

then,  
he says,  
'QUICKLY FLICK YOUR LIGHTS ON AND OFF.'

I do so ..

he frowns and says,  
'YOU MUST NOT HAVE HAD YOUR LIGHTS ON.'

he says politely,  
'TLL BE RIGHT BACK.'

a minute or so later,  
he comes back and says,  
'BE A BIT MORE CAREFUL'

again,  
in a polite tone  
as i say,  
'SORRY, DUDE.'

he walks away and i click on my seat belt,  
keep the headlights on,

drive obediently away and laugh  
at the city cops ..

if that was the suburbs,  
i would have been looking at a hundred or more bucks in fines ..

city crime is a hassle,  
but if you're clean,  
they let you go on the traffic shit ..

the immaculate city / suburban trade off  
that i'm willing  
to take ..

and so are the fuckers that speed up and down below my window,  
not braking at the stop sign,  
going past the memories of murders,  
rapes,  
horrendous shit

in a city  
of  
innocent traffic violators ..

**i never write sappy love poems,**

so i'm not going to do it for you ..

i never throw all this dripping emotion  
all over the pulp pages,  
so i'm not going to start doing it for you ..

i never get overly emotional  
on these pages,  
so i'm not going to begin with you ..

i never use these pages to say i love you,  
so don't get your hopes up ..

i never try to open up too much about my lover,  
so it's not going to just happen overnight ..

but,  
sweet caroline,  
you have to know that if i had my  
way  
i would get a magic vacuum cleaner,  
suck all the freckles off your body,  
paste them on regular sheets of typing paper  
and  
paste them all over my walls ..

## **i see this postman everywhere ..**

he's the man in the neighborhood  
with a smooth walk,  
smoother twist of the wrists,  
a rim shot the world barely pays attention to,  
the tan glasses hiding his true eyes,  
a quip for the ages,  
a smile that could ease a room in a moment ..

he's the genius of the neighborhood ..

he knows everything about you and he doesn't even  
deliver mail to your neighborhood ..

he's the milk hidden in that tiny pouch in the cereal box  
you discover after all the oats are eaten and you have  
a desire to get something more  
to drink ..

i see him all the time  
just grinning ..

smiling at everything and I have never caught his name ..

I know his voice,  
face,  
cloth,  
demeanor,  
style,  
ricochet,  
but  
never caught his name ..

& I'm sure if I did it wouldn't be his real name ..

it would be some sort of alibi  
for the real guy  
that has his hands all over your mail ..

the man all the disgruntled housewives would love  
to fuck just once,  
then give him a rainbow cake the next day ..

he's the one that all the dogs love ..

he's the one's the cat's in the area  
stay curious about ..

he's the mailman  
no one knows about

and his smile has  
all of us pegged ..

**i wait for you to arrive,  
caroline ..**

you may be five minutes out,  
1 minute out,  
30 seconds away,  
14 before the hour out,  
in my place and i can't see you yet,  
and it's wednesday morning  
and we both know what that means ..

it makes the week flow  
like it should,  
it gets us around taking down people  
when they should be taken down  
but it just doesn't matter  
because we had wednesday morning ..

it's been several minutes into this  
piece  
and i still wait,  
caroline ..

but  
it's fine ..

i need to finish this  
and you need to finish what you need  
to finish  
as  
the finnish folks run around finland in their finlandian ideas  
of  
finishing their things  
and arriving when the time is right ..

even though you are not here now,  
you arrived a while back  
and  
that's enough  
as  
i listen to the  
sounds of coffee grounds go to the bottom  
of  
the glass jar  
and  
know  
you  
are  
another minute closer  
to  
our  
sanity ..

## **i was in a hurry ..**

walking to mail a letter,  
make copies of old new articles i used to write  
for a new job in a new building,  
in a new city,  
in a new idea,  
in a newness of annuity ..

going through the ventricles of the old 1913 building,  
mike stops me by the washer and dryer in the dorm side of  
the building ..

'HEY, JOE,'  
he begins knowing i'm in a hurry. always in a hurry.  
'YOU HAVE GOTTA HEAR ABOUT THIS PACKAGE I GOT IN THE MAIL.'

mike is an old italian man who takes up residence in the 'y'  
as an old gambler at the race track looking for the big payoff  
and keeping his wry mouth away from the bottle and vices of the big blue world ..

he tells me that a package came from 2300 main,  
which neither of us could pin down as an actual residence,  
in a brown paper package that had a note that said the following,  
'THANKS AGAIN, MIKE, FOR THE 8-1 ODDS TIP OFF AT THE TRACK THE OTHER DAY.'

he said there was a fairly new norelco shaver and a  
daily planner inside ..

he was laughing to tears and i was amazed at the shit i'm gonna walk  
away from when i get a new job and don't walk around the halls of that building,  
taking the corners,  
hidden ventricles  
to mail off meaningful mail and making meaningless paper copies of my past ..

mike is convinced that the person that sent the package  
is an old friend that is fucking with him ..

in fact,  
he has the idea that the person that sent him the shaver may have shaved  
his asshole with it ..

but he discovered this after he shaved his face for the first time ..

pucker up, folks,  
the prank makers and change  
is coming  
around a corner  
around you ..

## **i won't run away from your water**

still have no  
running water in the place ..

or,  
not enough in the right places ..

it's been three days and  
i still can't poop in my own place ..

that's like telling a blind man to walk the city  
without his cane ..

that's like telling a third grader to enjoy his school day  
without recess ..

that's like telling someone to enjoy their lunch  
without giving them food ..

it's a cup of hot water early in the morning  
when what you absolutely need is coffee ..

it's buying a music CD - getting excited - opening the wrapper,  
driving far from the record store to home,  
popping it in and there is nothing but silence ..

i need to poop,  
shit,  
crap,  
breath,  
read on the pot,  
relax,  
pet the spindled cat tail ..

i need my toilet back ..

i have to regain my poop throne ..

this insurgence  
won't last,  
fellow shitheads ..

## **i'm the lesbian headhunter ..**

sure ..

i have found my calling ..

into the business of converting ..

not to girl on girl,  
but getting the angry cunt lickers spun back to the guy side of things ..

not just getting them to look to men  
but the big,  
hair,  
sweating motherfuckers that made them run to the pussy in the first place ..

it's a potion that i have ..

it's a potion that i'm going to market ..

and i'm going to have dudes hiring me right and left to  
get this done ..

some lesbians are cool,  
others need a dose of their own anger ..

& that's where i come into play ..

sure ..

i've studied their habits,  
interviewed many,  
got the inside trims,  
know the crevices of secrets,  
have the past rooted in my present  
and the girls are going to melt like butter and there  
is only going to be one choice on their end ..

heterosexuality ..

it's just going to go down that way ..

not against the girls going on and on about girls,  
but something is going to have to give ..

i know the insider tips,  
i have the nets,  
the cash,  
the will,  
the energy,  
the resources  
and there is no escape ..

i'm going to build the biggest dike this town has ever seen,  
it will contain all the water of a hoover damn in one fatal smile ..

## **insane guitar**

i finally got the guitar  
i had been wanting  
and i'm just not sure  
how to hold you,  
when you need to be held  
and  
how you are going to seep into my  
head and not let me go ..

i got you  
and i don't want you to let me go ..

be my fist of drugs,  
eat all my drugs,  
strum my toes loose  
and give me  
back  
my insanity ..

## instant toil tears

all the old editors  
have gone insane ..

y  
the rest,  
have tried to lose  
their way

&  
the rest that have been left  
behind  
sift through all the refuse  
you  
call good writing ..

but  
there is  
nothing that can cutely be considered  
good  
writing  
because

we are all leaning to  
the  
center  
and

no one need  
regular no more ..

the assistants to the producing editors  
are even insane ..

in fact,  
they are no where to be found  
as  
the  
spell check function freezes up  
and  
the head has to begin thinking like Hemingway would have  
or  
Steinbeck would have done with his balls in a vice,  
where did Faulkner punch his concubines  
as  
the  
other editors warn the  
writers  
that they are the next one  
to  
bite  
the proverbial

insane  
shrapnel ..

## **it won't get me no more ..**

i'm too fast for it  
and they know it ..

sure,  
it's not that they aren't fast,  
because they are ..

it's just that i have ingredients that  
aren't included in their baking list  
and that's that ..

i have the pan cleaner,  
the night blinders,  
bleach for clean-up  
and the rest a go-go for  
the good-goods  
and  
that's  
just about the end of that ..

## **i've heard**

all your stories of notes,  
holding back,  
giving in,  
how love lied and how beautiful you are,  
but  
i'm only going to believe what i see ..

i've had it with explanations,  
the way yesterday felt  
and how tomorrow is supposed to be so much more ..

so,  
i'm here to lick the streams of melting cream off your cone  
and laugh at the mess ..

i'm here to make sure that the only thing you  
have left  
is  
the base of the thorn  
and the upside of the truth  
and if all of that falls through,  
you  
can borrow my shoes ..

you  
as  
i am,  
are frightened in a tough ass mode  
and it's just not going to go over any more ..

so,  
as you climb out of your bunk  
and i ready to fall out of the mote,  
we  
can both  
bottle up your extra freckles and see  
what they grow into  
in  
this sea monkey world  
of  
random  
acts  
of  
events that  
are

just  
our  
lives ..

## **just take the keys from my pocket**

each season rings in a newer  
version of car work  
for  
me ..

doesn't matter the car,  
doesn't matter  
the matter,  
it's my turn ..

whether it's tires,  
wheels  
or simple body repair,  
it comes in large quantities when it happens ..

just had a new starter,  
plugs,  
radiator,  
front axle put in and the car  
really doesn't run any different ..

in fact,  
it almost runs worse than before ..

it's a whole lot the old timer in his 70's or 80's that still  
smokes,  
drinks  
and runs around like an animal ..

he has no problems other than blurry vision,  
a slight limp,  
but an immaculate bill of health ..

then,  
you have a healthy man in his 60's,  
never drank a day in their life,  
smoke a smoke,  
had any dope  
and they just collapse dead ..

show over ..

nothing doing ..

and we get back to my car ..

i love letting it run until it just won't go  
anymore ..

the car repair man is like the dentist ..

i close my eyes,

trust in their hands  
and  
let that little spigot of water splash bits of  
cold  
all  
over  
my

awaiting face ..

## **ma-ma morning**

it was a similar morning ..

it was a different sort of morning ..

i noticed many of the same things that morning ..

i saw the morning different than night ..

i forgot that morning that afternoon was gonna follow ..

i was in love this morning and the world was just a convenient backdrop ..

i thought the word 'facade' was humorous this morning ..

i approached a big blue recycle bin in the middle of the road  
and laughed at the idea of how it got stuck on this fast downtown curve  
of road and the fact that i'm in love again ..

i see shortly thereafter a big white van come careening around my vehicle  
and a large dog head is propped out of the side window  
lapping up the luxurious winds flying his way ..

i pull out my camera to get a short video of this natural spectacle ..

i click the camera on - refine the settings and nearly run  
off the road ..

i checked it later and saw nothing but a black blob and erratic camera movement  
but this was a morning that was to be committed to memory much better ..

& it was a morning like many others ..

the big difference for me wasn't the tub in the road,  
or the dog head flapping ..

i was aware that i was in love ..

it was a lovely morning that could be recycled again through the eyes of a flopping dog head out of a side  
window van ride ..

**morning all over my face,**  
all over my fingers,  
up my nose,  
over my eye brows  
and the sound of mist pours from my cup  
and the barricades around dug up gas lines  
cut through the yellow  
and the sound of cars is mute,  
just silence and the sight of flying metal  
while  
the band sings nonsense  
and the point of all this  
is that morning is the time I can  
figure things out that the night has  
hidden from me  
because night has a tendency of not  
giving me all the goods when I look for 'em  
or hiding that one fact that the morning has been waiting  
around all night to tell me ..

## **morning of jan. 24 - 2004**

it's not but  
10 ripe old 30 in the morning,  
coffee in mug,  
just ingested a sip,  
forgot some stuff in a friend's car again,  
always leaving something behind on whiskey nights,  
running a bath to refresh the skins,  
shaking the webs from head,  
plopped a battery in the camera,  
ready to snap today,  
then I see an old timer with a gray head,  
profound limp,  
green fleece jacket  
and  
he's going fast with a bottle in his hand  
and you can tell he can't wait to get his lips around  
that bottle head or the glass rim  
to swallow all that sweet nectar  
and that bag around his booze is that only thing  
separating  
myself from  
him  
right now ..

## **morningafter talk**

we hadn't slept  
but maybe two hours  
when she woke me  
and said,  
'BY THE WAY. MY EX-HUSBAND IS A PSYCHOPATH LIVING IN RUSSIA.'

'oh good,'  
i shot back.

'so, does that mean you're nuts,'  
i asked.

'NO, I'M ALL RIGHT,'  
she came back.

didn't know where to go from there,  
but my pants did come off again  
and we started exploring the options some more ..

she's a good woman,  
teacher at the local college,  
had red hair - freckles,  
and wants nothing more than to find out more about  
herself ..

she also told me that this man  
had tried to kill her about 20 times throughout their marriage  
and again  
i thought it was all interesting ..

after about 3 hours of morning talk,  
we went down for her ride home ..

more so - she was hitting her period that morning  
and needed to leave soon to avoid a potential disaster,  
so we hurried on the cloth and talk towards the door ..

once out - i noticed some pric had blocked me into my  
driveway spot outside ..

a little blue hunk of nissan in the mid-80's littered with  
comic books and play bills from shows that already happened ..

this has never happened in over a year at this house ..

i'm betting it's the russian in my delirium of no sleep  
and  
now  
i sit on the top of  
his  
hit list ..

## **my family has dwindled down to about 8 people**

just 8 ..

my father has cut ties with 4 other family members  
in long island, ny ..

my aunt,  
uncle,  
two cousins ..

my mother lost her mother young,  
her dad is lost and  
the rest aren't around ..

yesterday my dad sat us all down  
and said we need to hug  
and love each other more ..

it was good ..

but my sister leaned into me in front of  
the family ..

with that aside  
i had several thoughts ..

we spent years not hugging and  
i have to  
begin with  
high fives ..

start slow ..

and second ..

we can't meet together all as one anymore ..

we have to be online,  
on the phone or on a video remote ..

because if an asteroid slips out of that belt  
and smashes into the house  
the dimino clan is gone ..

out ..

we have to be separated ..

it's the irony of our existence  
and  
the most interesting challenge ..

this is the truly,  
'let's see what happens' scenario ..

## my library of non-submission

it's been  
hard lately to submit  
anything to the author's of this country  
for their journals,  
magazines,  
zines,  
underground papers,  
the various publications  
to get my stuff published ..

the rejection notes come  
in simple,  
bland,  
over dubbed regularity and  
for publications i never read,  
don't know what they even publish ..

my only real criterion is that they are in  
the classifieds of a respected magazine  
and they don't charge money to submit ..

so,  
recently i went to the library to get the spark lit  
again,  
give myself some inspiration to get some more rejection slips  
and i picked up a large book called,  
'WRITER'S MARKET 2003' ..

thought it would give me a chance to parooze  
some publications,  
agents,  
the like to get some submission ideas ..

of course,  
the days escape and i get a simple notice,  
a whole lot like a rejection slip from my friends at the library ..

it's in the form of a check with those perforated edges i slip  
over and inch my eyes over the words they say  
that this particular book is overdue by several weeks ..

my epiphany screaming from that tiny slant of paper ..

if i can't even get a book telling me how and where to submit  
my work  
how  
the shit am i gonna get my bones in position to do it with my things ..

perhaps this poem  
is an oxymoronic shot at not slopping my boots into  
the denial waves that  
got the book back,

got this piece flowing  
and the fact that i know my future like i know  
your future ..

so  
here's to the future and  
hoping that  
science fiction keeps the light on  
for us for just one  
more

nite ..

## my media trail

lately  
i think the media is following me,  
but they're not doing the stories  
on me ..

on the corner of 39th and Main  
i rode by on the bike and saw the reporter shouting at the camera  
while  
pointing at the quick stop ..

then,  
the other day I went by the juvenile detention building in  
the kansas town i work in to see a woman pacing  
while 3 camera guys were gawking to get her pictures ..

she was yelling at the camera people and pacing,  
then she was gone ..

i saw her face as she descended the steps and  
she had surely gotten her allotted 15 minutes ..

then I keep passing the news trucks,  
the satellite vans,  
they're always around me ..

i'm not wanting their stories,  
i don't need lowdown,  
in fact i don't even watch the local news much no more ..

this is why ..

the other night the lead story was  
about a bad accident a pregnant woman had with her new husband ..

they were on their way to a baby shower ..

it was a bad car wreck ..

the woman and the baby died, while the dude survived ..

horrible shit ..

& I know this happens everyday,  
but does this have to be the top story for the city  
to sink their teeth in ..

was the criteria that sunday to find  
the most depressing,  
dank story in town and lead it off ..

so,  
media folks,  
i'll lay off if you lay off ..

## my techno lover

i get back here  
to see  
you,  
my screen ..

the face that has no  
face,  
but the most comforting face going ..

the face of my fingers  
in letter form ..

the face of a hundreds of pimples and odd potch marks  
appearing at the movement  
of my hands up  
and down this silent musical instrument of words ..

i'm back,  
baby,  
i have come back for you and now you speak to me  
as though i'm some oxymoron  
throwing my ideas,  
words and expressions back like you know exactly what  
i'm saying ..

see ..

you know what i'm saying right now ..

you know what i'm saying right now  
is what you just typed again ..

and  
you will continue  
continue  
continue  
continue  
as  
my fingers remember the path  
around  
continue  
and  
your face  
lights up with the sound  
of  
this room,  
the headlights from snow riddled cars,  
the sounds of pens sitting silent by reams of paper  
while this  
electronic screen moves along with time,  
my fingers,  
the inevitable hand of change  
and

nothing more  
to say  
but

a  
big  
daunting line of  
points  
going  
. . . . .  
point . . . .  
. . . point  
... period

point.

## my 'thank you' stand

her blood is about as thin  
as water,  
she tells me ..

and i smile  
because it's another fact about her I want to know about ..

she tells me she will use the word 'EVERMORE' because  
i rarely use the words 'NEVER' & 'FOREVER' ..

and this is another small truism about her  
that warms me up next to her ..

she has a slight piece of skin that comes down  
over her top lip and it makes  
me completely comfortable ..

she smells  
delightful,  
and that makes it all the more delightful ..

i laugh constantly because i know it's her  
that is making me feel the curious glow of  
love  
again

and  
i  
try to thank  
her

as  
much  
as  
i can  
even  
when

i don't  
thank her,  
so

thank you,  
caroline ..

## **new meaning to 'let's go dutch'**

i read in  
the dictionary  
tonight  
that  
the word fuck  
is derived from  
dutch heritage ..

it's a derivative of the word 'faak' ..

it's some of the most i've know,  
learned or practiced from the dutch ..

i know of the dutch boy,  
i have gone dutch several times on dates,  
and say the word 'fuck' much ..

always wanted to have a better understanding  
and relationship with the dutch  
and now  
i have my chance,  
i have had my chance  
and by fuck  
there is not a fucking chance in fuck that this  
fucker is gonna fuck such a fucking opportunity to fucking  
know how the fucking dutch do their fucking shit ..

## **no more whiskey scabs**

the last days of heavy  
whiskey is looking me in the retinas ..

i'm done ..

bowing out ..

no more consecutive weeks  
or days  
of this wasting of cash,  
abject headaches in the morning,  
the micro managing of nothing ..

the public service announcement is me ..

i will take a sip  
or slam it down on nights,  
but i'm giving the bottle a fond finger ..

it's been good to get fucking nuts,  
the craziness has taught me much more than the sanity,  
but it's gonna have to be reduced ..

a mind can take more than the body  
and this mind is looking  
at  
a full whiskey retirement at some point ..

but the whiskey was a good lover ..

one of the best of lovers ..

no battles,  
arguments,  
thick questions,  
the boredom wasn't around,  
and i have empty bottles that send echoes of what i could have done ..

places i could have been ..

money that could have been spent on other trinkets ..

i'm here to tell the whiskey in person that i'm going to leave for a while,  
maybe forever

so  
don't be surprised if you walk into a bar  
and see the tears of belated joy from a knocked over glass  
of whiskey and remember the tears of joy  
coming down my brown,  
whiskey soaked  
invisible head right now ..

## not quite february 2004

i'm looking down  
on the least plowed,  
tilled,  
salted,  
sanded,  
uniced street in this town ..

a thunderbird struggles to make it up the short hilled street for  
minutes  
until giving up and pulling back for another  
way to get  
out of this ice night ..

cars plow the other direction east  
down 37th and slide like  
a bunch of porn men into their girls ..

cold and replete as bad literature,  
the evening  
has nothing subtle  
to share,  
this road is as treacherous as anything you can imagine a dentist  
could maliciously do to your mouth  
and  
there is nothing that will save this road except  
silence,  
desolation,  
ignoring  
and the many other streets that surround  
and sandwich this little tiny street  
on  
this huge,  
cold monday evening ..

**of all the places in history,**  
we have been picked and plucked here ..

with all the geniuses and debutants of our time  
parading about with open shirts & goose tails  
on sale at the market ..

if there was  
ever a time  
it was now and if there ever  
was going to be a way  
it's going to be when it happens ..

- REMEMBER -

the only way to the heart of a woman - truly -  
is to become the heart  
of  
that woman ..

## **of all the things,**

all the people,  
all the friends,  
all the talks,  
all the walks,  
all the laughs,  
all the insight,  
everyone i have fallen in love with,  
all the unforgettable conversations,  
my love with my friends more than my family,  
a desire to call a good friend over anyone,  
all the touching with my new lover,  
all the handshakes,  
all the high fives,  
all the memories of good friend adventures,  
everything i know of friends  
versus everything i know of family  
and i don't know my sister ..

further,  
i don't really care to know her and  
my father asked us yesterday to try and understand each other and get along ..

i'm 31 and she's like 36  
and now the edict to get along has been hammered down ..

i have made some incredible bonds with folks over time  
but never a moment with my own sister ..

it's both a mystery and not a mystery ..

as she has gotten older  
she has gone one way,  
lost her zest for life,  
and i have gone another,  
retaining and adding to my love of this existence ..

we don't relate to each other  
and i see myself more willing than she will ever be to have a relationship ..

but,  
she's a church going girl in her mind and she would always use that  
and the fact that she's living the american dream  
with a husband and 2.2 kids as leverage on my single,  
free wheeling lifestyle of non-regular church attendance ..

it's all the errant crumbs stuck in the bottom of that milk glass  
and there won't be any winners ..

i spent too many years being the youngest of three,  
she was the oldest,  
i was the louse,  
she was the promiscuous loud mouth that required buckets of parental attention,  
i was the trouble making dummy,  
she was the achievement - academic excelling girl

and we grew up ..

i went to college,  
fell in love with cultivating the mind,  
she became a housewife - got diagnosed with MS and hasn't worked most her life  
while raising the kids ..

and now she's intimidated by me ..

she thinks i'm condescending to her and that her opinion means nothing ..

the bare truth is that she offers my head and heart little ..

she doesn't push me,  
intrigue me,  
enlighten me or show me an ounce of love  
and i can't live with that with anyone ..

i walk away from strangers if they don't do something for me in the first 30 seconds ..

so,  
after over three decades on this planet i can't just flip a switch ..

she reminds me of a young girl i was talking to last week at work ..

she's a young girl like my sister when she was younger ..

an attractive girl with a big, angry mouth and  
ready to get herself in trouble  
and i saddled up to her and asked who her biggest enemy in the world is ..

she looked startled and asked me to repeat the question ..

i did ..

she said someone that she went to school with ..

i shook my head and told her that she was her own worst enemy and  
she just started at me ..

and this girl gave the same dumb answer my sister would give even now ..

that's my sister ..

but at least this stranger girl listened to me ..

you are your own worst enemy, sis,  
and i just don't give a shit about your deal anymore ..

marked this at 10:11 am this day of January 19 in 2004 ..

i have too many other things in this life to love  
and that require my love ..

your petty problematic problems with me are officially gone ..

good luck out there ..

## **official conspiracy of alien ice**

small bits of frozen  
snow come trailing out from no where ..

it's been confirmed that it's not the  
sky spitting out these pieces of frozen lint ..

no one,  
even hard scientists of meteorology can  
put their touch on what is going on,  
but it won't end ..

the accumulation is becoming more than street crews,  
and street folk can handle ..

new folks,  
officials and government types are assuring everyone  
that everything within reason is being done to  
stop this phenomenon ..

it's like the martians have placed a snow tablet in the skies  
to prove how much smarter their pills and science is compared to us ..

so - as it continues snowing down the dusting of the century,  
my theory is that thousands of translucent snowmen  
are rubbing their hands together high out of sight  
and we are feeling  
the  
warming of their  
huge,  
snow hands  
getting thinner  
and hotter ..

## **ONE MONTH FREE RENT**

dangles on an untied sign  
across the street in the  
MONTECLAIR apartment complex ..

see little life going on over there  
when there used to be so much action ..

some new immigrants come out to dust off  
their cars,  
others like me look at the sign that says  
**ONE MONTH  
FREE RENT**  
and look for a place that the sign can be tied to ..

between the cable cords,  
AC units,  
wires and old shingles  
the fat, plump  
black birds are perched all over  
the roof  
rent free ..

they have been there for months without rent,  
they read the sign when  
the passer-by decided no to ..

the whimsical notions of the flying fowl have  
again fooled  
us folks into believing they are just dumb birds ..

so,  
as the pack of black birds dive towards lunch in the  
trash bin next to,  
they have won where  
everyone else has not ..

rent free  
and they haven't taken a solid hit in the status department ..

**EVERY MONTH  
NO OVERHEAD**  
for the black birds of  
this neighborhood ..

## pack of dream stealers

small,  
tiny,  
almost hard to see  
red dudes,  
green guys,  
yellow girls,  
blue faces,  
black hands,  
brown nails,  
foul breath,  
rotten ethics,  
breakdown of hygiene,  
hardly any clothes,  
never smiling,  
small tails on all of 'em,  
profound ears,  
few teeth,  
running noses,  
bloodshot eyes,  
twitching fingers,  
nervous feet ..

all of these describe  
the ones that steal,  
philander,  
make me not remember  
and flat run away with my dreams ..

gone,  
nothing but what I had the  
night before,  
except for puffed eye bags  
and a body rested,  
but they have taken  
all my dreams away ..

they take them into their own heads  
and recount the tales ..

a pack of plagiarists and i'm gonna  
get more lucid and catch them,  
catch them good ..

so - if you see them coming at you  
in dreamland - stick around,  
find me and we will make dream loss  
a phenomenon of the past ..

## post-whiskey

I feel the  
same way this morning ..

it's the second time in about three  
days and  
I'm not quite sure what happened the night before ..

here's a rundown of the misperceptions,  
deceptions,  
folly and such that went down,  
I think:

- at about midnight I was convinced that it was 9 in the morning
- don't know who brought me home
- don't know how I got inside
- have a cut above my right eye
- have egg all over the place and mayonnaise on the counter with a knife in it
- talked to a blond I have known for some time - think she brought me home
- don't remember when most of my entourage went home
- didn't puke - but feel the need
- there was excessive laughter throughout the night

& here I am to  
recant the tale  
minutely until  
it  
happens again  
and

I'm  
just not sure yet  
that  
it should happen again ..

## post-whiskey II

i heard the sound  
of trains engines  
grinding,  
the sound of tires going up  
and over the road in a roar as the engine hit it's maximum,  
the sour mash of kentucky lodged in my lungs  
and there was nothing but an image of her,  
and her blond curls and what could have happened  
if there was but another way around it,  
or if there was just the way it went in a different way  
but there was the smell of used smoke,  
the touch of a devil in the wasted floral wallpaper  
and my torn eye,  
bloody lid set against the backdrop of a story only I know  
and will try to understand as the reindeers  
piss up the rope of another holiday and  
all the goodness of the world gets warbled and shoved into  
a rusted can that will taste like  
the best nectarine my summer mind can  
fly to now ..

## **puddle after puddle**

of dirty  
slush  
keeps getting smashed by passing cars ..

the puddles are littering the roadway  
like asphalt  
and these cars,  
vans,  
trucks,  
bike tires are mounding into the  
melting ice like  
villains ..

SMASH,  
CRASH,  
LASH,  
the puddles are getting pounded ..

people are taking such delight in this  
that they turn around to hit certain puddles  
again,  
or swerve out of their way to take out  
a  
nice plop of puddle ..

they're all over the place,  
up and down the boulevards,  
along the trafficways,  
and it's so bad  
that people can't walk near the roadways  
for fear that they'll get smashed  
around by cold, dirt water sludge ..

and the  
water keeps  
on  
melting  
more  
and  
more ..

## record the rekord

if we want to move forward ..

if we want to get past the past ..

if we want to look right into the eye of now ..

if we want to hone in on the future like an orange in a squeezing plant ..

if we want to let go of the past ..

if we want to stop repeating ourselves ..

if we want to mature past the repetition and look at our next step ..

why is it that we purchase albums,  
records,  
CD's,  
wax,  
vinyl  
under the expressed written sound idea  
that we will listen to that recording  
over  
and  
over  
and  
over  
and  
over  
and  
over again ..

repeating,  
looking back,  
spinning the present,  
going around  
round  
around  
round  
around  
and round  
that disc  
of  
sound ..

our whole goal in the music  
purchase  
is  
to repeat that  
song,  
full album,  
bits,  
lines

over and  
over  
and  
over  
again ..

this,  
when we are told to not repeat the past,  
move forward,  
and

just  
listen to our instincts ..

here's  
to another  
spin  
of

a  
good  
album,  
suckers ..

## **she was let go**

to let herself go  
and i was cut loose to cut loose,  
she was given freedom to assess the cost of  
bondage,  
i was given bondage to assess what the cost of  
freedom is all about,  
she recently got married in a large ceremony,  
i woke with a new woman to a small reception,  
my orgasm was like her orgasm,  
her smile was different than mine,  
i got wet in the mouth and she shine between her thighs,  
my night was her morning,  
her afternoon was my post-midnight,  
i still think well of her,  
sure she has tried her best to forget me,  
and as the cycle of birth,  
new trees,  
the clank of the poker chips,  
i gamble,  
and gamble more that  
my number - color - sign  
will fall into line  
and i can make enough to bet  
one last time ..

## shots & property value

saw the worst shooting  
I've ever  
seen  
outside my window the other night ..

into the AM  
with a new lady friend  
and  
a speeding car  
goes  
BAP - BAP - BAMBAM - BAM,  
then  
it's over ..

I saw the flashes,  
we looked at each other,  
and the car sped to a stop sign,  
stopped,  
and moved on ..

I saw no one fall,  
didn't hear the bullets hit anything  
but the air  
and it was over ..

we went back to our wine,  
whiskey,  
and talk  
intimately familiar and comfortable with  
the city life ..

then,  
a cop comes minutes later twirling his ghetto lights  
to find the culprit  
and  
make this  
are around my house  
safer,  
or  
some veiled attempt  
to  
make my landlord's property value  
go  
sky fucking high ..

## **smart sour sucker sweetheart**

reflective constructivism,  
you wonder ..

knee jerk philosophical allegories,  
you presume ..

sociological juggernauts in the hash of the corned beef,  
you think over ..

oversized degree in a small paycheck,  
you deduce ..

the price of theory for the burden of understanding,  
they don't warn you about ..

individual justice of communal corporate corruption,  
run away they warn ..

everything theology for everyone with nothing,  
they want you to relent ..

the book that saves the world,  
they want you to attempt ..

the song that will be sung by millions after you're gone,  
is what they teach you ..

& the poem that made the woman get out of bed  
is the theology in a philosophy that makes the exact theory of  
substantiated hope something to inspire to if the sociological backbone  
is a vertebrate worth massaging  
or cracking back into place ..

## social scripture card

opportunists of fortune  
come on by and  
offer me what you can't offer  
yourselves ..

charitable linguists of yesterday  
come by and tell me something that will  
make the world sparkle,  
something that will appear genuine in our  
science fiction fantasy movie release world ..

bartered engines of society  
I will trade you these two mickey mouse erasers and fuzzy pencils  
for the chance to give my 15 minutes to  
someone that won't give a shit one way or the other if  
the Warholian prediction of fame comes to fruition or not ..

master of the instant  
come over and play my video game quickly,  
lose all my lives and  
make up a name on the 'high score' board  
at the end while  
I laugh and say your name ..

girl of consequence  
come on by again for a glass of wine,  
stay the night,  
drink some coffee  
and let's be dazzled some more by how good this scenario  
would be day in and day out  
with you  
or the chance with any consequential beauty ..

new year of resolve  
I have no interest in promising anything to you that I can't  
promise to another person,  
so your anonymity as a year will persist  
and the hope that comes through my window as a yellow balloon  
will remain a yellow balloon  
except without air ..

finally - there's no more finally,  
just an attempt to make the end seem fulfilled,  
everything you expected and everyone is  
leaving the tree stump with a rooted smile  
and ready for the next  
pile of words that will inspire the uninspired that being  
inspired isn't  
all that bad -

## **soliloquy**

the number

three

how can we get everyone to

agree with

a

rhyme we just don't understand .. ?

## **somewhere february**

what else to do  
you have to work out?

why did you leave it in unfinished?

does it have to be done now?

is there any other way around all this?

or does it have to be complete right now?

hold on,  
i'll be right back ..

## **sounds of sandwiches**

there is a woman up the street at a  
sandwich shoppe  
that i fuck with every time i go in ..

she seems miserable  
about her job,  
so my job is to get her  
to smile ..

a black woman in her early 40's,  
disgruntled  
and ready for a change  
and i'm there ..

i taunt the customers with fake stories about  
how she yelled so badly at my sandwich while making it that  
she made my tomatoes  
turn into ketchup ..

no shit ..

she tormented my sandwich  
to the point that there was no return  
and now  
i have nothin but  
respect for  
her  
and the rest of the working class ready to rise up against  
the  
resistance  
of persistence ..

## **sun bird**

curve,  
sun bird  
disappear,  
sun bird,  
career sideways,  
sun bird  
tattooed with my decisions,  
sun bird  
stealing the next hit song,  
sun bird  
this morning with your moon whispers,  
sun bird  
and all the vodka in sweden,  
sun bird  
going like a pair of windshield wipers,  
sun bird  
on the edge of today's brewing tempest,  
sun bird  
in the middle of the oat barrel,  
sun bird  
in my pocket like a lucky rabbit's foot,  
sun bird  
keeps flipping by like a living dot,  
sun bird  
with everything known about today  
but you  
move too fast to tell us  
and  
we want to move slow enough  
to  
let the drama  
stretch,  
stretch,  
and stretch further  
if  
we remain luck,  
sun bird ..

## **sunday afternoon rap sheet**

landlord dreams,  
the life of venice,  
our economy has turned to rubles,  
the indigent are always the innocent,  
unused tea is the potion of the gods,  
her handshake was the last wish in the pickle jug,  
sarcasm is reverse optimism,  
a cat's walk is all the wisdom you need today,  
the end of the record was the beginning of the evening,  
our point of reference is in a dictionary,  
melted snow is the winter's mighty potential,  
pig bones in a chauvinist's male knee,  
the vagina grew a pair of wax wings,  
a child is a miracle the old man remembers,  
love is kindness is longing for the potential to be,  
incidents and rumors made the insane sane and back to insane again,  
the person who quoteth is the person that needeth,  
if it looks like a peach it's probably a peach  
and if it looks like a pair of bull balls it's probably a pair of bull balls  
as the audience silently walks out of the movie theater  
convinced that there is nothing left of their philosophy  
because the screenwriter and actors have them fooled again,  
or do they?

## **sunday post sunday**

dog in my  
soup,  
cat in my loop,  
the horse  
leaped the stoop  
and i have  
to  
go off  
now  
& poop ..

## **surprise february snow**

as

the nation fuels up to boycott,  
talk and infer  
about  
another christ movie ..

the jews are up in alms,  
the christians smile again,  
the non-sayers are saying,  
the pope is gonna poop,  
the bishop lost the chess board  
and  
hollywood again grins at the hand  
it has around our balls and boobs ..

the talk  
of talk  
because they talked a way into another motion picture ..

people get so emotional  
and it's the same ones that haven't talked to a family member for  
years over petty indifferences,  
or know how to talk to their kids about important issues ..

sure,  
the airwaves are soon gonna be full of people spitting fire and  
brimstone over a man that came to absolve the world of pain through  
piles of blood  
and people that can't handle their own existence,  
the selfish ones,  
the confused ones,  
the desperate ones,  
the sad ones,  
the lonely ones  
are gonna vilify  
because  
that

is the only thing  
that makes  
sense to them anymore ..

now  
does that

make sense to you all?

## **the beat off 106<sup>th</sup> Terrace**

we pulled our heads to the side ..

i was on top ..

the cuming was over ..

it was another ethereal moment with caroline ..

we had talked weeks before about coordinating heartbeats ..

we laughed at how cool and hard that would be ..

to match chests and feel our heartbeats going at the same rate ..

we weren't sweating after pulling away - but we should have been ..

we looked at each other and grinned the glow to each other ..

then,  
we laid in the spot ..

somewhat unplanned,  
but hopeful ..

and we heard it ..

then,  
we asked,  
'DID YOU HEAR THAT?'

and we both listened ..

the sound was filling the room ..

our ear drums were consumed with barrels of knocking blood ..

we could touch the face of religion ..

we could truly understand each other as humans and not boy/girl equations ..

we gave each other the gift ..

we were genuinely not selfish ..

we were who we were ..

we are who we are ..

our heartbeats became a shared volume knob ..

we laid there for some time ..

didn't move ..

didn't want to move ..

it was a miracle with another human that i couldn't have planned any better if i had a pen ..

it was us ..

it was then ..

it was everything we have ever agreed that we wanted to be ..

it was one of the few times i have seen the future ..

i touched the face of reason and it added to my list of belief if you can just believe in all this ..

## **the damsel is losing her distress**

she told me she  
writes me to get closer to me ..

she says it's better than talking to me on  
the phone ..

i wear her sweater  
and wear the underwear she gives me to get closer ..

she tells me stories about her former lover,  
i tell her stories of my former love,  
but all i want to do is know her for how she is a lover now  
and how i am going to be as her lover ..

she has more freckles than anyone over the rainbow  
and it makes me comfortable  
because i don't have to search for some fictional gold basket ..

she has a sigh that's enough to make a man cry,  
but enough to make that same make smile because  
he has a good idea where it's going to end up at the end of the night's beginning ..

she has become more beautiful each day  
in a way i haven't seen for so many months that i have forgotten  
how love has that way of transforming,  
becoming something that is much bigger than yourself  
that you suddenly feel small ..

she's the cookie i have been waiting to crack  
and  
she is the first girl i can think of as a princess ..

she's already the cube in my drink  
and the kernel stuck in my back tooth ..

and she's not the only one that writes  
to get  
closer

to  
something ..

## the exercised

just rode,  
exercised for  
the first time in months  
and  
I kept tasting  
traces of blood in my mouth,  
bits of whiskey,  
the woman's tongue from the other night,  
that album I can't get out of my car stereo,  
expectations from folks about my age in relation to marriage and kids,  
christmas corns,  
thanksgiving and another date with the miracle girl,  
out last chance at first sight,  
a moment without taste,  
the moment the crater cam down on all of us,  
a guitar string stuck in my teeth  
and the instant that  
there was  
nothing  
but

me  
a bird  
and

a  
whole bin full of trash  
looking for  
a silver lining  
in a gold receptacle  
like my mouth ..

## **the line in front of the domino stand**

they say it  
happens every time  
and it couldn't be truer ..

once you find a good woman,  
the woman,  
all the other's from your single march start calling ..

i mean girls and folks  
that would have never called when you  
were reeling about waiting for the bait ..

girls that barely took your number or later asked someone for your  
number and now they are on the phone  
calling,  
calling,  
calling ..

they want to go out,  
they just want to talk  
and  
i can't get  
caroline out of my head ..

it feels good,  
but it's odd ..

and as i ready to leave  
the house,  
i wonder what stranger is going  
to  
call me again today ..

## **the longest icicle in the world**

hangs before my window ..

the accumulated days,  
sun rays,  
minutes,  
loss of humidity,  
wet water and frozen stiffness  
is here ..

it looks at me ..

it glares at the street lamp ..

it's the cave stalagmite that is here in the watery  
frozen open to mock what nature has a limited capacity to do in the winter ..

it's the weapon in the hand of a cold wind,  
it's the roof in its prime,  
it's the  
frozen

reason  
for

another poem  
this  
january night ..

## **the loud sound of music can't stop**

me know,  
i have the smell of you  
on my gloves and  
it won't happen ..

so,  
keep loving what you love  
and don't let the rumors of hate  
take what could potentially be the miracle  
that could  
give one hope ..

so - as the shadow leaves the room,  
the mound of skin isn't far  
behind  
and  
the sound of music is blaring  
for  
those that have  
an  
ear to hear,  
but  
it's hard to decipher anymore who  
has ears and who doesn't ..

so - i'm here to tell you  
that the  
world is your  
girl  
and  
loneliness  
is

no  
long

an  
alibi ..

## **the man is always smiling ..**

i don't see him as often as i would like  
but he has a smile that is stellar ..

the man with the world figured ..

the guy with an oyster in every pocket ..

the guy with an easy mind ..

the guy that's wiry as a bean pole,  
thinning hair,  
huge overbite,  
big bulging eyes  
and old clothes ..

he struts the street  
and the key  
is that he always has a suitcase on him ..

every time ..

without fail ..

a suitcase and a fucking smile ..

i know without knowing it that this guy  
is posturing for the world ..

he's feigning the fact that he has no job,  
no real societal importance,  
no appointment that would require his fast walk,  
nothing that would fool the inquisitive,  
but he has it figured out ..

he's done more than those that have real briefcases,  
a place to go,  
fast walk,  
phony self importance,  
a big mortgage,  
the works ..

he's the insane man that has no responsibility  
but to make everyone wonder  
and how many people do you run into on a daily basis that make you wonder?

makes you wonder,  
doesn't it?

## the neighbors aren't even home

there are odd,  
strange,  
loud,  
stained,  
sustained,  
yet open sounds coming from the neighbor's door  
across the hallway ..

maybe they are holding down a small midget and giving  
it big pills,  
maybe they are raising a small dragon to full size,  
maybe they are feeding rabbits to carrots,  
maybe they are transforming into pieces of wood that will  
enhance this house,  
maybe they are doing something so illegal that someday it will  
become a legal law via supreme court wisdom,  
maybe it's just my head  
but i doubt  
that i  
could just  
think  
up such elaborate,  
deliberate,  
deep,  
instant,  
random,  
substantiated bullshit?

(i heard it again)

## **the nuisance is just a rumor**

as innocence

is to the last sexual encounter you have ever experienced ..

so utterly confused by the flashes  
of life all around us all the time,  
we grab at the most convenient aphorism,  
idea,  
debacle,  
thought  
or

explanation and make it into something that will mask  
what we have and know ..

more than anything,  
we are creatures of comfort,  
and our habits directly relate to us being  
inside the bread basket of making certain  
that if  
we  
repeat that mistake,  
that it wasn't due to insanity  
as  
much as it is  
an excuse that is not excuse enough ..

good night,  
my litter of kittens out there in your little four-sided box ..

## **the people of this town ..**

the walkers of this city ..

it's one strip of road  
in what they call a downtown on the other side of the river ..

it's a bend in the road ..

it's a leadway to another destination ..

it's a bump in the cog and a hair in the eye ball ..

the folks are like nothing i've ever seen ..

the blow away the evil into the air from their cigarettes ..

they sell dreams wrapped in a tortilla that was fried ..

they believe in santa claus because all politicians are corrupt ..

if you have enough they may be your friend ..

if you stop they may become real ..

it's the sad strip of potential gone awry and the yearbook committee members had no warning ..

it's the journey to the truth on an avenue of lies ..

it's like nothing you have ever seen ..

it's the jaunt to becoming a believer ..

it's all they know ..

it's all i know ..

it's all we may ever know in our own small ways ..

## **the road map out of here to there**

hard rock  
heavy metal  
rap  
adult alternative  
rhythm  
soul  
gospel  
easy listening  
ambient  
slow dark  
new alternative  
punk  
death metal  
overture  
classical  
jazz  
be bop  
neo-classical  
traditional rock  
classic rock  
no rock  
no more stations  
no more music

something has happened to music  
and  
the labels don't work no more ..

the just get confused ..

everyone is getting sued  
and you may be next ..

musicians get raped,  
make barely a dollar an album ..

the radio isn't even worth typing about ..

but we have labels for all this  
music,  
all this  
blasted sound  
in  
the  
main  
stay  
stream  
sub  
woofer  
consciousness  
that  
is

hard  
to  
stomach  
in  
this

ass  
ready

to  
poop it  
all

gone

till  
we  
learn

what  
appreciate means ..

**the world  
is your earth,**

tomorrow is your mother,  
the brother of everything is your  
father hidden,  
the broken are the honest the liars  
want to ignore,  
if there was ever a walker then we  
would always be able to recognize the runner,  
if there wasn't change the rate of extinction  
would be much higher,  
if there was anything you didn't know  
it is a good idea that there is a tomorrow,  
if the neck of the goose perplexes you  
your neck probably perplexes it,  
and as the wind carries the rain,  
the sand carries the soil,  
and the sun scorches the deserving  
and I have everything i need tonight  
if there was any doubt  
in the first three lines of  
my initial pass ..

## **this is the day,**

time

it was all supposed to happen ..

you were going to turn into  
something

and I was goin to turn into something while  
watching you turn into something

but

you lost your courage,

and in

due process

I lost

my

desire ..

with both gone,

we look at each other now

as indignation filled eyes

and we wonder

who is going to move

first ..

neither of us has moved for hours,

no nourishment or anything,

we stare on into each other and

our eyes

get more

and more intense ..

into the 7th hour and

we wonder more about how the

two way change would have been more than

exactly who is going to move first ..

unbeknownst to us,

our time is fast approaching

again,

we stare harder,

our fingers twitch some,

feet tap,

her eyes brim a bit with a tear or two that doesn't fall

and we have vanished ..

gone,

our wish has come true

and

no one,

even us,

can find out where the hell

we

disappeared to,

but that's exactly what

we wanted ..

## those recluses

the path  
of hibernation  
leads to  
more hibernation  
until  
you are shut in and  
you don't know the difference  
between seclusion and exclusion,  
everything is inclusive  
and your hibernation is the only thing  
you share with yourself  
and being out in the public will  
be a threat,  
the talk with folks and interaction with strangers  
will be too much,  
so  
the answer to your question to hibernation  
is probably 'no',  
unless you  
have a something against  
everyone and  
the world  
and if you do,  
hibernation  
isn't gonna  
help,  
baby ..

## today's democrupublican

beauracratc streamers  
of smoke billowing up over your  
sheets and into the political caucus of  
fired campaign managers,  
the loss of caloric intake,  
the last days of the beans,  
the first of the last rites,  
the song is never going to end,  
the lyric is your only reason to live  
as the couch fades into my back and the front of everything  
is the last of the back and  
the cold tonight has everyone thinking  
crazy thoughts of when the spring is going to return or  
if there will ever be droplets of sweat on folks outside here  
ever again ..

## **victory & what has to be won**

sweet caroline  
came by this morning ..

she gave me a pair of artichoke underwear,  
we shared coffee,  
visited thunder covers like thieves in the early morning sun slices  
and laughed well ..

she left to her work,  
i left towards mine ..

the music was oozing well over the speakers,  
into my ears  
and the day was mine  
and the pictures were flying ..

then,  
i pulled up to the corner of 27th and Benton  
in the ghetto as the 11 am workers and drifters waited for the city bus,  
then I saw it ..

a man so fucked up on some kind of drug - drink - incantation  
that he stumbled into a pole and began beating on it with his ungloved open fists ..

my windows were rolled up,  
but he kept shouting and ranting about it ..

all the brothers and sisters on the corners and around  
kept their eye fixed on the skinny,  
frazzled,  
disgruntled,  
tan coated man wobbling heavy  
into the empty street,  
but the green light wasn't in his favor ..

i pulled through the light  
and watched in the rear view  
as he stumbled badly over the curb on the other side of the street  
towards a group of folks,  
then I moved forward enough to lose sight  
of that descending intersection ..

gone  
like the tan coated skinny man was in the  
mind ..

the man had the look of a fighter giving up in the last round  
because he just didn't want it no more ..

giving his towel up for this thing called life  
and he had it written all over his face,  
words,  
sweat,

doped up slide  
and  
his ill morning will ..

a hard thing to watch,  
but there were enough characters  
dotting the roadway blocks yonder  
up to my partner's place  
to get my mind off  
the misery this little tan coated man had ..

and as I write this piece up  
I presume the most attention or write up this man has  
had lately is down at the precinct with the cops  
or at the homeless shelter ..

this is for you tan man,  
for your next morning,  
for the miracle that will make you believe again,  
for the after-life if this one doesn't work for you,  
for your next bottle to make you realize it,  
for your kids,  
for your evenings,  
for you sanity,  
for the world's clarity,  
for the weaved tapestry of me and you as strangers,  
for  
the  
next  
battle  
you  
have to win ..

## **we again burn the late oil with caroline ..**

another unexpected blitz of whiskey,  
and she gets another poetry reading ..

the mask of venice removed,  
i have everything to say and no where to go ..

the fool of wise folly  
is in my throat and  
i laugh at stories of people that have had their tonsils  
taken out at a young age only to grow back ..

their like a big lot of swamp things with appendages that can  
grow back by the simple light of the sun ..

it's the world on fire  
needing a gulp of whiskey to make the fire embers flare brighter ..

it's the new graft on an old book and  
the term 'FOREVER' finally wants to meet 'NEVER'  
to see if they can come to a resolution of this new age cold war ..

can't we all just get together and make up a term  
called the 'MIDS' and forget everything being so extreme one way or another ..

or is that the reason why we are here ..

to get drunk and  
recite over the phone ..

would the mid's give me that opportunity?

how about opportunity ..

isn't it all about opportunity ..

and  
there ..

## **we all need your compliments,**

we all want to know how many miles you have logged,  
we want to know how much money you have spent up to this point in life,  
we want to know your most insane moment,  
we want to know about your stupidest shit,  
we want to know where you get off,  
we want to know how many snow days you spent masturbating,  
we want to know your favorite toe,  
we want to know your fetishes,  
we want to know how far from mars you are right now,  
we want to know what they won't ask you,  
we want to know so much that you won't want to know anything anymore,  
we want to know why you hit the hat in the cat,  
we want to know why you took away our thursday's and replaced them with this instant coffee,  
we want to know how the clown married the supermodel,  
we want to know if darth vader is on our heels,  
we want to know if fantasy is your non-fiction and if politics are your fiction,  
we want to know when you are close to breaking because of all these questions  
then we can ask you the most critical ones  
and watch you open,  
open,  
open,  
open up,  
baby ..

## **we had a good night ..**

the second such since i have known her ..

talked for about 10 or 11 hours  
before slipping away into  
skin land ..

she's a good girl,  
living a real parallel path with my likes now ..

it's new year's eve and i would like  
to kiss her into the new year  
but she skipped town ..

she's in denver tying up loose ends with  
another dude ..

but i think there may be something brewing between  
the two of us  
and i like the prospects ..

she has a good mind,  
some solid curves  
and the manner is something I can dig ..

but,  
seems there is always something on the side ..

i have side things,  
side projects,  
something else brewing in the suitcase  
that  
likely  
won't preclude  
me  
from saving one  
solid smack on her lips  
when  
she comes  
back ..

for the new year,  
of course ..

## **we're all like a bunch of little subjects**

going through the motions of  
having the surgery ..

getting the knife stuck,  
prodded,  
moved around through our bodies all the time ..

we go under the anesthesia at night,  
get exhumed or added to in sleep,  
and wake without prior knowledge,  
but a bit better or worse off than before ..

only to go under the knife again ..

the re-invention of the car ..

the re-assembly of the plane engine ..

the night earth became a new bubble ..

the time that time became non-time ..

and we go under the covers ..

get nude,  
shave,  
take the knife,  
get the enhancement,  
take away the appendix,  
cut out the tonsils,  
move over for the dog tail to swipe,  
take  
and give  
and  
take  
and give  
and

the operation  
has  
gone on again ..

the adminsterization of administering  
the  
life-long metaphor  
and

i ready the knife approaching  
soon ..

## What I believe I have faith In

i believe in the  
spanish because  
they believe in the turks  
and I believe in the french  
because they distrust the americans  
i believe in the germans because  
i know how the italians are  
and believe in the an egyptian or two  
because they have given me reason to  
and then i believe in a texan because  
there's more to the news than the news  
and gain goes back to the argentinans  
because they remind me of the turks  
and the greeks have a nose that can smell  
the truth and the other side of  
brazil can give me what the russians have  
and those asians have me believing also  
because this loss of belief or the nihilistic notion  
of nothing in an atheist side dish of agnostic haste  
would take too much anger to harbor to kill  
the belief  
so tonight I am going to believe in everything and everyone  
hoping that it will make me  
believe more in faith ..

## **what's your water worth**

we put ice  
in  
our drinks,  
beverages,  
cocktails,  
but it  
makes us  
wreck our cars  
if  
it sniffs the tires  
the wrong way ..

we ingest  
slushies,  
snow cones,  
smoothies,  
and other snow treats,  
but the weathercasters  
warn  
the city if it  
starts falling  
and  
the people  
career  
like a carnival over  
the road ..

i like  
to look  
at  
all  
the ice and snow  
as  
opportunities  
to  
eat  
and  
drink,  
instead  
of  
drive  
and  
wreck ..

how much  
is  
your  
perspective worth?

## **when i leave this house**

on the corner of action and suspense  
here on 37th and Baltimore  
I'm going to miss the flow of folks that flit,  
flop,  
flock,  
fly on by ..

a man with a rolling suitcase just walked up the center of the street,  
there are the pimps,  
their hookers,  
disgruntled drug dealers,  
wheelchair bound folk,  
the gays going to the Sidekicks Saloon,  
the R & B burnouts that have everything to offer the world,  
the gum chewers,  
the professional bowlers,  
the matredee's at strip joints,  
the crooks,  
the christs,  
the imposters,  
the boxing champs,  
the cocaine cabaret,  
the dancers with worn down shoes,  
the lovers looking for the appropriate lane,  
the instigators tired of the fight,  
the lost in hidden land,  
the found in your pants,  
the overbite heroes,  
the underpaid cooks who love this new country,  
the anti-war pro-war anti-war pro-war folks,  
the Bushies,  
the green panties,  
the next,  
the rest,  
the last,  
the first,  
every single glorious person  
when i'm gone won't know i'm gone  
and  
i never know  
when they are going to arrive ..

## winter lurch without a valid month

my eye twitches,  
my veins look extra green,  
my contacts haven't left my eye's,  
i think about caroline,  
the fish is swimming in my stomach,  
i could do san diego as well as i can do chicago,  
i am losing a good friend soon,  
the work is only work as the world is only the world,  
the hot dogs have been left behind for you  
and tonight at 10:54 in the PM i  
dream  
and forget how to lament,  
and lament because i have so many of these dreams  
flopping around my head  
as i think about the law of many  
versus the law of few  
and decide that it may be good to narrow my focus to a few  
instead of trying to catch every piece of yeast in my bread basket,  
but would that compromise what i do,  
or what that be more of what i need  
as the  
pipe gets clogged with more junk  
and there is just no where left for me to run  
and i can't  
run because the  
nun's have stolen my shoes  
and  
the voices of pastor's  
are the sinners  
i run  
with  
and  
know  
better than  
the fronts of my hands  
and  
that is just the  
way  
this is going to end  
up tonight  
in  
2004 ..

## winter weaponry all around me

large,  
huge,  
bulb spear like icicles  
hang off this house like  
villains waiting for the next victim to pounce ..

reflecting off all the colors of human toil,  
done with liquid wavering water,  
comfortable with cold  
and laughing because it's getting colder,  
the house hands with murderous weapons  
in a clutch of innocence ..

they aren't going to do anything but  
grow by the sun's warm day and  
harden by night,  
like the prisoner's in our system ..

but,  
they aren't aiming for you ..

unless you  
hang directly below and look up ..

or hang underneath and forget where you're at ..

maybe they are murderous weapons  
that needs to be broken,  
fully melted and done with ..

maybe the icicles are inmates ..

maybe the swirling lights of invisible cops  
are going to come  
and start swinging their night sticks at the cold  
points hanging off my gutters and  
roof edges ..

tonight,  
yesterday night  
and maybe tomorrow  
i house  
winter's refugee's ..

i have in the clutches of my innocent hands  
the blood of frozen ice  
and  
the potential of victims

in  
this  
cold  
freeze ..

## **world as white as a pentecostal convention**

as the evening snow dump  
glares in the  
mexican girl's eyes,  
junk gets stuck in the mad man's boots,  
bits get lodged in the airplane engine well  
and there is no where for all this frozen  
junk to go ..

it's gonna melt  
down like a tuna sandwich,  
the sky is already smirking a big warm smile  
as the eyes adjust over the glare  
on the streets ..

the white is gonna evaporate  
and the kids won't have any recourse,  
unless they have a camera  
or a good eye to draw all this white snow down on a  
white sheet of paper and magnetize it to a white refrigerator  
with their white thoughts of this  
incredibly  
bright white morning that  
feels

almost bright enough to have been  
yesterday afternoon ..

## **world covered in white**

and the boys up the way  
with their shovels are fighting ..

pushing,  
punching,  
yelling,  
smacking  
to beat the next one to the  
best shovel job in town ..

done with the politeness  
that comes with first covering,  
the wonder was again alive in the day ..

demons disguised as snow blowers,  
angels armed with ice,  
the city needs more snow,  
country has plenty of ice,  
dreams of hotness,  
reasons to be warm  
&  
the guy gets up off the ground,  
dusts off his coat - front - pants,  
throws his shovel over his shoulder,  
ignores his aggressor  
and  
goes to make someone's dream come true ..

## **you didn't see me write this**

when are we going to  
fall in love  
again and is  
it  
a  
conceivable reality  
that we should want to  
fall in love?

who needs it?

everyone ..

they say ..

i may need it,  
i may have it,  
i have lost it,  
i have reclaimed it,  
i am soaked with red,  
i am coughing up dark gray,  
i am the washer,  
i have eaten the dryer,  
i am not you,  
i love you,  
i fell from you,  
i have you again,  
and i  
need

to  
see what the iris of  
these promises  
have  
promised me thus far ..

**10:52 PM 1/2/04**

i have seen  
the belly of your lion,  
the tempest of your indignation  
and i don't know what you are trying  
to explain to me  
so  
once you have all of that figured,  
let's figure out where we are going to go  
from here and  
then  
tell the gardener that i don't want the turnips,  
but don't touch the tulips because  
the flowers last longer on the brain than the vegetables,  
plus i know way too many vegetables to be quantified as  
the best,  
so lets get everything rolling and  
try  
to not  
be  
so  
'non'  
about everything,  
ok?