

JoeFiles LXXXI
breathing through a pig hole



be careful; I hit my warning

Yesterday I hit
my wall ..

Lately,
I have hit a wall ..

After 30 and I'm enjoying the
rides on my mountain bike ..

as such,
I dig riding around the city,
getting on trails,
getting lost,
getting up,
getting around
and getting going ..

but,
there have been some angry drunk fucks around that
puke from the mouth stupid jargon to passing bikers ..

one day
some old drunk morning fuck told me he would kick my ass
if i approached from behind like i did without warning ..

i was standing at the stop light not saying a word
when the light changed and he called me a motherfucker and told
me to cross the street ..

i laughed,
rode and ignored the old fuck ..

but yesterday that noise and
unresponsive nature ended ..

on a rare day in march
i was going down one of the city's best trails in town ..

early into the ride i noticed some drunk,
covered up,
dirty,
sun glassed
ding ball approaching me on the wrong side of the track ..

in fact,
he was switch backing from side to side to fool
with me ..

as i approached,
i went on the other side to hear
him mutter a string of shit,
but most notably a 'MOTHERFUCKER' ..

i took it for about 20 yards
and then i yelled,
'FUCK YOU' ..

i looked back and he had stopped ..

i put my arm and finger up and flipped him a good
mighty,
needed 'FUCK YOU' to the teetering pisshead drunk motherfucker
and he just flat lost his cool ..

he yelled,
'YOU TALKING TO ME, MOTHERFUCKER. HUH. ASSHOLE. HUH.'

i just kept riding,
rode a bit faster in case he was a nutcase with weaponry,
but i kept whistling
and smiled
some more at
not taking anymore city crap
from

the bad drunks of this town ..

amen ..

biological miracles

heard about
some kids that had their tonsils grow back ..

an organ in the back of their
mouth
that was supposed to be extinguished forever through a
youthful surgery causing some extreme pain just grows back ..

just like that ..

what does it mean,
you may wonder?

it means that these people made a deal with a serpent
to have sore throats for the rest of their lives ..

roped in,
no hope for another surgery ..

the gods already deemed their fate ..

sore throats
and voices of gold ..

but i think it's more than that ..

these folks have a special power few of us posses ..

the power to grow the unthinkable ..

sore throat or not,
these people beat biology ..

the human,
mortal superstars

are the ones
that has sore throats
and
don't
talk about
how
they acquired the condition ..

bird bath

I wonder about that one
dead black bird
that
is mangled,
smashed in the turning lane of Broadway ..

middle of the day
and all the different makes and models of people and cars
smash by,
drive over,
hit on,
and speed past this dead bird in the middle of the street ..

i wonder what miracle car,
what unlucky tire,
what glorious moment,
what sad minute
this fat black bird got killed ..

the birds always look so fast,
high,
strong,
untouchable
to have a tire on a car take them down in the
middle of a busy intersection like this ..

but,
the bird not only looks dead,
it looks like the death of a field of birds here
in
the middle of this urban folly of choking exhaust,
useless billboards,
high gas prices,
empty pepsi tins,
the day growing shorter
and

his
bird feathers,
life
is
gone ..

but
in all the tragedy of whatever motor
let into this bird,
it
was
the moment that brought
strength
and
wonder out of me
and

that says

much more
than
most people
I run
into
on

daily basis ..

thank you,
dead black bird ..

book that one, kid

the most loving act
i have
ever seen a mother perform
to their child
or with their child is reading books ..

it's the education ..

the time ..

the concentration ..

the slowing of time ..

the fact that i never had many read to me ..

the parenting combined with book reading ..

the eradicism of doubt ..

the one to one ..

the nipple to mouth ..

the love versus world ..

the wind in the song ..

the kid listening to me talk
and there
is
few other places that i would
rather be
than

to emulate
a mother
with
the
son

reading a book
or
two consecutively,
in
a
row
row
row

your boat ..

bottle clink clank drained drunk

i've had a thought
lately about cleaning up,
not drinking so much,
calming down some,
breath in,
take in a book,
contemplate the contemplated,
talk to caroline on the phone,
pet the cat,
eat a tomato,
drink evening coffee,
listen to my fingers move,
charge up batteries,
sweep the floor if needed,
pat my healing kidneys,
whisper soft tales to my liver,
poop several times within an hour if needed,
dust off an old magazine,
watch bad programming on TV,
whistle at the invisible neighbor,
blow a duck whistle out the open window,
wait for spring,
scratch my taint,
untangle knots in my head,
mop up mexican sauce off my chin,
let the whiskey have another friend,
become an ice cube until the tea is hot enough to be served
&
mop the gravy up with my fingernails
if
needed ..

bus stop miracles

the mountains of
conversations at
the
bus stop stand
should be recorded,
collated,
collected,
edited,
not edited,
bound,
siphoned,
etched,
bound again,
and sold
to
the right bidders ..

the bus stop is
where
kids are conceived,
wars are figured,
the economy is divided,
the eggs are boiled,
the evening curtains are drawn,
the crayons make our memories,
the last in line is the hero,
cookies are cooked without heat or a sheet,
the rest of the week is figured,
you can take the rest of the day off from work,
the next election is sealed,
there is new importance for your local representative,
business card designs are invented,
iced tea is going over cold rocks,
and
the truth is harbored for the right tint of glass
to shield the sun,
other bright stars
and
the rest of us land dwellers from
the true
illuminati
working
the
wheels
of
today,
and
eventual change ..

car silence to you

i talk so much
to people because
of all the down time
i have by myself in my truck
when i drive around the city ..

plus,
i rarely talk to myself ..

i think to myself in dialogue a bit,
but that just doesn't count ..

it's a caffeine build up and it just has to come out
and it does come out ..

you can't just expect a mouth to be silent for that long
and not let the brain breath and ears
follow to what you have to say ..

can you?

or do you just act like you are silently alone in your car
being silent with nothing to say,
but somewhere to go ..

no .. no ..

not me ..

i need to get it out ..

some of my best ideas,
novel concepts,
conversational pieces come during alone time in the car ..

it's my kitchen during the big party,
my poop morning on the stool,
the coffee at the dining room table when the sun is a color like none other during the rest of the day,
it's my tabernacle,
it's my octopus' garden,
it's the reason why i talk

and that
just makes my
throat
sore

thinking about it ..

chilled icicle tips - it's march,

but soon

it's gonna be warm wiener hands
when the birds peck my fish bait
from the front yard,
the taxi marks will heal,
the horns will become louder,
people will shout,
the music will be heard by everyone,
the whales will start getting beached,
the color of cars will change,
octaves will become oval tine,
cats will all become skinnier,
the remote will be lost,
the kids in the school busses will be empty,
there will be the same amount of lies,
flowers will laugh at cold months,
the hunched notions of midwest winter
will be gone
and few people around here are gonna be sorry
because
when it gets
warm the air has
no room for sorry
and the kids that don't have
to take
the empty school buses
will give
us all the reason we
need to sweat ..

clean headed mornings

my thought 33 in this
writing pad of mine
is
the fact that there are mornings,
very distinct beginnings of days
that I don't want to deal with anyone
anymore ..

anyone but my caroline,
my cat,
other pets,
kids,
small children
and that is that ..

no one else,
nothing more ..

just that carte blanche of folks and living mammals ..

the insane,
selfish,
unrequited,
brutal,
self-serving,
slow,
impatient,
nasty,
self-centered,
ego driven,
fault lined
line
of folks
that
put on the
daily happy
face
are getting
easier
and
easier to read through

and
I would
want
one
more thing -
you
to read this ..

apologies
almost excluding you ..

cluck ghetto

i pull through the
ghetto and
see
the
bleakness ..

more liquor stores than
grocery,
the EBT signs,
get your smokes,
the tiny men fucked up by 10 AM swinging
at ghosts of their fathers,
the tiny girls with 2 girls at 14,
the condemned apartment houses,
the robbery in broad daylight and no one stops it,
the constant motion,
bad music on the air,
perpetuation of stupidity,
the food stamps bartered for another piece of their soul,
the lie in a textbook that keeps them under the current,
an ocean of sand and no water to wade in
& i come to one of the most attractive corners
in the ghetto ..

a dangerous corner with thousands of glass bits
dancing,
darting,
whispering,
fucking shouting
at dusk like a small hollywood boulevard,
the reason for movement
and
it represents the small,
magnanimous tragedy of urban blight,
and beauty if you look into it,
the hope
and ultimate despair,
the point behind the period,
the sentence
that wants to extend past the extended hand,
on past satellite galileo,
and past any conceivable notion
you
may
have
or
ever have of fucking space ..

cocaine puke

so there is this story about a dude
that gets arrested for
having cocaine in his possession,
but they can't hold him or arraign him on
any real charges because of strange circumstances ..

according to police reports,
this man has eaten water taffy for years
and thrown cocaine up from his crystallized lungs ..

thrown them up into bags,
plates,
tubs,
awaiting containers to sell them off to
anyone that wants to purchase them ..

once they caught this man,
they figured he was 2nd or 3rd in line
and was a major crack in their city's drug dealing problem ..

after hearing,
and witnessing the problem,
they couldn't detain,
arrest or hold him on breaking any viable law ..

there was no clause that could imprison someone on
puking up an illegal drug through all legal,
and biological channels ..

so,
they had to let the guy go,
but warned him to give up the cocaine bit ..

of course he wouldn't,
and the saga spiraled ..

the cocaine and the absurdity it created ..

criminal on kck street seething with murder ..

eyeing each car down ..

staring me down ..

dreaming of 1 more cigarette ..

his whiskey bottle is smashed in a gutter blocks
away from
his murderous thoughts ..

his fingers sweat ..

his thoughts are different from anyone else round him
or this town,
or the other towns that don't want the murder
or grifters that could create that kind of chaos ..

he's the one with several weak tattoos
and stories of not pleasing the few women he loved ..

he barely knows how to read,
he only writes when he needs
to sign his name ..

he weaves about the street planting his next murderous
thought
on the innocent ..

he needs a playpen to live in ..

he needs to think about his life
to end thought of someone else's death ..

he's the same man in many same lands across this world
that has the thought ..

something happened
and I only see it for a second as an outsider
when
i drive by in a familiar,
yet unfamiliar town
and
lock strict,
stern eyes with this stranger
plotting his plot
as
i stare into it
and
not
let down a
god damned bit ..

day versus kansas city evenings

some days the afternoon
in the city
can offer much more than
the evening in the right spot in the city ..

the other day
i was flying down a popular boulevard leading right to the highway ..

kansas city's brief version of dealey plaza ..

coming around a corner
i notice
an old indian,
or mexian man with a torn green,
dirty shirt
covered by a dirtier oxford that is mangled and unbuttoned ..

he wobbles from side to side,
bleary eyed ..

he's lost for sight,
and gone from words ..

meandering up the middle of the median
and there is nothing but the need of a morsel of hope in his
eye because it is all gone ..

the warmth,
sun,
approaching spring,
surrounding conversations in passing cars
and none of this mattered to this mangled man
that was just trying to make it a step further,
one more way to get up the hill,
away from where he came from
and no where closer
than
to the rumor or insinuation that led him to this point ..

i've seen few dudes at any time in this town that looked
as bad as this
one
and it's an image i will never be able to shake ..

in fact,
if i had my ways with some of these people
and my glands were good enough,
i could rub,
wod,
crinkle
and mangle this paper with my finger grease and palm sweat
and then you would see images on this page ..

the image of this man,
but since it won't happen,
you
are
stuck
with
this
and

this is pretty about about
the
afternoon
disaster man ..

dead radio reception

i used a stick
the other day
as my antenna ..

haven't had one since
i owned the car ..

i've had the car for over a year
and still don't need a real antenna ..

don't listen to much of the radio ..

the only station i listen to comes in like
a champ ..

the others are just bad ..

but i shoved the stick in the hole to
give a 5-year old smiling boy more to laugh about ..

that's just the way i feel about radio and living ..

let's all laugh
& turn
the damn noise down ..

do dogs wag their tails voluntarily or involuntarily ..

is it an action that is thought about,
or do they just wag
and
wag
and
wag and wag without abandon?

even after pups are born,
which I have witnessed shortly thereafter,
the tails are waggin' ..

sure there is some nutty fuck from an ivy league school
that netted the appropriate grant to do a study on this ..

went to shelter
after shelter and home after home
to study the dogs ..

he brought them up to lab machines and such to test their brain
activity and determine whether or not their thoughts guide
the tail or the tail guides them ..

he or she probably carried on like this for
months and months on end ..

they went over the eyes,
ears,
noses,
feet,
pads,
whiskers,
nose again,
teeth,
brain,
ankles,
nipples and such
to figure out this age old myth ..

paper after paper,
electrode over electrode,
each dollar of the grant,
everything but the sperm or ova on the paper and
they came to one complete conclusion ..

it would be much easier if animals could talk
and it's harder for animals without tails to respond to their questioning,
and it would be great if there was an audience,
maybe the nightly news will do a blurb on it,
maybe the new england journal of medicine is interested,
but they decided to nix all these ideas because they
knew deep down after all the government dollars and personal sacrifice
that it just doesn't really matter if it's voluntary or involuntary
because people just don't care about simple shit

because they want the drama that's already on the news,
so they never released their findings that people just wouldn't care
because
they already knew before contacting the press,
academia,
scholars,
veterinarians,
or other
that they just
wouldn't really care ..

dolly

the past,
our simplicity,
images of boobs,
the nipples of all nipples,
innocence by the country music light,
kenny roger's dreaming,
the tops of roofs to the floor,
the early movie innocence,
the blond curls,
our hopes,
the integrity of a nation,
we have never seen those boobs naked
but
when I hear that
small,
utterable laugh of dolly parton
i
forget everything,
and
remember everything that
should
be remembered

all
at
once ..

done with reds

the guy
with the highest insurance
rates in town,
beyond SR-22 is
a miracle,
specimen of huge proportions,
folks only touch him when they don't want to,
he is escapable,
always has a smile,
beyond a big ego,
he has an impeccable philosophy on the order of things,
believes that chaos is order,
one of the few that can get cops to pull him over within reason for no reason,
he is no color,
he is no nationality,
has no creed,
no religion to speak of,
he's wanted - but cannot be harpooned in,
he's the one who carries a cities wounds,
he's the one that is above sex,
his actions are his sex,
his actions make no sense,
he's the stuff of a journalists dreams,
he's the most dangerous - yet, they never set a bond for him ..

he's the guy that
runs all the red lights ..

never stops ..

something from his childhood psychology
and he cannot stop at red ..

won't give up his license,
loves the greens and yellows the same as red
but
this man just won't stop seeing red
and
he's gonna run
through
all the red you throw his way ..

the modern,
urban matador bull fighter
tearing through circle after circle
of electric red
in this town of ours ..

everything smells like kumquats ..

you do ..

the walls do ..

the evening grass does ..

the interior of my car ..

the indoor swimming pool ..

the inside of the wet sauna ..

the bottoms of my shoes ..

the water draining from my gutters ..

the mirrors on the sidewalks ..

the small children ..

my cat ..

my girlfriend ..

the bay of the ambulance ..

the interior of my mayonnaise jar ..

the old hooker on 38th and Main ..

the balls between my legs ..

the sound of her voice over the phone ..

everything smells like a kumquat ..

the kicker is that no one seems to mind ..

not even I ..

bye bye ..

forgetting because of the forgetful dream

did she tell you
about that dream she had
last night?

no ..

well,
it's getting to be past noon and time
may be running out ..

i heard about it through the grape vine and it was something
fucking else ..

full of shit that ties together
her fragile conscious mind with the subconscious half ..

some real kicks ..

sure,
i'd tell you about it but i have already forgotten it myself ..

i tend to have a daytime dream head that has been acquired as of
recently ..

just forget shit plum easy as shit
like waking after a dream and it's just not there anymore ..

the damndest thing ..

doc doesn't even know how it's happened ..

but I bet you can get the full scoop if you get on the horn
and give her a solid call ..

some good shit that should help you in understanding yourself and her better ..

but time is running out ..

each minute elapsed is another block scenario that is
feared to be swallowed by the conscious minutes ..

here - use my phone ..

let's hope it's not too late to
corral ms. dream head ..

(AN HOUR GOES BY AND THESE TWO GET BACK TOGETHER)

did you get a hold of her?

yes and she told me the whole thing,
she said she didn't forget a thing ..

wasn't it just absolutely fucked up?

well,
I would like to answer that,
but you gave me your dream amnesia ..

i used to be up for shit like this,
but it's gone ..

after our talk,
I lost it ..

you gave or imbued in me the dream time forgets brain head and it's all gone ..

just gone ..

say, how long ago did this happen to you?

not sure,
pal,
not sure ..

and it gets worse ..

it does? and who are you ..

funny ..

no - who are you?

i gotta go dude - i hope all of this is a bad dream ..

what dream? - HEY, WHAT DREAM?

forgot?

please
don't
let
me
forget
to
tell
you
to
not
let
me
forget
anything
anymore ..

have
you
already
forgotten?

you
have ..

ok,
please
remind
me
to
remind
you
to
tell
me
to
not
forget
anything
anymore ..

i
can't
just
go
around
forgetting
everything
anymore ..

i
have
no
more

time
for
it ..

so,
please
remind
me
to
remind
you
to
remind
myself
to
ask
you
to
remind
me
to
not
forget
anything
anymore ..

can
you
remember
that?

freckle twitch

i
can
hear
your
freckles
twitching
from
all the
way across
the
city
here
in
my
second floor
hovel
trying to type
faster than the day
will elapse ..

they
are
crinkling up
all
nice like,
shivering
in the slight cold
that comes
through
your open window
on
such
a cold
night
and
they wait ..

wait ..

they keep twitching
like
my
lower eye
lid
did
for
some time
after I met
you ..

I have
just
passed along

my
twitching
to
you
and
I
am jealous
of
anyone
around
you
because
I want
to
be the
one
to
watch,
calm,
laugh
and
coax
your
body
of
nice
twitching
freckles,
baby ..

half the fun of whiskey is what i forget until the next morning ..

sometimes i remember fragments,
but other times
it's completely gone ..

the other night with caroline,
i was in the back yard playing golf with big plastic balls ..

laying divots in the ground,
loud,
lunging,
laughing,
falling ..

it wasn't until the next day that i noticed dirty knees and
shoes coated with dog shit that i asked what i had done ..

along with the golf,
there were things mentioned,
other things said,
and actions acted out that became a blur as the evening wore on ..

sometimes that just fine,
other times i wonder how much
trouble i have
or i can get myself in ..

but if late night golf with shit stuck to shoes and
grass stained pants are it,
i'll stick to my bib of whiskey,
beautiful caroline
and
the myths that will be constructed
over the cabana of my fictional backyard
that everyone is invited to
for one last shot of
my
unreserved bottle of unnamed whiskey ..

he was sitting in the window ..

cold outside,
but i just can't stand to let him sit there with
his nine lives suffering in front of the window ..

i can take the cold for his tongue,
and ears to stay warm ..

but as i dried naked
and flipped the door open,
i saw his lungs go in and out ..

both sides of his gray body were pulsating in and out like a
diamond ready to leap from the dirty coals
and
i thought about how animals like the feline have
the dual sides to see the breathing ..

you see the chest or back on a human
and that's that ..

its two ways with the cat
and it's cold outside
as
his sides heave more and more in and out,
stronger,
i can see that he's ready to leap through the window ..

but he waits until i put on the old chinese robe,
slip the brush through my head and hears the tangle of hairs rip
as he steadies,
all his 9 reasons in front of the shingled roof below
and

he's gone as my hair is straight,
combed
and
colder

than
a
warm window pane ..

**hey boss,
can't come into the work today ..**

no,
i have sort of a sore throat,
but the words need me ..

yea,
the words ..

well,
i'm hearing voices,
sounds
from my computer area of the house,
and it's my keyboard ..

they are whispering,
clamoring,
getting antsy,
and are saying my name,
various words,
letters,
letters,
letters
over and over again ..

no,
it's not driving me nuts,
i just need to give them
the attention they deserve ..

the minute I sit down
and begin strumming my fingers over their faces,
everything is magically fine ..

like watering a wilted plant,
feeding a hungry kid,
popping aspirin for a headache,
these keys need me,
boss ..

and it may be more days than that ..

i cannot leave them alone,
take them into work with me,
because they would bother everyone if i went off
for a piss break ..

but here's the kicker,
they are whispering clues as to what i'm supposed to write ..

they are leading me along
to a story i didn't know i could construct,
but is everything within my abilities ..

thus,
i may not need this job in a month or more ..

oh,
so you don't want me to come back in?

Ok,
sure bet ..

and one more thing boss,
you hear that in the background?

that's the sound of my key's applauding ..

cheering,
ecstatic
for
my
triumphant return to the soft,
powerful keys ..

How many pubic hairs do you own?

Wouldn't it be bad
if it
got to this point
that we start saying
to each other
as though pubic hairs
hold some
eternal
earthly
possession
label:
'YEA WELL, I HAVE MORE PUBIC HAIRS THAN YOU DO .. "

Just think about it ..

i met the real marlboro man

he's a regular at the
dorms
at the ymca ..

he came in about
two months ago
and
he is spotted in either the day room,
sitting on the stone bench out front
or descending the stairs in front of the place ..

he's completely disheveled,
long matted red hair
always in his face,
a long scraggly red dirty beard,
thick gray coat,
dirty black jeans,
torn up shoes
and he emits a strong odor of sweat when
you pass by ..

obviously done with women for some time,
if he was ever interested ..

each time i notice this man,
he is smoking ..

and he's not just having a cigarette,
he's making love to his smoke ..

he studies,
inspects,
crams,
psychoanalyzes,
peers,
leers,
undresses,
utterly glues his irises onto the
shell around and on each cigarette he smokes ..

if this guy was entered into a
cigarette smoking contest,
he would win hands down ..

no one knows what his story is,
he doesn't talk much,
but he does mumble,
inaudible mumbles ..

maybe his name is mark,
and that would be OK
and I have no interest in digging anymore on this man ..

i imagine the way he would look if he
shaved,
cut,
cleaned,
changed,
showered
and it's just not some cheeky make-over show,
and it would change this man too much to go through
such trauma ..

i've grown to like this invisible
smoking man of the dorms and his slow walk,
intent glares,
the way his hair hides him from the world,
the air that he knows all he needs to from this world,
he done hearing the jargon,
he's ready to escape into each cigarette that burns into his hand,
he's had enough of bad woman,
didn't hold out long enough to get the right one,
and now
his sanctuary is his dirtiness,
long hair,
smoke cigarettes
and
the world
he
has painted through his
singular,
solitary
brain
the
world thinks has gone utterly fucking mad ..

i was just leaving work

THAT DIRTY NO GOOD MOTHERFUCKER WAS RIGHT UP ON MY SHIT,
he began.

HE WAS JUST TALKING AND TALKING AND ALL I DID WAS RAISE MY HANDS LIKE THIS,
he demonstrates,
AND THIS MOTHERFUCKERS IS ALL UP AND OUT AND ALL OVER MY SHIT.

I DIDN'T EVEN DO ANYTHING. I JUST RAISED MY HANDS,
he continued.

HE'S LUCKY TOO THAT I DIDN'T HAVE MY GUN ON MY BECAUSE IF IT HAPPENS AGAIN I'M
GONNA
PULL IT ON HIM AND IT'S GONNA BE A COMPLTETLY DIFFERENT SCENARIO. THAT
MOTHERFUCKER WILL NEVER FOOL WITH ME AGAIN,
he said.

I WAS JUST WALKING UP HERE TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT SOMETHING THAT HAD
NOTHING TO DO WITH THAT
DOG, BUT WHEN THAT DOG APPROACHED I PUT MY HAND OUT LIKE THIS TO STOP HIM,
he demonstrates with a football pose maneuver those heisman trophy winners use when they win the
trophy.

YOU SEE I'VE BEEN BIT BEFORE BY A DOG. THE BITE WENT THROUGH MY PANTS AND
HAD TO PAY \$400 OUT OF POCKET
FOR MEDICAL EXPENSES,
he said with an excited glow.

AND I JUST DON'T TRUST 'EM. IN FACT, I DON'T EVEN FEED OR WATER OUR DOG. IF THE
KIDS DON'T DO IT, THEN
THE ANIMAL WITH JUST GET KILT OR DIE,
he said.

I DON'T TRUST NOT A ONE OF THOSE MOTHERFUCKIN' DOGS AND THAT MAN. THAT MAN
WALKIN' UP ON ME LIKE THAT
HE'S JUST LUCKY,
he said.

when the dust finally settled on the talk
i shook my head and said,
'I DON'T KNOW. I WASN'T THERE. WE'LL WORK IT OUT.'

which means in my nomenclature that it's done,
too fucking bad,
learn from it,
the next moment is next
and i'm done with a situation i wasn't at ..

this dumfounding situation is the reason why judges deserve the money,
tenure and respect for a job that asks you to
be somewhere you aren't,
haven't been,
can't be at or don't
want to be in for that matter ..

i'm cheating the fuck out of my taxes this year ..

and i just don't mind ..

leaving one little detail out ..

people ask what am i gonna do if i get a call ..

i'm gonna have some good coffee for the agent ..

some good bullshit ..

a good story ..

and another good story ..

my dad told me the other day that he had several things happen
to him over his life ..

first,

he made an agent cry one year over financial woes and they scraped his payment ..

another year,

they sent a van with a cage in the back to our place ..

but at least i'm filing ..

i'm just not being honest ..

i call this my banter year ..

got to vote for a black president in the recent primary election

and get to finally cheat the government at the game they have been cheating me for years ..

so there you have it ..

i cheated ..

not sure if i'll do it again ..

but it's been a good year thus far to cheat ..

and if any IRS agents are reading this and you want more information or to bust me,
good luck ..

i'm probably much better at story telling than you are ..

and i probably give about as much shit about cheating our government as you do ..

sweet dreams,
honest charlies ..

imaginary tale

the Kansas man
takes a double turn
in the middle of the
busy sidewalk
to answer
the
invisible friend that keeps on bothering him ..

the voice just
wont stop and
he keeps on assuring the voice
that they are on
their way to get
a
hot
dog ..

this didn't go over well ..

the man,
scraggly,
in his early 40's
stops and
does a full turn,
face pointed towards the sun
and shouts
as
loud as he can,
'IF YOU DON'T STOP, I'M GONNA RAT YOU OUT. JUST KEEP TALKING.'

at this,
the man collapsed on the ground
as everyone
walked around him ..

even an imaginary friend
can
be a pain
in
the ass
from
time
to
time ..

inadvertent comic error

it was an odd night
the other
night as my girlfriend and i hosted
an evening gathering with several good friends of mine ..

he's one of my best friends and
she is his wife ..

as the night rolled forward
and the drinks flowed,
the music went high,
the food was devoured and things
were insinuated ..

after the night settled,
the morning came,
caroline told me that she thought
he was gay
and she was a lesbian ..

i thought before i dismissed the notion ..

i have known them as a couple for years,
they just had a new born boy ..

then,
i thought about them and the possibility and
it made sense to me ..

to this day i think it could be absolutely true ..

everyone has a secret they are hiding
from the world ..

maybe that has a pact that no one but them
will ever know about and
my girlfriend is the private eye
i never had with these kids ..

and would it matter ..

no ..

but,
it's a thought that is worth more than words
and
laughter is at a premium these days

so
i'll
pick the comedy over
the possible
error ..

it's all about the way people walk ..

in all the mirrors of people that resemble each other ..

you know,
there are molds of people ..

whether
black, white, muslim, asian, kid, old man, jewish
or other,
there are classifications of looks,
the way the mouth slopes,
the ears lay,
the hair flips,
the eyes open,
there are groups ..

then,
there are the walkers ..

the way the walkers do their walking ..

the wobblers,
leaners,
fast feet,
slow moving,
slithering,
sloping,
slumped,
upright,
uptight,
indignant,
determined,
lazy,
lumbered,
and caffeinated ..

if you want to know how to judge and jury a fella or lady
watch their posture,
gait and walk ..

it's the surest sign ..

toss out the old ideal of one's shoes or watch,
it's all in the walk ..

i can single out the finest and the worst in a walk
and have a success ratio better than a Greenspan prediction

and that's saying a lot because most of the time a walk is construed by the value
value
value of money,
bills - dough ..

Later in February

convoluted alterations
of reality
is all we are
left with
as
we try to convince
ourselves
that
maybe our family isn't all that
insane,
being the president is a fucking tough job,
who would want to rob another,
how sick could sick really be,
who would order coffins and stack them up into their homes,
why would a woman in utah punch her baby daughter in the face in a grocery store,
why we speed down the street after a couple of drinks ignoring everything,
why we turn up the music and kill our hearing for a couple of minutes,
why we eat to a fault,
why we listen to the radio with their sorrow reports,
why we don't go to the dentist on regular intervals,
why we refuse the doctors when we are supposed to get a regular intervalled trip,
and why oh why we ..

law suit comedy

the
twenty-three year old kid
came back into the YMCA
after being kicked out for the second time ..

the first time,
he was selling bad cell phones to kids,
telling girls he was going to lick their pussies dry,
and was just a street kid riddled with deceptive maneuvers ..

the second time,
he just fucked up by running around like a jack ass ..

so,
he came in days after and asked me if he could get a photo copy
of an agreement to give to his lawyers ..

i gladly took the sheet,
went back to the copier and made 20 pages for
the clown ..

as i return,
I clanked the stack in front of him and told
him to pass out a sheet
to every lawyer in town so that everyone could have a good laugh over it ..

then,
i told him to go ahead and
continue on his eternal 2 year claim to sue my partner and I for initially
kicking him out of the building ..

the kid didn't get it,
and was too embarrassed to answer my
20 copy giving ..

instead,
he just stumbled out the building
into the cold,
tumbling world
that
gave
birth to him ..

living the dead alive

i keep
seeing the same dead
animal on the side of the road ..

each time it sneaks up on me ..

it's always on a bend in the road,
its face is always pointing away from me ..

it' has a wiry tail somedays and
a bushy tail on the other days,
but the body is the same ..

not sure if the head is the same ..

but it is the same dead animal each time I go by it ..

could be a dog,
possum,
cat,
aardvark,
mole,
weasel,
badger,
some other mammal
I cannot name ..

every time,
and I never stop to go back because I'm not
sure that i want to know what it is ..

but this animal follows me
and i'm sure it will be there until
jesus
lands and brings all those dead animals on the ground on earth
back to their
feet
and
licking their bodies again ..

My writing perch

as i again
reign here over the corner
of
37/Baltimore way as the king
of the writing corner ..

the poet with
the feather planted in a water-filled jar around
this place,
i see much
and many that brings me pleasure
to the mind and
ensuing finger documenters ..

several of my favorites
are when cars
fly by in a blur going about 7--90 MPH in
this 35 MPH zone
and not
a
one gets pulled over ..

there are too many cops with bigger
priorities
in
this hooker
and
drug addled neighborhood abundant here ..

and my favorite
is when an obviously very lost car
takes a slow turn up the one-way street
on up in a slow slither
and
right on out of view ..

it
warms
this kid's
heart
every
time ..

miracle mexican morning

it was a quick
pull through
the intersection,
but for one
second
i saw it ..

an old mexican grandmother,
her granddaughter
walking up the sidewalk in their
own personal triumph ..

a new country,
some better shoes,
naturalization along the way,
and sure comfort in the interim ..

the little girl has two fingers clasped to the edge of
a plastic bag of piggy pops
and a mouth full of crunching joy ..

she was handing her grandmother one
to crutch on her ailing teeth,
or mouth of dentures ..

both of them could have a smile on their mouths
because their face was so concerned with chewing,
but i could tell from their
eyes,
the way the sun hit their ears,
that they
were
the
most content
people
in
a
eight-thousand block radius ..

modern march 2004 thinking

the streets,
grocery stores,
lines in movie theaters,
the bathrooms
are all getting jammed with
fired folk and old beginners ..

not only this president,
but the prevailing war attitude,
sunken treasure dreams,
the dilapidated intellectitude poison,
the next to last syndrome,
the toilet without paper,
the cleaning solution without a scrubber - pumice - or a sponge
and everyone is starting over again ..

forget the sept. 11 syndrome,
there are folks that are just scared of the new ideals
floating,
the death of progressive arts - politics - thought
and the return of Jerry Matters as the Blunderer
while
people walk about with new zombie sheep headed looks
and the
pauper is the only one on the corner of
the boulevard with the
'GOD WILL BLESS YOU. WILL WORK FOR FOOD SIGN'

because at least they are the ones that are honest about giving up
and have most of the tough answers figured out ..

that's why they look so dirty and wise around the eye level ..

no more bullshit,
maybe some more starting over,
but the world has lost it's pearl
and they're not going to apologize to anyone for that ..

so hustle to the paper stand tomorrow morning
and set your print on fire ..

it's the same story ..

the same burning conspiracy ..

the new Jesus movie that is a Roman jew in fine cloth ..

it's a mirror of you ..

all the papers are mirrors ..

and
we

all start over
again ..

start over ..

starting over ..

and again,
we start again ..

morning love affairs

there
is
everywhere to go
today,
that's why
i fell for
mornings
sometime
around
a
year ago ..

i can do anything today
as i am with
what i got
and i'll have
no idea where i'll end up ..

the idea within the idea,
the brain within a mind,
the car as a train,
the day as a week,
the moment as a year,
the girl as a woman,
the food as a reason,
the morsel as a lyric,
the day spreads out like cream cheese over her hot bagel,
and i know
that the only one ever holding
me
back
is
a
decision ..

a decision tumbling from my brain
down
into the milk while of a bowl full of milk
waiting
for
the oats of a
serial march ..

my blockbuster book

just decided
that i am going to charge
fifty cents a copy to sell
copies of my new collection called
'NIHILIST MONTHLY'
which is a collection of nothing ..

10 blank pages,
with a small several lines in the back ..

of all the lines,
words,
stanza,
paragraphs and such i have written and put out
on the street,
this is the one that gets the attention,
most attention ..

and it's selling ..

my book on nothing out of all the books of something i have constructed
and never charged for and this is the one that makes money ..

and one would have to think the system is cracked,
it's not fair,
it's silly,
doesn't seem right,
but it's the comedy i can sink my teeth into ..

it's the walrus basking over an open fire,
it's a bowl of rocks the small toothless kid eyes like a meal,
it's a field of paper clip kids looking for a stack of paper to attached to,
it's a room of hands trying to massage a foot that doesn't exist,
it's the delightfully silly notion that is life and all of it
in the unscripted,
unplanned,
nihilistic,
beautiful,
perplexed,
hexed
and utterly right way shit

goes down
without having to say it's ironic,
it's a paradox,
it's a metaphor ..

it just is
and
is
is

just right ..

my dream union

the staircase leading to no where doesn't
exist,
as far as I know ..

but the door leading to no staircase
I saw from the highway today ..

the most dangerous insurance clause ..

a kid without a leash could get hurt ..

but it was the badly chipped white door
that had no staircase attached ..

out in the cold open ..

a good 15-20 foot drop down to nothing ..

no where to go but into the cold
thud of dirt ground,
broken glass perhaps,
and maybe some nails ..

but it's right here in town ..

i'm going to look off again and see if I can find
the staircase that leads to no where because
I am going to hook these two up
and
watch the most amazing union of two
I have
seen
in
quite a while ..

my flags are raised around here ..

today,
and for the last week
and for weeks to come ..

i have a white and yellow
plastic bag
that is prodded,
poked,
pinned
and glaring out for all to see ..

my unbeknownst allegiance
is to all the bag people of the world
waving in the trees ..

if i can't be like every other cause ridden,
american flag waving folk with their
symbols on cars or on the front of houses,
then i'll have
my plastic bags wave in the trees ..

this is my homage to the city,
random accidents,
shadows of color that get stuck,
the folks that bought shit - littered and
let the wind take care of the rest ..

so,
if there is any talk in the hood here
of whether or not i support anything because i
have scant stickers on my car for a cause,
or a flag planted in the yard,
look up into my sidewalk bordered tree ..

i salute my
accidental plastic bags of strange
anonymity ..

my new old car

i didn't know what it
was ..

never really know what
it is ..

never
knew until i got a 1985 model vehicle ..

there have been plugs,
belts,
radiators,
axles,
starters,
in short,
terms i can understand and live with ..

then,
there came a day when i had to finally
deal with a problem that kept
hitting my car ..

the machine kept making a long hiccup after
i would kill the engine,
but i figured this was going to be the most consuming,
expensive problem
in a line of problems for my broke ass ..

so,
i pontificated and put this problem off
until
i called a mechanic friend of mine
who told me what it was just carbon build up around my pistons ..

he said to squirt a couple of tanks of high octane gas
into the car and everything should be OK ..

i got off and could only imagine what this problem was in terms of
my body ..

smoking cigarettes gives too much carbon built up around my lungs,
cock if needed to get up,
bones and marrow ..

but this was the easiest problem to fix,
and the most complicated to explain ..

and now i'm just waiting for the next
repair
to hit
my newly cleaned piston machine ..

no one knows it

but
across from the big ministries
compound off
a south kansas city road
there
is a group of horses a whole lot like
that old mr. ed show ..

it's the pasture of
thinking horses ..

some eat,
but others are looking off into a solitary
direction for minutes,
or hours just daydreaming about their thoughts ..

really pounding out some serious horse thoughts
as the clouds pass above,
the sun dips into a bucket of cold orange juice,
the ground meets all the mint julips you can drink
and the horses are figuring it out ..

not for some fucking revolution
or to let human owners in on their thoughts,
but something bigger ..

a big horse philosophy they can share with each other ..

then,
they will recruit more horses into their small society ..

but it has started with this pioneering group of horses
off an old country road across from the ministry
in south kansas city
and
this is the only way you will know about it ..

no radio reports,
newsletters,
articles,
magazine spreads,
acclaim ..

just a field of thinking horses with their horse
thoughts
ready to recruit more horses
to
share their horsy thoughts ..

OMIT SADIQ

'SO, YOU WANNA PLAY PING PONG TOMORROW AROUND 1?'
he asks me again.

'SURE, COME ON DOWN. LET'S PLAY,'
I tell the man known as omit sadiq.

omit is a small,
stocky black man that does the janitoring where i work ..

he has an accent i can't put my finger on ..

sounds more carribean,
than french,
but it could be orleans,
and yet it could just be convoluted east coast
with bastardized southern talk
melded into midwestern tongue ..

hard to tell with omit sadiq ..

as the story rolls,
he tells me that he's a semi-pro boxer ..

and i've been told that all of that is bullshit ..

he's darker than most black folk,
he looks to be in his 40's,
which is high for a boxer of any sort,
and he says that he has several kids ..

not sure where to pull with him
and it just doesn't matter ..

our existences are crossed so sparsely,
that we haven't even played ping pong yet,
he just likes talking to me and asks me that at the end
of a good talk about politics,
other slightly taboo discussions ..

he's has an impeccable smile,
always rolls up he sleeves,
walks fast,
does good work,
feels good about what he does,
always walks up the street after pay day towards the bank
and local casino ..

we give him a hard time about the casino
and he stiffens up and says that he's just going to catch the bus ..

we know the score,
omit sadiq is trying to keep score
and

it's all a tennis match in a ping pong match,
the score is tied:
'LOVE - LOVE'

our 15 seconds of shame

we closed
the car doors ..

she didn't know
anyone at the scene ..

i knew one guy,
but not very well ..

we approached a full deck
of people avoiding eye contact,
smoking,
cliquing,
drinking,
general frivolity ..

we open the door
to a big woman on a couch
singing kareoke
to a full room ..

i shake my friend's hand,
introduce my girlfriend
and we are told the drinks are in the kitchen ..

we approach the kitchen,
i tell her we are leaving,
go around a pole
and begin heading out ..

i ask her if it's ok
and she was fine with it ..

we sneak out onto a now
empty porch,
rendezvous down
the steps and on out ..

gone and done in 14 seconds or shorter ..

my quickest entrance and exit at a party ever ..

my best moment ..

i should have done that more in my
life ..

i would have so much
more time to spend
with you instead of them ..

pre-spring winter talk

welcome to the land of
warm nights here in
the end of winter
and plenty of places to travel ..

they're all waiting for you,
you know ..

everywhere but right where you are
because it's too fucking cold where you are
and there are too many places that need to know
you,
feel you and know that you want to be there ..

so as the reed falls from the sax man's innuendo
and the tire becomes a pile of used tread,
know that there are places
you need to go
and there is no going anywhere if you don't go,
baby ..

you can jot that in your journal,
on your inner thigh,
in the shavings of your arm pit deodorant on the ground,
in the mist on your mirror,
in the warmth of last summer,
in the black oil splotches on the ground,
in your scalp,
in your used and broken wallet
and

remember
to
take
one's advice every once in a while ..

.. how about your own ..

quitting is

beginning
as ending is
starting
and
the end is the bummer,
but the start is the hope
and they're both the same
thing
and
they can be more of the same
thing if they happen
at
the same time
and
you're still following this ..

rushed wreckage

you know
those live remotes during rush
hour traffic
in the
morning
and
the evening?

well,
you ever notice that
there is never an accident in those
live feeds ..

no matter how bad or light
the wreck would be,
it's just never happened
while i've watched ..

maybe everyone knows that they're on
TV and they are being extra
careful to not do crazy shit ..

maybe the cops are watching the feed and radioing into the cops
in the field to pull over the jackasses that are careening
and vomiting on the road ..

but,
the point is
that there are safe people driving on TV news TV ..

the safest going ..

all the insurance adjusters only
watch their TV during the rush hour
feeds of
the day

for
all that
damned safety ..

siren sounds

have this habit of loud music,
losing focus,
screeching through the noise as though it's silence
and I rarely
hear the sirens coming ..

when i do,
i can never place the direction of the vehicle ..

eluding me
as i'm alluding it ..

we are the porage
waiting for the right bear ..

and i wish for it to be some simple
cop car just sounding their cherries to get through
the intersection,
but wonder if it's a big fire engine and i won't hear
nothing but that paul simon tune
done too high ..

i remember once as a kid in the small town
we grew up in
when a group of 4 high school seniors were killed
when a large fire engine plowed into their new 1984 red mustang ..

everyone was killed,
and it was
headline news for
days,
weeks,
and years in that small town ..

apparently
they were all drunk,
but the sirens are loud and they
were disregarded
as
i
now
lower the music to listen
to the distant
sound
of emergency lights
and situations
that have something to do
with
all
of
us ..

skipping sounds

this
apartment in
a
house has taken
an odd twist lately ..

used to be that i had to tip toe
around my living room
because my dirtied
CD eye would
skip
my music ..

but,
I could pounce,
jump,
bang,
run about when the radio
was
airing voices,
singing ..

not anymore ..

i am making the radio skip ..

not just once,
or a handful of times,
but every time and I'm checking the
connections
to see if that's it ..

everything checks out ..

still skipping ..

then,
i change my socks ..

nothing doing ..

new shoes ..

nothing still ..

no shoes or socks
and it skips with a newer voracity than before ..

and the kicker is that my CD's aren't skipping
now that the radio is running
away
away
away

away
into skip land ..

so,
instead of wondering how to cure the
problem,
i just
listen
listen
listen
to the stuttering,
sputtering news people,
sparse radio samples,
other noises
with

new
new
new
discovery
of
some
some
some
way
to
listen ..

small cat god

if the cat
isn't biting,
scratching,
walking,
crawling,
yelling,
screaming,
poking,
kneading,
or
watching me
then he's asleep or
left his
brain in a bag of
cat
nip to find
later
in
a
cat and mouse
game,
but this is a fictitious
scenario,
so
he sees me and
is ready to get me
or
already
does

have me ..

spanish cloth

the small mexican kids
of the old,
39th street laundry hut
rule the world ..

with their gum ball machines of
plastic jewelry,
little homies,
gum balls,
shoe laces,
other cheap trinkets of the kid trade,
they all have it figured ..

the dilapidated
1980's video games,
some pin ball machines,
vending machines,
pop machines
and
they run around with the empty laundry carts
laughing in Spanish,
thinking in their new English culture ..

the missing teeth,
jet black hair,
turtle necks with warm weather outside
and the tireless wife folding while the
man shoves more
pork rinds into his mouth and thinks about
bending her over the living room desk when the kids
go to sleep ..

but the kids are the saints,
the angels,
the rulers of all cloth,
laundry,
the lies of the 60's,
our truisms of the 90's,
better immigration policies,
all the mysteries of their mind that adult minds have since forgotten,
the bar code of innocence,
the sparkle religion forgets

the dirty pants getting shoved into the washing machine

that one bleached,
clean sock

lost in the middle
of
the laundry hut
floor ..

sweet old chocolate covered kansas

the chocolate
sewer
sledge sludge
smell coming over the bridge into
the kansas
city
on the other side of the water ..

sweet like potatoes in thanksgiving pie,
it pulls you in for a brief few seconds,
then you are repulsed
because
you know it's the acrid
smell of your shit,
your neighbor's shit,
your friend's shit,
the stranger's shit,
the enemies shit,
your bosses shit,
everyone and everyone that gives a shit
and it's hanging in the air
like neglected christmas decorations on a house
in august ..

there for the nose,
and out through the eyes,
the entrance into kansas,
the smell that gets worse in july
and nauseating in august,
but now it's OK in march
because
it's not as sweet,
stench filled
and
shitty
as

it could be,
as it
ever could be ..

tasty burrito girl

a little
mexican
girl
walks by here
every morning about
the same time ..

has on the same black leather coat,
red visor,
white shoes,
intent look lancing forward,
and she walks fast ..

going up to her
workplace
called 'ponchos' ..

it's the best mexican food in
town ..

the late night,
mid afternoon,
oblique morning food that
brings the city
a
line of smiles ..

she rushes to work,
a brave girl going alone through a
rough neighborhood that
can
and has turned rough
on
the turn
of an ignition key ..

but she knows that she
has burritos to sever,
a floor to mop,
a boyfriend that gives her orgasms at the fryer,
and
the music over the loud speaker she can listen to,
adjust the volume
and dance
her
way through another day,
the most
glorious day
for
all of us ..

the 2 tussle at the bus stop

because there is nothing to do ..

the music tape ended,
the CD is skipping
and they can't stand the non-action
as they wait for the bus to crest Troost
and into their waiting world ..

they are both big,
sweating a bit,
braided,
headphones shoved in tight,
look hungry,
and their oversized coats flap like flags for a country that
hasn't been discovered yet ..

there is no where for them to escape to ..

the day is ahead of them,
but they can't forget about last night and
their last week - month or so is a complete
blur because they were tuned into the wrong channel ..

products of the generational generation,
the sound of shrinkie dinks getting smaller on the kid pan
and the two keep on wrestling as the older generations of
bus waiters look in the other direction,
dream of that book they always wanted to read
and take the ads on TV seriously enough to get excited
when they see the same ad posted on a bus that
isn't there
but flies by with a blaring intensity ..

and these 2
is no-stop ..

there is going to be no stopping these two until
the bus
comes to a stop
and
as i drive through the intersection,
past these 2 wrestlers,
i wonder if the bus ever showed up
or
if they missed the bus
because the fooling,
goofing
and wrestling
was
so
much better
than the ride to wheverever they were going
to
end up going ..

the abbreviated days

and weeks
of the neglected
roasted,
toasted
potato onion roll
&
what the fuck are we going to
do with it,
is there enough mustard,
can anyone afford turkey,
is my knife worthy of the bread,
will anyone be hungry,
should we find a good animal to give it to,
or is there an end that would be
more fitting
of such a roll that was
to give us so much,
can give us so much
or is the drum stick gonna
finally have the final
say as the crowd cheers,
the taco eaters rebel
and
the roll
waits panting for a bit of the
rock
and
some condiments that won't lie,
but
a
meat
that
will be
meaner
than

a
rotten chain the back
of
an
alcoholics
ford truck bed ..

the big black birds

of the neighborhood look forward
to monday morning ..

or even sunday nights ..

this is their feast time ..

all the people around bring out
bags of feasting for these huge,
plump black birds to salivate small pellet bits
off their beaks ..

they wait,
flap in anticipation for the arrival ..

and when it happens,
you have never seen anything like it ..

they are like 15 pound cats or dogs
with wings ..

they rip the veritable fuck out of bags,
red and yellow draw strings,
the guts of good trash
and they are strewn everywhere ..

this neighborhood looks like
a trash tornado came through and
threw everything everywhere
while the birds
smile and snicker close by in their naked winter trees ..

the black birds of morning,
the big crows of day
play as though
they are the newly paid trash eradicators
from city hall
and
they
will

make sure you
question the time you
bring your trash out every week
and
why the world had to see

all your condom
wrappers
strewn about
your

empty booze bottles coated
with tomato scraps ..

the big man just don't care no more

on my way
to drop my keys off to a friend
of mine up the street before
meeting another friend for a slap of sandwich to the mouth
when i look up to a brightly lit room at a corner apartment complex
at 39th and Baltimore,
in fact a corner that a pregnant woman recently got mugged and killed at some weeks back
and i notice an enormously fat naked man in front of his bathroom mirror ..

i can only see his flanks
and ass as the soap bottles,
bright wattage bulb and no curtains scream out to the passing
traffic,
the admirers
and
the curious as to why this cat wants to show off his goods ..

then,
it all made sense to me ..

he just doesn't give a fuck no more ..

when you have nothing to hide,
you save money on things like blinds,
curtains
and vanity ..

no more costly emotional items or the cost of
goods ..

just pull out your body
and flip the windowed world off with
what god gave you
up in that
7th floor window,
big guy ..

The brighter the sun around here,
the more the trash, smashed cans,
lost buttons, cute pins, pop containers
and such come glaring out
like the glint in a cat's eye ..

The orange lopes lop around the construction zones,
and the sun is exposing the mounds of dirt
and unfinished work around here ..

The man across the street just bought an enormous
old yellow home to fix. Because he is an investor type
and still loves the comic book ..

My rental home is falling apart,
the water pressure is flailing, walls cracking,
the ceiling above my sunroomed kitchen sags
like it wants to come tumbling into the smell of coffee ..

A halfway dirty neighborhood being exposed by the bright
sun of 8:30 AM ..

But night is all our friend,
for a slice of 10 or so hours
everything is dulled under the dark
hiding the trash, forgetting the
bad architecture and engineering
and letting all the folks have a drink and some
willful abandon here in my undone, dirty urban hood home ..

the dead dog

in the road is the one that
truly
didn't do anything wrong,
owned the world,
loved unconditionally,
gave everything to its owner,
could make a crowd smile,
didn't owe anyone money,
didn't make any enemies on the block,
would lick your wounds if needed,
was always devoted like a good saint,
had the courage of 43 able bodied men,
could take a hit like a muscle man absorbing the cannon ball blast,
had a smile that never left the face,
sniffed like a detective on a hot case,
gave without needing anything at all in return,
ate everything on the plate that was given,
could be used as a pillow,
slept without bothering anyone ..

if there is anything
that doesn't deserve to be run over
it's a dog ..

if there is anything that needs
to live
and outlast everything
it's a dog ..

here's to that random
dead dog i saw on the side
of
grandview road early morning last
monday morning ..

the fanciest of chance encounters

i
met up
with
my
past
via a
toilet paper
tube
and
it was quite
refreshing ..

all i
remember
is
a
whole
lot
of
shit that passed,
and
the
paper that it
was
all written
on
was a
wash
in
the
flush,
baby girl ..

the girl has you, man

oh
subordinate nymphet
pop rock
soft hit making
women rocking to fuck,
aching to fuck,
able to fuck,
orgasm before cock is mentioned,
nasty girls,
in the morning,
forget the afternoon,
no where to be found at night,
with your soft plastic thoughts,
and rock hard ice cream fever,
you are the nasty girls of the
magazine pictures,
yet you won't exist until the right
bill is shown
and the right ethnicity is shoved inside your slip,
over your folds,
past your layers,
right over your past,
and still you won't be found
because the tree trunks hold your echo
and we'll never know until we dig it up,
but it will never be dug up
because the dirt always steals the good shit
and the cop out cunts with donuts in their
ears always attract the cops that shave their balls
but these bitches are always in heat,
but they will always be cold with you,
drink your drink while you're gone,
and slip you the inferiority story
to make you believe
as they run their board room with fury,
nailing you with their pussy hammer
and you gladly take it because mommy didn't teach you
any different,
but daddy or uncle taught her well and
to admire the valve leading to the clit tip
and she has you pinned,
your a gonner precisely as she planned,
she has everything of you she needs,
your dignity is on her high heel,
money in her nipple milk,
and integrity in her morning turds,
she doesn't need you and she is the rock show
as you clamor like groupies,
but her hair is curlier than yours
and her cunt won't cry when your gone,
so keep jerking the wrong jack loose
and know that she has everything in the world
except the world

and that is going to be the nix of your existence
as she pulls the last swig of carbon monoxide
and passes out in your minute before waking
morning dream of
last night
just
now
fully extinguished,
gone ..

the kansas city man under the overpass

all winter,
particularly during the coldest of late january
and early february
i would notice a
small,
frail black man perched under the overpass
off 12 street downtown ..

wanting to snap a pic of him,
wondering if he had eaten that day,
what led him to that point in life,
did he love anyone,
how many people loved him,
did he know what the taste of coffee was like,
do these guys give up on sex,
do they want to even masturbate,
do they get high,
is asking if they get high rhetorical,
and then i wonder where he's at ..

it's late february,
early march,
and he's gone ..

i don't see him anymore ..

did he get a shelter,
did he find sex,
did he find himself,
or had he already found himself
and it's the passer-bys like me that think he lost himself along
the way only
to realize that he has found himself in ways that i can only imagine ..

is the a mirror on this mans dirty,
destroyed sleeping bag covering his cold bones that
reflects my insecurities or
ego?

is he the man for our time ..

is he time ..

does he supercede me mentioning him in a poem ..

would he even care ..

i know that he has a name ..

he has a mother/father ..

but i'm just not sure if he is alive
and if he's not this poem will exist irregardless ..

and under the overpass below 12st guy,
if this piece bothers you,
then good ..

- it will be then that i know for sure that you
are
indeed
alive ..

the kid wiggle

there
is
nothing like
shooting
fake,
styrofoam style
rockets
in
red
white
blue
into the big,
wide gaping
sky
as
a
kid squeals in joy,
the branches of the tree chips like
icicles in brittle cold,
the neighbors up in arm,
the liquor is tucked away for later,
the red hair flares off her head,
the eyelids flutter
and the air pumps more and more
into the rocket
that
launches into
nowhere

and
everywhere into somewhere
in
that
moment ..

the moment it begins ..

the kitchen smells of freshly ground coffee ..

it wafts through the air,
and even overcomes the cup of 6:44 PM coffee in
my fist ..

it's not the best coffee on the planet,
but it's fresh and it has the room seized ..

the grounds,
beans here and there,
the blood of the bean shell,
the smashed remains of the victory
waft through the air in a pre-parade parade
through the corners of my kitchen ..

i want to walk around more in the kitchen
to pull all the scents,
bits
into my nose,
but it would pull me away from this
and
this wouldn't happen if it wasn't for that
but i want to imagine it more
than i want to keep it going through my old factory
and i will remember this longer
than that is going to last
and there is no telling how long it will not continue to last
as this continues
to last and
that is
the
last of this ..

**the mole,
the miner,
the next ider**

as
the
astronomers
talk about a newer,
more distant
planet
exists
or has just been discovered in
our solar system ..

the digger,
the dug,
the thought,
tell me to
turn the pages of the news down
because it's just another
cookie cutter image
of a sweet shoppe
that is shoved
into the cauldron of hot nothingness
and I want
someness in this
land of words,
stories
and intricacies that are infinitely
much more
interesting
when
you aren't paying attention ..

and who's charging when you
aren't paying
for
attention?

THE REAL MORNING AFTER

went in first thing this morning
to run my
hot
bath ..

i first leaned against my little
bathroom mirror and
watched some blond streaked woman coming down
out of the back of a row of houses that faces my house ..

she came down,
flipping her long hair around,
kept looking up towards the house for her ride to arrive,
to open the car,
but while she waited she was fixing her
hair,
make-up in the mirror ..

and as I gazed at her comfortably getting primped up
for the day,
i remembered the man crawling around her yard
late last night ..

he was crawling from yard to yard looking to
rob some cars,
get some shit to sell off for the next big
blow ..

i immediately called the cops about this man on the run
and that was the end of that for me ..

wanted to yell out at this guy,
but wasn't so sure how fucked he was or if i wanted to get involved ..

but what you don't know about
won't hurt you sometimes
and there's no need for this woman of this morning
getting ready for whatever she's getting ready for
to be bothered by the thoughts
of something that had nothing to do with her

and everything to do with us
as
my bath continues
to get brimming full of
hot,
soaped water ..

the real urban versus suburban

there are beer
bottles in my back yard,
front yard,
neighboring yards,
shattered pieces in the roadway,
up the streets of neighboring ways
and none of them are mine ..

i'm the good one ..

more of a whiskey man,
i place all of mine in white bags and place
them out on the curb for the trash men to
pick over and dispose of ..

folks in the urban,
the hood,
have no problem just shooting their litter,
drinking problem,
alcoholism,
vices
right out in the open ..

dirty like a wound on a dirt biker after wiping out ..

but you never see
junk like that in the suburbs ..

they are tucked away in unassuming recycle bins,
thick black bags,
brown bags,
the ways of hiding it ..

they are rarely ever in the yards
or in the open for folks,
neighbors,
associations to see ..

what would they think?

the same amount of drinking goes on in the urban
as in the suburban,
if not more in the repressed quadrant,
but you just don't see it ..

that's why my eternal respect goes out to the hood
for being
openly alcoholic,
despondent,
dirty,
honest and ready to let
the unassuming assume for a while ..

the relationship pressures,

the pain of growing into one,
the thought of giving up freedom,
the fusion of one independent into another independent,
the new life you hear,
the new life that is being created,
the peccadilloes of one melded into yours,
their voice as one collaboration of your thoughts,
the way she looks is the way i start seeing,
the knock on the door is the doorbell of her breath,
the way we become entwined is the bath water calling for a good towel,
our early talks are the later love sessions,
her vanities become my burdens,
my burdens become her vanities,
we have the world,
we talk about the world,
we question the world,
&
I wind down to the point
that relationship pressures are only
what
is
built up in the mind
and the mind has the ability to build it as well as
it can tear it
and there has been way too much tearing around here
as my hammer mends,
my sandpaper smoothes
and
i say again
that i love caroline out
there in this
cold,
sub 30 degree kansas city air ..

the things that you notice later on

are
the things that you just
flat don't notice ..

you don't notice them for a reason ..

either you aren't ready,
or just don't pay attention,
so
just don't worry about it ..

or worry about it,
if you want ..

i enjoy not noticing
these things ..

the headlines,
fights,
incidents,
actions,
repetitions and such ..

it all fades away into another's memory,
or it's something that you'll run into later
on down the line
and
that can just be construed as fine and
pure dandiful ..

so,
if you have something you want one to notice
and you're just not sure if you want to let them notice it,
skip it,
they'll appreciate it ..

the TV man was the gayest one in town

gay weatherman at
the convenience store up the way
getting an evening coffee ..

he always smiles on the air ..

most of these local broadcasters have such an ego
they're assholes when you see their smirked faces in public ..

above the register clerk,
beyond your simple pleasures,
the author of maslow's needs ..

but this gay weatherman with the coffee
was smiling at everyone ..

the kind eyes,
his finely pressed tan jacket
and his small ninety cent cup of coffee
while
the satellite van driver waited outside ..

i was so impressed i wanted
to buy him his cup of coffee for being so genuine ..

you can smell bullshit from miles away ..

but the gay weatherman with his caffeine treat
smile like a champ

and
i'm sure
that the sun is gonna shine as he predicts tomorrow ..

there's something we have all found ..

the paint tube
that contains the girl
who bought the tuna fish
for the boy that in turn bought
the bread
for the cost of the musical note
that woke the dog up to chase the cat up the
tree as the mason jar of georgia moon shine
spilled over the cheap trick tiled kitchen floor
and the laugh track roared outside
because the new neighbor looks like peter jackson from the rings
trilogy and has lost his mind monitoring the neighborhood activity
and has rigged ways to either cheer or jeer at the sounds
and actions of this crazy neighborhood as we all
continue to find
what must be found
because the only way to appreciate the word lost or
to appreciate the word found is to mix both of 'em up,
hide them in either hand,
walk up to a stranger and ask them
to pick a hand ..

it's guaranteed that
they'll find
something ..

**there is
rarely just one logical conclusion to be had ..**

there are three sides to every
story ..

thousands of stories about one little,
untelivised event ..

and millions if the broadcasters have their way ..

so how are we
going to be able to really sift through the piles
and decipher whether or not we
have the logical conclusion ..

do we know what a logical conclusion is?

have we been so jaded as to not recognize that?

is there anymore logic that needs a conclusion?

maybe we are OK with the logic,
it's just the conclusion that we don't want ..

our short term memories are still so hinged
on the beginnings that we just
don't have the energy or time to wrap our gaping arms
around the conclusion ..

i don't think we need your logical conclusion now ..

but if we do,
look up illogical beginnings in the phone book and chat
with the operator for a while about it ..

this was a big man ..

tall man,
i should say ..

imposing as hell ..

the look of rocky and apollo in part two going for
their blood and teeth like caged animals ..

it's warm out and he's blasting through the comfortable air with force ..

a white guy with a black shirt ..

rolled sleeves ..

pair of overalls on ..

one side dangling,
the other side snug over a muscled barrel chest ..

a white styrofoam container in one hand ..

a small cigarette in the other ..

quickly,
he takes the last two puffs and flicks the cigarette violently away from his person
as he laughs at the innocence housed all around him ..

he walks fast ..

a real brooding posture ..

and as soon as i process the image he's gone ..

off to kick some ass ..

off to terrorize the playground kids ..

but more than likely,
he slipped into a gay bar just up the way
to sip a shirley temple out of a colored glass with a bendie straw ..

thumb punching

i just had
to put
a
band aid around my thumb
because i have hit this space bar so much ..

or,
have i been hitting it wrong,
or in the wrong way ..

is there a right way to
smack the space bar?

it is a new keyboard
and maybe the keys need to be worked in ..

but my forefingers,
flipper,
neglected second finger,
pinkie and such are fine ..

my toes are wondering how the thumb is getting all the abuse ..

the
bar
needs
space,
maybe that's
what i need to decode
from
this

but it's gonna be a fight
cause
i have
plenty more

hitting,
pressing,
smashing,
errant flicking
that
needs to take place
before
i
bleed
through

this sole,
tiny

blood band aid of mine ..

WARNING: POEM FULL OF ADULT SITUATIONS!

Keep seeing in the
pre-warning screens before
films on cable that
most movies with an 'R' or 'PG-13' rating
contains adult situations ..

Oh yea,
like these:

'HONEY, WHERE DID YOU PUT MY TOOTHBRUSH?'
'SON, CAN WE HAVE A LITTLE TALK LATER TODAY?'
'BABY, CAN WE GO TO THE PORN SHOP AFTER WORK TONIGHT?'
'SWEETHEART, CAN YOU MAKE ME SOME TOAST?'
'MAYBE WE SHOULD GO AHEAD AND BUY THAT MINI-VAN.'
'DID YOU LET THE DOG OUTSIDE YET?'
'HAVE YOU PAID THE GAS BILL THIS MONTH'
'WILL YOU PLEASE CHANGE THE CAT BOX FOR ME'
'HONEY, GO AHEAD AND RUN ALONG AND PICK UP THAT SHIT IN THE BACKYARD.'
'WHAT TIME DOES THE VIDEO STORE CLOSE?'
'DID YOU LOSE YOUR DILDO AGAIN, HONEY. YOU JUST LOOK SO SAD.'
'LET'S HAVE SOME FRENCH TOAST THIS WEEKEND.'

If there are the adult situations,
as I know of adult situations,
I think I can do without the warnings before movies ..

these should have been verbal warnings
my teachers gave me in kindergarten ..

wet pants

i don't sweat the rain
and my leaking sun roof anymore ..

i don't sweat bad politics
and the blunders that will affect everyone's kids ..

i don't sweat stings from
small sweat bees that don't now better ..

i don't sweat lighting
because i love rubbers ..

i don't sweat the ghetto because
i know how to use my eyes and reaction times are solid ..

i don't sweat dirty on the floor
because the cleanliness in the sky is enough for me ..

i don't sweat chance encounters because
i'm not attempting to fuck anyone ..

i'm not gonna sweat outside on a day like
today,
but that could fool you because it's 40 degrees and the
rain is steady
and my car roof is leaking,
the democrats are ready to take over the white house,
the bees are alive for spring,
the lightning is keyed up,
i live in the ghetto,
my floors are dirty as hell
and chance encounters
are smashed around my person like needy girl looking
for the right sperm donor
but
non of that is gonna
get my ducts open
because
i
know something they
won't ..

what kind of influence are we having on each others dreams?

do you want that kind of influence
over others dreams?

is it fair?

is it right?

what side is partial to what?

do you want to turn into a big hobbit foot only
to end up in some horrible perfumed ad?

do you want to be the head of my pen
so i can smear all your precious blue blood all
over the wide ruled sheets of glory?

do you really want me to become the shirt on your
back so i can comprehend what the monkey on a back
principle is all about?

should we wield that kind of influence over
what we are and how we are or are we fucked
and demented enough to concoct some solid
harbors of dreamland that don't need to be fucked
with over people and things like us?

would we be better off?

would you like to return to your big bucket wells chasing you naked
across a land made of pure cane sugar as the next to last day of your
life gets you wet and all you want to do is fuck all the old roman ceasers
that was actually useful with their plumbing?

should we interrupt our flow?

or should we just realize that we have no choice in the matter?

one of the few situations and realizations in life
that we genuinely have no influence over
whether or not we have influence over one's dreams that we know ..

based on the arbitrary,
i would say that the deliberate is as serious as the
unintentional
as
we continue with our influence
and having zero power
over all that precious
influence we are
completely unaware of ..

**who has
all the time
when no one
wants anymore time ..**

what will happen then?

when our time has
nothing to do with money
and to see the grinding halt of industry,
docks,
unions,
amusement parks,
mills,
retail monsters
come to a
stop ..

are we going to be able to deal
with this?

or is time,
as we know it,
going to have to come to an end
because we have
spent most of recorded history equating time
with money and money with time ..

is there going to be the right amount of pills,
dope,
good single malt,
the wine hidden in the cellar for decades
that is going to be able
to get the brain over this one ..

do you have time to break a dollar,
or is there no more time because
to break the dollar
will
break the tiny ear bone
in our human solvency?

why we laugh to be alive

there are
moments you
can be proud of,
genuine impromptu events
that funnels faith into this existence ..

last week caroline and i
were in nashville, tennessee
and after a long day of driving,
delirious visions
and weary bones,
we journeyed down to second ave. for some drinks ..

wanting one,
craving more after the second
and setting on a total of three ..

we sunk more money into those 6 drinks than
our hotel room
that night ..

overpriced whiskey in a southern town know for the
brown fluid,
but
we were beyond
sure of contentment ..

entertainment is the bar
by which we live
and
i
would
take an ice
cube
back
from
any one of those
overpriced,
small
tennessee
beverages
with
the
woman
I
adore ..

with the passage of time - 2004

I know that I'm running out of time,
it gets easier to say i love you,
i realize it's easier to quit shit,
easier to enjoy shit,
less questions about us from others,
the more i want to move,
the more i want you,
the more i understand the cat's eye,
the less i feel what i felt as a kid,
the more i felt before i left my 20's,
the time i caught the solar system in my dreams,
i can recognize a street hooker,
want to get high every once in a while,
know how my friends are living,
know how i can envision my life become what
i had envisioned when i was completely ideal
and younger headed with my bubble pop dreams
and more than anything else
the passage of time makes it easier with caroline
to say 'i love you' and to understand that
when she says that we only have 800 or so months left together on
earth i look at her and instinctually know that this saddens her
because she wants forever,
as I feel i do with her,
and any number of months gets in the way
of the promise she built up in her head as a girl
to spend forever with
her man,
but this is gonna have to work baby,
because the passage of time
will make it easier for us to understand love and time
won't mean
nothing
but the word it represents ..

Would it be OK with the world,

in the realm of things,
with the order of the highway system,
in the symmetry of the stars
if I finally found my female counterpart ..

the other me in female form of me ..

not completely ..

but close ..

can I have this one - everyone?

I need this one ..

you finally made it Demitrius Gunnels ..

rode through the ghetto,
went through familial doubt,
earned your GED likely
and now you are proudly displayed on a billboard
off
highway 71 ..

sure,
i see you everyday ..

everyone that goes down this route,
and there are plenty,
many see you everyday ..

a big 15 x 15 foot photo has you
gleaning out towards the passing traffic
in your moment,
Demitrius Gunnels ..

i'm sure you really kicked it with your boys
telling them how you were going to
make your mark on this world,
they were going to take notice of you some day ..

you couldn't be profiled on the cable channels,
but you would be god damned if you were going to
not get your allotted 15 minutes on this planet ..

and now you have made it ..

displayed for all your friends,
families,
associates,
old teachers,
maybe a former elementary school counselor,
a prior school principal
now see your mug shot displayed
over the roadway for murder ..

Demitrius is wanted for murder ..

they are looking for you,
pal ..

you made it ..

good luck in jail,
superstar ..

4-way jackoff match

there was this
one
time
while camping
about 5 years ago
that something
happened
with
3 other good friends of mine ..

while floating,
drinking,
baking in the sun,
smoking,
and general water sporting down
the stream,
we decided to dock the boat
and
crawl out into the water
and let
our drunk,
tanned skins rest ..

as we
floated,
waded
and went about
it
was decided that we should all form
a
big square and jerk off ..

just duck down
out of sight in the murky water
and
jerk it ..

we all did
and everyone
came but me ..

everyone
sent their boys downstream
except for I ..

this didn't bother me all that much
because we had good porn back at the site
and
i was going to get mine one way or another that day ..

well,
i didn't get around to it and it
was taken care of the good old fashioned way that night ..

it was one fuck of a
nasty wet dream
and the quadrant of camping jerk offs
was
completely
complete ..

a bit on luv

I can
still love
and do
love
and there
are crossroads
and
will continue
to be
crossword puzzles ..

so,
over
the crossroads
in a crossword car
we go ..

& I hope
or should say
know
we will
do
it ..

so,
here
I end
&
here it goes
over
the rainbowed puzzled word
and under
the
bridges ..

a pail of poets

renting cars
to escape their
own words,
the past,
the vice grips that have the hairs of their
puberty beginnings ..

if not the car rental,
then a pair of real expensive like
sneakers
so that can outrun the cheetahs in their heads
that tells them
their words,
pentameters,
logic,
rhymes go together,
but their evening dream
tells a whole different tale ..

when all this fails,
they just walk
without stopping
hoping that a media outlet will cover
their plight to escape their bad words,
the poetry that won't go
where they want it to go
and
they'll finally retire on a bag of nickels,
pay the debt of their shoes,
rental car
and lost time

to only realize that they will continue
writing the same
jargon,
attempting to outwit their own wit
and
make the girls

accept them
for what they
aren't
and
never will be ..

an embarrassing explanation

the only embarrassment
that
i have left in life
would be
if i couldn't ever be embarrassed again ..

now that would be flat embarrassing
to a kid like me ..

so,
come on and pull my pants down,
talk about the lewdness,
pull down my blinds and tempt my hippocampus,
take your aim
and aim well ..

i need the embarrassment
as much
as the joy,
as much as the elation,
as much as you need it,
as much as the ego needs to lag behind,
as much as the end of the Presidency needs it,
as much as she needs it
and as much
as it's gonna happen

overandover
again
and

again
over ..

an old girlfriend

sent me a note
the other day that
she just had a kid ..

she was a good woman,
i wasn't ready ..

i've thought about her much since,
and i called to rectify
what should have been said years ago ..

it was good,
the paths that have been snailed away,
galvanized by someone else's clock ..

and then i find out about
the most recent ex and her
new job ..

i see the stories,
hear the rumors,
listen to the future,
blow bubbles around the laziness,
become what they don't want me to be,
try because they are asleep,
walk because crawling is humiliating,
breath because acting is too self indulgent,
and the
stories get sparse
and tighter as the spool of thread stitches together
these pants,
and cinches up the pockets on my shirt ..

holding everything together,
inside
only to burst,
tumble out
and come into the air
when
enough time has passed

and everyone
has had
a
chance to move on past each other
on
this
highway

adopted by
the

group ..

another story on how to lose one's mind

because of the trauma ..

the 20 year marriage ended ..

he's a barge operator on the missouri river ..

never caught what she did ..

but one morning she was up and gone ..

no warning - just gone ..

he went nuts ..

convinced himself that he is a true native american indian ..

grew his hair out ..

got indian tattoos ..

found a new Philippine girl on the internet that acts indian ..

her son's name is wombly ..

their entire house is covered in indian regalia ..

indian music ..

fry bread with old el paso sauce ..

he tells me the story of horse and how i'm to win him over ..

he's the brother of my girlfriend ..

told me that i needed to leave a couple of horses in his yard at night ..

if they were still in the yard the next day then he wouldn't accept me to take his sister ..

if they were not there then he accepted my horses to take care of them and i could take care of his sister ..

i went over there for about an hour recently ..

it was the most tense scene i have been in for some time ..

i drank a lot of coffee ..

had some spicy ass buffalo jerky ..

listened to this man pray in indian ..

everything indian ..

everything ..

and i thought you can't take something seriously too seriously before it becomes not serious to the eye of the beholder ..

i was in that boat ..

felt sorry that the man snapped ..

i have never seen a man snap so bad in my life ..

there were shades of him still being there ..

but he's gone ..

the soul of a snapped man that thinks he's an indian ..

it's the driest house that rains big fat tears all day ..

all night ..

all the way over his indian dolls and paintings ..

oh and here's the kicker ..

his ex-wife left him for a real indian ..

and now this man is a fragile mush of mirror blades that thinks he's what he's not ..

poor man ..

the weakened non-indian indian man i wish you luck ..

somehow to get the fixins on your brokens ..

indian man in middle missouri ..

& i love your step-sister and own not a horse in sight ..

any buyers ready to rent again?

i know there is
so much that needs to be said,
but all i can say today is that i'm just
not gonna have my rent in on time this month ..

the old landlord fella with a bad liver,
healing ankle,
no where to be,
deteriorating physical shape,
says to me that he wants my rent in on time each month and no loud music ..

according to the coolness of my pad,
i have always upheld my promise to him ..

but this time around they're going to have to wait for a
new paycheck,
a lost lottery ticket,
the hope in their poor pockets,
the swirl in another coffee mug,
the way out of town,
the way into this town
and
here's to
my month
of loud excess music
and
not getting my rent in on time ..

by most people's terms,
i would just be considered
normal

so
here i am being
an
acting
absolutely fucking normal ..

are there any wealthy, well-known poets alive today?

is that still attainable?

do people read poetry?

why am I writing poetry?

poor as a slop,
and calculating change to buy some tomatoes as a 31-year old college graduate,
i question you
if you are you and
if you are reading this ..

what's the matter with you?

people don't read
poetry anymore?

are you an elitist?

a sadist?

still just bored the fuck to tears?

plus,
why would you want to make a poet wealthy?

that would just procreate,
procure and continue the process of
poetry ..

now why would one do that?

do we need wealthy poets?

poor poets are enough ..

they drain the nipple plenty ..

their colon drain is already enough to fill
way too many trees that could have provided
more comfort wading in the forest of a hugging sky that
needs it more ..

so,
what gives?

do you want to be the one that contributed
to a poet actually making it?

are you going to be the guilty one to make a poet famous?

are you the one that is funneling money into the damned poetry craft?

how do you feel now?

you really fucking did it ..

i bet you feel good,
don't you?