

Joefiles LXXXVIII
clean radial blur blurbs



the
vagina
is
my
pal!!

there's a famous homeless couple

on the corner of
bannister and 71hwy.

they have a small puppy
that is growing quick.

the old man always sits over in the
shadows.

the woman is always naked and stands with the cardboard
sign pleading,
'WE NEED TO EAT!'
strategically positioned over her virginia tuft.

they get quite a bit of money
until the fuzz comes by with swirling cherries
to arrest her for indecent exposure.

the man takes the money before she is loaded up into the vehicle
for a trip downtown.

he doesn't move a bone as the dog licks his face
and he waits for her return after a mandatory 72-hour wait
in the clinker.

but they are getting bone after bone from passing cars
that are marveling at this new trick.

soon they'll have enough to afford
that impala they have always wanted,
and the garage for a new down payment on that comfortable
little home.

those god damned corporate dikes

and

their font of zero

knowledge

just warm my heterosexual neurons

to read the fucking encyclopedia

at night

and

wish in the morning that i would wake as a

female mantis,

they the male mantis,

and i could just square things

away

fine and good

last and for all.

thought 3,498,987,098,745,834,145 of my life here

those
damn
snot
nosed
ill
tempered
junked
up
angry
bitter
urban
kids
are
like
IRS
agents
with
boredom
as
their
number
one
hobby
but
they
need
nothing
but
understanding
from
everyone
flitting
about
because
the
tetherball
doesn't
land
far
from
the
proverbial
pole.

tow man passed out in his ride

by
the broadway theater stage
with
legs
stretched out
his windows,
door
propped open beyond a crack,
face peeled back
into sleep,
the sky turning yellower,
bluer,
as the man hunts into
sleep
while
the city tries to avoid
an accident
and
his
sleep
is
the
more
tranquil
sight
of
a
accident free world
i can ever imagine.

TRY TO STEAL THIS PAGE!

i
wanna
bug
this
page,
poem,
line,
pile,
cascade
with
my
own
pulp burglar alarm
that
would
scream
over
and
over
in
an
inordinately
loud
scream,
'PLAGARIST . . PLAGARAIST . . !'

next
page.

tuesday air over the bald head

an
old
bald
quasi-CEO
corporate
comfortable
agitated
eased
man
just
held
onto
the
leather
padded
window
ledge
of
his
mercedes
car
door
as
he
flew
down
the
highway
a
good
20
miles
per
hour
faster
than
all
the
other
spring
morning
cars
as
his
stocks
stayed
stable,
his
erection
medicine
was
snug
in

his
glove box
for
a
lunch
fuck
the
world
would
never,
ever
find
out
about.

tying the center line up

trying to right the
wrong isn't the correct
thing to do when you
already went around the
bin and caught your shadow
stealing your kill
so when you think there is
something more than needs to
be burring in the burning hole
step back and break the mirror
into pieces and refract them
against the moon's emptiness
and teach yourself to learn how
to forget what never was supposed
to remember you because the only
gift you can give anyone in this
reality that will supercede anything
is a memory that they will never
be able to shake no matter how
hard the earth begins to crumble
or the skies decide to burp
and there you are the moment
before leaping off the balls of your
feet from around the corner trying to
catch time one second before time
happens.

until just recently

all
the
dead
possums
lately
look
like
tasty
mincemeat
sandwiches
i
would
like
to
invite
all
the
rat
people
to
enjoy
as
they
come
on
by
for
a
bit
of
the
news.

want a real endurance challenge of a writing contest?

not something of concocting a
story of fiction,
or other legends of lore.

how about a 30 day period to
fill in every page of a palette of
flip top line ruled notebook pads.

say about 4 thousand pads,
hundreds of thousands of pages,
and as many pens as needed.

write for as long and as much as you want.

the person closest to finishing the entire palette,
and staying in tact with decent or exceedingly good
writing gets the book contract.

here come the cramps
tumbling on down the block.

you ever get the feeling

that
you
are
just
not
doing
enough
in
this
particular
life
when
you
are
still
doing
quite
a
bit?

ever
feel
like
quitting?

ever
quit?

wanna
quit?

need
to
quit?

wanna
join
me?

cause
i
may
quit?

aww
fuck,
i
quit.

coming
yet?

a break in saturday

my
white
sky
is
your
black
sky
as
to
her
blue
ground
is
his
purple
ground
as
the
ice
is
golden
brown
for
them
as
it
is
bright
yellow
for
us
&
memory
of
color
is
our
mode
of
balance
as
my
palate
gets
minced
in
with
your
smear
of
primaries.

a crack in the system

they finally closed
the
strung out,
silly,
slopped up,
saddled loose,
no where to poke a dime into anymore
crack house down the street
from the old workplace trying to change
the kid's mind from a life drugs and murder,
to riding bikes and prescription medications.

a loudly put thought

i
never
thought
that
i
would
have
to
think
the
way
i
thought
when
i
think
i
could
have
thought
to
think
it
out loud.

a morning

if
you
cannot
appreciate,
or enjoy
the sound
of the
cacophonous sound
of morning
birds
welcoming
the rise of the sun
and
hissing
at the end of the moon,
then
you
need
to
join the space program
and
get on movin' up to another
planet
in
our rented celestial system.

a world without car horns

would be like

me

driving around without a car horn

of my own for about 6 months

because i haven't taken my car in

to have it looked at or had the wires changed.

and i love this world

without horns

because now i use my voice if needed,

or

just sit and practice patience

as the people sit several seconds over the allotted time

to capitalize on a green light.

i enjoy not having a horn

because i don't like it when others honk at me,

so i'm actually practicing what i preach.

do to others as you

you like done unto you.

DO ME A FAVOR,

SHOVE YOUR FUCKING HORN UP YOUR HOLES

AND LISTEN TO ME SILENTLY

DRIVE ON THROUGH

THE STOP SIGN,

LIGHT,

NEIGHBORHOODS

OF YOUR

DESPERATE

HOKING,

HONKY.

alcoholic?

i admit
that i may
be an alcoholic
but
i don't have any drink in me now,
haven't for several days
and may not have 1 even tonight,
but it doesn't take away from the fact
that i'm probably an alcoholic,
but i wonder if i have to have someone else
dub me as an alcoholic before it sticks
or if i can actually give myself such a title
and stick to it
instead of wavering like a fella wanting a drink
really,
real,
real fucking bad
on the lips
down the gullet,
but i'm slipping out of alcoholic mode,
unless i'm not even an alcoholic
because self-proclaiming such would be foolish
and therefore i should drink as much as i want
RIGHT FUCKING NOW
because i just decided that i'm really not an alcoholic
until someone writes or tells me differently.

cheers.

angel baby man

old,
tar stained shit
truck
on
it's last standing tank of gas
for a paving job long overdue
just
drives around between
the hours of 7AM and 11AM with
a
heavy black tarp over its payload
of angel dust that drifts out
from underneath the hood
not
quite making folks high,
but giving
them enough
if they focus,
and forget
everything
long
enough
for someone else to remember.

as an accident prone kid,

my biggest blunder had nothing to do with me
at all.

when

i was about 1 year old,

my brother at 3

and my sister at 5

decided to unravel me and throw me about like
a football back and from between two cribs.

i flopped

and flailed through the easy air like some

easy,

cloud riddled hollywood trailer until the stars took over my vision.

my young

barely formed cranium head

smashed against a sturdy oak pole

and sent my voice all the way to the emergency room.

to this day,

i only have something of a very faint smidge of a scar

where they said i almost lost an eye.

either way,

it was an indefinite lifetime end to my sad

career as a young football star.

ben

he's
a
muscular
polish man that works
the front fitness desk by night
and does the mailman route by day.

his name is ben and he's the
smartest polish man i have ever met,
and one of the few polish folks i have ever
gotten to know.

keen on the political railroad tracks,
good with smile,
gentle with the women,
it's not just about getting his way,
it's about having a way.

folks don't like,
nor understand ben the way he needs to be understood.

fellas
like him are mistaken for muscle heads that have
some limited band on this existence,
but ben always knocked that formula down on the ground.

for all the times he called me 'the man' or lauded me
with praise,
it's folks like ben that make this world taller,
stronger
and
more able to forget that politicians
are
the nastiest,
most fucked individuals that walk
the plank of this planetary life.

bird foreboding

i
watched
the
birds
dip
and
refract
off
your
back
window
just
before
you
turned
your
wheel
south
and
evaporated
into
everything.

chosen one with god powers

the
dude
just
flat
went
god
crazy
and
starting
doing
everything
naked
and
throwing
bibles
at
people.

between
getting
arrested
and
throwing
off
his
clothes,
he
would
piss
on
the
sidewalks
and
rant
about
his
mornings
over
donut
fingers
with
jesus.

and
one
day
he
just
disappeared.

the
cops

don't
know
how.

the
city
has
no
records.

no
one
knows.

and
for
god's
utter
sake,
no
one
gives
a
fuck.

corporate silence

there
appears to be
something repeatedly,
over and over,
repeat,
repeat
and it
always comes off
as
something normal,
but those
on the inside that have a semblance of a brain matter
know
the telemetry is silence,
freight,
abeyance,
the frigid exactness that is
corporations and their people
and their boardrooms
and their ways and i am now back in this vapid vacuum
and i'll either speak as i need or get
fired like i did before in
my only high profile corporate job ever.

and i left in the same silence
they held for the 2 years i worked their.

i mimicked them in sheer shame on them mode
because you cannot be that dumb,
silent,
and remiss for that long in your lives.

mortgage or not,
there is no excuse.

and i have to thank
my first firing from lew hanna for
seeing the silence.

lew
this line of silence

.....

is for you
and
all of your corporate pals.

please welcome me back to
THE RANKS OF FUCKING CORPORATE AMERICA.

I'M BACK,
I'M MAKING MORE THAN EVER

AND I'M GONNA
TALK,
TALK,
TALK,
TALK,
SCREAM,
SHOUT,
RANT,
EMBARRASS
UNTIL
I
HAVE
TO
walk.

counterfeit

money wot world

blues

the boy mutters to himself

as

he awaits federal prosecution

onto his 18 year old brain

for making the fake cash stack blue blue

blues

decision.

crazy thousands

he
was
a
crazy
man
by
the
name
of
rick.

he
ran
the
crazy
house
for
the
ymca.

everyone
was
nuts.

he
was
nuts.

he
hated
everyone
and
so
did
his
residents.

rick
hated
the
bosses
because
he
knew
he
knew
more
about
that
1913
building
than
anyone

else.

and
knew
more
about
anything
than
all
those
crazy
fucks
in
his
dorms.

so,
to
toast
his
bosses
of
in
the
right
direction
he
asked
for
a
\$12,000
raise
and
didn't
even
get
a
reply.

the
man
hasn't
broke
more
than
a
quarter
raise
per
year
for
the
past
11
years
he

has
worked
there.

but
he
wins
every
year
he
works.

they
haven't
fired
his
crazy
ass
and
all
the
crazies
are
just
happy
as
hell
about
his
meager
monetary
raise
this
year.
those
keep
spittin'
rick
cause
there's
bound
to
be
a
spittoon
waited
for
venom
like
yours.

crowd mock

hey
lets
go see about viewing
some blind folks
as
i plant my bubble gum bulbs in the front
yard
for the clown birds to come by
and chew 'em up at harvest
and spit 'em back down to the ground
for the stilt walking giraffe folks
to squash down into the dirt ground to become
gum trees later on down the line
so that someone can sell tickets to the fenced in area
that will house
such a little movie really construed as a poem but more
seen as a blind person with perfectly keen vision.

dark writer

i
always
wondered
what
i
could
write
in
the
dark
if
i
concentrated
on
being
in
the
dark
and
just
writing.

how
was
this?

devoted library woman

she
had
bright floral pants,
with middle eastern skin,
shawl,
mannerisms,
clutching her rented library video
with both hands as she waited
for me to check out my stack of CD's and a DVD of film shorts,
while she looked at my head,
the clerk's face and anxiously
stepped forward
to hand in her video to a live person,
instead of the cold,
impersonal drop off slit
so that she could simply say 'hi' to the
dreadlocked black man behind the counter she
had been fixated on since he was hired
3.5 weeks ago
and after that she will rush home to masturbate
and listen to her copy of Barry Manilow's greatest hits
he checked out to her the first day he was on the job.

as she climaxes,
each time she wishes she were just a simple pimple on his face
and that he would squash the juice out of her so
that she doesn't have to long any more.

dig in, bench man

a
big smoking
man on the new concrete
bench
in front of the library
just
watches,
stares intently as a sweating woman
in pink shorts reaches
up on her business tip toes
to lop off some hopping
flowers on the apple blossom tree
as everyone else around him melts like sand into a tide,
or the wind into a bird wing,
while the moment is frozen in the hottest ember of
an imagination membrane
set fixated until the flowers begin to hop louder
and fall to their next
cocooned moment in the ask of the
big smoking
man's marvel.

don't pop the world ball

almost
witnessed
the
end of the
world
tonight
as
i
drifted fast
along
towards
my old white house.

several hispanic
kids
lost control of their
blue
rubber
ball
with the etchings of the world all over
it
and
nearly met
the
rubber
wheel head on
as
the
car
was
a
click
off
like
a
good
joke
the
kids needed to hear
as
the
car
whistled an old prison
tune up
on
the
road way.

dumbed up smarties

it's amazing
to think that we
humans are supposed to be
the smartest
animals on
this here planet ball
when
we are the only ones that die
from drugs,
liquor,
smokes,
food,
poison,
dope,
too much,
too little,
while
all the other animals of the kingdom
die of natural selection,
natural karma,
natural law,
natural causes
you
smart,
smart bastards out there lighting up,
toking up,
drinking up,
looking up,
going
down
soon.

excuse me

SOMEONE
ALWAYS
HAS
AN
EXCUSE
BECAUSE
THERE
ARE SO
MANY
AVAILABLE
PEOPLE
AND
SITUATIONS
TO
BLAME.

FLAT AND STRAIGHT,
THERE
ARE
MORE
THINGS
IN
THE
TRUTH
THAT
SCARE
AWAY BLAME.

SO,
BLAME
ME.

BLAME
THEM.

BLAME
EVERYONE
BUT
YOU,
MR. AND MS. YOU
BECAUSE
YOU
DON'T
DESERVE
THAT KIND OF
CRITICISM.

famous literature-less man

he
became
famous
for
scribbling
the
notes,
images,
original
thoughts,
cartoons,
etchings,
errant
items
in
the
margins
of
multitudes
of
library
books
in
and
around
the
metro
area.

now
he
is
asking
for
a
royalty
compensation
from
the
library
system
in
town.

instead,
he's
gonna
finally
be
hailed
off
to
jail

for
defaming
public
property
and
avoidance
of
library
fees.

he'll
go
down
like
all
the
other
self
proclaimed
genius
creators
of
our
time.

later,
his
sperm
will
the
the
fruits
of
his
eventual
fortune.

feline boredom

my cat
always
yawns as i approach
him.

from the kitchen,
living room,
outside gate,
my attic room
or otherwise,
his mouth goes up in a large,
wet,
pink lurch and all i see
are
his sharp
pointed
reasons
as
to what he really thinks about me as i approach
and he
gets a good view on what
i'm
all
about through the epiglottal
foil
of
his
feline
emotions.

final talk drive

the final
ride
around
the
job
block with my
devoted work partner
as
we
look out at the shit hole
boned out homes
that reeks of nothingness,
sweat loss,
and look for another street to vomit
their wares
as
i
nod,
smile
and
respond to a conversation i wasn't even
aware of as we
was having it. the final
ride
around
the
job
block with my
devoted work partner
as
we
look out at the shit hole
boned out homes
that reeks of nothingness,
sweat loss,
and look for another street to vomit
their wares
as
i
nod,
smile
and
respond to a conversation i wasn't even
aware of as we
were having it.

flop of tension

how
do
you
think
the
chains
that
hold
up
all
of
those
dancing
lights
of
fancy
entertainment
marquee?

think
they
ever
get
a
break
from
the
bright
lights
and
entertainment
slogans,
the
actors,
the
games?

when
do
they
ever
get
all
oiled
up
and
let
loose
from
their
binding
responsibilities?

and
you
have
pressure,
huh?

getting revenge on your past

in

a

sugar,

sweet

manner

is

like

going back to prom

20 years

later

and

fucking

the

prom queen,

or

sweetest girl in school,

but

for now

i'm

tired

of

sex

and

prefer

making out

with

my

new

lover

wife

fiancé

girl.

good-bye black prince

of
the
morning
pre
8AM
corner
of
37
and
baltimore
as
the
school
gives
you
their
doors
and
i
give
you
the
end
of
the
world.

i
know
you're
young,
but
light
a
smoke
if
you
can't
redirect
the
powers
that
be
and
don't
smoke
if
it
looks
like
the
coast
is
clear

and
china
is
gonna
run
things.

he said about dat story

AND I SAY
THERE WERE DIS ONE BOY
JUSTA BEATIN' THE TARD SHARD
OUTTA DIS ODDER BOY ADA BUS TOP TODAYS.

I MEANS,
THERE WAZN'T NUTIN' BEIN SAID BUT DA
FLAT WHIPS OF FISTS A GOIN AND GOIN AROUND
AND AROUND LIKES THE BOY WAS A GONNA FLY AWAY
LIKE A SPACED AGIN HELICOPTAS OR SOMETHING.

AND IT A JUST DIDN'T END ATS ALL.

KEPT GOING GOING GONE A GOIN'
AND I SAWS A BIT OF BLOOD BUT
MORES THAN THAT WAS THAT NOS FOLKS WERE A STOPPIN'
TO HELP.

THEYS JUSS A WALK ON BYS AND WATCH,
CHEERS A BITS,
BUT NO ONES A HELP DAT POOR BOY GET DA PULP WHIPPED OUT A HIM.

AND MY STOP LIGHTS TURNED GREEN,
I PRESSED ON DA GAS LIKE A FIST HITTIN' A STRANGERS TEETH
AND JUSS PLAIN PLUM FORGOT BOUT DAT NAMELESS BOY
GETTIN' DA TAR WHIPPED AND PLANTED DER ON DAS HOTS STREET.

hunger tale

as
i
wait
into
my
17th minute
for
my
egg
benedict
to
arrive
i
slip
into
further
fixation
on
a
man
chasing
his
shadow
and
he's
getting
a
fuck
load
further
than
i
am
as
my
stomach
swallows
his
portly
shadow
whole.

i accidentally kicked myself in the lip

because

of

all

the

tambourine

things

i

said

on

purpose

that

may

have

made

you

gloat,

float

or

just

flat

believe

there

is

something

more

than

what

they

have

always

told

you

there

is.

i met the guy

who dots his eye balls over
each word of those magazine pharmaceutical
ads crammed in the middle of sheik cologne
smelling pages because he doesn't want
anything to pass him by as the drugs
of the world that really control us
and he is coming up with new ways
to control those drug pushers throwing
legal piggy pops down the throats of
illegals.

if you get a new religion,

then

get me a brand

new robe

and

we'll trot off to invent

better drugs,

more legal extortion,

better terms for prostitution,

mask the end of the world,

shoot guns into angry clouds,

walk around in circles as

the IV's sit in the middle all

pointed and sad and with no where to go

and find some road maps to fictional

locations

and just load up the kids and begin

driving

like there is a point to all of this.

inanimate tail

the
kite
stuck
up
in
the
tree
early
morning
is
my
imagination
wandering
away
from
work
into
a
field
where
my
paycheck
won't
find me
and
my
bill collectors
filed
for bankruptcy
and
i
can
just
daydream
about
our
new
baby
coming
in
the
winter
and
finally
finish
the
last
of
the
damned
book
that
dangles

like
a
tail
on
a
plastic
kite
body.

kyle

where
are
you
out
there
tonight
kyle
rogers
with
your
children
waiting,
the girl
in
tow,
a town
in shadows,
your drink
getting
warm,
the city has
already forgotten
you,
your car is
one
of
the
few things
that loves
you
as
you plug
it
with
expensive
love juice
as
the
jingle
of
tonight
wonders
why
you came around
and
when
you
are
gonna
finally bag
two
women
at once?

left with my new best hand

the
pang
and
lurch
of
a
left
handed
writing
cramp
is
the
sweet
kiss
of
learning
how
to
write
something
differently
after
all
these
years
of
making
my
hands
enemies
of
a
kind.

life talkers

it's
hard
listening
to
people
talking
about
your
life
as
you
live
your
life
and
wonder
what
life is
supposed to
really
be
all
about
as
they
live
their
lives
and
you
see
the
wasted lives
and
the
full
lives
and
the
enviable lives
the
disastrous
lives
and
they
keep
discuss
your
life
as
their
life
goes

flopping
down
the
street
like
a
yellow
dog
evading
a
big
dog's
wet,
hot,
hungry
chompers
flying
on
by.

me & the african

the
african
waved
me
into his store,
near closing,
i stumbled through and
walked up to a frightened
cashier
as
i laid a two liter of pop
in front of him and reached for my
wallet.

it wasn't there.

gone.

i said,
'i live just that way and i'll be right back.'

the cashier gave me no response,
while the friendly african smiled
and said come back whenever i needed,
knowing that it wasn't gonna happen.

as i walked out,
a friend and my caroline were driving towards me,
i hopped into the back of the truck,
asked for a couple of bucks and went back over.

this time,
the woman was at the door and didn't want to let
my whiskey fumed mouth enter,
as the friendly african waved her off.

i came in,
bought the two liter and let them keep
about sixty cents in change
as i left feeling like
a got a little closer to the african continent that night,
and farther away from myself as
the faint sound of cells sizzling under my scalp kept me
in mild attention all night
long.

minor adjustments

she
was
higher
than
a
circus
walker
just
after
noon
going
down
the
wasteland
of
minnesota
ave.
when
she
stopped,
sniffed,
caught
her
reflection
in
the
mirror
and
pulled
her
pants
up
stiff
like
a
straight
gin
and
started
yelling
at
a
fictional
invisible
nobody
just
to
her
left
as
the
right
continued

forcing
their
conservative
ways
on
her
aged
veins.

most beautiful one the boys didn't know

she
was
a
shy
girl
who
had
that
homely look about
her
and
always
wanted
pictures
of
all
the
boys.

i
couldn't
give
them
to her.

it
was against
work
policy to do so.

and
all these boys and the others
thought
she was weird,
smelled odd,
and have too many blemishes
on her face.

but it takes an older person to recognize
beauty and she was
the best looking girl i had ever seen
come through the teen center at my work place
and
no guy would ever give her the time
as she dreamed
of
having her room filled with picture
after picture
of
boys that
weren't
worthy
of

the beauty she's gonna blossom
into
once
she
takes
over
this
whole
damned
ugly world.

Mr. Confucius

the
sole
solitary
thing
that's
confusing
about
kids
is
that
they
are
not
adults
no
more.

my normal pressures

go
ahead
and
take
that
whole
big,
nasty
bucket
of
high
blood
pressure
and
splash
it
all
over
my
feet
&
chest.

neighborhood hooker chronicle #2,639

there
is
always
this
one
chewed
up
red
headed
hooker
in
the
neighborhood
that
is
between
either
a
cigarette
or
morning
after
pill
as
she
struggles
to
keep
up
with
her
80
percent
taking
pimp
who
father's
all
her
invisible
illegitimate
children
and
reads
her
all
her
favorite
children
stories
when
she's
high

as
a
kite
because
her
mom
was
never
around
when
all
she
knew
about
a
whore
was
the
horror
shows
on
late
at
night
in
her
orphan
home
as
a
small
'annie'
girl
that
gave
up
waiting
on
the
millionaire
to
save
her
existence.

nighttime ballerina girls

twist,
flip,
high
toe
right
through my downtown
mind
as
i enter the belly
of
wakeful sleep
and
notice
that it's really been
me
driving this car down the avenue
the whole time
as
last week is the sweetest memory
and now is my best moment
for i am in love,
ready to have a child,
new job,
the new home soon,
the sound of music,
the fact that i am still behind the keys,
the past is another metaphor for tomorrow,
and the only thing that will make
me fall
is the melting ice under my foot
trying to figure out
how
i broke the fuck out of my toe
so
damn
badly.

one powerful ass

the
case
of
my
explosive
coffee
salad
diarrhea
explosion
moments
is
the
corner
of
my
health
conscious
mind
telling
me
that
to
let
loose
is
a
hold
helluva
fuck
better
than
holding
onto
all
of
these
vegan
notions
of
killing
meat
eating
cows.

permanently locked out

if
you
ever
have
the
chance,
or
misfortune
to
break
a
key
off
into
a
keyhole
you
immediately
know
there
is
a
reason
for
you
not
to
enter
and
if
you
do
you
deserve
the
wrath
of
that
dead
metal
key.

pizza man box power

the
homeless man
on
the corner of 71hwy
holds the top of
a ripped pizza box
pleading
for
money from the cars
at the light
as i aim to snap a picture
while
he pleads to a window quickly rolling back into its base
like a turtle head into a shell
as the horn behind me honks and i see
the flash of green scream at me like a frog ready to eat my nose
and realize that i'm hungry,
hungry like that pizza hut box
to get free money,
but i know there's no way around the capitalistic trap
as the man darts between synapses
trying to figure out which sucker
is gonna fork over a large bill
in the 13 hours of his
monetary rise up the jaguar ladder.

short lived gift of imagination

i reckon
we
get
lauded
with the fruits
and gifts of childhood
with the
tooth fairy in her flowing fictional wand,
the easter bunny with his sugar to decay the tooth,
and the santa clause to make you one day question
everything your folks ever tried to
convince you of.

more than that,
it was a way to get cash,
prizes and every consolation prize of every game show
ever aired before
we
would have to grow up and
get
the cavities from the easter candy,
break the arms off the fragile fairy angels that we to take our teeth
and relish the money we get for the
simple slabs of ivory in our mouths that are
later priceless.

then,
we all grow the fuck up and
have to buy gifts for relatives we hardly tolerate,
buy more easter crap for an occasion that has nothing to do with
a resurrection,
then pay for dental bills that our bastard insurance companies refuse to pay.

starting to find
a rhyme in this walk across the street
as i look over and see all
my fictional kid friends that used to give me
gifts and money just fade
into translucent nothings.

in reality,
they
are our parents.

good night
all
you
sugary sweet
princes and princesses.

soup balls

please
baby,
i
need
to
hop
out
of
this
bath
and
quit
washing
my
body.

these
damned
balls
of
mine
are
starting
to
look
and
smell
like
soup.

sticker ass

i am so glad
there are so many cars out on the road right now
that alert me to who the fuck they are:

- art museum member
- zoo member
- AAA auto
- wall drug club
- usa fanatic
- gay rainbowers
- proud to be nothing
- apathetic
- kill your tv
- support whirled peace
- the end is near
- smile face

i'm so glad that everyone has
me alerted
to their clubs,
affiliations,
memberships,
allegiances,
and such
so that when they run someone off
the road
and i witness it,
i can tell the cops what i know
about their fucking character
via a bumper
or
back
glassed
out
window.

street vigilantes

with your thump,
a pump top ten rap slow am bam downs
come on over to my rooftop garage
so i can slap some bitch fuck improv
shit all over your intermediate assholes
so that one day you may see where the fuck
the mole decided to dig to knock you off your
tender,
mother massaged feet right on down
to the bling blam motherfuck damn man slam
of this chigger fligger of a jigger coming on down
you low ballin'
medium sided fallutin' taunt talk of what you
think you are but you ain't when no one's lookin'
and soon no one is gonna be lookin' or concentratin'
on seein' because you are gonna be dusted by the kid
that was four foot nothin in school and that is all
there is gonna be on that bean pole of a totem pole called your
perception of your small, uneventful,
minus creative romp across this strip of my street with your ghetto box
blaring to the tune of nothing as nothing goes over your face and nothing
is gonna happen because words will only save you
if you believe in images.

the back wheel

was
wobblin'
around and up and down
badly
as he crashed over the land like
a
dinosaur
looking for paleolithic beginnings
as
his faded tattoos blended in the faded gray cloud cover
and his friend in the passenger seat
just screamed about reagan's death,
and the further birth of our bush in office,
as i zeroed in on this old silver
car wobblin' on prehistoric tire rubber
waiting for the whole shit flop to fly loose
while
they screamed politics
and the car lamented giant car tears,
enough
to get their windshield wipers going
as the sky began mourning for their car,
the republicans,
the democrats,
the talkers,
the listeners,
the quiet.

the man under the 12 street overpass

is

still alive

as

straggler

in the kansas city club

lights

up another cigar after a leisurely swim

in the heated pool

dreaming

of sturgeon bellies

and

how

his kids are gonna squander his cash

once

he

is long gone under

the overpass

of

this highway life.

the new yorker apartments

are slowly falling apart
with the pimp landlord
and latino hookers
as the dime bag of dope goes
blowing into the gutter grates
and the eternal neighborhood burrito
shack behind stands sturdy
like a roman helmet
ready to serve you an antidote
to your city appetite
and loss of hooker dope going,
going away
from your clutched,
pale hands.

the two topless texas bimbos sway,

danced
and
darted
across
the
top of that
rowdy bar
top
to
the
sound of more
money,
clattering
bottles
and
the
daddy's that
wanted
more,
or
less out
of
them
as
the
men
salivate
at
what they will
never
get
and
the
girls
merely
shake
their
asses to what
they
had
and
didn't
have
the
nipples
to
appreciate
as
the
full
moon rises over
my
whiskey
and

the
sound
of a baby
crying
from one
block over
finally
rings
my ear drums.