

**Joefiles XCIII**  
*smell the dirt's fragrance*



## **animal god man**

i met a man one time  
that said either he was god  
or that he knew who god was,  
but i think he said that he was actually  
god and i thought about him today when  
i was driving to work and saw a  
dead tan dog upside down on the shoulder  
during rush hour traffic  
and i wanted to dig the number of  
that god man and have him come on by and  
do his god damned best to get that  
dog back up on his feet again.

## **another corporate poem**

the only real true way to deal with  
corporate america is an ulterior hobby that  
could make money in this world if this world  
valued things like me writing this out or selling  
a painting picture - so, instead i'm stuck  
with keeping my head filled with as much crazy shit  
as possible or all the flitters flopping with disaster  
and taking the ultimate nose dive out of the shack  
off the side of 18th street as i yank on the guts of a  
computer completely blinded by love and a son  
that is coming in several months from now, so corporate  
america really isn't that bad this time around. and  
i just keep taking notes as i watch the door out  
like it's a warm, token handshake that is gonna  
one day lead me to one more door, then another, until  
my hand gets stuck on the handle and i have no other  
option than to stay where i have decide to stay  
and i'll never have to fuck with some silly exit plan  
as the small talk sounds larger and larger,  
in my medium shaped ears.

## arizona underpass future

i  
saw the  
future  
in the eyes  
of a woman  
peddling  
her bike fast  
in the bowels  
of a bridge  
going  
towards the east  
side of  
town  
and i'm just  
not sure it's  
appropriate to  
say whether or not  
she's gonna  
be the lottery  
winner she's been  
gearing herself  
up to  
in her gambling pants  
and risky smirk.

## **around my second**

a row of dripping  
noses, the sounds of  
squirting nose fluids,  
the red snouts as  
the world  
collectively gears themselves  
for the biggest  
sneeze anyone has ever had the  
potential possibility to hear.

## **as we descend**

into image after  
image of presidential  
candidates leading  
to the big ballot box  
in the eternal sky,  
all i can think about,  
is that i want my miles  
to be born under a regime  
that has forgotten about  
bush and his crimes against  
all the other babies that  
were unfortunately born  
under his bloody nails and  
clownlike gestures.

## **before the phoenix window**

away from my love in  
kansas city and the whiskey  
tastes the same,  
cars fly by the same,  
buildings are erect,  
downtown is sputtering,  
and the palms wade through  
upper breezes  
and i anticipate  
that tomorrow  
the desert may  
run away with  
my loose change,  
but i have its check  
right in  
my front pocket  
ready to  
cash.

## birth of death

the  
petty  
small  
time  
crook  
criminal  
in  
sad  
cloth,  
no  
where  
to  
be,  
no  
one  
calling  
him,  
and  
his  
artistry  
in  
broken  
glass,  
stolen  
goods  
and  
his  
perpetual  
skill  
at  
bringing  
about  
the  
birth  
of  
a  
death  
day  
after  
damn  
day.



## **bling-bling-beatch**

i go by this  
one billboard  
everyday that  
have these  
two hard  
gold tooth totin'  
dudes with  
names like  
LUCCI STAX AND  
40 KAL.  
it's a big billboard  
advertisin' their  
musical wares on  
the billboard  
catching the eyes  
of a lot of passing  
motorists  
and i wonder if  
these guys ever  
stopped to consider  
how many good musicians  
there are in the world  
that writes their own music,  
create all their own music,  
make their own sounds,  
could be so talented many  
wouldn't understand it,  
and ultimately how many  
people making music like  
they are out there doing  
absolutely nothing at all  
to further a solid musical  
note into originality  
and then i stop that  
reign of thought each day  
and realize that there are  
way too many people that  
wouldn't think that way  
because too much of that music  
requires no thought  
and has no thought behind  
it so i reside on the side of  
no thought as an excuse and  
decide not thinking is  
absolutely invalid as i  
go onto the next thought  
and let the thoughtless money  
give LUCCI STAXX and 40KAL  
all the thoughtless crud  
they desperately desire.

## **boss beef**

you  
ridiculous  
motivators  
in burned up  
cloth looking  
to cash in your  
bright oils  
and needed inks  
deserve the luck.

## **brief physical**

at  
this  
hour  
in  
my  
life  
at  
age  
32,  
my  
health  
has  
come  
down  
to  
random  
foot  
injuries  
like  
cuts  
and  
broken  
pinkie  
toes,  
along  
with  
a  
host  
of  
minor  
injuries  
calculated  
during  
sex.

## **cabinet lock**

in this old cabinet  
i found wods of paper  
and soup that you  
used to cook - now,  
it's filled with too much  
water and just 1 picture  
of you as you wish us all  
a better fate  
that befell the prior  
while god blessed the devil and  
the cats suddenly forgot  
to meow along the fame line  
out back.

## **candy coated pollutants**

the two candy cane  
coated strips  
of industrial waste  
pumping use and refuse  
into the sky is all i  
have the chance to see  
as i drive along my sugar  
coated path to where i am  
expected to be and while  
the time clock hums without  
my presence there i'm  
sure it will surely survive without  
my face near it's reflective  
glass looking blankly at my  
intent face as the peals  
and strips of red paint melt off  
the magical stacks of smoke  
making that take over my head  
the minute i see their dual heads  
poke right over the line of trees  
or stacks of clouds that should  
be taking over this hostage held  
sky that sits in a politician's  
quiet, sleeping pocket under an  
address i will never care to remember.

## **cold white lies**

cover the sidewalks  
the kids blindly trek  
across as the jet streaks  
over the sky guarantee  
that the marshmallow  
filling has all but escaped  
the sugar coated snacks  
and then the truth comes out  
and we have no bearing on  
recognizing that because  
the duke left too soon and  
ella just didn't sing it  
backwards enough for my decoder  
ring to work on it.

## **dog talk**

if  
i  
could  
pull  
it  
off,  
i  
would  
love  
to  
have  
dog  
dreams  
running  
through  
my  
head  
at  
least  
2  
nights  
a  
week.  
it  
would  
be  
like  
having  
a  
verbal  
conversation  
with  
an  
animal.

## **dreams of the band**

is  
the  
birth of  
unemployment  
and  
new  
opportunities  
for statistical  
reaches  
into  
the  
private sector.



## **dumb purchases**

if there  
is  
anything  
on this consumer  
hatchet market  
wheel spinning  
in wide gaping  
spins and tweaks  
it would  
have  
to be spending  
any amount of money  
on fucking water.  
i see it everywhere,  
it flows abundantly,  
and i have to pay  
for fresh shit to  
save my guts from the  
gluttony of taking  
what the city gives me.  
i thought taxes were the  
sucker punch to  
the ball bag.

## **every time**

i go by  
a group of construction workers  
on a road site,  
whether alone,  
in pairs  
or in a pack,  
they perpetually  
have  
that  
look in their eyes  
like  
they  
expect the world  
to stop at  
any moment,  
and more than that,  
they know all of this  
and  
we have nothing more  
than the glint in their  
irises and the gait on their  
mouths to make  
some sort of pending guess.

**excuse me,**

your

running

analogies

need

much

better,

thicker

soled

shoes.

## **familiar boat lot**

on the complete  
end of surviving  
the end of being  
out numbered by  
shit loads of short  
haired healthcare women  
i cannot wait to touch  
my long haired, red headed  
irish angel back home  
with her satchel of freckles  
and that beautiful voice  
that always wakes me before  
forever begins perplexing  
me again.

**fire**

me

out

of

the

mouth

of

never

and

forget

that

we

ever

considered

always

an

option.

## **flapjack blackjack**

there's just  
no getting through to this guy.

he walks backwards.

drives backwards.

has the ability to speak backwards.

draws backwards.

runs backwards.

cooks backwards.

and is perpetually living his life backwards  
as if everyday is leading back to his womb.

he's a sensation.

he bedazzles the public.

they all want to know what  
his secret is.

how does he do everything backwards  
in such a clever way?

he's ripped up by moments that didn't  
work and he's trying to claim his  
former,  
lost and forgotten glory.

if it could be called glory.

because he speaks backwards,  
no one can understand this.

he just sounds like some busted record  
album from some LSD induced band of the  
60's or 70's and everyone pretends as though they get it.

he's  
living  
society's fantasy.

he's doing what most everyone does.

but he's actually doing it.

he's reverse motion going forward.

and not one person knows it yet.

## **flipping floaters**

go ahead  
stranger and float  
me what you will,  
cause if i don't like  
it i will send it  
right back on the same  
raft or sink it  
straight back down  
to the bottom of  
beginning  
waters so someone  
else can get their  
hands atop it and  
take it in for their  
strange, little  
own, ok?

## **flyin solo**

read

my

words:

THE

SOLO

SOLITARY

ONES,

TOGETHER,

OR

APART,

ARE

GOING

TO

BE

THE

ONES

THAT

SAVE

THIS

LONELY

PLANET

ALL

ON

THEIR

OWN.



## **folded evenings**

outside of my  
hands & i have  
creases all over  
my body from the night  
before,  
but i'm just not certain  
if i slept or i was  
dreaming about sleep or  
if the dream was my sleep  
or if my subconscious head  
too leave of my eye balls  
and went running with the  
president after midnight  
and all the hollywood  
signs that have ever existed  
burned down to the ground  
and i finally had some kind  
of decent bond with my blood  
sister as i continue running  
my fingers over the large and  
capillary sized sheet indentions  
all over my body and stare into  
the blackness as the cat meows louder  
and my wife grabs my hand,  
yet it hasn't solved my head  
from being attached to my neck and  
the notion that these creases all  
over my body had as much to do  
with sleep as my confused head  
had to do with not having dreams  
last night.

## **for whatever**

lapse in brain  
activity i had,  
and for what  
it was worth,  
i shoved a metal  
tea kettle in the  
microwave first  
thing in the morning  
as the kid ate  
his cereal and i  
went for a poop  
that was way behind  
schedule. as i enjoyed  
my reprieve, i heard  
popping sounds and  
smelled acrid smoke  
from the kitchen and ran  
to find the microwave on fire.  
i immediately put it out,  
opened the windows,  
and let my wife rest her bones,  
and not worry about  
my early pre-coffee  
lunacy. after this,  
i got the boy in the car,  
started it up and pulled out into  
the road as the engine died and  
didn't start back up. there in  
the road, someone stopped and asked  
to take the boy to school. i declined.  
and as i took him to school in our 1 working  
car i wondered how many times i have  
done stupid shit like that and  
when the fuck i was ever gonna get  
a good cup of coffee again.

## from a small seat

i feel  
tilted like  
an old barn floor  
flopping at 33,000 feet  
above ground,  
mountains and earth  
while the sound of music  
and the thought of my baby  
back home is the thing that  
is making it plausible for  
me to ignore recent comments  
my boss made about my communication  
habits and credibility.  
this, coming from a man that is about  
as harried, confused and bridge burning  
as they have the chance to get. this isn't  
from my reputation, it's what i hear,  
as the tilting gets more profound,  
the boss likely sleeps behind me and  
there less than 500 miles between me  
and the life i had to leave for the desert,  
only to return to my falling leaves and  
robust indignation.

## **from this anointed**

writing perch on the 14th floor  
of a phoenix relocation for 4 days,  
i have the silvery glassy reflection  
of the bank one building transmitting  
the images of airplanes in a brief,  
short gust as i continue see the  
american remnants of 9-11 that won't leave,  
and about a photographic eye fluttering like  
shy eyes and knowing that this life is  
parceled out into moments and it's the brief ones  
that grab you by the veins and shove the  
blood through your memories as this one  
gets lodged into the square peg in my brain side  
lamp here on hotel row.

## **Fuckssss**

become a fuck,  
people like it,  
they respond to it,  
they talk about you,  
you travel,  
you steal,  
you ponder robbery,  
you become the stuff  
of Presidents.  
all groomed up,  
you fuck.

## **gee, i'm glad**

madonna put

out a kid's book and jewel

put out a book of poems.

i was concerned about their

financial solvency. wouldn't want

then on some dirty, bustling city

corner with a ripped off cereal box

back asking for new fans or

begging for forgiveness because

they masturbated their fame in front

of everyone.

## **god's dad**

if god had a dad  
what would he look like?  
would he be bigger?  
would he also have a dad?  
is there an infinite  
amount of god dad's or  
would that question mean the  
end of forever and we  
would only be lucky to  
know the grandfather of jesus  
as the buddha statue stares at  
the 4th arm of a hindu god in the  
flawless plaster cast.

## **god's half cousin**

spilled a big

heapin'

bowl of hot gravy

on my friend's third

cousin

as the sister wondered

where the hell

the dog had wondered off to

in the middle of that burned out yard.



## **hurricane meeting spider**

there was a woman on the phone from florida talking about hurricanes and salt and windy weather as the talk of the hour began and i started drifting. on and off, on and off, until a spider came popping out of a tile in the far west corner of the room and starting launching its hairy body around the ceiling tiles and near the lights, then back to its hole. it was my little charlotte and her web had me as i lost my spans and was told several times to remember to do things that i may or may have not done up to this point, but that spider came back around and made everything completely validated.

## **i just burned my fingerprints off**

my first two fingers  
and these keys just don't care  
one way or the other about my  
overzealousness to get the coffee  
pot and my slipping fingers,  
they just want results,  
come good verbs, compelling nouns,  
well placed adjectives and clever  
dangling participles,  
they don't care that my fingers  
have lost their prints due to over  
heating, they don't care that  
the cops likely won't have an  
accurate read on my prints if  
they are run sometime soon,  
they just want these keys to  
whiz, and dance like there is  
going to be one more tomorrow  
left and if i need to eat fire  
to get my words down the way  
it expects them to be, so  
be it as the dill grows sour  
and the cane field leans a  
little closer to this here keypad  
trying with every letter in  
it's row to make the fructose  
worthy of it's fermentation.

## **insect headhunters**

i see a future where  
people will be sensitively  
dumb enough to start arresting  
people for killing flies and  
common insects that walk around  
our houses, apartments, sidewalks,  
and faces. the sale of insect motels,  
sprays, and other killers are gonna  
be staked out by the appropriate authorities  
via bar codes and sale dates to  
rat people out and arrest them  
for endangering and ending the life  
of insects. it will finally be a  
a solid day in the sun for folks  
at PETA or the ACLU or your grassroots  
efforts that will protect the right of  
all living things no matter how volumous  
or small or destructive or pesky they may  
be. our kids just may be able to see a future where  
the amount of insects to human ration will be in  
the thousands to one. just another simple  
way that society is gonna do it's lowest  
to bug you one of these fine days soon.

## **invented pockets**

of shelf fish swimming  
through your eye sockets  
while the powder gets  
applied to the face of  
our next magazine face  
as the sounds of  
bubblegum newspaper  
print go floating  
through the skies towards  
the sound of landfills  
that wants the attention  
of a suckling baby looking  
for the mammalian nipple  
and it's the crust on the  
toast, it's the nape  
on a neck, it's the left  
to a righties incognizance,  
and there you are with  
your interpretation of  
now and the misrepresentation  
of everything calculated  
for your utter benefit.

## **janel head was a girl**

in junior high that had the funny name and the pre-lesbian look down cold. and like many kids in my class, she was the product of rich parents. and me. the kid from a poor family, a small time hood and not all that popular with the country club cards and turtle neck wearers. so, during our 7th grade winter, janel threw this big assed holed party for all us kids with a 'campfire' theme. everyone waited for their invites and got one except for me. in fact, i was specifically told to not attend the big junior high orgy fire camped bash because of my propensity for mayhem. well, i weighed my options as a 12 year old on a friday night and nothing much panned out except for this event by the fire. so, i invited myself and got nasty eyes from the hostess when i arrived. in fact, she wanted me to leave immediately, but i was too distracted by others and plans to destroy the nice, bright, innocent campfire that was sparked and glowing there in the middle of that rich person's field. as the night wore on, the other kids knew from my history that i was the only one in a group that had the unique combination of balls and 'do what the popular kids tell me to do' mentality. so, they coaxed me into grabbing a big old can of WD-40 and throw it into the fire. it didn't take me much. i grabbed the can to the delight of all the other macho chicken shit boys, marched through my uninvitedness towards the fire and threw it in. the explosion was the highlight of the night and i had never, ever seen an explosion that big in my life. safe to say, i didn't make an impression with janel. she ordered me off her property. the memory was burned in everyone's mind afterwards. i did what couldn't be done by the others. i was more of an asshole than ever. i felt like a real, gone to hell child hollywood star.

i don't know exactly what i'm gonna write about, but it's gonna be a lot better than writing about nothing, as the sea gull flies farther, and farther away from this small honeymoon/hollywood suite i am sharing with my wife. as i sit here with the sounds of kc's own charlie parker going through my two ear drums the sound of jets in a jacuzzi and my wife reading a book is the most comfort i may have had the chance to feel up to this point in my life. so, there i have hit why i am writing, and where i am writing, and possibly when, but that would require me to start commenting on the state of the world and perhaps politics, which can be a sorely sour topic to begin touching on in this infancy before the actual election of either bush or kerry for the highest seat or slouch sack of corruption in this nation .. it has gotten to that Excalibur point that it really doesn't matter, but it does .. you know, the amount of fraud and bullshit i see both parties masturbating over is enough for me to stay home with my wife one extra does of minutes versus having to endure the same electoral college raping that existed in 2000 - so, you get the idea that i'm writing in 2004 and the air quality is all but essential in this hollywood suite right now as c. parker takes a break for the piano player to lay down some serious ivory on the situation as the drink before me is completely watered down and i try to make up my mind if it's worth continuing my work here with the beverage, or if i should continue looking and paying attention to this screen of mine before me as though it's a tv that is a friend and will somehow, and someday become my closest ally in a fight that i will inevitably have to take up .. now on the verge of a son, and the new demands of a dad, and being a grown up i am perpetually under the assumption that there is a non stop, never ending string of things that not only i have to do, but i have to learn as well .. and that is completely cool with me .. it's just different because of the fact that it's not just i that relies on i anymore, there is and will be multiple relying on i .. so, as i write here with this sack of wet feet below me, i know that the only responsibility that i truly have is to satisfy one person in this world, so if this bag of words or my honest attempt at letting you know what is going on doesn't work, then i gave it a shot, now if i didn't give it a shot, wouldn't you be worried a bit? sure, none of you would, unless you had a vested interest in me or my writing, but since you don't have a vested interest because you don't know me, and you likely have never read my stuff before, here i go taking a shot at either satiating my own soul, a couple other minds and trying to coax many others out there that i will likely ever meet .. so, as the hands of time go winding around your neck like octopus claws, i wanna offer my fire to scare off those tentacles and to let you know that it's cheaper to ride the train that it is to but a subaru, and it's much easier to ride the bus than a bitch who's likely to give you a headache anyways .. and c. parker goes into the crescendo of another song as the flicker of the tv set goes - blip - blip - and i think back to how my day began .. it was the most extreme of the pendulum swing .. first, i burn up a metal tea kettle in the microwave, having to put a fire out while running away from a pot of shit i laid as the house immediately gets filled with smoke, and the boy wonders what happened as the flicker of cartoons goes by and he gives a half attuned idea of attention as i clean up the mess, open the windows and hope the smell and aura of disaster escapes my sleeping, pregnant wife in the next room trying to get her extra minutes of sleep while i get the boy ready for school .. so, she finds out because of the boy hugging her before leaving and the smell of his hair that something happened as we quickly leave the house and start my car to head up the street .. as the car glumps and glocks out of the driveway, it dies .. done .. right there in the middle of the street as i try to start 'er up and a car

comes by offering to take my wife's boy, zen, to school as i refuse .. instead, i hop out and take the other car and get the boy to school safe and sound .. only to come back to a broken down car for the second day in a row .. facing another botched and humiliating 50 dollar tow, i opt to call the mechanic and find out where the choke is and what to do .. he tells me .. i go out and get the fucker started, averting potential disaster .. so, as i flew down the highway talking to my wife about the accounts of the morning with a fresh cup of 7-11 coffee in my hands, i would have only hoped that right now i would be typing shirtless in a hotel suite in northern missouri while my wife bathes after a good session of water sex as c. parker hits his next upswing and my son swims in the sack of my wife's womb and i become more aware as each day passes how cool it is to have the two most important in this world right here in this room, in this anonymous country setting while the silent mouths of america try to convince me and everyone else that everything is gonna be ok and to play as much as we possibly can before the walls and chambers of decision come raining down on us .. and i figure in the realm of everything that is supposed to be and should be important, the few things that strike me are toe nails that grow, eyes that sing, hair that curls, lips that have creases and the potatoes that taste like starch, so in the hidden bowels of a train going and veering towards the front pages of your morning newspaper, i know what to tell you, but you would probably accuse me of being either a heretic or a liar, so i will instead tell you that i went into writing something that i just wasn't sure where it was gonna go .. still don't know and that is more than fine with me as invisible knocks come rapping at the country door of this little rented bungalow as i know that the only way to tame the heart of a lion is to become the heart of a bigger, and greater tiger with dull teeth and a fierce sense of self ..

## **knobby land**

all the karmic  
ramifications  
that michael jackson  
has unleashed  
through his beatles  
library purchase  
is all hidden  
deep and snug  
within the soul of  
a faceless 9 year old  
boy that is terrified  
of beds - comfortable with  
pillows and a testament  
to what happens to a man  
in this lifetime on this planet  
when you fuck with the best  
music ever recorded.



## **larry the old produce man**

used to have this tick in his neck  
with or without a neck tie and it was  
hard to concentrate some mornings when  
i would come in at 7 am after some  
solid slugs of beverage and ready to sling  
a whole assorted variety of vegetables  
and fruits over the lavish ballrooms  
of middle sized suburbia and larry was  
real good about sticking straight to the  
produce story and not veering too far off  
the track as the over tanned alcoholic  
owners and their son's and relatives  
would poke and prod shit at larry as  
he already had enough to worry about  
with a nasty wife that marshaled him  
around like a son as he did his damndest to  
make everyone money, raise good kids  
and keep his loyal fruit crew happy  
and he had that marvelous tick that was  
probably inherited from a heart of gold,  
silver, pomegranates, apple seeds, titanium,  
tangerine juice and everything just for  
a produce manager named larry plumburg that  
was my best boss in the best growing of my  
life.

## lightning dog

this black lab dog  
isn't originally mine,  
nor my wife's,  
it came here after being  
scared to shit by a  
loud popping thunderstorm  
and he's been here every  
since. he's the best dog  
i've probably ever been  
around and it goes to prove  
after a childhood of inheriting  
a number of dogs, some of the  
best things in this life are  
absolutely inherited, rather  
than cultivated from the beginning.  
that's why so many couples can't  
make it and single people are always  
the closest with their parents.  
we have to temper the masturbation  
of how we inherit what we inherit  
as the paper inherits another one  
of my inheritances.

## **livers**

the pompous exasperation of a speaker  
at the podium as you sit there watching them  
perform in the pompous best and you  
marvel at how much better you could do if you  
were only a bit better and not just some  
audience participant with no where else  
to be as the lecture grows forward and  
your mind long ago gave up on what it was  
saying in the crystal clean clear  
regurgitation that is everything has once  
likely been said and negating that with  
anything new is the miracle that we pray  
for as we arrive at a new piece of paper  
or array of words that will once again  
make us believe in the processed order  
of learning how to read and fucking write  
in the first damn place.

## **metro stop 32**

at 5:05 pm sends  
off the smiling  
woman again  
to cross the short  
bridge to her humble  
small cottage home off the  
highway skirts  
as everyone goes by  
without looking again  
and i just fixate on her  
each night  
when i have the chance  
to go by wondering what  
she does every single  
day that gives her  
the exact same smile  
that is enough comfort  
to keep me smiling as i  
head over that same bridge  
to the new world past  
her home.

## **monkey shoes walking**

all over this indoor  
jungle floor as the kat  
swats at the dog and the  
baby kicks in her belly  
harder as the rain falls  
even harder and i get to  
take the day off work,  
go to the doctors with  
my wife and future son,  
and buy a new car while  
the wheel of living,  
consuming and existing as  
we have been taught and  
raised comes square into  
our socks and out of our  
toe nails as ornaments of  
discovery, and instruments  
of needing trimming when  
thought about in the right  
moment.

## **my early vision of women struggling,**

and having no idea how they were gonna be marshaled with their bleeding, birthing, shaving, plucking and dealing with dudes that are fucks was in gym class. i remember the guys all had to do pull ups, while the girls had to balance their chin above a metal bar for as long as their arms could last. and these girls were being put through complete pain. i had never seen a group of girls shake like the real tough ones that would extend their physical fitness prowess as long as possible while shaking violently with a red face, spittle flying here and there, and the other sorted valuations of physical exertion. i bet the girls had to do that because they would make all the boys look bad with their prowess of pull - pull - pulling their way forward. and i especially enjoyed the girls would last so long up there on that bar that the coach and boys had to look away because it was about as painful as we could take. kinda seems like how we deal with childbirth, huh?

## **my favorite mike parisi story**

was the one  
about him getting rear  
ended on a random friday night  
on the way back from having  
some food back somewheres  
and these thug motherfuckers  
came hopping out of the car  
towards mike telling him that  
they would drop all potential charges  
if he would pay them 50 bucks.  
mike was an old marine man  
and while he told me the story,  
he squinted with sheer hardness  
and told me he told these two mexican  
fellas in a beat up heap of shit car  
that was lucky to be running at all,  
**'TELL YOU WHAT MOTHERFUCKERS,  
I'LL LET YOU BOTH LIVE IF YOU GET  
BACK IN YOUR FUCKING HEAP OF A CAR AND ACT  
LIKE YOU DIDN'T JUST SAY THAT TO ME.'**

the boys retreated back into their cars  
as mike laughed and coiled back a little  
taking delight in the idea that he would have  
loved to pound both of those stupid  
motherfuckers more than he would have  
just wanted them to limp off into  
their fading american night.

## **my first miles**

it was the morning that marked 115 more day, if not less,  
or more, until my first son miles would be in  
this world and the cough syrup was just settling in  
my arched bone belly while the neighbor repair man  
takes his revved up ABC van readying to get its gear  
right up the road as the black lab looks up at my  
ear, or eyelets, for another dropping of food us  
humans decide we don't wanna ingest on our romp  
through food land and one of the few slices of  
civility and consistency are slivers of morning sun  
searing through the windows, arching over the  
curtains and cutting immaculate holes right into  
the wood grain patters of this creaked out  
floor.



## **new format**

hotel rooms

without carpeting and

the world costs you absolutely nothing ..

## **niles the old FBI agent**

thought he was  
putting something over  
on the drunk populace of folks  
flitting and flopping around  
the trees and dope bins of dark  
smoked out bars in town.

i met him through someone  
years ago and the story was that  
he was a bad stutterer and worked  
for some unnamed division of the  
local FBI headquarters.

also, it was known that he was a  
heavy drinker and spent more time  
at the bar than at home or on  
the job.

but all the locals fell for the trick  
that he was some big shot in the local  
FBI ranks as he sat around the stools  
of town and took his mental notes  
snowing everyone with his well practiced  
dumb stuttering and  
everyone fell for it.

they thought he was real important  
to the plight of fighting local crime.

he had everyone has their best  
behavior boots on as Nile trudged  
through the creaked over front door  
and decided to slough through stacks of  
drinks and smoke as many cigarettes as  
possible.

i talked to him several times and  
just flashed him that 'IT'S NOT  
WORKING ON ME, OLD MAN.' look as  
he professed in dumb talk to all  
the bar nit wits willing to believe  
in all the strung out logic of  
dragnet episodes of yore  
and believing that they weren't  
already on some list that was  
going to be exposed or unraveled  
at it's given time.

niles you were dumber than the best  
& almost had everyone going.

on the other hand,  
you could be a genius and this  
could all be crap.

**Oct. 16, '04**

where in the hell  
did the world  
decide to go  
when i thought  
it was time  
to come out and  
think about telemetry,  
and hobble around  
with my favorite feet  
on?

## **on my drive to the work shop**

in the morning a news man comes  
over the radio on one of the most  
unbiased stations in town to announce  
that someone from a high seat in  
the Homeland Security office had something  
to say but i didn't hear what that man  
had to say because his name was Clark Kent.  
no shit - the world of fiction and reality  
finally got marred into some strange silly puddy  
mud ball and would only have a tiny sliver of hope  
that maybe geroge w. bush had something to do  
with that to give me a glimmer of hope that somewhere  
in his devoid and godless bones he has a sense  
of humor there hidden in some superman motherfucker  
announcing the status of our modern marvel heroes  
fighting the awful mean muslim shadows making plans  
with your leftover potato salad.

## orange church

went on past the  
orange church again  
this morning as the apple  
birds flapped around on  
the cinnamon tops and looked  
around at all the lemon people  
walking through the watermelon doors  
to talk about their peaches and  
kumquats.

& there on the side of the  
highway,  
the fruit temple a slug away from  
a tangerine moment,  
stands in pure orange like some  
citrus tree surviving a hurricane  
pounding.

it's there everyday for the faithless  
to find a single, solitary belief  
in the fruit  
and to feel good about having a lemon  
for a life,  
so there under the color of sun,  
and the glower of moon,  
you can squeeze your own cup of pulp,  
or pulp less juice under the  
sturdy awnings of the old orange church  
steeples.

## **our battle to be the best at everything**

is like trying to convince anyone that  
the plight of cottage cheese will soon be  
good uncurdled milk instead of the spoils  
we have been used to for our life's entirety.  
but i think we should enjoy the rotten as  
much as the perfectionists wants everything  
to be scrolled out according to their grand  
weaving design that will likely end in a  
vulgar mess that will only be hidden like a  
republican jerking off in a washington hotel  
under the hot lights of a democratic coup  
for pure comedy sake. so keep scribbling out  
your perfectionist notes while you keep  
the erasers hidden and sacredly scared to  
even utter an instance of redundancy and good  
luck with all that utterly unspoiled cow milk.

## **PED XING**

who  
are those  
two  
dark  
figures  
against  
yellow  
always  
named  
'PED XING'  
on the  
sides of roads  
and  
are they asian  
or  
what?

## philadelphia roll

a good friend of mine  
i used to work with has  
a wild sort of luck that  
follows him around from  
place to place in life.  
he's the nicest guy in the  
world, honesty, but his luck  
takes a divergent enough  
twist that i have to question  
the fortitude of his karma  
from time to time. recently,  
i called him for the first time  
in some months to see how he was  
doing and when i did, he was with  
an old boss of mine that offered  
me my old position and told me  
that my friend was in a bad way.  
once i found out what had happened,  
i almost didn't believe him. he was  
hit by a car as a bouncer at some  
urban dance club in the bottoms of  
the city. once he was hit by the car,  
he got up and broke every window with  
his fist and ended up fucking the  
guy up that hit him with the car  
in the first place. after the dust  
calmed, he had a broken hand, split  
fingers and a gore of blood all around.  
his hand was a in cast with  
several fingers in a splint being  
held together by a metal plate.  
this kind of shit happens to him  
all the time, which makes me think  
he's one of the one's that has  
escaped the karma radar. maybe  
some folks have fates we cannot  
comprehend based on the precinct of  
their existing life. i have heard  
about a solid gold dude's being struck  
by lightning more than twice  
and an old church going woman not  
hurting a fly getting killed by a  
passing bus. am i missing something  
or is there something more in the mix  
to be figured. fate is worse than  
living it out and tomorrow is just  
another reason to doubt what you  
did the day before, sometimes,  
so as the movement of the clock goes  
around all i can do is obey until  
wisdom has an indelible chance  
to absolutely teach me differently.



## **pica pregnant girl**

my pregnant wife  
got a lick of the pica  
fetish and it seems  
as though nothing is safe anymore.

my tubes of paint are gone,  
no more lead pencils,  
ink pens are foreign items,  
coffee grounds clean out of the press decanter,  
chips of missing paint everywhere,  
paint thinners gone,  
all instruments of creation have disappeared  
as she increasingly gets maniacal  
looking and stares off towards the corners  
of rooms as though there is going to  
be some burring treasure that no one  
pays attention to that she will discover in  
some brilliant flair of cognizance.

i always thought pica has something to  
do with fonts in a document.

maybe it had something to do with a food  
company out there that makes french toast  
on a stick.

now it's the fancy of my wife's craving and  
i just chew my nails when she's around hoping  
that it will snap her pica streak  
and i can rush out and cook her a big, fat  
slightly bloody steak without all the lead.

## political theory

what if i unveiled  
the ultimate theory that  
all politicians,  
whether born with a silver  
spoon jammed up their cunts  
or a wealth stock of nepotism  
on their shoulders, started out  
being genuinely good only to  
have politics suck their blood  
out for a much more lethal  
and wide spreading vapor such  
as methane and the fact that  
the public gets fed up with the process  
each and every one of them had an  
intention that spanned over a glacier  
we could relate to, but instead  
they took the cold from the glacier  
instead of the warmth we all expect  
from our politicians when we all  
down here as their electors act as  
though we have some grand scenario  
that will work or some morality that is  
so groundbreaking that christ may come  
back to check our notes. it's absurd  
for us to hold these politicos up to such  
a high personal and moral code, and even  
as geniuses when we get to the root  
of human nature. it doesn't change because  
someone is on the tv more, has more yard  
signs in their name, gets more than most  
of us will get in our lifetimes, it  
just doesn't matter. our ability to forget  
that everyone is uniquely human is indeed  
the ability that we have a hard time inching  
down and holding to an acceptable notion  
and once we figure that out, there  
will inevitably be a cure to that which  
is the exact same cure that landed the politician  
in a chair getting blown by some hooker  
while innocent middle eastern children die  
for selfish policies and again we are  
all back looking at the big, fat looping,  
loping circle going around and around like  
a kid carousel in a mall that is increasingly  
getting faster, faster and more blurry  
as our eyes fade in their effectiveness.

## Politico '04

my favorite tyrannical,  
indignant, cold, insensitive,  
not caring about the guy  
that just drove by my  
moderate middle-income house,  
leaning towards hitlerism,  
dumbed-up, drivel ridden,  
piss bags of political  
choice are the one's that  
hold our most sacred political  
office now in the whitest house  
of all houses in this country  
and it completely baffles me  
that people have the gall to  
want four more years as supporters  
wave their silly little  
dick george signs while the world  
looks at our bombs like handshakes  
in a world gone to absolute  
confusion.

## **ride on out**

i'm the kind of  
guy that always remembers  
the ride there vs. the ride  
home, i thought,  
as i was going past the same  
milestone i had gone by  
2 or 4 or 7 times before  
without taking a picture  
and forgetting to take  
a picture of it once i went  
back on by it and that's  
just fine, because it backs  
up my amnesia on the way home  
and how lazy i become when i know  
i am leaving the destination  
i am heading towards, which  
could go a long ways in deducing  
my psychology, so i apologize  
if all i remember is the first  
part of our conversation  
and forget my the directions back  
to the highway, baby ..

## **she walked around town**

covering her mouth and no  
one could figure out why. she  
was a popular sort of girl and  
had a nice go of talking and conversing  
with a wide variety of people  
but she would always choose at various  
times to cover her mouth. a flat hand over  
the entire spans of her mouth to  
keep the world away from her lips. and  
for what? whenever someone asked, she would  
say she either had bad breath or a piece  
of salad stuck in the nook of a side tooth,  
but everyone knew better of that. according  
to her, she would cover each and every smile  
throughout the day because she didn't feel  
like anyone deserved her happiness. her smile  
was hers and to make it public would perhaps  
ruin her from smiling the same way ever again.

## **so miles,**

as much as i wanna  
know what it's gonna be like when  
you come out of my wife and your mother  
into this world, i'm not sure that i can  
give you that first guarantee,  
but i have dreamed about it and know  
that it will be the greatest thing that  
has ever happened to me in this life that  
will lead to aged 32 by the time you are  
born. i have done my damndest to get ready  
for your existence and i know, as you will  
some day, that there is no complete way  
to be ready for something so big as your  
life and how you are gonna impact our  
existence. you are my ladder to the side of  
god's face, the compoundment of a love  
i feel for my life and in the most worldly  
sense, you are going to be my first jaunt  
to truly understand what unconditional love  
is all about, so before you have uttered a sound  
into this world of sound i know that you have,  
and will continue to be a saving grace for this  
existence that depends on biology - and in about  
80 days from now, the time it took for the fable  
to circle the globe, you will be here and  
i can promise you that i have never looked forward  
to, and been as scared as i have ever been to  
take this journey together that will last a lifetime.  
so get used to the poems, the smell of sunshine,  
and the fact that as life continues rolling forward,  
you lean as far away from the umbilical cord  
and as close as humanly possible to our shared brains.  
we wait miles. we already love you in ways that this  
pile of words could never begin to lick  
the flavor of. ciao, spicy one.

## **something for almost no one**

most folks worry about  
other folks as far as  
danger, obtrusion is concerned  
when they should really keep  
their eyes on the bugs against  
their home windows,  
smashed against their car windshields,  
crawling and eating on legs,  
biting the foundation wood,  
lurking over you in sleep.  
there are more insects on earth  
than there are human beings,  
so the next time you stop to decide  
when a terrorist is gonna come  
and bug you where you drive,  
work or cultivate other articles  
of life, think about all the bugs  
out there than may eventually  
hoard all your insect repellents and  
sprays and maybe a match stick or  
two for complete pyro titillation.

## **steal me**

a croissant  
and meet me  
on the other  
side of the  
jail house  
to talk about  
martha,  
and how  
we are going  
to  
avoid time ourselves  
as the clock  
keeps  
shooting  
at us  
behind the  
pee tree.



## **sunglasses ode**

the hack about losing  
all the sunglasses that i  
have lost in my life is  
that all i can do is speculate  
at many wondrous things that  
surround all of those favorite  
pairs, hand me downs, stellars  
that outlived their allotted life,  
and the like. it would have  
been nice to name them all  
people names or spots on earth.  
in total, i have probably spent as  
much on sunnies and their replacements  
over the years as i have on all  
the car payments i have had to make  
in my life. i have lost, bought,  
given, broken, retrieved, found, broken  
again enough sunglasses to be rendered  
a hazard. i should likely be on  
a list of causes for sunglass extinction  
and have to carry a special license when  
i buy sunglasses so that the retailers  
can sprinkle them with holy water or  
take extra special precautions to prevent  
the same result time after time with  
all of those innocent, sturdy, faithful,  
functional pairs of glasses that did  
nothing but hold back my bright future  
and battle that beautiful sun in the sky  
every damned day my face demanded it.

**sustenance,**

he said,  
as the amber  
sun comes through  
my hair,  
over her book bag  
and into his mouth  
like there was  
something more in the sun  
for people that  
was never gonna be  
there for the  
rest of us,  
after a big gulp  
of the sunny shine,  
he closes his mouth,  
wipes a tear from the  
corner of his left eye,  
saunters away  
slowly as all the school  
children ready for school  
and he ponders his  
disdain for retirement  
as he mutters  
up the block a  
'sustenance. sustenance.'  
as the book spine  
slams against the ground.

## the breath

the boss came by the other morning and told me that i had bad breath. flat out, without flinching as i looked on and wondered what drives a man to dignify his ego by telling someone with coffee breath like everyone else in his office, that i am the purveyor of especially bad breath. so, lately i have been chewing some gum, and resigned myself temporarily that i won't say anything to his face about how flagrant such a comment is to an employee that busts his ass everyday for him. but i don't think he would get it like he would get my newest plan. i'm gonna do some serious onion, garlic, meat, no brushing teeth for several days before a meeting i have to be locked in with him for several hours. then, we can evaluate the level of comfort he's gonna feel. the transference of pure uncomfot would be the only way he would ever know what a comment like that can do to an employee that is already done with corporate life and the small, stink snickers from people that cause more damage with their small talk than i ever could with my denigrated vomit breath.

## **the love in this world**

someone stopped  
me the other day  
and said,  
'you know what?'

i asked,  
'what?' back.

and they said,  
'sadaam hussein  
loves you!'

and i stopped,  
pondered for about 30 seconds  
as the person  
continued to say it to  
amused,  
angry,  
non observant  
folks that kept on  
going by.

and i just stood  
there thinking about  
this odd proclamation  
on such a day as today.

so,  
i thought about my  
thought and turned around  
and said,  
'he loves me about  
as much as  
george bush.'

and i kept on walking  
towards november 2, 2004.

## **the man in mercury**

is the friend of another  
friend of mine  
that knows exactly what  
venus looks like when she  
uses the moon as a blind  
to undress for the pleasure  
of saturn and his jealous  
counterpart, neptune,  
but the man in mercury  
keeps his secrets about venus  
as everyone in their greek namesake  
look on in wonder,  
but never in the questioning  
direction of mercury,  
and everyone long ago got  
tired of the child in earth,  
or the old man in the moon,  
now the thing is the woman in venus,  
and the man in mercury is as far  
as we have come in finding out  
if we do have more questions than responses.

## **the only way**

the world is gonna  
be able to go off  
on its own and  
grow up in the prescribed  
way of the gods,  
is to become a god,  
try to overthrow all  
the people  
and conclusively implode  
into a tiny little  
atom,  
the smallest molecule of the beginning,  
and just start  
all over again,  
but instead of a primordial crapper  
with a sprouting monkey,  
it should be a chip off a pine cone,  
and the resurrection  
of an elephant as  
the first,  
and kindred beginning  
to the animal,  
human kingdom.

## **the poplars**

the unpopular  
was always  
popular  
to me  
but  
the  
core problem  
was that i never  
knew what  
popular was  
or pain  
until i felt misery,  
and love  
until i met  
my caroline,  
so  
there,  
the most  
popular answer  
i can  
give at  
this  
time  
of  
my existence.

## **the real modern day vigilantes**

i could use on my side  
are the dudes that change  
those really big fucking billboards  
on the side of the road and  
when you catch a glimpse of them  
they have that whole macho  
'BRING IT THE FUCK ON. IS THIS ALL YOU GOT.'  
look in their eyes as they work  
for the workers that want us  
to buy, buy, buy more of what they  
are avoiding up there on their fearless  
metal platform in front of giant,  
pleading heads.



## **the real task**

is to understand where most  
everyone is at one time  
on this planet as your interpretation  
of midnight blue is my morning pink,  
and the your sound of crackling is my sound  
of stretching and it can only be illustrated  
by some extremes when you compare the  
birth and death toll,  
the folks living next to overpasses during  
rush hour traffic as compared to  
espresso making individuals in the high rises  
most only read about in the fancy barber shop  
magazines, thus i begin waning off my path  
that we must all try to conceptualize where  
we all are and why we are all here at one  
point or another through the course of your life  
if not your week. so as you struggle to understand  
the path of the butterfly, try to understand  
the zig zag of your own human thought process  
made of the same meat and blood as mine and  
the exact mirror of any other stranger going  
down the street eyeing the possibility of a  
used and old lottery ticket on the ground or  
the potential of loves fullest extent realized  
by the side of a barn you used to sleep in when  
your mind was dreaming and your feet were tapping  
like marbles on hard concrete.

## **the tape measure man**

goes around charging folks  
money for him to measure  
up situations for them.  
he's a bit off mentally,  
and most folks pay him  
to have him stop bothering  
them or to just be nice,  
but he always has them  
request what they want measured,  
like when one will get paid next,  
or if their girlfriend's are  
mad at them, or if their car  
will last through the end of  
the week, and he always just  
squints his big eyes,  
bears his forehead wrinkles together  
and takes his tape measure up  
into his hand, stretches the yellow  
metal out and brings it straight up  
into the air, stops it here,  
watches it glimmer in the sun,  
then quickly flicks it back down  
into his hands and says,  
**'EVERYTHING IS OK. NOT TO WORRY.'**  
and walks on. he does and says  
the same thing to everyone as  
they all surprisingly walk away  
a bit more relieved and enlightened.

## timing suggestion

no time  
like right now  
to start making plans  
for yesterday,  
the little mole dug into  
my head, and there is no  
better moment than forever  
to make some kind of  
promise about how you are  
going to spend your time  
to someone that is serious  
about spending time with  
you, so when your checkbook  
is wrong and the nexus of  
never makes more sense than  
tomorrow, make some time  
in your life to make a  
commitment to something.  
shit, you might just  
like it.

## **trained urine**

i  
raced  
across town  
fast to get our  
groceries  
at the store  
and get back to my wife  
for some downtime in  
either the bed,  
floor,  
sky or other apparatus,  
and as i neared the store,  
my need to piss escalated  
to the tiniest bump in the road  
causing nauseating pain,  
and then i noticed  
a line a cars as i crossed the small  
red bridge on red bridge road  
that is more orange than anything else,  
i thought to hold back my bladder,  
as i heard the train whistle,  
and saw it as a rounded the edge  
and figured out why folks  
have to piss like a freight train at times.

## **we have too much music in a world**

that takes its trophy  
to the slacks and i  
have too much music but  
it feels like too little  
as the cases and crevices  
of my existence drip with  
note after savory music note  
and everything we have been  
envisioned to become and evolve  
into has been written in small  
lines of sugar that will blow  
away down the alley when the thought  
of wet gets introduced and we are left  
with the pulse in our wrists to convince  
ourselves that the only way out of  
your town is to escape to our town and  
when you find that you want out of our  
town then you are going to have to bet  
on another hand of cards and just  
wait it out in that town with the  
best music you can find.

## **weather robbery**

if  
hurricane  
clyde  
followed  
hurricane  
bonnie  
there  
would  
be  
a  
shit  
load  
of  
broken  
banks  
and  
empty  
pockets.

## **Welcome to the real world**

around here circa 21st century  
of too much gadget riddled  
where the fuck is my pencil at  
and how come someone stole my  
wide ruled notebook paper  
while to decide to stick it out  
in front of the reality cameras  
just long enough to find someone  
to blame or convince the right  
sap that you should get a paycheck  
for merely showing up to the set  
and watching the big, bright  
eternal light in the sky as closely as  
possible to ensure it doesn't fall  
down or burn out,  
while night comes and the boss drinks  
all your money through a straw  
with a tall,  
healthy carrot-celery juice concoction  
that has zero blame,  
and no guilt in an uncle designed  
by god's cousin for judas' third step-cousin.

## **what is it about all these death threatener's?**

how is it that someone has enough  
rage, anger, endurance and precision  
all at one moment to forewarn their  
targets?

what kind of person would do this?

i doubt many have warned before they  
were going to carry out such a large scale  
attack against big entities in our world.

come on - do these guys or gals  
need to warn anyone of anything before  
they storm the doors.

maybe they use it as an alibi in court.

when the judge says,  
'YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY IN YOUR DEFENSE  
BEFORE WE THROW YOU INTO THE SHACKLE GALLERY  
AND PUT YOU AWAY FOR A LONG, LONG TIME.'

they can come back with a ..  
'AHH. I TOLD THEM BEFORE I WAS GOING TO DO IT.  
ER, I CALLED IN A THREAT. SO, THERE WAS A WARNING.  
THEY COULD HAVE DONE SOMETHING DIFFERENT THAT DAY  
OR BEEFED UP SECURITY.'

who are all the threateners?

do they have focus groups?

support groups?

idiot manuals?



## 1 more Bush thing

i don't  
need to  
be surrounded  
by  
a  
bunch  
of  
intellectuals  
speaking  
clearly,  
eloquently,  
and even  
brilliantly  
on  
the  
course of events  
and  
matters at hand  
to  
know  
down  
to  
my  
ass  
bone  
that  
george  
bush will never  
match  
the  
intellectual  
exuberance  
of  
the pubic hair  
from  
mr. clinton in monica's  
front tooth  
and  
that's about  
all  
i have to say,  
for good,  
about the ineptitude  
of  
this  
guy  
that  
wasn't elected  
to run our  
slowly  
derailed  
train  
of american pursuit.

## **2004 ELECTION BUMPER STICKER IDEAS:**

Got Hell?  
Elect Bush in '04

Fuck Bush  
Stick to Pussy on Election Day. Kerry in '04.

Fuck Bush with a Dick.  
Go with Kerry in '04

Dick Bush  
Bask Dick.  
Not again in '04

Unelect a Dick  
& Fuck a Bush in '04.  
Vote Kerry.

## **a yellow submarine**

i would  
like to  
speculate  
on  
the  
whereabouts of  
my yellow  
submarine  
but i have  
never even had  
a  
red, blue or  
black submarine  
to speak of.  
i have never even  
seen a submarine  
in my life  
and would have  
no use for one  
if the navy called  
me up to take it  
over from them  
at no cost.  
would i take  
my wife and kids  
on a cruise through  
various harbors  
and be construed as  
a possible enemy as  
a civilian piloter?  
would i wanna put  
myself in that  
sort of human peril?  
naw. all i have  
is a copy of yellow  
submarine on  
CD that i haven't been  
able to find,  
so if you find my yellow  
submarine, would you  
please sail it right  
on back to my navigating  
hands.

## **all the suggestions**

i have been offered,  
handed,  
wrangled,  
shoved,  
exhumed,  
resumed,  
delayed,  
belied,  
and sprung upon me  
have amounted to  
two primary things in  
my life.

my wife.

and our child in december or january  
of the following year.

sorry i couldn't do  
more with all of it.

i know most knew i wrote  
and wanted to illuminate me with  
wise nuggets of inspirational  
fodder that would spring like some  
turkey garden of sprouts and sprig buds,  
but only two things came out of  
all the suggestions.

so it's either all for some  
or nothing for everything,  
faithful cosmonauts  
amongst me  
us.

## **amateur weatherman**

this one  
man always  
carries an  
umbrella warning  
people to  
watch out for  
the pending and  
demeaning  
rain that is gonna  
come striking nearby  
for all their coins,  
dignity and sense of  
future,  
so they should all  
get umbrellas themselves  
to shield them from  
this throng of life  
that is gonna come  
in one, grand swipe  
of pain towards their  
heads, and he  
he's on his 32nd straight  
day without a drop of rain  
as the weatherwoman  
warns everyone that when  
the rains come, there  
could be a flood  
as the umbrella man  
smiles in his prepared  
world of content insanity.