

Joefiles XCIV

everything eventually forgotten finally



it's Columbus day

here in the midwest
and i just found out that
superman has died.

no more stopping the world,
lois hid the kryptonite
from the world travelers as
the italians theme there home
for the columbus feast.

it's been a super discovery
of a loss,
i'd suspect.

josie griggs

was my yellow school bus
driver as a kid. she
was a stout, serious,
gum chewing black woman
with a penchant for
scaring the shit out of
kids, if need be, and
she didn't like me a bit.
in my illustrious career
as a hornet kid, i got kicked off
the bus at least once every 2 months
and got written up so much that
it's not worth trying to work that
number in my head. my worst
offense was getting caught mooning
people from the back of the bus. that
was almost the end of my ride to school
for good. she threatened to not pick
me up anymore until my parents pleaded
with school administrators to get
me back on the bus. and josie had to
comply. her disdain for me was clear,
evident, and it trickled down to all
the other bus drivers on the circuit.
if you're still out there josie,
keep on fuckin' truckin' and
i'd love to drive you around sometime
while you moon people and start fights
with other people on the bus. i think
you would like it.

kansas glass

i got
my jeep window
broken into
for the 3rd time in
about a year for my car
radio that wouldn't budge.
the thieves took my burned
CD's, which they will get
pissed because they won't like
'em and i have given up on
the ghetto folk of this
town. i used to fight
and fight to change their
minds and mold a bit of
sanity through work
at a YMCA, only to get
my shit broken into by
some sad sacks of unemployed
minor gangster league
pimp playing jokes trying
for the 3rd time to unsuccessfully
pull my CD player out of my truck.
so here you have it. i won't lock
my doors anymore. you fucking
scum ghetto motherfuckers can fuck
off. and if i ever catch any of you
in the act, i'm gonna end your car
and have a nice slow talk about
god with you. so, have a fabulous
fucking day.

kid head

my
favorite
thing
to
read
as
a
kid
was
spy
vs.
spy
because
there
was
nothing
to
read
in
it.

kidmemory

there's
nothing
more
positively
positive
than
the
sound
of
a
1st grade teacher saying
goooooddd morning, kids.

listen to caps

ban all the paper and
burn the ink,
somehow we can
make vessels out of
the pen shells and
shoot them all into
space.

losing our wedding heads

we have both taken
our turns at the
regalia of breaking in
our marriage.

i have broken one
of the elaborate wine glasses
that was given to us a quaint
wedding gift.

sat it on the edge of the sink,
and smashed it to bits with
drips of red fluid all over
the place.

my wife broke the head off
of a little white glass
statuette of a wedding couple.

the guy's head just popped
off.

she glued me back together.

while i mopped up the wine,
and threw all the glass in the trash.

together, we are broken
and together we are glued together.

Lovelorn

love was in the
air that night as the
wife said, 'I LOVE YOU
AND BE CAREFUL.' while i
drove up to the local
7-11 for milk and eggs,
noticing young couples
with arms wrapped around
each other, a front yard
late summer marriage going
down and all the doting
lovers behind closed blinds,
and sucked in windows and
all that love started swelling
up in me as i went home,
grabbed my lovely wife around
the waist and said, 'let's
not waste another moment.'
and our lips met in that
wet, nastiness of our saturday
lover night.

Me vs. Stranger

the
man
is
just
feeling
the
shit
out
of
his
face
all
over
the
place
as
i
try
to
pen
as
many
moments
as
possible
to
figure
it
out.

miles #104

i sometimes wonder
if miles will have all thumbs,
all pinkie toes,
4 hearts,
3 feet,
9,000 freckles,
2.5 nostrils,
big fat ears,
a oversized brain,
the ability of a javelin,
or a fork shaped tongue and
then i realize that the
face of tomorrow has everything
fathomable and the old way
to know forever is to accept ever
and that is the scoop of sherry
because i know it won't matter
because miles is miles ahead
of us already.

mr. dunn

what
i haven't
done
may never
be done
and i'm
ok with not
doing it
and it's fine
to not do
it under the
willful guise
of ignorance
as i try
to do something
different with
this.

music versus thought

wilco
at thousands of
feet
in lost air
oblivion
as the guitar
gives in,
and the magazine page
is flipped over,
and the lightly veiled
smell of beer is caught in the
cabin air going in
a snarled swirl around
popped ears and newer,
better versions of cloud formations
that make the little children
nod as the record making man
says to 'come with me'
and we think about it.

my big belly

if
i
forget
things,
or
space
things
off,
you
have
to
forgive
me,
i'm
under
the
bright,
glaring
sun
of
being
a
pregnant
man.

my bloodline prediction – joe sr.

i really got
to know my pops
in my 20's and he
told me exactly
what to look forward to
as time journey's forward.

he told me that my mind
will never be as sharp as it
is when i'm thirty
and that i can do, drink, and
eat all i want, but at
40 it's all gonna catch up
to me and there i will be
with my mortality.

he never got around to 50 or the
later ages because i'm already
having a helluva time trying to
figure out this 32 and beyond boat
that is completely relieving.

my investments

go
ahead
and
keep
my
thoughts
for
a
bit,
but
deposit
the
\$
in
my
account
if
you
ever
think
about
it.

my little miles

in my
lovely's belly
has a heart
beat that sounds
like
a tiny circus
ring leader
throwing a whip around
in a circular motion
underneath the surface
of a pool
all full of water,
lodged with life
and my eyes wait
for the little circus
boy to come right on
out into this
world that has
been waiting months
and months to see him.

my pregnancy

in my
dream head last
night
we had to
decide
between
the wife
and i who was
gonna give
birth to our
child,
if given the choice.

and i picked myself.

shortly after that,
I cried and
pissed in my pants
just a bit.

names for sale

the only way
the name could begin
was by burying the nozzle
in the ground,
flipping the water switch
on and watching the ground slowly get
engulfed with flows of mud
drenched earth and
then discovering that
you once had a middle
name that never had anything to
do with your last name.
so, you turn off the water
and return to your dry insides
and conclude that a name is
only as good as an
appropriate definition.

need

any
more
commentary
on
comments
for
comments
sake
in
this
over
situation
and
saturated
society?

new format

hotel rooms

without carpeting and

the world costs you absolutely nothing ..

not poetry

i just don't like
the word poetry.
i write it, believe i
partly live it, love it,
act it, print it, swallow it,
believe it, hope for it, want it
to stop dying to you, but the
word isn't helping. it sounds
helpless - it doesn't rhyme with much,
and just sits there as the mystical
descriptor of what all writers of
it continue to marvel and there it is -
the world - i won't write it - i'm gonna
boycott it. the word seems like a flailing
metaphor for a tea kettle that never gets
used. it's sold like a tuft of forgotten
horse mane. it's the vessel that carries
me to more confusion. poetry. cant' we
do better than this? or is this why
the word sticks to our craft? to make
us work harder to extract the gun powder
beneath the copper cap.

now

the
presence
of
the
present
just
freaked
me
the
fuck
out.

ok

hip
hugger,
fuck
off.

go
invent
some
shitty
tattoos,
why
dontcha.

old coach nixon

was the born again
christian cross country
coach and he was my hero
when i was in high school.
i went to all of his
bible studies, and listened
to his talks and sermons
like he was the akin to
all gods and i was the minion
of his discipleship. he was a solid
man. started a family late in
life, a good coach and a science
teacher as well. he was my favorite,
and i was one of his favorites. it was
easy. i was a good christian kid
that never go into scuffles or troubles,
and rarely asked tough questions. but
everything changed after high school.
i picked up the drink, smoked, grew my
hair long and ran around on a wide eyed
discovery trail through this existence
and i ran into him during those after
high school years. his eyes cast a
nasty judgment on my bones. he asked
no questions, and merely looked at my
as though i was a lost lamb licking
from the blood of a wayward river. and i
looked back wondering if he really knew
how to act on all of those proclamations
he gave all of us innocent, christian
kids back in the day. and it further deepened
my disdain for the christian crowd. so much
talk, and the actions never quite match up.
so, i gained more faith in the process of
god and spirituality as i embrace the broken
more than i do the clad, perfectly pressed
christian folk of clean speech and
apparent immunity to criticism. so,
tim, it's too bad. all of those hours of
believability were shot down in several minutes
of disdain for a kid you never knew. and i
wonder if you ever knew what you were
proclaiming to us that whole time. and now
i don't smoke, nor have the long hair, so
let's share a cup of whiskey some time, as
christ might, and laugh it up like we used
to.

old fashioned fists

it's not
that the
patriot act
is just wrong,
it requires
that
ashcroft get
a good old fashioned
ass kickin' from
a big motherfucker
because of it.
that's all
on that.

original sin

i set my alarm
at the wrong time
this morning obviously
confused by a babe ruth
ghost and red sox coffee
to see the darkness eventually
nude over for a nice mountain
sunrise as the coffee went
clean and clear down my throat
like sparkling original sin.

our periphery

the one
white bird
careening
along
the side of the
highway
that one day
was enough
for me to know
why i write
about what i write
about and how
the
sole intention,
and
purpose of our human
walk is just a minor,
mimic of that one
white bird chasing the
shadow darkness down
while the grays of
day,
and the faded night
go right on by as
proof that
this
show
will mean
something
at
closing time.

paranoid delusional instincts

while the dog barks intermittently,
the sound of blades murdering grass,
the click of water over already wet earth and
the fly that keeps hovering
like my palms are gonna talk to them.
then theres the whistle of a coach claiming
the days he was talentless
to control as the upper reaches of the trees flow
and bend like stacks of laundry upon the line of
years that has brought us all to this pair of socks,
ring on your finger
and the figurative death of the circadia
rhythms a go-go-going.

patriot romp

if i could sum up the
conservative, christian, WASP,
republican rule 'the world is
completely ruined scenario'
it would be this - for all the
republican - 'GET THE HELL
OUT OF HERE GOVERNMENT' - the bush
people have a lot of balls passing
the patriot act off
to the gluts - if thomas jefferson,
ben franklin and sam adams could
come back here and read the patriot
act - every last word of it - they would
find Bush and give him a good down home
texan US revolutionary ass kickin'.

phoenix fly

i have my eye
on you phoenix
just in case
you decide that you
wanna get up on
your winged haunches
and fly away to more
water filled lands
and give up on all
these cactus hands
passing you on to
the sands and high
peaks of another
excursion you can't afford,
so there
you have your edict
if you decide to take the challenge ..

proto buck fush

i'm
just
simply
gonna
let
you
know
that
i'm
not
gonna
write
about
politics
anymore,
ok?

so,
fuck
off
bush.

re-claimed skill

trying
to
be a
broadcaster,
hot shot
sportswriter
earlier in
life
taught me
to
not depend
on 1 skill
in this life.
that is likely
why i fly around
this place
trying
to do,
and chisel every
fucking thing
possible.

ruined drink

when
you
don't
think
you
can
get
me
anything
that
i
would
truly
enjoy.

remember
that
you
could
always
get
me
a
free
cup
of
watered
down
whiskey,
you
crazy
fuck.

sabotage master

i
would
love
to
meet
a
bonofide
sabotage
artist
and
ask them
exactly
what
the
fuck
they
are
or
do.

destruction
in
the
name
of
creativity
seems
like
a
solid
gig
that
gives
and
takes
as
much
as
it
takes
and
gives.

sciencelicious

why would you contemplate
giving your body over to
science when you realize you have become
sciens, breath composte and walk with the finest
of human experiments?

when was it that you decided
the pickle was indeed a fruit and
that the moon was some big cyclops hiding
its body and watching you at night?

but we know you have settled on your decision
and there is nothing left for us to do but
become newer experiments to replace you and
your desire to never give into this thing called science.

soccer dads

in this neighborhood proudly
show their failures,
pushing out their guts,
yelling at their sport kids,
anti-abortion stickers on
truck back, saving for another gun,
supporting bush again, calling their
wife veiled names in the dude group,
and they parade down this neighborhood
gully stretch of our block just
wafting their failures like it's
something acceptable, and their dads
did it so why couldn't they as i
sit there, wave with my eyes and
dream of ways to call my wife a
new, cooler kind of name to get a
giggle out of her.

socialized marsupials

with new front pockets for
the monkey congress.

remember
to
vote
in
2004.

sometimes,

all

i

ever

think

about

are

sniglets

and

it's

hard

to

shake

it.

if

you

don't

know

what

a

sniglet

is,

then

good.

you

won't

wanna

be

hexed

like

me.

and

if

you

know

what

a

sniglet

is,

then

this

poem

would

be

called

a

'weisenpoemer'

and

i'm

comfortable

with

that.

squeeze

me

out

of

the

metal

mold

into

your

empty

cup.

stay tuned

to your local stations
for the newest
in family fun
entertainment when
the Cafe International
Series of Elaborate Porn
Sequences with tranquil
scenes of French landscapes
traipsing by comes to a wide,
gaping TV screen near you.

stepper

feelings of step parent inadequacies
as all the horny catholics feely trip by
and the sound of miles in the belly
is a triple dose of fatherhood that
supercedes any notion of socialized parental
concerns.

strange truckers

i'm liable to believe
we have strange visitors
on this planet and they inhabit
hidden lands of big, odd bukly
machines and their parts when
i so by big trucks on the road that
have massive parts on their truck
bed that i have never seen before.
their lisence plates are unrecognizable
and i rarely see their faces through the
tinted glass. whare are they going
with these parts of fascination?
and how did these creatures with these
machines find us so easily?

stuck

like
a
lion
in a match
box
here
with
smashed
feet,
curved
lapper
computer
that
i can
hardly
see,
touching
my neighbors
arms
when we move
slightly,
my gassed over
ass,
and the popping
ears just
makes me
wanna grab
my caroline
by
the waist and
go right on
into the
edge of now.

taco broke

i pulled up to the taco bell
lot and saw a big oafish looking
man stopping a woman in the
drive through lane asking someone
for something. i knew his game
immediately. as i killed my engine
and dreamed of my simple soft taco
supremes, he began approaching me with
a stutter as i approached him with
arms out say, 'I HAVEN'T HAD THE KIND
OF DAY TO LISTEN TO YOU. NO. I HAVE
NO MONEY, NO CHANGE JUST TACO MONEY.'
he was a big dude and he just
smiled a bit, backed down. then,
followed me through the doors of
the restaurant and made a bee line
towards customers to ask for a bit
of money. and he stirred a hornet's
nest when he asked a woman in the
back of the room if she had scratch
and she let him have it. she said,
'WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS? WHAT ARE YOU
ASKING ME FOR?' the guy responded,
a dollar or so. and she just glared
him down as he left calling this woman
every name possible in the book. from
slut to cunt to bitch to motherfucker
and slowly evaporated through the
front doors into evaporated oblivion
and eventually into flat nothing.

taco eats

i was having a day.

compacted by a week.

surrounded by seconds that
were fists and the guy hustled
up to me asking for a dollar or 2.

so, i waved him off and said,
'LOOK, I'M HAVING A BAD DAY.'

and he mumbled a bit,
and followed me in asking
other taco eaters if they could
make his laziness worthwhile.

the beginning

of god is the end of yourself,
the end of satan
is the beginning of god,
and the beginning
has always been the end
as we finally remember
everything we
have forgotten.

the betweens

if
you
really
read
between
the
lines
you
would
know
that
even
between
the
lines
there
are
lines
and
all
we
have
to
remember
is
that
we
need
to
face
all
lines.

the car thieves broke my window,

ripped my dash to hell, tried
to steal my CD player, took CDs,
rummaged through my shit, and
all i could think about was 2
crates of paintings in the back
trunk for an art show i was having
in a week or so and was gonna
drop off for the hanging. as
i got the announcement that
my shit was vandalized, i ran
out there dizzy thinking my
work was gone. i could replace
all of the junk i had there,
but not the paintings. and when
i got out there, they hadn't been touched
a single bit. unscaved and readied
for the magical painting show featuring
the saved paints from the hands
of imminent petty crook hands. it was a
good thing those fucks weren't art
fans or curious.

the classics

are your mask
against evaporated newness.
so when you want to come up and
eat the old jawbreaker,
we'll drapes you in a new blanket
and make sure you flee off
all lost again.

the cold calculated

demeanor of a man

who wants to run the show,

but has the show so jammed

into the back of his mouth

he would know where to shove

the mouth wash to make sure

that it might sparkle just a sliver more.

the man who could spit non-stop

was quite a salivating tale.

this guy had abnormal salivating glands and his mouth would involuntarily fill with spit. thus, he would spit about once every 30 seconds or so. he needed bags and spittoons to keep his spit from ruining his environment. a real spitter. he ended up appearing on Leno, Letterman, O'Brien and other variety shows just showing off his circus talent. he got that fame and shrugged it off. started as a gag on a tallahassee, florida radio show and blew out of control and now he just wants to date or a remedy to his spit problem. people just don't know what to do with him. he can't date girls. they just don't like all that spit. and he can't go out in public much. but he has fallen in love with his spit and that's his wet tale for now.

the night of a million wanderers

leaving the orpheum in downtown phoenix
as i wandered and squandered to
avoid the rush and have some
real city seclusion as the
click of feet kept following
and the indian dance made the
spittle of a far cloud nail my
face mysteriously and i have
no more wandering in my feet
for now because i have to stop
and let the crowd pass me by.

the silver windows

whisper about passing
jet lines, while
the mountains hold their
deck for the others
behind that clamor
about the crunched up
ground, which leaves
the sounds of construction
trucks smashing the ground
for signals, as the sun
slinks up a bit taller
and the clouds get
us to speak, what this
downtown nature trail
has kept quiet under it's
dutiful, invisible mouth.

the sobriety monster

takes on the
limping drunk
in the one big
final death match
that only you can
see when
you have enough
hooch
to care for the battle,
and
the absence of it to
really sit up on your
ankles and listen
to how the world
sounds without nothing
at all ..

money & cloth

Black man in
Bleach white clothing
Crossing 12th/Baltimore
As
A group of Abdulah Shriners
Wait with
Tall, sparkling red hat
& waving tassels to cross
as I turn in my care and listen
to my stomach ..

Sure,
Looks like I'm in a happy hurry
To slap stamps on a stack of sealed bills ..

The man has robbed my checking account
& I watched and let every penny go ..

In fact,
I signed it with my own name ..

So,
As the black man in bright white limps
By
& the old women with the Abdulah men grab their arms
a little tighter for the cross,
I burn my gas tank for the next fill and
Drain my last dime for no more money
Ever
Again ..

theological prediction

one
of
these
days
some
regular,
common
train
hoppin'
hobo
is
gonna
come
across
the
holy
grail
and
refuse
to
let
anyone
know
because
everyone
is
a
bunch
of
nasty
assholes.

there are bullets

all around the world
whizzing - flying - careening
over your vote, around your
political yard sign, through
your mortgaged home, by your
rubber loaned leased vehicle,
and around your 'those kinds
of things don't happen to me'
attitudes and they flare with
hot molten memories, and
deadly tomorrows, but you
never really see them or
pay any solid credence to them,
so it's not for you to be worried about
there in your pride of fancy
and it's fine until that invisible
moment becomes the ballot you cast
or the attitude you wrongly carry
and then, the bullets all over
the world will become your number one
political cause as another kid
in iraq wails and the jersey shore
lights up in its best military cat call.

there was a real big guy

that got up during the middle
of the healthcare presenters
educational seminar to
leave. he was done. too bored
to give a shit anymore and too tired
to have a cup of coffee keep his wavering head
from sloping and weaving to and fro.
and he wasn't the first one to get up and
head for the hills. as he pressed his
relieved hand on the door knob, the
monotone voice of this male presenter
came, 'SEE YOU AROUND, FAT ASS.' at this,
the man didn't turn, he just lifted his leg
and let out the remnants of lunch loudly
as the crowd descended into mayhem laughter.

thoroughly ear fucked

i didn't think
it was possible. i
didn't think it would
happen. but it has and
i have to live with it.
what is it, you wonder?
well, it's late 2004 and
i'm officially tired of
both sides of the political
tight rope and their allegations
and bullshit. never thought
i would get tired of progressive
political pundits and liberal talk,
but all of it is a fucking complete
drag after a while. it needs to be
filtered out, siphoned through a whiskey
shaker and drank down fast for it's
pure political malarkey and seriously
odd aftertaste.

timber granola oil

she came tumbling out of the tree
like she was
trapped in a womb
made of fiber, bark and fragile
dendrites. she decided that skin
was too flimsy and was born
again into another pushy sort of
religion where photosynthesis is serious
and your meat pumping hear is just way too
fragile for their world.
she's the tree girl.
all wooden and ultra serious like a
tripped out tree trunk.
wanna join her tree house group and
give up on the blood for sap?
we'll there's a place for you
in this fiber world.

USA 2004

eat my
directions
and dissect my
instructions
over your diatribe
of wheels
that spin
you abouts
like a
flip flop top.

voidedness

i've had
it with
forgetting
potentially
brilliant ideas.

i have no
more room in
the empty chambers
of my head
that allows me to
forget these
ideas to dig
losing these ideas
anymore.

so, i'm just
gonna let them
go off and get
swallowed up
by another unassuming
person that may
do better to remember
that potentially
brilliant idea.

good luck out there
and please take
good fucking care
of my brilliant
idea.

where you are ..

if
the
grass was
supposed to be greener
on the other side,
then why did
she wake
with a mouth of dirt
and nothing
but a sky burned directly into
her
memory?

whiskey genius

the
ultimate,
huge
whiskey
drunk
realizations
list
should
be
long
and
sprawling
but
i
never
really
write,
or
pontificate
on
the
ideas
in
ink,
thus
the
list,
which
could
be
a
pretty
cool
book,
does
not
exist
and
is
still
interminately
under
fucking
construction.

Why I need a Drink

sometimes
i wonder
in a crowd,
on a walk
or at some
event,
'where the fuck
did all these
people come from?'
then, i just find
myself at any time
of the day just
wondering after talking
with people,
'where the fuck did
these people come from?'
until i just find myself
more times than not
asking,
'WHERE THE FUCK ARE ALL THESE
PEOPLE GOING TO?'

world state

everyone
i know is a
lesbian
except for
my
dear,
lovely male
loving
wife
girl
in
her
regular
heterosexual
loins.

your scenario

what
if
all
those
god
damned
people
were
all
just
as
pleasant
and
nice
as
we
want
them
to
be?

then
what?

2004-dream

dreams
of my 20's
keep flitting
like a 20th Century
news reel at a packed
theater that is just about
ready to extinguish here in
the next couple of months
for a newer, fresher batch
of dreamy melodies.

9/7/04

i woke to her warm body
and boy complaining about the
cold as i flipped the gas on
the bottom of the tea pot and threw
a sweater over his little kid bones.
walked him to class, waved at the
principal and went back home for a minute
before going into the work. there were
reports of hurricanes, the president and i wanted
to hear my donnie darko soundtrack before
entering the work fold. climbed up into the engine,
flipped it on, and drop into an immediate line of
traffic. fuckers. i've calculated my ride time share
and it wasn't working. so, i listened to
the bright darkness of my album and smiled cause it
really didn't matter if i was late. they gonna fire
me now? this boss already has. plus, i could tae a nice
break before miles comes. so, i begin noticing all the stalled
cars and one badly wrecked care in the brush as i see 3 lanes on
the southbound side completely empty. cops at each intersection
and street holding back traffic. only 1 thing could go and do this.
a president. so, as the CD slipped into Killing Moon. a secret service
vehicle leads a convoy of busses, black glassed cars and the mayhem
of a bushie entourage as i snap photos for evidence and wish
my year 2000 bad luck of seeing gore pre-election right towards
bush and back to crawford, tx. i saw air force one at the downtown
airport and forget bush and remember kennedy . i get to work and hear
about co-workers tears over a friend that she knew who just passed.
then, stories of another woman at work that was hit head on in a nasty
drunk driving wreck in the country. then, i leave for a burrito
to have a woman hit me in the drive through line. there was no
damage and i told her we call all just fucking wait in this
line to get our tasty burrito as she laughed and swished around
her pocket full of change while i kept my eyes on her
and left to eat my famous texano burrito in peace as the boss
calls for a ride to his car. on the waya, we careen through the hood as he asks
who I think will win in 2004 and i ponder. knowing bush will never visit the hood
as he is gone into the safety of the WASP suburbs to speak. i answer 'bush' on accident
as he painfully acquiesces. i watch an angry black woman waving her finger at a young
kid and just look forward to seeing my wife as my dad gets his own
hospital room and my family drama is just about over as we all delightfully spin-spin-spin
out of chaos into a fully and utter automatic control.

9/12/04

i saw my hidden
son kick the book
on my wife's belly
as the pressures for
a release from the womb
became my shaking foot
while his non-existent teeth
are my long toe nails and
the voices we now emit
are shapin the lashes
above his eye that one
day he will both love and loathe
as we adults do this existence.

a line I'll never getta use

old
friends
tell
me
about
going
to
their
high
school
class reunions
and
all
i
think
about
asking
one
of
those
special
graduates
from
my
class
is:
**'YOU'VE BEEN
WAITING FOREVER
TO BECOME NOTHIN'
HAVENTCHA?'**

the end.

all these miles

until miles comes
is just a bag of kilometers
in a satchel of feet,
wrapped in meters and flinging
around the centimeters to make it
straight to the birth canal and the day
we finally see our wet little wrinkled
creation in the fold all miles'd out
and ready to cry.

an off day

no
one
showed
up
to
the
GOD BLESS PROCRASTINATORS
ball
and
no
one
gave
a
solitary
shit
about
it.

another 9/11 tragedy

since 9/11 of 2001
when i was
overseas and stuck
pleasantly in europe away
from this country,
i think of the other
9/11's. in 2002 i saw a frog
die on that day, in 2003
johnny cash / john ritter left
us and in 2004 i ripped the heel
of my left foot so badly in a nasty
door accident that it has left a
nasty skin flap scar. this day
just won't end and it just
keeps coming every time it
leaves us.

another roadside bush

go ahead
mr. bush,
and reach for it.

your head
is meeting your asshole,
so just go ahead
and enjoy it!

apple slice promise

i
have
one
favor
to
ask.

take
out
the
time
to
keep
up
with
me
and
i'll
make
your
1 minute
worth
2.

Caroline #9

the
taste
of
cigarette
smoke
was
the
smell
of
life
before
she
moaned
'FOREVER'
into
my
ear.

carry wheels

the other
morning,
waking without my
baby in the skin
fold with miles in the belly
it was the drifting
sound of a jazz sax man
below my morning window
on 2nd street whaling off
for strangers as the mountains
again lounged against the
skyline like a lazy uncle
thinking about picking up
another instrument like a
savory little lover girl.

corporate parody

the
best
parodies
in
the world
come at
the expense
of corporations
with their
abject attempts
at dress up or
dress down days,
mangy costume
outings with
the office and
everything else
called corporate
shanghai actions
and it always
ends with the
bimbo and the rich
guy giving birth
to the popular bet.

damned falkner

i've only defiled one book
over the course of my life
deliberately. it's not a course
of action that is prudent, or
condusive to future generations
enjoying a good read. and my
destruction was due to my disdain
for an author and a particular
think i was doing with a big,
electrical drill. for whatever reason,
i was drilling holes in a basement
years back and i couldn't get it done
right when i got a bit pissed,
looked around and found a copy
of William Falkner's 'THE REIVERS'
looking at me. mocking me. i had
started the book over 4 times and
hadn't gotten past the first 20
pages and i really wanted to read
this award winning book. so,
to get rid of my frustration and
make a literary statement i drilled
a hole in the center and through
the entire fucking book. just like
that and my career of book destruction
ended right there. and fuck you falkner,
i still haven't drilled my eyes over the
entire book, but i still consider myself
as to have read it like a hole from
cover to damned cover.

dealer deals

want about those
dudes flying down
the roadway all
the time with dealer
tags. no where to be,
but flying like
light to a starved planet,
they are immune road travelers
pissed at your slow statures
while their
fictitious license plates
glare at you with
the power of a cartoon villain
bearing down on your temples
through the filter
of a distant tv screen.

grandma's donkey song

it's the rareness of our existence
that provides romance and when i was
a kid i remember going on my one big road
trip as a kid with the family up to Long Island, NY
to see my grandparents, aunt, uncle and cousins. there
was the mothball smell in the grandparent's house,
look of sardine NY suburbs, and dreaming of my father
being a kid that was in my nostrils and nails.
but there were 2 things i remember about my grandmother
that absolutely endeared me. one was a card game of
bullshit that she cussed it up like a champ over as she
smoked and encouraged me to cuss as well. it was an
amazing knee jerk reaction completely condoned by my
own blood kin. then, there was an old italian folk song
about an old man and his donkey. the old italian singer would screech
an old, loud donkey sound that sent my fatter, grandma, brother and i
into stitches. it was the funniest shit i had ever witnessed.
i never saw my old man and his mother laugh or look so damned happy as
when that old man made that long, sad donkey wail.
it was the closest i ever came to pure, unadulterated comedy laughter
and setting my feet towards the sun.

healthy poem

the
bigger
badder
low carb
accelerated
longer lasting
better than
the competition
at 50% off,
with the same long
lasting satisfaction
you have
come to expect
sort of poem is here
and it's aiming
to knock you straight
off your plastic soap
box square on your
ankles.

here's your daily dose of dirty fast food talk.

'WANNA TALK TO THE BURGER KING?'

'WANNA SIT ON MY BURGER KING?'

'HAD A GOOD, WARM BURGER KING LATELY?'

'GET YOUR DAMN HANDS OFF MY BURGER KING!'

'YEAH BABY, I'LL SHOW YOU MY BURGER KING.'

'SURE DOLL, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE YOUR BURGER KING TONIGHT.'

thank you.

i have a simple prediction

for today. one day, there
is gonna be a company this gonna
get this whole astral projection,
body particle transporting thing
down via e-mail. it will be
a special program that can
transmit you anywhere you wanna
go easily, without mess and at
a nominal cost. wanna go to honolulu?
well, open a specific e-mail from
that island and you are there. no
more planes and their bankruptcy stories.
you just open the e-mail and you
are a bag of atoms getting sent almost
instantaneously and nearly at 186,000 MPH
to your destination. so, careful what city
you open up, because you'll be there, baby.

i love looking

at my caroline's
profile and seeing
her smash down those
fluttering eye lids
of her as she thinks
those thoughts
going around and roving
through her head.

i need to

write this down

in order to remember it

at the proper time and

to confirm our course of

actions. the day that

we find out that 9/11 was

an orchestrated hoax to instill

fear and mischief for political

gain and population abeyance

is the day that i pack the family

up and really move into a cool

italian village and begin using

verbiage like, 'remember america?'

i sit here

trying to imagine
all the extinguished
library ISBN numbers
and the
tall order of new and dead
letters that keep
forming from this cranium
down to these fingertips
that wanna feel something more
than these keys that go fluttering
black shapes on this screen that
you may be able to touch sometime.

i think

we're gonna
have a little
moon boy.

when the
sonogram
lady slid her
x-ray device over
her
belly it
looked just like
the surface
of the moon
with
little
things moving
and bouncing around.

in fact,
i think she's got
a whole belly of moon
babies all crawling
around in her womb
dust ready for
depature.

if i stopped writing,

would you care?
if all of these words
dried up and you had
nothing more to rely on
me for, would it really
matter? do you wanna know
more, or do you wanna know
yourself, and how much
do these stacks of letters,
jumbled into words and cascading
into paragraphical sayings
effect you? go ahead, let me
know if this means anything to
you? because i'm gonna give you another
5 years and if i don't hear anything,
you can kids this profession good
bye. no more words, an end to the omen,
the demons destroyed, the angels flying over
the fluttering windowed curtains and
nothing left but the used pen cartridges
and stacks of eraser dust that used
to be me in all of those tiny, pink
squiggles silent as a sand particle
wedged in a sandal sole.

i'm at a point

where i
have lost
all of my pens,
but can't seem
to shake the pencil
crowd.

so,
i have decided to stop
writing
these poems,
lines, prose,
collection
of thoughts
as
a protest against
my disappearing pens.

i'll resume,
and write to you in actual
ink if this insurgency
ends and we can slam ourselves
into a much better
hole.

in air

the coolest
thing
about flying
is that you go
so many fucking
miles in such a short
time that it makes
me salivate for a
faster car
when i get back on the
ground.

Interested?

do
they
have
interesting
stories
to
tell?

do
they?

who?

any
of
them?

just
a
story
that's
good.

that's
all.

if
not,
get
away.

leave.

you
need
stories.

good
ones.

so
don't
cramp
your
unsettled
heart.

ok.

it was the end of a week

of car problems
and i ran into a couple
more problems in one day.

as i sped down the road in a
flee of being peplexed,
i trie my damndest to get
my mind off the fact that
they're just fucking cars
and it really just doesn't fucking matter.

as i flexed my head towards that cave,
i looked over on the door handle,
passenger side in the jeep i was
driving and noticed 1 piece of
my caroline's red hair floating
like a magic rope for the insect people
to climb,
if they so choose,
and immediately went to that mental land i wanted
to flee into.