

## Joefiles VCV

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The Clouds Consider Us All Used Water



## 2004

our president  
said INTERNETS  
during  
a debate one night.

sure,  
it's just a word.

but,  
his boys and kids are preening  
over the files  
of our systems to  
hunt down the viral terrorists  
and to snoop about our business.

he knows how to sign off on  
the monies,  
but he cannot pronounce the word.

it's not that hard,  
eh?

we have to worry about the  
most powerful man in the free world  
taking a ninja star and chopping it  
into tiny slivers.

really?

if there was any reason to have reason  
in this unreasonable excuse for an elected vapor,  
it was  
spent with the word.

the one word.

all the words.

the collective existence of his  
existence is a shame.

and you can  
verify that with a simple  
jaunt on the internet.

## **a mile-long realization**

HAVING  
A  
CHILD  
IS  
LIKE  
CONVERSING  
WITH  
GOD  
AND  
FIGURING  
OUT  
THAT  
EVERYTHING  
IN  
THE  
WORLD  
IS  
OK  
AFTER  
ALL.

## **a pack of cold birds**

by the frozen puddle  
on the roadside  
are preening for  
tiny, cold droplets of  
of wet  
as i drive by on my first  
full day back at work after  
having our Miles and figure  
anything could be better than going  
into work.

pecking at the impossible,  
opening the unreachable,  
looking at forever,  
uncovering never,  
ignoring always,  
everything in nothing,  
i only wanted a long break  
from going into a place  
that cares as much as i do  
and neglecting everything  
that makes this old,  
abused ticker in my middle  
pump  
all the fresh,  
good blood that  
carries my eye balls  
over that pack of birds  
at some small,  
magnanimous  
puddle  
of possibility.

## **after nearly 10 years**

of scrambling to  
write down the best of  
what my head thinks  
is worthy of ink,  
i understand that  
the best realizations  
are those ideas that  
you never,  
ever have to  
mention or  
write down,

so try to get  
around both of these  
obstacles and there  
you will unearth  
the goblet of grail water  
that d.b. cooper  
gulped while landing in a  
lake housing the lockness monster.

## airline soap

the  
small,  
instant,  
victorious,  
memories  
in  
this  
life  
are  
the  
reasons  
to  
keep  
on  
going  
and  
for  
me  
the  
the  
smell  
of  
soap  
from  
an  
airplane  
bathroom  
at  
about  
29,000  
feet  
in  
the  
air  
wafting  
off  
my  
hand  
as  
the  
bloody  
mary  
mix  
over  
ice  
comes  
is  
about  
as  
good  
as  
comfort  
gets.

## **all my times square dreams**

are collecting like

lights

covering the dropping ball

until i

wake up to the sound of morning

news and the smell of her skin

next to me and realize that i

don't need new york.

i just need the bed that dreams

me anywhere and

my beautiful wife,

child,

and the end of a rain droplet

to keep my gullet wet,

and ready for the next dry spell

to make me yearn

over the tin cans of words

that have

just evaporated into another

new york skyline.

## **all the guilt**

of this dummy nation  
oozes in droplets  
of invisible blood  
from the screens  
of nightly tv screens  
and the loud screams  
of patrons canvassing  
the retail aisles  
of a country that seemed  
completely cool,  
and ethereal as a  
small midwestern boy.

## **before I go off**

how  
could  
such  
a  
lonely  
moment  
dripping  
with  
needed  
credence  
pass  
and  
all  
you  
could  
say  
was  
that  
tomorrow  
was  
the  
way?

## **birthed finally**

i  
laugh  
an  
ignorant  
howl  
at  
all  
the  
times  
i  
wrote  
about  
birth  
and  
had  
no  
fucking  
idea  
what  
i  
was  
really  
even  
writing  
about.

## **carl bierbaum**

was the toughest  
motherfucker in our  
grade school class.

he was a new kid that moved into our  
class in the 6th grade and kicked ass  
from day one.

not really a big guy,  
but the kid was stacked like a small hulkian rock.

he glared,  
smiled,  
laughed,  
roared,  
and i remember seeing silhouettes of him  
throwing kids feet away from him during  
routine recess football games on the dirt  
field behind the school.

on top of this,  
his mom was a hot young number,  
and his family was loaded with money.

towards the end of the school year,  
he invited a bunch of us blockheads to  
his house that had a heated pool,  
4-wheelers,  
arcade games,  
pin ball machines and the like.

and all us kids were some mean motherfuckers  
like him.

his nasty richness infused right into our blood.

we pissed on the smallest guy after he fell asleep that night,  
and pushed other people in the cold unchlorinated pool at odd times.

kids have a special blend of cruelty that is indelible.

but, it was carl bierbaum that took the prize.

as the years went on,  
he got big,  
and soft with the effects of  
his over-arched child hood bow showing  
on his face.

and later as high school faded into reality,  
i never saw or thought about carl bierbaum.

but he was the kid to reckon with.

a hornet in a blood pumping heart,  
the kid with fists  
and guts waiting to melt into  
mediocrity like most everyone.

## **caroline**

after  
32  
years  
on  
earth  
all  
i  
ever  
needed  
was  
delivered  
to  
me  
in  
one,  
beautiful,  
caring,  
amazing  
woman.

## case of pop corn ass

i used  
to like the thick,  
strong smell of buttered  
pop corn wafting about.

in small doses.

now,  
i think of a diaper pan.

my boy's long string of diapers  
are the exact replica of buttered  
pop corned goodness and  
the smell has me lost now.

what is there to grab onto at the  
movie shops?

will it ever end?

will his shit ever smell like anything  
else so i can get back to the pop corn?

do i need pop corn?

why has pop corn done this to me?

fucking pop corn.

it has to be the pop corn because  
my kid is too cool to take the blame  
for bad shit.

**cat fights**

**& the passed out nights**

were stacking up  
so frequently that i  
needed time to pet a dog  
and listen to nothing  
as one lone kid walked by the  
front of the house unaware  
of anything,  
especially me.

## **cold morning myth breakers**

i drive by all the  
cold morning santas  
that were all blown up  
and full the nights and nights before  
to entertain the youngsters further  
into the myth.

and by morning they are just flat stacks  
of plastic looking blankets  
that have the deflated life of what was  
once hip, lit and fascinating.

word is out that kids are starting to lose  
their wits about this santa character because  
he lost so much weight so quickly.

his deflation was the end of their  
small journey to holiday jackpots.

done.

and now,  
even the snowmen and reindeer and elves  
and whatever christmas wrought is done  
in a deflated heap of cold.

poor kids had a good run and now santa  
is looking for a good solid blow job to  
get him back into the jolly old christmas spirits.

## **count me out**

i fucking love  
how many things  
having a child  
can get you out of.

conversations,  
dishes,  
laundry,  
yard work,  
more conversations,  
cleaning,  
showering,  
thinking,  
walking,  
running,  
clamoring,  
complaining,  
and more conversations.

of all the glorious things  
that kids were supposed  
to bring you as a parent,  
one of the best things  
was hid from me as  
i hurry off to see what  
else my small body of  
boy skin can get me out  
of.

## **dead idea**

the  
greatest  
natural  
hoax  
ever  
concocted  
for  
sale  
and  
consumption  
is  
death.

## **devilish intentions**

i continue  
to ignore the  
bulk of news coming  
from our television sets,  
and paper machines.

it's all a joke.

november 2, 2004  
illustrated that.

america officially  
doesn't take anything  
seriously,  
flaps about like morons,  
indulges in reality bullshit,  
and swims around the general nadir  
of these times.

and as the sheep drive around  
with their US flags and Jesus fish  
plastered to the backs of their  
cars i figure that the devil  
and his pals are having a great time  
planning out the end of this american  
experiment and what new toys will  
be offered in the bottom of  
sweet, tasteless cereal boxes.

**do not**

forgive  
me,  
or  
not,  
if  
i  
want  
the  
effects  
of  
birth  
shock  
to  
last  
for  
the  
rest  
of  
my  
living  
days.

## **do you have a past**

or did you just start today?

no stories?

any facts?

any origin?

no, huh.

don't have a past.

you already told me that.

well,

that should go over with a new girlfriend,  
but how's it gonna be with  
a new employer?

think they give a fuck that you haven't  
fucked other girls or other people over?

likely not.

so,

there was no where you went,  
no where you ever had to be,  
nothing ever done because you didn't want  
to hurt that special someone.

the only thing left to blame now  
is the future and  
that just so happens to be you  
on this little monorail called today.

## **dogged genius**

a  
pack  
of  
dogs  
wandering  
in  
the  
middle  
of  
the  
morning  
median  
look  
at  
passing  
cars  
as  
though  
they  
will  
never  
get  
it  
and  
these  
damned  
lost  
dogs  
are  
completely  
right.

**easier**

to follow directions  
from folks that have no  
directions are easily followed  
instructions to the last our  
your mind bending deconstruction.

## **ever rewind**

this world  
gave  
up on verifying  
itself  
as  
the ghosts slip  
past our walletted  
cards and right  
into the crevices  
that holds  
our eyes  
and  
the only  
way  
that  
any of  
this  
is gonna change  
is  
if  
there is no change  
for a day  
and we  
decide  
to  
write our histories  
the  
way  
they actually  
fucking  
happened.

## **everything that mattered**

before my boy was born, still matters now,  
but now that i'm a pops,  
i keep forgetting to  
remember to apply feeling to the matters  
of before, you know?

so, maybe i just don't really  
care about most shit anymore  
and that's about as comforting a thought  
as having my boy in this world.

## face friends

i wanna  
name the moles  
as a welcoming  
ceremony to the new  
mole that has formed on the  
side of my nose.

i think i should name them  
all the names of children  
that i won't likely have  
in this lifetime.

the one on my nose,  
stage left,  
can be chagrin.

the one above my mustache line,  
stage right,  
can be isabella.

and the new one can just be  
gus.

so,  
here we go chagrin, isabella and gus  
off to see if we can name my temporary  
zits,  
or the other constellations that  
have a mysterious way of forming  
about my face like some science  
experiment.

## **flown over**

i have  
an overreached  
excitement to flying  
because i miss the excitement  
of driving while i  
walk down the runway of life  
and presume there  
is constantly somewhere  
else to be.

## forever ownership

i don't  
want to  
own anything  
anymore,  
but  
now that i have  
a  
new  
small  
cool  
little  
flesh  
and blood  
son,  
i  
have  
no  
other  
choice  
than  
to  
settle  
into  
the  
idea  
that  
i  
will  
always  
own  
something  
and  
that  
notion  
is  
finally  
just  
fine  
with  
me.

## frank hester

there was an old  
social studies teacher  
in junior high by the name  
of mr. frank hester.

i hated history,  
the numbers, remembering random years,  
the steaming line of calculated facts  
to a world history i was barely apt  
to understand at that point,  
but he pushed steady and soft  
for us to do it.

i tried  
& liked him for his  
impeccable dress and easy talk,  
but it didn't work.

i still left his room with a  
C minus or D.

i just couldn't do it,  
but i always respected the class and  
calm with of mr. hester.

some years later,  
i had his wife as an english teacher  
and i didn't like her.

reading wasn't my gig  
and she was just too much.

i never understood the pairing  
of these two teachers.

the ultimate teaching husband/wife duo.

it didn't add up.

neither did it for the other kids.

as years skipped along the lake top,  
i read in the local papers and heard  
from my folks that frank had committed  
suicide.

i didn't believe it.

it was one of those truisms that i had  
to see in print to believe.

just need to and i did.

there in full black type:  
'LIBERY TEACHER DEAD BY SUICIDE'

and i immediately thought about his wife  
and how good mr. hester looked.

both clad in their cloaks of eternal  
knowledge and calm gaits  
and now frank is gone.

boiled away by the and of this existence  
and i think about joan rivers and how  
she drove her husbands to suicide.

did ms. h drive mr. h over the edge  
or was he just a red hot ember of his own design?

frank was one of the best teachers  
i ever had.

all those C and D teachers were my best ones.

it's just the way  
they operate.

but frank .. he was an A lister.

history won't fucking forget him.

## **gather sort**

he was never that sort f sort,  
he just wasn't a sorter,  
or a sort,  
he would prefer warts,  
and if the song dug low  
and the road was just deep enough  
to go,  
he could find the presumption  
or gumption to separate and somehow  
sort it back together.

## **getting to the point**

when  
you  
really  
think  
you're  
done  
and  
it  
makes  
no  
fucking  
sense  
just  
grow  
a  
beard  
and  
forget  
about  
it.

## **give-take variable**

as  
the  
days  
pass,  
the  
day  
gains  
in  
the  
same  
exact  
fashion.

## golden asses

some of the biggest,  
most unhealthy creatures  
i have grazed my eyes over  
have been those spotted  
at some disheveled table at  
a mcdonalds.

usually a look of lethargy,  
minced with an alcoholic glaze,  
and they always stare at you  
when you come through the door  
with something on your mind.

my process is to feel like a pric  
for succumbing to the arches,  
then i see these people and  
ready to get on out the door.

and they tell you that it's  
just not that bad for you and  
i always look into the shirts,  
pants, socks, shoes and blank  
eyes and figure if there was another  
way,  
these people would have found it,  
and if there was another way for me,  
i have to get my big mac out the door  
before they all swallow me whole.

## **gone bender never forever**

all of my  
notions of taking  
care of something  
have taken that complete,  
absolute turn  
and i may never,  
ever want to come back  
to where you are,  
so if you need my help,  
you already got it  
and there is nothing more  
that i will be able to do,  
so congratulate the hand that  
once smoked your cigarettes,  
and opened your doors,  
and let you know that you  
weren't alone,  
because now you need to  
take that pill and realize  
that loneliness  
sometimes isn't as bad  
as you once had thought.

## **his cowlick is alive!**

it keeps looking at me  
with it's tornadic glare  
and i'm not sure if i should  
touch it today.

how the hell did a cow get into my  
wife's belly and throw his tongue  
around on his tiny head?

now, every time i hold him  
it just looks in my direction as though  
i have some magic potion to sprinkle over  
its roots to get it simmered down.

but nothing doing.

and it has now spread to the center of  
his forehead.

a tiny, black swirl is ruminating around  
his forehead and i'm sure that it's looking for blood.

i'm gonna find a fire poker and pail of water,  
wish me luck.

## **i cease to exist**

my breath is absolutely  
not my own anymore  
and if someone tries  
to  
convince me otherwise,  
i'm gonna spill a cup of water  
on their shoes and ask them  
how long  
they can hold their breath  
underwater before  
they have an image of  
their parents go flitting  
through their brains.

## **I Cried**

my  
lodge  
of  
compassion  
was  
realized  
when  
out  
came  
the  
flesh  
plug  
of  
miles'  
emergence.

## **i hate to write about him, but ..**

the first  
morning after  
i met my lovely,  
pink wife  
she looked over my bookshelf  
in my smashed up  
apartment box  
and said,  
'you have too much bukowski'

and i thought  
about telling her to  
fuck off.

instead,  
i didn't say a word.

sadly  
i had to agree  
and i haven't read  
much of him since  
then.

it's been over a year  
and i don't miss him.

sorry charlie,  
i have a new muse  
and she smells better  
&  
loves better.

## **i wish my pinkie**

had a nodule of milk  
to drip the goodness  
into my new son's mouth  
but i'll have to stick  
with my rendered sperm sack  
dry fingertips and nothing  
but everything other than  
food to keep his eyes open  
and mouth ready to fold into  
the shape of tomorrow  
when we can talk about this all  
proper and open like a couple  
of chaps studying the idiosyncrasies  
of language.

## **i'll stick to living**

the  
unabated  
innocence  
of  
a  
baby  
gives  
you  
the  
full  
notion  
to  
plod  
forward.

## **iron fence**

this  
is  
another  
line  
for  
all  
i  
have  
forgotten.

my  
simple  
little  
p.o. box  
in the  
sky  
retrieving  
everything  
you  
thought  
might  
come  
back  
some  
short  
day.

## **it's always those guys**

with very small trucks,  
or trucks that look like  
they're gonna fall to pieces  
at any moment that have like  
50-100 or more wooden pallets  
stacked height on their truck bed  
driving all droggy and wobbly down  
a congested interstate highway.

**it's columbus day today  
and superman is not alive anymore.**

the salts were spread over  
the wires today as  
superman left the planet,  
and hokey proclamations of  
a past we cannot figure out  
chime over the half raised flags  
and the rebirth of margot kidder.

one day before i'm gonna be  
32 years on this planet,  
and superman is gone,  
cape and all.

and as i think about it,  
i remember how my caroline and i went  
to springfield, illinois to the  
home of superman and  
walked out of that phone booth  
ready to stay in love  
for the rest of our lives.

and so it is so.

columbus capsized a ship,  
and the kryptonite finally won.

## **it's no secret**

hey  
fellas,  
do  
you  
really  
need  
the  
autograph  
of  
a  
victoria's  
secret  
model  
to  
prove  
that  
you're  
desperate  
or  
eternally  
horny?

## Jonny fucking Mathis

i wonder  
where all those jonny mathis  
albums are.

when we were kids,  
there was an old cardboard box  
of vinyl albums in the basement  
and all i really remember my folks had  
were jonny mathis albums.

i never remember hearing them in the house,  
or ever much throughout the entirety of my  
childhood years in houses with my family.

but there were those damned jonny mathis  
albums with that glowing, smiling,  
unreal face looking out at us.

the album covers always comforted me.

but i never heard the man croon.

i wonder why?

perhaps my folks hated him and only clutched  
onto the album because it was a re-occurring gift  
from friends they just couldn't tell they didn't like  
mathis.

today - 20 years later,  
i wonder where all those jonny mathis albums are.

sure my folks don't miss 'em.

## **manufactured homes**

are just  
fabricated lies  
and  
i have to be  
bombarded by them  
while i fly down the highway  
to my unmanufactured  
home,  
so  
go ahead  
and lay off on the manufactured  
ideas you have about why planes  
do this or that,  
or how you believe  
the god is in your wallet  
and the devil ate your cold  
morning porage.

## **middle night march**

THERE'S ALWAYS SOME  
KIND OF 3-LEGGED CONCOCTION  
TO WRITE ABOUT  
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT  
WHEN I THOUGHT  
ALL THAT WAS LEFT WAS BITS OF LAST NIGHT'S  
EVENING NEWS  
AND THE WORLD HAD DRIED UP  
ALL THE INTERESTING  
BULLSHIT POSSIBLE  
IN THIS ENORMOUS  
PLANE OF  
3-5 PERCENT BRAIN ACTIVITY  
SONG  
SINGING.

## **mild half ounce mile**

my life  
has  
come down  
to  
half an ounce  
a day  
because  
of our  
tiny,  
small miles baby.

he has been losing  
weight,  
and has been gulping boob  
milk like a villain to gain  
weight.

this as we both watch  
the milk drop,  
the udder roar,  
the mouth cup,  
the lips move,  
the explosions swallowed,  
the sound muffled,  
the shock settle further,  
the next into a beginning,  
the day we became ourselves,  
our  
little boy trying  
to gain ounces in the fat  
land of pounds  
as  
i watch his belly  
and see it grow  
like a sunset  
barreling its hot image  
quickly over  
the top of the  
hungry,  
hungry fucking  
skyline.

**miles**

is

my

tiny

given

goblet

of

god

water.

## **miles 80th**

miles will be here  
in 80 days & he likes  
to kick me,  
ahilliate me.

he's a small bottle of  
kryptonite  
wrapped in pure gun powder.

he's my first born soon  
and he may be my last.

so every kick is my step closer to  
understanding this existence that  
has had the profound  
pleasure of willfully hexing me with  
it's swift form,  
steady punch  
and thrust into realms  
i have only been fortunate enough  
to dream about up to this point.

## **miles & me**

if there was ever  
a powerful moment in front  
of this machine, it's now  
with my son next to me  
swaddled up with closed eyes,  
crossed arms and nothing but the faint  
rise & fall of his chest to ensure  
that we're both still alive  
and that the fire  
finally has a cup  
of water to  
drink,  
if need be.

## **miles at 1 month**

i look at  
my  
boy  
miles  
now  
at  
1 month  
and  
wonder  
what it's gonna  
be like  
to  
share a table  
with him  
as  
he  
waves over  
the  
waitress  
to  
pay  
the  
bill  
and  
ask  
her  
for  
her  
pretty  
little  
phone  
number.

## miles memory

our  
small,  
instant,  
squeaking  
little  
miles  
boy  
may  
be  
the  
one  
that  
could  
figure  
this  
whole  
mad  
living  
experience  
out  
and  
i  
won't  
last  
that  
long  
down  
here  
to  
figure  
it  
all  
out,  
so  
this  
is  
for  
you  
my  
miles  
boy  
and  
all  
the  
wisdom  
you  
are  
going  
to  
incur.

## **miles more**

entering the 70th parallel,  
the lines are  
getting crossed,  
there in the teeth,  
there in the middle.

## **mom**

if

i

ever

have

the

wherewithal

to

design

and

market

shoes

or

clothes,

they'll

be

called

simply

'SUSIE TERRILL GEORGE'

## **momheart**

the boston  
bulldog my folks  
got during my teen  
years just died.

limping from moment  
to moment for months,  
my mother now limps about  
like she lost one of her own  
children.

i have never seen anything like it.

i just had a kid of my own  
and it seems like she has much  
more emotion still wrapped up in a dog  
than in actual human life.

maybe that's where my line of reason ends,  
and someone else's story flourishes.

it's an odd encounter to have an animal marshal  
that much control over your reality,  
but we are all animals anyways,  
aren't we?

so,  
here's to you trixie the dog,  
and a woman that tries to figure out  
where her life is at and how to  
get the heart mended yet again.

## monumental brain departures

i am the  
king of early morning  
teapot house fires  
and fixing old carburetors  
in ailing cars.

leave it to me.

i had a helluva morning  
without the stove to cook my  
coffee water,  
as i dipped the pot into the microwave  
and went off for a shit.

minutes later,  
with popping and oozing smoke,  
the microwave was on fire  
as the boy said something unexplainable  
while watching the tv as i smashed the  
fire clean out.

from there,  
i wafted the tainted airs with open,  
cold windows to keep my pregnant wife  
asleep  
only to go outside and have my car die  
in the middle of the road.

someone offered to take the boy to school,  
as i refused,  
hopped into another jeep of ours and took him  
up the street.

still no cup of coffee,  
dead car in the street  
and some fixin to do.

i was like a super puzzle hero fixer  
and i never got my hands around a cup of  
coffee until it was nearly too late.

sometimes my stupid moments astound me  
as i write this like i'm some kind  
of smart guy with 20/20 hindsight as  
my co-pilot.

## **my official journey**

into the utter,  
complete unknown  
is the most know i want  
to know  
and  
now  
the theater leaves  
me here  
to deal  
with another group of  
folks  
that  
wanna  
know the unknown  
as well.

## **my rhyme**

was  
always  
something caught  
in a bottle  
that the ship  
was to supposed to  
forgive  
but never got  
back to  
her  
on.

## **new ideas**

there  
are  
so  
many  
things  
that  
are  
never  
thought  
about  
until  
you  
have  
a  
baby  
of  
your  
own  
and  
this  
thought  
is  
one  
of  
'em.

## **not stupid**

if there is intelligent life alive out there  
in the universe  
and they decide to come visit us  
and take a drive,  
our street signs are gonna be proof  
that we are utterly out of our fucking mind  
and about as confusing as it gets.

## **November Dream**

there was this one dream in particular where this guy was showing me in wrapped packages, with a section exposed, how good my body organs were doing at this point in my life. the organs were made out of strings of yarn, and if they were in good shape they would be a bright color, but if they were in bad shape, they would be a dull, gray color ..

it was depressing and cool.

It made me want to have a drink.

## numberless

i knew  
of a guy  
that had  
no numbers  
attached to  
his existence.

no phone,  
no social security,  
no home address,  
no apartment #'s,  
nothing.

this guy refused to deal in  
numbers.

ducked the system for years.

he's a letter guy.

has no need for numbers.

the infinite nature of numbers  
convoluted his head  
since he was a baby and traded it in  
for the letters.

he believes theirs an invisible  
brim around the letters,  
something to hold it in,  
something divisible,  
nothing too pushy to keep  
him addled at the thought  
of endless strings of numbers  
clouding his fate.

## **obviously**

why  
do  
i  
refute  
the  
obvious  
when  
it  
usually  
ends  
up  
in  
me  
being  
near-apologetic,  
or  
bleeding  
with  
a  
hurt  
headache  
as  
a  
result.

## ode to the eternal whiskey realization list

if i ever remember  
to assemble  
a whiskey realization list,  
it will be one of the most  
incredible slips of words  
i could ever concoct,  
but the sting of whiskey usually  
rears back during sobriety and steals  
it all from the soft, pink brain cells  
that fights for me all the time,  
so the tidal wave of poisonous nectar  
has again waltzed off with my woman,  
and given me a blow-up doll of potential  
in return until it deflates and all  
i'm left with are remnants of how it  
used to be when the world tasted like  
strawberry licorice and the only bet  
to lose was to never sit at that table  
and suck down a smoke and eat the lime  
of a gin staring at you like a stack of  
fish of a liner from a colorado river bay  
ready for the freezing hot licking flames  
ready to clean the sin or originality and  
cure the recourse of normality.

## our collective Kerry moment

all  
i  
ever  
saw  
were  
kerry  
signs  
and  
stickers  
which  
for  
a  
while  
was  
the  
only  
common  
ground  
for  
me  
in  
the  
nation  
of  
strange,  
strange  
faces  
that  
are  
going  
where?

really,  
where  
the  
hell  
are  
all  
these  
cars,  
buses,  
bikes,  
legs,  
eyes,  
planes,  
and  
trains  
going.

maybe  
bush  
knows.

## **our little miles**

warrior prince  
with everything  
left to live  
has so many  
pages to fill  
in this reality  
that if i  
try to ponder the  
extent,  
i could be here for  
a whole helluva a lot  
longer than  
i care to be.

## **Oxymoron**

today was  
marked the 292nd time  
in my life that i said  
the word 'oxymoron'  
and  
now i finally realize  
the true,  
metaphoric reason  
as this obvious piece  
dwindles into  
an oxy ending.

## **patterned patterns**

i learned everything in my 20's  
and now in my 30's i am set  
to relearn all of it again,  
to again lose it,  
relearn it,  
lose it,  
relearn it,  
and on until i just don't give a shit  
if i learn about it anymore.

it will be at that point that i  
will be as smart as i'll ever be  
on this hot, little blue planet  
of learners.

## **permanent will to wander**

sometimes it's just  
what people want you to do  
that will change their perception forever  
and when that has happened  
there will be something else,  
and something else  
until there was going to  
never be anything until something  
else and the end of the story became  
the best excuse to slip away  
from everyone and just  
believe in several concrete things  
and let the rest  
of something else figure it out  
on their own.

## **PHILLIP HUGHES**

is wanted for murder.

PHILLIP HUGHES

has his face plastered on  
hell pot of billboards around town.

PHILLIP HUGHES

is a reason to believe in actual ghosts.

PHILLIP HUGHES

has made many people cry in his life.

PHILLIP HUGHES

is probably a dead beat father.

PHILLIP HUGHES

is getting the recognition he never thought  
possible.

PHILLIP HUGHES

is on the verge of making someone rich with  
the right phone in tip.

PHILLIP HUGHES

is your devil.

PHILLIP HUGHES

has 1 last wish and your old coat.

PHILLIP HUGHES

is likely a stupid asshole.

PHILLIP HUGHES

could be the best eluder of cops ever.

PHILLIP HUGHES

is wanted for murder.

do you really care about

PHILLIP HUGHES?

## **plane of perspective**

miles  
so  
quickly  
keeps  
dwindling  
down  
to  
small,  
infant  
kilometers  
that  
i  
cannot  
see  
anything  
anymore  
other  
than  
the  
tiny,  
smashed  
stacks  
of  
has  
marks  
between  
the  
inch  
lines.

## postage

can  
you  
mail  
me  
that  
emotion  
just  
I  
more  
time  
and  
remind  
me  
not  
to  
jump  
from  
the  
car  
you  
told  
me  
to  
start  
and  
listen  
to  
your  
words  
as  
your  
emotional  
eye  
lids  
flutter  
over  
the  
tempest  
of  
patience.

## **pre-tough guy**

i  
was  
such  
a  
weak  
hoodlum  
in  
the  
7th  
grade  
that  
my  
punk  
ass  
hadn't  
fingered  
or  
fondled  
a  
girl  
yet,  
and  
when  
i  
tried  
to  
smoke  
a  
cigarette  
after  
a  
football  
game,  
i  
passed  
out  
and  
puked  
from  
the  
white  
door  
of  
my  
sister's  
boyfriends  
mustang  
car.

## **quilts**

consume

the

lint

of

your

trail

and

warm

many

with

one,

short

warm

girl

sigh.

## regurgitate karma

just a minute  
ago the cat puked  
on the floor.

my wife and i looked  
on and before the wince  
left her face,  
i sent the dog over  
to eat it up  
because he will eat anything  
and actually seems  
to enjoy it as much  
as the shit he siphons  
from the cat box on a regular  
basis.

i always figure i am doing  
the black lab a culinary favor  
by filling his belly  
with used cat food all  
warm and emulsified.

a minute or so after that,  
the dog starts lurching by  
my sweet caroline  
in a vomit convulsion  
as several pounds of refuse  
came flopping out in a short,  
sweet dream.

while she laughed,  
i drug him out by the collar  
for round 2 as more vomit came  
pre-door  
while she kept laughing inside.

i uttered a small,  
'shit',  
as i looked for cardboard  
to dispose of my  
cold,  
neglected karma.

## romancing the eternal notion

what did  
you ever  
really know  
before you  
had a kid?

i keep asking myself  
this question  
over and over  
like a loop of  
audio i  
cannot find the pause  
key for.

i presume  
that i knew very,  
very little.

then,  
i think about  
our miles getting  
older and how much  
i have garnered for his  
webbed brain  
to soak in later on  
in life.

but the loop still  
rotates in my head  
and i feel alone.

enough so that i  
don't want to commune  
with all my friends  
that still run around  
without anything but  
the bar tab in the wallets  
and enough sorrow from winter's  
broken hearts club to make me  
want to stare at my  
wife and son all day without  
blinking.

i have started new like  
my boy  
and yesterday was only something  
that flickered about  
like a stack of deja vu's i  
will never ever return  
to.

so,  
here's to you whoever you used to be.

## **romancing the quote**

is  
throwing  
ice  
over  
the  
frost  
of  
this  
daily  
experiment  
of  
life,  
but  
if  
that  
doesn't  
work,  
you  
always  
have  
the  
neighbor's  
old,  
used  
pictures  
to  
re-invent.

## **the 9/11 syndrome**

is our new  
hex as the baby boomer generations  
wrestle with the alligators for  
a smidge of salt.

it's that born again christian  
generation ready to salvage their lot  
in life because the sounds of planes  
are way too much and the smell of  
propane gas is gonna make them  
rob a convenience store.

it's the post period that folks  
went from walking to crawling,  
to flying, to fanaticism,  
to soul death.

the 9/11 phenomenon has grabbed  
folks without media headlines proclaiming  
it and shook them for every apple,  
then made cider,  
and sold it off to the next war hero.

this american experiment of 'freedom'  
has to have the world wondering what  
other 'day insert' syndrome is gonna  
toss another generation of young,  
wandering, aimless kids into a  
lurch that will head them into the  
side of a building,  
or get shot down by government equipment  
only to be told to not be  
so narrow minded and to let your government  
be your friends.

we are in the 9/11 sickness and  
the cure has no string to pull  
as my month old son strains to grab  
his hands around objects,  
items of soft,  
supple innocence.

## **the angry girl**

threw her camera at her mom  
under the humid less vacation hinterland  
of phoenix of sunday love  
and nothing else left another pimple  
and pinkie fight with her wall street  
lover and the next load of  
prompts coming over the wires.

## **the bigger, badder high energy poem is here**

and it wants to take you  
down like a kodiak and teach  
you that the only good heart  
is one made in a science lab,  
and the only bad one is to  
not have lived this life as  
fucking hard as possible,  
and filled your tear ducts with  
something other than fake actors  
living hallow lives,  
so take that blended porkchop down  
with a guzzle of beer,  
chased by an antacid if need be  
and stop wallowing around thinking  
the government is out to kill you,  
because human emotion always did  
just fine in leveling the playing field  
as this higher carb,  
no bullshit poem comes barreling down  
your eye balls,  
into the spine and right out your  
stinking, puckered asshole that  
lets way too little in and  
way the fuck too much out.

## **the five minute poem**

will make you feel  
like you ate the pit  
of a peach, but contentfully  
full like doling out too much  
cash for a meal that was  
hot enough for consumption,  
but after this 300 slices of  
seconds are digested, there  
will be an odd taste in your  
mouth you won't be able to shake  
until you again take down  
another equal, but, over the limit  
amount of words that you  
crave because boredom is either  
too much or titillation is  
just enough to keep you from  
writing your own stuff to be  
locked up under the canopy  
of a carnival twirling like  
a fire torch in a humid, dark  
room with no where to bleed,  
but on the couch, because that's  
where we sit when our five minutes  
are done and we have to resume the  
resumption game, if there is any left.

## **the orange cat**

could be our last  
saving grace  
if i could only  
place him  
with the last of our  
postage stamps  
and cold bottle of beer  
in the garage.

## **the rainy skies**

have all but dried up  
as wet sponges hang  
on street corners  
with what used to  
go down  
as i stuff all the tissue  
i have left back into my  
pockets until the next  
load of wet returns  
for us,  
if that ever happens.

## **the season**

of new kids,  
broken love,  
and the social ritual  
of no more cultural  
sameness is upon  
us here in the warmest  
november we can all  
remember and as the  
clay bellies of my  
wife begin to dry,  
and set into motion a  
form that will hold for  
years, the way  
we will define change  
will radically change  
and that's a change you  
can sleep over.

**this is not a going to be a political poem,**  
ok?

my solemn promise.

even though this would have to  
be the best time in our America's history  
to string together volumes and volumes of  
rich poetic thought about our  
politics.

i just cannot force myself to do it.

through the shock,  
glory,  
smiles,  
gnashing,  
incidental accidents,  
the swerves  
and skewers,  
i cannot do it.

not about the secretary,  
or vice,  
or joint chiefs,  
none of 'em.

they have no place in poetry.

they hardly have a place in  
the political consciousness.

so here you have it.

my non-political poem about  
everything except the elected dummy.

## **tipster tipper dripper**

invented  
miracles  
always  
eventually  
run  
out.

ok?

## **wait**

how  
does  
a  
pound  
of  
water  
feel  
to  
you  
in  
the  
dry  
parched  
porch  
of  
this  
last  
year  
rally  
ready  
to  
pack  
up  
forever.

## **when my son was born,**

my old man was out of work.

just got wrapped  
into some silly under the table  
hoax that  
blew up in his innocent face.

as it happened,  
he was working at some two-bit  
lot on a stench stretch of road  
as a car salesmen  
getting money under the table as  
the government threw him  
checks as a disabled vet.

anyways,  
some old racist fucker that got  
fired from the same lot months  
prior used my dad as bait  
and said that he was gonna turn  
the whole car dealership with  
it's stack of twisted jalopy mobiles  
into the IRS - with my dad's head on the chopping  
block.

in one phone call,  
my 61 year old father is out of work again.

he's been kicked,  
raked,  
abused,  
deceived,  
disrespected,  
and tossed about in  
the car business.

a life long labor that has  
given him little,  
and continues to be a drain.

this,  
as i stay home more with my  
wife and boy  
and try to cash in on my beans  
each and every day.

yep,  
miles,  
your grandfather is out of work,  
and your old man is looking  
for a way to be around you more.

a long,  
laborious explanation in

words  
as the poem flails and the  
country contemplates entropy.

good night little  
month old miles boy.

**when you're blood is in another species,**

you understand hemoglobin links  
so much better  
and the way the rain falls  
looks more like bricks building  
water creatures than just random  
chaotic drips falling from cloud.

when your eye color influences  
the color of your offspring,  
you start recognizing those floaties  
behind your eye balls as  
named creatures that know your every  
move and see everything that happens  
before you do.

when the knee caps of your child  
absorb the gulps of light coming  
in through windowed pane,  
you know that the color of light  
is the truth the gods whispered in  
your ears years and years ago  
and what you do with that  
knowledge has everything to do with  
everything as much as it doesn't.

## **while forgotten remembering**

as  
the blur of days  
melt into the eyes  
of my new son,  
i see the row of smokestacks  
on each little  
house that looks  
like a kid's wood model  
pushing out stacks of  
steam  
and figure it's gonna  
warm  
up around here  
some day.

## **whole holes**

my  
son's  
birth  
was  
my  
re-birth  
and  
i  
needed  
no  
re-birthing,  
according  
to  
my  
tiny  
pocket  
calendar  
memory.

## winter today

of all  
the ice  
cycles  
hanging  
from the  
beaten,  
frost  
branches,  
i like  
the  
rows  
that  
form  
like hungry  
teeth  
ready to  
swallow  
all  
snowflakes  
it can  
before  
melting  
into  
nothing.

## 40

i can  
finally conceptualize  
my 40's now  
and i'm  
sure i will have to have  
a  
smoke to make sure  
that i don't stay  
too fucking healthy.