



Joefiles 96 (VCVI)
Part Art Chart Fart Tart

after 5 minutes of morning news

after recovering from
the nov 2004 decision
i hear about how
the republicans are cutting
over 150 federal programs
that is going to promote the social
well being of our kids and seniors
and decide that it's just
better that i don't listen to the
radio as our radical anti-life
minions of hell caste their glow
over the dark black shadows on the
smiles of american stupidity.

are you ready for the baby?

i heard this thousands of times.

never thought i could hear something as much
as i heard,
are you ready?

i had my breakdown during a birthing day class,
asked the question over and over about my scalp.

you ready?

everyone would ask.

now 2 months into Mile's on earth and reflecting
on all of my readiness,
i presume it's like all the other times in life
i thought i was ready and had to answer whether or not i was.

and again,
i had failed.

i wasn't ready.

i've never been really ready for anything.

last year i took a GRE test i had studied for months
to pass and got drunk the night before and
passed my written with a perfect score.

i moved out early.

moved up when the time was not ready.

and had miles without quite being ready.

so,
i'm never ready.

never have been.

will likely never be in my lifetime.

so if you ask if i'm ready,
i won't answer.

i'll just do what i have been prepared to do
and you can be prepared to deal with that.

thanks for your preparation
of this long,
windy,
twisting answer.

ball-boob

my
little
miles
has
a
bad scar
on
the bottom
side
of
his ball
sack
and
a
estrogen
filled
girl boob
and he's
not even 2
months
old yet.

i'm sure
this
kid is gonna
have
to
learn
some
strict,
rare version
of
karate with these
early
prospects
and
a
name
like
'miles alfonso'.

BEST

the
best
will
somehow
assume
pole
position
before
going
back
down
on
us
like
a
swinging
lead
hammer
into
the
face
of
a
hot,
wet
pre-mashed
potato.

buried

the name of a
buried poem
could be hot dirt,
but could more aptly
be called frozen concrete,
but it could be slow sand,
as much as it could be hard water,
then again it might just be wet tree,
unused timber or
something we should have never
imagined because that poem had
the imagination to leave before
anything had the misfortune to arrive
and steal it's small - ripe potential.

BUSHED

our
world
according
to
hell
just
wadded
the
morning
paper
into
his
back
pocket
and
decided
to
default
on
your
precious
loans
as
he
eats
with
the
queen
of
denmark
and
fucks
all
your
old
lovely
dreamer
people
hard
and
tight
like
a
good
dynasty
nepotistic
president.

can we
have a talk
mr. cactus
about all your prics?

CHANGED CHANGER CHANGE

i'm so
addicted to
change that
i'll take yours
off your hands
and make it
into something
that you
will
never ever
recognize no
matter how much
a part of you
you believe it is
or was or could be
as it changes again
and goes through a
non-stop collision of
particles while my
perpetually dirty mouth
swabs with more
people that will
give me all of
their
damn dangling change.

climbing for a reach

there's one group
of sporters that always
got me.

what are mountain climbers
really thinking?

sure,
i'm a walker,
i used to run a lot,
i enjoy the travels,
but the constant mountain climbing.

is this the pang of midwestern blood
seeping into my adrenal lines?

do i not understand the plight to
climb mountain after mountain with
sheer joy.

with absolute admiration like a junkie
getting dealt another hand of blackjack
with smoke in hand and another gin and tonic coming?

am i only cognizant of flatland adventures because
i have spent the better part of my three decades
in a region removed from land contour?

i'm not sure i will ever understand as hard
as i climb,
and as far as i look over the hill.

so, keep
on climbing with your shoes,
wires and white nose screen
while i stay here on the flat,
level ground wishing
i could join you on your
ascent into the clouds.

cloud thought

when you
start wondering if
people are lazy and the
world is a big box of collapsible
sides,
just remember that the clouds
are always and perpetually moving.

CURE SEEKER

i got to work,
and converse with people,
and have my love sealed with my wife,
and made a child,
and make a poop,
and make a written piece of writing
my reading pleasure,
and walk around and run when needed,
and to everything from spit to skittles
as my grand attempt to simply find a cure to humanity.

CUT UP

my little lonely
paper cut longs for you
with it's thin sliver
of blood and all the
melting bubbled potential
my third grade teacher extolled upon me
as i sat out there on
the playground with my
extra small pinkie toe
thinking that one day
i would be lucky enough
to bleed for you the way
you bleed for the world
each month.

drug view

when i really
want to get away from the
work and find out what other
trades of hire there are in the world,
i retreat to the unused front door area
of a converted medical building and watch
the action.

across the
street is a gas station with destroyed awnings,
ripped signs,
trash and rust like white paint,
along with a liquor store that looks like the concession stand
for an old drive in,
while the Eagle Inn motel across the way hums with hookers
and drug pimps.

from my tinted glass bungalow,
i watch a tireless, scraggly old fella
running money and drugs between cars
that start at the gas station and end up at the
liquor store.

as the exchange goes down,
the scraggly man gets a bit of a score
himself as he slips away with another hispanic friend
that arrives from nowhere and they go behind the dumpster.

after a minute or so,
they both emerge wobbly,
off step and beyond a corner on a square.

they are smiling as the new patrons of
some heavy narcotic go squealing off with an
honest dollar earned by a damsel in witness protection.

and i polish off another swig of my legal liquid coke,
wonder if i moonlight as a detective in training
and just belch some,
rearrange my underwear
and go back to my work throne.

exhumed

i like
the smell
of exhaust
coming from
some cars and
objects,
but as is life, too much
makes me utterly
fucking exhausted.

fightless

i
have
never
ever
been
in
a
fight
as
an
adult
but
if
you
really
feel
tough
come
on
over
and
crack
my
virginal
cherry
with
a
good
mom
putdown
so
i
can
deliver
my
first
solid
broken
nose
in
style.

FIRST SMELL

the drizzle of
morning dryer spray
is a small miracle of bliss
as i leave my wife and
child to fend for themselves
as i face the nemesis of
childhood fairy tales
and watch all the neighboring
faces drive by me comprehend their
cigarette ends and the crumpled
mass of sticks laying in
bright medians.

foggy morning movement

this
morning
we
are
all
driving
in
a
big
fog
cloud
like
dominoes
ready
to
be
stacked
upright.

Forever Wednesday

we used to meet
at my house on
wednesday morning
for coffee.

she would trudge up
to my old cold
house for that
swab of hot,
delectable coffee
as we dreamed of
how it would feel
to be inside of each
other.

after a couple cup
gulps,
we headed upstairs
and forgot the world
for a while.

it was our wednesday
morning of clarity.

usually bleary from the
alcohol of tuesday night,
wednesday would completely
heal my sin and swaddle me
up with more debaucherous notions.

i then married my
caroline and we made a
child after all that practice
high up there in my favorite
rented room ever on this here
planet in this here city.

and after musing that it would
be cool if we had a wednesday
baby on a monday morning,
our wish came true.

miles was hatched on a
wednesday as the world
radiated with the dew of thursday
and the promise that for the first
time in my life wednesday's will
always be memorable and at
12:12 on wednesday's i'll remember
that hot hovel on top of that old
house where we made grounds and
a small wednesday boy.

gone missing

had a nasty
canker sore in the
top of my mouth.

likely too many onions
washed by the river of too many
whiskey drinks.

and the pain was like nothing
i had ever felt from a tiny
spot of sore flesh in my mouth.

i have had my share of mouth sores,
canker excursions,
but this one hung on for several weeks and
through the devout washing of ointments
over and over and over and over,
it just stuck like a skunk smell in the height
of humid august heat here in KC.

nothing worked.

3 different ointments at regular intervals,
and i winced,
talked with a lisp and made a deal
with every mouth god that i would
take better care of the molars and meat that surrounds it
if they would deploy a small unicorned chariot to
blot out the bleeding hurt that ran through my
mouth.

it never happened and the pain faded until it faded
into a small tiny fadable echo that no one could hear
anymore.

then, one day it was gone.

and now i think i almost miss the pain
now that it's completely gone
and i again have reclaimed my
absence of pain,
regular speech,
loss of slur
and packing away my ointment friends.

good at time pissing

when i
sit down
and let my mind
relax and figure
out what i'm really
good at,
on the top of
that list is a talent
i'm very content with.

i have a sharp,
well trained ability
to piss away time without
even knowing it.

time after time,
moment into moment,
a whole saturday afternoon,
the bulk of a sunday,
days away from work,
any block of unabated time
is merely gone like a glob of
ice cream melted into oblivion
on a scorching july sidewalk.

melted and converged on by
ants and the beaks of eager birds.

carried off and poof.

gone.

if you have any extra time
you'd like to shovel off your
plate into mine,
i will gladly take it and
give you absolutely
fucking nothing in return.

have you heard about the famous NASCAR poet

that threw gas on his
pulp pages and wrote with a
hot lead pencil as his
well padded gloved fingers wrote
in pure fire.

sure,
when he hit the end of a page,
stanza or hot line,
he would call in an actual pit crew
with flame resistant goggles,
heavy flame retardant cloth
to pull that page from before the NASCAR
poet and lay another well oiled, and gassed
page down before him.

this,
as other pages huddled around with blinding
speed trying to vie for his attention
as he furiously wrote with flames licking the air
like a raccoon going after the middle of a split fruit,
and he wrote.

the smell of exhaust was almost enough to choke
the invisible crowds that huddled as the NASCAR poet
went on musing over his page as if the world around him
did not exist any further and he was gonna have a
huge paycheck once he didn't his victory circle with
the pen around the page.

but as the smoke settled,
the crew went home and the crowd passed out in a beer mat,
the NASCAR poet lifted his arms,
pumped his fists and smiled with a turned neck and
big blinking eyes for his beautiful wife and large two foot by three foot
check
only to be greeted by a worn out cat,
the smell of sour kraut and
just a drop of gasoline to put a period
on his long, exhausting day of fictitious poetry.

How I feel about you

the one
small black
shoe in
the road
is everything
they ever wanted
to give to
you but just didn't
know how.

HUNGRY POEM

just a bit of mustard left
in my huge yellow plastic barrel
as this hungry poem walks away
belching the gas of my used dollar
bills and says he doesn't know what's
in a rubeen sandwich as i peer closer
at a giant piece of kraut stuck between
his side, front teeth and wonder how
the hell a poem could have such a ravenous
appetite and hide if from all of us
little people that is lucky to get the fin
of a fish or the crumbles of a piece
of bird bread.

i can nearly taste

the stacks of flavorless
mist coming from all the smokestacks
around here as the sounds
of communism die and the march
of terrorism glares from these
tired ears while cars
go stomping up the street
in pursuit of the new, and next
dollar bill in the satchel of
prizes needed for the participant
to feel justified by going into the
work place everyday as these pages
around here crave for something more
than laundry lint and room particles
from the sounds of what we want to do
and how we always thought we would be
there by now.

I have traded in my evenings,

the nights,
for the morning.

my new time of flying has become the sunrise,
instead of my former love of the sunset.

and during these times of newness,
i see the most amazing of things.

the other morning going to work,
i came around a bin around downtown to a
sight i will never be able to shake.

the image lasted for nearly 8 seconds,
and will likely last forever.

as i rounded one curve in a menagerie
of curves, i notice a rather portly man
bundled up in a blue coat,
with a stocking cap and wet mist of warmth
smashing against the cold, cold airs.

as he stood there,
the carnival of cars spill around our peripheral vision,
and the minutes that race our rats to work,
and this man has 3 plastic bags about 70 feet ahead of him
next to the road.

he's in the middle of a grassy median staring with
his neck twisted quite low,
just glaring out ahead of him like a savior waiting for the
long lost bag of snakes to get unleashed and begin the
immaculate post-modern meltdown
and then it was gone.

just vanished.

i bent my neck around and veered to see
what this man was doing and squinted into the
rear view mirror and saw nothing.

this man was gone.

with his crooked neck and mysterious glare and
the further mysterious bags of things sitting
there by the roadside as he waited for something to happen.

something we all knew about,
but were afraid to admit,
as the long line of truth escapes all of us
like a dot in the rear view mirror you will never,
ever see again,
but remember like a drop of blood on the forehead
of a priest during communion.

i hit an eternal political epiphany

this morning on the
pooper as i came across
the face of a smiling ronald reagan
in cowboy regalia.

it's finally dawned on my how
this georgie bush son has
made it through 1 term and elected
to another 4 years.

same thing that happened to me as a kid
before i realized what a horrible president
reagan was.

it was flat stupidity wrapped around the
wrinkless brain of a 10-year old.

i remember in the 4 grade writing Reagan with
praise and getting an autographed picture
of him and nancy back in the mail for a
school run auction.

i really thought that reagan character
had his shit together and when we sang
the pledge of allegiance in the morning to
the flag above our heads,
i thought our government loved us.

i assumed that our politicians really cared
about how we were all moving in one positive
directional line.

then,
i realized as i reached for the toilet paper
that my metaphor was firmly in the grips of
my calloused hands.

people take this bush clown seriously because
they are clouded by a propaganda run machine
that is duping them in like cyanide in a
big old jim jones bag of marketed religious coffee.

people fall for it all the time.

no matter the maliciousness or destruction wrought and the dead bodies,
get a presidential dog in the spotlight or a good pair of shoes and
you can snow the best of the idiots.

there you go,
my personal political triumph of the year.

(flush)

i just found 30,000,000 reasons to survive

and they all survived
by living off toe nail
clippings and the first
big truth our fathers had
the chance to whisper in
between jobs and on the
way to the next dream as
their car tire went pop
in the night and the girl
puked up all that precious,
expensive whiskey through
her cartoon mouth onto
the wings of an angel that
just smiled as he leaped up
into the air like a tuft of
mist you would miss if you didn't
already have a reason to survive.

**i would like
to skip work today**

and buy a bag of coals,
spend my day either hammering
or squeezing them
so that i can get my girl
the biggest diamond in the world,
not because she wants it,
but because i think it would be cool
to believe that she could perpetually
be stuck in the coolest form of disbelief.

internal body clock

knows me better than
anyone every likely will,
save for my caroline,
but it acts like it doesn't know
me sometimes when the nose starts to
run, and my feet begin to walk.

so, if you ever wanna get to know someone
really well,
ask them if you can get to know their
internal body clock.

it's the reason why i don't wear a
watch on my wrist,
but i never really know what time it
is.

it was the spring of my 7th grade year

and i was a foul mouthed, pre-smoking,
jean jacket wearing hood kid.

my grades smelled like a bad butthole,
and it was one teacher that pulled me
up out of that jam.

her name was ms. emig.

she was my math teacher and it was
a subject i couldn't get my hands around.

instead of fisting me to the metal jaws of reality
at 13,
she stuck with me and wanted numbers to be my canoe.

and it worked.

for the first time as a teen kid,
someone gave a shit and i passed her class.

and now i realize that numbers are my friends.

as it stands,
without me knowing it,
i met her son years later and now
we are best friends.

also, i don't have nightmares when i
sleep at night,
i get caught in a fix of analytical juggernauts
dealing with computing computations and there is
never a computer to be found.

after all of it has been inked into the
grand page,
ms. emig gave birth to a good friend and
a stack of numbers that congratulate me when i'm lonely
or just flat bored.

jingle throat

she
used
the
cell
phone
so
much
that
she
no
longer
communicated
with
folks
in
regular,
midwestern
english,
rather
her
vocal
cords
permanently
changed
overnight
and
now
she
speaks
to
everyone
in
those
stupid
musical
jingles.

jogger

your
running
analogies
need
much
better
shoes.

KNOWING KNOTS

we
only
get
to
know
yourself
in
this
life
with
the
amount
of
time
we
have
by
not
knowing
ourselves.

LIES

have
some
fun
today
and
name
a
lie,
then
make
it
your
own.

light and dark

sometimes
the
only
way
to
swallow
pure
unaltered
light
is
to
saunter
slowly
through
an
existence
of
absolute
dark.

MENTAL STORM

i roam through
my head the different
scenarios,
educational credits,
and teachers that
led me to my current
job and wanting to be
ultimately somewhere else
as i gain the distinct,
and clean satisfaction of
my scalp raining artificial
snow flakes of dried danderized
hair gel crust.

MILESPEAK

sometimes
in the middle
of the day i suddenly
hear the sound
of my
son screaming
in my ear
and realize
for the first
time that i
like the sound of
a good, solid
shrill scream
to pull me away
from the wrinkles on the
face of washington on
the one dollar bill
and make me fully
and absolutely realize
that i have less than
one life to lead
now.

mole-mole-mole-mole

during
lucid
moments of
peering into
our
bathroom mirror
i wonder if a mole
can have a mole
on it's mole
while growing
another mole?

so,
who says your moles are serious
disfigurements that dull your
existence.

mine are bonofide thinker stimulators
and the more i have,
the deeper my cone grows
into a field of thought i may
be lucky to prune if my mirror
leaves me alone this morning.

MORNING FLY

cold,
floating
morning
earthward
balloon
fades
into
a
small
cuticle
clipping
there
on
the
side
of
the
thirsty
highway.

morning throne

these good lookin'
south city mornings
walk slowly over
peach smeared clouds,
with pits of pink,
some whites mingled with
reds and they're gone.

left with morning yellow,
and the yellower bags of
trash at the end of each
driveway illuminating the
used moments of everyone's
prior week.

and if we're lucky,
the puddles will thaw,
the ground will sing with
worms,
and the lost and wandering
dogs of the neighborhood
will seek out a new home from
which they break.

and here on this throne of
view and cacophony of minor
sounds if i listen right,
the heartbeat of the world
makes a bit more sense today
than it did yesterday,
but it's the overall EKG
that will eventually cast me
into doubt
as the pinks, peach, reds
and whites evaporate high in the
cirrus slivers of a sky
we all wish we could touch,
save and tuck back for those mornings
that have nothing but
hard, used light.

Mr. Mountain

make
me
into
a
big
fat
mountain
and
toss
water
balloons
at
my
eye.

i
won't
care
because
i'm
just
gonna
be
a
big
fat
mountain.

MUDHEADS

as a kid
we were vigilantes
with our ways.

we used to pelt
passing cars with
mud balls,
tomatoes,
crab apples
or anything worthy
of nailing the target.

one time this
little stunt almost cost
us dearly.

i was about 11 years old and was
with my brother and his friend
down in a field near our house when
we were pelting an armload of sunday
cars and running off into obscurity.

after cars tore to a stop,
they would yell from their window
and quickly press the gas pedal
and get away from there as fast
as possible.

there was one car that
didn't do what we expected.

it was a white, rusted el camino
and we all three nailed this car hard
with their weight of our swinging
hoodlum arms
as the car blared to a stop
and we all ran straight into our
own familiar woods.

as we ran,
i lost a shoe and my brother and his friend
was genuinely freaked out.

we knew we crossed the line.

as we got to a stopping point in the woods,
or a good camelflounge clearing spot,
we sat in a small circle and trembled
as a group of chain wielding villains with
long hair, big beards, beer on their breath
and revenge in their walk went in a horizontal
line to us 30 feet away without finding or seeing us.

during their pass,
i pissed me pants and as the
spot grew on my groin,
my brother and his friend just
hushed me with their fingers and looked around
as composed as they could be.

once the grown men with malice went by,
we tore towards our homes and got
away scott free.

that was my final day of pelting
strange cars with anything.

i retired.

my piss pants rang in
a new chapter of just letting
things go by without being involved
with them.

and today i'm sure those men still
remember that day and would still love
to get their hands on all of us
for denigrating such a classic,
cool car.

my cat killed another bird

as i pat his head in triumph,
took a close-up pic of the bird,
wrapped up the carcass in a paper towel
to threw it away,
along with vacuuming up the
exhausted feathers of his kill,
i thought there are going to be many
more as i neglect that gray haired cat
for my new baby boy
and hereby decree to the animal world
around my house to watch out
for this frothy,
neglected,
cat that has everything he needs
but is so god damned finicky
he doesn't knew any damn better.

my miles' ear

looks like a question mark
as it smirks up
at me during a yawn
and suddenly i remember why
i'm here and how to
poach the
world's best,
tasty
tiny
egg.

MY SAVING COMEDIC SANITY MAN

the man rocks on his
heels,
swift movements with that
wrist of his as he
pulls his cigarette
carefully to his lips,
pulls in,
lets out,
ashes,
and does the same
over and over again
without fail,
without a break,
each cigarette is
the last minute he doesn't care
he lost as he wears that
same dark, deep red coat
and just sways with the movement
of white noise electricity of
this building and gives me a
deep, wide smile over the water
cooler as i wonder how i got
back into company life and how
this guy must be racked with something
much deeper and more concerted than
every company life packed into a pill
and shoved through his epiglottis.

MY SEQUENCE OF DAYS

was
yesterday
just
waiting
around
the
corner
when
i
headed
towards
the
straightaway
of
today
with
thoughts
of
tomorrow
on
my
collar.

MY SLOW SHOES

i
used
to
stop
my
bike
with
a
pair
of
new
shoes
that
were
quickly
worn
lopsided
by
my
stopping,
so
when
i
hear
about
how
hard
these
kids
with
bike
brakes
have
it,
i
laugh
and
laugh
and
laugh
a
lopsided
howl.

NEAR METAPHOR

the
birds
flying
through
the
mist
spray
of
winter
reminds
me
of
my
wife
taking
off
her
shirt
in
the
spring
just
as
the
room
fills
with
her
fragrance
and
the
sound
of
waves
from
an
existence
we
had
together,
and
will
try
to
remember
for
the
rest
of
our
living
existence
down

here.

NEW ARCADE SMELL

i miss
the smell
of those
new arcades
i used
to frequent
as a tike
with all those
glimmering machines
of new technology,
rusted coins
and the promise
that our future
was going to
be exactly as
what those
nice new machines
offered us
with all the adventures
and bright
blasting colors
bearing down
like a big pair of
smiling lips
you have to hold back
because
it could swallow you
whole if you
lose focus
for a moment.

night covers everything

with a night tight
film for everyone to
either punch through
or view in the morning
under a red lamp.

so, if you want some privacy,
or if you have to get the devil out,
wait till the sun closes it's big
Cyclops eye and fly out there
like raving asylum escapee
and let 'er fly.

throw eggs at the moon,
lick ketchup off a gravestone,
toss a new camera on a hard, frozen pond,
skinny dip with clothes on,
run without moving,
become something without trying,
do everything in no time flat.

try the night and
thank your neighbor for
filming every filthy act you
could ever dream to concoct.

NOT REAL WINTER

over the mounds of morning
through about how this winter has
been too warm and i want to taste the cold
of some serious snow and cold here in
this midwestern fortnight that should offer
me nothing more than just that.

but this morning all i have to look at is
a highway raining a plethora of lumber, trash,
fake popcorn and false winter snow
several weeks before christmas and the beginning
of more atmospheric events that will allude
all of the best of our minor,
meteorological assumptions.

NOTHING IN ALL

here's
an
idea
for
you,
if
you
never
talk
about
anything
..
you'll
never
have
anything
to
defend.

ONCE UPON A MORNING

it
was
the
first
big
snow
of
the
winter
year
and
a
mosquito
bit
my
forehead
while
i
cleaned
up
the
most
disgusting
pile
of
dog
vomit
i
have
ever
smelled,
let
alone
looked
at
and
i
went
into
the
other
room
to
put
on
an
old
pair
of
winter
shoes
to

find
resistance
in
the
foot
of
one
of
the
boots
and
to
further
find
out
that
a
dead
bird
was
in
their
as
i
dreamed
about
a
whole
year
of
fresh,
powdery
snow
angels
rippling
around
our
ear
hairs.

OUR BOILED POINTS

when i
find the rare moments
when i try to really quantify
and try to make sense of the collective
everyone and our experiences and our decisions
and our motives and our actions and our thoughts
and our way of living, particularly here in America,
i'm completely convinced that we're all but
laugh tracks in an eternal line of cartoon sequences.

PARTYTOP

if i could
take an x-ray
side profile
of miles boy's head
it would be
chalk full of confetti.

PILLS AND ROCK

this
loopy med
hopped up world
has decided to not
blame heavy metal
on suicide homicide
deaths and gone
straight for the
throats of pharmaceutical
companies
as the golf wielding doctors in
their bright white coats fold
their arms and wonder
if they have enough ink to
prescribe this new music
to our world.

POOR MAN'S PSYCHOTHERAPY

writing poetry
regularly for nearly
11 years has been my free,
poor man's psychotherapy.

i have had to pour it out
over these pages with invisible
mincing of saliva, blood, urine and bile.

smearred into each of these pages.

i never have had the money or desire to
either visit a shrink or a therapist or any of
that variety,
i have always opted for the white flashing cursor
or the white page,
or the line page,
or the gray page,
or any variety of pulp that has the
opportunity to be thrustred before my face.

not only have i been tabulating everything over
the years,
each one of these words has made my insanity
sane.

Post November '04

i'm
rendered
in
spirit
where
politics
have
again
failed
me
miserably.

pro smoking

there's a man
outside a building
behind mine
that knows how to smoke.

as i fill my red plastic
cup with another pile of water,
i see this man with short, shaved
head rocking back and forth taking
a toke every other second as
his arm is perched high in a
tyrannosaurus rex hand motion
just ashing his little dreams away.

looks like he's getting ready to board
an airliner that will never land in
a destination-less adventure to the
land that will never understand what a
tobacco leaf looks like,
let alone sell a tasty package of
nicotine.

and he fascinates me every time
as i peer deep into his nervous fingers
hoping that one day he will whip his
face in my direction and i will
give a big, fat thumbs up for all
his hard smokin' work.

restlessness

is

really

the

urge

for

relaxed

decision

making.

RUINED LIPS

my wife
and I
have bit our lips
to such a bloody
pulp due to our
nervous energies
that the only
way to remedy
this predicament
is for us to make
out like mad villains
and exchange our pain
for a tiny
thimble of bliss
we both won't have
the right words
to describe,
but will make us
stop biting
our lips long enough
to think about the
words that may suffice.

SCIENCE OF FATHERHOOD

i again
have been
given the hand to
play father to my father.

he tells me the other day that some
guy he used to work with had turned
him into the IRS for getting paid under the table.

he said he wanted to blow his balls away.

straight out.

said he was old enough,
and didn't give a shit.

i came back with a solid,
'oh, now that's gonna prove a whole
shit pot of a lot.'

damn right, he said.

and as the conversation dwindled down,
he said he couldn't talk about details over
the cell phone because he thought it
was all gonna be recorded
and as i clicked the phone
to 'end' i thought about my
new son on his way down my wife's
canal and into our world
and wondered if my miles is gonna ever
have to play old man to his old man
and i decided that it
wouldn't be prudent to put that much
pressure on a soul
that's not even out of
the belly

and into this huge dodgeball match
of math scientific paint squalls.

Sex Play

I'm getting my coffee and bag ready for work and to get Zen out the door. Zen is looking up at a painting on the wall with the words 'SEX WAX' blaring out that I had painted several weeks prior.

ZEN: Sex ..

DADJOE: (Hmm goes in my brain)

ZEN: What is sex?

DADJOE: That's how you make babies.

ZEN: What?

DADJOE: That's how we made a baby.

ZEN: What's Sex Wax?

DADJOE: Stuff you put on surf boards.

ZEN: Oh. Ok.

(END OF TALK)

COMMENTARY: See, you don't have to let computers be a parent/teacher. All you need is a bit of creativity.

END

SHIT FOR KARMA

a
solid
extreme
example
of
our
karma
is
experiencing
a
horrendous
shit
smell
in
a
public
bathroom
during
a
simple
routine
pee
or
squat
for
your
own
poop
as
retribution
for
all
the
shit
you
have
created.

SMART TOILET PAPER

we used to
t-pee the smart
kids house when
we were bored
and wanted to strike
back at the man.

his name was mark newlon
and he was the science kid,
smartest one that didn't
need a bunch of fucking hack
kids like us.

also, there was a kid
by the name of will smith
and we used to nail his house with
eggs and reckless abandon.

it never really made any sense
to me then,
but it was such delightful fun.

it was the thrill of the escape
from the friend's house,
creeping illegally through the night
and doing something that would
have a lasting impact till morning.

it was a message.

a message.

but we never quite knew what that
message was.

it was likely the message that
we were bored suburban kids with
too much energy and nothing else to
do but to terrorize the smart kids.

we weren't very smart
and these smart kids were probably
so smart they just laughed about it
and took flattery from all our devious
nighttime plots to piss them off.

SOFT SPOTS

miles'
soft spot
on middle
his head
used to scare
me and now
i realize
that it is the
complete embodiment
of everything that
is me as
the twitch of skin
around hat sunken
oval is me.

sometimes

when

i

get

a

bit

overwhelmed

or

confused,

i

seriously

ponder

where

the

fuck

did

all

these

people

come

from?

SPACE TRASH

i passed
piles of small,
neatly placed and untarnished
space trash all over
the side of the road
and cursed those fucking little
aliens that came and didn't
visit me for a messy, strewn
cup of earth coffee.

STARTERS

after all
this time
down here
on earth
in my walks
and socialized
situational
situations,
i realize that
i'm best as a
catalyst starter
and that's just
as fine and well
for me
you fuckers.

STEVIE & RAYS

if i ever decide to
open or broker a
Piano Moving Service Co.
it's gonna
be called Stevie & Ray's.

the two guys that will drive
the big truck around with
be black fellas wearing dark black
shades just looking around
as the world shrieks
out of their way.

Storytelling

i understand
that they are great people,
mean well,
donate generously,
travel semi-frequently,
eat well,
drink heartily,
laugh loud,
talk with vigor,
and drive like scorpions,
but my default
question is always:
yea .. yea, i know,
but do they have interesting stories?

cause if you don't have
interesting stories,
the story is over.

i have no more time
and i move right on down
the line to the next
subject that may have
one small story worth
my time.

the 3 apostles under the broadway bridge

know who is gonna win the world series in spring training,
they know when a traffic jam is gonna happen,
they know where the gold is buried under the
sycamore tree in some remote field in australia,
they know how many kids you are going to have,
they know when America is gonna be attacked again,
they know how many pieces of fruit are gonna grown on
some anonymous orange tree in a florida grove,
they know how many treads are on all 4 of your tires combined,
they know the state and name of the next big lottery winner,
they know every verse in Matthew,
they know buddha's shoe size,
they know things prophets never had the change to
ponder while going over the pieces of land this earth expunged.

yet they all don't have but a measly 6 cents between them
as they plan their coordinated attack to begging
in this town of ours.

this town of yours.

and they are gonna ask you for something.

broke and broken geniuses of the downtown bridgways
await the labor that has destroyed your minds
as they laugh at all your student loan money that
you owe and will never live long enough to pay off.

they own your future.

they own our future.

they're the underpass geniuses and if you try to
reference this poem and ask them even one simple question
of the intelligence or future revelations,
they'll look at you like you're their parents and ask
if you have some spare change for a chance to be alive.

what's your answer gonna be?

THE BIG BREAK

the only
time i have been
published nationally
was in an anthology book
on september 11th.

still on bookshelves,
and available through
big booksellers.

the guy that got me
in this book was a fella
using the pseudonym 'jay kraxton'

he was a local sci-fi writer published
time and time over that i knew
through friend of a friend.

it was a nice lift for my
word fight over the years.

found out recently though,
that jay is going to jail for a long, long
time for child molestation.

his own child.

he always guaranteed that he was
better than stephen king and that
if you didn't agree,
he would refund the full price of your
book back.

well, he's not gonna be able to do
that now.

poor jay is going down.

what a sick motherfucker.

he always looked like a creepy sort,
or a disjointed sort of guy,
but i never trust too many that are
put together all that well.

so, i never thought twice.

and now jay gives me a small glimmer
of a feeling to think twice.

but that's not for me to decide
as all his science fiction novels gain
dust and his life begins to erode to a

place he only wrote about in his
own books.

the boss is gone

and all the
small minions
sparkle with
laughs,
new conversations,
clinking of lost mugs,
the sound of bemusement
in the airs,
nothing of worry,
no torment,
the stress melted away
as the poor boss man
wonders what the hell went
wrong at what point in his
life to get to the point
that he doesn't know that
all of his employees
love it when he's gone
and he love's it when he's
back,
the direct transfer of power
is the key to happiness
as the wallow of ignorance
leans out its knee caps and
laughs at the non-stop
string of exuberant absurdity.

the cold, cold

old radio/tv tower

is wrapped in a nit of ice
sending out cold SOS signals
to weary travelers that
just the night before had dreams
of being in a warm blanket
in a warm environment in a warm
bun in a warm car in a warm brain
in a warm eye ball in anything other
than cold as the windshield fills up with
cold mist and nothing more to deal with
than the first to next in line.

the crucial test

i would like
to spew this tiny
sketch of a poem
to ask our government
to consider another tedious test
before taking on a momentous
commitment like voting in a
presidential election.

everyone needs to pass a strenuous test
to even consider walking into that voting
booth with ideas of lies and small intentions
that could make the rest of us suffer for months
we will numbly lose track of
as we all are doing here in small, frightful 2005.

the dueling desks

my caroline wife and i
have desks across from each
other finally.

i don't have to go downstairs
anymore, and she doesn't have to
be forked away from her space because
i need to work on something here
between the computer blips.

and each of us have our own shit
littering our desks.

we are good with littering things
that we want to make our own.

there are pens, papers, books,
bills, receipts, statues, pictures,
printers, more pens, passports,
ID's and dictionaries.

the coolest things we each have on
our desks are stuck in a jar with
thick, fake rubber water.

she has a year old apple from when we met
and the stump of umbilical cord from
our son's belly.

on my desk i have a jar with a hunk of
rock from rome's coliseum.

between our rocks,
cords and apples
it's the most comfortable writing spot
i've had so far in this life of mine.

i never thought i could cohabitate in such
a way and feel as if my space could be compromised,
but between our artifacts and the things that
make us human, it's easier now than it ever has been.

my caroline has healed time,
eased the flow of that second hand swishing
through the puddle of water that never recedes,
making the sound a light morning ripple over water
instead of the torrent of ocean wave that was
heading for the back of my eye balls before meeting
her.

so, between the apple, belly stump and italian rock,
i have found my island of words and
it was what i used to always right about.

THE END OF BLOOD

my
girl
caroline
doesn't
bleed,
she
just
hums
as
i
listen
to
hear
breath
while
her
hair
tickles
my
nose
and
all
my
good
memories
of
childhood
flood my brain
like
a
cup
of
delicious
salt
water.

the itch of ambiguity

that courses through my
blue and red veins of
travel when listening or reading
news of our beloved US government
is really all of those old, bloated
rich motherfuckers with bad hair or
destroyed dander laughing hysterically at
all of us in our tiny indignant hovels
of 'lower tax brackets' while they take all
possible holiday's off and tell us that
9/11 was really just a japanese karmic notion
concocted by bad nepotism and a story that
was tossed into the hell lake of bermuda that
no one will ever, ever fucking find.

the miles poem

i'm supposed
to write is every
sing last moment that i
share with him and he share with
himself and my wife shares with him
and zenon shares with him
and the dog shares with him and the
three cats share with him and the sucker fish
shares with him and the diaper shares with him
and the sea monkey's share with him and
the blankets share with him and the
air shares with him and my eye lashes share with
him as they peel away from my face due to
too much looking or the natural biological process
of yore and land on him as a reminder that i
will never, ever get the chance to write enough
about this little genetic offspring that has
filled me with so much love that i could blow though
thousands of pages with the color of bold red, radiant orange,
and the sound of yellow so loud that i could deafen you
all and be held liable for making all of my readers only see,
and never to hear the same way as they did before.

the morning helicopter

flies over the city
like a piece of masking tape
holding all of us together
with a nice, fat sack of
adhesive properties that
gives us all an insight into
weather, and if we're lucky,
what the hell is next.

that floppy piece of metal
angles over and over the city
with it's finely painted tunes of
tourniquet love and we
all just swish and turn and
buckled around and around the
turns as the helicopter records
our secret twists and ties us
together in the same little lie
spreading like ant's over the old man's
face.

but it's a nothing to concern you
or the other motorists blithely passing before
the morning camera lens and into the
bloated home and perfect instances of this
town watching the small dots of light going
and going and going as the copter in the sky
acts as the recorder of our innermost fantasies
and most tempting sins all wrapped up in
our out tiny metal vessels painted with
semi-permeable paints.

the older i get,

i have the notion
to take all my good memories
like wet chum from a fish bucket
ready to be sent to the mouth of a dolphin,
stop the aquatic show,
and smear them all over the wall.

i'd like to let the sun shine on
those memories
as they glimmer in their fish luminescence
as the crowd looks on completely confused
and i stop,
without moving for a moment,
and remember a memory of forever,
go back to my dolphin training.

THE POINTED POINT

please
indulge me
in
the favor of
holding
my cinematic
pause
in your
old stop sign.

THIRSTY POEM

ode to this thirsty poem
that has left my refrigerator
crying long, streaking tears,
bottle caps littering my floor
like saloon splinters,
bits of glass on the concrete
garage floor and no keys to go
anywhere to replenish my
longing for a tall, scathing,
sweating beer that already tipped
my whiskey bottle on the floor
and struck a water main earlier in
the day as i look at a wrist watch
on the counter filling up with water
as the sounds of a faint laugh come from
downstairs i dare not descend because
i'm too fucking thirsty to move.

this city is

a huge refuge of lost dog/cat
posters scribbled
families looking for some
respite while the
found dogs lick their hinds
while the cats
attack the milk bowl as if
they never needed an owner
and are much better without
ever know who you are.

this woman snored so loud

through the entire movie
about a row in front of us
that i kept looking over
perplexed between laughs.

my wife kept laughing along with
me as i peered through that dark
movie house and have since forgotten the movie
i was watching
because i just couldn't figure
out if that dark, sleepy figure was a man,
woman or combination of both.

those old trash haulers

are my best friends
with their secret troves of
treasure retained from willful
discarding,
and the gloves that have touched
everything
that was once usable,
sacred,
worthy,
edible,
consumable,
honorable,

bounding,
and
invincible
that
left all
of your
fingers
and
minds.

thriving on let downs

i work with
computers everyday
as my full time job.

my existence depends on
errors and mishaps.

i'm like a modern day
cop or lawyer to remedy the
ills of human endeavor.

some people love it when
i show them how to fix their machines,
or do it for them.

others,
revile me and resist the technology
curves swishing through their nice,
even flowing right angles.

one such person at my work
gives me guff every time i have the
misfortune of trying to do my job.

and i wondered sometimes if i'm being
too rough on this old bird,
or if she is just too emotional to soak
in the sets of simple computing code needed to
make a computer hum.

i got an answer this week.

during a training session,
in between her belching anger at a
laptop computer,
she called me over and said she couldn't make a colon.

she kept hitting the semi-colon button
without using the shift key.

i thought she was joking.

if this woman can't figure out computing,
she can type well.

i told her how to do it,
shook my head and thought
she just sent a big, fat turd
through that colon of hers square
to my period on this sentence of
computing ignorance.

TIME POEM

this is the
time poem
and big monsters with
teeth as numbers
furiously chase me in a white
circle that descends into
shades of gray
as my feet slowly erode into
fast swatches of blurs and
i begin singing into the
face of my friend,
a nemesis that has run out on
me before and only has
a rotation for me if the gods
decide to keep my pumping red hear about
this circle on the blue beating
interloping chase.

TRENDS

make
up
a
trend
that
sticks
and
you'll
know
exactly
who
to
blame
when
need
be.

water money waster

i'm so tired
of spending money on water
that
i would like to devise
a hard core
in-home water treatment system
to clean my urine into nice,
edible drinking water again.

come one,
we have to pay for water
these days?

some person without a viable name
is shoving good, clean
quality mountain water into a
refrigerator case and I have to pay
for it?

another reason to head for the hills
or piss with pure,
complete pleasure because i could
be a thrifty recycling' guy
with good clean body that contains heart.

WEIGHTSTOP

what the
hell do
they weigh
at those
highway
weigh stations
in the middle of missouri.

no one is ever in those small
manned booths
and i rarely see trucks stopping to
get weighed.

so,
what gives.

is this some covert operation of
the government that is hidden from
us small, innocent dotting eyed people
or is it something more?

i may stop by sometime and see
if they can weigh by balls.

what we all know about each other

i realize that if
we all knew and understood
each other we would find out
that the entire world
was a big group of frauds.

we wouldn't run into anyone
genuine.

no one with a real bone
in their bodies because they
spend their days pretending that
they don't feel pain the same way we
do, or swallow pleasure down the same
spooned cup.

instead i rest comfortably into
my days knowing that we all
are a merely sacks of flesh with
glorious, downtrodden, triumphant,
poor, injured, healed existences
that affords us answers as wisdom
arrives, and stupidity as
jumbled memories collide
and that's the best of all
sides of the drinking glass.

so keep being confused.

keep drinking.

keep smoking.

keep ruining.

keep creating.

but don't cast the script that
you have it all figured out,
because we know better and better
means we are utterly confused like
we were created to be out of our
small seedling of original sin.

where

did all
the pages
run off
to
when
i finally
decided to put
down the knife
and dedicate
my
spit to
the globular
boobs of
fake television
and real
straight forward
magazine articles?

you as a loud cat

if
you
were
personally
the
loud
see-saw
of
a
cat purr
rotating
like
a
radial
saw
through
the
air,
the
weight
of
that
momentum
would
melt
everything
in
it's
path
as
though
everything
is
wax
and
was
once
a
candle
with
wick
thoughts.

4 YEARS OF SORROW

my father in law
has decided to put the
US flag at 1/2 mast
for next 4 years
because his justice bleeding
heart is slathered in
the gutters of this wounded
country watching the devil
pounce around the tv sets like
a babble book without water
and just enough sense to be utterly
fucking dangerous on this
sad slip into another 4 years of
infinity.

A MATTER OF TIMING

if it already passed,
you have nothing left
to blame,
but if you have some time,
go ahead and blame yourself
there sport,
because it was only a matter
of time until time became
devoid.