

Joefiles LCVII

we're a sum of all our tiny dots



THE JESUS BUZZ

whenever i hear
the christans,
moral majority,
ethic geniuses,
do gooders,
got betters
and everyone sandwiched
along the path
of divine knowledge on
how to lead a better and
cleaner life i always
take utter comfort in
the fact that jesus
was very likely not a sober man.

cheers.

the morning jehovah's witness

girl appeared out of a tiny invisible
sliver of time as i was gassing my
jeep up to ask,
'SIR, CAN I INTEREST YOU IN LITERATURE?'

i stopped,
wondered where she came from,
smiled,
looked down,
and said,
'I THINK LITERATURE IS INTERESTING. BUT, NO THANKS'

she started to raise her brow for the
next line out of how to convert a non-interested
non-jehovah's witness guy and stopped short
as i peered closer at her trying to figure
out if she was indeed human,
as she appeared,
or some version of an alienoid that
was really trying to pass me a paper thin
device that was going to throw me into
a hurtling hyperspace mode towards space.

as i tipped off the gas nozzle,
threw the hooks back on the cradle,
i avoided drips of gas from nailing my pants
and looked around for the girl that was now gone
and peered closer to what i thought
was a tiny sliver of time asking me for
any loose change i may have shoved in my silent pockets.

the neighbor robot

our neighbor roscoe
is a man in his 70's or 80's.

a small copy of what he used
to be back in the old war days.

these days i only see him feed
the birds, pick up some sticks in the front yard
and lug some simple bags of groceries into his house.

and always on trash day,
as i drag pounds of refuse to the curb,
always see his small tiny black bag
the morning before it will be devoured by
the city's dirty metal mouth.

as i peer into the skinny, unformed curves of
his bag, i am further convinced that he is a robot.

he's traded his blood and failing human organs for
the new fangled wires and near invincibility of being
a robot man.

hidden beneath the sheath of secret black trash bag
are the empty cans of oil and grease
that keeps him alive every day of the week before
the trash men come to handle his secrets.

the new rock and roll killer is zolof

or brand 'x'

of a depression killer pharmaceutical.

instead of judas priest or ozzy osbourne
getting yanked into court with the wavering
finger of a parent lamenting the failings of
their parenting skills on some rock and roll
dudes, it will be the small water swallowed
pill to blame for the suicide murder masquerade.

doesn't that make you feel better?

we need to blame someone, right?

better an inanimate pill hiding the man
in a million dollar lab coat than the
rockers giving the kids something to sing about.

gee how far we have evolved in our finger waving game
when this American experiment goes into the shitter
and spins around like a lost knife towards the
ketchup lid.

save the leather coaters and go for the starch white
threads of a pharmacy man in a jersey compound.

stay tuned because 10 years from now
someone will take the Webster's dictionary
people to court and blame them for propagating
words like 'escape' and 'responsibility'
and attempt to sue the pages right from underneath them.

the old lawyer man

spent his entire life
defending the lives of others
and now that he's an old rich man
with warring family members,
he only wants to have the proper person
pen his memoirs and just be left the fuck
alone to defend nothing,
not even himself.

the pacing dog on the hill

knows who my caroline is,
he knows who my boy miles is,
my zen,
my cats,
my dog,
my shoe laces,
my conception of the moon,
my face in the son,
my monthly bills,
my shadow's hunch,
my next of kin,
the next big headline,
the first bone he ever got,
all the secrets we will never believe,
all the ears that listen at once.

the dog on the hill
is pacing more and more frantic
as i watch him from a tiny kitchen window
from the hell known as a day job at an office.

i find comfort in this dog.

i find by the twinkle in his long gone
eyes going back and forth like a couple of mad pinballs
attached to a body that everything might not be
as well off as once suspected,
but we can only do what we can do.

the pacing dog is a small god.

the pacing dog is you.

the pacing dog is part of me.

the pacing.

the dog.

the hill.

good night.

the past and my perpetual dreams

wrap around my toes

like descending, harmless quicksand

as i lazily lift my arms up

in the air so that

i can feel that last gravitational

push of silt and grit pass over

my curiously content fingertips.

the ryan brothers

are the worst alcoholics that i know.

couple of brothers that work on cars
all day long and
have the sensibilities of geniuses
squashed by the responsibilities of mortality.

one brother has the marks of lupus on his
face and he's just shy of 30,
as the other brother waltzes slowly like a
james dean rip off to keep his composure.

both guys act as if their last day is
going to be the day they deal with you
as they grin, smile and waltz around
as if they don't give a shit about anything.

especially their girlfriends.

so, if you want some quality work,
no bullshit service
and a place to feel as if everything may
not work itself out, but it doesn't matter anyways,
then grab a bottle of vodka,
good shoes,
another bottle of vodka,
orange juice,
a case of PBR
and find out why there's bound to be mercy
in anything you do.

THE WHISKEY START

kato has led me
to the last stop
on the alcohol tour.

he gave me the whiskey.

it was rather unceremonial.

a simple manhattan.

i wanted something different.

it's been a year and a half or so
and i have only modified my tongue
for the whiskey.

but it was the kato on some random
night of wanderers missing their
given train numbers that gave me
the slop of whiskey that hooked me.

sure, i had moments of mockery with
the whiskey's' prior.

but this was the night that poured in on.

all the rumors went over my throat,
down my hidden organs and through my
damp nostrils.

i was down for the count.

and it's not over yet.

the whiskey tango via a subtle invitation.

won't you join us?

the years become me

as i pass by you
with a tiny wonder
of everyone trapped
in their own personal
number as shells of letter
rain from a broken pea pod
in the sky ready to bring
us all to the dinner fork
as the knife went hurtling
over our heads square into the wooden
wall split like a second in
the heart of the tiniest atom.

the yellow heads
of wavering flowers are
like pillows that wave
towards my tired head to stop
the car and step forward
for another chance at last night.

there's always trouble brewing at the casa linda

off the highway overlooking
downtown.

whether it's random pimps,
murders,
stalking,
drug raids,
petty theft,
broken windows,
blood in the pool,
vomit behind the bushes,
there casa linda
sits as an innocent smirk
at the end of a
glorified street.

the guy that runs the place
is a cigar ash away from falling
into an alcoholic stupor that would
make betty ford have a fresh new heart attack,
but he always cries fowl when the reaper tries
to lay a foot on his lawn.

so the sparkling blue letters of the casa linda
wait for their weekly buffing as the
gagsters of invented whispers begin concocted
a week of new crime and devious invention.

and i drive by waiting for the ink to soil
something new and stare just one more time
at innocent rays of sun pound into the side of
that apartment building as though it doesn't
have to wait to die to pay for its grievous sins.

these damned neighborhood cats

were cute and tolerable before
having a new child.

now, they are going to be my
prey if they continue to interrupt
our precious sleep and slap around
in their nocturnal socks as though
they own absolutely everything that
can be considered uniquely human.

not only do we have three cats of our
own, our three cats have spawned at least
3 other cats that howl at our windows
for our little lover felines to join and
flop about in the pre-dew spectacular.

this all came to a crashing halt on sunday morning
when my lovely wife and i wanted to do
was sleep in with our new miles son.

but these pussy footed creatures had other ideas.

one or two of those such strange cats
bellowed below our bedroom window for some time
until i snapped out of hypnogogia and my deep
sleep slumber to solve this once and for all.

as i fled naked to the garage, i grabbed the
first thing that made sense to me and it was
a fresh can of my wife's prized diet coke.

i cocked my arm, aimed and launched this
trophy at a big green plastic pool against the house.

the loud crash sent the cat scurrying away in
defeat as i slipped back into the bedroom to
find the room away and that i was the one that
was defeated.

in my initial act of morning ingenuity minced with bravery,
i sank our dream of morning slumbers and we ended up
waking.

the sound of a full aluminum can against home pool plastic
was too much and the cats again beat us with their sounds.

the next time around,
i'm going to robe them of one of their nine lives
with pure, and unabated silence.

thinking enough

while working on
someone's computer at
work the other day
some woman said to me,
'you think too much.'

i paused,
looked forward and
cleared my nose.

there was nothing to say
to this simple woman
who believes that intense thought
is a shame.

she voted for George W. Bush
and that's all i needed to know
to just keep my vocal cords to myself.

no need to go any further with a
sheep pretending to gallop like a horse.

so, i finished fixing her computer and
keeping my mouth closed as my mind
yearned to understand the vapidness in
her skull for a mere second and just
be done with the whole thing,
but i knew that wouldn't help.

i think too much.

i know i think too much and i
just wouldn't have it any other way.

this time last year

i was just a small
snail smudging over a
sack of salts wondering
if my tail was still in
the water and if my sucker
feet were going to hold onto
the firm ground any longer
than i was going to have to
hold my breath.

tiny twinkles of green

are twisting out of
the brown concrete metal pulp
of these suburban trees as
the strokes of air soothe
the wounds of winter and mimic
skyscraper dreams of spring
and i feel the new red of blood
as the air feels like tomorrow
and our little miles begins cackling
and twisting into a little human of
fortune while the world of insects
begin breeding and coming back to life
as the wounded screens will have
to be mended to keep all of those
beautiful little creatures our of
our small, glorious existences.

to disagree

who

do

you

really

want

to

agree

with

anymore?

TOKEN JAMES

i met james on the floor
of a home in midtown and
played chess with him.

he was good.

he thought he was better.

he always thought he was better.

he was one of the few black hipsters
that ran around the midtown scene with
blazes of cocaine sweat, liquor on his chin
and clever dialogue coming from his beard.

he was the token black man.

no one ever said as much,
but everyone treated him like he was really something else.

i had some laughs with him,
but overall he was a fella easily forgotten.

at one point i tried to get him into a YMCA i was working at
to teach the kids how to be a DJ and he was so zooted
on coke that his profuse sweating was tweaking the kids out.

he had sex with most of the girls in the scene.

he had a wide smile.

his family was rich.

he always had plenty of drugs.

people love guys like him who have drugs.

and he was one of those people.

james was the token j. hendrix riff that all
the cloned white folks had waited for
but i knew better and have since forgotten all about
him until his name errantly flitted through my head
and i thought i had better just end his thought
and put him to rest via paper.

good night james.

when the words begin,

the miracle will again open
and configure
into a mound of colored
clay the kids will form,
burn,
break,
throw away
and never wonder where
it went once it was gone
as you strain to
remember that book your wife
asked you about after the orgasm
of your life trickles down her
leg,
through the bathtub drain
and away into all the other little
children swimming away from
our adult word soup.

Where did Hollywood go?

if some real clever
terrorist or sabotage artist really
wanted to make a sizable dent on the minds of
americans then they should plant an elaborate
set of bombs around both the red carpet and building
on an Oscar's award night.

this would end most of the good Hollywood talent
and would bring movie/tv production to an almost
utter stop.

the world would finally know because
the entertainment would end.

i would never purport this to someone,
but it's the point on paper.

take down a building and were outraged.

take down a school and we see red.

take down a bus and we are scared.

take down a regular human life and we are saddened.

but take down hollywood and no one knows what to do.

WHERE IN THE TALENT

how will we find
all the lost talent
that was never discovered in this
world of talent mircrosopes?

will anyone like it when they discover it?

are we satisfied with what we have now?

i know i'm not.

there is no valor.

no surprise.

no originality.

no bravery.

no guile.

no strength.

but there is a wealth of people on
this planet and shit loads create.

mind labor and hand love
all placed on dank bookshelves,
dark attics,
buried holes,
undiscovered hovels,
anywhere void of a human breath.

all is secret
and i wonder if it would matter that
these treasures would be unearthed and
given the once over.

so here's to all the lost animals,
humans,
pages,
canvasses,
8-tracks,
CD's,
pencils and all other instruments of
secrecy.

while the dogs destroyed all of his toys

her drugs destroyed all of his noise
and as he stood there describing how
bad things had been lately with his
new shoes and fancy cigars all lit just right
i said that i just didn't have time to deal
with their deals and evaporated into and ending that worked.

WHITE DUST KID

our seven year old boy
zen had a blue plastic bowl
sitting secure in the bowels
of the microwave.

as i reached for the bowl to
replace it with something cookable,
i asked him what he had in this blue bowl
of his.

he said it was powdered donut dust.

it was in a safe place from the mouth of
the lab and waiting for his friend to come
over and eat it.

as i looked over it the bowl,
understood that his friend wouldn't eat any of it,
i decided that i should save it.

why should i be the one to throw out a seven year olds
bowl of powdered sugar dust?

who am i to levy that kind of decision on the hard wrought
particles of sugar left for the gain of another seven year old?

so i left it there,
said it was a good idea
and went on to my boring eggs and burnt sausage.

a miles belch

is a tiny faint
echo only heard well if
you are bare footed,
near the hypnogogic stage,
and thinking the next
thing that needs to be done
isn't important enough to warrant
the message in his immense burp.

a silly neighbor man

with a professional frisbee
came up to our car as we dropped
off my wife's niece saying a hello.

then,
he asked if i had ever played frisbee golf
before and i said, 'yes'

at this,
the wild eyed dude went on about his
frisbee and being a professional,
and being the best,
and winning trophies,
and how he was just amazing as he reached
his hand into our car and tapped my wife's
shoulder asking over and over again,
'WATCH THIS. WATCH HOW FAR I CAN FLING THIS
FRISBEE INTO THE AIR.'

sure, sure,
i said,
and we watched as this nut loon leaped
back like a giddy freshman entering
the high school shower with all the
other boys wondering if he was gay or
straight.

as he teetered back on his ding dong shoes,
he lurched forward and made his little
play disk fly, fly, fly away over a hill
and towards invisible homes,
kids playing around.

as it went,
my wife and i looked on with a
complete lack of absence and wonder
at this idiotic display of manhood
and said,
'ALL RIGHT. SEE YA.'

as we drove away,
we coaxed each other with a huge
set of words that would never describe
the desperation that some folks
go through to prove their worth on this
planet as everyone they know run
and hide from such heat splicing bullets
of fictional fantasy.

all our robin bird pals

have been a welcome
sight on this strip of
winter abused land.

i seldom take notice
of the robin bird
as i have this spring
and they are all my
minions.

i lay out extra parcels
of scrap for their beaks
and cheer them forward in their
beak plodding of
fresh meat worms.

they are my symbol of sweat
and getting my new miles boy
outside into the warmth of
our blossomed winter desires.

the simple bird is our
freedom dangled from a fishing
rod in the hands of a giant looking
for the right fish to feed his girlfriend
at home stitching a quilt with the
outline of a robin and the heart
of a new life.

all still alive

told my wife that
the big difference between
seeing someone you haven't seen
for a long time as an older chap,
versus being younger is that
you are going to be happy that
the acquaintance you run into is still
alive instead of asking what the hell they
have been up to lately.

all stop signs

in this kansas towns
are grave markers
as the next big
cemetery invention will
be using the cheaper
more poignant
wood flanks and red painted metal
of a stop sign as a grave marker
to simply memorialize
a life.

bad dead

a good friend of mine told me
that he saw another dead body while
bouncing at some urban club the other night.

a kid was shot in the face seven times.

he said that he couldn't even tell that this guy once
had a face on his body.

it was gone.

some urban scuffle over a girl - dope - yesterday - territory -
or any other host of grievances and now
this kid has no face.

he entered the night full of yesterday,
and now his tomorrow is dead.

do you get it?

i don't.

but our jails are filled with kids that get it.

our streets are yanked around by the potential to do it.

so, as i understand the process behind the motives that
make either music, film, molasses, or any other manufactured
product, i just won't get the malice that fills the gun
aimed at the period.

i'm just going to dawdle in my ignorance and
keep the semicolon alive.

big to small to big kids again

how do small kids
condone the words
to parents like
'I NEVER WANNA TALK TO YOU AGAIN'

Guess the same
way us older, wiser folks
say the same shit to
each other
all the time.

takes a kid
to understand us dumb adults
most the time.

bush shit

when the wall of
domestic agendas,
christian coalition payouts,
fake smiles,
taudy legislation,
weak romance,
small twists of the political knife
into our thinking spines
tumbles down upon my sheets,
i think about ole george w. bush
takin' a shit
on some thousand dollar toilet
and once again get reassured that
his flush will be the legacy of his
presidency left behind to be forgotten.

damned landscapers

somewhere
along the way
those landscaping guys
of morning are gonna pay.

they have their swirling lights on top of their trucks
in fake cop cherry formation,
plenty of hoes and shovels,
and the negligent penchant for
speaking english.

they constantly dig, reseed, dig, resod
the medians of this city's most
perplexing highways systems,
and they get hired.

the darlings of this city,
i see them looking at mysterious objects
in their hands when i pass them by
and figure they will be the ones to
find the crying man's lost treasure,
or the holy grail if somehow it
washed ashore in a wave of dirt to this
little parchment of city.

but the morning diggers are gonna pay
for all the folks that ignore them.

they're gonna pay.

and i can't wait.

define your definition

where is that
soft familiar feeling
you have forgotten?

did it leave deliberately?

do you miss it?

what was it?

did it need you?

do you need it?

was it that soft?

do you feel?

did it feel?

where could it have gone?

what time of day is it now?

do you feel justified?

**GO FIND IT AND STOP
ANSWERING THESE REQUESTS.**

you tiny, soft feeler you.

DEFINITION OF 1 MOMENT

just
when
you
think
someone's
whole
miserable
existence
couldn't
get
any
worse
you
should
just
as
quickly
realize
that
that
existence
could
barrel
down
into
one
miraculous
moment
and
be
done.

then,
you
would
have
a
piece
of
the
answer
as
to
how
things
don't
work
according
to
your
plan.

DIGITAL DRIVE BY TAG

i was the fortunate
victim of a photo drive by shooting.

just looking over to the west,
i saw him with arms pivoted, eye ready
and then it happened.

the silent click in the distance nailed
me, my car and the air around my mouth.

i was hit.

yanked onto some strangers visa to errant
memories of a stranger he didn't even have
the chance to formulate if i was strange or not.

my identity is solely not mine anymore.

it has been parceled out by some nosy motherfucker
with a special camera with lights - clicks and technology
that has taken me down.

i've been hit.

you may be next.

here's your warning.

the image makers are cocked and loaded to clone
your random forgettable moments.

DIRECTIONAL INSTRUCTIONS

how is it that
there are instructions
and/or directions on everything
and very few people are
equipped with the skills to give
good directions or to adequately put
together a simple bookshelf?

our whole lives are crammed together with
ways to do things,
details on how to get it done,
maps to places,
directions to anything you want,
and we are all dumb thumbs in a forefinger contest.

maybe this tiny realization is why
rome fell,
the united states is sinking and
the real geniuses in this reality are the ones
that write all these directions and instructions.

forever and ever and ever into forever

our seven year old zen boy
called me specifically at work
the other day to ask me if infinity
was a indeed a word or a number.

it was neither,
as i presumed,
and tried to conjure the name of the symbol.

instead,
i found comfort in this small blond kid
that has a proclivity towards hanging out with
the underdog and helping the accident prone
whenever the chance occurs.

he's an angel boy and he may just save the
world some day,
so i told him over the phone as i finished
the end of my infinity pondering,
**'IT MAY TAKE YOU FOREVER TO FIGURE OUT SOMETHING
LIKE THAT, KID, SO GO OUTSIDE AND FORGET ABOUT
MATH AND ALL THE WORDS THAT NEVER HELPED
THROW A DODGE BALL.'**

GARAGE SALE OF THE DAY!

our neighbor roscoe
is selling off a
wine rack and dining set
for about 700 bucks.

another neighbor bob yelled
at us from across the street
asking if we wanted to buy
his set since we have an expanding family.

i told him that our kids will sit on the
floor as the joke went flat and they looked on.

as they peered into our direction,
i looked on wondering why there was no signage
for a garage sale or specific dining/wine set sale
in his yard.

people are just supposed to know he's selling off
some primo furniture to the locals that have the
savvy to grasp ESP and errant articles in a
saturday afternoon front yard.

again,
i'm the crazy guy.

just wanna know how people will know ..

you know?

gas dilemma

i ask myself
quite often
why do i still
round to the nearest
whole number
when filling my gas tank
on a credit card.

it worked with cash.

but not with the card.

i have since stopped asking
myself that line of questions and
decided end on odd, prime numbers and
snub my nose at the digital display.

sure, i stop on \$13.07,
as much as i stop on \$11.04.

who cares ..

i'm the gas rebel with
numbers flitting through my head.

HAPPIEST ROCK THROWER

one morning
some weeks back
there was this big fat
bulbous construction truck
kicking hunks of gravel, dirt
and rock all over the fuckin' place.

at my car, at everyone else's car,
at errant living objects in the path of
this highway terror leaving a scent behind.

as i veered to pass this truck and get the hell
out of harms way,
i was beginning to guess who was piloting this
littering vehicle of urban debris.

my first thought was that it was likely some
skinny hick white dude that is done with humanity
and loves it when some dickhole tries to sick the insurance
folks on him.

the guy that always destructs and never gets caught.

then i thought it could be some benevolent white or black dude
on his first day of the job just as unaware they were flicking rocks
as they were that there are underground societies at rich private
schools making decisions we think politicians should make.

as my mind stopped and i glanced over to see who was driving this
big mass of a truck i smiled, giggled like a girl and laughed into
the next careening hill free of flying rocks and nastiness flitting everywhere.

our captain behind the wheel was a big, huge black woman jabbing away on
a cell phone without one iota of caring in the world.

free and clear plan.

that's what this lady was on our shared
morning full of dirt, rock and flying debris.

how much trash is there in the world?

would we be surprised if we
knew?

would it matter?

most folks make more trash
in a week than they make actual
creative things in a lifetime.

more folks hide many things in their trash.

our trash tells more about us than it doesn't.

this page may be trash some day.

this page may end up in a landfill someday with all the other trash.

are we gonna live in landfills someday because we ran outta room?

do you like trash?

say the word 'trash'.

i love the word trash.

i love what trash proves.

i read trash.

i watch trash.

i hear trash.

we are perpetually surrounded by trash.

this poem is dedicated to trash.

god bless all trash.

(even yours)

i accidentally cloned myself

but it was as a sea monkey
in my son's small
aquarium bought at a dollar
general shop and he just tipped
it over onto the carpet.

all gone.

and i was just starting to get
a leg up on things,
figuring out how to deal
with a limited plane of swimming
and how i would get my hands on
some books to read.

but,
now the experiment is over,
i have to return to me
just being 1 human.

but,
the dream isn't over yet.

i got another packet of sea monkey seeds
and will try to clone myself a couple more times
and store this aquarium out of the ambitious reach
of a small boy.

and then,
i can read all those books,
and finish all those things my human
time clock won't let me do.

see you in the water.

i knew a guy years ago

that talked and loosely hung out with
william s. burroughs.

he went to his lawrence home and had
some time with him.

he said he was as crazy a motherfucker as everyone
else had portended over the years.

rumors of him killing his wife in a bad apple bullet
were true.

speculation of nasty drug binges and worse sexual escapades
were true.

this wasn't the kind of story i cared for much.

never read much of burroughs and didn't care to.

i admire his contribution to the birth of a generation,
but it ended there.

though, there was once comment about him that hit it home
in many, many ways that has resonated for years in my brain.

he was an exhausted man who was stretched and taxed by
way the fuck too much.

the man had made his dendrites and synapse valves endangered
species by any number of adventures and rendezvous around the
footprints of the devil and nectar from a lonely angel.

and it killed him.

made him a penniless and bitter old man in the end that
basically died alone.

this made sense to me in light of the hunter s. thompson
suicide.

the man saw too much.

or saw just enough to close his own curtain.

this kind of shit makes me mad.

men that extol the virtues of living strong and virile existences
like hunter and in the end shove easy excuses up their mouths and
end it.

gone.

their words left as a blood soaked epiphany and they are no where to
explain their last letters.

out of here.

no more time.

fuck off everyone.

these suicides are a waste.

but at least i know that hunter likely died from too much.

and that may be just enough for me to understand
the depths of human selfishness.

i never quite know

when miles boy is fully asleep
because when were are out in the
cacophony of public noise he
slips back like a magic shoe into
unaltered sleep -
and I have to end up tiptoeing around
my own house because if one bad hunk of wood
creaks the wrong way,
the boy wakes and adds another layer
to my theory on kids that will always
remain theoretical through and by.

i want a pair of little monkey boots

to scuffle off to the
corner at will to
chip away at a nice
big
sweet
glimmering
banana without
all the baboons looking
in on me with their
tall
terrible
elephant shoes
glaring.

i wish i copyrighted more shit.

idea after idea comes,
and leaves just as quickly.

if i ever decide to capitalize on
one idea, it would be this:

i want to make a king chess piece
as a direct replica of a younger, unshaven
bobby fisher so that everyone can have
their own tiny personal bobby fisher god
that would ultimately put everyone in check
and be a fucking winner all the time.

liquor store saviors

the boys at
terrace lake liquors
will save you
if you believe in 'em.

they are a motley lot
of pre and post alcoholics
with faces drooping for the next
big release of playboy
or the fresh can design on some
newly anointed hip beer.

they always bobble my whiskey bag,
smile with smoke stained teeth
and talk to me randomly about either the
weather or how good their damn hot dogs
are that they grill on site.

the old white guy owner is married to
a black woman about 20 years younger than him
and the place looks like in never received a
face lift since it opened sometime in the
early to mid 80's.

and all the workers there can save you
with their inhibited charm,
and robust belief in a good drink as
the 24-hour church next door prays for
all of us with a bag in our hands as
we leave terrace lake liquors.

but the truth is that everyone leaving
is already saved and the only saving left
in this area is some kitten stuck in the
fictitious street no one lives on around
here in the glorious suburbs.

little joey jr.

is a boy
named miles
sucking on
his whole
fist
as
he rests
in the crook
of my arm like
a
squash in a fall
field ready
to be picked,
plucked,
cooked,
enjoyed,
and this little
joey jr.
has eyes,
wrinkles,
sounds,
and movements
that mimic
someone i
know
but it's
so damned strange
that i
can no further get
closer to it
than i can get
closer to it,
so i'm about
as
close to it without
being it
and that's
my little
boy miles
as a joey jr.
boy.

loving the everything in nothing

i
love
the
nothingness
of
everythingness
as
the
telephone
rings
and
i
just
stare
at
it
ringing
until
is
stops
and
the
quiet
silence
again
makes
me
concentrate
on
nothing.

man-dog-catwalk

the man was walking
along the hotel catwalk
and the dog was following him
or was the dog walking and the
man following?

i couldn't quite tell because
the sun was hitting this
eye sore motel in a squib of light
that had a trajectory i may have never
ever seen before so all i could make
out was the man and dog.

but it made me think who does the
leading - and who does the following -
and if it really matters all that much
as the years inch forward and the snail begins
getting tired of everything beating it
because the snail realizes what is
needed to be enjoyed as all the rest of us
run, holler, hustle, fly, run more and speed
about like a bunch of leaders in a suit
made of following colors.

i think the dog was following the man as the man
was following the dog and the sun was leading as
the sun was following and the moon just hung
somewhere invisible in the morning sky not saying
anything because whispers were always much
more magnanimous than regular speak.

martha relief

i feel
a whole helluva
lot fuckin' safer
that martha stewart
was in prison and now
on house arrest
on some sprawling
new york acreage.

the world's foremost
resource on decorating
gardens and homes and
cookies are gone.

our children are safe.

and we can be assured
that america is still being
yanked down the toilet.

the reality is that in
this reality show based
charlatan society,
i would feel a whole lot
better if our elected officials
were behind bars for at least
6 months and they leave
the decorating divas to
all us civilians to
deal with.

MELLOW YELLOW

as a thirty two year old man
with a mass of thousands of songs
that i can lend to my family,
i think back to my recollected history
and really only remember one song when
i was a kid.

it was mellow yellow by donovan.

that's it.

my mom sang it.

i sang it.

and now,
with all my music and possibilities to listen,
my favorite color is yellow.

a mellow yellow.

MILES TO SAVING US ALL

with all
my thoughts
of what our
small miles
may do some day,
i'm sure
we will be wrong
because
there is a good
chance
that
he may just
save the world
for all of us
because he has
already done
it and he's only
4 months old.

**miles,
what are you doin'?**

i think this at odd,
indifferent times of
the day as i smell the
baby smell of you in my
cuticle color.

i wonder if you will ever
start really wondering and
i'll never have the chance to see
it for the first time
spread over the wrinkles of your
brow contracting like spent
silly puddy.

i dream for you know for the
dreams you continue to put into
my packet of drinking water.

and i simply think about you
because it's the most ungracious
act of gratitude i could give
a creature of my own design back
because he has given me so much without
even knowing how to properly chew
his fingers yet.

my 1 indomitable, unflushable poop

some days is the
one of the best things
that i could create
and that's about
as honest as it's gonna
get this morning
as my coffee gets
colder and my guts
heal from days of
utter neglect.

my fantasies

if any errant
parent decides
to question my
step-father ability
and they're biological
kids are present
i'm going to debunk
the myth of santa clause
and the easter bunny,
and maybe the tooth fairy
for their little brains
so they are properly
introduced to what is real
and what is indeed fantasy.

my pink pebble girl

just so happens
to be my wife
and i like to
think of her as my
girlfriend because
it would give me something
to look forward to like
getting married to her again
because that was one of the
greatest days of my life
and to think of her simply
as my small pink stone
warms my toes and takes
my back to where we still
are and never have to go
back to because she will
always be a pink girl
wrapped in fire red hairs
that speak of things i
always wanted to know about
and this hopeful moment
is mine for the rest of my
life because this aforementioned
named girl just happens to be
my wife.

old man roscoe

is the king of our
neighborhood
with his flock of
black - brown - yellowed -
tanned - blued headed birds
that beckon his call easily
with a fist of tasty seeds,
and his weed less lawn,
slightly drooping US flag
always hung on the side of his home,
his spotless gutters,
clean fronts,
trim car,
and almost flawless determinant of
how life should work.

we don't really know this fella roscoe
as well as we should,
but you know a king when he rises.

and this king is always a tall sort.

on the highway billboard

there was a loud red proclamation
that said, 'REWARD' for calling
474-TIPS with foil that will wrap
the bad meat and i think about the
person that called that number on a
random face seen in the grocery store
hours before and they receive that bundle of
500 free government dollars for turning in the
crook and this informant pledges to shove this
money into a college fund for their 8 year old
that is a nuisance at school and has been told
on numerous occasions that if he won't clean up his
act he's gonna end up in prison and be on a some highway
billboard being pursued by the cops and as the kid tries
to imagine what his face will be like on that poster off
the highway because that's all he heard his teacher tell him
this boy's mother goes back to crocheting a quilt for a new born
niece as the glorification of this life becomes a random pay off
for a tip that should bring us a closer to understanding that
the only tragic flaw is that we are all connected enough as strangers
to prevent in the purest form of invention.

power of a brain

in between nonsense and
vital thoughts the other day,
i realized something very big about
my brain.

the thing is that i forget a lot of things,
but have a great memory.

so there.

recycled secrets

i passed
a smashed highway box
full of secrets
this early morning and
whispered several of my own
back into the car air i was
breathing just to be all proper
like throwing salt over your shoulder
and if you should ever catch wind of these
fluttering secrets that have left my
dried lips, please pass yours along to
so that we can all be interested in the process
of sending and receiving the best of our worst.

RED CHINA DOT

the
ever
expanding,
growing
red ink dot
started out
as an
accident.

it just laid on
the page,
i left,
and came back
several minutes
later
to see
the march of ink
about me.

i picked up
the marker
and didn't know where
to begin.

then,
the phone rang.

it was the sound
of an asian
with language i couldn't
understand.

so,
i hung up
the phone.

picked up the page
to see that the marker
leaked through a notebook,
through the desk,
through the carpet,
and down further.

as the phone rang
again,
i wondered if
my childhood dream
of digging a tunnel
to china came true
in the form of
a red ink spot.

as i watched the phone

ring,
i wondered what they
are going to do
with all that red
given to them
by some unassuming
american dude.

sage crew

the old accent
road crew are the
landscaping gods
with twirling lights
and gloaming faces
glaring at morning traffic
as another bungled human
tosses a cup out of the side window
or flicks a cigarette butt into
the new mulch of their morning toil.

all these guys are mexicans trying to
churn the words of a domestic constitution
that has been long forgotten in this
short term memory addled nation of cheet-o'd
cheddar fingers and sitcoms that depict about
as much reality as a 90-foot picture of bunghole on display in
times square.

but these immigrants toil, plant, till, toss and
create life every morning as the passing Americans feel
it's their right to be not only superior, but chronic
litter bugs because it's not only someone else's fault,
it's another person's responsibility.

and as i flit past these immigrant faces i notice
in their morning of dirt toil they don't take
our arrogance seriously and they will be the new wave
of americans that will give a rebirth to indian nations
that adorns all our nation's city government signs and maps.

someone else is always victorious.

someone else always has a prediction.

someone is always writing a poem.

someone is always planting.

some things just have to come to an end.

SMALL GOVERNMENT VICTORY

an old
friend of mine
is a representative
in the house for our
government and
during lunch the
other day
i saw him for the
first time in years
and the only thing
i remember of our
conversation was that
he repealed a silly
tax on the blind for
having a seeing eye
dog and i just saw
that as solid use
of my easily spent
tax dollars.

small miles boy

screams from his wet lips
with all the gusto
of a moment that is his,
will remain his and
has always been his
as i look on with a silent
closed mouth
thinking that it took
me over 3 decades to finally
figure out what
giving life to life in this life
means.

sneaky canadians

i talked to a canadian
the other day on the phone
and he didn't know who tom brokaw was.

had no clue about american news anchors.

he just didn't care.

they don't have fox news.

they have the cbc and reputable news
broadcasts that laud their minds,
and disregard their fluttering emotions.

i had to laugh,
but more aptly i had to smile because
the vortex of the storm is america and people
either don't care or pay attention to us anymore.

as a kid i thought that everyone in the world
knew about america,
wanted to be american,
craved to touch america,
admired americans.

as i have grown and hit this current key stroke,
the mood has changed.

not only was i ill perceived in my suburban education
notion,
we have been given 8 years of rule that will
officially alienate America from the rest of the world,
and to fend for ourselves.

do you know any canadian broadcasters?

STOMACH HELL

there's so much
acid in my belly
some mornings after
a bit of the drink,
cups of coffee,
no breakfast,
that i could tear down rome.

hell,
i may even be able to tackle rome.

perhaps athens, greece.

maybe cairo, egypt.

and at a minimum your home.

so listen for the human gargle
and run.

super ducks

when i drive home from
work at night i always notice
one or two small gray and brown ducks
pecking at the dirty kansas river
by massive pillars of concrete holding up
the bridge overpass and flanking these ducks
so badly that they look like they are a few
black dirt flecks on the face of a dark giant.

each time i see these little duck animals
fervish in their seeking of food and lopping about
as lone rangers on a tame, swirling river of brown
soot just happy that they have finally found their
own oasis.

no matter how dirty, torrid or desolate,
they have finally erected their own personal mansion
and they don't need an other quacks to disturb
their small duck brained pieces of mind.

the damned sea monkeys

are growing underneath my
fingernails,
i see them on the floor of
the shower,
they're in the backyard bird bath,
they are in the toilet multiplying,
everywhere that has water
is brimming with the artificial mix
of life.

i have known many people that don't believe
in this version of kid friendly freeze dried
life and now they are all around me for
the adults to ponder and shove into the proof basket.

the fake monkey's have the whole evolution
debate dangling over my head like a modifier
that's going to get a red pen by the next passing
english professor with a passion for homicide.

oh my fate has been tied to fake life as
i run all around the dry lands trying to find
just one small monkey wrench to cure my
watered life.

the fog

wanted
to barter our souls
this morning
and i decided to
give in for brief flashes
of moments until i reversed
that decision and plunged headlong
into clear air and decided
that the fog is for the birds and anyone
else that needs to be clouded by
something other than
you.