



Joefiles VCIX
99 Vials of Words on My Shelf

ANOTHER VANISHED WHISKEY REALIZATION LIST

the other morning
my lovely wife said
right after waking from
a night of light brown whiskey
that she had all but forgotten
each one of her genius realizations.

i assured her that this happens
to everyone.

all the new, fresh, hidden,
undiscovered nuggets of this reality
hit you when you brain is in no
position to write them down,
or unable to get into a position
to write them down,
so you wait in you new found
liquid strength and vow to commit
to paper and talk about the next day.

it doesn't happen.

this has gone down so many times
with me that i just laugh while
tickling my short-term subconscious
brain just wondering how many ideas
will stack up before i start
shouting them out in the middle of
the night while sleep talking.

the grand notion from this
morning after forgetting is that it
perpetuates the species.

we don't want to remember the next day,
do we?

come on.

isn't that why we drink in the first
place?

if we remembered all of our realizations
in the morning we would all turn into
a bunch of boring, sober, egomaniac,
know-it-all prics and we just don't want
to face all of that.

between the towers

i recall
back in 1996
standing between
the two tallest
buildings
in new york city
thinking how the fuck
did people build
these things,
and how could they be
so tall and how odd
it was to be between
two of the same types
and sizes of buildings
and that continues
to be the image that flicks
through my head when i think
about the airplane bombs that
one day and how they just crumbled
to the ground and the fact
that i actually stood between
those buildings at one point
and knew how tall, strong and
shrill those flanks of buildings
were just makes me stare a second
longer when the TV flashes the images
of the world trade center and all
those anonymous lights
glowing throughout the middles
of those extinguished monoliths.

CRAZY IN A BUBBLE

when i hear
people tell me
i'm crazy ,
i wonder why,
the realize it
after listening
to no. 9 in the garage
with our 7-year old zen
as i'm painting a picture
of a horse while asking zen
about a how a horse president
would make his address to
the nation about continuing
to horse around and how cool
it would be to just flat
fuck about all the time and
be congratulated for it.

damned animals

after having a child,
i realize how domestic animals
can become the ass pain
you never knew existed.

i'm an animal lover,
myself.

we have 3 cats,
and one dog,
which got a load of my
attention before our
8-month old boy came
into the world.

now,
the tangle about under our
feet,
antagonize us,
get in our way,
bludner about our paths,
and have officially become
the bane i never thought they
could.

so,
a neighbor guy next door
has had the unfortunate luck stroke
of letting his son and wife stay at
his place with their new little one.

one morning,
with a cup of coffee and little miles
boy by my side on a porch swing,
i hear behind my head a
forceful and malignant:
'GOD DAMNED ASSHOLE DOG'

as i look back,
the neighbor Bob is waiting on
his dog to come outside through the back
door to piss or poop it up.

and as his back door swings shut,
i laugh for most of the day thinking
about how we are not alone in this
journey with a child.

it has bit our neighbor on the
anklets as well.

there's just no safe haven
for the animal under baby control.

and if it doesn't get you sooner,
it will damn well get you later,
animal lover.

Dangerous Stickers

my boss radioed
me late on a friday
afternoon to tell
me the following
heartfelt story:

'HEY JOE,
FIGURED THIS WOULD
BRIGHTEN YOUR DAY A
BIT MORE. THERE'S
A CAR ON FIRE UP HERE,
NO ONE'S HURT,
BUT THERE IS A BIG
BUSH/CHENEY 'O4 STICKER
ON THE BACK.'

he trailed off with a laugh
as i shot back,
'KARMA WORKS IN MYSTERIOUS WAYS.'

dog excitement

the other
night,
as i was emptying
coffee grounds
into the trash
our lab dog farted
so loud
he lept up
in the air and
continued to pace
around in his phenobarbotal
trance as he fights
the tumor in his head
and the seizures that
would tear through is
bones.

i laughed at the canine
as he lumbered off
lazily thinking
that was probably
the most fun he's
had
in a helluva long
time.

dollar general journal

i was in line the other day
at the dollar general and noticed
a plain woman with short hair
lugging a cart of junk on the counter
towards an more plain woman with
matted gray hair.

all this time,
i'm silently whistling while
the family waits in the jeep for
my quick return with batteries and body powder,
as the plain woman's fella is paroozing the
battery section himself,
just safely keeping his distance
while his woman checks out her goods.

as the items go 'beep' over the
dark glass,
i notice a summer's eve douche
and look back to the woman
as i catch her eyes and she gives a bit
of a dejected look down towards her hands,
steady feet.

and i think it just must hurt to be a
woman sometimes.

EVERYONE POOPS ..
INCLUDING GOD.

HOW ELSE DO YOU
THINK REPUBLICANS
CAME ABOUT.

family living

can become a game of
figuring out what happened first,
and why as the question of
universal beginnings and lazy laughter
get lost behind clogged kitchen sinks,
sick baby with puncture wounds from shots,
game playing 7-year old forgetting if he ate or not,
a crick in my neck and a tiny fleck in my eye
that won't leave no matter how long it gets flushed
out by my wife's hand as she begins her monthly flow
for one of the first times in a long time
and the dog wanders around aimlessly back and forth in
the house as the phenobarbatol goes coursing through
his dog veins and all we are left with are several cats
sifting over the body of a dead mouse out front
as i look one more time out of the front window
to make sure the coast is clear after i had to
yell away a couple of kids trying to break into
my brother's car parked out front of the house
the other day and then everything comes back into
the perfect triangle when my dad calls me in the middle
of the day laughing hard about a video he wants me
to watch on the internet about old guys buying nut bras.

FOREVER THREE

if
you
had
3
moments
in
life
to
heal
someone
with
a
touch,
who
would
it
be
and
for
what?

the
answer
to
this
is
all
you
need
to
know
about
who
you
are
and
where
the
fuck
you
are
going
in
this
life.

forgetful

i
used
to
always
have
the
red
hot
dream
of
not
being
able
to
remember
my
fucking
locker
combination
and
now
that
i
work
in
schools
with
rows
and
rows
of
lockers
i
start
at
that
numbered
knob
with
wonder
and
tell
it
that
i
don't
care
what's
behind
that
door
and
if

i
ever
remember
a
combination
ever
again.

Good Night, Sam Dog

we have to take
our lab dog in
today for the
final time.

he's gonna get
the shot and leave
this reality.

i just gave him
his last huge bowl
of food.

he lies on the ground
in a bit of daze
completely void
of understanding that
this is his last
morning on earth.

he had a last,
good night.

i never saw the old man
get as many pig ears,
dog bones, mashed potatoes,
pastrami, bread and assorted
bones as he did last night.

i let him dig in the bathroom
trash without a peep,
rifle through cat shit and
eat all of it up.

not a word from me
as all the months and months
of trying to deter that
behavior come down to
his final hours until he
walks the green mile for
a crime he didn't commit.

one of the best dogs i've
ever been around
and he just deteriorated
until the sedatives just didn't
make a difference anymore.

i'm not sure what to say
to the old man in his final
journey down here,
but i'm sure i'll muster something
up as i listen to all his

breathing sounds from the other room
as if i have never heard them
before.

GUM SPITTER

my mom used to
tell me to always
spit my gum out in
the trash and not on the ground.

this likely came from the
multitudes of times that she
got her heel continually
smashed into a fresh glob of
my gum.

but her decree stuck,
and i always put my gum
in some sort of receptacle
and didn't bother giving the world
a part of my used mouth food to
get stuck in their lives.

ultimately,
i killed the notion of
ruined shoes,
tainted carpeting,
and bad brake/gas pedals.

but now that i'm in my early 30's,
i have deliberately stopped this notion.

it's just too hard anymore with a
screaming child in a back seat and
all the thoughts roaring through my head
to stop and spit my gum out in the proper
bin.

all my ash trays are filled with money
or ear pieces or any other amount of things
that keeps our lives going,
thus i cannot spit the gum out in there.

so i spit it out with glee out of the
moving window to plow into the
screaming asphalt
and i love it.

i take utter delight in spitting my
gum out on the ground and passing
it on down the line to the next person.

so keep you rear view adjusted,
i'm aiming for your tires because
i'm in retirement, baby.

HEAVY & LIGHTS

do
you
have
to
be
a
heavy
thinker
to
be
a
poet
or
could
you
just
pull
it
off
by
thinking
light
and
writing
heavy?

i always wanted to get on the david letterman show.

as a kid,
that was the only show i really
remember watching with any real
gusto or regularity.

thinking as a kid,
early adult,
that i was going to get my name
out there as a broadcaster and sit
in as a replacement for the big star
that couldn't make it to the show,
i thought there was a good shot
for me to sit down with my childhood
tv hero and marvel at his genius.

many quest in my life in accordance
with comedy and wit come from the
man with bad hair and denial issues
that would fill most of the loose
cups in the cupboards of indiana burbs.

in my early 30's now,
no broadcaster,
nothing famous,
just a 'joe' guy,
i have no real shot at
letterman, as i see it.

so, i started surveying the
situation over a couple of whiskey's
the other night as i watched with
pure nostalgia at a circa 1980's
classic episode of letterman.

he has a segment called 'STUPID HUMAN TRICKS'
and i was thinking that one of mine
could be worthy of airtime on letterman
and i will perhaps get on there before
the curtain falls on the old man.

my idea is to pitch a heartfelt letter
depicting my talent of shoving pickles
up to my nose and salivating profusely
from the mouth.

i have done this before to the delight
and horror of audiences alike.

i think dave would like it.

we could eat pickles after the show
and spit about it, perhaps.

i think age is starting to catch up with me.

several weeks ago
i woke with a nasty crick in my neck.

it hung on for about 4 days.

then, several days later,
i had a thing stuck under my eye lid.

it hurt to look around,
and i just couldn't shake it out of my lid.

the only thing of comfort was sleep
and it was nice to have the aches of
old age gone for a while.

as days melted away,
both ailments were completely gone and
i relished in the joy of a new, ail free body
as the calendar glared over my
bones walking by.

and now as my foot goes to sleep and my
eyes strain over the force of a million
computer colors screaming over my eye balls,
i feel the process of paired ailments coming
back at me once again as the myth of youth
becomes something of a chuckle
over my pin pricked fading foot.

iPod Guy

i'd like to
do a sketch bit
about the iPod Guy.

he always has his iPod
strapped to his ear drums
and he plays his music real
loud.

thing is,
he never takes them off.

when he goes to gatherings,
on dates,
meeting clients,
going over to the parents house,
he keeps them on and shouts.

shouting all the time from
the iPod guy.

and as folks get tired of
all his shit with not taking off
his ear buds and screaming
without whispering,
all his friends and contacts
dwindle away.

he doesn't even hear his phone.

all he needs is his little
iPod pal.

MILES – NUKES

when
i tried to
type my son's name,
MILES,
on the keyboard the
other day,
my fingers skidded
out of line and instead of
the ASDF-JKL; order of things,
i moved a key to the left
or CAPS LOCK-A-S-D / H-J-K-L
and typing his name on those keys
spelt 'nukes'.

as we heat up another global conflict
with iran, while still in iraq and
afghanistan - i whisk away notions
of cryptic messages and concentrate
on the notion of incidental accidents.

because if i move i key for each finger to
the right,
it spells ',O;RD'.

and i like the ring of that,
much-much better.

MILES GRABBER

i've
never
seen
anyone
grab
their
balls
as
much
as
our
baby
miles
and
i
think
how
will
he
get
the
sex
talk
bestowed
upon
him
and
out
of
his
mother
and
i
who
will
first
crack
it
to
him
that
he
has
a
big
red
scar
on
his
balls
just
below
his

tiny
fingered
grip
that
pulls
so
hard
at
his
junk
that
i
take
an
extra
breath
of
relief
for
the
pain
it
gives
me.

miles is the best noise maker

i have met in a long while,
and he happens to be
my son.

he squeals sounds
i can't figure how his throat,
or epiglottal matter could have
let it out.

he sounds part bird.

sometimes he emits sounds so long
i marvel at the fresh, pink lungs that
palpitate his oxygen about his new body.

now, he has taken to something called
'bumping'

it's an old trick his old man used to pull
off by rocking back and forth with force
as you make random sounds.

it's rather monotonous,
spastic.

but i see my genetic code swimming
through the whites of his eyes and
know he got those sounds through
my sperm sizzled with my sweet carolines
egg.

it exists without any behavioral psychology,
but it won't hurt.

miles my noisemaker,
won't you squeak once more before i leave
the house for the day?

MORNING CHAMPIONS

i have had enough jobs
to know that if you don't have
landmarks you look at everyday and
dream a bit about them,
then you will surely sink under the monotony
of the same route, same drive
day after day.

on my drive over the river for years and
years, i used to look over at the sewer
treatment plant wondering if the smell
of dirty chocolate was going to smash
me in the face as the peppermint stacks of
smoke senders punched over the industrial
section of kansas city.

now - on my brief drive to work
through an old, small downtown town of
a tiny town, i see one house every morning
that i look at and into for a smile.

it's a front window of a small house that
has a table full of bowls, silverware,
milk jugs, napkins, kids, several adults,
eating, talking and getting their morning ready.

it's every good moment of childhood staged
morning after morning one last time for me to
dream and it's the story of how they live
their lives through my head.

out back of their house is a thriving
garden full of growth, trampoline in back yard,
toys everywhere, one tarnished used car,
camper shell and the assorted sprinklings of
a family living a good life.

i don't want to see their faces or meet these
people.

i want them to remain living comic strip
that i open every morning knowing that it
happens, but it doesn't because i'm just a
passive observer wondering how their present
weaves into my past.

it's delightful.

it makes a drive new each day.

it makes me want to be better.

it makes everything want to be better.

they are the champions of morning.

we are the champions of morning.

morning trail

visitors from california,
what do you look forward to?

so much to write,
do you ever wanna not do it because it would
seem like you just couldn't get it across
with the limited amount of time you have?

legs crossed and eyes staring into the bottom of the fish bowl,
do you ever dream of not being a bipedal human anymore
and join the ranks of anonymous plankton?

ever wonder if the trash is really taking us outside
instead of the other way around?

ever just wanna dream instead of live?

ever wanna live instead of sleep?

ever sleep to live and dream to reap?

i just wanna narrow all of this down to one thing.

it can even be small.

good morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Noun

my
favorite
way
to
refer
to
our
boy
miles
is
to
call
him
'the baby'.

an
anonymous
noun
just
to
keep
my
head
in
check
as
to
who
he
is
and
what
he
is.

i
like
the
idea
that
i'm
'the person'
or
that
you're
'the reader'

names
are
too
much
sometimes.

why
can't
we
all
just
be
a
bunch
of
anonymous
nouns?

night john lennon died

i always wanted to be there
with a vigil after john lennon was shot.

but, i was only 8 and never
heard a beatles song to that point.

don't even remember the headlines
on the tv or was too interested
in my kid world to care.

who was john lennon?

as the year went by and
the music of the biggest band ever
sunk into my skin, i thought
it would have been nice to light
a candle and play 'shaved fish' for
a man that wanted to sprinkle a bit
more life into the earth.

instead, i have another glowing
memory from that day which
with forever be a small candle
and st. pepper's ringing through my skull.

his name is miles.

he's my first son.

he was born on december the 8th.

25 years after lennon left.

one of the facts

if everyone had good luck
there would be no
need for cops, hospitals,
teachers, therapists,
psychologists,
trauma counselors,
& no poetry.

plain spit

the other day i was in the meat aisle of
the grocery store with my 7-year old
when i hear a shrill voice shout over
the murmur of dreamers looking at
uncooked meats and various sales,
'YOUR KID JUST SPIT AT ME'

i immediately wheel around,
along with about 15-20 other folks
to see the quintessential stereotype rotating
in all it's ugly splendor.

a big woman with greasy locks, looney toon shirt,
nasty look on face, odd moles all over face and
big man hairs shooting off her chin as a little
dirty faced girl looks up with utter disdain at
this grandma woman carting her around the store.

immediately, folks turn back around as quick as
they turned to face the nasty music.

at this, i watch on as the mother comes over
to explain that spit is meant for the ground,
sinks or other orifices other than human faces.

my 7-year old continues on and doesn't pay
an ounce of credence to this public play at large
as i think about how cruel parenting is forced on folks.

for all the things i unfortunately witness,
this is one thing that does nothing for me.

not one thing.

i don't like seeing this,
hearing about kid abuse,
child neglect,
the list can go on.

spare all of us.

stay home.

order your shit online.

spit on your own selves.

deal?

SCHIZ

shadows of our
old sam dog,
now gone for
several weeks,
are everywhere.

my eyes are plagued
with black shadows
resembling his coat,
and i look around
as if i know
what it may feel
like to be
schizophrenic.

SEX INJURY HOTLINE

i turned to
my wife the other
day after she mentioned
that her love slice
was banged up after
a good go the night
before and i recommend
that she call the national
sex injury hotline and exclaim
'MY CUNT WON'T MOVE! IT JUST
SITS THERE MOTIONLESS, EXCEPT
FOR FEW QUAIN'T QUIVERS
AND JUST STARES AT ME WITH
IT'S MEAT MUSTACHE WONDERING
WHAT THE FUCK HAPPENED.'

sometimes i think

it would be nice
to be a long necked
giraffe pawing
through the whisps of
leaves in tall trees
and just look down
on all of earth's small
creatures on some african
slip of land,
then i wake in my midwestern
home and watch the agility of
a simple squirrel leaping from
utility pole, to telephone wire,
to small tree branch, to tree
trunk, and back to another small
branch, and up the tree well,
and down the tree trunk to the
ground with a nut in his mouth
and figure it might be a
whole lot cooler to be a small,
simple squirrel.

the amazing phil c.

used to think my
old co-worker and good friend
from my days at the Y has some incredibly
bad luck.

now,
i think it's much more
encoded than all that.

recently,
after a stretch of not hearing
from him for a while,
i asked him what the hell was going on.

he told me that he was in the hospital
for the past 3 weeks after getting plowed over
by a car.

furthermore,
he was going to have knee surgery
the following day as a part of his
healing.

it happened as a door guy at a
local club
after hours when some car hit him
going about 10-15 MPH while he was turning
the front wheel of his motorcycle to
leave the parking lot.

about 4 months ago,
he left his job of 5 years and
on the same day his horrible girlfriend
plowed his new car into the back of a parked
car along the highway killing a 17-year old kid
and endangering his 1.5 year old son.

about 8 months ago,
he showed me a badly wrapped hand
with stints and metal and ace wrapping
as the result of punching the fuck out
of some drunk dude in a parking lot
because he got hit again by a car.

the list continues.

and the last time i talked to him
before the surgery I asked him if
he was ready for a streak of good luck
to come colliding his way.

he laughed,
said god was on his side,

and always throws out his catchphrase-
"OTHER THAN THAT, EVERYTHING'S GOING COOL."

and i smile in marvel at the luckiest
guy on the planet.

the amazing indestructible phil caldwell
likely wouldn't know what to do with a
streak of good luck because he was always
the luckiest guy i have known.

always seems to have things everyone craves.

money from unknown sources,
nice cars,
sex continually with model type girls,
a big broad smile,
a huge muscular frame,
well positioned tattoos,
and a personality that sucks you in for more.

maybe phil's the luckiest guy going.

or maybe he's just human like the rest
of us and all these tales are just variations
of stories.

tales designed by the fingernails of god to keep
us in check and cognizant of how luck really works.

the angry republican

several doors down
owns enough guns to
start a mini militia,
and a george bush election
yard sign in his garage
as he at one point
threw his finger into
the air announcing in
a fit of anger that he
didn't want the blacks
over the hill compromising
his way of life as a bird
flew over his head eying
the bullseye on his head
and the weight of history's progress
bearing down on his toes.

the birth of a political party

everyone
poops.

including
god.

how
do you
think
we got
all these
republicans
down
here?

the concrete underneath my nails

feel like seeds
that will sprout
new cities,
stacks sky scrapers,
winding bridges,
storm grates
and any number of
urban shelters
as the dirty moon slivers
on the end of my fingers
scream for me to just
tilt my fingers over the ground,
squeeze hard and let
all the dirt fall to the earth
and transform into something that
will carry us to the next place
on this trip around the solar system.

the crazy line

i was standing in line the other
day at the dollar general looking
at a feathery pen with a big, purple
bird head, large plastic base and big
cartoon eyes looking at me and as i
watched the woman getting ready to check
my paper and cleaner over the bar code
and another local guru looking on
with calm resignation, i began to laugh
at the sap that went into some high rise
board room to pitch the idea of his lifetime -
the ultimate bird, feather, desk pen novelty
and it was called the 'CRAZY BIRD PEN' and as
i said to the woman behind the counter,
**THIS IS ONE CRAZY PEN', she said, 'YEA. WE
CAN'T KEEP THEM IN STOCK. THAT'S THE SECOND LOAD
IN A DAY OR TWO THAT HAS COMPLETELY SOLD OUT'**
all i could say to this was, 'CRAZY' and she said
'CRAZY' and i wandered away with my receipt in
hand back out into the crazy world.

the prank ranks

a couple of kids
prank called our
house on an errant
saturday night recently.

after answering,
the kids said they
needed to talk to someone.

i asked,
'WHAT?'

they asked me again,
and again i couldn't hear
them.

at this,
i heard another kid on
another line start floundering
his weak grasp of cussing
about as the first kid laughed
with glee.

with years of prank calling
down in a brief kid career of
my own,
including a juvenile conviction
for leaving a fuckin' rotten
message on some 3rd grade girls
home answering machine.

knowing the futile nature of
such a speaking role,
in a flash a was going to end
it forever with these kids.

immediately i threw a deep voice
into the receiver, gripped the phone
like a chin up bar and said:
**I HAVE YOUR NUMBER FLASHING HERE
ON CALLER ID. YOU HAVE EXACTLY 90
SECONDS BEFORE THE COPS SHOW.**

click.

i was off the phone,
done with my good deed of the day
as my wife looked up at me with
that amused look as if she was trying
to figure out how i could pull
that off in such a quick moment of
reflexology.

i told her
that i had some practice as i
looked at the phone for a return
call knowing full well those 30 seconds
after the phone call ended,
those kids were fast under covers in
their rooms, lights out, wondering
what their folks would do if there
was pee all over their bed sheets.
these - 90 seconds and cops - my illustrious career as a kid pranker

the unbreakable bob stewart

is a local poet
that likely wanted to
be much more,
but he remains the reluctant
local icon in a town of
dried up blood and spit only
wet enough to stick to the surface.

bobby has his own tv show,
radio segments,
books,
professorship,
forced smile,
thick glasses,
a poetic love,
some animals at home no doubt,
and a history with this guy writing
this out.

i had him about 10 years ago in
class and it was my first brush
with someone that wanted to push my
editorial button and i refused.

i would only let the man tweak
grammar, but told him i would take
the drop in grade to keep my voice
as my voice.

it was my only 'B' during my last semester
in college and i wrote poetry more than i
did anything else during that period in my life.

but, i still send bob my poems and
he responds.

from what i understand,
he rarely, if ever,
responds to individuals that send him poetry.

and these days i watch old bob on the local
access channel and feel relieved that he found
poetry and took it.

he has it.

it used to infuse me in class.

the simple life of a poet
with a bottle of scotch, coffee grounds,
paper, pencil and some books needing attention.

that's all.

and he polished those utopian globes of wonder
as i peer into retro globe in front of me
and wonder if bob watches himself late at night
during rebroadcast and thinks he missed his
calling in life and should have really be
a fucking star of the silver poet's circle.

the Vonnegut plan

years ago i
used to spend a lot
of time smoking and drinking
coffee in several restaurants
in my hometown.

minutes and hours washed down
with the guzzle of hot liquid
and warm smoke.

they were delightfully quaint,
enlightening times.

and there were many mundane moments
where i loathed the seat i sat
in and wanted to get out there and
live my life.

through all the haze and empty cups,
the best concoction ever hatched
was an idea to interview kurt vonnegut.

i was a reporter at the time
at the college i was going to
and had some credentials to shove around
to the agent of one of the world's best
know writers, smokers and drinkers.

our plan was to sketch five expertly
crafted questions and either get him on the
phone via his agent or drive up to his
home at cape cod with our ultimate goal
of getting him to be the keynote speaker
at my college graduation ceremony.

the closest we got was a list of 5
fucking solid questions and his agent
at the time, ken farber, telling his
secretary that they had to decline.

thus, our veritable bubble
was popped.

it was onto the next thing,
which at the time was another pitch of
hot golden coffee minced with a fresh
soft pack of camel lights.

unknown

who are these
characters
that have quotes on
posters,
the sides of busses,
in the front of waiting room magazines
that go by the moniker - 'UNKNOWN'?

are they the masked character of
the night that send their best down
onto the pulp under a shroud of deep
secrecy only to emerge under an alias
because they wouldn't want to denigrate
the flow of quality work they are
continually pumping forth?

or are they just confused and they
are not sure who they are so it would
just be easier for them to not be anyone
and being an unknown would just be cute
for them at the time being.

maybe they are known, but they don't
want the government to know about
them and all the money they make for
concocting real good, solid quotes that
get people smothered in joy - all because
they don't wanna pay taxes.

maybe they really would rather be a symbol
instead of the unknown thing.

or maybe my wife was right again.

they go by unknown so poster company's
and magazines and such use unknown because
there are no royalty fees.

but i like the faceless harmonized notion
of some anonymous bumble bee randomly
smashing quotable nectar on the face of
all names.

US VS. HIM

i read in my baby journal
the other day that i started
walking at 11 months,
my lovely carrie started about the
same time as i look on at little
9-month old miles boy and wonder
when he's gonna start crawling,
sitting up stronger on his own,
start grabbing shit to pull himself
up and all of those other things
that lend to prescribed early
baby development and eager to stuff
our pockets with the rapidly developing
notion of our son
and i'm again smacked with the
earth hammer at how unique everyone is
and knowing that he is gonna move/walk
for the rest of his life and if he isn't
doing so much of that now because he's in the
arms of his folks/brother many, many times than
not i am relieved that we have this time
and that he is relieved to have this time.

villain snack

of all the absurd ads
i have seen to promote
a big film,
the image of darth vader
on the front of a cheez-it
box is the best.

he's all clad with shiny head
hat with outstretched hand
and cheez-its flying towards
the eater.

as the wandering ambassador
for baked snacks,
how would darth vader eat
a single cheez-it?

would he smash it through his
front breath grill?

would he pop the helmet off
and have a cheez-it fest?

or would he just smash,
and just his light saber to
end the short life of the cheez-it?

chewbacca would have been
much better suited to throw those
cheese snacks at my head.

i'm sure he could eat the hell
out of a box.

what is our real destiny

on this planet,
i rove,
as my car
flies over a
huge curve in the
road while
an audio book goes
screaming over my
brain temples
while the dog shoves
his head out of the back
window with flapping ears,
full pink tongue against
the air,
and i try to get the
equilibrium of my
tongue back after eating
a piece of sushi impulsively
from the front seat without
wasabi and soy sauce,
dreaming about my wife and boys at
home knowing that i will likely
nap, have some painting time and
hang out with my wife for the night
under a thin, soft blanket
and finally put thoughts of
destiny to rest as my life continues
to mount like a pile of powder that is
just soft enough to not feel like anything,
but thick enough to have substance
undeniably palatable.

**when i stop breaking
and losing shit**

you will want to get
far, far away from
me because my karma is
building up some kind of
nasty sling shot fulcrum
that i wouldn't wish on
my worst enemy.

to all the vases, glasses,
rings, china plates, anything breakable
and losable,
i tell you that you have
been dutifully forewarned.

whistles

now

summon

me

to

where i need

to be most

in the house

as my wife's

wet

lips

produce

the sweetest

sound

going.

will these

rotating circles
of bubblegum pop
save you?

4-LEAVED LUCKY DOG

now that our
dog sam, of seven
years, is gone,
i still walk the
back yard inspecting the
final traces of his life
as the images of him still
flicker in peripheral majesty
and i smile when i come
to a crumple pile of pig ear,
bone or shit still alive in the back
yard. i know that there are traces
remnants of the old guy still
swimming about in our biological
aquarium and that in one form
or another he's still living among us.
the best part of all this is that
as the weeks have gone by,
there are fresh, thick patches of
clover leaf plants all about where he
laid down his beloved shit. i'm sure
if we comb through the many patches of
green leaves in the yard that we
may find that one lucky 4-leaf clover
that will be a befitting marker for his
grave stone.

a brutal break

i broke
another
wine glass
last night.

sifting through
the sink for some
decent silverware
to eat and
poof,
another glass down.

i broke about 4 glasses in
2 day stretch some months back.

i broke our wedding
glasses that were big bulbs
of elegant glass
large enough to hold a half
bottle of wine.

i break drinking glasses.

glasses die when they get in
my path.

gone as easily as they came in.

so now i relish all the plastic
cups around me.

plastic shot glasses
while the glass all winces under
the karmic stench of my reaching hand
and increasing affinity to plastic.

sorry baby,
i won't break you.

i'm much better with flesh
than i am glass.

all of the miles diapers

don't seem like
that much shit
to me,
but rather a
trail of needed
waste that will
lead to a nice
shiny center.

i a whole lot like
the american
political process,
but i have much
more faith in the
outcome of the mighty
diaper line.

all the pregnant men

out there
hide their
belly's well
as the secrets
of biology
go off hiding
under a
sack of
used marbles
and last years
best tabloid
headlines.

anatomy of this friend life

i never fully
realized the term
'disposable friend'
until i got married,
had children, pets,
and moved into a house
out in the suburbs.

when i talk to single
friends or measure the length
of their acts,
i realize that everything has
it's place and time.

period.

there's no recessitating
what was once a valid,
2-way avenue to friendships
golden throne of bar drinking,
dinking around till the AM
with burritos on mind,
or the aimless dawdle of
not having responsibility.

one such thing
happened to me shortly after
my son was born last december.

an old friend was coming into
town for the holiday's and mentioned
that he wanted to see my son.

his time came and went,
i got a call days after he left town
from the streets of New York City and
him telling me that he was thinking
about me as he pawed over the streets
of one of the coolest towns on
earth.

and it was then that i realized
his love of the dope, bottle, quick thrills
superseded a friendship that was only
a figment of my larger imagination.

he didn't give a shit.

many of my single friends don't give a
shit.

i realize that 90% of my friends
are alcoholics with broken hearts.

not crying over bad bread,
plus i'm no saint.

it's just that i'm becoming
a grown man more and more each
day which means i have to let
nature shed my skin and kiss
tiny heartlets towards a past
that is so gone,
the word past is even in the
past.

so here's to the future,
and to all my new best friends
cured of addiction and brokenness -
my tiny, cool suburban family.