

## **Joefiles 160**

**Catching Baseballs, Mustard Seeds, Kid Glances and the Last Star in Her Universe**

**walking across this suburban town**

after dropping off my  
car  
at the  
brake shop.

they can't  
find out why i still  
squeak all the time.

and as i pass  
the hillbillies,  
rednecks,  
retro queens,  
the pricilla's porn shop  
sucking down a  
cold vanilla cone  
in silence,  
i walk over a big  
grass cross accidentally  
cut and strewn  
on the sidewalk.

and as i walk over  
the arcs of  
the edges  
and wonder  
how this  
grass cloud formed  
in such precision,  
i look up  
to  
see  
if maybe there  
is a puddle  
up the road  
with a hunk of bread  
floating  
in  
some  
mary,  
mary,  
mary  
pose.

**the echo of bark**

started up the road  
and got  
louder,  
closer,  
harsher,  
happier,  
and upon  
us all  
it was a  
medium  
dog  
screaming to  
the world  
that he  
gets to sit  
in the lap of  
his  
favorite  
pal  
while  
the  
world  
turns by in  
record  
blips  
and  
dog  
moments  
that will total  
months for us  
as i witness  
the  
weight of  
random  
speeding canine glee.

## shadowy threesome

Just saw  
three dudes  
walking down  
the hot highway  
in almost unison  
of walk  
as they were separated  
by about 20 feet  
between each body  
with a middle school kid up front,  
a middle-age man in the middle  
and a third man  
a little bit older bald  
marching  
like  
they are on a mission  
and  
very clearly  
telling the world  
in this rush hour illegal  
highway hustle  
that something is  
bad wrong  
and  
not  
a  
soul  
is going to stop  
as  
they  
work to keep the world  
moving.

saw an older brother on  
a worn mountain 10-speed bike  
in the heart of local  
traffic  
with one arm of big huge black trash bag  
slung over his shoulder  
as the other older,  
secure arm holds onto the handlebar  
while his head bobs up and down, side to side

with headphones pumping the sweet  
audio nectar into his brain  
and it's evident  
that he's the best survivor  
i have seen in many days,  
if not weeks,  
just doing his one handed deal  
to transport his secret stash  
to the promised golden land  
very few of us will  
be able to pronounce,  
let alone see.

**Pastrami!**

at  
some  
sweet,  
salty  
point  
in  
my  
older  
man  
age  
of  
life,  
i  
want  
to  
own  
an  
italian  
greyhound  
rescue  
dog  
and  
name  
tha  
that  
happy  
motherfucker  
pastrami.

## **Booze-less**

after i made a list  
of all the things  
that feel better  
on my aging body  
after i kicked the booze  
habit in the glass mouth,  
i noticed  
that  
my gums have been  
bleeding bad  
at night  
when the floss  
swishes around like  
a  
lost butterfly in my mouth.

as i told my dental  
pal cleaning my mouth the  
other day,  
she nodded and  
said that my capillaries  
are growing back,  
thus the mouth of blood.

she was smiling with her eyes  
and dreaming with her hands  
as she spoke of a friend in his 60's  
that also quit and is now  
able to feel a bit  
of life better  
and 6 months down the line,  
the blood is gone.

no more of the red.

just clear,  
clean  
vision  
for  
miles  
and  
fucking  
miles.

**during my days**

i go into  
school buildings to  
fix computers  
and such.

and i see all the kids  
and hear their songs  
and dig their artwork  
and  
hear the middle school kids stories  
of how they want cosmetic surgery and  
other rather vapid resolutions  
to the serious life issues that  
balloon as you get older.

and it hedged me to wonder  
what would be a perfect saying  
for this upcoming generation of  
middle schoolers.

it was one kid  
getting off the  
yellow bus  
that had the shirt  
which nailed all my  
slogan sweats.

its was a brown shirt  
with a modified  
'closed/open' sign.

it said this:  
"nope - not today"

'perfect.'



**in the towering giants of cloud**

resting their  
rainy ways  
and letting the sun  
leap around like

a

small child,  
i noticed one  
one Italian shaped cloud  
and i'm sure

i saw

my future  
in there

as

the

invisible coin

of

the

trevis fountain

later came down

in the

most perfect

oval

of

premonition ever.

## Technical

every time  
i come clambering into  
the car to  
motor on to the  
next computer that  
needs the  
proverbial stitch  
i see that fake  
fresh air linen candle  
cardboard hanging from  
the  
mirror  
in a  
weave of  
fresh  
delight  
and  
it makes me  
close my eyes  
as  
the  
world  
ends  
for a few  
glorious seconds  
as  
i see  
the  
residue of rapture  
when my eyes open  
past the linen of  
paradise.

## evil neighbor boy

The  
creepy  
little sadistic  
neighbor kid  
roars on down  
the street with his  
tiny brother making  
him wince and cry  
most of the time  
and on this particular  
night with my 2 dogs in tow,  
i caught them off  
guard  
and when this  
little demon spawn saw me,  
he had a  
jason hockey mask on  
with his orange gun  
and raised the  
fake plastic to shoot  
at me about 10 or so  
times  
and as i looked over  
into his hidden face  
i think  
i saw  
who the next  
real life michael myers  
really is  
as his dad hovels inside  
his home up the road  
counting his empty  
beer bottles  
and assorted tattoos  
as his  
mom  
lolls along  
like  
perfection was  
invented by  
her,  
yet

having many kids  
only  
really means  
you  
have  
a  
vagina  
and  
a man  
that  
sleeps  
better than  
anyone around.

## Doppelganger

a woman  
i work with told  
me  
a  
story the other  
day about my body double  
living somewhere  
in kansas.

she said it was in a restaurant  
and she kept looking at this  
dude to see if it was me.

after spending a while doing it  
and getting this dudes wife riled up,  
she finally noticed that it wasn't me.

and all this time,  
i finally had  
my story defined.

even when i'm not there,  
i'm getting blamed.

the official referee of the  
blame  
game  
and  
i want nothing  
to  
do  
with it  
to  
begin  
with.

## One

The  
only  
sure  
thing  
you  
may  
be  
able  
to  
do  
in  
this  
exhaustive  
jumble  
of  
confusion,  
beauty  
and  
uncertainty  
always  
is  
make  
them  
just  
miss  
you  
a  
bit  
like  
the  
thin  
taste  
of  
blood  
in  
the  
mouth  
after  
a  
good  
flossing.

**someone named their child music**

and

their last

name is

watson

and when you combine

both of

those together,

you have a name

that is nothing less

that full of invention

and

it's

the

cornerstone of

inventiveness

8th century style.

## Sore

when the  
sunday AM sore  
throat got  
to be too much,  
i told my miles  
boy  
to lay down  
for  
another  
does of sleep.

a monumental nap  
with pounds of sweat  
and he laid  
like a  
gullet of potatoes on my arm  
and noiselessly  
went wandering through sleep land.

and now that i think  
about him at 11,  
soon 12,  
it was one of those  
things that happened  
all the time  
some years back,  
but now,  
the unicorns  
have stolen the  
kid daydreams.

so  
each time it happens,  
it's  
magical.

like everything they portray  
on TV  
that only  
happens in  
real life.



## Queen Walk

this morning  
the woman donned  
up like an african queen  
was pacing downhill  
off main street  
in the midst of orange barrels  
and stacks of rocks  
in the finishing stages of  
completion.

but she looked done,  
complete a long time ago  
with her huge dark  
orbs around her eyes,  
no smile,  
painted lips,  
the head wrapped in a  
carefully colored and manicured shawl,  
heading towards the  
throne in some hidden  
chamber no one would  
guess where.

the elected  
representative  
of the best in the AM.

moving like a train,  
sounding like a bird,  
whistling like a cloud,  
strong  
like  
the queen of morning.

## **In my mid-40's**

life of  
things coming to an end,

family leaving or toxic,  
a marriage,  
older son to college,  
friends from yore  
and the like,  
i can count on the jazz.

my radio gig  
and momentum of jazz talks  
is the one thing that will be up to me to end.

and i like the ring of forever.

going.

Non-stop.

keeping on keeping on.

yea,  
the jazz comes through once again  
in that superhero coated mask of  
cool

and  
saves humanity  
from the dregs  
of  
dark

with  
so much musical light,  
the outer rim of the solar system  
is jealous of us  
out here in  
cool cat world.

## **The rainy night ambulance**

was flying by  
with all the bright colors  
of a carnival with  
caricatures of kids  
leaping off clouds on the side  
of the vehicle  
while the light  
edited a loud yellowish white  
like there may be a child  
within  
or a crew cleaning up  
for the next tiny soul  
that will make  
the  
world look like teams of  
kids and unicorns napping on  
cumulus clouds  
as we continue to believe  
that the world  
is healthy,  
wise  
and indestructible  
like  
the  
midnight  
ambulance shuttle  
racing off  
to save  
the world.

**in honor of summer**

and the  
many innings of baseball  
i consume,  
i've decided that if i'm in  
a traffic lurch  
and i need to  
let someone into  
the traffic mix who is stuck  
waiting for an opening,  
i will not merely wave them in ..

no,  
they will get the real ned yost  
two finger flick towards the outer  
rim of the highway out there yonder  
as though  
they have something much  
more damned important  
than driving a car facing  
them as  
the  
9th inning approaches us  
and we have  
a  
least one mighty out  
looking us in  
the face.

## **Fruit hurlers**

I just  
noticed  
several people  
two days in a row  
running a tomato/fruit stand  
in the midst of the hottest  
days we will have all year long  
and they  
both had the same  
expressions on their face.

most likely they knew about methadone  
and were sweating out the  
sludge that was in their pore,  
but neither had a book or a phone  
to peer at,  
instead they sat in an oblong metal  
chair with legs crossed  
looking like murder walking the streets  
staring at those blood red tomatoes  
as they  
both mulled over  
what they would do with their  
lottery winnings if  
it ever happened  
and forgot  
what they had  
orchestrated  
when that one  
car pulled up with  
big fat fruits and  
bloody tomatoes on their  
brains.

## King of BS

every single time  
i see that portly dude  
crawl out of the  
Budweiser King of Beers  
big red truck rig  
parked all odd at a 36 degree bend  
in front of the liquor store,  
I think that that dude's real nickname  
has  
to  
be  
The King of Bullshit ..

## Autism Warming

i'm just about  
ready to  
inform all the kids and adults  
on this planet  
that give my little  
boy miles  
who has been in  
the autism spectrum his whole life  
guff  
with his proclivity to  
dislike TV,  
play outside a lot,  
have store clerks write their name on the back of each receipt,  
hug the greeter at stores,  
talk to most folks,  
write names in different colors,  
compliment tattoo guys in frozen yogurt shops,  
give a full evaluation of a nice outfit,  
high five and hug at will  
to all find a new  
story to etch  
and exit his world  
if they cannot be positive and love him

and with this in mind,  
i'm beginning to believe he may  
be the only sane one in  
this world of  
video game,  
TV watching,  
obese,  
social media,  
attention split  
bastards  
roaming the earth  
looking  
for a hunk of sasquatch  
or pokemon residue.

## **The problem**

most folks  
have with  
seriously plotting  
a plan  
about winning  
the massive,  
staggering,  
bird in the sky  
lottery  
is that  
you  
or  
no one  
you will ever know  
is going to win the  
thing  
and  
those  
that will  
are  
never poets  
eloquent enough  
to stitch together  
the best  
story that would  
sum up the  
level of euphoric  
lightning bolt  
that would obliterate  
your beautiful world  
into fucking smothered smithereens.



## Job goods

i pulled up  
today into  
one of my  
work parking lots  
and noticed  
a  
woman with long blond hair  
running at a fast trot  
towards a kid on the swing set and I was wondering  
if there  
was something wrong  
and it was a teacher giving  
the kid  
a  
push  
further  
into the air  
and  
i  
figured yet  
again  
that  
is just  
the sight  
i  
need to see on a daily basis  
as  
i  
work  
for  
a  
living.

**the unseen,**  
yet  
definitely alive man  
with his van taking up one and a half lanes  
of a suburban road  
so that he  
can crawl into  
a  
man hole in the middle of  
the street as the sun blares  
on like the loudest  
heat stereo on the planet  
may just give this dude  
the  
biggest  
gall  
this side  
of  
tough guy town.

**as my boy miles gets older**

into the  
spectrum of autism  
i see new  
fascinations  
that become  
a  
bright spray of  
prism in my world.

in a new summer  
love of sno cones,  
he want's to know  
the flavors that everyone is going for ..

so,  
he walks up and asks.

his fascination  
includes minute fears of people,  
so he talks ..

asking kids and adults named  
Paris, Destiny or Allie  
what miracle of colored ice they  
have heaped up in the  
warm air around to  
take down as fast as they  
want.

and there's the kid favorite root beer float,  
sheepish delight of strawberry banana,  
the brave sweet tart,  
the playful peach Razmataz,  
the swashbuckling cherry-strawberry-cotton candy,  
or the sedate lovers delight,  
maybe the guava - passion fruit,  
perhaps the tough guy favorite of Mango + Pineapple,  
or go into the pinkleberry,  
perhaps you feel extra frog infused with  
the grape bubble gum ..

whatever you choose,  
my boy approves.

and when he gets  
his iced ways,  
the world  
is  
in perfect unison.

### **on a long drive home**

from dropping of my 18-year old  
step son to his dorm room  
while my autism-spectrum boy  
sleeps in the back seat  
and i think about the phone call my  
college boy got from his biological father  
while i was moving crates into his dorm room.

it was a garbled conversation about  
his dad going to chicago  
and as i left the room  
and ran into the new  
boyfriend my former wife, now separated  
is seeing now,  
i feel like i have no idea  
how this existence of mine turned into  
the furious clown show it has become.

i'm only doing the best i can to  
make sure my boys get some traction  
in life and don't get sucked into the  
lurid, dark world of bad adult decisions.

and as i drive alone  
and do my solitary thing yet again,  
i'm sure that somewhere along  
the karmic path of my life  
i  
deserve  
to  
be  
exactly where i'm  
at.

alone.

and that's  
the point  
of this  
final  
period.

**my boy never wants to fall asleep at the end of the day**

and as he rips around  
the house looking  
for the last silly band,  
or one more card,  
or an animal ring  
or a receipt with someone's name on it,  
or the stack of change he had earlier on,  
it's all just another page in his book  
quickly filling up on  
how he's  
curiously enthralled with  
being alive  
and awake  
so  
that  
he  
won't  
miss one  
god damned bead  
or strip  
or  
sliver  
or  
scrap  
or  
sip  
of  
anything this  
whole massive  
world of wonder  
holds  
for  
him  
in  
his world.

## Donkey tale

years back an old ailing  
donkey named ebenezer was  
about to meet his final moment  
until a kansas city area rallied to raise  
money and get him  
to a good equine doctor and heal  
his old bones.

after that,  
i made some 'long live ebenezer' stickers  
that went over real well at the local coffee and feed store.

and the other day i saw  
that mine was about eroded to  
nothing  
and remember the local dollar general clerk  
that loved her shiny new sticker  
and it was a flitting memory of  
some years back that i would see them on drives.

and it's been some years now that  
our magical donkey from middle america  
left us  
and i know he's in the air.

because later that same day,  
i was pulling up to a stop light off the highway  
and saw the bluest car on the road  
and right there on the  
back bumper  
was proof that  
our donkey pal  
ebenezer is  
going to live  
forever  
as that sticker shone  
like a hundred candles  
in the bowels  
of the darkest cave  
on earth.

**the urban hay baler**

doesn't want to talk politics,  
doesn't need your smokes,  
wants a good sturdy flask of stout,  
hums rock lines,  
jingles like the world is never going to end  
and all the animals in the fields and  
the girls in the city  
love the fuck out  
of  
The urban hay baler.



**the broken down steakhouse**

across the  
street from our Rolla hotel  
looks like it's gone,  
but still left some old blood behind.

restive,  
strong,  
breathing the life of a hundred bulls  
that took their lives down to  
a local knife shop  
and the traffic flies by like  
there is always something  
more to life than  
a tasty hunk of well-aged  
hot beef.

and in this college town  
full cold donuts and  
colder sushi,  
we all believe  
in the truth of the cold

and the  
potential  
of the almighty  
missouri cow.

## Next smarts

The  
future  
engineering  
kids  
of small town  
Rolla  
are  
eyeing the  
lion's den adult superstore  
billboard  
dreaming  
of all the  
smart dirties  
they  
will  
court like  
kings of the fucking jungle.

## **Animal instant**

The  
spasm  
of  
the  
cat  
is  
the  
growl of  
the  
world's  
dogs.

## Boy call

my boy was  
talking via  
the emergency phone  
while on vacation a bit  
back and  
when i got on the  
recreation box  
of his delight .. the elevator ..  
he looked up  
like he  
wasn't sure  
what he should be doing,  
but loved the thrill of the red phone  
that may have reached russia  
and could be starting a fight  
the turkish insurgents may need to  
end  
as the american heads crane in the hotel lobby  
when the elevator rests to see  
what this  
thing called donald is  
speaking about in  
his trumped  
words  
and  
odd looking orange wig.

**the legend of mike boos**

will  
always  
be better  
than  
any  
dream  
you  
would  
decide to have  
on  
the  
best  
nap  
of  
a  
fucking  
lifetime.

## The Transluscent

The  
ghost  
of  
your  
final  
mask  
is  
the  
faint  
echo  
of  
never.

## No St. Future

ran into  
an old college sports writer  
that has not  
become a big shot radio  
guy in town.

while covering the local NFL team,  
i came up and shook his hand.

after a smattering of small talk,  
his swagger as sports guy,  
me mentioning my jazz radio gig,  
we should hands heartily and moved  
on down our way.

and since that brief encounter,  
i realized  
that he if a song was  
ever written about him  
it would have  
the  
following load of words:

“The ballad of the famous sports jock  
who still wants to own a world  
that doesn't know him at all .. “

**the small town citizen of the year**

sits in the donut shop off main  
every morning  
pecking at the  
cooked floured sugar  
looking at the sun  
rouse all the cars into  
action as the  
plans move in slow motion  
and the  
secrets of the moon stay  
hidden for now  
while  
the  
fire engine up the street  
flicks on the tall lights on  
top  
in a fit of false alarm  
as the donut man of the year  
reviews last nights box score one more  
time to see if there was something he  
missed in a rare win for  
the team  
no one cares about.



## Therapy test

the other day we had  
an early afternoon  
therapy appointment  
as a sort of trial run for my  
boy miles  
and as we pulled into the lot,  
there was a funeral home sign out front  
and i wasn't sure if  
the digits were correct.

when i found it was good,  
i checked the doors to the building and both  
were locked.

i called the front desk and they said  
they were off site and couldn't promise  
anything.

as all four of us prowled around  
the parking lot plotting a way to  
get in  
during the sweat filled summer heat,  
i was feeling certain  
that the therapist had a window seat and  
a good solid camera  
to film how  
we were reacting  
to the  
block out.

so,  
a  
janitor dude pulled up  
and my boy got us in.

once in the office,  
a sign said that  
there was no one around,  
yet the old janitor man  
said the therapist was there,  
but busy  
with another client.

would we like to wait?

as we pulled out of the  
parking lot to get  
a  
scoop of straight ice cream,  
i thought  
all of this is on film  
somewhere and

we are being  
analyzed in a new  
version of  
'urban therapy'  
to see

if you pass on  
to the next stage  
or remain stuck perpetually  
in the funeral parking lot.

## Puppy signs

there is a bright  
green sign hanging off  
a sturdy mailbox  
down the way  
screaming to drivers  
that there  
is a litter of yellow lab puppies  
and each time i pass it  
i wonder why they didn't  
get slightly thematically in their  
lives to market these tiny dogs  
and make the sign the appropriate  
loud yellow  
with hearts all over it  
and  
peppermint sticks taped to the sign  
to lure  
the  
softies of the world  
into the lair of more puppies  
and dreams of kittens  
instead of  
some  
non-coordinated green void  
of  
ad genius  
that  
this  
world  
craves  
like  
another  
living  
puppy.

## The real year-round Halloween home

there's a small dracula  
sign that hangs on this  
one house  
across from a school i work  
at in this hot july of now  
and  
it's been there since last halloween last year  
welcoming those looking for  
sugar to come along for the ride  
and see what  
may happen  
but these are the kinda folk  
that have a house that perpetually looks like  
both a hurricane and a tornado ripped through  
their world  
and they just don't have the energy to  
clean things  
up  
and  
the  
truth is  
that during  
halloween  
they will be so long  
gone you  
might as well look up at the moon,  
wave a stick of candy at them  
and give them  
the rightful  
and proud italian salute ..

## **the pains**

i always  
seem to run into  
that one person  
out and about  
with a  
mullet and a knee brace  
and  
each time  
they have  
a slightly pained,  
yet slightly contented  
face as they wander about  
not ever stepping  
a foot on the ordained sidewalk  
or path laid  
out as they desperately  
seek out their  
master savior  
in all bright yellow  
with the most  
fucking radical  
mullet  
the world has  
ever laid their brush on.

**there comes a time in a man's lineage**  
that he finally has  
to get rid of  
all these  
fucking Charles Bukowski  
books and move onto the next phase of life  
as  
Chinaski  
wanders drunkenly into  
another cat's world  
while  
i listen to the  
Miles Ahead album  
in  
the  
next  
phase of my  
world jaunt.

**there's a joint**

over here in a town  
called martin city  
and it goes by hometown liquor  
and every year or so  
they change the entire color  
of their paint job ..

one year black,  
the next gray,  
then red,  
then yellow  
and maybe green.

never resolute,  
they epitomize the essence of  
what they do.

you drink vodka all the time?

how about a beer.

whiskey on the rocks.

some champagne.

a devout group of alcoholics  
painting  
our world  
in every possible drink necessary  
and refilling  
before  
the  
color  
fades.

the alcoholic geniuses  
up the street ..

every time i get  
a  
drastic,  
short haircut that is  
relatively unexpected,

the dudes  
i work with and are  
around  
never mention it.

they may ponder  
for a few more seconds,  
look above my eyes,  
and linger here and about,  
but never a word.

all the women i run into,  
they talk about it.

saying it's divine.

wow.

that's short. i like it.

and it goes on and on.

not one woman resisted the urge  
to talk shop on the hair.

and no dude mentioned it.

if there was ever a spit in the gender genome,  
that is it.

and soon,  
we will have the first female president of  
all time  
aiming to beat  
the biggest wig of a man  
ever.



**that 1970's looking dude**

with the american flag shirt,  
almost bell bottom jeans,  
the mustached face  
with a huge can of red bull in his hands  
made his way out to  
his tiny economy car  
to tip off the gas and look  
around at this wide, yellowed american morning  
as though he bought it,  
and is polishing it up  
for all of us to ride right  
the fuck into 11:59 pm.

## **dogs**

remain  
the beacons on  
this cave we all  
wander through  
with a flashlight sometimes  
that works,  
other times a bit overbearing,  
and at other times not at all.

but the ET hearts of the  
dog world  
always illuminates  
the dirt footsteps  
to the best side of  
tomorrow

and the best  
pictures in that  
shoebox  
tucked way up there in the  
back of your brain folds  
to  
save  
for  
a  
day  
deemed the best  
of nostalgia.

## **the tangled web**

of

nirvana is nothing

more than the

devil's mist after a

huge sneeze,

but when that sun bolts

down with a rainbow the size

of tennessee,

there again lies proof

that

the

best

thing

about being alive

is that we know

very little

about

what will happen

and even less about

how

the

hell we

travel in the

next

ride to

forever.

**love is the force of forever**

trying to  
con you into  
the trap  
that  
this life  
only lasts  
a  
day  
and  
in  
reality  
it  
is true,  
but  
it's one  
long fucking  
revolution around the  
sun and  
many  
of them  
end in divorce.

## Plans

if you could  
hatch the painting  
in your mind of all  
your pals  
that died  
young  
gathered on  
seats in the  
diner  
waiting for  
pie  
while  
he comets are sailing  
by in the night  
sky  
as the cats walk across the  
street in sleek black  
colors  
and  
the  
sound of  
the future  
is in your eyes,  
what would  
that  
assemblage  
of night hawks look like  
in your  
magic world?

## The reincarnates

this morning  
i caught a dead raccoon on the  
side of the road  
on his side,  
arms full extended,  
mouth open,  
closed eyes  
and the look of raw fear  
and surprise on  
his face as the  
image him me fast  
and i realized  
that  
in all the funerals,  
dead animals,  
and the like,  
that was the most  
accurate  
portal into the  
dread we face  
of coming to  
an  
end we  
have no  
idea will  
happen  
and  
why  
or  
any of that  
other dark ink  
around the question mark  
that has  
become a rabid  
raccoon tale.

## **Those massive accidental paint explosions**

in the middle of the highway  
are proof  
that we never  
never be trusted with  
very much as people  
because one way  
or the other  
the intended purpose  
of the proposed will  
be tipped,  
splatted  
and permanently  
ingrained in a fabric  
non intended  
for it's purpose  
like most of us humans that  
roam around the earth  
because we were no planned  
pregnancies  
that likely began as  
big,  
ungainly birth marks  
shaped and molded  
much like  
the  
splat in the middle  
of the american freeway,  
baby.

## Best prank

i'm working  
on a plan with my  
brother to orchestrate  
a prank of a lifetime.

essentially i will walk around in an  
umpires uniform  
as my brother follows along in a baseball player outfit.

we walk through a large retail mart  
and when i notice someone that needs to  
leave or not be a part of this human waltz,  
i will rear back and give them  
the best heave hoe in the world.

OUT.

GONE.

GO TO THE LOCKER ROOM.

VACATE TO THE CAR.

I will be tossing  
everyone out that is  
out of decent boundaries

and it will be the  
best,  
most sensible  
samaritan thing  
i can imagine doing  
ever in  
my whole of life.



## **the sheer feeling of being unencumbered**

may be the  
most  
relaxing point  
of post-separated  
life  
as  
i ponder the world of  
being in a relationship  
and get the slight dizzies ..

not sure when or if that will go  
away,  
but this kid is tea cup filled full  
to the absolute top tip brim of  
emotional damage on carnage  
for at least 8 1/2 full lifetimes.

and it reminded me of a conversation i had  
over dinner with friends for a pal that just turned 40 ..

we were looking at the specs of gray around the table  
and i'm holding my own fairly well at 43,  
but i confessed at  
this point in my life,  
i should be shocked full gray hair  
and mainly bald.

so,  
here's the tip of my cup  
to the  
peaceful space life  
jams unwillingly,  
yet welcomed into  
the  
path  
that moves  
forward  
into  
the

meaning  
we  
feel

we  
need to feel  
for friends  
when we sit  
in that funeral home on some fateful day  
fills deja vu potential,  
yet rife  
with the smell of  
lilacs that are  
just about ready to bloom  
and open the exposee to the  
next  
meaning in life.

## **Those big summer bogs of spider web**

wrapped around big branches  
of trees a  
are the fresh, new worlds  
of the supernatural  
minced with the  
a bit of malice and benevolence  
that we all came  
from something much larger than  
what is depicted on the TV screen  
or the sports stadium floor  
or the church linoleum  
or the fiction of a chime  
ripped from the best page in  
the history of  
non-written oratory  
as one caterpillar falls to the  
ground a glows a bit orange  
like it's going  
to finally cure  
everyone  
from their  
condition of being a 'human'.

## **All the pulpy novels**

of  
missed periods  
and massive purple sickies  
are just towers of presumption  
that this life is just one long  
line of fucking and being fucked  
and in the end of this  
fucked line of emoji's and catfishers,  
there may just be  
one  
real siverline  
in the entire  
fucking storyline of our  
fucking romp  
and it's very simple:

go fuck yourself.

**very early in the sparse spans of morning,**

the cornwall tools guy  
blares down the highway  
just picking the errands from his  
chin

as all those brand new  
and dreamy  
racks of tools rattle slightly  
while the world  
figures out  
that is  
may just  
need a few more  
moments of minutes  
to get prepared before  
today's show.