



joefiles 115

mighty marching milo brain effect

a neighbor guy

just walked
hurriedly
out to his broken
car on the curb
to retrieve
a briefcase
for further
action.

as tall
lines of
breath come out
in white,
he bends over
with shaved head,
black coat,
tight blue jeans,
looking down
as though
he is ashamed of
what's in the case.

the mystery is now
vanished,
and behind the
veil
of a quiet home.

we now wait
to see if
the loud sound is going
to follow at
some point tonight,
or if our need
for fiction
is greater
than this guy
merely forgetting
some things in
his car and
fetching them
in the most
non-hollywood
of
ways.

'a new scrape'

i have
been in a fix
lately
doing things
that are clunk
headed and
not
in the best
interest
of
everyone
around me.

as the dominoes
of responsibility
stack
around me entire
being,
i could do
100 things
right
and
that one
little
deluge will
send me
blindingly
over that
eternal cliff
towards a
fiery bottom.

used to be able
to take in my
infallibilities,
but now that i
only have
my wife
to really
be my friend,
it stings
bad when i
do dumb
things that make

her upset.

and my real
aim is to get
over my
need to get
shit done right
all the time
and swallow
my humanity that
i used to
cozy up to so
well.

life is an
unpredictable
journey
that will always
welcome you back.

and i would like
to get back
to that
human level
that
perfection is
a myth
and
i can laugh
at the
fact
that
i'm a
complete
fuck up
like
every one
of you
reading
this jagged
scrape of
type.

an orange aisan beetle,
which looks a lot
like a lady bug
crawls over our
white window frame towards
another fallen
beetle
long dead from
the early winter
cold.

miraculously,
this one beetle
is crawling with vigor
from the rarely
opened
winter window
on an unusually warm
day towards
some unknown destination.

i heard these
are stubborn bugs
that don't die
easily and can overtake
a home and this little
beetle has proved that
darwin is alive and pumping
above all of
this midwestern political
rhetoric
of creationism
and fiction.

'bobble'

my
new
favorite
word
these
days
is
bubblehead
and
as
the
mage
of
the
spring
addled
neck
propels
the
fake
head
up
down
back
forth
side
to
side,
i
fade
into
bobblehadedness.

chet

baker
always had
that eerie
sense of sounding
like a nine-year old
girl crooning into
eternity,
but he's really
the only male jazz vocalist
that let
the words fly
in ways that would
eventually
heal the world
in ways that
suppositions
never
had the
chance
to do.

citizen alcoholic journalist

there
was an old
bartender
in midtown
that would always
stop the locals
on cold
nights made for
healthy drinking
and tell
them where the
checkpoints around
town were supposed to be.

as his bloodshot eyes
reflected every patch
of neon behind the bar,
i would feel the suspension
of sound all around
and watch his bearded mouth
smack up and down
in courage as i admired
his life desire to serving
and protecting the
drinkers of the world.

and as the
mock reporters
hustle down cheap stories
of cat ladies and
burglaries gone wrong,
this fellow is
the best of any
journalist
with his one desire
and his
base of fans
that will never
recognize him
for what he really
is because after the
second drink
is finished,
something usually

fades into being
barely
nothing.

'co-ed reality'

the real
reason why
men and women
don't
share restrooms
in public
places
is because
we need for
men and women
to love each other.

if that ban
was lifted
and we co mingled
in all of our
public bathroom
glee together,
it would be the
end of civil relations.

after revolting
discoveries and
experiences,
we might finally
witness the full
demise of
childbirth
and
become
a land of few
depicted in
some flop by
kevin costner.

so,
the early architects
of bathroom etiquette
and gender separation
was really
saving the extinction
of the species in
all of our
stench,

and
bad smelling
sound.

'cold dip'

the big,
cold snowed over
swimming pools dot all
of these suburban backyards
in a sort
of lazy haze
as i'm sure they look
like big Cyclops
eyes from the heavens
peering up towards
the cold darkness of
space
and as the stare off continues
between
earth
and
the
wandering
heavens ..

do you think god ever gets bored?

what would
Buddha
do if he
got stuck in
traffic
while his
wife
was in labor
and a cop
was advancing
with twirling
lights to
give him a ticket?

what would Jesus
really do
if his check didn't
clear and his landlord
seized his only
bible?

what would
all the prophets do
if we forgot the
nice works
they did for
humanity?

what if our gods
were shoved into
the most perplexing
of human scenarios?

would they be cool?

would they
be godly?

would a bit of human
creep in?

does it matter?

maybe.

'filler'

with way too many
pages and canvasses
filling the creases of
my would be empty spaces,
i realize that the high
of creating is
indeed
better
than
exhuming more trees,
spilling more ink,
sending fumes into the air
or making our choking earth
get more clogged,
and then i realize that
it has to be done.

my green heart
or benign yearning won't keep
me away from these
acts that need to be
thrilled over to
keep my head spinning
out of control towards
the middle of our
asteroid belt in
the middle of my
head.

and when the ideas
finally become something
much too painful to keep
up with,
i will send everyone a
post card in the entire
world and each one
will be completely different
and it will have a piece
of my work that has since
been done and sitting
in lonely rooms
without eager eyes to
divulge
and then i can concentrate

on doing absolutely nothing
and being a
very good,
steward of
America.

'forced air secrets'

as many
times as i
need to
have some
talk or
music coming
over my speakers,
i most
enjoy
the sound of
wind squeezing through
the crack in my windshield.

nothing but the
muffled noises
clipped into a star wars
film assail me down
the highway,
then i have that tiny
slip of broken glass whispering
me the secret to wind
and the lies that the
breeze makes up
to become president.

and it's then,
that i finally cave in
to roll my window down
to let all the secrets
rove through
the window slip
and then
i have wind
slightly figured
and
silence
nailed.

'god today'

a big
black woman
in purple
and a hugely elaborate
gold cross
descended onto my
living room floor
via my morning paper
this morning to
let me know that god
was the reason why
a jury box and judge
gave her a lenient
sentence on blatant
fraud as we
are expected to again
use the 'godly defense fund'
to waive the misgivings
of grown adults that
have had decades to
mold some sore of
moral code or decency
with funds provided by
me and all of my neighbors
to be entrusted with some
care and respect,
instead i get the
fire from the pulpit speech
on how her and her friends
have finally found the
ultimate
god cleansing light
to show them the error
of their thieving ways
and how now their
time that needs to be
served is likely another crime
as the powerful continue
to drink a bile filled cup
of denial that was
are all supposed to buy
and drink ourselves
in the eternal
roll through

mountains
of bullshit
that has to be
induced by something
more than
our
mass culture
at drugged up large.

'good electronic will'

if spammers
joined forces for one
month and collectively
took their
petty, but enormously
huge energies and
funneled them into
good causes
it might just be enough
to make and convince all
earthlings
that there is justice
in this world
and since
this is just another idea
that will never come to pass,
i thought i would at least
jam it out there into
the collective unconscious as
an idea to dote about instead
of the infinite number of
unsuccessful ways to
block these bastards in
their dastardly ways
to bring civilization to
their collective needs for
a cause that is
about as petty
as
dirt in the bottom
of a well.

'hairy tongue'

i never
quite
got
the hair
of the dog
saying,
nor does
the
conjecture
conjure
a
good enough
image in my
mind
to want to douse
my tongue
with needed
suds
such as on a day
like today
where
several cold
cans wait in front
of my wiggling
fingers
while my
headache
slowly starts to
dissipate
straight up,
over my scalp
like a mushroom
cloud of
alcoholic fallout
that will eventually
plummet back down
into my brain
right before i
got back to sleep
tonight
to find out
what that dream
from last tuesday
was supposed to really mean.

'helpful'

when
i have
been in
serious
doubts
during
the early
years of my
young miles
boy
as to what
we should do
and what would
ultimately
help him out
the most,
i went to
the radio,
popped in
a disc
and let
the
loud shears
of ELO sound out
into the room
giving us
both
that ambiguous baptismal
of something
that will
thank
us
for
years
and
years
to come.

'here now'

the crinkle
and crackle
of winter
seams over
this field
of suburban rooftops
like a lightly
starched
shirt
just back
from the cleaners
donned in
thin plastic
waiting for
skin,
flesh,
the end of
loneliness
as the sound
of a drumming
heart beat
cleaning out
the liver
once again
makes
the
empty beer
bottle
in the
streets
gutter
go
rolling
further
down
towards
the big
hole
on the side
of the
glittery
street.

'home'

being back
in the full
blown rural suburbs
has me
wondering
if my kids
will
rebel one
day and get
to the city as soon
as they can.

all of the
people in this
town
feel like they
are gearing up
for the homecoming
dance
to get drunk
and do their girls
as their team loses
again
and the dogs are
all incredibly
restless from
crazy dog dreams.

and as the
poorly educated folks
with no dental insurance
duke it out verbally
in the aisles of
a wal-mart,
i know that i have
arrived to my
new,
bastardized city version
of life
as my kids look
around as though
they heard
something,
but wasn't exactly

sure what
was being said.

'horses and candy'

my miles boy
loves horses
and candy.

he's three
and cannot speak but
in short letter combinations
of 'ma'
'da'
'ba'
and all the rest are
symbols,
sign language,
pointing,
dinosaur grunting.

candy is a
blunt index finger to the cheek
in a near thundering motion,
and a horse is a closed palm
fist to top center of his head.

and since he loves both,
and has them both at the same time,
he will furiously beat his
head and cheek to get our attention.

it might take a while.

or it may be a babysitter that
just doesn't know and
we'll see bruises on his cheek
or red welts on his head.

the poor kid has to physically
injure himself to get on
that big plastic horse to
smack his jowls down on
a stick of laffy taffy.

and once you see this
mirage of kid happiness
as green drool trickles down
his front lips and

he shakes so hard on his horse
that the sound of a heaven makes sense,
you forget how tragic
life can be when
your own kid has to
wander through
an act of sadism
to get to his nirvana.

it brings this
world into such
a blinding focus
that no
poem or
sack of words
will ever be able to spill
so neatly as
to make the
ground,
and sky look
as light as
light can look.

'hovel poem'

i have found
a new writing hovel
in the top of
our new home.

sure,
it seems pretty simple,
but these are
huge things for
someone that needs the
blocks of comfort
to lock
gently, yet efficiently.

it's the tallest spot in
the neighborhood.

it's an attic spot
and no other roof
can compare.

teeming over the
hosts of home roofs
in the area,
i can see the trees
and sky in ways
that only airline pilots
that shift by can
imagine.

and this kid decorated
computer
monitor
with all the stickers
of each US state
gives that needed
child taste to the room.

and the
snap of these
white keys
on an old
dell 'quietkey'
keyboard

is the one of
the best melodies
of music i could
ever wish onto my
writing soul.

and as the snow
blares in a
reflection of god upon
the grounds,
i peer into the 5 leaves
of my wife's simple plant
on a make shift ledge
as all of the teams
of books around me
lie silent under
mountains
of told wisdom.

i become a dangerous driver

when
a car thrown off
their center frame
comes riding
before me
while going down the
road.

as i stare off
into it's frame,
worn tires
and leaning tower
of pisa frame,
i wonder how
straight
a line really isn't
and no matter
how linear we
believe reality is,
the off center cars
get in front of you
and prove you otherwise.

when it all becomes
too much thought for
me to bear while
racing at high speeds
down nice, gray pavements,
i speed up more to
pass this crooked
line
and decide for once
that i have no need
to look back in
the rear view mirror
to see
what
i
have
decided
to
pass up.

insistent dangers

when
i smell
the fresh wafting
danger of
cigarette residue
at the gas pump,
i quickly peer around
and don't see
it immediately.

after some rubbernecking,
i see some old bumpkin
with extra hair eye brows
and barely a marble for
a brain fold
squinting away from the pump,
several feet away
in some dumb
stare
of benign ignorance.

and i quickly finish
up my pumping
and listen for
the sound of wind
to pick up,
as i quickly finish
my deed and
flee my life
away from the
random acts of
lunacy that
smash around my
senses the minute
i decide
that i have to
go to work
or go
to the store
or go
most anywhere.

as i lift
off

and away from
that dangerous pad
of gas pumping,
mr. smoke mouth
pounds the red embers under
his old brown boot
as he reaches for his groin
and i shift
the car into drive
and make
like an ash
and fly
forward.

'lightly'

the barren sticks
and branches
lightly brush
the descending horizon line
like an old man's thinning
scalp
as the women
look up wondering
if there will any be any new
leaves ever again
as the children
count the remain brain cells
plunging down
to earth
all whiskey soaked
and wiggling with
wisdom
of years
that
have
rapidly
flared by.

'mini large'

broken,
bruised,
tarnished mini vans
are the real
heroes
of the american roadway.

from the donut wheels
to the busted out window
with clear plastic over the
window,
to a dazed driver behind
the wheel,
i admire this
sight as the true
rule of darwin.

already behind the proverbial
balls,
because mini vans are already
insulting and injured enough,
it is those vehicles that
have been abused so badly
by the elements and still runs
that makes us
believe that if we notice
these broken vehicles on
the road,
that we will notice something
much mightier that
no new mcclellan or
lamborghini could
never,
ever exhibit.

'my habit'

in fourteen years
of steadily writing
and pounding over words,
ideas,
prose,
i realize that this whole
craft is indeed
just a 'habit'.

not a glorified profession
filled with money and
possible acclaim
or absolute comfort to everyone around me,
but instead it has
been a habit.

much like the junkie with a needle,
or the chronic smoke that can't quit
the habit or the hooker that can't stop
spinning her vagina.

this is the worst
of all of my vices,
contrary to popular voices.

it has been the one act that
has simultaneously caused
more heartache in my love lives
and professional aspirations
than anything i could remotely
wrap my brain around.

so as this additional satire
on my life stretches forward
like a putty laden vortex
with big teeth and a dank breath
of loud words,
i thank everyone who has endured
this habit that seeks no rehab,
but a bit of human acceptance
as i barrel into another
day and line of a habit
that is nothing more
than

routine,
and heart that
only all of my collective
words
could somehow epitomize.

'my hood'

monster trucks
with 'line x'
stickers
line this block
and litter
this town
of ours
as the
price of
oil barrels
rise under
government sanctioned
reasons
and the stickers
for bush
begin to lose
their reds,
acquiring more
blues
as the lot of folks
around me are
likely going
to negate my
vote in '08
as i relish the
end of
seeing,
or hearing
the dick/george
machine
sending
all of our
american children
to a fictional confession
booth
to say that they
knew a terrorist once
that gave them
a flower
and that they are sorry
it ever,
ever happened.

my janitor friend

at one
of the schools
brought me
over to the
side and asked
if he could buy
me a green tea.

i told him
that tea has made me sick
in the past,
but a water would be nice,

he agreed
and dug into a huge pocket
of coin to
get me a beverage
and we talked.

from the notion
that the real drug dealers
are drug reps in doctor's offices
to how he has
to take cholesterol tablets
each day for the rest
of his life to
prevent a heart attack.

and as we dawdled on
in our intense early
afternoon talk,
i realized that he
is the reason why i
will never completely lose
faith in the plight
of the average guy.

with my water almost gone
and the sun turning more
yellow
towards the ground,
i told jimmy
i had to get back
and that he
should keep

on ringing the bell
of life
because
it's a good sound.

he formed me a simple
non verbal good bye
as he tossed
his empty tea bottle
in the trash and
began
reluctantly
picking up some trash on
the ground
to convince the boss
he needs to get
paid
as i
wander off with a smile
knowing the
real story
behind jimmy.

'my word friends'

in many
more ways than
i can type,
the written word
is my best friend.

it's the only
one that can
truly
save me from myself
and deliver me
into that immortal corner
of humanity that i cannot
simply get from
a human talk.

it's the wisdom within
the well,
and when i dig that
cup within it's shimmering
waters,
i come up with something
that i can only tell the page.

no one else would believe me
if i could transpose
the sound of that residual
that pangs about my soul,
instead the white space of pages
gets it and
lets it fly out into
sprawling spheres of
black shapes before me.

as all of my best friends in the
world server their dire duty
to my existence and the rest of
our living populace,
i know that the silent,
yet unconsciously loud collection
of words are the best friend
i will ever have.

my sociologist,

my psychiatrics,
my rabbi,
my priest,
my confidant,
my reader
as you eyes
absorb this in a way
that no one else
every will ..

including me.

mysterious driving billboard man

who is that
guy
driving the truck
with the swiveling,
rotating billboards
going down the road.

usually with mustard on
the mind,
he twirls his advertising
stache in a that
tantalizing way as
images of perfectly grilled steaks
and orgasmic looking women
flipping the TV switch in a gym.

all the while,
this man swishes between traffic
with deft precision as
his identity remains anonymous
while all of his changing pals
swipe by in the flick of
a vanna white twitch and
he's gone ..

on down the road
forcing more ads
into your collective
unconscious as you
sit in the drive-thru
lane wondering why the
hell you are suddenly hungry
and how you still feel
bitterly obliged to
partake
in a small moment
of consumerism
as the ad guy in his
blazing truck
sneezes
so loud
that god
hands him a
bright white handkerchief.

oh george,
would you
please plunge
this country
into more
debt
and concoct
a shiny spaceship
that would ship
you back to
pre-2000 so
that we could
all overturn
the election
and save humanity
from your
blend of biblical
hell that has
ruined democracy in
such a way
that each
one of your
drinks
that you lapse
back into
should remind
you that
the day after you
won again in
2004 was
worse than
any 9/11 attack
times 1,000
that could be unleashed
on this
delightful
country i
once used
to know.

'old home memory'

i sometimes
jaunt by the old
neighborhood
we first brought
our son into our
home and had
a dog that has since died
and made love in
and talked long hours in
and watched our zen boy
grow tall
and watched several other
cats live that are no longer
with us and
all the moments in that
tree drenched back yard
and all the whiskey shots
and all the hours of painting
in that cold garage
and all the plans we had
that didn't include
the physical upkeep of that
house as the for sale sign
twanged like an old broken
nashville star on stage with
nothing but the barkeep in angry clothes
in attendance and now
when i get near that old neighborhood
i miss it in those little ways that
you could never plan on and
when i narrow out of the
shadow of that neighborhood
and those thick, swathed memories,
i begin to feel renewed as i
hit the first square of highway
towards our new white castle
on the top of
the uppermost hill
here in the middle of rural america
waiting for more
bags of memory to be
willingly filled.

'old mugs'

i finally
threw away
the old,
sentimental travel
coffee mug
i hauled here
from DC years
back.

it was a freebie
mug
from a company
that was hosting
a conference
that i took a
trouble inner city
kid from kansas city
too.

just happened to
be the weekend
that the snipers were
terrorizing the
DC area.

i remember ducking,
running into an ATM
one night and
keeping my eyes
peeled
when i went to a
busy bar in the Howard U.
district.

and that mug
represented my
survival,
my old days
of helping the
at-risk kids
dig a white boy
and get over
their shallow
concoctions of

racial inhibitions ..

it was a carefree
time in my life,
like many others that
get immortalized
with the passing
of time,
but it was time to
say good-bye
to a silvery
inanimate friend
that served my
lips well
over the years
it trudged through
the season with me.

now,
with a missing
bottom
ring,
the yellowed mildew
was a too much
to hold onto
and as i
chugged it into
it's final
twirl into the
trash,
i felt
freed as
the trash lid
slammed forward and
my new,
simple black
coffee mug
waited on
the counter for
me
to
take
on a new
drug
one
more time.

'our love child milo'

everything
our small
miles boy
feels
is through
our love.

without
words,
he gets our
communicative
blend of expression
and giggles,
leaps,
glides,
and roars
from moment to
moment
as though words
are petty excuses
to hold back
the real
true
human emotion
that we
can all feel
one day if
our human courage
allowed us to
think
a bit off
the different
page in the book.

viewed as an
overly
expressionate
kind of kid,
our miles boy
loves this reality
through the love
he gets by his
osmosis sponge
that takes all

of it in without
a need to speak
back as the muted
world of
desire
and emotion
fill his brain
in ways
that i can
only
imagine
when i'm with him
and he unexpectedly
takes
my hand to merely
sit with him
and look around
the room
in
a din
of
electrical
white
noise
and
a love
i
can
handle.

'pop'

i popped my
son's skippy
the hop ball the
other day
on accident.

it's a small
red plastic
creature
that his 3-year old
bones can jump on
and tear around in
pure delight.

thinking it needed
to be blown up
taller and wider,
i used an
air compressor and
gave him a little
squeeze.

minutes later,
i heard
the rippled overflow
of air tear through the
air.

as i scrambled to
seal the ass of
this creature up
with thick tape,
nothing worked,

the air found it's
way out
and i looked at
the happy
face of this inanimate
create and felt
i had
deflated my son.

his christmas hopes

dashed.

instead,
i'm going to get
a repair kit and mend
this tiny red creatures
red ass and bring
joy to my boy as though
nothing happened.

isn't that what most
of us want after some
nasty brush with accident
or disaster ..

to return to ignorance
and our regular pace
of life
that won't
harm us until
we decide to
take life
into
our own
hazardous
clutches.

real retail solutions

i'd like
to see
more
of the homeless
or
bottom rot bums
take over
many of
the retail jobs
in this country.

they are the
hidden
smarty pants
in their genius quotes.

all of these
other safe,
suburban,
people
are poorly
trained to enjoy
this life or impart
any sort of vitality
that kicks
the adventurous
side of the brain
into any sort of
spark.

i think the bums
would get you what
you need out of
their personal necessity
to make it
and their 'don't give a shit'
attitude
that would make buying a pair of
socks or a sack of fries
tolerable.

as it stands,
most of the kids
i have to deal with

are the real bums
with their spoiled attitudes
and rotten world views
they lay on all of
us willing participants
in the consumer dash.

so,
put down those signs,
wake up a bit early,
kiss the shelters good-by
and come on into our
collective worlds
to save us from
the
doom
that
meets all
of us
each
dark
entrance into the
palace of
buying in
america.

rot gut

is more aptly
a frame of mind
and i see
way too many
people
toddle around
with that
taking place
behind
their placid
eye balls
as the
world
roars forward
like a
sailing
piece
of lion spit
ready to
hit
a
boiling hot
pan face.

'scarred'

our boy
zen had a friend
for a while
named cameron.

he was a painfully
shy sort of kid
with a big
red/purple scar under
his right eye.

also,
he had kind of a lisp
when you finally
prodded him to talk.

his old man
was a husky,
in rehab catholic
that looks like
he enjoyed beer
much more than
an alcoholic
that was going through
a bad kind of divorce.

with about 4 kids,
the oldest looked angrier than
a mad hatter,
he always had that din
of sadness in his eyes
especially when he
expressed his surprised dismay
at his wife leaving him.

always wanting to somehow
reconcile with his ex
or god,
i never quite believed
cameron when he said
his scar was from birth.

i always believed
that this kid had

many more secrets than
his dad and that is
saying a lot because
each secret conceals about
a hundred lies.

and these are epic
bio pieces in my life
that unfortunately give
me faith in our human
race that tends to
astonish me in the negative
more than that triumphant
way as i wish Cameroon's
scars the full healing they
will need as he
leaves the grasp of his
parents
and contemplates
the real fingerprints of
a god he has been forced
to believe
in all his short life
long.

'scary people'

as i see
images of UFO's
and wide eyed
witnesses talking
about their
surreal encounters
with beings from
another
quadrant of space,
i immediately think
how these abductees
were the first human
line of defense in
scaring the complete
and total shit out of aliens.

what did they say,
do or
not do in cowardice
as these aliens tried
to figure out what these
odd creatures with
bad breath and hair genitals
are trying to accomplish on
our swirling blue ball down here.

i wonder what the first
alien thought of
humans had to be?

was it bad enough
that they have never
landed again
and merely come by
to abduct us so they
don't have to
see our super bowl halftimes,
state of the union addresses,
home shopping network segments,
nancy grace hours
or other TV dribble
that should surely scare any
more intelligent beings
that decide to dip their

proverbial alien toe into
our muddied waters.

god bless that first
alien and mend his
first broken thought of
humans.

hell,
god bless us all.

'seekers'

america has
devolved into
a land of closet
thrill seekers
as the sad tragedy
known as
brittney,
lindsey,
ashley,
nichole,
jennifer
screeches
across our screen
in some
mad melodramatic
malaise soup
that all
ingest cold,
without crackers
and utterly
under the
guise of
a closed door
and ignorant
brain the next day,
but the truth
is that high
drama and comedy
has been replaced
with the lowest
of depressing
low brow jabs
that pollute
our culture
like a
clogged sink
that will never get
unbroken
as the
broken
pieces
of
everyday
come together

in some unimaginable
puzzle
a kid needs to
reshuffle and
toss into
a
texan well.

silent,
mighty
sunday
sun
snow day
as hot lips page
goes on
about his girl
that loves
gin
and
won't
let him go.

and the
continued motionless
rhythm
of the day
reminds
me
of those oceanic
days when the lopping
mass of water would roll
as though a big
martian brain below controlled
it's flow back and fro.

the hots and
colds mingle in the
best collection
of
slip sliding away
no namer whether
the weather
is
here
or
there.

'silly worded'

the
most
lousy
threat
i feel
from
this
primordial
president
bushead
of
ours
is
the
bag
of
silly
words
he
spreads over
the
airwaves
to make
me
feel
astonished
to
wonder
how
the
world
views
supposedly
the
most
adept
country
in
the
world
flounder
with
a
moron

behind
the
shadow
of a
red button
and enough
money
to
buy
all of
us
an ice
cream
just
before
the
end of
civilization
arrives
draped
in
his
Armageddon
light.

'smallness'

it's those
tiny,
simplicities
that i miss
when i
have a child
with an extraordinary
amount of
needs and
a wife i want to
please
and i job i
want to keep
and a world
of possibilities
i never want to
forget
that i will
get chills
watching
the tiny
ventricles
of vapor
leave
the mug
i got at
the library of congress
some years
back as i
get to
breath
a gulp
of fresh
warm winter
air
and
just do
absolutely
nothing
at all
but
watch
these
small

words
smirk
from my
meat
brain
to this
digital
screen
as though
i'm playing
an intense
game
of english solitaire
and i may
have just
won.

some nights

when i'm blasted beyond
a reasonable human realm
of tired,
i begin to question
my fathering
and husbanding
as my tiny miles boy
starts to get
tire,
and my gin and tonic
begins to water badly
under global ice melting
and i start to think
about what needs to be
done the next day
as his small foot
scrapes my side
as our heartbeats
match for tiny micro
slivers of time
and as i flop him
over on his side to
wipe the drool off
my neck,
i smile for the
time i finally
get to be with my
wife as my top right
eye lid twitches from
fatigue
and my nine year old
again asks when i'm going
to do something that
i can't because i
haven't got it yet
and as i descend the lower stairs
towards the flaming
fireplace
i at once know its going
to be ok
as a new handful of ice
hit my cup and
i finally don't
feel anything at all
for once in

the day
as
the
silence
delightfully
crowds
me
in.

'subconscious thought'

i may have found
the groundbreaking movie
idea for all of
those out there that have
little time,
concentration,
patience
and a huge desire to
really use
their subconscious for good.

it would
be an invention of tiny
suction cup diodes that
snap to your temples
while you sleep
that connect right into
a small portable device
that plays a host of DVD's.

so, over the course
of one night,
you could play 3-4 movies
and your REM addled
subconscious brain would
delightfully lap through
these films.

of course you wouldn't
want to do this all the time,
lest you would never
be able to truly dream on
your own.

but for those of us that
would like to have some
cinema with the other
hemisphere of the brain
without urinating or
falling asleep,
this is the invention for
you.

keep your eyes open,

i'm barreling towards
the fictitious opening
and will have
it
after you and i
are all gone from
here.

sunday afternoon beer

is
going
to
save
me
in
ways
that
will
be hard
to
convince
this
brief
piece
of
page,
but
if you believe
in
the healing
power of
a bit of drink
to make
you forget that
you are
simply living
and that
you are really
breathing
alive,
then i have
done
something more
than
a brief
moment on page
could
ever
merely
do.

the attic smell

all the
triangular
shapes of
cold snow
roofs
are at eye
level here in
the kings throne
in the depths of the suburbs.

several poor kids
without hats,
or gloves,
take down the empty
suburban road
as though it's the mightiest
colorado mountain face
and they may
be able to have a strong
comprehension of god
before the sun sets.

all the other homes
stand in bitter silence
as tiny cartoon puffs
of white smoke
etch up towards the
advancing light.

and all the adults stay
inside to
watch their games,
play their fantasies,
eat without abandon,
tackle a gin and tonic
or write
small memoir poems
that will make them feel
immortal,
if not for only a minute
as the snow holds strong
to the earth
and the notion of
melting is

far away
in
many other
days
from
this one
right
now.

'the color of reflection'

after several
cold,
amber beers,
i can sit for
minutes
and just watch those
tiny rivulets of
bubble
escape to the surface.

then,
i realize i can spend
large splices of time
trying to figure
out how there is
that one mighty
nexus of bubble
on the side of the
glass
that emits
large lines
of healthy
bubble
in strong,
agile lines.

and this line
doesn't diminish
or lose its strength.

right when i think
i'm going to see it extinguish
itself out and i might
see that once in a thousand year
comet or that lunar eclipse
i always missed as a kid,
someone asks me a question.

'what is your best childhood memory?'

as i delve into this answer,
i drink my beer.

then,

the beer is gone and
with the empty glass hitting
the wood,
i realize that i killed that
tiny trickle of beer bubble
and that the mystery will prevail.

happens like this every time.

once i have it nailed,
it leaves me
and journeys straight to
the belly of my whale.

gone forever.

i think the meaning of life
might be in that pulsating dot
of bubble on the inside
of my beer glass
and i may never figure out it's
origins
or fateful ends.

and i'm stronger
for realizing
that.

'the greatest creation'

as
my former
life of
bar sitting
and laughing
at the way
the world
isn't working,
i wonder
with my
busy
three year old
jumping from
room to
room
with his
sheer innocent
blend of delight,
i wonder
why i would
forfeit
the greatest creation
of my life
to guess at
jeopardy
answers
as i ask for
another
and the
weary girl
behind the bar
sends off
a fake
smile and
a 'one moment'
finger
as i swig
the last
of
my
hot beer
and
wonder
what

things
will be like
in ten years
when
i have
finally
made
the
right
decision.

the neighbor woman

traipses around her
home in
tank tops
during the winter
months as her
husband cowers
in the attic across
the way from my window
with a
window air conditioning unit.

and during the christmas months
the cold remains of
a ghost, scarecrow
and purple halloween lights
sloppily hung from their
makeshift front porch.

one step away from sanity
and clouded in secrecy,
the neighbors may
be concocting the next
revolution as the
country of kenya currently
slips into another
undue period of genocide.

and i also see that these
neighbors might be the
base of contact to go
to if i notice a
hundred dots of parachute
guys falling like
my son's toy soldiers
ready to deploy
their dynamite
and rendering
politics
both local
and earthly,
completely
dead.

'the silence of motion'

been a while
since i have
had the silence
to
look up into the
creamy white and
blues of the sky
and wonder
when was the last time
i have the chance to talk
to you about your massive
cat like walk across the
top of our lives.

all of these
prior poems have gone
unread and unnoticed
by your massive eye ball
that blares down on us all
the time and
i rarely have the notion
to really look back
and comment on your
iris
or cornea.

today i aim to do that
as you
lie like a
resolute cat
ready to pounce
with all your snowy
might down
on our sun
drenched whiteness
as my
actual
cat lays one
room away wondering
when i'm going to
stop making
these rapid strokes of
noise on this keyboard
i don't need to

type on with all
of your sky light
you
graciously
blanket us
with each
new
day.

the smell

of our new
home in
mid july
was one of
good tending,
flower pedaled,
and care.

we left this
home for a
florida
vacation to
come home dark
in the night
after barely
making a flight
from tampa
to a hot
home full
of a rotten meat
stench.

the electric
company ignored
my request
to transfer power
from one
hand to another.

the other day,
a bunch of smoke
from the fire place
came careening
through the metal shades
and doused our
home with that
eternal campfire scent
that just doesn't
seem to escape your
clothes that easily.

and now,
i sit up on the
top floor with
the wafting goodness

of several
perfumed candles my
wife has strategically
placed around
the home.

but it's that
first new smell of
this home
that enticed me
to want to buy
such a home
that is eternally gone
with the odor of
us,
meat,
fire,
our lives
that will never
come back in.

and i don't
ever want it to
come back in.

because it is
not us.

it is not the
memory of them.

it is the toast
of living
that means the
most
and i love
the way this
new home smells
as i
try to remember
what
all of
my other
homes may
have smelt
like.

the yellow fire truck

across the way
with twirling lights
and a
rig full of boys
pulls away from
the quiet home
and gray curbs
towards the station
house grumbling
that they had
to lose minutes
off their TV football playoff
time
as the leaves swirl around
outside in some odd
way that may spell
bad karma
for a town experiencing
a surprising weather burst
and more chances for a town
to explode into a fiery uproar
of emergencies
as the boys in the
back of the yellow
rig keep their fingers
crossed that the
future
will be as safe as their
training camp to get
into the coveted position
to become a hero,
or more some
damn fine day.

thick pockets of geese

assail this
huge montana sky
from my attic
window
as a
smeared rumor
of al gore
goes over
the 62 degree
missouri air
on january 5th
of this
next year of
american denial
as the denmarkians
trollope
through their lives
ignorant
of brittney
and crashing stocks
while the geese
flock in
huge brackets
of what seem
like L joints for
a new
superstructure
that the world
will
briefly
take notice,
and then forget
as the geese
that have now
gone
and landed on some
aristocrats
golf course
to eat the rest
of their thriving
grassery
only to leave
behind
enough shit
to make any caddy

cuss like a
drunk kid from
finland.

'uncorporate mouth'

as much as
i try to be safe
for business,
my mouth is getting
me in trouble.

i used to be able
to use silence
as my crutch or
a simple set of words
that would flop over
the ear drum
and be taken for
the literal nature
of its intent.

no more.

now i get into
what i think
about our idiot
president and how
tragic pop culture
has become as
the death of music
spreads like
dark night over
our collective
charlatan moves
that act like corporate
clay on some
roman battle board
that will eventually
kill more christians
than the lions
as the atheist
rape the future
and the muslims
take their bloody
lance at now and
their will never be
an end to a war on
terrorism as
the spread of vietnamese

diseases begins in
the retina and attacks
the brain as we
finally get that
paycheck we acted for
and put it into
the bank accounts owned by
crooks driving cars you
will never feel,
fucking everything in
their way that
is below five foot
and smells like
rosy lavender
and the morale to the story
is that if you begin being
honest you will never
hold a job for decades and
will never
every
have a shot at
becoming a hot
shit dumbo president
much like our
dodging, burning bush
running our
collective consciousness
into an IQ level
that is
hard
to recover from in any
given
american
year
and in any given
bored room.

‘unison harmony’

when all
four cars
move simultaneously
forward
from a 4-way
stop sign,
humanity
should smile
upon
that tiny moment
of serendipity
because
the desire to
move
usually trumps
our lawful
obedience to stop
as the clouds
barrel forward
without
adherence to
silly stop signs
and the sun
tangos with
the earth in
broad,
non-stop swipes
towards
eternal tomorrow.

'upper window crust'

i finally
have
a
comfortable
attic
window
like
that pair
of
socks i
spent years
trying to
find with
its cottony insoles
and delicious
pleats
while
the world
below
me
finally whirls with
reversing cars,
walking dogs,
emergency trucks,
waving branches,
screaming kids,
broken porches,
strong roof shingles,
and the
bluish, gray
mist of
sky
littering down
upon us some
razor sun rays
that won't
quit
until
we
finally
call
it a
day.

'walt'

the KC king
of the airwaves
is
our culinary king
floating easily over
the local airwaves.

old walt bodine
just won't go away
as he hobbles on a
broken body towards
the microphone to
let us in on
what we are supposed
to know about the world.

as his assistants on the air
and befuddled guests
try to comprehend the depths of
his ways,
we all have to take
a short step back to realize
that the legend is
always bigger than
the reality .

even though old walt
is beginning to lose his
brain on the air,
we all love him enough
to interject when needed,
laugh when needed
and call in to support
the local icon.

walk loves kansas city.

and i love walt for loving.

and as we wastes away
that much more,
like the rest of us,
i can have the rare pleasure
of know how mortality

becomes heroic in
the most iconic of ways.

'warm wings'

there was one
house across
the way the other
day that had
every plump
black, gray bird
on it's roof.

rather motionless
blobs of living
heart beats,
they all slowly
creaked their necks
back and forth
to see if their
other friends would
be privy to their
secret roof
experience.

and as i took in
hot sips of
coffee
going down my esophageal
into the cold, acidic
belly of mine,
i felt their
warmth
without feathers
and knew
that any bird
that didn't
take in their
secret nugget
wouldn't feel
the human caffeine
jolt of
taking in morning
alive
and reliving
the evening as
though
you have wings.

year old thoughts

just don't
matter anymore
as they
hang on
my computer screen
as though
they are something
that
needs to be
reckoned to.

i think they
would be better
served if i
mailed them all
on a stack of pages
to that
green awning tea
room in Rome that
housed all those
great memories with
poets and writers.

i should
tell the current
counter clerk
to write the best
prose of their
lives to epitomize
my life
and i will
publish it stateside
to widespread acclaim
and might.

and then,
maybe my year old
thoughts would
have some way of
doing
the world
well
as
the current year
of thoughts

crawl through my
fingertips
into the
next
proverbial page.

you know

your are
either getting
old or were
too trusting
when your
friends don't
show to
promised
meeting spots or
don't call you back
or have more excuses
than good stories
or just avoid
life with their
wandering ways
or view you
as a parasite cause
you aren't living the gen x
ways
and when i
really examine
whether
or not it's important
to sweat
the small stuff
i put on some
quality underarm deodorant
whistle almost
inaudibly
to the notion
that it's
better to
give
than
receive.

young faces

of relatives
hang on our walls
and black iron shelves
as reminders
that if we are
lucky,
or unlucky enough,
we will lose our youth
and have
the photos of our
fancy to relive
the days when
our organs liked each other.

all of the dashing glances,
vigorous smiles,
new hair,
non-sagging parts,
clean skin,
crisp clothes,
dapper smiles
have all given
way to the future
and the
fact that our bodies
don't like
what happens next and
the past doesn't like us
in the present.

i believe
in
the might of the picture
to immortalize
us in ways that will help
our eroding brain remember
that the only thing mightier
that the past, present or future
is the love we create
and cultivate on this
ever advancing existence
that blares forward with
all the voracity of
time as we once
used to remember.