



## **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 upperest 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.