



**Joefiles 118:**

**'liverdie'**

## **a forgotten stat**

i have blissfully  
become  
the  
forgotten  
statistic  
in  
salacious  
advertising  
circles.

not a girl,  
nor in my  
roughness  
of life,  
i have faded  
away into  
near obscurity  
and i'm  
not even going  
to  
tell you  
where i  
dwell  
here in  
my  
dark,  
nearly lit  
room  
of  
cold spring  
comfort  
under covers.

it's better  
this  
way that  
i  
get to  
enjoy  
my  
retirement  
from  
the  
loan

sharks  
of  
lost  
sea  
dollars.

and  
i can  
breath  
the same,  
and walk different  
knowing  
that i don't  
have to  
dodge  
the invisible  
bullets  
grazing  
your scalp right now  
as  
the two's becomes  
threes  
and  
my one  
slips  
slowly  
down  
to zero  
on  
the  
big,  
amazing  
dow jones  
board.

## **affording saturday**

thelonus monk,  
pabst blue ribbon,  
hawaiian shirt,  
cold air,  
upper attic,  
writing window full of cloud,  
sun spills over green leaf tops,  
the little boy is asleep,  
i'm in love with my red head  
and saturday  
continues to stretch out  
in front of my like  
a beer i just spilled  
several minutes ago  
and  
now  
rests like a soiled  
blue towel  
smiling in the  
smear  
of  
mopped up  
beer  
and  
aforementioned  
moments.

## **before and after**

at times,  
i see myself as  
an old man  
in overalls  
painting a picture  
as i look back every  
once in a while  
to see a younger  
version of me  
darting from room  
to room looking for  
that lost coffee mug from  
an errant afternoon  
at age 35 as  
the old man version  
of me paints finely  
tune swirls of quick  
colored action  
to mimic my running from  
room to room  
as the younger version  
of me finds the cup,  
comes back to the old  
mans side  
to lay down the cup  
and ask,  
'what the hell kind of blur is that?'  
and  
the old man pauses,  
wipes the thick oils from  
his brush,  
and says,  
'look closer,  
take a deep breath,  
and you will see how time becomes  
a quick jaunt around the clock  
until you finally stop  
to look into the past with your future  
and wala .. i'll be gone  
and you'll only remember what  
is on this canvass and forgetting  
that there was ever a mug you needed  
to find.'

at this,  
my real-time eyes  
fall heavy  
and i slip into REM  
to find that mysterious old  
man that has  
deja vu written all  
over some odd  
memory  
i never  
lived,  
but remember  
i may have.

## **BIG BANG RELIGION**

before  
slipping into sleep last  
night,  
my wife  
had the blockbuster  
theological notion  
that she swore  
would never be accurately  
conveyed,  
and i'm here to be her  
tiny scribe savior  
to etch  
her new religion  
all proper.

she believes that  
the big bang was actually  
god and that  
god is now in everything.

all of us in our mortality,  
vitality,  
strength,  
weakness,  
is god that  
exploded in the beginning  
of time and  
was littered,  
spread into all quadrants of  
the universe.

so,  
in reality we are all god  
and the rampant  
race  
to prove your theology  
right or wrong  
is a silly act of  
frivolity because  
we are all a bit of  
god waiting to thrive in human,  
nature  
interaction of the highest.

and my wife  
will be the prophet,  
high priestess of this  
new religion  
that she is going to start  
just as soon  
as she has a fictitious  
moment to spare.

but,  
since the chances of  
that is as slim  
as ron hubbard  
rising from the dead,  
we'll let this  
new poem note in the  
wind stand the  
as the bright spoke  
of light  
that  
stands as my  
wife's  
brilliant  
pre-sleep missive  
that might  
just save our  
souls  
one  
random  
day  
or  
night.

## DRUNK RACING

my  
drinking  
team always  
had  
a  
racing  
problem  
by  
the end  
of  
the  
night  
when  
we  
all  
descended into  
the dark  
in  
large  
fractals  
of  
stupid  
lines  
squirming  
into  
the  
world  
in  
neon-  
florescent  
blobs  
of  
russian  
roulette  
hopefully  
staying  
silent  
for  
one  
more  
lucky,  
unlucky  
evening.

**each simple moment that passes**

there are millions

of

tiny warm

arms

reaching up

into the

enormous

sky of sun

for

a bit

of

recognition

from

god

and

as

we

tumble

into our next mysterious

moment wondering

if

god

understands our

secrets hidden

within our

charlatan

requests,

i see

the sky smile

in

a

long cloud

parting

as

we

wait

to

find out

if

there

really

is

some

kind of

truth

to all  
theses plants  
growing  
and  
astronauts  
going  
insane.

## evil trophy winners

each time  
i believe i have  
real evil figured out  
and figure  
it cannot be duplicated,  
i find that i am wrong.

i'm good at being wrong.

and this last  
route of heading down  
having no clue  
was the story of  
a nice catholic church  
couple that took a homeless  
guy into their home.

guess the fella was  
destitute  
on the corner of some  
gas station lane,  
and these two church going folk  
decided it was their winter  
duty to save one soul  
that was within their  
altruistic grasp.

all of this was recanting  
to me in the basement of  
a hall during my father in laws  
irish wake.

intrigued by this simple  
story of human kindness,  
i delved into the details  
to see if there was something  
missing that would  
make a future rip off  
a logical conclusion.

and there was nothing  
but a triumphant  
story of human  
kindness that was supposed

to ride off into  
the yellow of an orangish  
sunset.

then,  
i get the news about a month  
later that this couples home  
was ransacked.

everything gone.

robbed blind in the  
slip of night  
as the nice catholic couple  
went out with trust up their  
sleeve,  
and fatigue that needed  
a bit of fun to heal  
their walk.

instead,  
they had their kindness  
rifled into their  
face like a thousand  
mortar rounds of cruelty  
taking aim at the  
reds of their souls.

and this nameless,  
faceless bum  
takes the most evil  
award away from  
george w. bush  
and runs away from everyone,  
including  
this fiery  
stack of prose  
waiting  
like a net  
to return  
the kindness  
to a couple of  
people  
that may  
not even  
believe

in  
god  
no  
more.

## **foliage**

the best thing about  
plants and trees  
is that they  
are the only living  
things that  
simply don't imitate anything  
else.

they have their  
own styles,  
colors,  
bends,  
twists  
and habits that are  
totally their  
own and molded  
by the existence of  
mother nature.

other than that,  
they are the only  
unique objects on  
earth that  
need nothing  
more than  
light  
and water  
to blossom  
into the  
purest  
of  
what originality  
was  
intended to  
become.

## hot dogs & nachos

some days  
back  
i got offered  
a free lunch  
of  
nachos and hot dogs  
and it  
might have  
been the most  
joyous  
offer i had ever  
received.

come on.

hot dogs.

nachos with  
cheese.

if your lips can't  
part a slight smile  
at the pair of  
those two delicious  
heart cloggers,  
then you need to stop reading  
this short  
stack of  
joy  
and splash  
pillar  
of cold  
water over your  
proverbial  
soul.

then,  
return,  
with thoughts  
of buns,  
mustard  
and jalapeños  
joyously leaping  
about your brain

like an old  
drive-in  
segue of  
joy  
marching  
through the earth clouds  
into the  
lime of  
heaven's sky.

## how am i?

when people  
ask me how things are,  
i laugh a bit  
and throw out the first  
thing that comes to  
mind.

and that first thought  
is yards away from being accurate,  
yet it's not entirely untrue.

have a small 3-year old with  
special needs of an autistic  
nature takes any prior spin  
you had on reality and drops it  
off the largest cliff into the  
chasm below.

the other night,  
my caroline wife and i  
were having a wine  
while watching some show about  
an english nanny coaching a typical  
american family on their parental fight.

all this time,  
our miles boy is bounding around  
in a rapturous round of roving,  
throwing,  
screaming,  
tugging,  
hitting buttons on the phone,  
back and forth in furious precision.

while this was happening,  
some white dude in the show was sitting  
on the couch ignoring his wife and three girls  
as he sat on the couch after work.

the girls tugged on him,  
and he moaned at the length of his day  
and how he always spends hours on the couch at  
night to unwind as the bewildered wife  
looks into the camera as though

she cannot believe that she fucked up three times  
in letter the sperm ferment in her  
precious cavern.

as i get up to shake that  
silly story of american laziness  
with family and kids from my brain,  
i hear a shriek and a 'DON'T'  
as my wife's full cup of wine flies up  
in the air,  
slow motion,  
and slams down in a wet  
glob all over miles.

deal done.

another calm moment before rest  
gone  
as i raced up the steps to shower  
the wine soaked little caffeine pellet  
known as my little boy.

and as i adjusted the water spout  
for optimally warm water,  
i imagined that  
the suburban couch man  
on the TV would lose his mind  
if he didn't have three darling,  
normal,  
submissive little girls  
that come from the  
same cut as the mom  
as they live in their comfortable misery  
all the while i  
laugh torridly through  
the paradise of my  
understanding of  
this world through  
the different little boy  
i have  
while  
the water achieves it's  
perfectly precise temperature  
and i pull the plug for the shower head  
to burst  
and

decide it's  
not  
worth it to  
expose  
innocent brains  
to  
the  
cacophony  
of  
my  
small,  
different  
world.

## HUGE MYSTERY LOAD

recently,  
i saw the most  
amazing  
tubular structure  
on the back of  
a teetering 18-wheeler  
that was  
a part of  
the global 'oversized load'  
brigade blaring down  
american highways.

this was a huge circular  
apparatus  
that had white foam all over  
the outside,  
with dark matter protruding out.

i was beginning to think  
it was a band of trekkies  
upset over the  
star trek TV cancellation  
trying to hatch  
a new ship  
and to get their  
minds off this planet  
that cannot comprehend the  
farthest reaches of  
space.

then,  
i began thinking about all  
the odd big rubber wheels,  
mobile homes,  
unknown structures,  
huge hunks of oddities  
that roll down the  
road of 'oversized load'  
travels.

perhaps that is the  
conspiracy underneath our noses  
as secret sects of folks  
build unknown machines to

ready for the end of  
earth and the beginning  
of sleeping dreams  
that are  
barreling down in some  
subconscious  
manner  
we  
roll by ignorantly  
every  
waking day.

## I DON'T KNOW

the longer my  
proverbial line of  
life is drawn  
from one hand wrinkle to the  
next,  
i relish the  
things i  
don't know  
or know how  
they work.

i marvel at how i  
really never learned how  
to change the oil in my car,  
rebuild a car engine,  
never learned how to play a guitar,  
never fished for sharks or marlins,  
never learned how to be a doctor,  
never learned how to stick my own gashes,  
and the random assortment of  
such as i  
aspire to see if i can figure some  
of these things out as all the  
existing skills of painting pictures,  
fixing computers,  
etching stories  
and weaving  
memorable bullshit  
begin to molt under  
the mountain  
of  
wonder  
i  
see in everything  
i  
may  
never even think  
of  
that  
exist out there  
in all of  
your  
capable  
little

hands of  
ambiguity.

## **I feel like i live in area 51.**

shoved back  
in the lurching quadrants  
of rural missouri,  
no one goes outside,  
i never see kids in pools,  
never see children playing on  
elaborately built swing sets,  
never see adults cooking on  
huge propane grillers,  
never see people just sitting  
out front,  
never hear the cocophony  
of human noises i used  
to hear in the throb of  
midtown.

now,  
i imagine the invisible,  
secret toilings of  
living beings that constantly  
stay indoors,  
even during california weather.

are they building top secret  
alien structures?

are they the spawn of  
something that should be hidden  
from the rest of us all?

are these people real?

do they like to be alive?

the loneliness of  
the burbs is the  
full admission that  
this is where people come  
to escape everything  
and this seems  
to be  
the best thing  
these people are good at.

vanishing,  
quiet,  
solitude,  
cease,  
like  
nearly being dead  
with a heart full of  
blood ready  
to squirt into  
all the  
awaiting  
extremities  
ready to  
burst into a big  
bang  
of  
action.

## **I have been relegated to the suburbs**

to save all  
the myths  
and rumors of these  
people in a tin can  
and send it into  
a dark hole.

somewhere in the rift  
of suburban secrets,  
I'm one of the few  
that can flaunt about  
in my odd  
ways of  
being outside  
a lot,  
playing with my  
kids,  
snapping pictures of passing  
geese  
and  
kindly telling  
sketchy neighbors  
not to cut my grass  
lest they  
lay open huge  
dirt wounds that will  
never heal.

i'm that guy  
looking a good 20 years  
younger than all the rest  
with a loud voice  
and unrecognizable  
energy  
flopping from  
front to back yard  
as the lazy wade of  
the burbs  
gurgle in  
an almost silent,  
salient  
crawl.

and in this moment  
of reflective

gazing over  
the similar roof structures  
that slowly bobs  
before me,  
i know i'm the coach  
all these kittens have  
been looking for  
to make sure  
that they are  
the sane ones in  
a collapsing world  
of dull,  
normalcy.

**i have  
lost touch with everyone.**

it's official.

and i don't care.

i have lost the urge  
to keep friends together.

gluing groups together.

going out.

talking about old times.

rehashing new memories.

i'm a married family guy  
with a 3 year old that  
cannot speak to me  
and still has a  
sensory integrated issue  
that still is not  
fully diagnosed.

i try to figure out  
what it all means.

i try to cultivate my  
garden family.

i try to see the grass  
seed grow.

i try to hang things  
on my ten year old's wall.

i try to fix the  
molding around the sink.

i try to hope my friends,  
family understand.

i try to figure out  
how my dad knew i only

saw him once last year.

i try to forget pain.

i try to swim in  
hope.

i try.

and that's all i can do.

simply try.

dig?

have i just lost touch  
with you?

**it's may 11**

and we have had a long,  
long winter.

spring never arrived,  
save for several frothy days  
of hot sun  
that got the balls bouncing  
and the wheels churning.

otherwise,  
we have been holed up in the  
home of  
lost echoes  
as sounds of lost  
oceans waves lop in my mind  
and the new frost becomes  
just another frozen droplet.

the kids droop their  
anxious lips low,  
as my beaten winter sweater  
clings to my spring  
flesh as though  
it doesn't know what  
to say to me anymore  
as the empty fireplace  
sits neglected in  
the hope that warmth  
will come and settle in.

and as our pale skin  
shines like tiny orbs of  
bright sun,  
we imagine that our  
bodies are  
the warmth spring  
is hiding  
as  
the  
cold wind  
of  
tomorrow  
freezes  
all our  
collective

fingers  
counting  
the  
ground hog's  
angry shadow  
be gone.

**it's my fault.**

it's your fault.

it's his fault.

it's her fault.

it's my fault.

it's the jesus donkeys  
fault.

it's the false teeth's  
fault.

it's the  
greasy burger's fault.

its' the new  
video game's fault.

it's ozzy osbourne's  
fault.

it's my fault.

is it ever  
god's fault?

## **it's suddenly summer**

around  
these parts  
as all the trees,  
brush,  
and greenery  
finally cover my view of  
the neighbors  
and the haze of winter seems  
to drift off lightly  
in the light gray of  
a passing collection of  
upper cloud.

and the rumors of spring  
stay tucked in the  
corduroy pockets  
of stored winter clothes  
and we wonder  
how the weather is going  
to be for the coming years  
as we skip necessary seasons  
and right into the next.

mother nature is  
acting like a child that  
wants to skip dinner and broccoli  
for the main ice cream dish  
as we all sit below developing  
new definitions for  
'fair' and 'unfair'.

all the while,  
the birds droop and  
swoop around outside,  
darting through huge  
swaths of upper growth  
as my fortress in the  
sky holds steady now  
under cloudy skies,  
and rising  
blankets of  
humid  
humidity.

## **kid assailing**

the creepy  
sounds of toy dinosaurs,  
odd hamburger meal toys  
mimicking singers,  
the tinge of a  
plastic landing pad,  
the twinkle of a destroyed  
toy that repeats sound after  
sound  
as i wonder what lab tech  
concocted all the kid/baby  
sounds that careen from these  
toys.

are these the architects  
of movies that clank with  
sounds of end times,  
or are they doing so many drugs  
that all these odd sounds sound  
so normal that all the normalizes  
are really the true odd balls ..

and as i close my eyes,  
they all clash together in  
my brain at the end of the  
night as if psychedelic tornado alarms  
are asking us to flee into  
an old JFK bunker that doesn't exist  
in our fictitious  
ride to figure out  
the reality of kid  
sounds that will  
forever be a mystery to me,  
even though  
i once knew their  
meaning when i was small  
like my son  
bobbing around in a world  
full of  
pure oxygen  
and  
untainted sound.

## LA or NY?

everyone  
in  
america  
is  
either  
from LA  
or  
New York.

sure,  
you may have  
spent your  
whole life in camden, ohio,  
but you  
are really from one  
end of the coast.

forget the  
small town souls  
who never ventured anywhere  
but topeka, kansas,  
you are from  
LA or NY.

and if you deny  
this tiny fact  
of  
where your actually  
came from,  
then  
you have forgotten history  
and have  
no  
right  
to  
claim  
some  
him bag of  
cool points,  
cause you  
came from  
either  
NY  
or LA.

and when one  
flatly denies  
that they didn't  
at least descend  
from a drop of blood that  
originated  
on one of the coasts,  
you can then call  
that person  
a genuine  
american  
that is void  
of  
a past  
or  
more  
importantly,  
a figurative  
future.

## **my auto mechanic**

may have  
completely lost  
his mind.

it began with firing his  
friend or brother,  
then riding down a road  
of charging higher prices  
to fix easy problems.

but,  
there was history  
with him and he was an  
agreeable sort.

then,  
he would neglect to let  
me know when my car  
was done.

he was becoming a crumpled stack  
of history  
that was slowly flaring out into  
the wind.

and then i saw  
the dementia hitting new levels.

each day i would pass his small  
home  
and each time there was something  
new in the yard from his three boys.

well,  
one day during the height  
of his nose dive,  
i saw a basketball goal  
nailed to a tree in the backyard.

surrounded by name yards of grass,  
it looked like some crazy late night  
act carried out by a drunken man.

and as i pass by that goal,  
i imagine his kids tossing pebbles,

rocks,  
water balloons,  
anything other than an actual basketball  
at this monolith of misguided placement  
as the wheel of  
insanity  
bleeds into a vortex  
i can personally relate  
to as  
we  
flit  
between fine  
lines of  
sanity and craziness  
as  
you forget  
what  
the  
outside world  
sees  
on tiny jaunts  
around  
shared memory.

## **my tiny religion god**

my stab  
at concocting  
my own religion  
would be  
asteroid/meteor  
worship.

and when that big  
hit comes down to earth,  
it would splash  
our souls  
with all the water we are made of  
and we would  
finally  
sink  
below to see what is in  
the depths of the  
ocean.

sure,  
the sky is neat,  
but we have seen much of it through  
astrology,  
but the oceans have  
been the real mystery.

and we have been  
told by the devil that  
being down low is wrong,  
and rising to the heaven's high  
is right.

what if it's the opposite?

our real mystery is  
plunged in the  
bottom of the ocean  
and that meteor  
could make us all  
realize  
the error of our  
popularized  
theological ways ..

so,  
grade 'A' life preserver,  
a cooler of suds,  
and meet me in some  
ranty shack to discuss  
our next congregational  
move to  
finding out  
the truth in the seas  
as our water bodies  
amble small,  
graciously  
under the  
pin drops of  
light raining  
down  
from  
the celestial  
blanket above.

## **natural victory**

a nasty  
ice storm  
swept through  
this winder  
leaving a tiny  
willow tree out front  
all lurched over  
in  
a bend  
that made us wonder if  
it was going to snap in half.

instead of getting stakes to  
help it back up  
and into safety,  
we let it stay in  
it's tragically bent  
slumber to let it  
gain all the points that  
mother nature  
can give to  
aging wood.

these things make  
the trees more resistant  
to the next storm  
and are proof that  
humans are tiny pawns  
in the bigger  
march of nature.

and as that willow sparkles in the  
hot humid  
summer sun  
i think about how  
winter was  
just yesterday  
and  
tomorrow  
it's going to  
be fall once  
more.

## **our bad cat karma**

will not leave.

the smell of urine  
out front,  
the howls of cat  
in the early AM  
in our new home.

it won't leave.

our cat now has  
a  
bad dandruff and  
is puking all  
over the house.

another spot of  
cat urine wafts in  
the hot outside sunshine  
of our home.

we all wander like  
lost dogs in  
the deluge of  
bad cat vibes  
as our ten year old  
sits transfixed by an  
episode of  
tom and jerry.

I stop to watch  
along,  
laughing with him,  
getting slowly transfixed  
myself when i  
realize that the cartoon  
world is the best of  
all cause it  
doesn't lie,  
stink,  
vomit  
or  
damage your karma  
all glorious there  
in your invisible soul

as you  
live  
your  
life  
the  
only  
way  
you  
have taught yourself  
to  
as  
the  
sound of  
tom's voice  
yelps  
while  
the  
small mouse  
smiles  
in  
his  
best  
spanish mustache.

## **politico truism**

i feel  
trite  
and used that  
i care about politics,

sure,  
we should vote,  
we have a right to uphold our  
democracy,  
but when is enough  
going to make any of it  
become the valor  
i used to know growing up.

or,  
has it always been  
rife with the  
venom i have grown to  
watch and loathe  
on the fancy TV box.

even the good one's waver  
and make you wonder why  
they said what they say and  
do what they do.

then,  
i realize i'm the stupid  
one for caring enough  
to allow a person the power  
to run many aspects of my  
life  
and influence my kids.

and then you realize  
it's stupid,  
you wonder if the alternative  
is about as stupid.

so,  
we are all equally stupid  
that care and don't care  
as the stupidity of  
politics

grinds further into a  
sharp edge that is going to  
get each and every one of  
us know matter how  
stupid we all  
assuredly are.

## **pranksters**

are  
the  
real princes  
of  
our society  
with their irreverent  
logos and  
simple desire  
to thumb down  
the regular toiling  
of our quiet,  
desperate lives  
full usually of  
mundane acts  
of civil  
obedience  
as  
these  
real  
saviors  
of  
society  
wait the  
convince you that  
your car has been  
stolen,  
george bush is your lost uncle  
and  
tomorrow will  
be a huge  
bucket  
of  
permanent red ink  
ready to  
topple endlessly  
onto your  
scalp  
as you  
forget  
about  
how  
idiotic  
worrying  
about  
bills,

the future,  
bioterrorism,  
parenting,  
and cleaning  
the trash cans  
while  
yesterday  
suddenly  
becomes  
a  
fun  
realm  
of  
pranking  
usefulness.

## **refined butt rock**

doesn't  
happen  
in  
the  
rural  
sticks  
cause  
all  
the boys and girls  
stay  
in their  
graduation year  
hoping that time  
will reverse  
and they  
won't feel  
the horror  
of adulthood  
with  
all the bills,  
responsibilities  
and loss of  
freedom  
as magazine pictures  
become vacations  
and  
sleep  
is a tall shot and beer  
away from  
the conscious romp  
through sub-reality  
as  
the sound  
of  
simple butt  
rock  
rips through  
her like  
the last  
cup of sperm  
left in  
the midwest  
hoping  
for another  
clark kent

to save  
us all  
from  
ourselves.

## **slippery trail**

one morning  
i was tailing a  
big trash truck  
tossing  
bits of slips  
from it's large,  
open mouth  
as the blaring sun  
turned a hotter yellow  
and  
the  
unknown of what  
was or wasn't written  
on this  
non-stop trail  
of paper slips  
flopping up,  
and out into  
the  
pang of  
sky  
that  
is  
going  
to  
never  
leave  
my  
mind  
as  
the  
story  
has  
written,  
and the song  
sung,  
while  
the  
trash truck  
makes a left,  
and i  
continue  
straight,  
foot on pedal harder,

as the world  
begins going quicker  
in  
a flurry  
of  
almost forgettable  
notes.

## store magnets

i always  
get that one  
person in the grocery store  
that wants to start  
up the conversation  
as my hyper son  
races around with balloon in hand.

today,  
it was a fella on break from  
the hardware store across the  
street  
as his walkie talkie clipped to  
his front shirt opening,  
with loud exclams of  
'HELP IN LAWN AND GARDEN'  
'HELP IN AISLE 3'

he keeps smiling at  
my son saying  
'he's not gonna give that  
mother's day balloon to mommy, eh?'

and it agree.

then,  
he asks about my  
hand in a brace from  
a bad case of thumb tendentious.

and as i tell him it's not  
broken, but the other kind,  
he winces and laughs at my son  
who is darting back and fro  
like a caged monkey in a  
caffeine trial of  
experiments.

and when i saunter off  
with my liquor and vegetables and helium balloon,  
the sacker boy laughs cause my  
son keeps grabbing bags from around  
his body  
as the caffeine trial hits stage two

and everyone watches us  
tumble out of the grocery  
store

but not before  
he rides the orange mechanical horse  
several more times  
as i film the whole thing  
with a smile on my soul,  
and  
and itch to pull in  
another innocent  
person  
to  
poke at our  
collective  
auras.

## **stray cats and dogs**

are the strongest  
array of  
darwinism  
in our  
cocophony  
of nature.

usually aloof  
in that strong mix of  
resilience,  
they hunt,  
and scurry along in  
a  
perpetual daze  
of preoccupation  
as they look for scraps and  
tiny slivers of survival.

tidy in their  
notions  
of  
dying at any point,  
they furrrough along  
through our  
collective  
chambers of comfort  
and sustainability  
with wild eyes  
wanting to  
simply make it into  
the next  
available moment.

and when i  
catch myself  
looking at them long after  
they have passed  
and grazed on into  
another new  
moment,  
i figure  
there more  
hope  
on  
this planet

that  
the  
human scriptures  
portend.

## **the beauty of rampant bouts of pleasure and pain**

in this reality is  
that there is nothing  
more amazing that  
having your own  
child to raise  
and show how cool  
this reality is,  
but it's also  
alternatingly  
horrifying  
to know that  
there are things,  
people,  
events,  
and scenarios  
that exist  
in this world  
that would  
make the devil  
repulsed  
and when you  
mince both of  
those realities  
together,  
you realize  
it's better  
to  
do  
than  
to  
think  
you  
should  
have  
done  
as  
the  
time  
we all share  
pounds like  
a  
brand new hammer  
fixing every  
would  
we may ever

get,  
imagined or  
real.

## **the clouds**

slowly  
etch past each other  
like  
lost lovers  
trying to gaze into  
what they have become,  
but are unwilling to  
stop and retry.

big, fluffy  
stacks of the best  
childhood had to offer  
high up in the air  
as rumors of the past slowly  
pass each other in  
a loving gaze,  
yet full of dreams enough  
to let the jet stream have  
it's way and head into another  
state on  
the big  
grid of slowly  
expanding  
life.

## THE FINAL CATDOWN

i thought  
our last cat,  
an orange one  
named pinkie,  
was heading down  
some  
nasty road of  
sickness.

and i began  
thinking about  
all the times  
i had gotten  
fed up with  
a cat  
pissing all over  
kid's toys,  
getting locked in  
rooms and ruining  
the floors with  
horrible diarrhea,  
waking me in the morning  
with an incessant  
purr,  
puking all over nice  
flanks of carpet,  
and on.

but,  
it was quite sad.

i wanted him better  
and set out to do so.

with new food  
and a new collar,  
he seems to have rounded the  
corner.

now ,  
he sits under this desk  
with a loud purr,  
laying on my feet,  
as the sound of

typer keys  
clack over his  
calmed brain  
as the soothing  
flow of life  
continues yet  
for  
another  
eternal  
feline  
day.

## **the real tragedy of 9-11-01**

is  
that  
the russians  
will  
finally  
win  
in  
their  
fictional  
chess match  
with  
our  
superpower  
as  
we  
descend  
daily  
into condonable  
acts of  
violence  
and  
butchery  
into an  
increasingly  
violent  
society  
that  
watches  
the number of dead US soldiers  
move to 4,037  
as we  
ignore history  
and  
call vietnam  
a really pretty  
place that  
would be nice  
to  
vacation  
some  
day  
with our  
great, great, great  
grandkids.

**the world is full of bliss**

amidst the  
current  
journalistic  
turmoil's that  
fly through  
the fish lens eye  
and i'm only  
grateful each  
day to know  
that there are  
actual  
folks that  
end up in juror's boxes  
who know nothing of  
our modern culture,  
news stories,  
fodder of unreal proportions  
and can sit smiling in  
some invisible candor  
as the world steams right past  
their brains  
into the next  
miraculous,  
untainted moment  
of bliss  
that started  
this whole  
thing off.

**the world**

is fastly filling  
up with immaculate piles  
of  
used gravy boats  
that  
on one sunny shore or so  
used to carry  
our youth filled memories  
around the greatest  
pillars of our  
childhood ramparts.

## **there's a jogging mailman**

that  
wears shorts  
all the time  
and is in perpetual  
fast walker mode  
everytime i see  
him fly by my work window.

some days,  
it's so cold  
i can't even imagine  
going outside  
with every stitch of  
cloth i own  
and there's jogging  
mailman chugging by  
with heaps of  
mist breath  
in shorts.

his face red,  
but his gaze unflinchingly  
the same as he  
roars forward  
into another letter  
well sent.

when i asked another  
mailwoman colleague about  
him,  
she mentioned that  
he's a nut job  
who has a huge trove  
of birds at his home  
and talks crazy whenever  
he's sat down.

and that gave me  
more solace that  
this man does have  
a reason for his insanity  
as those blue shorts  
jog by yet again  
towards the  
end of another day.

## TRAFFIC AMBIGUITY

the other  
day  
i was stuck  
behind a young  
christian kid  
from  
an unpronounceable  
town in iowa  
and as  
we waited for  
the green  
to flash us off into  
another  
moment of  
blind obscurity,  
i saw him  
scratch  
the back of  
his head longingly  
as he  
wondered  
if  
god  
is  
real  
or  
not?

## **two idiots**

making

a

baby

together

is

like

one moron

refusing

a

friend

to

drive him

home

as

he

finishes

that

last

beer

and

winks

to

the

pretty

bartender

who

had

no

idea

he

was

there

the

entire

night

to

begin

with.

## **ungodly**

if you  
stop  
believing  
in  
god  
would  
god  
strive  
to  
believe  
in  
you  
more  
and  
with  
that said,  
do the  
non-believers  
hold  
the  
golden  
goblet of  
truth  
or  
are we all  
collectively  
full of  
shit.

## **wisdom**

with  
age  
is  
quite  
nice  
but  
it's  
the  
dooming  
fear  
in  
the  
end that  
can  
get you  
as  
you  
constantly  
look  
behind  
doors  
and windows  
for  
the  
reaper  
to  
lay down  
his drink  
and  
attempt  
to  
take  
a  
swipe  
at  
the  
jewels  
of  
knowledge  
you  
acquired  
over  
a  
life  
well

lived,  
yet  
ready  
to  
surrender  
to  
the  
invisible  
powers  
of  
the  
mind  
that  
brought you  
where  
you  
will  
become  
in  
some  
mysterious  
story  
that  
will  
be penned  
much,  
much  
later  
on.

## **world full of time wasting**

we are all  
ample,  
healthy time wasters.

as i drive the streets,  
walk the ways,  
pass through the doors,  
swim the waters,  
i see everyone wasting time  
as they convince themselves  
otherwise.

all we do is pass the time  
as we wonder  
what the next moment might  
bring as we unanimously wait  
for our last moment and  
the final mystery  
from our earthly travels.

and when we all  
weave our quilts,  
play our games,  
eat our danish,  
sex up our mates,  
plant a tree,  
save a mile,  
we are doing our damndest  
to waste time well.

as a prolific time waster  
myself,  
i know how this operation works  
and everyone on earth wastes  
well.

so,  
if this poem hurts you  
and you feel like it's a trite  
admission to think that all we  
do is waste time,  
remember that the truth  
hurts in ways that  
denial,

and fiction could never do.

as this poem drives  
further down the page in  
wasteful oblivion,  
remember that this might  
just be  
the best thing you have  
done lately to  
waste  
away properly.