



**hunks of potatoish summer relief**

## after war

when i see  
old spreads  
of world war two  
vets  
gleaming with their  
old skins  
while black and white shots  
of infantry divisions  
pop from the newsprint,  
i know that 2010 is the end  
of the original john wayne  
want to be cigarette chugging  
tough guys that would  
kick the shit out of their  
best friend if their mother's name  
needed to be saved  
and would give up a professional  
sport to travel into a war zone  
and put all that special pay in  
jeopardy.

so as the last group  
of tough guys leave  
the curtains of earth,  
i simply  
ask you  
to gang up on the  
devil and  
give him a good fucking  
flogging  
for the  
damned proverbial team.

**as we approach**

the hallowed holiday  
of july 4 in the suburbs  
deep in the missouri heart  
i ready  
my brain to  
wrap around the  
thousands of  
dollars being lit into  
the air  
an all those little  
one's that bring on  
the best of aspirin blues  
as the religious holiday  
of blowing the  
christ out of  
flammable chinese  
products to celebrate  
our independence  
begins.

## **beginning of human explosion**

our  
human  
eyes really  
do look like  
giant, cycloptic  
black eclipses in  
front of a  
newly discovered  
universe of massive  
exploding color,  
with firework style  
spokes of  
light  
making everything  
we see  
a part  
of  
the  
very first  
and last  
big fucking bang.

## damned spammers

i have spammers  
that attack  
my  
daily blog of entry  
with things like this:  
'大人気モバゲーが遂に出合いの場所に！モバゲーだから気軽に会える！出会いに縁がなかった方も是非ご利用くださいませ'

and this:  
モバゲーより確実に逢えるスタービーチ♪今まで遊びをしてこなかった人でも100%であいが堪能できます。理想の異性をGETするなら当サイトにお任せください

and on ..  
2010 競馬予想 各厩舎・調教師から届けられる最強の馬券情報を限定公開！本物の オッズ 表はコレだ

hundreds and  
tens of these  
come flying through with  
pure asian flair  
keeping me wondering if  
there is something behind the  
message or  
it's a mass of  
ordered  
chaos much  
like  
what  
you  
are  
about  
to  
finish  
reading.

**every so often**

there's a tiny  
red bug  
that moves in  
tiny precision  
along the landscape  
of my bright white  
computer  
and  
when i try  
to  
move  
him with my  
fingers,  
he's  
so  
fragile  
that  
i  
manage to  
smear a tiny  
red streak of  
what it used to  
be and  
when  
i  
rear back to  
ponder  
a better  
way to  
get these  
bugs off  
my  
computer alive,  
i see  
the  
bright red streak  
as  
a  
possible  
sign that  
my  
fingers  
are bleeding  
and  
something  
unbelievable  
is  
going  
to  
soon leap  
in full life  
from

my  
screen.

**everyone**

rips  
off  
the  
beatles ..

even  
me  
now ..

and  
the  
only  
one  
that  
wouldn't  
be  
pissed  
is  
ringo  
because  
that  
crazy  
icon  
with  
the  
odd  
earring  
dangling  
is  
always  
up  
for  
fucking  
anything.



## hello the fluff

of the  
written world,  
mr. poetry.

you walked out the door  
and forgot to hide the  
lock key.

now inside,  
i find the innards of used sweat,  
bad contractors,  
older kids,  
blood from forgotten scabs,  
the detris of beauty,  
and my  
foggy reflection in  
the mirror.

as i traverse floor to  
floor of  
my  
wonderful  
abode of mr. poetry,  
i forget  
myself,  
then remember myself  
in lighter versions  
of deja vu.

and as i ready to  
rifle straight into  
the spokes of  
light  
out of  
the light of mr. poetry,  
i hold up  
short.

stop.

turn around  
and come straight  
back into  
the  
heartbeat tornado

to squeeze a little more  
from the used lemon  
rhine  
because  
that's how  
we  
fix  
things  
around  
this  
house.

## **instinct**

My  
gut  
instinct  
about  
directions  
is  
about  
the  
same  
as  
a  
nice  
dog  
growling  
violently  
at  
the  
image  
of  
ole'  
Sarah  
Palin.

## **kansas city somehow**

plays out to  
be its own  
worst enemy  
when it gets a chance  
to be on  
the  
national scene.

the latest tragedy  
comes from  
the art world  
via  
a vein sort of  
girl named peregrine.

she pens a host  
of forgettable  
art sketches of nudes,  
abuse  
and banal characters in  
predicable modern art poses.

and she is the only one  
from the Kansas City market  
to represent the midwest  
with the full force of bad art,  
tears,  
costume  
and vanity as the  
reality TV gears grind  
down on  
a  
whole group of  
kids  
doing  
the  
same  
old  
art  
scene shock  
theme.

and as our KC art  
person makes it through  
to

another  
level  
of  
reality lore,  
she talks of  
only being able to  
do sketches of women  
puking because  
the TV world was so  
bad for her.

i'm certain she  
is only  
depicting  
what she did to  
the KC art scene  
and  
mimicked what  
many of us felt  
watching her traipse about  
in  
her  
forgettable  
role  
as the art ambassador  
of  
again  
a  
shamed  
national  
KC cutout.

## **Living through**

My son's  
Horrible hell fit  
Is like watching  
The exorcist on acid  
When all you want  
To say  
Is  
What the fuck  
And  
Slip a cup of whiskey  
Straight over the  
Brain from a  
Secret hatch that  
Opens to  
The  
Head top.

## maude kennedy house

the lone, silent  
ballad  
of  
maude kennedy house  
is one  
that  
is  
contains  
the  
most  
solace  
and  
tranquility  
i believe  
i  
have ever ran into.

she was an old  
irish woman no taller that  
i was at 4 foot 10 in high school  
and  
i would teach her how  
to use the computer  
in the basement of a YMCA.

each time,  
she would lumber her tiny  
frame over the keyboard  
and work to figure out  
the massive technological  
world unfolded before  
her mighty glass frames.

since her husband died,  
she was lost in the computer world  
because he was the beacon that  
led her to the conduit of shores.

after i left that job,  
i still would visit her  
at her home to get her  
connected to the massive  
world she didn't want to mess  
as her cats,

as big as her entire upper torso,  
would weave between my legs  
as the old sound of a modem  
screamed through her  
tiny retirement villa  
in kansas.

the other day it had been  
some years since i thought  
of her and figured i would check  
in on both her biology and  
cyber savvy.

when i punched her name into  
the massive computer in the sky,  
i found that she had finally  
left this earthly tech show.

and i heard my late-father's words  
that as you get older,  
you begin dreading both the obituary  
and looking up folks,  
because they may just be gone.

as a tear or two washed over  
my eyes,  
i knew that for every  
tech skill i bestowed on her,  
she doubled the return  
with her energy and calm  
that maybe  
this  
isn't such  
a  
bad world  
after  
all.



**old shreds**

of

18-wheeler tire

litter

old 71 highway

like post-apocalyptic

hunks of

thirsty,

charred whales

looking to find reason

in all the blaring wheels

shouting by

to the next

moment that may

accept

their

bubble of

maritime dreams.

### **once upon a time**

there was an author  
that had  
enough  
money to follow  
his  
enemies and hire  
folks who could shit a stall loose  
to pay these enemies of his back.

he would send in the shit master  
into the public restroom right before  
the  
enemy of the writer would innocently  
go into the louve to empty his bladder.

after the bathroom visit,  
the author would laugh  
as the victim would teeter out of  
the bathroom with a clear loss of color  
and a visible sense  
of quiet.

and it would again  
be another shit stain of a victory  
as the shit stormer would exit the  
bathroom stall with a smile as wide  
as georgia,  
tipping the wait staff  
and  
leaving  
with another  
shit dream come true.

**our new liver colored sheppard pup**  
has no mom.

our prior orange cat  
had no mom.

they do have mom's,  
but we become their  
mom's, dad's and confidants  
as we  
roar around with  
our pet pals.

maybe studying  
the erratic behaviors of  
adopted humans could  
give some key insight  
into the animal separation  
anxiety.

or maybe this  
is just a skittish  
collection of  
random  
theorizing  
as i  
look into  
the  
eye of my new  
dog  
and  
see  
the  
mom  
longing  
drooling  
out  
like  
a catnip bowl  
full  
of  
milk bones.

## **Possum**

one morning  
a possum  
frozen on the  
the top of a tall  
concrete  
barcade  
between two  
highway strips  
blasting by in  
the AM cold sun  
looked like  
the hero of  
the  
greek tragedy  
that was  
going  
to  
finally  
give  
the  
audience  
a  
reason to cheer on  
the  
strategy  
as  
it's  
tiny animal brain  
was hatching over  
the  
ultimate  
success plan  
that would  
win  
our  
day  
for us.

## **saw a business dude**

clad in  
buttoned shirt  
and pleaded  
slacks leaving  
the post office  
parking lot  
on a near perfect  
sun morning  
and  
he was beating  
his steering wheel  
so hard to a drum beat  
that  
i'm sure  
once  
he  
leaned that first  
cup of work coffee  
into his gullet,  
he was going  
to  
find that he  
induced a well  
earned bout of  
rock n roll  
tennis elbow.

## **Sometimes**

I  
tire  
of  
holding  
it  
all  
in  
as another  
square  
comes angling  
towards  
my  
picnic  
table  
with  
forgettable  
stories  
and  
common  
requests  
while  
the  
planes  
dive  
upside down  
and  
the  
dolphins  
dine  
on  
green  
jello.

## **Suggestive**

i work with a fellow  
by the name of  
ben hard  
and  
it must have been  
one fuck of a ride  
through junior high life  
with that moniker  
as i think there is a  
guy upstairs from  
me with the last name  
littlewood  
as  
i  
remember another gal  
with the last name 'bedwell'  
and figure if  
they all three  
hook up at a holiday  
shin dig for a  
three-way love  
adventure,  
they could have a  
love child  
named  
vagina sweetnuts.

## **Take**

your  
rumors  
out  
of  
your  
paper  
bag  
and  
have  
another  
lurid  
lunch  
of  
Pabst,  
baby ...



**the crazy neighbor**

up the street  
was making so  
much pre-fourth of july  
noise in the slow  
silence of  
dusk,  
i thought he  
was crucifying  
a robot midget  
for sport  
and  
later pyrotechnic  
love.

## **the myspace kid**

pulled his ailing  
honda over on the  
side of the road  
to check his aging  
pager to  
see if  
she  
called him yet  
as  
he  
pulled out a rusty  
doral cigarette  
and  
snapped a shot  
of a lumbering  
harley dude approaching  
in his rear view  
with a new disposable 35 mm  
camera  
as he  
muttered solemnly to himself:  
'i'm not gonna change  
my old damned ways  
and you can take that techo  
bullshit with you to your graves.

## **the tragedy of living**

is the beauty of it  
because when  
you age,  
you have to  
learn how to  
cope with  
decay  
and say  
good-bye  
to  
things  
you  
want  
to  
stay around.

## **the world of cars**

screamed by in a  
wet mist  
of summer morning  
as a solo raccoon  
sat lying like an  
aged, dazed  
cat on the  
highway side  
looking  
at the church across  
the way  
into the spire of the  
empty church wondering  
if  
it's admissible  
to be an  
atheist  
as the next  
wave  
of  
loud ramblers  
crest the  
concrete stretch  
of  
morning chance.

**there's a guy we know by the name of rocky.**

he does home repair.

he used to live next door to us  
in his broken kid's basement  
until the mortgage went flat  
with the depressed husband sort  
and they had to head to higher ground.

rocky would stop by to say hi  
in his haggard, beat to hell swagger  
telling us how he would fix this  
and build that around our place.

we always waved him off  
because we knew the danger of  
mincing business with pleasure  
with a man as full of deranged notions  
and lies as the rocky sort.

but, somewhere between the winter  
and the spring,  
summer got the best of our hairs.

we agree to let him build us a screened in porch,  
new deck around a new pool.

seemed simple enough after we  
absorbed the pain of the money that  
was to be rendered,  
and it was all to be done in  
30 days, give or take for rain.

now,  
nearly 4 months into the  
hell of the worst summer yet,  
i get a message from rocky's phone  
that i have never, ever heard before.

a slightly medicated, mechanical woman  
voice says,  
'THIS CALLER IS NOT ACCEPTING CALLS  
AT THIS TIME. PLEASE TRY AGAIN LATER.'

he has another worker clad in a body full of tats,

long goatee,  
swagger of prior prison time,  
coming day after day to no rocky  
and no work being done on  
the dream  
pool and new deck we should  
have been frolicking in for at least 2 months  
in our summer of no vacation,  
yet bliss in the back yard.

instead,  
we whiter through the pain of  
this rocky guy and his bleached stories  
of american civil wars,  
emails to obama,  
inventions he will fetch millions on  
and a whole  
trove of delusional lies he believes  
as he sways back and fro on his broken body  
while sucking another pall mall into his ailing  
61 year old bones.

and while we wait to see  
what the next move is on this chess board  
full of rancor,  
we know that no matter what,  
we will have to continue dealing with the  
stench of the rocky dearth  
and hope that  
the hell will end soon  
as  
the silence penetrates the broken  
back yard  
full of mounds of dirt,  
a skeletal pool frame  
and a porch that is finished  
just enough to give my  
son splinters in his foot.

so,  
i wonder what kind of shit story  
rocky is hatching in his stunt addled brain  
as thoughts of his meager summer crew  
with their tiny brains and dense speech  
roar in unison through my brain.

and i'm thinking the story rocky  
is going to serve with a carcass of bone  
and used whiskey,  
will be the following:

he will have been kidnapped  
while buying a bag of pork rinds  
and lottery tickets at the liquor store  
on the gritty north end of town  
as he tells how he was recovering from  
saving a pack of kittens from a tree.

after being kidnapped,  
a group of kids looking like james dean and  
danny glover rip offs will have  
him rob a bank for him or die.

as he agrees,  
he carries out the plan,  
but comes up with a way to escape his kidnapers  
with all the money.

and as he heads to the hardware store to buy  
all the lumber and materials he likely never bought  
with all the money we gave him up front,  
he decides to instead get on a flight to amsterdam  
to see that side of town.

he only does this cause he loses track of time,  
wants to get a little high,  
and forgot he was keeping my family trapped in a hell  
full of the stench of his failed ego and  
narcissistic intentions that make his kids loathe his  
very being.

so, after a brief flight,  
he comes home on a late night flight,  
as he readies to exit the flight,  
a piece of luggage slips out of the  
bin above knocking the remainder into his  
head that he has a job to finish.

at this,  
he fumbles for his phone in the bathroom  
to give us a call and as he  
fails to catch the phone,

the device lands in a toilet full of his rotten  
piss and the phone dies.

when he tries to use a pay phone he has  
no money and decides to hitch a taxi ride,  
on credit,  
to an old hooker across town he used to  
use.

and that is where he is now until he  
sniffs the proverbial sniffing salts  
and takes our summer on yet another ride.

old rocky is a massive  
monolith of karma  
that withers on the weight of  
his own  
lie,  
illogic  
and  
tragedy.

old rocky cares for little.

old rocky likely doesn't even care for himself.

old rocky is god damned son of a bitch.



**Torpedo  
tarantulas**

are  
going  
to  
eat  
all  
your  
burritos.

**while walking**

into the grocery store  
this morning,  
several old women  
stopped me to  
point out a  
set of massive  
snot filled spit  
globes on  
the dirty concrete  
while  
proclaiming,  
'watch it. you don't  
want to step in that.'

i operate better  
when i don't know it's  
in front of me  
and almost squashed into  
the goo  
as the women went on and  
on about how horrible  
it was for someone  
to do that  
to all of us.

and as i finally passed them  
into the halls of grocery fun,  
i thought  
it must  
be exhausting to  
watch the ground  
that much  
and police  
it so  
well  
for all  
us  
ignorant  
shoes  
ambling  
around.