

EVERYBODY IN THE PLASTIC SACK



All the kisses fell to the ground as though there was no one around to pucker on their toes.

**

The ingenious ingenuity of the second .. Sure the sound, It's a one .. two .. perhaps more ..

**

Guy comes up to the artist .. See's the painting on the wall .. It's an abstract explosion of colors .. going in thin lines, dark streaks, circles . .rectangles ..

Though, there's more green in the painting than any other color .. So, the buyer asks the artist if he could buy all the green pieces in the painting ..

The artist .. needing the money badly .. agrees .. So, the buyer pulls out an exacto knife and approaches the canvass like a surgeon going in for the gall bladder .. Cutting for over a minute or more, he comes back with all the green pieces as the painter stands before the new image and smiles at how well it turned out .. Seems there was too much green in the painting after all .. Yes, the painting was one cut above all the other slop out there ..

**

Saw some dead pigeons on the overpass .. over the viaduct on an elevated roadway going to the other side of KC .. the side I'm going to get the hard rattle of the clam's last chunk of meat ..

Shit, those pigeons were darting like flamingos in a poorly lit cage .. I thought New Yorkers would marvel at this sight .. some "Dead Shitters"

**

An old man wakes one day .. He's 97-years-old .. the day before he had died .. the funeral was set for several days past this one day I just mentioned .. Though, time is slipping backwards .. The old man is going to begin getting younger .. Each day that passes .. from his death to the day before his death and further to the days before conception .. sperm in a young man's boot .. Yes, he will slowly lose his memory the other way as he gets younger .. a trade off for the memories one loses as they get older .. this is the new agreement with our human clock ..

**

Creativity requires an ignorance of what has, or could have been (if researched thoroughly) created before .. it asks of one to plod forward and face the duplication of ideas .. for an idea is an idea .. whereas a story is a story ..

**

So, I've been sick for some days now .. waiting for the pecking order in the hen borough to leave me be .. kicking the clouds despite the sunshine .. listening to the rain as my lungs whistle without cigarettes .. It's been some days now that my body has been slugging through the juice and now .. I'm waiting for my time to return .. my time away from time .. your time in the race ..

**

the slow
morale
of
this

line

is
that
there is a distinct

difference between a moral
and

a morale ..

that's it ..

**

when
did you catch
the rhythm with

all those sexy sauces
and

no towels
for the rest of us?

when
did your

mop
fumble
and knock the bucket over
while

all the little people
ran and

laughed?

the last

was
your

first reason,
baby ..

**

ALL EVENTS ABOUT TO BE TRANSCRIBED ARE IN FULL COLOR .. EACH PARTICIPANT IS A REAL LIFE CHARACTER .. NO ACTORS WERE HIRED FOR THESE PARTS ..

I'm sitting on the front porch at an old friend's house .. talking with him and his girlfriend, a good story comes to mind and the girl tries to recant and retell the full details .. as she starts the story, she tells me to lean my head back to really get some good imagery .. as she starts, I tilt my head back and notice a balloon high in the sky floating .. there's a note in the balloon and something attached to the node of the string holding the balloon's air together .. So, I close my eyes and begin drifting .. she's telling the story .. as she goes on, the friend in the other room stops her and says that she's leaving some pieces out .. he wants to

finish the story .. as he goes with the story, he tells me that I don't have to have my head leaned back with eyes closed to gain the girth of this tale ..

With eyes open, looking around, the balloon starts bobbing closer to earth .. I notice that it's a large balloon with a Coors Light design and a small keg of beer attached to it .. Lazily the balloon weaves and darts about the calm, warm spring day as my friend nears the end of his story .. this whole time, neither my friend or his gal notice the balloon careening haphazardly across the skies .. Further and further the balloon descends as I watch the liquor store across the street with a wry eye ..

Suddenly, the balloon smashes into a utility pole .. Immediately the rip in the balloon, exposed helium and nitrogen ignite a fire .. the left half of the store is engulfed in flame and advancing to the front door .. pallettes of beer are catching fire .. the people inside the store seem oblivious .. I run to the store, open the front door and tell the people to evacuate and the front clerk to quickly call the fire department .. At this, the town's fire marshall flies by me talking into a walkie talkie saying the whole place is going to blow in 60 seconds .. at this, I notice people grabbing arms and fists full of free drink .. I look around and decide to grab the stoutest drink I could stomach that was nearby by .. I find several pints of gin and flee for the door to watch the rest of the spectacle going down ..

As I cross the street to my friend's home, they ask me .. "WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?"

I told them about the balloon, fire and people running like mad with booze in a looting frenzy .. they didn't see any of it and still couldn't .. I think they worked out a deal with the gods to be permanently shielded from disastrous events ..

So, I ask them "How does this story of yours end?"

**

There are things that you don't even know when you return to "knowing everything."

**

Me, my mother, brother and sister were in a circus ring .. inside an arena packed with fans and spectators .. They bring out several new borns and put them in 3 chalk circles separated equally about the ring .. The announcer tells us that the animals are elephants .. we laugh and cheer because they look like a mix between a deer and a zebra .. the circus trick was that they would grow from infants to adults in about seven to seven-and-a-half minutes .. as we watched those skinny animals with a gaunt, horse-like quality start growing into plump, docile elephants my mother tells us kids .. "THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR FATHER AND I. WE JUST GOT BIG IN NO TIME."

**

Part of getting older is refining your definition of youth.

**

The word 'porcupine' has to be one of the more fucked up words in the english language to spell ..

**

Just woke from a dream ..

Someone had pierced my tongue
and severed it about three-quarters the way up
from the tip ..

A severed tongue that looked as though it had about 5 existing piercings ..

I took the tongue out of my mouth, for it was loosely hanging from a strip of skin ..

The bleeding wasn't so bad in the beginning .. as I rolled the tongue over my fingers, I wondered how I got so many piercings .. I'm not down with piercing my own tongue .. if others want to slap their self conceived expression onto their tongue to make their day go smoother .. that's fine and fucking good ..

So, as the tongue laid in the grasp of my hand, I started talking with the bit of tongue I had in my mouth .. not much was going down .. it was beyond a weird tinge .. I wanted the tongue back in my mouth and beyond having the thing stitched back together .. I was somehow under the impression that if I fashioned it back in my mouth and held it in place for about 2 minutes, it would miraculously meld back together .. this wasn't happening .. for obvious reasons .. and in the course of jamming my severed, cold, pierced tongue on the warm piece in my mouth .. the blood started coming faster and redder while I gagged .. I had to pull the tongue away several times and just laugh at the absurdity of trying to mend my own tongue as I pulled my coat off the rack, filled a pitcher full of ice, threw the tongue in and started talking to myself while going to the emergency room .. no one heard a word I was saying .. including myself ..

**

I'd gladly trade all my carrots for your one celery stick ..

**

I'm going off to meet her for a drink at the bar while I leave a stranger my rent check ..

**

Dreams of a person's road trip as my plane tickets are en route through the mail to me very soon ..

**

Scenes are really just a collection of images ..

**

Ecstasy stop and dowry way .. the new drive in life ..

**

Kids question while the adults try to answer ..

**

Three sounds away from a creak while the creek rolls like a plunder ..

**

The day the peeps came in and pillaged all my pure white sugar ..

**

ALL THIS NEWS IN ONE DAY .. Paul McCartney reads and releases his first ever volume of poetry as the loopy kid in the corner loses his mind because MAD magazine goes from black and white to full color with Ads even .. Imagine that!

**

The split between the white and black folks is this .. SPUNK, LAUGHTER, CULTURE, HISTORY AND FAMILY .. the black folk win on the whole in each category with more velocity than white folk .. you Aryan fucks are going to have to just live through this truth ..

**

The hours seem to fly by in record time with her .. I mean hour after fucking hour .. yet the minutes have a way of slugging along with some of the others I tend to see through the day ..

**

The temptation, ghost and spectator went on skipping down the street hand-in-hand as though we could all see them plainly with our own eyes ..

**

High school kids are some goofy motherfuckers ..

**

Yea .. I'm just a cuttin' coupons and countin' my dimes from time-to-time ..

**

It's never fun reading fragments of what another person, especially one you don't know, writes and you can't understand .. that's why we're here to make you understand what is being written ..

**

Coming around the corner while I decide where to kiss her next ..

**

Just a washing the rumors from my back window today ..

**

Phone recording:

"I guess about a week ago in an unspoken sentence I gave you a lead into a chance or a dance of hearts .. a tangle of sorts .. I guess like in a game of chance or chess you take the lead or not .. I'll talk to you soon .. good-bye."

**

One more flush down the toilet as the mother of existentialism creates another condensed page in a chapter of neat, cute cliff notes ..

**

One more voice in their cat call .. 1 less note in their solo ..

**

I wish you wouldn't clean up your mess .. we love it dirty about here ..

**

Your saving grace is always just in front of you ..

**

He couldn't stop betting, so I gambled for him ..

**

More
than I have to give
usually
means

just about
what
I can give ..

If you take the time
to listen,
you may

just hear it ..

**

So,
what's a girl got to do to
get laid,
she asks ..

I tell her,
just stay naked
and

keep on doing what you
do

well ..

**

I was the Grand Marshal of a clown parade in the height of fall, 5th Avenue, New York City, Some Year A.D. .. As I marshal this clown parade, the kids, adults and others passing are getting a good laugh out of the painted assemblage of mayhem, mixed with warm noses .. So, as we get to the apex of the parade, I grab a microphone and announce to the crowd that the finale is going to arrive shortly .. waiting for Branson favorite and Country music's Wayne Newton to come shooting out of a cannon in an aguste make-up job .. we wait .. and wait .. nothing is going down .. the crowd starts getting restless .. I tell them to be patient .. the act will be here soon .. then, I see the crowd going crazy .. jumping, flipping and running around for a better view .. I look behind me and see the true Bozo the clown .. saving the fucking clown day yet again ..

**

JFK Clown scene – THIS CAN BE ADAPTED TO A CHILDREN’S BOOK OR A SATURDAY MORNING SHORT .. THE AIM .. FOR SOME EDUCATIONAL LESSON LEARNING ..

So, the idea is to have the entire JFK assassination scene full of clowns and general carnival folly. So, as the head clown in the land, J(unior) F(unkey) K(ing), comes through the Dealy Plaza, the resident clowns on the assassination scene get perched and ready to fire. The first shot, which comes from the butt end of a 3400 GX new release super soaker water gun, comes from Lips Harley Oblong. He was an unemployed Hobo clown who once prospered as a promising clown and had a bright future ahead of him. Although, after he hired private training from a group of Polish virtuosos, his friends and previous employers started snickering. So, Lips Harley pulls the trigger. The spray of water goes in slow motion over the crowd of festive clown faces, blowing fire, clown dogs, jugglers, wafting smoke from cooking meats, and the like. The spray of water hits Junior Funky in the back of the head, knocking his clown nose in the air and onto the trunk. With clown make-up running and wig to the side, Junior Funky slumps forward as J(asmine) O(rd) climbs onto the trunk to fetch the President’s nose. As she climbs back in the car, people in the crowd can audibly hear the Italian clowns behind the fence on the grassy knoll. They’re asking each other if they think they’re clowns as water leaks through their Armani clown gear from special issue 23 caliber water guns. They rush JFK to the nearest Hospital to reapply the make-up on the President’s face and cool him down after the embarrassment. Looks as though the police caught Lips Harley and threw him in an Insane Asylum. The Italian clowns behind the knoll aren’t even suspected in the ‘spraying that altered the history of the clown world’ ..

Morale of the story .. water is safer than bullets and clowns are usually funnier than regular people.

**

Had this dream last night where my lover friend and I were walking around a big, fenced in field feeding a host of animals. From elephants, to dogs to giraffes, we and especially her was just throwing down kernels of corn and other assorted nuts to the animals. Along with all these animals was a large mechanical animal that looked like a schotty woolly mammoth. I kept asking my gal what it was out there for. It wasn’t taking our food, it just plodded about on our trail keeping an eye on our movements. Also, there was some faceless cat running the controls on this animal/mechanical thing. So, suddenly I suppose I made the wrong move and the thing grabbed me. All the while, my gal was telling me that it wasn’t going to hurt me and that I should do what it says. So, I did. This is what happened. It took the previous offender and threw it down a skinny, orange trash shoot and threw him in. Then, it came to my turn and my mind started spinning into some claustrophobic trance. I couldn’t quite make the move. And that’s how the dream ended. It felt like I was getting shoved back into the womb. Though, the whole time there was a thrillin’ feelin’ building up within me to take the journey down this skinny mouth. Yet, it just wouldn’t go down and that’s exactly where we stand now, lovers.

**

A war on vodka
while
the
gin generals kiss their women
lightly on the forehead before
loading
up the horse
&
heading out for new and
glimmering
whores ..

**

Probably flying over Ohio or Indiana ..

I just can't get

the title track from
Miles' Birth of Cool
out of my mind --

Things are solid tight all right
with
such
a
leggy juicy tune
as
such
floating about ..

**

If your free to
move around the sky .. could it be more expensive
on the ground?

**

Note - Punany is a love hole (pussy)

**

Walking down the bottleneck
of USA tonight ..

I felt alive
before
getting a little

cold after stepping foot off
that

fast - fast

sub car ..

**

Ridin' down the
true barrel of the gun ..

Walking Pennsylvania straight to
the
White House ..

**

People will buy anything .. then again .. people will sell anything .. right?

**