

**FIELD GUIDE FOR THE  
EXTRAPOLATED**

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The anticipated. Oh, the anticipated show that must move forward. It shall march in the path within which it was chosen to go forth. Yes, the group has made it to their scheduled upon stage for the act, although the crowd didn't show up. Yes, the show-goers were given the wrong date to attend that gala event. All the actors on the stage ready and cooked to give their performance and put their adrenaline on the line. Waiting in front of thousands of empty seats in the gallery of acting that has been bestowed with some of the shiniest faces in performance land. The actors dwindle before the show mirror, applying make-up and keeping a giddy silence for the performance that is to take place. They murmur and wait for the crowd to arrive.

What could have gone wrong? Why hasn't one of the most important ingredients shown for the stage extravaganza that was to take place? The actors keep their paces and hope for the expected. The crowd to show up for the performance. It's not going to happen. The tickets and advertisements noted that the performance would be a week from then. An early computer and human glitch that took the crowd for the performance. The production staff and publicists tell the actors of the error. Much to the chagrin and outrage of the readied and seasoned actors, they decide to go on with the show.

Oh and what a performance it was. Full of the dazzle, razzle and bedlam of a show that was performed before a non-existent crowd.

The show went forth with a grand front to end performance. Flawless, great enough to have been to the delight of a crowd.

The morale of the story... Never underestimate the worth of eyes viewing this magic. Sometimes it should be done alone or in front of a small crowd, but not with some things of performance sort.

The crowd was missed. The audience never had a chance to miss the performance.

The fans in you, me and all the performers out there had a reality check.

Never underestimate those eyes, readers, dabblers and partakers.

Never.

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The bits of rock and seaweed that move in and back from the tides on the coast. Those decisions you have to make that rip open your soul and punch your heart from the front to the back of your chest. The memories that keep us going. The nights that make the days smooth. The smiles for all the banter. The truth that had nothing to hide from the liar.

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Stories etched in a blue covered notebook that travels with tidy pages and soiled ink. Those presumptions that come into fruition at the right time. The meeting place that left the schedule behind. Oh, and how so grand.

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Engineers built the Fraggles their home. Engineers build the refrigerator that could go into a new apartment home. L o s t.

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He shouted over the tabletop, "Hey buddy, you going to pay for that?"

"Pay for what?" the other responded.

"For the oxygen you're stealing from my lungs." He said.

"Never, you coward bastard," the loner responded.

END.

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I look up and down the boulevard discovering two things very ever present. That of the sights of both rocks and paper. Where did all the scissors go to? How did so many of these rocks and pieces of paper leave without a verdict from the scissors? This, I ask you.

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I'm not looking out of the window in the world of cubicles. Looking north up the busy boulevard in downtown Kansas City, I see the armored vehicle stuck on the left side of the street safely brining the loot out of just another business. The sirens speaking to the clocks. The woman that slipped on her consciousness and required further medical attention. The sky swirling with the sun. The grays mixing with the rains.

Next and in front of the window. I'm here, there and down there at times and another.

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Coming out of the post office yesterday, I heard a man yell "hey" my way. I looked up and said, "Yes." A black man in his 50's with a white hard helmet on comes over my way telling me his car is dead and he needs a ride to 18<sup>th</sup> and Grand. "Sure," I instinctively answer. He reached out his hand and said "My name is Jeff \_\_\_\_\_." I tell him mine and unlock the door for him.

My first hitchhiker. He's a construction worker doing some time on the new science city going into the old Union Station. We exchange some friendly words and I leave him with "Take care, my man" as the dirty blue station wagon honks incessantly while I let him out on the corner. He's apologizing to the car behind us as the horns cease and I smile for the day as new. The day a man got a ride without purchasing a fare. Giving him and myself a little more hope than the daily newsreel would ever do.

I leave you now. He walks on.

In the beginning...not seeing the end.

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She faces me and tells me about her kid's fascination with her breasts. Yes, a supervisor with some pull tells me point blank that she walks around naked most of the time at home. Her daughter sees her body and speaks of wanting some of those breasts her mommy has. I stand and look at her. Visualizing thoughts born of her words and I cannot concentrate.

My retort is to speak of what a big moment it is what a boy sees the father penis or has that first erection. We continue the talk and one other joins the conversation on cigarette row. There's more talk of cousins and nephews that stretch out their fascination for dicks and tits.

I look ahead thinking of the beautiful naked female figure. My day is cast with these images as the night approaches and my dreams wait in the lurking subconscious.

Oh Christ and those fanciful dreams I had that night. All naked, flanked with women They were doing stretching exercises with their vaginas and flaunting their beautiful parts as though they were eating lunch clothed in a park. All the Freudian and Jungian fascinations and possibilities leaping through my dreams and coaxing my waking thoughts for some time.

Oh, how we are wrapped in the spectacle and so beautiful unwrapped.

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A congressman at the podium speaking whatever comes to his mind. He hisses, spits, scratches, shouts and screams for all the natural impulses that come through his veins. Speaking of views that slant into and away from his party line favors, the people don't applaud nor boo in the crowd. They're just transfixed in the enormity of the event. The congressman goes on for over half an hour and them straightens up, and bids the crowd a fond farewell.

His approval rating? It shoots through the fucking roof, folks.

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I come out of the art gallery off the broken neighborhood. After getting into my car, a man approaches me with a question. "Hey partner, you have matches on you?" he asks.

“Sure. Let me get ‘em.” I respond.

“Shit man, you just saved my life. This saves me a trip down the street to the drug store.” He says while I fish out the magical matches.

“Thanks a lot, man,” He continues.

“Yea. No sweat. Be good, sailor,” I respond.

Key in the ignition and lighting it up the street. Hell, any fire I can add to the world is my pleasure.

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My baby’s on her way home. Yes, she’s coming home.

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3-22-99

On the eve of a big trip to the United States, the Russian man again urged his girlfriend and family America to unleash their inhibitions and make the leap over the Atlantic. Primakovanich wanted to concentrate on getting loans for his suffering girlfriend and family. Things were tight and he wanted to take his life savings into a new venue. The American venue, he thought.

The struggling economy in Russia, while Washington wallowed in prosperity tore into Primakovanich’s heart like a candied arrow looking for some more flesh to piece. But with the crisis at home and the prospects of an questionable chance in a new country was the grand showdown for this sharp young man fresh with needle differences and dreams. This likely would become the focus of his trip.

“I’m categorically against the use proclivity of failure,” he would repeat to his girlfriend and family.

Primakovanich would talk to his friends and co-workers of the big trip. Their repeated condolences were few and sometimes hostile. Yet, he bored forth with pride that he would make it to the other “motherland” that his land wasn’t likely to afford himself in his lifetime.

Once more he would repeat another phrase, “I believe that political levers to influence my situation are far from being exhausted in the future to come.”

On a Tuesday, one week from now, was scheduled to leave Russia. He will climb aboard that flight with all the smiles of the small children in impoverished towns that littered the Russian countryside.

His folks and friends warned him that it is likely Americans would use force if he did not accept an the customs of a land proud of its heritage.

His response, “I have an irreparable destabilizing effect on people and situations. There would be little chance of aggression if I assimilate, yet carry for the pride of Russia.”

The flight takes place on Tuesday without his folks or girlfriend’s avow.

Later... it was reported by the Russian prime minister and the U.S. embassy that Primakovanich had been a vocal critic of U.S. global dominance and soon vanished after a speech to a private Russian organization.

What was the cause of these benign intentions? Likely, Russia’s deep-rooted economic problems have become even more acute since its financial markets imploded last August. Russia faces \$17.5 billion in foreign debts this year and cannot afford to pay more than half that amount.

Russia is seeking at least \$4 billion in new loans from the IMF while Primakovanich lies abandoned in America with little money and a secret identity.

With expensive dreams and a doubtful home country, he scurries along as though the days are his friend.

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Some day back when a Religious dissident named Anne Hutchinson was expelled from the Massachusetts Bay Colony and Britain enacted the Stamp Act to raise money from the American colonies, while the Act was repealed the following year.

Yes, and on another face of the earth the same day a U.S. naval hero, Stephen Decatur, was killed in a duel with Commodore James Barron near Washington, D.C. and Congress decided to outlaw polygamy, while Hockey’s first Stanley Cup championship game was played and the home team Montreal Amateur Athletic Association defeated the Ottawa Capitals, 3-1.

This and more on the same day in the world as Auguste and Louis Lumiere showed their first movie to an invited audience in Paris, which was generally regarded as the first-ever-public display of a movie projected onto a screen.

Yes and don't forget on this same day that during Prohibition, President Roosevelt signed a measure to make wine and beer containing up to 3.2 percent alcohol legal.

I'll toast to that and this day. No..no..the day continues. Also, the Arab League was formed with the adoption of a charter in Cairo, Egypt and the blasted British mandate in Transjordan came to an end, while Karl Wallenda, the 73-year-old patriarch of The Flying Wallendas high-wire act, fell to his death while attempting to walk a cable strung between two hotels in San Juan, Puerto Rico.

Is this day over in the world? No.

A garbage barge, carrying 32,00 tons of refuse, left Islip, N.Y., on a six-month journey in search of a place to unload. The barge was turned away by several states and three countries until space was found back in Islip.

DONE.

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Pigeons flipping and flapping around with their impetus to shit on things that reside on the ground. Fermenting their plops, they fly around with a desire to give it to the folks. You know, they have a lot of time on their hands and are ready for the big sell. Yes, they're selling and purchasing the fleet and taking their thoughts to the air for a time. A time to give it. Giving it with a smile on their face as they float by my window before me like a dream. A dream where shit is just another aesthetic and the world is the hurtling ball of rock going about like a wavering stone on the edge of a cliff.

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They call and feel as though they don't have to talk. Sitting blank on the other end of the line, they dig to know that I'm the root of their turning thoughts that won't comfort them. I'm thinking these thoughts because I have seen these things. Based on these entities, I have come to conclusions that aid I the walk that is not a run. There is plenty to see and more that the people want you to think. I will think and see what comes before me during the stroll through "Winter Park" in the Spring.

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They toss the two-dollar bills down the tube of fire that extinguishes the joke and give heat to the hands of those that are the modern day shepherds. Feeling the orange glow of the time drawing near on their face, they bring forth one helluva laugh that could destroy the debt on one breath.

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Thoughts of aquatic smears going over the plate glass window as the midget holds hands with a 6'3" tiger chained to a crow bar with a gold chain and no where to wag its tail. Also, the world refuses to fill the earth with water again. The President of the United States get on the air to give a "state of the union" address to tell of how he will stop this disaster.

Our fiction foretold as nature laughs such a mighty countenance that we all feel a moment of quirky cool roll over our skin.

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Federal Express machines rummaging up the street all morning long. Carriers and drivers hopping out reading tickets to figure out where exactly the package goes in the array of downtown buildings. Pulling out dolly's and their brimstone caps to do the deed. A deed of delivering the box or envelope. Stuffed with business, some with food, other snuffs, illegal, illegal, novel or needed. These deliveries go on for the duration of the morning. Two or three trucks running adjacent to the other tracks.

The world delivering everything to everyone else. A fist jam full of packages going everywhere. Even in the electronic world. SENDING..SENDING..SENDING. As I do. As you do. As the boy's in the trucks do. Sending the sent package or envelope on to the other location.

There should be a send day deemed. Just send everything off. Your lunch off to someone in a 3<sup>rd</sup> world nation. Your pet to a adopt-a-pet clinic. Your shoes to the "Council of the Blind." Your glasses to an old folks home. Everything.

Send day.

Don't receive it then. Just fucking send it.

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Grayed over lungs. The water wobbles about the water glass as the words come about. The sticks in the trees decide to mingle with the branches. The ground feels cool as the breezes become warm. Dripping faucets and the angered souls in the world yelling. YELLING. Yes, they're shouting to their own demise. Worrying in a fools delight as the others look on and nod their heads. The collective heads of the receivers silencing out all the shouting. Shouts yelling across a vacuum of time that can be forgotten if there is time.

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Some people want to find the money tree. Many others have put out on the fountain of youth trail to find the waning tree of time giving.

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Nightly jazz. The fingers tapping, while the soul swims in a soups that is a smidge over lukewarm. Lukewarm sweet pie as the night goes tick tock, one – two – hippety three – oh yes four – and fuck right five.

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Why's is so? They ask. Where's is at that the peace could have found such a convenient spot to reside?

How is it so that this is the case?

Easy. So much easier than it is made out to be.

Close your eyes. Lean back your damn head. See those beads floating about?

That's your imagination. Let it float like a cloud in a horizon fighting with mountains.

Feel that shit, lover boy. Good..good..better.

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The quotation marks got in a scuffle with the asterisk. They thought they would do some time together, but were badly mistaken on the trip that was to procure nothing but the miserable monkeys of broken trucks.

Yes, and how they bickered even while the exclamation points alerted them of the sun that was going to set and if seen would do some ripe good shit to their balls of eye. Yes, and they bickered while the numbers began to collect their arsenal for a counter argument. Then, the 26 boys that convey the thoughts just nice began to get their shit together. It was slated to be one event that would choose the test of truth.

The letters..numerals..or other characters.

The letters..numerals..or other characters.

My choice would be the letters, but the numbers have had some good turns in my time. Perhaps it would be the characters. After all, they did seem to bring the most joy.

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The hour of 11:00 p.m. is coming some time here shortly. This, while the bells and horns silence the calves that walk loudly through dreams that have already commenced in the minds of many lads. Yes, coming while the pencil goes over the electronic paper and the colors stay to their side for their turn.

Yes, this as the jazz set comes just shy of one hour to complete their ensemble.

Yes, this as the jazz set comes just shy of one hour to complete their ensemble.

Ho and oh get those threads ready. For another day is today and today is yesterday and tomorrow is going to be the next.

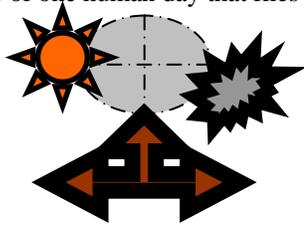
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Lights over Hollywood as the logger wipes his mouth after brushing his teeth. Black spots over Cleveland as the cocaine head shivers with no money and paralyzing fears he cannot figure how they have gotten into his head. Signals of war sound over Yugoslavia as the world can only remember the Yugo as a memorable chess piece of the country. They're fighting for their lives as the fire engine tears down a Boston urban arterial. Yes and as the sounds go on through and by, a young man reaches up his naked hand to bring his beautiful naked lover into bed. They will give some reason as to why were human. For we know that other reasons that cry war and despair won't do it in other portions of the world.

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A world linked by arrows. This as the magnetic chain goes about giving us some gravity and a day the Tibetans have already had a chance to see. It's a race yes. A race to see who can live the day out better. How do you quantify the collective events of one day in the world? You know, that would be one interesting thing to see. What all the world can tend to do and not do in the course of one human day that flies forth or crawls with indelible ease.

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We dare to hear him speak and the spec of a camera flash is all that can be called a remain from the leftovers of the crucifixion he speaks of. out and over as the bus made it into the right lane.

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Walking about the coals of my own decisions. Taught early on that you have to make your own decisions on matters that mean the most to you in life. There are going to be some times of doubt and elation that come along with those decisions. Times where you are reinforced with the fact that women are priceless and a reinforcement that money means nothing. For to make laughter or someone's day is the most valuable nugget of realization that can come forth. I come forth now to tell you of such decisions.

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During the first journey to take some of my personal belongings into my apartment there is a Hispanic couple finagling in love with each other near the opening to the building. I come in and out over six times to interrupt their love scape on this warm Sunday afternoon in life. On my last trip they are gone. Done with their love. Continuing on their ways that will come to missing each other and the times that were going on in each other's arms. This, as I load myself into the car for a trip up the street. I come back some time later with a friend to show off the new space. Again, they're gone. Although this time, the fellow from a Jehovah's Witness chapter stopped me and my friend for a chat about Christ. They told us that there were only 11 lads at that last dinner table in DA Vinci's famous painting and asked us to read their literature. I left it back in the place. A leaflet with Jesus on the cross. With blood emitted from his crucified hands. This on the entryway table. Waiting. Waiting with the lovers on the steps.

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Bags of floating trash come over eight stories high and wander back down to the ground. This warm spring day kicking winds like the bison of another forgotten landscape. As the voters go to the poll to vote another

mayor into their seat today, I sit in mine and think about the large pieces of trash that caught my attention for I thought they were birds. Birds in the trash and the city coming from the dumps.

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A gallery of reason lining the streets like tightly packed intestines waiting to receive the waste of a mean well served. Yes, the trees that will decide to bloom and the musty tears that will dry beneath the beauty of her eyes that eye love. Love in the trees. Love in the pocket. Love that will learn. Me that will learn.

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A tic-taco jar and the candied pickles that follow in open top cars down the hopping boulevard.

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Arms around friends, they went to a terrible concert last night. This as the eyes squint. By Christ you can know the eyes are the windows to the soul if you pay attention just right.

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Together with the full moon, I listen to a twig snap far off in the background that shakes with the new winds of the old night. A boulevard getting a little wound down from the day that has passed. Completely moved into the new home, the light just went off to the building about 10 feet from my view. Lights off. Lights on. My lover is out there on the edge of the city. I love you.

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Swishing and swerving down the early Saturday morning boulevard. Still Friday night in their minds, they swerve back and for from a nearby car. Finally, the large vehicle goes in reverse the wrong way on a one way street to go the other way. The cat looks at though he is up in his years. Making a bet against the gods. Trying to figure where the hell he is in the scheme of things.

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they look up and back down the street for a reason to move forward as the clock moves on the corner. slow feet below fast minds.

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Thirty-two black Anglican gentlemen walk up the boulevard as the people speak about in their neighboring apartment dwellings. Their beautiful afros glisten in the Sunday morning light like angels that had their day to walk on real sidewalk.

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Sitting in her reality that won't have a chance in hell of quitting on her. She speaks to a friend about her dreams. Of course, this heart-to-heart talk comes after some heavy aerobics that took place in the living room of the living space. She speaks of how men are pigs and how the world feels as though it is closing in on her in a pace that wasn't explained to her by her folks. Sitting in her chair with those long locks bracing her shoulders, she looks into a television set that makes a faint background noise to her thought process pouring forth.

Yes, how is it that we can't reach our dreams early and continue those same dreams into our old age. Why is it that the American ideal is to work towards this ever-beautiful Mecca for years upon years and finally enjoy the fruits of the harvest when were in our 50's or 60's. How many old folks have you met that worked or slaved their whole lives to sit back at that point to realize and pleasantly exhume the riches of their lives work?

Look, she said, its bullshit. Enjoyment is now. It's the birds whistling in the trees when I come home late at night. It's the new budding of the spring trees. It's the laughter and understanding of those that are friends and you choose to make your time worthwhile with them.

The now is here and the instant has a place.

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You reach that instrument of comfort by taking your mind down in the pen and doing some rational thought to it. Listen brothers and sisters, for my cash and opinions, if your are not feeling the air as though it should be felt you must do something. If this means going about naked in your home to the sounds of music your have never hear while shaking a tambourine in your hand, more power to you.

Make that comfort level more than "I'm on the road to happiness". This pleasure in existence is a daily act that needs to be cultivated. Wet with wine and ignited like two naked torsos smashing until that small fart sound comes forth. Laughter and bellowing until tears come forth and the front of your undershorts are smattered with light urine from uncontrolled bladder combustion.

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Tooling and smarting with the dark as Vietnamese food rips about my belly as though the 7<sup>th</sup> act of kindness was to go down below the stoop of my living room window. The random sounds of 2:00 AM males voices doing their pissing and speaking in Spanish outside down low. A cat stuck in a tree because that's where it wants to be at this time. No lights on now for the candle would be a little more justice than is needed here in the cold glow of a day that is now and that has gone by.

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Saw a little slice of beauty today. From the window to the world within which I work, approximately 10:25 AM or so, I hear several loud blasts of a horn. Not thinking too much about it, yet cognizant in my peripheral hearing at the time. Then, I hear this fucker lay into the horn hard. He's a trash truck driver screaming through his blaring horn for the operator of a soft-top BMW to get the hell out of his way. He must have laid into his horn for over 4-5 minutes straight. Everyone near a window in this quadrant in downtown Kansas City looked down at this cat in wonderment. I laughed every ounce of breath that was in my body. This fucking trash truck driver wasn't going to have his day impeded by anyone. Especially of all, a bald bastard in an overpriced vehicle. And the loud, echoing sound of that horn filling the air with a glassful of justice that still shakes my body with pure laughs.

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My dad killed an ostrich in the zoo about 30 years ago. Yes, with one smack of a good aim from a hand rock he took that animal off this earth. The way he explained it, he was out at the zoo with some friends at the Kansas City Zoo. He was a young man twirling with vigor and dreams chasing some images down on an afternoon out at the zoo. He was out there with some friends of his when he came to that pin of ostriches and other feathered birds. Looking out at those birds, one of his buddies bet that he couldn't hit the ostrich they were pointing at with a rock. So, my dad took the plunge. He picked up a rock that fit snug into his hand and took air. He launched the piece of hard earth and knocked the animal flat on its back. The sound of the smack and his legs sprawled out on the ground, there was thunderous laughter from his friends. Although, they collected themselves into some semblance of reality and took off quickly out of the park. He said he had a pretty strong feeling that ostrich died.

I guess that could be a reason why he likes birds so much now in his later years.

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The afternoon tipping like a boat away from the lies. Watching the shadows of branches and leaves fall on the building while the church bells ring, there is some truth about here in the spring. Just before and just after. It is just and it is going on before someone said "now".

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There are some times where you just have to leave it alone. Just pull those hands away from the pieces and let the ways and intones have their time to create their own magic. Yet, if you feel that impulsion to make the charades of images or such become real, kick the non-knowing in the teeth and bustle forth with what should absolutely be done.

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The phone rang several times. The dirty CD's next to the scuttled videotapes stick and stay around the air that stales with the heat that has since stopped once the head rose up from the pillow. Yes, the remnants of ashes falling from a loose cherry on a cigarette land on stolen shirts and other reasons that were misinterpreted by those that have an easy time bending the reality into something other than this and now. Cooking soup for the belly and eating sandwiches to appease the mouth, the dogs walk their owners up and down the boulevard as the evening news continues..goes..marches..continues and continues on into other stories that will grab the eager eyes.

Hello world...I offer you a nickel for your dime.

I indeed deem that you may keep the change. For change is needed and all around us.

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The kidney beans lying in the bean trays dried and rotting in the right way. The army beans running around on the ground discovering and protecting a country they are thousands of miles away from. Yes, and the navy beans sit around and laugh as the people contemplate whether they should stick them in boiling water or let them sit on the shelves. The marine beans were too good to be deemed a bean. Instead they were etched into wallets to carry money for the people.

This now is the bean explanation as the United States comes to a combative peace offering for an Easter European nation that knows not who played Wonder Woman in the 70's show and gives even little more of a shit for those circumstances in this land.

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Landing a flown object. Swimming a beached reason. Taking to the air for the loss of dirt. Becoming more skin because the biology said so. Turning off the headlights for they would and can blind the virgin eyes. Burn..burning baby all this damn meat.

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The light shooting through the skies just outside the edge of the city. Shaking at some times, putting off the impression that a new restaurant or play has opened in town. No, no...quite the contrary. This light exists high above in the sky to bring the eyes of the folks to where the action is. It's a monastery that holds secrets many will never figure out in their lifetime.

The light is a subtle reminder that these secrets of these will remain hidden. Hidden under the shoals, cassocks, cloaks and shirts that bring around the push mop during the evening time. Yes, the folks with their secrets. Making dough beneath their fingers and laughter between their lips.

The secrets.

The light that reminds people of the secrets.

Secrets even the secrets don't know.

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If you ran into Paul Newman, would you talk to him about his salad dressing line or one of his movies?

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A night like tonight. One you wait for. One you chase after with the crazy stick to stop the cold and bring in those things that will presumably not go away. A night where the moon looks like a boomerang in a banana peel. An evening that should be gently sliced from the mango bud and sucked for all the juice the temptress has left behind.

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He was detained from his duty in the café outside of Los Angeles, California. Earlier in the night he had a humorous conversation with Steve Martin. Then, Ring Starr popped in for a Martini en route to a live, unplugged style show in that crazy TV land called Burbank. Yes, even though some stars would come in every once in a while, it was a fairly slow night. This young lad, in whom this story is based, still could see that his evening was going to turn out alright in the name of cash. He already pocketed nearly \$1,100 in just over five hours of waiting tables. Yes, he thought, this is a long way away from that little Missouri town. Shit, he thanked every footstep that he finally made the walk down the plank and got the fuck out of town. California, with a sprinkling of the stars, you just can't beat that shit with a stick. These thoughts were going through his mind for several minutes, when a recognizable basketball player from the Lakers came through the door. This flamboyant star of the courts and the "unique" scenes of the city, signaled to our noted story character. He looked up in response, wiped his hands down his apron and made his way over to talk to his new friend. They exchanged some small talk and then the player invited him over to his place for a blowout scene that would last a while with favors and plenty of L.A. ladies. Fuck man, this young man's heart began to race. "Sure, I'd fucking love to join this scene. I'll be over just before midnight," he said. The basketball player winked, gave him some jive high five and headed out with a burly neck wrap waving on the ground behind him.

The crazy thing is that this young man didn't go over and join this nutty scene that was assured to be one of the best events he could attend without paying. Instead, he remembered he had a date with his lover that night. He didn't want to bring her into that side of his life, yet he wanted with all his gusto to be with his woman. Shit man, he thought, I'll be out here for some time and there's bound to be more scenes like this going on. Sure, he thought, as long as this city exists there will always be some kind of fucked cool crazy scene to get down with.

The clock struck the end of his shift. That evening happened to pick-up and he collected nearly \$1,600 in one evening. Damn man, he thought, this one evening would have taken me over a month anywhere back home to earn. He laughed as he fondled his wad of cash on the way to his small foreign car that still had Missouri plates. As he unlocked the door, some strong thoughts came punching into his mind. He began thinking about his mortality. What if he didn't make it through the night. Would he ever get the chance to get involved with an unsolicited "Hollywood" party scene. This didn't matter as he thought about his girl some more. Shit, he fucking loved this woman. He swam in her blood. He knew there was nothing more that he wanted to do but to get to her place and have a nice go of it that night.

Yet, on the way to her place he just couldn't shake the mortality thing. The crazy thing, he thought, was that he couldn't figure out why.

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Came home tonight to hear a message flashing in the red light on my electronic voice retrieval system. It was another sign that advertising has gone way too fucking far in making a dollar in the name of the American economy. It was a recorded voice of a local broadcaster advertising this: "You ever wonder about those little aches and pains you feel throughout the day. Well, on tonight's Ten O'clock newscast, watch out special report on what you can do about these little pains and how they come about. I'm Wendell Anschutz, please join me tonight to find out more."

This was undoubtedly played for tens of thousands of other people on recording devices all around the city. You know, it's enough to get these advertisements shoved around in television commercials and on billboards across the streets of these local roads, but on your answering machine. How far can the gauntlet be pushed to where it becomes unbelievable?

Well, I just witnessed it this evening.

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Man in warm slippers walks from one room to another and forgets where he is exactly. It's going to take some time for him to remember his name. It may take longer for him to remember yours.

\*\*

Just went through the spell check mechanism on within this Microsoft program and came to the word "weatherwoman". It was brought up in question (as it is now with a squiggly red line underneath it). The correction for this word was "weatherman". Need or shall I say anymore?

\*\*

No Step spelled backwards is "Pets On".  
Just want you to try this on for size...

\*\*

If they read this some day and get red headed, flat fucking pissed....Remember....THINK...There's three sides to what?

\*\*

Brown spots in the green apple. Hell was made in Hollywood. Heaven went to the oven to check the temperature.

\*\*

Apple chips – Spring things will be here for about & again.

\*\*

Birds swooping down and around. Using neurology as their breath while the folly of penguins exist on the ground striking the needles and breaking the spokes. END—

\*\*

What to do with the old slices of cheese? For the mice? Possibly more life?  
We shall see./<,>.

\*\*

Hiccups are God's way of throwing in a good fit of laughter here and there.

\*\*

When I wake-up, I wake-up. Not now choosing to set that time...Tonight/This Morn.

\*\*

Sleeping naked—Hey, nothing better.

\*\*

Them folks drinking more. Pumping dreams full of bull. Cockroaches in the arrow, while the archer goes off for a short break.

\*\*

The old things roll by as though they never aged.

\*\*

Yellow lighter on the side of road. Where did you come to and how has the hand slipped?

\*\*

I saw "trust Jesus" written in black magic marker on an electric box attached to a pole downtown today. Yes, it sat there motionless staring everyone down that walked within an eyeshot.

\*\*

Now hear this...They sang of love.

\*\*

All the flips and sprinkles on Sunday in the absence of trees, unkempt folks.

\*\*

Musing with the ape as the time of flies become mine.

\*\*

A light on the kitchen wall..a spark in the sight.

\*\*

No feeling more than the feeling.

\*\*

And I rest on this.

\*\*

In other words, it was the one that they had chosen. One who knew the boundaries, yet gave no shit like a rooster sipping his 7<sup>th</sup> cocktail.

\*\*

You know, the whole time I believe Paul Shaeffer has been a mechanical robot.

\*\*

I just saw a really big fucking cloud here outside this window seat.

\*\*

I hear Ray Kroc was a real asshole. Though, I love that fucking Big Mac.

\*\*

As the plane shifter down runway, Dallas sun and shadows showed a large catfish with a hook in mouth and when turned to the east, the shadow turned into a big submarine dreaming of women and stout drinks.

\*\*

Everywhere you look...cellular phones. A big bath of naked waves walloping my body and doing things to their brains every loving, licking second.

\*\*

She died on her wedding day. The organs stopped playing as music keeps on playing in the unknown of melodies.

\*\*

The ground. Several hundred feet up in seat 10A, Kansas City to Denver, Colorado. The ground looks like a dirties piece of paper from a Big Chief tablet scribbled with lines, dirt roads stretching for miles. A moon over the white ranges of rock.

\*\*

You wonder with whirly squirrels of questions if I see the anti-smoking billboards – “Smoke-Free Kids/Sparkle-Fresh-Alive” or “43,000 Americans Die Every Year from Smoking” or “Etc., etc., etc.” Yes, this smoke, my first-hand choice. I just call it being in touch with my mortality.

\*\*

Those cats catapulted on a platform 10-20-40-43 floors above streets-sidewalks-rails-trains-concrete cleaning windows...Do they dream of holding this kind of job when they were kids? Or, do they have some damn large balls?

\*\*

The magic ring on the left finger as the wealthy male argues over the price of an onion in a farmer’s market. Oh, the voodoo to take place at a later time.

\*\*

When it doesn’t seem worth it, it’s worth it enough for you to think – “Is it worth it?”

\*\*

An old man trapped in a young man’s skin. The dream of their desires. A nickel lost under the din of a dollar.

\*\*

Would you mind if it was any different? Then in the here and now of things that taste of bitter, with a chance of sweet. Really, would it matter?

\*\*

SOUTHERN JIVE: “That was about as effective as a screen door on a submarine.”  
“Those hamhocks, walking around in the cold like a bad ass.”  
“There ain’t nothin’ that green money won’t buy.”

\*\*

A cool dream on a lemonade tricycle.

\*\*

Heard tonight that the seven main food groups for a Cajun man is a six-pack of beer and ten pound of crawfish. Christ, these southern folk lap in those unhealthy analogies like pardoned seamen at the world's last carnival.

\*\*

You have to wonder about your world. If you don't, it will wonder about you.

\*\*

I see Louisiana license plates saying, "Sportsman's Paradise"  
THEIR EXPLANATION: "You have to hunt it, shoot it or kill it before it kills you."  
Really?

\*\*

Man walks by me while sitting at a table in a bar alone. I recognize him, yet he's a young bald man. He comes up to my table and takes the plastic prop bald piece off his head and begins laughing. I laugh back and tell him that was good. I ask him if I can wear the piece. You know, just to fool some folks. "You have too much hair," he tells me.

\*\*

A paradise painted on a decorative wall plate. Shit, take it down and fill with mashed potatoes, gravy and green beans. Serve it to me steaming hot and call me Bud.

\*\*

A man and woman are out looking for some excitement one slow evening. Going down the Interstate late at night, they decide to pull over on the shoulder and strip down naked. They climb to the top ledge of a roadside billboard that says, "Who's the father?" They wave the nighttime motorists over that are passing by. They get a good clogged crowd cooking in a hurry. Quickly, the freeway becomes jammed up with stolid vehicles. With a wave of his hand, the man pulls the woman close to his body. They lay down and begin fucking for all the people to witness. Then, a short time later the cops come along with news choppers in the sky and Channel 9-6-4-5-etc. reporters on the ground. Streaming and poking their lights about for a glimpse of this public act of frivolity. Finally, the cops pull the couple down off their fucking billboard perch. Once on the ground, as the loops of media film are spinning, the woman announces loudly: "Now you know who the father is," as she reaches over to give her mate a good lip on the tongue. GOOD EVENING & GOOD LUCK WITH YOUR FATHERHOOD.

\*\*

Half plate of dry grits, juiced omelet and the world looked yellow while the end seemed further than the points dividing the two ends capping a line.

\*\*

New hope sparked on a match that burns the tip of your index finger. Then, a relative comment made from yellowed teeth with the best of blind intentions.

\*\*

They flogged an oxen and sucked down the yolk of an egg.

\*\*

Door slams down below here in the top floor of a three-story apartment building. The dueling radios as the neighbors across the way in another building keep their blinds lifted high making sure at least one piece of the world keeps tabs on what they plan on doing.

\*\*

Young man takes a break from working in his apartment. He's a free lance musician that has possibly stumbled upon an incredible piece. Yet, he knows his internal barometer and some excitement or tranquility, either way, over a drink would do him just fond. He skips over for his shoes and digs through old pant pockets for his keys. A hit. He finds his keys and flies out the door.

He heads on down to the bar several blocks away from his place on foot. Entering the aged and liquor stained doors of "Don's Place", he strikes up a talk with the bartender he knows well.

"How do you say there, friend?" he asks the barkeep.

"More than the last time I saw you. How's it holding up," the barkeep responds.

"Better than can be expected for a Wednesday," he says.

"Miller light or a cocktail tonight?" the bartender asks.

"Let's roll with a Vodka and water," the young man says with a jump in his voice.

"My pleasure," he responds.

As the young man reaches for the drink he catches the eye of an oddly beautiful woman seated several seats down to his right. He smiles and nods his head. She gives him an accepting wave as she reaches for her purse, lighter and cigarettes to make a more over towards a new conversation.

She approaches the stool to the left of the young man and asks, "You look interested?"

"What? That sounds like it cuts through a lot of bullshit quickly," he says.

"Well, what I mean is that you look interesting," she says.

"Things interest me. I enjoy thought," he responds.

"So, let's keep cutting through the bullshit. What do you say we leave this place after you finish that drink for a little enjoyment and privacy," she proposes.

"Hmm. Well, what's your idea?" he asks.

"Well, I don't live around here otherwise I would invite you over to my place. Do you live around here?" she continues.

"Yea, just down the street here. What do you have in mind?" he asks with a pop of excitement in his voice.

"I see beauty in you. I want to find out some more through verbal means mainly, perhaps physical," she says.

"Yea?" he says while his creative juices kick an unexpected gear. "I don't have much in my place for entertainment. Though, I do have a bottle of Vodka, Whiskey and a deck of UNO cards."

"Sounds like you have the ingredients for an interesting evening," she responds.

"Where you from?" he asks.

"A small town outside of Hartford, Connecticut. How about yourself?" she comes back.

"Born and bread the Boston way," he says.

"How about a name?" she asks.

"Niles. Niles Grove. What about yourself?" he says.

"Natashia Stacio," she responds.

The young man managed to polish his drink off in record time. He pulls out several extra bills for the tip and says, "How about we head back to my place, Natashia?"

"I didn't think your were going to ask," she says with a sexy laugh.

They make the walk back to his place, walking tightly together speaking of the night sky that is open like a bloody cut on the side of a wounded elephant.

They get back to the apartment and fill some stout drinks to continue the conversation. She opts for a Whiskey Sour as he goes for a tall Vodka and Seven.

They move over to a small kitchen table and break the seal on a fresh deck of UNO cards as he begins dealing the deck.

At this point, Natasha states one golden rule for the game, "The loser must strip one piece of clothing off" He nods with willful acceptance as the cards are dealt.

As several hours and more drinks go by, they sit naked together laughing at the revolving absurdity of their life and the beauty of their naked skins.

Then, she tears across the table to take down Niles in a fit of sexual passion. They rub and begin slather in some sweaty foreplay as the moon creeps in through the blinds and bathes the darkened room. As Niles looks around to find a condom, the musical idea comes full circle and eases every inch of his body. He has his lasso around the idea he was searching for.

He continues to kiss her as though the night was slipping into its fifth month.