

INSPECTED BY NO. 37

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I collect the oyster shells from Cajun restaurant and get ready to go on my way. I just couldn't get enough of those crazy oysters sliding down my throat. Now, in the midst of new surroundings, we collect another drink and ready ourselves to go on down the pearly road. The pearly road away from smoked air into the cold night. Armed with the needles of shells into the air, we go.

**

I don't know what you have been living. I don't know where you came from with that itchin' living thing that now comes around and greets that word. I don't know where it comes from, but pull up a spot and stick around for the beginning.

**

Come on, we invite you on in. We are the jokers and pranksters you have heard so much about. We're the ones that are kicked out of your favorite spots for either misconception or low tolerance. Come. Follow us. We have the chance to laugh at this world that has a tendency to wear a frown in times of content. We're the ones that will find a new adventure once we're kicked out of the one that we created that time before. Come with your fingers, toes, mouths, ears and hands to have a ball. Some time on the laughter and some time with the philosophy. Some time to maybe get the kick and to take a good swallow while we enjoy the kicks.

**

Swallowing pretzels and listening to the wind march outside like a nasty brew of storm will come some time soon. The heat seeps through the vents, I was trapped in a hotel room this time one week ago. Looking into the mirror, television tube and the cat's eye to figure how we were to get out of that mess. Well, we did. Off and onto the road again were we're bound for Kansas City via vehicle. Ready to pass over the snow and wish Hanukkah well. Off and into new streets of warmth. Back to here and away from there. Quite an adventure in both.

**

Swimming through a pool of cold embers to breach the top of the surface. There is air and interesting sights up there. Although, I wondered where did all the water go. It was dried up and replaced with these cold embers of fire that once did exist. Did the fires singe this land while I was asleep? As I surface to the top, I look about with the sun blaring in its familiar fashion. Looking into the earth for someone new to offer its ray. Yellow clouds and orange trees, it has changed. Yes, as I swim and wonder where it all went and how it all got here.

**

Hello dentist...old mate. I'm sure you would like to get your claws on my teeth and give the x-rays some nasty sort of interpretation. Yea, there you go with that gas and drill ready to take apart the mouth while the women giggle and suck up the blood next to the white cotton swabs. Sure there Dr. I may open my mouth.

**

Palisades and parkways spinning around the magical mural that comes out of the wall like a pair of eyes I have once seen on a person that came by my way in a dream depicting their past life.

**

An ambulance went by me on the road tonight and I had a thought..Who was the first crazy bastard to come up with the idea to have flashing lights on emergency vehicles? You know we had to have progressed from the sound filled hand cranked siren to another form or facsimile that had only sound. Who was the first one

to break through that barrier and introduce the lights flashing and the sound buzzing around for the surround traffic to take notice. I may have to look into this one. Keep attuned and stay in for some time for the answer to this one.

**

If you took a picture of every other thing you saw in one day during your life do you think anyone would really enjoy looking through this? It all does depend, though I would be more inclined to think so. The regular and the irregular formed in the morph of one day. It could work. We may just have to try this combination of malarkey some time.

**

Several cups of French brewed coffee on the strong side and I'm going to continue bringing you the words. Yes, and the jazz and hot flashes going through this male mind that won't go down to the mental menopause.

**

In a world of white people faces and white people names, I hear one name being paged over the intercom system in the world of Corporate exhaust. That name. . Ouvian Vorvaung. Many couldn't have come up with a better name. Thank Christ for many and many more countries out there to take you away from the American bubble and drop you into the capsule of flowing waters and other lands.

**

They have the popular video game turned movie(s) and other assorted novelties called "Mortal Combat". How about a non-violent spin-off called "Mortal Love". When the game begins, you don't hear the master jujitsu master yell "Fight", you hear the words "Fuck" with a large bed draped in the back ground. During the course of the game, you fight the time to see how far each player can get in the love making game. Bonus points for opening the condom without teeth and pulling it on before the erection goes down. The female player gets bonus points for no teeth. Tugging and pulling the pants off and getting down into love on the bed. Oh shit and on the bed. The points go higher and higher. Foreplay is redeemed with more than points. Remember though . . . pregnancy means you lose a life. The object – teaching kids safe sex and a game mode to learn the craft of love making. In a world of too much violence, terrible performances in the bedroom and sexually transmitted diseases on the rise, this would teach a good deal about the loving game. Fuck punching an opponent's head off and watching the spine and blood squirt into the air. It's much too vile and won't be of any practical purpose. Give the "Mortal Love" a chance. The kids will love it. Lovemaking may become a skill many will possess. The condom will become a readily known act to pull on and off. All right parents and others in the various institutions, it's pornographic you say. Well what the hell do you call kicking the shit out of an opponent in a violent fashion? What will that instill and harbor. Let's get rid of the violent games and bring in some love. Oh and how the music could flow for us all.

**

I'm knocking, knocking on that door to the second world. Is no one home? Shall we come through with our bands of parades and gimmicks? Shall we give the reader a little more on the side when they wanted only cream with their coffee? Yes, we shall assume so. For making an ass out of you and me never felt more feasible.

**

Madame Gossimer, would you like more rain to come down outside?

Well, yes. Please. Let the wet pelt the lands like people forgot what the sun felt like on their skins.

Sure, Madame Gossimer. But I have one question.

Well, yes.

Why do you want it to rain so much outside?

Because it brings soothing feelings of the late Mister Gossimer. Rain was his favorite parts of the day that was indeed rare for a man on his seriousness. He would fold into many pieces and take utter delight in the rains that would fall.

Sure Madame Gossimer, I shall make it rain for many, many days.

Thank you. Thank you. We shall sit around today and laugh.

**

They said they many need me in work today. No dice. The boys downtown and in the suburbs shedding pieces of paper that look like shrubs. The girls in their residences that are neither in downtown nor in the suburbs try on clothing and take a giggling delight in their naked figure. A naked figure that would make the men with their naked eyes lose their minds from pure passion and imagination. Yes, and we shan't forget the dogs and other cats that hang around the known quarters of their dimes. The Italian Greyhounds licking their broken legs and cats viciously licking their feet while pieces of their missing ear shake violently in the air.

**

A man on downtown street hanging on a stone ledge yells to me, "Can you spare a fifty? These are tough times." I walk by without looking anymore than what peripheral vision would give me. I say walking forward towards 12th street, "Fuck baby, I could use fifty bucks."

There was no reply. Just the tailpipe whirlwind of the hustle that goes somewhat slow as my body dizzies at 1:20 p.m. in the afternoon following my first cigarette of the day.

**

When they looked up into the sky – they saw what remained and forgot what became.

**

I didn't write a word down today except these. Clever..clever those bastards are sooo clever.

**

They say they want to define those meaningful moments of your life.

**

Their speech is fluent as though they may never grow old.

**

Those who love the holidays the most need them. They need something to fill the gaps in their days.

**

Disgust and mild dementia, the twirl birds of night dive and swoop into the pools of day.

**

Instincts of the rapture. Hell is the hell that they call an aversion of hell.

**

You know I wonder what really happens within the expanse of all those large and small water towers.

**

What if..The disabled of the world were the true power holding groups in society?

**

They watch me drive with a cat in my lap. I look through the dark to see the man-made Missouri arch.

**

Clairvoyance I look into these grown women buying stuffed animals. You ask yourself.

**

For the time was time as they remembered. They presume. Hey, it's moved on. We keep moving. Time in and their time. It's all time and its all different in another time.

**

You hear the voices yell. You see them when they're calm. The malady of the bouncing ball going back and forth. Time bomb waiting. Wait. It may make it before it smiles. Angers. Explodes.

**

In line at the downtown Department of Motor Vehicles. You do know the story. Yet, two women twisted the fancy of my ears while waiting for those luminescent stickers were being processed for my vehicle.

One said to the other, "Have you started your taxes yet?"

"No," the other said. "I need to get down to that soon." (As do I, I thought).

"Who's going to do your taxes?" the first one asked.

"My sister," she responds.

"What?" the other asked.

"My sister will do them." She looks up with her latest response.

"You know anyone that will cheat?" she asks.

"Shit, I wish I did. I could find someone," one responds.

They both look at me with novel smiles.

"Hell, I could use a little tax help. Seems ironic though that your discussing this in the open within a state building," I conclude.

They laugh.

I grab my receipt, record the monies I flicked to the government again, collect my stickers and head outside.

Bill Clinton on the wall. He likely won't be impeached and I know the government would help him a little to fudge on his taxes.

**

Spaces and faces in old dreams last night. Yes, I know who that is. They know who you are. In that mind. In those clothes.

**

I'm stuck in a lead pipe. Claustrophobia.

**

Man in a wreck. Last one gone.

**

Oh, in the cold, cold sea they live and swim with the fleece. Oh, they swim.

**

I almost burned down the house the other Saturday afternoon. I had an idea sparked by an old mate the other day. How about melting down crayons onto a framed canvass and making a design out of that. Not only do I love the smell of crayons and the smell that they would undoubtedly emit for time and time again, it would be a nice way to create a piece. Though, my mate mention that a wax based medium would be a hard bargain to come by for longevity. Yes, he had a point. I would do this.

Smear chalk pastels in a blue—green—purple haze over the canvass and gloss that over with some rubber cement. From there, I would burn crayons on top of the glue and pastels with a candle as my fire. I got everything in line and lit the candle. I had a bundle of red—pink—maroon—candy apple red crayons burning on the wick that would soon have its way with me. As I was moving along with my splashes of red against the bluish cement glue haze; I began to laugh at what could result. Next, I had no idea what was going to go down in front of my face in a momentary blurred daze of terror. Not too cognizant in my creative furor of what could happen next, I felt some intense heat. As the fourth or fifth drop of red wax hit the surface of the coated canvass, a ball of flames shot towards my head. The canvass was in a fucking intense blaze. I can clearly remember the licking flames smacking and chastising the surrounding air in a sound I won't likely forget in this year or years or life of this.

With the canvass in a blaze, newsprint on the ground to collect the errant pieces of paint and a room full of flammable carpeting and paints, I was bulging from the eyes of my amazed brain. Immediately I began beating the canvass to put out the fire and any chance at the flames taking over the newsprint, room, paintings, more canvass, all our possessions and eventual home. I beat that son-of-a-bitch with all the adrenaline that has a way of making it's course through the human body in but an instant. I beat with no results. Then, in a moment of calm I reached back and looked at the flames in a sordid sadness. At that point, moments were split moments and I rolled up my sleeves. I came down on my knees on the ground and beat the canvass several swift times and squelched the flame.

The room was immediately filled with a stench-filled remnant of burned paints and what could have been. A smoke alarm up and to the right of my head began to whistle loudly. I reached up and pulled that fucker straight out of the ceiling. It was still yelling in a terrified scream. I stuffed the device in my pants to shield it from more tears or further screams. It stopped.

I looked around and shook with a ferocious play of events that could have been. My right hand was bruised with several quickly forming puss blisters and my hands were red with beating the canvass and the crayon wax imprinted with the burning adhesive of cement glue. I turned for my pack of smokes and lit up. Pulled the uncomfortable smoke detector bulge from my pants and shoved it in the closet. Tilting my head up, I notice that I severed three wires and presumably destroyed the shouting evidence.

Immediately, I rose the window in this small bedroom to let the smoldering smoke escape into the beautiful and gray Saturday.

Shit baby, I shook and laughed in that slowly gathering cold room and began wading up burned pieces of newsprint. Then, I flew into the bathroom and began washing my beaten hands with soap and warm water. The warm water didn't last long. Those wounds on my inflamed hands couldn't handle the gentle tremors taking the crayon, glue and residue off my hands. So, I turned the water on a high cold and took off my ring to wash out the remains. Following the cleaning, I grabbed a chair from the connecting room and took a look at all the wire facing me from the ceiling after ripping out the fire person in the ceiling. I had an idea that the alarm would fit back in the ceiling if I was swift enough and matched up the wires nice and tidy. Well, by another stroke of laughter it went back in. The smell was out of the room from the cold march of the wintry Saturday winds coming through the window for a good five minutes.

Several minutes went by and my hand began soaking in the burn aftermath and was pulsating. I decided to continue on and paint. I glued these eternal sticks of potential destruction to the canvass. Slapped some paint on the top of the burned, yet crisp white canvass sides and laughed. At this point, I heard the garage door rise below the room. My lover was home. All the scents out and the fire alarm and other cleaning

done, I took in a breath of fresh cold air that was getting warmer with providence and the seeping heat vents. We sidestepped truly fucked up events from happening this Saturday. Would I have it any other way? Fuck no. Not planned. . . yet planned in the great lessons that come once when you have to face it again.

**

James Brown up next. Where did the soul go for some more lovin'?

**

Bones popping. Panties down. Pants pulled up. They sleep. We be.

**

Gum on the floor. Blood in the guns.

**

Back at the old homes, new homes we may never see.

**

The sound of 79 oceans rocking while I wait in Mrs. Thompson's second grade classroom. Slapping and clapping back. Oh, those loud oceans at sea.

**

The taste of food to the mouth. Stick persons baking up their arms and asses. Oh, the taste of sandwiches. Killing the salts and taking the acids.

**

I paralleled the car into the parking spot. Using the gal in front of me parking her car as a measuring stick, I was stuck in a 5:00 p.m. evening dream. Hopped out of my open door and made my way down the sidewalk to me an old friend for a drink off 31st Street. Made my way up to the bar. Met a couple of his friends and dined in the drinks and talk of communal health. Putting used cigarettes into the ashtray, filling in the drinks and laughing at the spots we pulled together. Then, as the hour came to an end we both had other plans to attend to as the night started going further into it's journey. We shook hands and I told him I would finish off my drink. Adios, he went off while I waited with and finished off my drink. I took the rest of the amber-wheat glow over my teeth and throat, then headed out into the night.

I whipped around the corner and noticed a cop car behind mind with several officers scurrying with a light about my car. As I came closer I said, "Hello. This is my car."

"Do you realize you're parked in front of someone's driveway?" he asked.

"No. Not until now," I replied.

"So, you have no excuse for doing this," he said in a hostile tone as he inched closer to me.

"No, I don't. I apologize," I said.

"That's not good enough. There's no excuse for this," he snipped.

I was resigned there in the middle of the road looking at my car and the home with their plans I held up for some time for they couldn't get out of their driveway. As I sat there thinking that this cop must have been an unpopular lad in high school redeeming his anger on society as a cop, another officer approached me with a citation.

"We'll mail you the fine in the mail," he said.

I took the yellow slip of paper I've been all too familiar with over the years. Got back into my car and lied the slip down gently on my passenger seat and tried to figure how the fuck I blatantly parked in front of

another's driveway. Also, I was forgetting an earlier episode of two men making plans of where and how they were going to fuck each other that night.

Well, I turned over the engine, pulled back close to the front bumper of the cop behind me and turned the wheel to head up the street. Came to a stop sign, turned left and made it back into the urban whistle of midtown going on around all six windows of my small car. Then, like a dark prince wiping away the world's Friday night woes a man was dancing down the sidewalk. He had on headphones and a walkman doing his dance across the expanse of a 7-foot wide sidewalk. Pointing and hopping to the music going through his mind. I looked his way and pointed a finger accepting his free flow. He looked me in the face and pointed back with a smile.

I laughed at the sanity of our little world that grows around each corner we round.

Good luck out there. It's full of it.

**

Lighting up another cigarette. I believe this habit is doing nothing good for me. Though, you must know that I love taking this smoke down my throat.

**

The young man made his way into the bar to meet five comrades that made it to the bar several minutes prior. He spotted them, sat down and thought about having a nice tall drink. Before that, he must make his way into the bathroom to release the liquid tension. While going to the hole in the corner, he notices the thick crowd that hung close like a bouquet of flower stuffed in a tiny envelope. He relieved his innards and came out for a drink. As he approached the bar, he gave the bar keep a friendly nod of "hello, how are you and thirst is a quest you can cure."

"Your house amber, chief," he said.

"Sure, man," he replied.

At this, a young lady approaches the young man and asks if he would order he a glass of tonic.

"Sure," he said. He ordered the beverage for this woman.

While waiting for both drinks, the woman said thank you and you're the best for doing this for me.

"No problem. No problem at all," the young man replied.

She went on to say he was wonderful and that she insisted he give her a light peck on her cheek for his work. He relents, then gives her a slight peck on the right cheek. She beams and says that he's a beautiful man that seems so self-assured. At this point, the drinks come and the young man pulls out his wallet to put out the monetary flame. Drunk and placid with a close smile, she asks if he would mind pouring the tonic into her unusually strong vodka drink.

"Sure, hold on," he says.

At that point he reaches over and pulls out four plastic swordsticks to hold back the ice in the tonic drink to pour in the straight fluids. He stirs that drink and tells her to drink up. She does.

"Try this. Tell me what you think," she asks.

He takes a sip and agrees that it's a fine drink.

"Hey, thanks again. What's your name?" she says.

"Sonny. What's yours?" he comes back.

"April. I'm from Oklahoma. Are you from around here?" she responds.

"Yea. You like it here?" he asks.

"It was hell for the 5 months I have been here until tonight. Your kindness has changed my mind," she says.

At this, she shakes his hand again and heads back into her evening. I look at the mirror behind the bar and the dancing lights and stories in the smoked air. He nods his head and agrees that it was nice to meet her.

**

The black men approaching all the women on the city streets at will as the afternoon sun shines in such a light that the broken poet on the side of the corner can't describe the beauty that comes from recognizing each and every last one of us as the beautiful creatures that we are.

**

A flock of birds moved in a ball over the sky giving the blues in the sky and highway some life. I escaped into that bird flight. A swift patter of the heart, rapid eyes looking over human motion and all the other thoughts that we research. There simply won't be answers to some of these little mysteries. Yes, fly on small ones. Fly.

**

You drink the alcohol to erase their face. You drink the alcohol to erase your face. Drinking the alcohol thus erupting all the new faces, old faces, your face and the ends to your means face. All those faces floating in the bottle caps and plastic tabs coming off that common purchase. A struggle as human. A beauty as person. Faces and drinks reflecting all the great broken mirrors and new ones being mended and expanded.

**

I roll lightly to the stop sign wondering where the sound of those geese is coming from. Yes, aha, there above the other suburban growl of a home. Honking in a group of 7 they fly. Making their necks expand while their wings mock us cooped up here on the ground. Yes, those magnificent birds making a preamble to the arrow as I stopped at the stop sign to admire their underneath while they flew between my moon roof and me. Fun in the morning as we take other shots of doses during the day. Of the emotional and indeed as we age, the physical. That beacon of birds and the coffee within my left hand. I was where I wanted to be.

**

Oh you crouched up in that corner determined not to speak to another soul for the rest of your days. Pouting enough polish to clean a fleet of dirty eighteen wheelers (even the dregs cocks if they like). Now yes, you crouched in the corner thinking to yourself you own simple tune that will drown out the night and day noises of the streets. Yes indeed, they're in that same position slightly askew from clinically being deemed fetal. With fixated eyes and hate in that brain. Pounding the fist against the mash, it won't ooze as though it did when you were younger. Not much seems that same now, she wonders, as though it did when we were once young. The more you feel the blood and bruises, the beauty and tranquility become more soothing along the nights that are quiet with that nights that are as equally as loud. Doing your act on that chair that sits there in the corner. Being there. Doing there. Hanging in there. Yes, just hanging by the threads of your fingers that whispers your name. You smash those fingers to silence the voice. For you would rather not hear your name or the others that have inextricably and undoubtedly led you to that corner. If you continue there in that corner you'll miss out on a good laugh, dinner, your future child, a mate, the bills and the glory that absorbs us away from the fine details. For the fine details have had their way of strangling your simplicity. For the simplicity was the calling you felt most familiar with. Find that simplicity, kiss solace and spit if you shall feel so while the world watches it hit and stick to the ground.

**

Moving down the gradients, a man in a wheelchair asked me on the street if he could hold my wallet. "Sure," I told him. "Why?" "I'm not sure what it feels like to be a healthy mate with cash in my pocket," he said. "Keep it for the afternoon. I work in this building on the right, ninth floor. Bring it back to me when your done." I said. "Sure, man," he responded. "I just wanted to absorb that feeling again."

**

He opened the refrigerator door and found a small live pig wiggling in the back. He threw up. The pig came out and turned into a mouse waiting on the floor.

**

I have resigned my existence listening to this bullshit about old railroad employees. How?
It just didn't come to this. It arrived at this by choice.
The choices we make.

**

Bloody cousin, the sky turned to hydrogen peroxide and rained down on the people's skin. Dousing the wounds. Choking the turkeys. Giving kids a reason to swim.

**

A young woman supposedly wakes up from her sleep. She looks around and notices that she is sleeping in the bed she had as a child and is back in her old room. This room contains all the dressers, drawers, brushes, mirrors, paintings, etc. that would have littered and decorated her room as a young child. Although, these items aren't of particular notice for there are four women seating in every corner of the room. The women are seated in old, dark mahogany open back chairs staring at this woman that just woke-up in her bed. One woman immediately to her right is about 52-years old and has the young sleeper's eyes. To her right, in the opposite corner, there sits a girl of about 5 swinging her feet melodically in a patient trance. To her left, in the corner, is a woman in her early 20's looking straight ahead biting her nails with a satisfied countenance. Finally, there is a woman to her immediate left in her mid-80's. She has a large weaving needle stuck in the fibers of her thick hair ready to be used on a new quilt. The young woman who woke from her sleep, who's 33 years old, asks the older, wiser woman what the hell is going on.

"We have come to ask you the questions," all the women respond in unison.

"Hell, what did I eat before slipping into this land?" the young woman blurts.

"Aa-aa-aaa. We asks the questions," all the voices repeated in unison.

"Fine," she responds.

"Better..better. You're catching on to our instructions," the voices repeat.

As all the women in each corner of the room speak, the young woman is looking in a terrified curiosity as what is going down in front of here. There is silence now. She waits the dream out and begins to run her hand over the quilt that is on her bed.

"We are younger and older versions of yourself. See the resemblance?" the voices ask.

"Well, in varying degrees I do," she answers. "Good Christ, what gives. Why is this happening?" She asks.

"Now, you won't want to face the consequences of our punishment. No questions," they retort in unison for the third time.

"Grand. I shall whither here in your service," she responds quickly.

"I believe I have already withered for you," the old woman in the corner says alone without the others.

"How did I get to look so old," the 20-year old says as she speaks to the old woman in the corner.

"Many meats, men and wines," the 52-year old says to the 20-year old.

"What does whither mean?" the 5-year old asks her 3 other selves.

"Never mind," the old woman quips in agitation. "We are here for a reason, young one."

The young woman leans back and lets out a sigh.

This talking goes on for a while.

After several hours the young woman slips further and further into this dream.

She quite enjoys this dream, she thinks. She many have to eat more of that food before she goes to bed.

Morning comes, without the young woman knowing it, and she is still in bed talking to her selves. Finding out the craziest shit and forgetting that these women are direct facsimiles of her own self. They all slowly get up and switch seats now and then. It hits this young woman after several more hours have gone by that she may perhaps be in reality.

We'll she is.

How do you suppose?

**

I was in the courtyard eating my lunch. After I finished, I pulled out my pack for warm afternoon smoke enjoyment. While smoking, I noticed a group of loud pimp daddy kids coming across the pavement doing their "thang". As they approached the steps that were in front of me, there had to be about 4 kids and two adults in the group, they were just watching the street. I heard several of them say, "There's no way I'm going down there. That bitch is fucking crazy." Well, I didn't think too much about it. So, I finished my cigarette and picked-up my heavenly cup of ice and headed towards the steps. At that point, I noticed a Memorial Hall security guard on a little scooter looking down the street. I was looking around trying to put the young punk's comment together with the security cop looking down the street. I saw nothing. Then, I see a maintenance man on a scooter heading over towards the Municipal Auditorium security man. He pulls up next to the other scooter and proceeds to look down the same street. Well, I finally made it to the crosswalk with the "Walk" sign stationary and looked around trying to figure out what was out of place and what "that crazy bitch" comment had to do with anything. I just figure it was their "killa gansta" talk. Here's when it hit me. I see this woman in a red sports jacket, riding loose on her back, wobbling down the middle of the street with her hands out to her sides. She's fucking jumping out in front of cars going about 20-30 miles per hour. She keeps doing this. The cars stop, she pats their hood and laughs maniacally while continuing her own "Come on" chant to the approaching motorists. This continues. She holds up once cat for a good 25 seconds and then lies down in front of his car. The whole time this woman is gyrating and chanting. There were only several other "city people" on the other side of the road watching her now and then. Just sneaking some free entertainment. Well, I continue to walk towards this gal's vicinity. Knowing full well I'm going to have to pass her and likely hear something. As I got closer, she kept leaping out in front of cars. Then, I approach Main and 11th where the Midland Theater is. This is a fast and crazy intersection. Not for someone on a midday stroll to get the poop bumped out of themselves by a car. So, I cross the street and see her head up the sidewalk north, avoiding the intersection. I caught a good glimpse of her face. She looked like a rough, wind beaten Hispanic woman. Not purely ugly, yet you could see how time has kicked the vomit out of her. I had about a block or two to go before I made it back to the building. I was just dumbfounded by this. I was laughing and sad for this woman. What took here to this extreme? There reason why I felt this way. . she really did want someone to hit her. She wasn't fucking around.

**

Running down an alley in a city I have seen before in pictures, yet never walked with my own feet down those streets. I saw dumpsters of trash used over and over again; broken glass on the ground and all the faces of homeless people I have remembered over time. They were chasing after me offering me fistfuls of cash. Yelling, "Here son, please take this." "Take the cash." "What's the matter with you?" I kept running until I felt my wallet flop out of my pocket onto the quickly descending ground behind me. I stopped, turned around and went to the wallet to pick it up. As I reached down for the wallet, I noticed a clear reflection of a small earth that was in the sky. It was shimmering in the rippled water. I picked up the wallet and looked up into the sky to view the source of this odd reflection. No. I know I have never walked these streets before and I may have never seen this place in any photos. At that point, I let the homeless crowd come up to me and give me their cash. Next, I would have to find out where I was.

**

All these people I have seen in different faces before. These voices. Their gestures. The laughter I heard a number of times before. FADE.

**

We climb the tall ladder. Faces chattering. The gauntlet raises while the moonsets. We fly off a seat to another and walk like sitting is dead.

**

Constant..constantly...repeating their words. The worms crawl...the skin speaks.

**

I try to put the license plate on the car?

**

If I were to do model renderings of little shit – shove me in a plane and fly me over the fields and grounds at 15,000 glorious feet.

**

At 7:52AM – Thursday, they want to give me champagne. Not obliging. Shoot me some coffee and smiles as we greet and leave.

**

She poured me some coffee and looked away. I drank the offering and look off far.

**

The smile of one thousand nurses working in sweat. Looking into mirrors that wave like hospital walls killing the frown.

**

Heard Russians enjoy the cheating..lying..scheming rhythm that was their life carried over from the Soviet Union. Who's really not doing it in America?
Who? Our President?

**

This business bullshit in the skies. Writer's have been known to complain about having to travel for a reading from here to there and more here and there. Shit baby, give it to me. Lay it square on my chops. You take the stiff with the stale jokes and I'll take the lonely (they presume) with their laughter.

**

Wish bones in the sky. Broken wish – hope on ground.

**

America .. (humans..people) holding their values in a vase others call an urn hoping it won't flip over. Not touching, for smudge marks had a hard time coming off. Looking in the daze, speaking away from me vase.

**

He wrote so much and spoke so many languages fluently that we were always recognizable for the written words that would come out of his mouth for all to see. Much like a comic book in frolic. His words would literally leave his lips. In UPPER CASE, lowercase HIGH CASE and no case. Different colors for many different meanings. Messages and words would literally come from his mouth.
The people applaud.

**

How could they have been ear marked for anything?
Hell, mouth marked?
Marked period
I know a Mark. In fact, several.

**

The phone in front of me says, "What's the price of NOT making a call?"
I ask, "What do you mean price?"
It costs nothing more either way.

**

Hey, I know him. He's bald. Well, maybe I don't. Our mistake.

**

Who picks the inside carpet/tile of the walls within an airplane?
Crew..pilot?
Us?
Worse?

**

Cars parked all around on the downtown street this Wednesday evening. The Midland Theater up on 12th and Main twinkles with the Broadway lights that Kansas City can offer here on the cusp of winter that waits for its turn in line to blossom into warmer weather and other sorts of smiles.
There at the theater on Grammy night is actress Loren Bacall. I see people streaming around hunting for tickets about an hour into her "spoken word" forum for the people in the city. I think about pulling one person aside waiting for tickets to take a strict straight edged pen and tattooing the name "Lauren. Love Always" into their arm. That way if they made it to the door they could flash the insignia and have a chance to evade the fistful of tickets that is the commonality at shows of this nature and naught.
A try. They say it's always worth a try.

**

Sunday sunshine. March through the window. End of February. Had a dream last night that I was on a Hollywood studio lot requesting that they make the hurricane sequence happen. Suddenly, the waters around me started curling into huge waves and winds began to scream so loudly that my eyelashes were being plucked from my head. When the hurricane sequence ended..I noticed that I was on an unfamiliar city corner with my lover waiting for a ride. She bought a ride with a horse and buggy, I noticed the crowd roaring next door at the comedy club. How the jokes came rolling off their tongues on amateur night.

**

Parked the car in the post office lot. Got out and headed towards the library next door. First, I had to mail off two parking violations I received some 50-60 days back. As I would cross the street, I saw a torn springtime version of Santa Claus mumbling some jumbo to himself and those crossing the street. Undoubtedly, giving his own personal warning to those wanting to make it to the other side of the street. As I made my way out of the library with state tax forms in hand, the warm St. Nick comes to my side and says, "Come on brother, what do you say me and smoke a bone and forget about it all."
"Can't do it," I tell him. "Too many people wanting to forget shit. I have things to do, chief."
Out with the keys..into the keyhole and down the street. Bones and thoughts..we come together down the street, out of the hatch.

**

I watched the one that hands out the crime give the criminal his deed. He stepped from the coffee shop and waltzed into the perimeter of his vehicle. Taking the yellow piece of anti-glory from his windshield, he climbed into the car and took a long look at the ticket in his hand. With his bumper nearly inches away from the car behind him, he sat in that car and stared at the ticket. And me, I stood there on the steps of the building with my morning cigarette a blaze, looking at him thinking I've been in that scenario all too often lately. Yes, the criminal handing out the ticket to the innocent. It's really the scene of an accident and sometimes you want to look away for the good of your fellow human.

**

The color of the sky during the day, dusk and morning has captivated me over the past several days. Here, with the official arrival of spring about ready to sprout in some hours, its looked like a Francis Ford Coppola film as of late. With the crashing symbols and low cello notes hitting their peak while the sky stabilizes and changes colors. All with that majesty that tells us there is no mystery in our harried movement down below. Theirs is the victory in a game that doesn't claim either victor or loser. It just claims that the truth is sometimes all in the clouds. Away from the silver lining and what we humans choose to be accolades and disasters.

**

The rugged tension of the consciousness giving a rest to both hemispheres of the brain. Oh, oh and how the subconscious world rears up and takes notice. YES, NOTICE. Notice like none other.

**

Moving images on the billboard. Oh, and one's of directors standing in the bluffs of grass looking up at these billboards wondering what sort of reference frame would depict the moment in the right scene of sequences. Yes, and lest we forget the moody colors that the audiences may come to realize as botched scenes and escape from their seats as though they are the ones trapped within the sequence of a suspense thriller. Oh and how the production assistants jump up and down on the thumbs growing from their pinkies trying to pull the director into aesthetic clairvoyance.

Yes, the crew looking at the images on the billboards.

Though, it all reminds me of a quote I recently heard in a movie, "Modeling is not art. It's advertising."

**

I looked over the pieces that were called the Russian Dinosaur collection. No pictures were to be taken of these large and small frames of ancient 74-120 million old creatures. I still wonder if those crazy Russians didn't dip those bones into vodka for a sort of preservation ritual. Yes, coating the livers of these rough pieces of cartilage that call as a beacon to a time that humans didn't actually fuck up. All we have is the iridium that could have been the culprit.

Thus, this ushers in the new question. When and if this species of humans become extinct. You know, our race known as Homo sapiens, will we be stuck in a traveling exhibit put on by the new Polish and gawked at by the new "human" delights that will populate the earth? No rest for the bones. Yes, we pay a price and hone our soul abound.

**

Within this technological beast we have created. Television and the media could spawn something of a Sunday night movie of the week that I remember well as a child. It was the lurch of the Cold War days and there was a movie illustrating the nuclear snow aftermath of a full blow nuclear war. The end of the world. The old woman with fresh urine running down her pant leg as she watches from her window the bright ball of death rolling down the street like Satan on a sambaing machine. The curse of 900 witches coming to avenge the earth for not prodding more martyrs on the pole.

Yes, the rummaging of our new generation of Baby Boomers and Gen X'ers, as well as all of those before and after that may witness the end.

Look at this scenario...

A person in Kansas City and New York flip on CNN, along with all the other viewers around the country and world looking for some quick news relief. Instead of a news relief, the horror is to begin. With the local and county horns blaring outside of an end that can't be characterized by a tornado or hurricane sound drill. This is it folks, the end of civilization coming down the pipeline. There the bomb had dropped in Los Angeles and the surrounding west, as a mechanical reporter in a twinkling satellite above our soon to be extinct earth modeled after Bernard Shaw gives us the doomed the play-by-play. L.A. and most of the west is being destroyed as Shaw speaks from his satellite. He predicts that the Midwest and Kansas Citians have about a minute and a half to live our lives, prepare for the end, or hit something like or identical to a bomb shelter. In New York and the eastern portion of the United States, there is about three minutes to showdown.

You have no bomb shelter to sneak into. What are you going to do? Prayer? Sex? Loving in your own way? A last meal? Watching the rest of the news? Waiting for a clay statue of H.G. Wells to spring up and tell you, "Hey, you fuckers, now you know the kind of panic that the world felt in the 30's when we pulled our little prank about the Martians invading earth. This is all a joke. What a life. Thanks and now CNN Atlanta has the daily news breakdown."

Though, this is no joke. You have between one to three minutes.

What are you going to do?

H.G. Wells is gone.

No one is that clever to pull off such a large scale joke and you now only have yourself and your soon to be ceased and non-existent race to share the moments.

Again, I ask, what are you going to do?

**

The tender detachment from the rain as the sunshine comes streaming through the houses and buildings as though your eyes are looking through trees. You find yourself ripped away from one harrowing grip of nature to be snared by another.

You hardly have a reason to believe that your fingers and toes are still connected to your brain.

Waving through the fog for someone to hear your signs. There is no one else out there that has any kind of inclination to come to your side. For there is no one else out there. Everyone else is out with everyone else. While you, are out there brushing away the fog with your hands waiting for the call in the wild to get absolutely fucking crazy.

There alone with your insanity as the invisible birds through the earth's exhaust throws little sweet berries from their claws. Pat tat toot tat, down and down on top of your scalp. You know Aescules always had a funny feeling that he would die if he ever went outside. He thought that the sky would send something down on top of him and that would be the end of his world. Well, it happened. A hawk was flying overhead with a turtle in his grips and went to drop the tortoise on a rock to break open the surprise. Well, he had mistaken Aescules head for a rock and splat. Just like that. Over. Aescules dead.

Watch for the fog.

**