



Meeting Time
For the
Unreachable

Tell me, what color is color?

**

more guided missiles promised
as the
youth of tomorrow think that Bill Clinton is the current
Vice President ..

**

crafts,
crazed kids
and
candy land
motifs made out of cardboard ..

**

dental nightmares
with
people made out of tongues and
teeth running dentists off the road
and cutting in front of them in the grocery store lines ..

**

a clear mind when simple words just won't
do ..

**

drunks with
neighbors
and
old people that are ready to move out ..

**

getting the paper invitation
to a gig
that
won't go without any other ..

**

Saturn's closest tilt to us
in 30 years
and
my naked eye wants me to make it more naked ..

**

kids laugh at simplicities they
will one day

have
as their only grasp on sanity ..

**

christmas trees,
slinkies
and
ESP ..

**

yoda's plastic head
while the President preaches
his new real Star Wars program ..

**

touring band
and
the phone calls that are to be neglected ..

**

thinkin' about becoming an Islamic extremist .. fuck .. I'm already pissed ..

**

new cats,
old cats,
we're all just a bunch of
cats,
you know?

**

working with 2 women and one teenager,
haven't pissed for a while,
go in and see a big fat
turd floating in the bottom
of the stool,
I question them
all
as
I wonder
about

which one had the forgetful memory ..

**

a whole scrapbook of sunsets
as
I try in vain morning after morning to catch a solid
sunrise ..
believe
I caught it this morning
if my surprised eyes didn't lie ..
if not, I always have my moon tonight ..

**

workin' all day,
got a new cat,
ready for the red wine tonight ..

**

the chaos in a jar of pickles,
while the tranquility of mayonnaise always
brings me a bit
closer to what it's like to be calm ..

**

songs on tape in a car
feel so much different than
a
CD spinnin' in the home ..

**

paintin' straight lines as
the daubs of paint
scream for my erratic attention ..

**

moody country girls
singing
about
cold,
frothy
soda pops ..

**

end transmission
on the phone
is
bliss to this kid's ears ..

**

how many other reasons
do
you need?
the booze tastes like that balloon blowin' shit you buy for
the
kids,
is there any other explanation?

**

go ahead and get
off my foot,

I need the other?

**

how long does it take
a
person
to
buy a pair of shoes?

**

when the last of the rest is
all you have in your glass
at
the end of the evening,
then you know you have a tough question to answer ..

**

no more gun shots off the balcony across the way,
wonder
who they killed or what deep,
deep,
down they are covering up?

**

the fabled echo is nothing you should try
to decode
on your own,
even
if sobriety tries to convince you of such ..

**

ex is an act that is born of the catacombs
and
perfected
in
the
broad,
white,
yellow light ..

**

patience is something I'm good at ..
must have learned it
very,
very
early on ..

**

when it's too late to go to sleep,

it's too early to be awake .

**

strangers walking by at night
are like
warm friends you haven't seen you for a while
that
just accept ...

accept you as you are
and
as you have been
and
will be ..

**

the kid is the coolest thing since sliced mustard
and
there's no real good way to get close
to how you can
slice mustard in the right way ..

**

the songs just keep on playing over the turntable
as
the
circle foot table chair
hobbles out of the room
for another piece
of gum glue ..

**

splotches in the paint que,
or on the canvass,
is just another good night trying to figure shit out,
just right ..

**

that fast food fart smell
will wake
your
ass up in a hurry ..

**

any other way of putting
it
would just be another way of
putting it ..

**

calm patient looks
as
the last of the liquor goes from the vein
to the brain
to the temple
without leaving a trace ..

**

large clomps and steps
in
the
alley way is a small leap towards
mankind ..

**

been noticing a whole lot around me later that
you do have to take a step back if you expect to get anywhere near
forward,
yes ..

**

I buy everything on sale or wait for someone
to give it away,
or take it to the trash heap ..

**

the 10 minute string of fireworks on
a restive January evening
and
I couldn't wake it up ..

**

the smell of her on my hands
while I have been soaking in the tub,
she's
either amazing or just hard to shake .. ?

**

they knocked on the door,
left a fat, cold
italian sausage
swimming in pickle juice
on
my doorstep

and
ran ..

I looked

out
and
mutter at 'WHAT THE FUCK?' ..

**

they're trying to save the salvage
of a kid's soul
as they force the old men to plow forth
until they
finally get that first pension check ..

**

the only thing crazier than
not straightening out your confusion
when you know it's there,
is waiting around hoping that some little miracle solution will
take care of it all fast
and quick like ..

**

half the people crawling up this
sidewalk pavement by
the place
look like they're going
to steal someone's car around here ..

**

looks like the little
fuck across the street may have killed someone ..

haven't seen his large hoop-T machine or
heard hit peel in reverse to park
in his clown spot
in
front ..

**

the jazz saxophone in full range
knows everything you seek
to know in your life ..

**

walkin' with an umbrella in your hands all
day,
just pacin',
no rain - nor moisture in
the forecast,
just convinced that something is going to fall out of
the sky
and

that umbrella is going
to do the protectin' ..

**

when you think your wrong,
make sure you're sure of that ..

in fact,
be wrong,
just so as you don't have to wonder if you
were ever right about it ..

**

13-year old Latino kids
totin' copper plated .45 automatics
in their blood hoods
while
other 14-year old Latino's
roll around with blue knives
takin' out a mother's lifelong wish
and
givin' the papers something more to feed on ..

the kids just aren't ready
to listen,
I assume ..

hopefully we're both asses ..

**

the man
just pedalin' as peaceful
as
he can up the block to the next thing ..

the next thing,
the next thing ..

**

early mornings and
late evenings,
wonder if Einstein
has an equation
worked out for this one?

**

Otis R. singing
the jazz,
sayin' he's been
blue all his life
in

a little black box
coming from the corner of the room ..

**

keep yourself
sharp kids,
just keep yo selves sharp ..

**

with the tens of tens of
folk that walk by this
window every day have hundreds of
stories to bestow
and
if there were
several more corners,
intersections
with their folk and tens of stories
we could have several thousand in
one block,
knock out the book
and
get the stories out on the street
once
and
for ever all ..

**

the fresh smell of leather,
the smell of oak,
the crayon box,
coffee in the early morning hour,
the next smell cookin' somewhere
and
my nose is just a waitin'
to smell
it once more ..

**

if the whole world is
at work
and there's no theft or vandalism,
haven't we come somewhere with it all ..

**

if we offer it free all the time,
they show,
if we charge a bit,
they may come sometimes,
if we up the antie,
we

may never see them again
and
it seems to be OK with them ..

**

New financial plans for an
ailing economy,
just got a check for \$45 cut to me,
the world
is still in a lurch,
my cat is coming around,
the day is full of bright yellow sun ..

**

dropping off people at their cars,
driving strange cars,
someone tells me I almost ran over them,
done
almost with this whole driving thing,
you know?

**

the black man on the corner
gives me the 'HOW YOU DOIN' CHAMP ROUTINE?'
then
flips to
'YEA, GO AHEAD AND LOOK DOWN.'

the man said 'HI'
to me some seconds before and
now he's pissed ..

I ask what the story is
in front of three cops hungry for action,
the
man on the corner all of a sudden ran out of things to say ..

**

as much as things have appeared to
change,
they continue to roll at
a
constant frequency in the air you
can hear when you stop and listen
real
close and well to it ..

**

tiny thoughts are your best chance
along the logical sequence
to the

big,
fat
answers that keep you moving and curious by day ..

**

how about a candle that
burns
in a big crayola and smells like
a
crayon?
love that fucking smell ..

**

lately seems
like all I'm trying to do is get ready for
work ..

we get off,
to get back on,
to only get off again
and
then we figure out a way to get back on ..

**

Got duped by a potential volunteer
that was supposed to
be
a
secret military operative ..

**

Was driving around with my brother .. we apparently owned a business .. drove by the business .. saw our names on the sign .. moved on down the road .. went into a convenience store for a pop and some refreshments .. got some jalapeno flavored sunflower seeds, soda and some sweets .. went to pay for the stuff at an old 7-Eleven .. as they were handing back to me my change .. they asked if I wanted quarters instead of ones .. then, A LOUD FUCKING CRASH IN THE ROOM .. THOUGHT THE BROAD FELL OFF THE BED .. IT WAS THE BED STAND .. THOUGHT I HAD A SMALL HEART ATTACK ..

**

it's too cool outside,
too cool for even someone like that fuck James Dean ..

**

the other day I was thinking about some uncharted territory for a good film or perhaps a nice book, if anyone reads much anymore .. it would be a nice little journey into what would happen if we could read our thoughts .. you walk into a room and you can pick up the thought waves .. having a talk with the girlfriend and it all comes tumbling out stark, naked, cold and full bodied .. everyone everywhere reading thoughts .. no more conferences, meetings and cheeky bullshit .. we have it all figured out .. but the sad reality about how humans work is that we would all be alone and a bit pissed .. we have the uncanny ability to train our mouths, but not our minds all that well as humans .. we would fuck it up over and over again until we could

tame the human mind to think and breed thought in the correct manner .. still, this would be a Herculean task for most .. so, there's the scenario that could be played out and eventually result in the loneliest planet scenario goin' ..

**

looking at the bookstore on Saturday night as I wait for my Chinese food order and the loons loom large over what is not taken or needed any more ..

**

warm weather in the cold of winter brings out the loons in us all ..

**

ready to declare war on Iraq as the woman on the corner of the road has the sign that reads 'GOD BLESS IRAQ' ..

**

Harder and harder in the relations of now as the snow falls gentle to smile at the comments that come my way ..

**

2-10-2003

The dreaming finally comes back to my night head .. had this one on the brink of throwing bombs on top of Iraq after almost 12 years of leaving them the fuck alone .. so, for one reason or another, I was flying over to China for a 1-2 week stay .. and, it was the eve before we were to declare war and start fucking people up over there .. then, I remembered that China wasn't supporting the Americans on this war of gluttony and greed .. so, as an American I was a bit nervous .. I was packed into a first-class style section that was reserved for Westerners .. I remember one woman in particular that had the hots for some guy behind me .. she was making caddy comments and would go to the bathroom immediately after he would come out of the door .. she was a complete pain in the ass and reminded me of what I can't handle in Americans and compounded the reasons why we should keep out of this war ..
So, for all of you ready to go International with your lives .. good luck .. you're a target because your government wants to make someone else their target ..

**

she woke
me
from the early nap,
asked if
I wanted a sign
in my front yard,
someone
challenging the current mayor,
sure
I told them ..

tell you what,
slap yourself on a sign
and
put yourself out there too,
sure,

sue
my
plot and buy
the
earth a token,
rock-n-rollers ..

**

So, you kick the habit .. whether it be booze or smokes .. and you have to kick the habit .. doctors orders or worse .. shortly after quitting the familiar habit, you become dyslexic with people and objects all around .. this isn't centered around words or reading .. everything is moving backwards .. people, cars, the sky, sun, moon, food, water, streams, lakes, mouths and the rest .. it all moves backwards .. so, what are you going to do .. go running back to the fabled habit warned away by appropriate sources or just laugh and get used to everything going back .. everything moving back to when you didn't have a habit and the habit didn't know you .. taking that speedometer right back to peg one and you may get the chance to start over .. but, wouldn't it be easier to just go back to the habit? Yet, sometimes you do have to move back to move forward at all ..

**

what if you did get swept up into a funeral procession
on accident and
you went to the funeral of someone that
had a profound impact a time ago on your life ..

such as an old school teacher,
or relative of a good friend you haven't talked to in a while ..

**

hello, my name is yours .. what? .. my name is yours .. yea? .. yea! .. ask me .. what's your name? .. your name .. fuck you .. what's your real name .. (THEY BOTH EXIT THE STAGE)

**

If you play yourself in tic-tac-toe and lose – then you have yourself one helluva predicament ..

**

dial up the miracle and turn down the faith .. 1 at a time, kids, one at a time ..

**

how many reasons do you need to have to have one good, solid reason?

**

why does it take so long sometimes .. when it's going to ultimately be short?

**

why is it so short when long is what we are all afraid of ..

**

why is it the shallow part of the pool we start swimming in, when we get very afraid of shallow people later in life ..

**

you know where an insane hard core rocker goes for help?
THE METAL HOSPITAL ..

**

what about the guy that knew what charity was all about ..
he would drive around the city, downtown in particular, to look for tickets on people's cars ..
he would snatch them and mail 'em in .. no one knew except for him and his did it quite a bit ..
the ticket guy ..
he even got tickets himself ..

**

the cat and I shit
in synch ..

after I'm on the stool for
a
bit in the morning,
he comes by and joins
with a good healthy,
coordinated follow-up
to mine ..

two peas in a toilet,
the cat and I are ..

**

Past couple of nights with her in bed next to me, I had a dream that we got into a dispute over something and she was thoroughly pissed off at me .. I told her that yesterday morning .. on Saturday night, she told me in the dream that everything was so much more exciting or fun when I was around and because I wasn't around on some random days in the last couple of weeks, she was mad as piss at me .. So, last night I am sleeping alone and I have a dream that we are getting married in three days .. on Wednesday March 12 we were to tie the knot .. thinking about this, I had forgotten we made arrangements to get married .. had we done it shortly after we met and forgot as time went on or was simply trying to figure our shit out before making any big plans with each other .. so, the date is set and I didn't take work off and don't have a ring to speak of .. so, I think about a way to buy a solid sterling silver ring and be on with it .. then, tell the kids at work I have a wedding I didn't know about .. and about the invitation, I don't think shit's been sent out .. some folk are gonna be sore if they don't get the invitation .. so, we both walk in stride and ready for a wedding and marriage we weren't expecting .. though, I think we are both about as ready as ready can be .. aren't these ceremonies supposed to be a dream in the first place?

**

An old friend that has since made it big in the recording industry, a big pop start, was hanging out with me the other day in a dream .. we were having some drinks and he was on the TV .. I asked him if he knew who that was while he strummed his guitar and he just laughed .. then, I told him about that picture in his yearbook that I saw recently and he laughed again .. everything that was said was laughed at .. this little rock star was laughin' because there tends to be no solid rhyme or reason in who gets the magic wand and

who doesn't .. but he got the touch and he can sit around all day and laugh and laugh and laugh .. and he is laughing .. probably hearing very little now from people's mouths .. he just laughs and laughs and laughs ..

**

tides
turn,
the morning
is
my moon drop
soakin'
up the
dots on my tongue ..

**

Late March of 2003 and I dream that our water supply is dirty .. someone hit a water main and the kids 9 hours ahead in Iraq are strugglin' for a bit more than water to keep them alive .. they say we are at war with Iraq .. we are in business of a take over .. there's no war I know about now over there .. so, I thought in my dream that at least I had some lemonade and purified water from a day or so ago to drink .. then again, I could always get some booze or something more in the excess as we report on the minimalism of someone across the world .. isn't that the American way?

**

it's officially spring today,
time to move
into more life,
the death
will be no more ..

**

all day,
all strong the war
looms
like a
piece of ribbon
in
the
girl's neatly
combed head,
cute enough to be
absolutely absurd ..

**

oh,
the music
and
the lurch

come
on down and teach me the
lesson

you
haven't learned yet ..

**

need a bit
of time
to
myself,
just a morsel
before I go see how the
day is
about to treat
the
after
noon ..

**

you have to try something
new or
they're going to send you
to the retirement room ..

**

just a moment .. the word 'ACTION' is one solid word ..

**

don't understand the appeal to rap music,
the same person that understands rap music likely won't understand metal,
but I understand
the importance of both wrappers and metals
in our society ..

**

over the strands of time they came by
to take you
away from this place,
but you didn't want to go,
did you?

**

first thoughts of the morning
are
like the last thoughts of the evening,
if you
didn't forget that already,
too ..

**

About 8PM this morning, my girlfriend woke to go to work .. she left the top floor, went downstairs, milled about and finally left .. I re-set the alarm and had a couple more hours to walk around the unreal landscape

before going to the work joint .. so, at one point in the dreams, I went downstairs to look for my girl because she hadn't left yet and was down there for a while .. she came out of the bathroom, while I was in the living room looking around at how the place had been ransacked .. I first noticed my bookshelf empty .. all the work I had written over the past 8 or 9 years was gone, along with the classics .. my cameras, automatic and digital, and a whole host of shit was gone .. the gal came up behind me and I asked her if she hid my shit and this was some kind of joke .. she nodded a 'NO' .. fuck, I thought, my digital camera and all the writing gone to some shitheads hands .. I looked at the side door that was propped by a trash can and the thieves work on the splintered and broken door .. then, the gal tosses me the digital camera .. I caught it and saw her smile, feeling a temporary feeling of relief .. then, I looked at the bookshelf and couldn't or wouldn't believe it .. I had to know if this was a dream or not .. I woke then .. I need to call my insurance rep and get that renter's insurance pushed through .. been something I have been tryin' to do all week .. need to beat out the vultures in this neighborhood ..

**

Night before last, had a dream about an old friend that I used to work with about 5 years ago .. he was a quirky kid, had a good head, smart usually, great quotes, nice facts and an overall good kid to talk with .. well, his name was Trent and his dad was a big politician in the Missouri government .. a long-time representative or something of that nature .. he was hired by this healthcare consulting joint because of how connected his pop's was to get cash for big hospital projects .. so, he always told me he wanted to get into politics and I have wondered if he made it or not .. well, I had a dream and he was in it briefly .. dropping some shit and pissin' his slacks .. the next morning I ran into my old boss that hired me at that gig and he immediately told me about this kid, Trent .. well, I mention this merely because I have been wrapping up this ESP book and the shit can get around your head .. the lasso can be thrown .. pulled and the words will make sense in some way .. could have been a happenstance situation or it could have been more than circumstance ..

**

The deepening wound of the US on the world .. I'm getting convinced more and more that George Bush's middle name has to be 'WHY' .. cause I have no idea why this fucker is in office or continues to be ..

**

Drove by a 'SHOULDER WORK AHEAD' sign on the side of the road today .. went about 70 feet ahead, around a corner and saw no trucks or commotion .. just a guy in a white lab coat and a line of guys without shirts getting their shoulders looked at and messed with ..

**

Try this pair of shoes on for a bit .. the dream from last night .. had me up in the early portion of the morning trying to figure what the fuck it was about .. so, I was at a big pile 'em up style warehouse of goods with a kid from the teen program I run .. he's a cool kid .. big, linebacker lookin' kid with a solid laughin' disposition .. so, we are there and I get diverted by something and tell him to do the shopping .. he needed to get food and shit for my place and his .. he does this .. for some reason, I know he's about ready to check out and I leave towards the cash register .. I start approaching and notice the back of an ex-girlfriend .. I look away for a moment .. then back and she's naked .. just naked .. ass hanging out and all .. I approach towards Kenny and the register .. he tells me, along with the cash register attendant, that the bill is \$500 .. I nearly shit my britches and tell him 'NO' .. we have to put some of the shit back .. so, he moves off with the cart and does it quick .. he's back .. I hug my ex-girlfriend, who now has on a big white hotel robe, and we peck a bit on the lips .. she is hesitant .. some tears in her eyes .. then, she tells me that 'HE JUST GOT BUSTED WITH A BAG OF COKE.' I can only assume that it was her husband .. she's pretty devastated .. I get the new total of \$200 from the cashier and Kenny as she leaves the room .. I pay my price and wonder how again she got away and why she was in such trouble ..

**

you can talk
about how you want to take care of all the
dandelions,
but when it comes right down to it
you can only take care of the dandelions in your own yard ..

**

I finally had a dream last night with her boy in it. He was most of the reason why the relationship lasted as long as it did. A cool little kid. We were good friends and it's been hard on the both of us in the absence of a bad relationship that was bound to come to an end. So, I walked into the living room of their house, yet I didn't recognize it. There was a couch in the living room and a big screen TV that was on. I noticed him under the covers and tried to slip by without him noticing me. Suddenly, he was awake. He looked up at me and just started talking. It was as though he had been waiting for me for a while so I would show up. Just sitting in that room in my subconscious brain waiting for the right dream where it would fire off and he would see each other. After we started talking, I heard her in the bathroom with some water running. I didn't want to see her at all. That's the problem in reality, I don't want to see her or her girlfriend. She can live her life and I am living mine. Free of her image or voice. So, the kid was doing good as the girl came in the room and laid down on the ground. I asked Kai to go to his room. He was all for it. We headed back as I saw her girlfriend walk by. She was a skinny, good figured black woman that laughed at a couple of things I said to the kid. For a dream, she was courteous enough. But, I never caught a glimpse of my ex's face. Didn't want to and even in dreamland it's a disruption. I miss the kid and I'm sure he's gonna be OK. The last thing I remember was hearing her new girlfriend complaining on the balcony about how she was done with men for good. She didn't want them anymore. I doubt any of us will miss either of them.

**

My brother and I were trapped in some school under the grounds in some kind of cave. We were there to take pictures as a part of some kind of contract gig. While there, the flashes of tornado warnings started coming over the radio and TV. Suddenly, I was outside and waiting for something to happen. Separated from my brother, I saw the tornado form and reached eagerly for my digital camera. Fuckin' thing was not there. Just not there. So, I ran a bit to get a better view of it and watched it plow through towns and houses from the distance. Finally, I got back in the school. I grabbed the camera, came back outside and filmed a thin tornado hitting a general store across the street. I showed my brother the footage later and felt pretty fucking good about the documented destructor.

**

More time means the less you have to live ..

**

I keep having dreams about the ex-girlfriend and her new girlfriend. Tonight, I dreamt that she was going to adopt a new kid with this girl. Shortly after a month of being away, this girl is cramming all the life out of this new relationship for all that it's worth. I remember being a bit surprised and more bemused by this news. She never told me she ever wanted to adopt a child, yet she also told me that her lesbian life was over with. Oh, those girls and their honesty bone. They just can't hide it. Always flaring up when you least expect it.

**

Another recent dream .. a woman that works with me is in her mid-40's and just recently had another baby .. she named her 'Hope' .. the kid is one of the best looking baby's I have ever seen .. well, I had a dream that while I was holding her, as a 5 month old, she started talking fluently .. it came tumbling out of her

mouth with ease .. no sweat .. instead of acting surprised, I went along with the kid and started having a good talk with the kid ..

**

the insanity of fools
equals the regularity of
the normals out there ..

**

the YMCA dorms,
murder,
masturbation and
how tomorrow never came,
literally ..

**

still on a fumble
in this singlehood jaunt
after the mess of a woman I saw
before ..

so,
my mind has had a bit of time to mull over
an ideal match for this kid ..

**

Liz came to me in my dream last night. Again, as before, she arrived .. I was outside of the Hurricane in KC sitting with a friend .. she comes dressed in all white, a bit more overweight than I remember and she hustled my way .. I got up .. we hugged .. I pulled close and she didn't relent much .. she was still standing back a bit .. then, she took my hand and placed in on her heart and breasts saying, 'FEEL HOW FAST MY HEART IS BEATING' I told her I was in the same boat .. from there, a friend came up and asked if she was ready to go .. she blushed, and waved her friend away .. we were going to stay together .. from there, we ended up in my ex-girlfriend Sarah's mom's place .. we were eating deviled eggs and other items .. my mom was there instead of Sarah's mom .. I remember that Liz was eating like a maniac .. like she hadn't eaten in years .. down with the food, we talked and laughed like before .. we were enamored with each other after the years that had gone by .. I felt comfortable and thought maybe this is our time .. we needed the separation and now we are ready to spend our lives together .. but, I never found out if she was still married or not .. I was just intrigued by her and being in a dream with her again .. she's the angel .. the fucking angel and I think she's thinking as hard about me as I am about her .. and we will likely never meet again on this physical plane .. so, the dreams work for now .. and sex wasn't important in the dream last night .. I thought about it .. but, it was enough to see her tear through those deviled eggs .. there and I remember her ass was quite bigger than I remembered .. but, she still remained delectable ..

**

the mound
of
mounds,
and
there are no more humps to
crawl over ..

**

if the kids are
the
future
then us fucking adults are way
in the fucking past ..

**

if the song says now,
don't they mean then?

**

bloody vegetables are
just the bane
of
a
good chance gone sour ..

**

It was a new dream .. I was in the town I work in .. Kansas City, Kansas and they were getting the town done up for a parade .. some parade to celebrate the city .. not sure if anything like that even exists in real time .. but in my dream it did .. the grand marshal for the parade was to be Shirley McClaine .. there was no one out on this day .. it was a cold fall day .. blustery and no one was out .. I was waiting on the side to see Shirley .. hoping she would be a giraffe or giant ice cream cone .. you know, she was hip on all the powers of getting reincarnated .. thought, that she was going to pull it off .. figured the odd ball town of KCK got her there to do such .. so, I was on the side waiting and suddenly it was about 1968 .. or in the late 60's sometime .. I wouldn't know precisely because I wasn't born yet .. but, I've seen enough films to gauge it .. so, I noticed Ed Asner across the street waiting with a microphone as the crowd stayed steady at about 10-20 folks .. he looked content .. the original hero of KCK .. graduate of the local Wyandotte High School and the most notable .. suddenly, Shirley shows and hops out of the car and goes to the microphone .. she merely says that the parade is on, drops the mic and gets back into her car .. not before I run into her and she throws out some nasty remarks and looks .. I can't remember exactly what she said and then she was gone .. the 60's motif was gone, present day and the parade began .. my dream ended there and I never got to see a fucking float .. just a floater known as the reincarnated Hollywood actress of choice ..

**

Again .. I had a dream about Sarah's boy Kai .. he was older this time around .. lived in a much bigger house .. had a bigger game unit than he had before and he cried all the time .. the only way he would calm down was when I would ask him if he wanted to do something with me .. he would calm .. but once gone, he would start bellying up into a huge masquerade of crying .. poor kid .. I sense there's a shit load of turmoil as the off-shoot of his mother's lesbian connection ..

**

Staci ..

How's this weekend for you .. ? Appreciate the words in your 'note' .. you know, they give you fucking manuals, books and direction for so much shit in this life .. from driving a car, to tying a shoe, to attaining a better orgasm, but they never give you much on shit like this .. you know, the boy and girl quandary that makes reality bearable .. I feel like I'm in an old theater in an abandoned part of downtown and I keep watching that old black and white counter going from 8 - 7 - 6 - 5 - 4 - 3 - 2 - 1 and starting over again .. and starting over again ..

thanks for convincing my stubborn ass to give us a chance .. to now, it's been more than I could have ever bargained for .. your glow is a joy to see ever time I do see you and you have indeed done things for me and to me that you won't be able to imagine .. and keep in mind, you will never be alone .. I know it's a consuming fear to you now, but you will never be alone .. the good ones always get caught in due time .. your talking to one that has the same problem ..

I was watching a portion of an interview the other night with that Angelina Jolie gal .. she was talking about her split with Billy Bob and if she ever wanted to get married again and she said 'no' .. her rationale was that she just wasn't cut out to be married .. some people can pull it off .. she just couldn't do it .. I thought about you when this was said .. I thought about me as well .. I have never been married, but there is some kind of instinct that shuts down in me when I feel like I'm shut down in the throws of a relationship ..

So, I do want to continue hanging out with you .. what we'll do and how frequent we'll do it is hard to say .. I don't want to prolong any sort of agony and I'm just not ready to get into another phase of living that becomes 'complicated' with the theatrics of 'boy meets girl - girl reacts to boy - boy reacts back to the way girl reacted - more reactions' .. my heart isn't cut out for this .. but, I do dig hanging with you and all that gets whipped into that mix of the mixture .. you are beautiful woman inside and out .. Staci, you have to convince yourself of that .. not because it's some self-help mechanism or motivator, but because your crush told you so for the truest part of his being .. I believe it and you have to do the same for yourself .. I think you have already done this on a surface level because of the glow I see in your face .. it radiates .. but you have to tell yourself this everyday .. it's going to do you so much fucking good ..

To the end of this for now .. let's continue to enjoy each other .. being alive is enough reason for both of us .. and take any extra energy that could be used to figure shit out between any boy in this world and give it to your daughter .. I don't say this to be an asshole .. but, without being a parent, I know she's your world and that's the coolest thing I can ever imagine .. I can't wait until it happens to me .. because, maybe all these precarious questions of 'when' - 'how' - 'why' - and 'where' of girl love will melt away and I can love something bigger than anything I can fathom ..

It's all going to be all right .. and don't spend too much time on the fridge .. it all starts looking the same after a while ..

When your week slows down or on a random night Salsa should have happened, let's hit the city and laugh like idiots ..

yours in rock
and
stones,
yojo

**

night arrived like a Missouri river flowing and
left like thief with nothing else to rob ..

**

did I mention that girls are fucking completely crazy? Always wanting more
as the tick of less comes down the pipe of the smoking gun in the puzzle ..

**

bro has a kid .. AJ .. and the world keeps on birthing and fucking ..

**

3 drinks in the hole and somewhere to go ..

**

cat in 1:15AM room and everything is fine ..

**

her delectable smell is all over my shirt .. I won't wash for a while ..

**

love letters from new women
and the ink that disappears one page
too soon ..

**

hot with cat on couch cover,
no kids around,
it's silent like chaos
is near
and
I have to go now ..

**

If you call me 'dude' again I'm gonna punch you in the cock bag ..

**

Ways to Bring All People on Earth Together

Massive Meteor Sighting

Rumors of the asteroid belt between us and Mars is constantly a concern for astronomers worldwide. If one of those bastards break loose and smack the ocean – we are all cooked. Gone without a trace. So, the other day I was talking to some friends on a late night swim and they told me about meteors that smashed into Saturn recently. Guess the meteors were so huge and unexpected that astronomers looked at them through telescopes and were amazed. The destruction and fury of these meteors ripped the fuck out of Saturn. Not that the planet is going to be affected by it much, or that it ultimately matters in the cosmic order of things, but it got me thinking.

What is a meteor about 2-3 sizes larger than the Earth was to come hurtling our way? It would be the first time that everyone on this planet would finally have something in common. You know, we would finally have one shared instant as a complete world community, but it would all be too late. The fucking meteor would annihilate all of us and that would be the end of the show. No more people or planet. But, the last moment on earth could be a fucking good one. We all have something shared in common to talk about and it's done. Everyone wiped clean.

That's what I call true irony ..

Virtual Head Gear Simultaneously

The other more techno, instant version would be a donated set of virtual head gear. Sure, the same gear used in modern arcades across the states and the world. The shit where you can throw the head gear on and be transformed onto a mountain for virtual snow skiing. That's the same concept behind getting everyone on Earth together. Because the true reality of getting a world festival together is that it would be impossible. And there wouldn't be enough resources to sustain such a meeting. Things would be much to chaotic, but it could bring about one helluva sense of human beingness. The idea that we are people and stripping away the layers of being a part of a country, city, state, province, area or whatnot. Just a bunch of earthlings.

The idea behind this idea is to have all world governments invest in the headgear and make sure that people pick them up. With posts to pick up the equipment, or mailing them out or any other way to get them out to the people, this would be the first step. Then, a day would be selected and advertised. On a certain day, say a Sunday in August at a specific time, all people would plan on getting together. Or, virtually slapping on headgear and acting as though everyone was to get together. So, the location would be wherever one wanted it to be. So, if someone in South America wanted their virtual locale to be Russia because they had never been there before, that would be all right. The same would go for anyone else.

This enormous gathering would last for about 30 minutes and would give folks a chance to walk virtually and look at as many people as possible. This would merely being a walking festival with music in the background. The idea is to get all folks together.

**

Keep having this reoccurring dream that I have one room in my apartment that I always forget about and rarely enter .. it's on the other side of my kitchen and someone always has to remind me that it's there .. once I enter, I'm immediately entered a time warp ... the room is laid out like a couple in their 70's .. there is 60's styled furniture draped in clear plastic, an old school TV, Victrola, and shag carpeting. There's a window AC unit that is new and sexy looking .. some tea cups on the table and silver silverware on the table .. I never stay in long .. just enough to look over a newspaper and I'm on my way ..

**

fucking
neighborhood is full of gangbangers,
cocksure flips
with somewhere to go
so if you get in their way,
ask 'em a question and hope to fuck they
don't ask you one back ..

all right,
jerk?

**

my casket of milk,
and the orange
juice
isn't even around to
mourn ..

**

girls in their

girl ways
and
toys
sit shining
in
their
ubiquitous boxes ..

**

here's your
underground beer,
sir,
would you now like to completely
fuck off?

**

sometimes I wonder
how
Warhol
made Lou Reed
gay ..

sometimes I wonder
how

**

7-31-03

I woke early in the morning .. say 7:30 AM or so and didn't remember having any particular dreams .. nothing that was going to keep me up any longer .. then, I woke at about 9 AM again .. looked around .. knew my body needed sleep, but I was ready to get up and start shit .. coffee and food early was more than appealing to me .. but I quickly nixed that idea in lieu of the fact that my body was badly fatigued from the previous week .. I needed sleep or my face was going to hurt about it that day .. so, I went back down for my final time .. slept another square of time, heard the buzzer in the kitchen and went to the front door .. expecting a lady admirer that had come the evening before .. I hopped into some pants and shirt, went towards the door to see two older black men looking through the blinds .. went on ahead and opened to see what their sales pitch was going to be .. they were Jehovah's Witnesses and the 1st man asked if he woke me .. I told them both that they did .. he said he would keep it brief .. I appreciated that first thing on August 1st of 2003 .. and he did keep it brief .. on the way up the steps to the apartment I remembered a dream that I had about Sarah's son Kai .. it was the most intense dream in a sequence of dreams since the end of our relationship in April .. so, I was again in a house inhabited by Sarah and her new lesbian lover .. they were translucent .. like ghosts floating around the place and looking at me as though I existed and they didn't .. and I always kept my ears and eyes perked for Kai .. it wasn't hard to miss the little guy .. so, the lesbian dup disappeared in their ubiquitous translucency .. I found Kai in a side room and he ran to me .. the room seemed to stretch for miles .. miles of blue carpeting .. he ran into my arms and I held him .. at first he was reluctant because we weren't real affectionate with each other .. I tend not to be too affectionate with most .. just the way I was reared and am .. so, I held him and he held me .. he asked me if I missed him and I told him that I did .. after some tears – the doorbell rang downstairs ..

**

life is worth
the dream,
but it's all the waiting that gets me square in the balls ..

**

8-6-03

He was a fucking asshole .. and I think it was Sarah's father in his last year of living .. always heard he was quite an asshole and I was in this dream .. you know, something that happened in the subconscious but never met reality .. now, we were sitting in a room and he was being crass as shit to me .. right and left, his language towards me was peppered with put downs .. up and down – non-stop .. so, I told him to cram it up his fucking ass .. this didn't work well .. Sarah and her family/friends turned on me .. they locked me in a room and were preparing for my death outside the closed wood .. I molted and waited for word .. then, her dad came .. he was quite skinny and frail .. just by himself, he led me by the arm towards a big room where fresh concrete was being poured .. fuck, they were going to bury me alive .. so, I played along while coming up with a mental plan of what the fuck I was going to do .. so, we go by about 2 6' x 6' empty beds ready for fresh concrete .. I gulped .. then, there was a big hole where concrete was being poured and I grabbed the old man and threw him in that direction .. he fell in and was quickly engulfed by the swirling mass of wet concrete .. and I ran .. grabbed a hitch with a car and assumed in my mind that he was going to end up stuck in a hard spot .. that old man and his daughter I once loved .. gone .. hardened and nothing left but words ..

**

When confusion creeps in .. I found something – a quote on the back of a tin of dominoes – it went like this: **'EVERY MINUTE OF EVERY DAY PEOPLE OF ALL AGES ENJOY THE PLAYING OF GAMES.'**

**

8-17-03

My dreams have left me .. I don't know where they went .. there's enough crap in my subconscious to keep me moving for quite a while at night .. but, for the last two nights I have spent the night in bed with a new 'love interest' of mine .. she's doesn't sleep well at night .. but, I assume that the added comfort of someone in bed with her has helped .. she was cramming down the stories of her dreams .. one after the other .. and she has a handle over her dreaming .. in one, she said that she had to leave it because if fucked her up too much .. the dream had her, her 9-year old daughter and me walking together towards her two ex-husbands .. we all shook hands and got along fine .. but, it was too much for her and she had to leave .. over the course of both nights, I don't remember a fucking thing dreamwise that happened .. but, I do remember her, the feel of a woman next to me and that she dreamed enough for the both of us .. I tend to be good at that from time to time .. when all else fails, you can dream through others to satiate your confusion of sorts ..

**

tired is only a glint in her eye,
the prize
is
the miracle in her fat, wet tear drop ..

**

quote from a bar stool ..

RELIGION IS FOR THOSE THAT ARE AFRAID OF HELL .. SPIRITUALITY IS FOR THOSE THAT HAVE BEEN THROUGH HELL ..

**

I'm so careful what I wish for anymore
that I don't wish,
just dream,

just dream, baby ..

**

forget the stink,
just smell like shit ..

**

the only real reason to have a reason
is because we are all so damned tired of doubt ..

**

the sun is a bird in a fireplace real close up ..

**

regal,
regal,
regal
fucking beagle,
can't believe Jack Tripper is dead at 54 ..

**

if you pay attention,
you can figure out how your brain works ..

**

just pushing,
pushing,
because the pull
can have it's toll on
you
after a bit ..

**

kids pouting
home from
school,
too much homework they say ..

shit,
homework?

tv as an adult is homework ..

enough to sulk over ..

so kid,
smile when your feet smack down from the
last step of the bus exit
and

let
me do your algebraic english jerkjive
and
you can take
my
tv assignments,
ok?

**

old neighbors leave,
new friends come in,
and all we have left are
what we didn't know
and
what we could have seen if we
had paid
attention ..

**

it's getting to the
point around here that if one doesn't
get hurt bad or killed in a gun shot or fight,
everything is OK ..

**

the cat purrs in the cricket's dream,
kids ..

**

you run into what you love
and always leave
what you thought
you once
loved ..

**

push it until
you decide sleep is the last option
and sugar
is just another grain in the salt
of the red,
veined
pleasured plum pie eye ..

**

the birth of an idea is
later
the easiest thing to kill ..

**

I can't count anymore because
the numbers have
lied to me too much ..

**

temperance is a motivation to better all ..

**

beauty can only be a perfume if one really believes in the power of the nose ..

**

men have it easy when around women and water .. flopping their flanks about like a closet of huge
surprises .. easy to conjure a guess .. but concealed enough to make one dream ..

**

the sparks are flying like conservatives looking for more money ..

**

the blood of a hawk is the spit of a slug ..

**