

*Weather ..
Bringin' People Togetha'*



Idiots propagate rumors.

**

She was a pagan .. but her sister knew all the tricks.

**

When and if I stop smoking .. I'm going to buy a shit load of ashtrays to hold gum, jellybeans and other assorted flavors of sugary specialties.

**

If you hug someone in a coffee shop .. with those Liza Manelli body movements coupled with a Mickey Rooney grin .. you risk being shot.

**

Got a certificate to cut nails the other day ..

**

Print ads and lesbians .. the cornerstone of any urban magazine .. next week on DATELINE.

**

A bowl of sandwiches for the tater tot children ..

**

If you we're given the keys to run the world .. would you do it?

**

An hour of ideas could be your moment of chance ..

**

The social order of your chosen conversation .. we hear you ..

**

Recently, I'm all about planning a good breakfast. Though, it happens in either a dream or as a part of the first string of thoughts in the morning. Bacon .. gets me to my feet quick. A dream of donuts .. I'm out the door once my eyes open. Corned beef hash .. gone again. Eatin' all those impulses down with a bag of grapefruit.

**

I see a classroom full of kids .. they're all given glass jars. In these jars are all the words that relate to a theme; a word drawn in a large magic marker on the lid. Such as 'complacency' ..

'content' .. 'enjoyment' .. 'conversion' .. 'rapt' .. etc. Within the jar are slips of paper that have other words that relate to them and the kids can feel all these emotions once they open the jar. A real 'baby Albert' session going down in these classrooms. They get the jar from a sorcerer, modernist at a P.O. Box in Vermont.

**

What if there was a superhero with the ability to make anyone he passes or comes into contact with either trip or drop shit. He would be one still moo.

**

She ran across the tearoom with a bucket of water as the gentlemen piped in and asked where they could get a good slug of coffee.

**

You have to figure .. to run around the world would require many pairs of shoes.

**

Scrawling down the sides of the page .. the stammering went higher .. as the gallery resumed the names.

**

Wait .. wait .. can't get up yet .. I need a good think first ..

**

He went to bed with the sound of the BBC going low over the summer nocturnal embers and flipped open Zhivago for one last go. As the sounds of the BBC went over the details of a sunken submarine in the ocean, the book started wearing on unprotected eyes. Sleep was the next thing as the lights went down low and the shadows on the wall danced around like living mannequins scurrying for one last drink before last call closes down the front doors.

In the morning, he rolled off the foam and thought about the corporate world as he reached for a towel and started whistling a tune as the bathroom door went shut. Cleansing before having to fend off the suits sitting around the growling coffee maker and fluorescent lights sending the people to the eye doctor on their newly received vision insurance cards. As the water came down in a welcome array, soap went over the body and made complete sense. Cleaning the body .. for it was dirtied by the previous day and evening. Giving the people a sense of good smells. Though, the corporate flow didn't seem to make any sense at all. It was after about two years of labor on their clock. Taking a good portion of the day, while he would make it a point to stay up late into the AM to rectify the time that the corporate faces weren't giving. So, the mornings would sometimes fall into the red zone as he would tie on his shoes and head towards the gleaming glass doors holding the people in from the downtown bustle of the outside world. Shit, he thought, particularly that day as he reached for the navy blue button-up he hasn't seen for months, it felt different that day.

Going up the elevator, he started thinking over ideas from the previous minutes that came like a surprise in a child's game of hide and go seek. Getting off the elevator, he headed towards the chair that would give him his electronic in's into the word that would take him through the day. Ironically, he was having a good day getting shit out the door and ready to get out the door in the near future. Feeling good about the flow, the boss comes over around 3:30 PM and asks if he has a minute to meet him in the big bosses office. "Sure," he says with a grin. As he was led back into the confines of the chamber, the head of Human Resources for the company was sitting with an empty pad of paper opened up and a pen standing erect in her right hand. At this point, he had a good feeling what was going to happen next. The anvil was getting ready to fall down and the sure chance of getting his clearance from the chambers was imminent. Then, the stream of words started coming out of the mouth of his boss. Most words were heard, but not listened to until he said .. "As of 5:00 PM today, your employment will be terminated." He resisted putting out a large, minced smile as his approving acquiescence to the decision that came down. As the words continued, he heard the buzzing of the lights more clearly that the words that were being spoken to him. Something about continuing insurance coverage and a severance check.

Following the news, he asked the HR gal if he could have a minute with his boss. She gave an apprehensive look over to the boss for an agreement. He nodded his head in a 'yes' motion and she got up for her final exit on my clock. As the door closed, he looked out the window and admitted that he had a feeling this was going to happen. His bosses face dropped a bit as he went on to tell him that it would take no longer that several minutes to clean up his hard drive and work area. The 5 PM cut off weren't needed. He was ready to go then. The boss nodded and followed the young man out the door towards his workspace. As he started rifling through his things, the trash can began filling up quickly. In a little over 3 minutes, the cleaning whip had been extended and it was time to take the final elevator ride down the chute. The whole time, the young man's boss and the HR gal followed close behind as escorts in some prison documentary you would see on a late night PBS special. The young man said "Sianora" as the doors closed for the final time on that corporate scene. It was pure freedom from that point on. As he went through the shimmering glass doors into the city head of late afternoon, he pulled out a smoke and began laughing at the folly that just took place.

He didn't just lose a job .. he was given his freedom. That pocket of truth you have to keep holding on to like a hot piece of spaghetti in the eternal 'done' test. You can 'fuck right' that one, kids.

**

When and if they wipe away the rain stains off the panes of glass before me now .. I will put some new stains on the inside to make sure that the view stays the way it should .. a little frothy around the edges and smooth like clear in the middle ..

**

I know we human beings make a lot of trash .. though, we could really dirty things up if we all that that reptilian ability to shed old skins or molds .. all that shit laying around or blowing down the street would get blotchy .. though, it is somethin' to consider as the mix of DNA and medical experiments play with the human card.

**

I don't shave my face all that much .. though, I'm always pulling hair out of my mouth, off my pant leg, a pillow, keyboard, counter, my eye .. don't shave much, but I shed like a bastard ..

**

He waited behind the wheel of the getaway car as she gave him one last look before entering the air of the downtown thrift store .. She had a big score in mind and he was to only wait for 4-and-a-half minutes and leave without her if she didn't come out .. He could live with those sausages and he trusted his gal was going to make good on her minutes and come across the line in her bright yellow bag of goods ..

This is the way it works .. she has a friend of a friend that works at the thrift shop .. she goes in early in the week and gets all the goods she needs .. throws them all into a bag and informs her friend that she'll be in at a later date to pick up the bag of goods .. though, there is some danger in this .. management doesn't know about the transfer .. employees generally don't give a shit .. yet, there tends to be a stray in the system here and there, so it's worth while to be safe in manners such as these for this thrift shop isn't just your run of the mill, neighborhood second hand outfit .. this is a sought after thrift gallery that patrons all across the city rely on to get their finest used goods.

So, as he's waiting behind the wheel of the car .. three minutes have already elapsed .. between the blue awning flapping in the humid, white heat of a Midwestern afternoon, he reaches up his naked wrist to wipe his brow and looks towards the front window for signs of life .. through the tarnished, rain beaten front window covered by bars he notices the arms of an employee moving like a flag girl as the girl with the yellow bag talks calmly to what appears to be a new employee in the system .. three minutes and forty-five seconds down as he reaches into the back seat for an old sky blue towel that belongs to his friend's little girl .. he sends the towel over his head as though he's trying to remove oil paints from his forehead .. the clock hits four minutes as the young man looks in and notices the girl walking towards the back of the store with yellow bag in hand as the new employee behind the counter starts walking around the cashiers area to follow her .. it looks as though the gal is going to the back to see her friend and take another escape route .. Usually she gets no hue for leaving out of the front door with her bag of supplies .. though, it looks as though the new vigilante is busting her tits over this regulated, weekly transfer that has nothing to do with him .. As she escapes up a stairwell in the back, with young guy behind her in stride ready to straddle the steps .. the man behind the wheel notices the yellow bag swing forward in a fury like a puma pouncing a hare .. the young employee in hero fatigue flops back with arms stretched, flailing towards the water stained ceiling .. he takes out the pant/shoe display .. the clock's at 4 minutes/20 seconds .. the man behind the wheel throws the light blue towel into the back seat and opts for the sweat to pound his face, hands and everything else for the sweat has escaped his thoughts ..

It's now four minutes – thirty-five seconds on the gong clock as his sweat starts to evaporate in the rising heat .. he knows he can't leave his friend behind in the heat that's going to strap her down soon .. she hasn't come back down the steps as customer's help the assailed man off the ground and lead him to the offices downstairs to undoubtedly call the cops and clear shit up .. At this thought, the young man behind the wheel, kills the engine and heads into the store in a mince of patience and paranoia .. he heads straight for the stairwell to help his gal and get their shit on the road and away from the thrift scene .. as he begins climbing the stairwell unnoticed .. his friend comes running from a side exit up a side street and out to the car in a fancy of nerves and relief until she notices that her driver isn't in the car .. suddenly, the lights of two patrol cars come budding down the street like a couple of kids ready to tackle the swing set at recess .. as the cops pull forward .. the young gal asks a middle aged cat at the bus stop if he could watch her bag while she goes back into the thrift store for a moment .. he agrees as she calmly opens the passenger door and steps inside .. then, the cops get out of their car .. looking towards the front

window as the man behind the counter points frantically towards the car .. yet, only knows of a yellow bag mentioned over and over again in the dispatch call for authorities to come to the scene .. one cop goes over to the man at the bus stop for questioning .. as the other reaches his head into the car for some talk with the young gal .. he asks her, “Ms. .. we’re you just in this thrift shop?” .. “No officer, I’m waiting for my brother. He’s picking up an umbrella and a pair of shoes,” she responds quickly, confidently. “Yea. Well, why are you waiting out here in this heat. It’s not very safe, you know.” All the while, the clerk and staff inside are confident that the cops are going to clear the matter up .. so they resist coming outside .. as the other officer talking to the middle-aged cat at the bus stop comes up to the young lady, with the yellow bag in his hand .. “Mamma, this gentleman says that this bag belongs to you. Care to explain?” .. At this, the young man comes thrusting through the front door towards the car .. going to the driver’s side .. the cops halts him .. “Hold on son. Are you’re her brother?” .. He remains silent .. rocking on the sides of his feet in a slow sway as the cop continues .. “Are you her brother and hey, did you find an umbrella or pair of shoes in there?” .. “I am her brother and their selection of shoes is quite shitty, while they have no umbrellas in leiu of this oppressive heat. They’re sold out,” he comes back as he takes non-verbal cues from his female accomplice .. “All right mam, can you get out of the car. I need to see some ID. And son, come over this way. We need to see your ID too,” the 1st cop requests from them. At this point, the frantic new employee from the store comes streaming outside in a torrent of facial expressions, arms waving and shouting at the cops and the girl .. “You going to arrest this bitch. Stealin’ from a thrift store. That’s some sad, low shit, sweetheart. Then, swingin’ that bag and hittin’ me in the motherfuckin’ face.” .. “Sir,” the officer begins as the young man behind the wheel interrupts the air by closing his door ..the tinted windows go up as the officers shout in unison, the same verbal theme as they rush for the door handles .. “GET OUT OF THE CAR. YOU TWO ARE UNDER ARREST ..” The young man shoves the key into the ignition and starts the car while one cop is pulling on the handle on the passenger side, while the other cop is on the other side of the car pulling the handle .. by now, a crowd of people has congregated around the scene .. the young man has clearance behind him and begins to pull the car into reverse .. at this, the cop on the driver’s side pulls his gun and demands that the two suspects get out of the car .. “OUT OF THE CAR. DO NOT MOVE THE VEHICLE ANY MORE,” the cop on the passenger side demands as he reaches for his CB for back up. Then, the car pulls away in a squeal and peals on down the street .. taking a quick right on a side street and speeding through a maze of side streets .. the cops get in their car to pursue .. “what the fuck happened in there?” asked the young man .. “shit fell through because of that fucking new employee. He kept asking questions about what I was going to do with the yellow bag. So, I headed for the back stairwell to talk to my friend and that fucker followed me. He was shouting at me the whole time like I was a hardened criminal. So, I gave it to him,” she said in a flurry .. “Well, we are criminals now .. we have to get somewhere and hide the car quick. Not at our places, though,” he said .. At this point, the young woman tells the young man about a friend that lives about a quarter mile away with a covered garage that could park in for a while if need be, while the sound of sirens in around the perimeter of the air makes the young man tighten the wheel more and the woman squirms in her seat .. The woman then says .. “There’s been something I have been wanting to tell you. I think now would be a good time. I think I’m in love with you.” The man punches the pedal harder and says, “Not now Bonnie .. this really isn’t the time. Plus, we’re brother and sister aren’t we?” The young girl leans back as though they’re on a date .. heading towards a restaurant of choice for a meal and just smiles as she lightly closes her eyes.

**

Heading towards the forward portion of morning as a slice of thunder pulls me from my sleep .. As I amble over on my stomach and look through the window .. I notice the wind kicking the

vomit out of the tree before me as a swirl of strobe lights and water start hitting the air and ground in a whirl .. I watch the storm and smell the fresh scent of a long awaited rain scenting the air and pushing through my closed window .. I smile at the scent of a fresh, late summer rain coming through .. With this, I turn over on my back .. watch the shadow of that tree streaking over the wall like a woman dancing alone on the floor to entice her lover into more moves .. then, I slip back into sleep .. then, the dreams begin .. It seems as though I'm still awake and looking outside to see a landscape I'm vaguely familiar with, though do not see from my window .. It's a visage of an office building 30 feet from my building and window with people pulling up for their morning swig of office work .. as they start getting out of their cars with umbrellas and shielding the rains coming down in pails of liquid .. the ground unleashes a flood of water that begins pulling people, cars, trash cans and anything else that's not firmly rooted to the ground down a landslide .. people are terrified as they slip down this watery slope .. car's are getting smashed against a barricade wall on the eastern end of the building .. people are sliding into the wall .. car are smashing into each other as the owners of the cars near the entrance scream while their loans go floating away and get smashed in the insurance adjusters nightmare .. then, people start losing their minds and run after their cars .. screaming mad as the rains get heftier and the floodwater rise and become more radical .. my window is now near the ground floor as people notice me looking onto the scene .. several run towards my window as one black woman motions in a terror for me to call the police .. I get up in my REM slumber and have a hard time voicing that I understand and will call the police onto the scene .. I grab the phone in slow motion .. begin dialing 9-1-1 .. the line immediately picks up as the dispatcher tells me that 9-1-1 is no longer the number of choice for emergencies due to an increased volume of calls .. she gives me a 960-8224 number .. I write this down on an ATM slip and hang up .. I call the number .. it's an answering machine for some business .. I'm my slow motion confusion .. I grab the phone book and look on the cover .. theirs is a number for local emergency assistance .. I call them and they give me another number to call as I look outside and see the people screaming frantically and the black woman giving me that .. "I hope to hell they are on their way" look .. I can't get through on this number .. no one is answering .. I want to go outside to rescue these people from the belly of the wails, but know that it would be futile .. I would get swept away myself and sit in the same boat .. THE DREAM ENDS .. yet, I realize that I never got through to EMS for help .. Seems rather crazy that such an easy thing as calling for help couldn't happen ..

**

Whatever's running through your mind child .. I tell you to just go on ahead and write it down .. yes .. I believe someone is doing the activity within which I am getting ready to write about .. that's good .. this gives you some sort of reality backing while you pen down those thoughts .. yes, she's a brunette girl I've been running into lately .. she has a crazy eye and some uncanny knack of living .. she's in a park .. secluded to a good degree .. there's tree's around the perimeter of a large public swing set .. there's 4 swings and she's on the second one in, on the left side .. she has a quarter bottle of port wine leaning against one of the large, green poles to the side holding the swing set into one .. a portable radio drilling out Helter Skelter and she's swinging her feat like a mad woman .. she's naked .. there's a full grin on her face and she closes her eyes and tilts her head back slightly as she retreats back .. her curly, shoulder length hair drops down into the air and winds when she goes back .. she's not drunk .. though, she just doesn't give a flick if anyone comes by .. they'll either leave or watch here and she won't give a shit either way .. if the cops are called on her .. they'll watch also .. she's just too fucking fine to jack with .. a shimmeringly smooth scene .. that's what I think I'll write about ..

**

This is how the story began when he entered his apartment after work. Dusk was beginning to throw its shadows on the Midwestern cityscape. Giving the buildings being built, torn down and existent a gray glow of a cool evening approaching. Coming through the apartment, he noticed a number of glasses sitting in various places about the place. Half-emptied cups of lemonade, beer caps and the musky smell in the air of gamblers that lost cash and shoelaces when the nightly anvil fell.

As he went around, a thought of his old lover's birthday today came through his mind. He wouldn't be the one this year to take her out for some laughs and drinks that had a ring of insane laughter that kept elbows loose. Suddenly, the phone rang in the other room. As he, Frank Pilcho, that is, came down the hall to pick up the phone. It was his 12-year old nephew, Stevie, on the other end.

"Yes, it's me," Frank answered.

"Uncle Frank? We haven't heard from your for a while," Stevie whined a little into the phone.

"Yea, champ. It's been crazy lately. Though, tell your brother and mom I'll be out there this weekend. Tell them to throw together their best sampling of meats. Hey Stevie, how you feeling? I heard you had a bad flu bug?"

"Uncle Frank .. I don't really want to talk about it," Stevie replied in a grave murmur.

"Yea .. Was it that bad, chief? Or, do you still have a lick of it," Frank asked sincerely.

"Look, don't tell your brother I told you this. But, the doctors can't figure out what's wrong with me. They have run test after test and nothing," Stevie came back with a pinched voice.

"Look guy, they're going to figure out what's wrong. Are you able to go to school," Frank asked.

"Yea .. I just have an incurable streak of getting weak, coughing, stomachaches. You know, a bite of funk," Stevie came back with some bite in his words.

"Hang in there guy and keep going to school. Learn how to learn and walk with your mind. You hear what I'm saying," Frank said with a tone of irony.

"Yea, Uncle Frank," Stevie said.

"So, did you want to talk about something," Frank asked.

"Not really. I just wanted to know when your coming out here. Need some time with my 'cool' uncle," Stevie said.

"O.K. Ready yourself. I'll be out there in a couple of days. I have to rush out to meet some people for a show tonight. So, send your best to your folks and keep thinking like a kid," Frank told him.

"Keep thinking what?" Stevie asked.

"Like a kid," Frank said.

“Sure. We’ll talk to you,” Stevie said.

Frank hung the phone up and began peeling out of his corporate cloth. As he opened the closet door, a box of photos came spilling down like a warm glass of wine teetering for days on the edge of a dining room table. As they splashed against the ground, Frank laughed and reached for some new cloth for the eve. As he changed, he thought about Van Morrison’s Moon Dance circling the streets around outside. The sweaty rhythm of an urban spark. Lost and tripping over his new trousers he pulled over his lanky foot, he began tripping over the carpet in a folly dance of his own. Smashing several pictures of a stack he took in New York City several years ago, things began making sense again. Shit, think like a kid. It all made sense. In the melodrama of human disguise. Paying bills, running around for a boss on the greater portion of a chosen day, driving to destinations not chosen by choice, tossing trash into an empty trash can. He stood looking around through the windows that ambled about him.

Christ, ‘what am I doing,’ Frank thought to himself. So, he picked up the telephone and his good friend Ramon to tell him he wasn’t going to make it to the show. After a couple of questions, Frank told him he had prior plans that had slipped his mind. Ramon said, ‘cool, we’ll talk to you soon,’ as Frank threw the phone on the bed and began reaching back into his closet for some more clothes. He began stuffing the clothes into his deep green backpack and started thinking about some time on the road to a destination he hasn’t seen in his life. This would have to undoubtedly be restricted to the states, so he thought about Washington, D.C. On a Monday night, in the thick of vigor, thought and adventure, he decided he was going to take the several thousand-mile plus trek to finds some laughs and adventure.

After packing up his shit and locking the place, he reached for his keys and climbed into the interior of his ’88 Ford Tempo for the trek. As he started the car, he remembered that he had forgotten something in the apartment. As he rushed back inside to grab his journal, the phone rang. Once-twice-three times, he picked up the phone and whistled a solemn hello. It was a gal he met about a month ago and had run into on an irregular basis at the midtown bar he swooped into on occasion. She had pulled his number out of frolic in her purse and decided to see how he was doing and if he could catch a cup of coffee on the dusk that was slowly turning into eve.

“Well, I’m in a hurry right now. I’m getting ready to go on a rather lengthy road trip,” Frank said with calm resignation.

“Yea,” Felina responded. “Where are you heading?”

“Washington, D.C.,” Frank came back.

“You have some friends up there or are you going for work,” she asked with a teasing string.

“For pure pleasure. I plan on making some friends and running into some souls that speak of the same language and that starkly different,” Frank came back with a jovial tone.

“Hmm. You going alone?” she asked teasingly.

“Yes. I figure I could use some time with different scenes to collect some folly,” Frank said.

“Well, you know one of the best ways to get to know someone, don’t you?” Felina asked.

“I know many ways, but I see where you’re heading. What’s on your mind,” Frank responded.

“I know the trip will be divine alone, yet I know it could be more so with company,” Felina said with a playful string.

“You want to come along. It could be 4 days, though it could easily be a month or more that I’m gone,” Frank said.

“Listen sweetheart, I would be willing to do that to get to know you,” she said.

“Where do you live,” he asked.

“76th & Sunrise Drive,” Felina said with a dose of resigned excitement.

“See you in about 10 minutes. Get packed up, where heading to the capital,” Frank said with confidence.

“It’s apartment 4W in building 362. I’ll be ready,” Felina came back with a laugh.

“By the by, do you have a job or something,” Frank asked.

“Well, I did. See you soon,” Felina said.

As Frank clicked the phone off, he began laughing as though a stream of sugar was being tickled slowly down the back of his throat. Then, he grabbed he journal book and headed back out to his car. He turned the key and headed out of his lot down the sparsely populated street and began his trip to Washington, D.C. Veering and weaving about with heavy thoughts of how pure and coincidental life was now. Going down the street of chance to pick up a gal he had been thinking about for some time. Thinking this is a cool sign for this gal to agree on taking a long trip with some cat she knows scant about. Moreover, he was thinking that this gal could restore some fleeting flickers of romance that haven’t been around for some time. As he rounded the parkway and flew up to Sunshine Drive, he was heading straight towards her place. Another apartment building in a town of soaring home prices.

**

Living requires asking a number of questions.

**

Funky soul groove and the sounds of muffled noise down on the street in the scene .. He picked up his half beer and took a slow warm groove smooth sip as the funk kept coming over the speakers and the people outside kept on living and going another inch for assured pleasure ..

**

No clean water to drink in this town.

You sure?

Yes.

What must we do on this Monday?

Drink some liquor and go see a rock show.

**

Black sheep are really white ones with a good, solid coat of black spray paint.

**

Pepper corns and parsley leaves getting wet in the winta' time.

**

Long mornings in the center of a bucket seat.

**

How can you produce such works?
Because a dozen is too few.

**

On your belly as time swims by on its back.

**

Meet her with a pack of moons, 2 straws and a pair of binoculars.

**

Can you over think an idea if the real idea hasn't arrived?

**

We're three pages into this adventure and we
Never
Laid a scratch on a single piece of paper ..

**

You hit song writin' son of a slut you .. just keep the words going and
Don't worry where the music is goin' to come from .. just close those eyelids
And image that flies are candied larva and olive trees are pickle branches .. sure,
Break a fucking string .. talk about your gal in a lyric and wipe the sweat from her brow
When you feel the music mounting .. yes, you sure by fuck, keep it on and keep it on ..

**

People just

Don't send letters like
They used to ..

**

The Mexicans are gearing up for a festival this afternoon up the street .. in the downtown city square .. enchiladas, meter maids and piñatas as the other white people from the hotels and the construction sites walk by and realize that many other civilizations and customs have us white people beat .. Christ, their food, frolic, women, gimmicks and such were created long before this country was formed .. yes and those gals with their whooping skirts and confident smiles .. it matches the day .. shinin' with shine and ready to be peppered with their cuisine .. yes, call in the real ones that need their belly filled and some libations about their head ..

**

The taste of cigarette smoke .. as the cigar smokers walk around with Bud Light and a 9" cigar they may get one good drag out of .. yes, the coffee drinkers as the tea wanderers of the world listen closely for the kettle to whistle ..

**

Mosquito bites on the upper arm and around the legs .. I remember the story she told me about how her boyfriend was riding across Idaho on his 1983 Ducati to meet her for a healthy reunion and rendezvous .. some cat sidled up next to me and told me a story about how he was on probation and it was hard for him to find a place with his fiancée .. they could get anything cinched up because the buildings they were trying to tie down had security entrances and this was against probation regulations .. thus, their deposits on several places were kept .. no return .. the monies were gone .. I told him to look into law statutes that dictate the parameters of his bond .. yes, and the whole time another plane was getting ready to land on the downtown tarmac as the world twisted just so to accept the tires on the runway ..

**

Was takin' a look over the dictionary recently and came across something rather curious .. the first full sort of word and the last word are the following ..

AA or A.A.- Alcoholics Anonymous

Zymurgy – The chemistry of fermentation, as applied in brewing, etc.

**

Keep on creating even if it's from uneven sources ..

**

Tap dancin' on the point end of a broomstick .. now that would be some entertaining shit ..

**

Mixin' the hot on the medium vein .. you see what I'm sayin' .. keepin' the potatoes away from the meats because the broth wouldn't know how the mix if they came together .. yes, it's just a medium boil ..

**

9 gallon hats
2 gallon shoes
12 gallon pants
4 gallon socks
3.5 gallon wallet
1.3 pound collar ..
Now you's just a regula' cowboy, aren't ye?

**

Statues in the foreground .. I believe the telephone company has put a trace on your laughter ..

**

They say they want the truth when all they really want is to hear themselves speak ..

**

Snakes in a frog's bin .. the rabbits cook corn as the slaves eat ice cold muthafuckin' carrots ..

**

A female friend pulls me aside and says, "Take a look at this picture of me as a drag queen?"
I tell her, "You're a gal. That shit doesn't count." She responds, "That's what you think." Then,
she reaches into the back seat of her car and pulls out a picture of a 3-year-old kid between two
adults .. I presumed they were her parents or friends .. She says, "That's me in the middle."
"Yea, you quantify this photo as a drag queen photo. And this, even though you're a gal," I ask.
"Take a closer look," she asks.
I take a close look at the baby in the middle .. It's her .. I can tell by the eyes and mouth ..
Though, it just looks like the kid was done up for a clown competition minus the wig and nose ..
"So, what do you think?" she asks me.
"Look sweetheart, it's fucking nonsense. You're not dressed up as a drag queen as a 3-year-old
girl," I tell her.
She's silent.

**

When you're near the end of the pebble path
Try to grab a rock off the ground
And rifle it down over the ledge
Into
A
Big body of water below ..

**

You know they talk about what should be done with Kansas City a lot around here .. Downtown
is a ghost town at night, for the most part .. we need light rail .. wider roads .. more bridges ..

more entertainment venues .. a better music scene .. more galleries .. less urban sprawl .. I'm know there are other pieces of fodder other cities speak about .. though, I saw the Robert Altman film "Kansas City" the other day and I was waiting for something to happen in the film .. seems to wrap the vibe of the city up well .. It's a great city .. but the film hit the nail in the knock .. people are talking and waiting for something to happen .. this could go on for years .. it just made too much sense to have a film that epitomized the tag line ..

**

Had a dream Ringo Starr came into the charity organization I'm working for .. he's a giver that's going to meet with some cats to speak of the parameters of his giving .. I catch him in the hallway .. I shake his hand .. he gives me a big smile and gives me a short hug .. I ask him for an autograph .. he says maybe later .. I couldn't catch up to him later .. he was still in the building when I had to leave .. though, he looked old .. there were moles and spots on his face that were surely covered during television spots on TV .. he didn't have a beard .. he looked like a slightly heavier Michael Stipe .. Later, I caught up with Paul McCartney at a luncheon for some event .. I talked about a the Pet Shop Beach Boy's album and he perked up like a lizard looking at a plump fly on the vine .. Yet, he was interrupted .. we never finished our talk .. yes, one night with the boys and I never finished what they started ..

**

When a woman is elected President of the US and human cloning becomes legal .. I would like to see women creating more and more women .. getting to the point where they want to phase men out of the picture and just keep the women alive, thronging and ready for production .. yet, there would be pockets of men that would escape this termination coup and escape to the mountains or rough areas of the country to hide from the extermination movement .. then, if these men are smart, will come out of hiding about a year or so after the extermination and surprise the women .. I'm sure their palettes will be plenty wet and ready to roll with the men .. there would be the smartest, luckiest men in the history of the world .. the women would be pawing and frothing like a raccoon in an animal control truck .. yes, that is something to marvel about ..

**

Hey baby,
forget that ass,
your
nose
is
a
spectacle to hold ..

**

Let me lay the record straight ..
The only time
I'm going
to have the seat down on
my
friend the toilet
is

when
the last time I used it I pooped ..

**

you think it's weird and
other things that don't appear on television
is wrong ...

yet,
you haven't ever held a job,
been hungry,
out of work,
on a dark street in the city,
had the right man,
felt a real orgasm,
believed briefly in a fairy tale,
listened to Mozart with the radio off,
spoken another language other than English ..

yes,
so
it
is
all

different now,

isn't it?

**

again,
a cold beer in the middle of
the
afternoon
is
the
way to live ..

yes,
that cold sting on the back of a dry, mucused
throat ..

I could use on of those great,
American miracles
every

day,
baby ..

**

you know .. there's a lot of crazy shit people buy on CD and construe it as either good music or nice sounding ..

i'm waiting for a huge release of 'the screaming girls of the 50's, 60's & 70's'

the recording will be a non-stop 74-minute stream of girls screaming at a variety of shows ..

from Elvis .. the Beatles .. the Rolling Stones .. the Monkeys .. to the Who ..

yes .. i'm waiting for it .. i'm sure it's already happened for some kid with a new 8-track recording deck or bright green lettered web site ..

**

The terms 'fuddy duddy' & 'artsy' are flat meanings for people that can explain themselves properly ..

**

If Magnum P.I. and James Bond got in a foot race .. who would win?

I'd have to go with Bond .. but P.I. does have an awfully powerful gun ..

**

If I was a farmer .. I would like to be a salt farmer .. people really seem to take to salt ..

**

I saw the following quote on a bathroom towel dispenser

The other night:

“JESUS SAVES SOULS AND REDEEMS THEM FOR VALUABLE CASH AND PRIZES.”

As I walked out of the bathroom and towards my seat,

I thought,

“BEIN’ A GAME SHOW HOST WOULD BE A DAMN GOOD TIME.”