



**ALWAYS
RUNNING
INTO
A
STRANGER**

Dirty jeans
and
a
red head in the auto parts store ..

**

firecrackers and day old
cotton
candy ..

**

sometimes you
have
to
get away from the word
to

figure it out
just that
much
more ..

**

Intuitive reasoning can be as much bull shit as bullshit can sometimes be intuitive reasoning ..

**

I came up the three-lane divided highway and noticed that the roadway was backlogged quite a ways .. with no way to escape .. I had to approach the traffic jam and look around my car for a good tape backup to let the minutes float that I was going to be in this jam .. looking to see the focal point of the jam, I notices a slew of cop cars on a 2-lane divided roadway below that was barricaded off by a city block in either direction .. 'what the hell is going on here?' .. I kept inching forward in this 9:30AM snail traffic in a town resembling Baltimore .. I was in a short compact car along the same lines as the one I drive now .. coming closer, I was trying to figure what could have happened .. 18-wheeler spinning out of control and throwing pogo sticks from its cargo bin .. a nasty fender bender .. chemical spill .. or the other .. getting closer .. I notice a pedestrian that is dressed in undercover garb going car-to-car .. reaching his head in and talking briefly .. the heads in the cars ahead would nod in a 'no' each time .. coming towards my car, he leans forward and looks about my car while saying 'hello, sir' .. I come back with a 'hey, what's going on?' .. he returns, 'well, we have a situation up here and it may take a while for you to get through.' .. 'how can I help you?' I ask .. 'can you identify the woman in this photograph?' he asks me .. I take the black and white photo of a naked black woman straddling a traffic barrier .. the photo was an aerial taken about 15 feet over her head .. 'no, I've never seen her in my life. So, what's going on?' I ask again .. 'sir, this woman climbed onto a traffic barrier up ahead causing some serious trauma to innocent motorists and perhaps one fatality' .. 'that's awful, man. What do you suppose she was doing?' I inquire .. 'sir, I must move on. Have a nice day.' He concludes .. I move forward and think more about this naked woman that caused HWY 76 hell and halting ..

**

When you have nothin' to give .. you better find somethin' to give ..

**

You wanna see nuts? I got some nuts for ya ..

**

How will the dream begin? Do you remember how dreams begin?

**

Had a dream the other night that I woke up with a tattoo from the top of my shoulder blade down to my wrist .. went to sleep with nothing on my arm and no intention of getting the permanent color thrown on my arm and woke up with something new .. people were asking me where I got the tattoo and why I did it .. told them I wasn't sure .. and was thinking about a painless way that I could take the tattoo away .. yet, when that one dream went into the next .. it didn't mean much more than a bunch of ink on an arm in a dram that was going to evaporate once the sunshine cut in ..

**

So, I was living in this complex in New York .. there was a courtyard or concrete stretch of walk separating one building from the other .. they had just painted this partition and it was very cold out .. there was a nice freeze of ice between the buildings .. they painted the connector sky blue and when I walked outside, I ran into a neighbor that looked like Robin Williams .. there was a zamboni machine ready to clean the ice as I started on a walk with this R. Williams character .. he told me he was an orthodontist and worked in city hall .. he pointed out the building that looked very municipal and governmental .. as I looked at the skyline of buildings, everything looked very much so like it was Parisian .. I asked him, 'besides the World Trade Center side over there (to the left), what else was a landmark I could tell people about that was around my new residence in New York .. he said, 'tornadoes' .. I laughed and told him that I was from the Midwest and asked if he had ever seen a tornado in his life .. he said no, but it would be a fucking great indicator of where you live if it happened ..

**

Shadows movin' over parked cars like potential acts in a spray can ..

**

People wait in bars for something to happen because something already did happen to them ..

**

Ashing in a coke
Bottle as the hospital cuts another umbilical cord ..

**

I wonder if America will ever get over Vietnam?

**

Making something that is natural happen takes practice .. though, making the extraordinary happen takes fuckin' guts ..

**

Everyone is a walking quote ..

**

It amazes me that everyday we produce so much literature and pages to read and a slew of adults in this country don't know how to read & write ..

**

A grease spot on the road, driveway or parking lot is just a car's blood ..

**

Have you ever considered that there is nothing on TV for a reason?

**

Sometimes you only know what's right when someone says that it's wrong ..

**

Your posture speaks more of your structure than maybe you would believe ..

**

somewhere else
over
the
rainbow
their
is
probably another rainbow ..

**

The moment of comedy is the fool's best mistake.

**

Finance Ministers & the price they're not willing to pay ..

**

Blue Jay voices echoing loud because people have their TV sets on loud ..

**

the thing about writing more is that there is going to be much, much more to write ..

**

Evening showers are like morning blowjobs .. you know why you feel good as you should,
You just wonder how it got to be that way ..

**

Curling smoke and the book I don't want to write because everyone these days seems to want to write or be working on that side project .. 'the book' .. no, I just want it to be a collection of pages that make up a story .. because we all have stories and the quote is the ax in the wood .. so, as the midwife wakes from a dream

that won't quite do what it was cracked up .. she grabs the stack of papers on her nightstand that say 'divorce' and runs along with her new version of a 'constitution' ..

**

Vivid tales of being underwater .. found some nuclear warheads .. the guide leading me to see the site was pretty upset about the turn of events .. there was a little blood, then a smile .. it was over in a short quip of time .. then, we had the investigation right where we wanted it .. sure, illegal nuclear armaments under the water and the feds were on their way to clean up the sit ..

**

Plastic punching tubes and kids go together so, so well ..

**

The minute the drummer figures out the 'roll' .. the baker will throw his first dozen 'plus' in the oven ..

**

exacto knives
cutting open
the
secret
letter
as

the
mystery man takes the beauty by
the hand
leading her out of the passenger side
of
the
running car ..

**

we're all accidental cases with familiar faces ..

**

did you use to be a stick? i always see this image of a tree when i talk to you ..

**

every time I balance my checkbook or sit down to write out a fuck load of bills .. I feel like someone just tagged me in the mouth .. took my money from my sweaty palms .. ran off and I have no way to find them ..

**

The dream happened again last night .. each time it occurs, it feels as though I have had the dream many, many fuckin' times .. so, I'm loafin' around the apartment with friends of my roommate .. I start looking around .. feeling slightly constricted by the lack of open spaces .. just wanting to see a new set of surroundings, then it hits me .. the 'other living room' .. sure as shit, there is always this living room area

that I never go into, but once I look at it, it makes sense .. the room usually has several glasses of bourbon half-full on a circa 1960's kitchenette table .. the room has the old fatigues of a girlfriend's grandparent's place .. crystal chandeliers .. green shag carpeting .. as least one felt painting of dogs playing poker or a sailing shit getting the fuck knocked out of it on the open, raging sea .. so, once I see this room I think fuck right .. why have I neglected this room in the years and years I have lived in that dwelling .. when I see the room, I remember it .. yet, I don't go into this room until I close my eyes and things start poking me under and over the eye lids .. a nice room .. great old turntable and a shit load of vinyl to pick through .. it's like inventing something that has already been invented, yet you didn't know it's already been invented, but it's all right because you still invented something in that curious corner of ignorance .. so this room .. is your room .. use it .. I may not know about it for a long, long time ..

**

was sitting up at the counter of a sleep cafe in a tired town .. ordered a nice breakfast .. remember my navy blue coat hanging on the back of the chair .. I smoke a smoke .. got my food .. got up to go to the bathroom .. when I came back, an insane woman was in the process of moving my plate, ash try, cigarettes, lighter and coffee mug three seats away from her .. as I come back .. I don't say a fucking word .. I look at her with the 'fuckin' lady' eyebrow .. she starts tearing into my shit .. 'YOU DUMB MOTHER FUCKER .. THIS IS MY SEAT .. YOU SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THIS .. NEVER, EVER SIT IN MY SEAT AGAIN FOR AS LONG AS YOU LIVE. UGLY ASS, DUMB MOTHERFUCKER ..' she keeps on as I grab my coat hard from the back of my former chair and feel bits of bagel being thrown at me .. I brush it off .. don't acknowledge here anymore than a glare or some thoughtful stares .. the woman behind the counter (Marjorie) .. gets her to calm down .. I pull my lips to the mug .. look in for the spit wad .. see nothing .. take the cup up to my lips and think about how much syrup you would need for the world's largest pancake ..

**

waiting for the roof to cave in as
the sky flashes a sinister smile ..

**

Miles Davis as rapper,
yes baby ..

**

flippin' and flounderin'
like a flop ..

**

kids grabbin' our colors
as the grown-ups pop
some
more
pop corn ..

**

when did the pop icon
finally decide to fold?

**

wrap the bud into a sack,
sling it over should,
smack your hips,
run w/thighs
and leap over a wall,
jump a brooke
and
piss
in
that
crystal clear stream ..

**

If there was anymore that had to be said,
it would have been said long before anyone presumed that anything
had to be said at all ..

**

Designer hats
& shitty lookin' pants ..

The ice swallowed dryness
and the clouds became
your only lie as the chime strangled the crank arm
& the night begged to have more light ..

**

This self
promotion
shit
is like cleaning
my
apartment ..

It gets clean,
it briefly feels good ..

It gets
dirty all over again,
that's regular ..

**

the old man
still won't talk
to me ..

he told me on 9-11-01
he thought
he would never
talk
to me
again ..

Point is,
sometimes
people walk the plank
they try to avoid
even when cutting off their feet
despite
their
shoes ..

**

smell
of rocks
and
clean water
as
the west wades
in the east's moon light
and
we
just
forgot about the Midwest ..

**

new ways to take
pictures of an old
forgotten
city ..

**

giving out good books
to
a
girl who has
a crush on me ..

mashing the potato
for
lasting goodness ..

banking my savings account
for something
good
that
happened yesterday ..

**

i think when they
start making
you nuts,
you love 'em ..

**

a world in war
is
a
page in
content flux ..

**

Yesterday .. November 30, 2001 .. is one that should be committed to page .. with a page and as the page moves through the ringer .. I give you the parts as I recall from yesterday .. waking from a good eve of sleep after depriving myself for some days .. I wake to a message from a friend wanting to get a cup of coffee before going into work .. he gives me a non-descript location and leaves it at that .. I throw on some threads and head out the door to try and find where he is .. past several midtown coffeehouses .. I don't see his car .. I don't stop at any of them .. I just go into a QuickTrip and get a to-go slug of brown morning love .. make a call on a pay phone after getting a page .. some teacher wants to take a tour of a computer warehouse and wants to know if I'll give it the OK .. I resign back to the wheel to get into work .. I work on a piece for the kids .. pieces, parts and particulars of letters they wrote to the President of the US .. then, the kids start coming in for a computer class I chaperone in the afternoon .. it's a course where they put together their own computer and take it home .. pretty good eats for a group of kids that need the technological beast .. so, the kids show .. the bus driver shows .. we ready to go as I get another page .. though, earlier in the day while putting together pieces of Presidential inquiries .. I notice that Beetle George Harrison has died at 58 after a battle with throat cancer .. he was always my favorite power Beetle .. the glue that held the group together .. turned on the lab TV to see a little biography on the chap .. then, earlier in the day I noticed a replica of a bald eagle gliding on the air over an overpass .. I stare closely at it .. veering over the yellow centerline thinking about my pops .. so, back to the page in the afternoon hour .. I get the kids to the location in the west bottoms of the city for their class and call my mail to check the page .. it's my sister .. my dad has had another heart attack .. he was coming back from Leavenworth .. stopped at a gas station .. someone found him out cold by the rear of his car on the ground .. he had no vitals or pulse .. guess he told the gas station attendant when he arrived that he thought he was having a heart attack and that they should call an ambulance .. so, they did and the paramedics brought his flesh back into the physical world .. suppose he left for some time .. after the call .. I was waiting for my relief to show up to the warehouse so that I could go to the Emergency Room of a hospital in the northern part of town .. it was about 4:00 p.m. at the time and the guy to relieve me was to be there around the five o'clock hour .. though, the hitch was that he wouldn't be able to get into the building after five because they were going to close the doors, lock the gates and shut off the lights promptly at five .. meaning that no one could come through and we wouldn't be able to hear a horn honk or knock on the second floor of this old ass warehouse .. so, five comes and goes .. I resign to the fact that I'll have to be there for another hour-and-a-half .. as I go to check the window for signs of his long, red hoopty mobile .. I see nothing as the instructor for the class shouts that I should take them down into the bowels of the first floor so the kids can get their snack on .. while we tool around with used old computer equipment, I'm jacking with the kids .. just bidding my time until we can leave and I can see what's going on with my dad .. then suddenly, the lights, power and entire show blow in the building .. the kids start getting restless and horsin' around as the Executive Director comes out of his office with a flashlight .. followed shortly thereafter by our instructor with another flashlight in hand .. they poke around with the power box on the wall and decide that we would end the class .. the instructor asks me if that's OK and if I could call the bus driver back to pick up the kids .. I say 'fuck right' and climb the dark steps to the telephone .. thinking how damn convenient is this .. so, I get the bus driver on his way back to the building when we go outside to see my relief in the back parking lot .. I tell him what's going down with my pops and that I have to leave promptly .. he's said 'yes' and told me about a good rock show he was going to see that night .. I climb in the car .. look over the steering wheel to see a full moon glowing in the sky .. knowing that again the moon has a way of catching you in the trajectory and questioning it's motions a bit more past the tide of the ocean .. I head towards the hospital thinking about some things I have said to my father and what he has said to me .. lately we haven't said much to each other .. a combination of the recent terrorist attacks on America, the new war and some other splices of news he fails to let anyone know about verbally .. so, I go in for the second chance in a book of

chances to clutch his grip and let him know that he's in the right place .. a place called life and it will stay that way for a while as the moon moved further up in the sky .. guess my niece predicted there was going to be a full moon all week leading up to this Friday .. shit, kids have a way of knowing the truth well before the adults have a chance to guess at it ..

**

Several more dreams from the log of IM-ages ..

Was going down a sidewalk in a town that was familiar .. yet, it wasn't a place that I resided in .. I start approaching a group of people on the flanks looking at a ferocious gorilla swaying back and forth .. no one would walk any further .. they were all avoiding the stare, stance and gait of this enormous animal .. seemed as though a house on this block kept the gorilla as a pet and a sign in the front yard said: 'DO NOT APPROACH GORILLA. DANGER!' .. so, my curiosity and instincts took over .. I heard a voice in my head say 'move through the animal' .. I broke through the crowd .. came towards the gorilla and locked it straight in the eye .. the animal sidestepped and let me past .. I lightly brushed against the animal .. not fearing the animal .. actually I was intrigued and felt all right being that close .. as soon as I passed, I turned to look at the animal .. I was looking at its back .. it was crouched in an offense position giving everyone else the 'fuck you' eye if you try to come anywhere near the gorilla .. I just kept going on up the sidewalk .. The second dream was me walking up towards a bluff somewhere in upstate New York .. looked like the ascending plot where the Hollywood sign is in CA .. so, I approached the bluff .. walked by some souvenir shops .. heard silence from the people .. it was an elaborate memorial to the Sept. 11 infamy already erected .. I walked and plodded with tears .. then, I snapped from out of sleep and had tears coming out of my eyes .. thought, this can't be hurtin' anyone .. I wiped several away .. went back towards another, newer dream with either cold beers or hot corned beef .. I didn't run into neither if memory serves me right ..

**

shooting the pen through the arrow .. knocking the tune out of the pear's seedy middle ..

**

completion of the incomplete as the tiny girl pulls the tall cold glass of milk to her lips as mother dodges a scud missile in an Arabian township hard to pronounce ..

**

carry me
over the pinkie nail's sharp edge
and
I'll
ward off the
thumb
when
it
starts giving you shit ..

**

veering cars
and
the old bars,
comes
down
to
a wet mouth
and

reliable wheels,
sometimes ..

**

on a drive down the road with my brother .. we were heading towards LA .. he had an apartment solidified in the hills and I was thinking about living with him or in an apartment around him in the same complex until I could find a job and get shit goin' in the Land of Angels .. so, we pull towards the place expecting either a mountain shot or butte shot .. also, we assumed the ocean would be within a rock stone's throw .. so, we pull up to the place .. looked like a 6-8 plex with light brown siding and beige trim .. the building was in the shape of a crooked 'L' and followed the flow of a cricky bend in the road .. we pull into the back lot .. our reason for arriving was to get with the landlady of the house .. a cooky fucking burned-out actress turned TV junkie that bought the right infomercial gag which advertised swallowing up dilapidated property and renting them to the public for cash .. cash .. cash-n-shit .. yes, he was going to check him room out one more time and make sure he dug the place .. there's always a discrepancy between actually seeing a place and getting the full 3D online illustrated tutorial .. so, if he dug the place, he was going to ink his name on the official papers and move out to LA .. we climb out of the cars and get up near the complex .. he notices no 'office' sign .. so, my brother remembers her apartment number and we head towards the door .. we didn't knock .. for some reason, we switched towards the back of her apartment, which happened to have a back deck with a sliding door .. this faced the curvy roadway the shaped this little home .. by the by, the apartment was a secluded place .. the place was in a valley within LA County, but plenty away from the city and smog .. so, we approach the back door and give a good knock .. a man, we presumed the husband, got up from the bed to click the lock back and let us through .. I noticed a TV on and quickly off as the landlady turned the tube down .. I couldn't shake the image of a tuna fish salad sandwich on the table next to her .. so, she comes to the door .. both of them look slightly out-of-sorts and agitated .. likely they got up from a nap and he was getting an earful of shit about how he doesn't go down on her anymore .. she shouts through the glass, "who are you?" .. my brother says, "tony from missouri" .. "oh yes .. you were to look at apt. 1G today" .. so, she opens the glass sliding door and tells us that the maid for the complex is temporarily using the room .. so, we can't take a look at the digs .. although, she tells us that we can check out the apartment across the hallway .. we agree .. she throws on some slippers and grabs an enormous silver ring with at least 90 keys dangling .. we head down stairs .. there are two stairways, the open sort, that descend facing each other .. so, we get down to floor one and she points over towards the apartment her maid is staying in .. "that one will be yours if you like the looks of this room. you know, they all have the same layout." .. sure, sure, we tell her .. so, she opens the door and peers back with a queer look .. "hold on," she tells us .. "give me a second, then I'll wave you in," she continues .. well, as she pulls the door closed we hear her shriek as the husband suddenly appears coming down the steps behind us .. the landlady stumbles out of the front door and towards her husband .. I notice she is faint and has two bloody puncture wounds on the right side of her neck .. some kind of shit is going down .. we look around as she is in her husband's grasp .. he mutters, "this would have never happened if you didn't have to see the room today," .. fucking shit, we start thinking .. these cats are out of their shit .. as we start shuffling back towards the stairway, car, another complex in LA .. the man comes towards us with a glare of hate .. then, my lover's boy leaped on my piss filled bladder and woke me up .. LA is gonna have to wait ..

**

sometimes
women get you where the IRS missed ..

**