

**Dressed in a Costume
Because the Skin Feels Right**



If the mistake doesn't catch up to you .. perfection will ..

**

Woke up to a pile of faces .. turned over to see a pair of lips synching something I couldn't quite catch .. yet, there was no brain attached to the lips .. so, I couldn't ask for a repeat .. there was just an enormous pile of faces ..

**

This was how the dream boiled down .. they had arrested me on a charge I cannot put my finger on .. though, it was a violation that warranted me staying in a jail cell for several weeks .. culminating to me being led into a gas chamber .. strapped in .. cap over eyes .. then, they would release me .. they just wanted me to wait there in jail .. go through the last mile .. get strapped in .. then leave .. I really don't remember breaking the law and something tells me this is a way that counties and states cut down on crime .. simply pull in a subject off the street .. convince them that they committed a crime .. put them in a cell for a week or more under the guise that they will eventually make it into the courtroom for their arrangement and hearing .. when nothing happens, the guards feed you an ear of shit that things are slow within the court system in their jurisdiction .. so, you wait and they tell you that you're going into the chamber .. questioning why you were even thrown in the slammer, the piss is being squeezed out of your senses .. It's one helluva a way to square person straight and another crooked one into a straight and upright position .. So, as I waited .. then, went in for my walk .. I knew that the law was trying to cut their staff in half by making citizen's honest .. if there was any question in my scenario?

**

So,
this is how it
goes
when the story
picks
up

where the rhyme left off?

**

Rammed over
like
a
soft bellow
and
picked up like a nasty kiss,
feeling
half
fish
and
half

french,
I

think
I need a good
swipe
of

soap

before

I go
out

and
get
that

bottle of shampoo ..

**

In a degree
as
in
excess,
the
constable
asked the pimp
if
there

was any more
cash
left
in

the
hollowed out console ..

**

They should
take on this new idea of mine
in the advertising industry ..

Make billboards on the side of the road
look like they're fucked,
ripped to shreds ..

With pieces of broken timber,
flaps of paper
and

smudged ink ..

Advertising something
like
a
tire sale
with
a
car smashing through the front

of
the
billboard ..

I guarantee
most people
would look
to

see why the sign is so fucked ..

It could
work,
I just
bought
some
tires

without seeing such a sign
to
prod my ass ..

**

how
many times could you have the
same dream
about the
dream
that
got away,
but
each time it was the same?

**

THE WAY THE CLOUDS TOOK OVER THE SKY
by Some Mole in a Copter

**

I don't buy it when I hear a professional golfer says they want to retire .. people retire to play golf ..

**

Roving through the dream and spending most of my time in the basement .. going down there to place old leaves of paper .. more like symbols and hieroglyphics .. their were notes about this life and tales of lives that have come to pass and those that are on their way .. placed on old, tattered yellow-brown sheets of paper and laid over the floor of the basement .. notes and notes that spelled something in a language and time that wasn't quite of now .. they were placed there and I noticed my pops coming down there to take a look at the notes on a regular interval .. sometimes he would walk away with a smile .. sometimes he would walk away with a slight shimmer of tear in his eye .. as a big man with a nasty case of diabetes .. the doctors have told him that he would have an impossible time trying to lose weight as a man of his health in his mid-50's .. though, the more he came down the steps to this basement to read the notes .. I wondered who was writing all these notes .. then, I saw him leave one day without him noticing me standing in a far corner .. as he mounted the steps, I noticed a skinny man I used to see in photos when he was a younger

my stoop

as
the
slow
moving man
smiles
while crossing the
90+ degree crosswalk
looking
at
a
pair
of

muscled legs stretching like
a
branch
about
the weight of a 213lb. man ..

Yes,
as
the
crooners
crack a pistachio
and
the
unleaded gas tanks take a break
for
a
sip off the leaking
diesel nozzle,
the
city

speaks

in a
less than audible whisper
of
the
facts

that is going down
now

and
those
that
are being warmed
for
another

sort
of

surprise

next week

at

the same time,

kids ..

**

uneven keys and steady fingers .. i believe this is where i should start the story .. waking up about the 8:30AM hour to a phone call from a friend/neighbor asking if i could give her a ride deep into kansas from the mechanics shop .. guess one of her few pistons went up in a filth of a tempered flit .. she said there was coffee, grape juice and donuts for me once i showed .. i told her i would be there in about an hour .. needed to soak up the rest of this sweet little sleep nectar before I was ready to get my ass wet and shoes clasped shut .. so, as i dawdled through the fanned air and cool, comfortable sheets, i looked about, closed my eyes .. ALARM .. i pounded my bedside friend and figured it was just about time to wake .. about 60 seconds of pure blanking out as a woman i saw in line at the liquor store the other day came branding into my flesh head like a hot poker to a horse's nuts .. so, i grabbed my will and jumped to the gray carpet .. we now go to the car .. listened to the rest of the new on the radio knob .. another threat to American intelligence .. an insane woman in Houston is getting sentenced after drowning her 5 kids .. another person cited a Van Gogh sitting as the car turned onto the 9:34AM highway .. a little behind when i told her i was coming to pick her up .. veering now onto the trafficway .. the thoughts were following my words and more socks were starting to get heady with sweat .. that's the fucking moment you know that you are away and ready to head when the shoes start getting wet from the balls of your toes .. so, i pulled into the repair lot .. didn't know what make or color her vehicle was or where she was going to be .. so, as i killed the engine and looked at all the limping cars in the lot waiting for further doctor's orders, i slammed my car door shut and started veering around the backside of the car when she comes out of the coffee shop across the street with a big early bag of drink and sugar flour .. i smile, wave and we get into the car .. she asks what i really do for a job during the day .. i tell her some as we go into discussing how kansas looks like that flintstone cartoon strip you always see when fred's behind the wheel of the vehicle .. the facade or buildings behind him are replicated over and over .. there's about 4 houses/buildings and a tree or two that's replicated for a five-minute ride across bedrock .. well, that's the way I feel about a kansas .. once i get off their roads, i'm sure to get lost at least 1nce .. all the shit out there looks the same .. so, we get to stanley, ks and pull through this 3-pony town .. then, we pull into the back lot of the library she works at .. she makes, stirs and serves coffee to all the soccer mom's and borderline divorce cases in kansas .. housewives and children with a penchant for getting a couple of words in their life .. she asks me in for a cup and to take a look .. i go in .. she opens several doors behind rows and stacks of books, flips on a light or two and was there .. looks to be a quaint enough dojo for serving coffee .. as we go on talking, i hop on a computer terminal and check out a news source web site for news i missed while staying away from the television .. then, she finishes a pot of coffee and pours me a large cup .. as she sits .. we talk some more as a small asian girl comes tip toeing to the front door with her finger cocked up to her lips for me to be quiet .. i do .. keep on talking and look at the girl as she painfully squibs towards her unassuming assailant .. finally, i have to dispel her surprise and yell 'hi' to the kid .. she slumps her shoulders and gives me a scowl because i ruined her secret approach .. she comes up .. we talk and she takes me to a computer terminal to show me her favorite web site online .. as time goes on and my tongue gets closer and closer to this paper cup of coffee .. i start talking to my friend about a recent trip to Italy .. she sits in attention as i tell her about Florence and Rome .. then, as time slips on i ask her for the time .. it's about 10:40AM .. time for me to leave .. she thanks me for the ride and i'm gone .. down the road .. i light a cigarette and feel the burn of a 2-pack day i had the day before .. turning up the radio some .. i veer off to another highway that will take me straight into the artery of work .. i arrive, turn the engine off again .. just about out of gas .. seems as though i just let the tank run to empty lately before i fill it back up .. no problems with stopping at the task, i'm just not doing it .. suppose i'm playing with the gas gods and my survival skills if something other than breaking down in front of a gas station should go down .. so, i go downstairs to the teen center and computer lab i help another co-worker run for inner city youth in an impoverished area of KCK .. i check my messages and get several from a kids that wants to attend a program that allows kids to build and take their own computer home in a week-long

course that's dirt fucking cheap .. i call the kid back and tell him to be down at the center very soon .. he sounds excited as i hang up the phone .. i then veer off to the lab to find a friend and co-worked listening to contemporary alt hits on an internet web site while looking over some of the news being created or uncreated in a land of media .. i turn on the lights in the lab .. he squints to the surprise .. as i go take a seat and shove off my shoes .. he tells me about a music video he saw that morning that was pure fucking sex .. shit, he was probably watching the video about the same time i was squirming in my morning bed with pure sex as well ..there could be something going through the air or it's purely coincidence .. then, we slipped out into the

side alleyway for another poke of coffee and a smoke .. wandering our eyes over the curves of the building in front of us, we were discussing ways we could undo the week-old cement job that was holding a nest of robin's in a old warehouse .. yea, just about a week ago a crew of patchers came out and holed up a hole in the wall where we would watch a mother robin bring food and such in to her wailing chicks .. so, we finished our smoke and ceremoniously tossed our butts at an open faced storm drain coming down from the side of the building .. if either one of us hit it first we have to get each other something .. he owes me a whopper if i make it and i owe him an Iron Maiden poster we spotted in a local thrift shop .. so, we finish up our time in the alley and saunter back saying our hellos to the YMCA dorm boys .. a collection of men getting back onto their feet .. living in half dilapidated quarters for a nominal monthly fee .. so, i get back in and start making phone calls to the rest of the kids taking this computer course i'm going to chaperone .. i notice trouble .. but have a vibe that it will all be all right .. i need and am expected to get 8 kids for the course and as of a half hour away from leaving only 3 kids are confirmed .. yea, yea, yea .. as time rolled forward and we were at the computer warehouse .. i only had 4 kids enrolled and the executive director of the warehouse and program calls me out in the hallway to tell me that it's bullshit to only have 4 kids and that if i come with 4 kids next week he won't let me in .. i nod and simply tell him i did everything i could do .. he was nodding to .. an old military man that once made six figures and now took a big pay cut to help the poor kids of the city .. i could see his point .. yet, i felt i did all i could .. so i took his douse of verbal shower and went back in to listen to the teacher teaching computers to the kids .. so, as the day went on .. i got to my lunch break to each machine food of combo chips and salami with a cold coca-cola as a washer .. as the day weaned down .. we were riding in the van back to the center and i was flicking the kids shit about what river we were crossing on the missouri/kansas border .. i told two smiling black children in the back that if they told me .. i would buy them a pop .. no .. no .. i told one of the kids i would do it .. so, one kid that i didn't tell i would buy a pop got it correct and the other didn't say anything after we crossed .. he just laughed .. laughed and smiled saying he was thinking the same thing .. I said, "Maybe next time kid." .. So, as we got back to the center I talked and tooled about with the kids and talked to my boss .. he said were going to drop the price of the course to get more kids .. i was satisfied that the higher hands were trying to make things a bit easier after my enrollment grill earlier in the day .. so, as i walked towards the lab again .. an attractive 20-year old in the program asked me if i could mentor her in biology .. yes, i told her .. i could do it tomorrow if she comes and lets me know exactly what she wants to learn .. then, as the day wore towards me getting ready to leave .. my boss, who gets laid at every turning corner was talking to a co-worker/fuck buddy and giving me the wink that he was trying to work in another touch of her skin and some breakfast in the morning .. so, as I packed to leave .. i grabbed a Shel Silverstein novel that may actually be autographed by him .. in the back of the book .. a book i found in an aging box in the bottom of our YMCA from a local library .. i'm going to try & decode the mystery .. though for now .. we come to the writing part as my lady friend just called to tell me that she's going to start dinner soon after playing the guitar .. it's going to be pasta, sauce and meat with the woman .. later i think we're going to have some drinks at a local joint a friend of hers works at .. it's good to know the bartender at all times or when convenient .. then, catch another drink and a friend of hers bellowing out some bluegrass .. just came back from a good time in the bathroom and a nice read from a talented author .. so, now i ready to leave and get some gas in my tank (if i make it) and pick up some quality sandals .. so, i ask you .. is there anything more that you want to know?

**

the man with one eye patch over the left side .. the other side flanked by a large eyepiece comes down past the bank with his wife at his side .. thinking about a nice hot piece of chicken at the restaurant just up the street as his wife looks over and says, "Sometimes the truth is really a lie." He just nodded as his head went from chicken to hot rolls ..

**

The methods will get you ..

**

It was day that earned the turn to be a day .. during the evening before, my close lady friend and me had a satisfying slug of drink .. I met her over at her place after work .. had a good day with the kids in the computer lab .. I'm to teach them the basics of the new/old technological beast we call friend, nemesis and computer .. as I walked through the door of my place .. I was thinking of all the beauty that women have once the weather gets warm .. sometimes it's hard to handle the wheel behind a car when you see the sun dresses and tight cuts the fashion industry dawns on the women .. that look like a bag of sweets I rarely get involved with .. but would stick my hand into and devour out of sheer joy for not having it for so long .. i'm not so much into having sweets around the place or dabbling in the pies, deserts or other oddities of mouth candy .. not against the industry .. just wore myself out as a kid, i think .. so, i come through the front door of my apartment complex and notice a television set sitting there in front of my doorway .. it was a stylish old fucking tube a friend and I spotted across the street from his place in a trash heap .. so, i asked if he could load it up in the back of his truck and bring it on over to the place .. then, it was sitting like a gingerroot in moist dirt before the door of my place .. I smiled for him and the bookcase I'm going to make out of the old set of images and icons it once threw into the ears and eyes of it's former beholders .. so, I picked the heavy fucker up and threw it on the floor of my living room .. in the sweat and heat of the day and room I ran back to my room for some screwdrivers, needle nosed pliers and standard fare pliers .. I just starting gutting the beauty there as the idea of this future creation went on flipping throw my mind like a female trapeze artist on diet pills .. the gutting was going smooth and well .. got the heavy side panel out and started working on the bulky screen .. after getting both out .. I started pulling plugs and cydrillical pieces off the silver board to use later for another piece if the fancy flicks at my node .. then, i left a message for my lover friend to call me about some plans we had for the evening .. we were going to load up a picnic basket and wine for Shakespeare's Twelfth Night production in a part by the galleries here in town .. after clicking the phone off, I went to cleaning the residue of Dick Cabot Show and Walter Cronkite's announcements from the innards of this now gone dinosaur in the modern day of newer HDTV's and digital technology .. so, as I plugged my knuckles through the jive, i was cutting my arm up on errant strips of metal and such .. the running blood through the sweat looked nice in the strips of warm sun coming through the windowpanes .. then, she called back .. we talked about a future trip to Europe we are going to take soon .. she harkened upon some cheap fares and thrifty web sites a friend threw her while she bartended at a seedy white collar bar on the other side of state lines .. her friend was a senior agent in the FBI .. he recently pulled her file and said that she was a 'good girl' .. moreover, she had no conceivable reason to have a file in the eyes of the law and that was the nugget of information that got me .. we all have an FBI file .. in the red or in the clear, every walking US citizen over the age of 18 has a file .. sure, another Orwell prophesy knocking on the cellar door .. seeking to get higher on the order of personal information we didn't know was documented and abjectly available to agents of the government .. I hope they have a cheeky nude of me showering as a teen in my file .. so, as we cinch up our plans for the eve .. I hop online to check out the exact times of this Shakespeare thing in the park .. get the time .. let her know .. finish gutting my TV/Bookcase and lather my chords with some clean, clear water before leaving the place .. I get over to her place and she shows me a new air conditioning unit hanging like a Buffalo head out of the window .. a true prize in the corner of the room sending out 10,000 BTU's of love .. it's a Hampton Bay model and I wonder how warm it really gets in the Hampton's .. I doubt too much for a window unit with 10,000 flashes of love .. so, she changes from one article of cloth to another and we leave to pick up some tobacco, cheese, summer sausage, bread and wine .. then, we park in the 'ALL SOULS' parking lot and make our way over to the production .. About 10 minutes into the show .. we find a spot in the lawn and start tearing into our tidings and laughing about a group of blond girls that are all propped on a blanket wearing the same themed attire .. going through the wine and snipping about western theology and the truth behind Christ and the newest King James version of the Bible .. the wine starts taking hold .. giving us that warm breeze over our cuticles .. so, as the play plods forward and the gender confusion increases on stage .. a woman leads her small boy through the darkness to a tree on the edge of the park so he can relieve his penis he is holding in pain .. then, about a minute or so later .. the boy comes tearing on a run as though he

just discovered a new vaccine and wants to tell all .. he's just strutting his shit after the relief of the tree by the brick wall at the edge of the park .. some minutes later .. i take the kids advice and relieve my junk behind a tree as I watch all the herding people leave the park to their next Shakespeare moment .. we lay together in the grass drinking the last of our wine .. catching a glimpse of a couple making out and seeing all the people flock together out of the park in tight packs with their blankets, chairs, baskets and such .. i was thinking that if

there was one jet setter that decided to take the alternative way out by climbing a wall towards the back of the park behind the lighting tower .. everyone would have followed .. that human herding principle gleaming like a wet eye ball during an heady conversation with a good gal .. so, as we finish our drink .. we take the back stage exit and hop the ropes that say "DANGER. ONLY STAFF PERMITTED BEYOND THIS POINT." No one notices us as we warn each other in jest while walking back to our 'ALL SOULS' parking spot up on the hill .. we hop back in the car and head back to her place for a nice little nightcap .. several beers left and some more talk to go .. we crawl into the lap of the sack and fly back to sleep after telling each other which way the hole blows .. Asleep for some hours .. blankets strewn .. nude as a motley crew .. I hear her akita/pit bull mix stir in the living room as footsteps come up the front porch .. in my slumber .. i pull the covers over us and try to assume who could be at the 4AM door .. initially thinking it could be some spanish cat that was giving my gal some fucking bad vibes .. a week or so earlier this cat came over to the house next to hers to see some friends that were recently evicted .. she was out in her garden with a bikini top doing some work out in the garden .. this cat calls over in broken english to talk a bit to her .. she responds .. gives him some time .. swaps some bilingual jaw .. he's teaching her english while he teaches her spanish .. they go on, when he starts flipping into a patriarchal mode after helping her carry some heavy rocks she's stacking up as a basin around flower bed .. he grabs as her wanting a kiss and to fuck .. she gets creeped the fuck out .. leaves her place .. goes to a local bar/eatery she works at and gives me a call .. me and a friend fly over to see her and go to the place to tell this guy to shove his motivations straight up his ass .. he's not there .. so, on with the story .. as the dog growls and scurries in the other room .. i hear the door unlatch .. it was unlocked due to the fact that we forgot to lock the door and the lock it broken and easy to open .. the door opens .. closes .. I perch up on my elbow haunches and listen .. looking through the film of darkness for a person to appear .. slumbering in sleep and wake still .. I see a face peer in .. I ask .. "WHO IS IT?" .. a recognizable voice comes back .. it's one of her friends that floats from home to home while he's in midtown .. he lives far away and takes refuge in any home possible .. this was one night that he took my lover friend up on one of her invitations .. he tells me, 'I'M JUST GOING TO HANG OUT FOR A LITTLE WHILE. I NEED TO.' At the familiarity of his voice, I fall back into sleep .. the morning comes back in what was really several hours .. though, felt like a day later .. and now .. I'm back here with a cooling cup of coffee watching a squirrel eat the nuts I threw out on my ledge last night .. I'm going to stop now and watch this mammal get his nuts ..

**

nothing
like
a
good, hot
shower
on

a
good hot
day

at the end of the night
to
bring
yourself

just
a

smidge
closer

to what it
means

in
their
attempt to mean it ..

**

there are certain things that make sense now .. in these times .. as people play tug of war with a rope of mercury underwater .. there are things that make complete sense now .. i know some fellas that make music as a bulkhead of their living .. i take care of kids during the bulkhead of my paycheck day .. you should take care of the ears and kids around .. those are cornerstone tenants to any healthy undertaking .. also, i'm starting to feel the knock of getting nearer to 30 .. i bought two things recently that were pretty big purchases to me .. usually people of my age are looking for a 30-year commitment to a foundation and 20-year siding .. i bought a nice oscillating fan and a power drill/screwdriver .. in particular the power drill .. i'm not sure when you're supposed to buy something like this .. though, i could of used one years ago .. so, i'm now going to screw some shit up ..

**

Flashing lights around the evenin' airport runway as though there's nothing in the sewer & a new dance club is about to open in town ..

**

Sorting out the patches to make the quilt anything other than "made" ..

**

The crush .. the reception .. the hook of her hooks like a couple of cute claws ..

**

If you throw those diversions into a fire .. you just get distractions ..

**

The prostitute's proposition is the pimp's mistake ..

**

One more flame
of fire
next to two glasses of water
as
her
snide look is casted over a room of smiles ..

**

Circus Airplanes and Funeral PinWheels ..

**

If that's all there was for tonight .. what happened to yesterday?

**

She winked at me in that bad fucking dream of hers .. in response .. I took her by the hand and led her to where she didn't want to go .. it's about 8 months past now and I don't hear her complaining at all .. guess we all get exactly what we deserve .. she whistles now and sometimes it's hard to believe that I'm not fucking numb in the ball bag ..

**

Walking through an unidentified friend's house .. I noticed a large skunk run by me down the hallway .. fuck, I thought .. is that a domesticated pet or is it a mistake that this animal is running through my friend's house .. well, the friend laughed and said that it was actually a beloved pet .. he tried to pet it one night with b-b gun blasts after it stunk the fuck out of the perimeter of his house .. instead .. he used a little reverse psychology and set up a trap to catch this regular nocturnal wanderer that made it's way around the house at least several times a week .. So, he sets up a trap made of a wooden casing with chicken wire around the circumference of the trap .. once the animal walked through the entrance, a click igniter next to the entrance would go off and drop the door .. further, this friend of mine contacted a vet about getting a the glands that release the vomit on either side of the anus removed .. the vet told him it would cost extra .. for the chances of getting sprayed during the delicate procedure was high .. so, my friend had the procedure turned for this skunk he caught in the cage .. shit, the skunk didn't even shit its odor on the cage, in the car or around my friend once .. the animal was so comfortable, it acted as though it knew exactly what was going to happen .. so, as I walked through the corridors and openings of his place, the fucking skunk kept following me with it's nose and striped body .. it was actually a friendly sort of animal .. very attentive and always close by to those that it dug .. so, I asked this guy if he was going to breed or get the animal fixed .. I didn't hear anything in response .. hold on while I ask him again ..

**

Tell you what you could do for me .. go out .. grab several chairs and let's have a beverage in a Japanese Garden ..

**

We looked around and grabbed the clamoring grape of optimism as the young gal shifted her garter and the butcher continued to sharpen his blades .. OH .. and across the street, the rail workers were pumping up palates of eggs and making bets as to who would break the first egg .. Though, they had nothing on the place next door .. it was a salami factory and they convinced the new girl working the phones up front to put on a paid show after work to flaunt her wares ..

**

THE KCK GOSPEL POET .. Holding on to the last morsels of sanity or bracing the traces of insanity like the fallen snow and pepper on his scalp .. the KCK gospel poet attempts to stop me on the way out of a sandwich shop as the older sister he never had pulls out a gun as I refuse to stop completely and demands that I buy his gospel poems ..

She approaches up close to me .. "WHO THE FUCK DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?" she begins. "THIS IS MY BROTHER AND BY FUCK YOU'RE GOING T NOT ONLY SPIT IN HIS FACE, BUT IN THE FACE OF THE LORD BY JUST WALKING AWAY AND NOT BUYING HIS HARD WRAUGHT POETRY."

"Look baby," I began. "I just talked to the lord and he didn't mention anything about poetry. So, put your pistol away, go on in there and buy yourself a tasty sandwich."

**

Captivated only to the extent that you're quiet ..

**

The reincarnation of an already living thing is probably every Shirley McClaine look alike out there ..

**

There's so much shit happening around you all the time .. there's just flat no fucking reason why I shouldn't be carrying a camera around on me at all times ..

**

It's been a day of dropping things and a month of popping all my fucking car tires ..

**

Summer as autumn's sin ..

**

I was recently sitting at the breakfast table with midnight's sister ..

**

Oh, it was the last thing said on their 1st treble cleft ..

**

what have you
decided
on
while you wait there to decide
on
what is already
trying to decide on you?

**

starting something you're going to finish later, huh?

**

falling asleep before her buzzing finger
at
the
door ..

**

no vomit rule

I woke up feeling like someone was sitting on my chest rubbing light sandpaper over my tonsils .. it was the third or fourth morning in a row that I felt like someone was kicking me square in the chest and this is odd because I stopped smoking about 4 days prior .. the first long stint of giving up the habit in 7 years of

straight nicotine .. you know, i won't be that big advocate that says, ' fucking stop the shit .. it's killing you.' .. I either give people too much credit or just assume they already know all of this shit .. so, I'm about 6 days into it as of yesterday morning when I woke with the cough and deep sea pressure straight on my breast .. i hop out of the sack, get into the bathroom and do my somewhat ritualistic blowing of the nose off on the toilet paper roll .. shit, we haven't had a working box of tissue in this place for almost a year .. love that dual purpose toilet paper roll looking at you from the side of that little bathroom wall like a small dog ready to lick the vomit out of your face from sheer pleasure .. so, i blow my nose .. look down into the tissue and notice that it's almost dry snot and that it consists of almost a brownish/green/gray ash that has me captivated .. shit, are those chunks of my lung that have dried up and made their way over my epiglottis into my face? .. so, the blowing nose and spitting ends about 4 minutes after I awake .. just long enough to get the shit out .. the crazy thing is that I don't remember coughing or spitting this much shit up at any point when i was a regular smoker .. it almost made me want to fly down the street and get a pack of smokes .. so, i talk to my lover's son, get a cup of coffee, kiss her some in the kitchen and head on down the road to the workplace .. which is no problem .. this is the coolest work gig i have had the chance to fly into for years .. so, i leave and start wincing in the sunlight .. not putting on the sunglasses because the straight sunlight into the eye's feels too damn good this early in the morning to cover up ..

**

my kind of kc evenin'

I've been off the cigarettes now for about 8 days .. So, I always knew that the hardest fucking moments following a move like that would be after a mexican meal or sexual healin' .. well, I had a good punch of mexican food the other day and didn't lose my mind after the meal .. walking up the city street while the heat hoarded my skin like water pressure on a sinking diver's wet suit .. I just looked at my friend and talked like there was nothing else going down .. keeping my gripping fists moving, flailing to calm the nicotine surge .. though, last night I had 'the sex' .. and I couldn't fucking help it .. I remembered that there was a package of french cigars in the kitchen drawer .. shit, I thought I could tug on some smoke without the inhale and find a reputable surrogate to the fucking cigarette .. so, I took that cigar and ripped it open like an 8-year old attacking a colorful christmas moment .. so, I puffed on it .. my lover friend said that she had never had a cigar in her life .. through laughter .. she took in a couple of pulls .. coughing some .. I rolled up the window in front of me and took the cigar ride about halfway down and threw the fucker out the window .. and what a throw it was .. there's a line of cars parked up and down the street .. and my window is right above the sidewalk and street below .. so, the cigar flies .. I close the window and we fall into a deep slumber shortly thereafter .. then, the sirens out the window start .. my lover friend stirs a bit .. wakes me and points down to the street .. I look out the window and immediately presume there was an emergency call over at the Cancer Lodge across the street .. then, I notice the smoke wafting through the mid-AM darkness and fire trucks are outnumbering any and all emergency vehicles out there .. So, I open the blinds some and look out to see what the source of the commotion is .. christ, it's the car directly below my window and the car behind it .. they are smoldering like a long burned up log in a fire that's trying to gulp more oxygen and life into its timber .. shit, I think, my car is usually in Parking Garage 1 out on 12th instead of being on the street going up Pennsylvania way .. the only reason why my car is on the street is because the rental company told residents that we had to have our cars out for the next morning because they were going to deep clean our garage .. fuck, now my car's cleaned up .. well, I turn on the light .. my lover friend and I have a good laugh over the circumstance and comedy of my smoking substitute .. immediately, we knew that my halfway cigar was the culprit in the burnout .. so, we threw on some clothes and made our way down to the side of the curb .. staring at the smoldering, scarred remains of my one time red car .. I thought that insurance is one grand and glorious omen to have in life .. there's no other better reseller than that .. I approach closer as my lover friend lights a smoke .. approaching a fire fighter off to the side alone on the sidewalk .. I ask him, "what's up?" .. he tells me that the car in front of mine was obviously overheating and started burning itself up .. which led a small chain reaction to my car .. he asked me if I knew whose cars they were .. I told him that the one in front of us was mine with a moment of savory reflection because they didn't catch on to the deliberate, yet unintended catalyst to the fire .. so, the young fire fighter whistles over to several cops in the middle of the street and motions with his finger for them to come over .. as they approach, the young fire fighter tells them that the car before us is mine .. they smile and say, "Sorry kid, this kind of stuff happens all the time." .. I nod and tell them, "a lot of stuff

happens all the time.” .. they shake it off and lead my lover friend and I towards one of the cop cars on the scene .. in all, there are 3 fire engines, 1 ambulance and 4 cop cars .. the entire 1.5 block of the street is closed off to the 3:31AM crowd .. so, we climb into the car and they start getting my vitals .. name, age, sex, etc. .. then, they come to my address .. I tell them .. the one not writing the information nudges the one that is taking the information down .. the one taking down the information asks me, “So, is your apartment or your room right there above this car.” .. Well, yes, I tell them .. they ask, “Did you hear anything suspicious going on down here or anything at all.” .. “No,” I started. “Just the gal here snoring some. Though, I wasn’t really even consciously listening to her snore.” .. Ok .. so we move on past that .. then, I notice an ID on the dashboard that says, “TOM RUNNING, KCPD” .. I remembered that fucking name from somewhere .. I lean forward and interrupt his writing to ask .. “Hey Tom, do you have a brother in Watertown, Connecticut named Matthew .. the cop stops .. stares forward for some time without a response .. his partner is fidgeting .. he can’t figure out why he’s stunned .. so, the cop responds .. “I do have a brother named Matthew,” with his body fully turned towards me. “What the fuck is it to you?” .. whoa, I think .. look, I received a book in the mail through an Amazon.com source .. they were selling used books .. I ordered “Beautiful Lose” by Leonard Cohen .. the return address name on the package was from this guy in Connecticut .. I received the package today .. just thought it was a rather crazy coincidence .. thought I would run it by a guy with the same name after my car fucking burnt up on the side of the road .. perfect cap to a string of crazy events .. the cop was still turned completely around looking at me in the face .. “Look fella, the more I think about it, I doubt that’s my brother. He’s been missing for some years. Can you give me an address or name of the bookshop.” .. Sure, I tell him .. I told him I needed to go up into my apartment and grab the address .. he turned around in his seat .. faced his beat buddy .. nodded and said to me while putting the final written touches on the report that he was going to escort me up to the apartment .. I said sure and my lover friend and I got out of the car as the cop followed us up the back staircase .. there was no talking the whole time .. we walked into the apartment and I made a beeline back towards my dresser and grabbed the tiny piece of paper covered in tape that I saved in case I needed to get in touch with him or Amazon about the book order .. for a blink, I noticed that there was a flash on the answering machine .. I got a call while I was out on the street doing all this shit .. So, I come back to the cop and hand him the address .. ask him If he needs any more information on my car .. no, he tells me .. good .. I ask if they are going to tow my burned remains .. he said they were and that the police or tow lot would get ahold of me on Monday .. great .. so, I kiss my lady friend as we head back towards the bed .. though, I punch the button on the answering machine and pull the volume knob up high .. as I lean back and my lover friend lays back into my body .. the recording says the following .. “HI. MY NAME IS MATTHEW RUNNING. I’M THE NEIGHBOR WHOSE CAR WAS JUST BURNED UP BY YOUR CIGAR. THANKS A LOT AND THANKS FOR SETTING ME UP WITH THAT COP. I NEVER SENT YOU A FUCKING BOOK IN THE MAIL AND I HAVE NO BROTHER. THE ADDRESS OF 22 ATWOOD STREET WAS A FAKE AND SO WAS WATERTOWN, CT. DON’T FUCK WITH ME, CHIEF.” The machine clicked off .. we laughed again .. as it was clear that is was fucking time to go to sleep and laugh it off again in the morning ..

**

sam in and out of town

All I knew about the man was that his name was Sam. I heard about this cat from a group of friends that lived down the street from another group of friends. The first group of friends, which I knew very well, were fooling around with some of the broads in this house. My good friend, Mitch, was dating a gal that was good friends with this man Sam. As the story goes, Sam was an old friend of Mitch's gal, Cindy. They went to school or some shit like that in Springfield, Missouri. As the story goes, Sam came to town to see a show or concert with a group of friends. Well, as it happens with Sam and his daily existence of a transient nature, his friends ditched him here in town. So, Sam had to dig to find a friend or two that was local in the KC scene. He found Cindy's name and gave her a call. Well, it all worked out somehow and Sam moved into Cindy's place. Cindy shared a house down the street from my friend's place. There was about 4 people living there at the time and plenty of ego to be spared and hurt over the rid that was about to take place. This is about when I started hearing about Sam. In fact, I was over at my friend's house down the street from Sam's new home one night watching some TV and talking. The boys were getting stoned and some

beer was being licked clean through the evening. Well, there was a quick rap at the door and some longhaired guy in a ponytail came stumbling through the door with a mutual friend of the boy's. The guy stumbling drunk tried to make his way to a chair at the other end of the living room. He made it as his friend said that he was coked and liquored to the gills. I could see it in this cat's eyes. I didn't mind him much attention. Figured the way this cat was rolling, this temporary hideaway was better than a drunk tank in the station. So, all our eyes went back to the television. Many minutes later, people were asking Sam how he was. Good .. good .. he kept telling everyone. How the fuck are you guys? Everybody responded around the room. Then, he caught a glance that he didn't know who I was and I extended a hand to introduce myself. He did the same back. I had officially met Sam. The next time I ran into this cat was at his temporary home waiting for him and several others to get their shit together for a journey we were going to make down to the local lake with a dock. We were going to have a solid fucking run in the lake water for the afternoon. So, as we waiting, my friend Mitch was telling me that this Sam guy swung both ways. He was in with the ladies and in with the boys. I thought, whatever the fuck he has to do. Makes me no mind. Well, Mitch went on to tell me that Sam had also made a fair share of porn films in Florida to get by for some time. Said he was truly a Florida pretty boy at heart with a real penchant for being a free bird with a penchant for coming and going. Which was all right. He also told me that Sam had a decent history in being a call guy for other guys in Florida and beyond. So, I had a little run down on this cat as he came down with the other friends and said, "Check this shit out." He handed Mitch a bottle of sun tan lotion. It was some Australian tan spray that would immediately get your skin fucking red, then settle into a brown tan. Fuck, what the hell are we doing making a using that shit. So, he sprayed some on his arm to demonstrate how the shit worked. Sure as fuck, his arm went red and later started settling into a smooth tan. He asked me if I wanted a poke at the lotion. I told him I don't put shit on my skin except soap. As the day goes on, I notice that Sam is a pretty smooth fucker. The women dig his shit and he has a way of being endearing in general to all people. There is indeed a style. After that day, I ran into Sam here and there. One day at the grocery store he was heading into work. It was one of two jobs he had in the city. He was a server at a local suburban style restaurant. He was telling me that he had to make some money to get a car. It was a pain in the ass to walk all over the place and he eventually wanted to migrate his way back down to Springfield. Ultimately, he wanted to get back down to where he felt like he belonged. I think after seeing him at the grocery store, I had coffee with him several days later with Mitch. I met them early at Mitch's and we all crammed into the cab of a small Ford Explorer truck. Oh yes, Sam would wear glasses every once in a while. There were some big fuckers. Took up the majority of the upper part of his face. So, as we went down the road, he had a stack of letters, papers and such he wanted me to hold onto while he situated. It looked like a bulkhead of his existence laying in my hands. There were letters from family members and letters he was sending out to friends. So, we sit around and have some coffee. I had just lost a corporate job. Maybe several days prior. So, I was in fucking bliss to have an early morning coffee and to laugh over the want ads for Kansas City employment options. After working in the corporate jive for years, I wanted to tone down and just be another face in a job that didn't demand too fucking much. I wanted something that was going to hold my attention, though not squeeze me from the sensitive side of my nuts. So, we have coffee and talk over some shit. Then, later that day Mitch and I wanted to go around and collect some cool shit out of trash heaps in front of Midtown homes. There is always a Midtown principle that says that trash is cyclical. One man's trash is truly one man's treasure. So, as we headed out to prowling the afternoon neighborhoods, I told them that I would sit in the truck bed. It would give us all a little more room and I would have a better line of sight to catch trash and shit from the bed of the truck. So, we tooled along, the music was up loud and we weren't coming up with much there going through the neighborhoods. Sam just kept listening to Mitch and I toss out unrelated shit in the name of comedy. He would laugh and look around with a slight glimpse of fright because he couldn't figure out half the time if we were fucking with each other or if we were really being serious for once. This day came to an end. We ended up finding maybe a good couple pieces of wood, though nothing too much was recovered. It was after this day that I didn't see Sam until I met a beautiful woman and we started frequenting a shady, tough guy crowd of a bar in Midtown. In fact, I had all but forgotten about Sam. Mitch and I would bring his name up here and there. It was during the summer that I got to know the cat somewhat. Though, we never really talked all that much. He was a tough sort of bird to get a full handle on and I didn't want to get out of him what he wasn't really willing to give. In fact, I don't think I gave that much of a shit into knowing anymore anyways. I don't think he ever talked about being a male escort or being in porn films. He always talked about balling and fucking or sucking broads. Shit. There's one thing I am forgetting before we enter the winter phase of the almost forgotten Sam. That day we were out getting trash, we capped it off by taking care of our ailing hunger. All

of us were hungrier than shit. We stopped into a local joint called 'Chubby's' and started tooling over the juke box at the table and the menu's in front of us. Idly flicking shit about, a good looking waitress comes over with her eye bulged out for Sam. We knock around and give her our drink orders. The whole time her attention and head is captivated and turned towards Sam's direction. Sam tells her to come back in a minute or two to take our meal order. 'Oh, don't worry,' she says with a sexy wiggle. 'I'll be back.'" Darting a look over her shoulder at Sam, as she makes her way over to the center island of the restaurant. Shaking her ass at Sam as Sam chews on a straw smiling because he knew what he wanted to head the whole time he was there. Mitch goes on about how Sam picks up on dames all the time as I'm ready for this broad to come back soon to take our order. The cigarettes and water aren't doing anything for my hunger affliction. So, this waitress comes back to the table and starts wiggling her hormones even more towards Sam. Mind you, the whole time I was under the impression that Sam and Mitch knew this girl was young. She did have a somewhat 'yellow #5' older look about her. Yet, she was clearly in the young club. So, we get our food. Looks are being exchanged, along with words between the waitress and Sam. As we wind down our food, Sam says he's going to get this gal's number. He asks how old we think she is. Mitch and Sam think at least 18, if not 20. I tell them both she has to be 17. A minute or so later, she comes back and Sam asks how old she is. 'Well,' she begins. 'If you get it right, you can have my number.' She walks away after this. I stand firm on the age of 17. Mitch and Sam are convinced she's over 18. She comes back by and says, 'I have the number written down in my hand on a piece of paper,' she starts. 'It's yours if you can guess.' Sam says 19 as she smiles and walks away without dropping the number. As she comes back over with the check, we ask how old she is. She says 17. I look over, shrug and smile. Some people have an eye for age, others just see a big, wet pussy they want to stick or suck on. Back to the point before this brief segue .. That was the summertime when I knew Sam. Well, I knew him as much as I could for the situation he was in and the way we interacted with each other. I was ready to hear as much as he was prompted to throw. With a cat like that you can only spark so much that he will dig into and it has to be natural. Something like, "This weather reminds me of a wet hooker in Florida I met once." With a prompt like that, a man like Sam is libel to start rolling out the words and stories. So, with summer gone. I meet a beautiful gal I'm still seeing now. After we met and even up to now, we would frequent a place called 'Kenny's Newsroom'. It's real local joint with a mixed carousel of clients that range from the DA of the city to a Mexican cat coked out of his gourd, looking for a tall, cheap bourbon on the rocks. My lover friend and I would go in there for a solid nightcap and to have a good talk or two. Well, one night I notice a longhaired, tan man that resembled Sam come walking from the back room towards the bar. I haven't seen Sam in such a while and my memory has a way of flailing about until knocked upon. So, I dismiss this cat and get the two gin and tonics and go back over to the table. Just about the time I throw my straw out of the top of my drink, I hear my name and a tap on my shoulder. Motherfucker. It's Sam. Standing there with his patent shit-gleaming grin asking what the fuck is going down. Well shit, I tell him. I grab his hand and tell him to have a seat. He meets my lover friend and we start talking. He tells me that he holds no job he had from the summer months. He no longer lives in that house down the street from my friend's house. He had a big blowout with his good friend and had to find a residence somewhere else in Kansas City. The further bounding and bouncing of the transient bubble as he continued to plow his field in a new town. Well, he had the big fucking pair of glasses, was well-liquored up and was escorting a pretty older lady in the back room. He only had enough time to tell me that he lived in the Ambassador Hotel down the street on Broadway and that he was working in the apartment building also. It was one of four jobs he had. So, I told him a bit or two. That night we talked more than we had all summer. The winter session was starting off in a good direction and what a cold fucking winter it was. At this, he stands and says that he needs to get a drink back to his lady in the pool room towards the rear of the bar. His two drinks on the rocks were sweating and melting on the bar. We all shook hands and he took off as quick as he always arrived. So, I told my lady friend about this man called Sam. We had a good laugh and she said that she could see him doing all the stuff I had told her and that he had something. No. Not just something. A whole fucking lot swimming behind his eyes. Well, the winter moved forward. My lover friend and I were digging deeper into a very cool, soothing relation. Several nights later, we ran into Sam again. He pulled up to the table. Mind you, he could only stick around for several minutes each time. He always had a thirsty gal that wouldn't stand for waiting too long for a stout drink. Plus, his chivalrous nature wouldn't allow him to be gone that long either. So, he sits and we talk about nothing for a while as my lady friend flies off to the pisser. He starts telling me about how fucked up this apartment complex is that he lives in and his life lately for that matter. I remember a glorious quote from him. He told me that he wanted to start writing down the warped, memorable events of his life into spine tingling adventures that could be consumed in a plane ride from say Kansas City to Chicago. A book

the exact (give or take a page) length of a plane trip. Perfect. Sam had a way with the word and wrapping things up the way they should. So, as my lady friend sat back down he gave her a wink and me a shake of the hand. It was time for him to work his fuck for the night. Sam was the type of cat that was usually at the bar ordering drinks, though the women either had a tab or he would be taking their cash up to the bar to buy both drinks. It's a lot like the guy always driving the woman around. It's usually her car, yet the man takes all the credit. Sam never has any cash on him. A man with four jobs and ample logic says he has cash, yet he's always broke. I'm sure he has or had an expensive coke or meth habit that precipitated him have four jobs to support a habit and dwelling in Midtown. Yea, he had told me stories of beautiful women accosting him when he went out. Not just every once in a while. But all the time. Buying him drinks and usually he would fuck 2-4 women at once or take his pick. Now I can pick up the scent of bullshit a block away, though Sam was true to his word. I saw him operate. It worked. On a number of occasions at the bar, the women were usually older gals. Divorced at least 2 to 3 times over. Good or great body, yet their eyes and face showed the years of pain seeping out. The winter moved forward and we continued to run into Sam. One night, we were on our way from a wedding or to another event, when we pulled up to a busy intersection in a busy bar district and Sam was there waving. My lover friend and I poked our faces forward and talked for a minute, then asked if he needed a ride. He climbed on in. Looked like he was beyond liquored up and ready for something to happen with his eve. So, we took him to a neighborhood convenience store and down the street to a crosswalk he wanted to be dropped off at. He was vague. Not giving anything concrete as to who he was meeting or what he was doing. It was Sam's way. On another occasion, my lover friend and I walked into the Newsroom for some late eve sips and notice Sam is with a somewhat attractive gal at the bar with black hair, plenty of tattoos and some metal work in her face. My lover friend tells me that I need to save Sam from this gal. She tells me that she's completely fucking insane. Really, really insane. Not just a crazy woman, because that wouldn't have worked on my. I know Sam loves crazy in a woman. As my lover friend told me, this girl would hit on her all the time and had some deep, long standing issues in her life that made her flip on a regular and magnanimous way. So, as my lover friend hounded the bar for our drinks, I went over to pick out my table of choice. As I sat, Sam came up behind and started talking. I didn't say anything about the insane girl. I figured Sam had been around the block enough and that he knew how to hand himself. Plus, we had some other catching up to get into about the winter and the fucked events of apartment living at the infamous KC Ambassador. Well, later that evening my lover friend had a chance to slink up to the table to let Sam know that this girl was insane. He smiled and said that she was a good fuck, but he noticed that she was a little off. Sure, my lover friend began, I'm sure she can fuck. Though, she's a complete fucking nut job. Stay away. Run now for your life. Well, as it happened .. I think Sam found another gal to leave with or some other way to entertain his evening. My lover friend's warning was enough for him to keep his distance. So, we get to one of the final pieces of folly that went down in the winter Sam chronicles before I found out what happened to him. One night, like many other nights in Kenny's, we were talking about shit. Just talking about shit. He pulls my lover friend and I into a very interesting tale that involves the rustic, infamous Ambassador down the street. Goes on to tell us about a murder that went down about a week ago in the ambassador. It was a drugged out whore that was likely hiding out from potential danger in the city. Well, as it happens they found her in a pool of blood in her room slit open. No other details than that. Well, the cops got so many calls on this gal that they just chalked it up as a suicide and weren't going to put anymore work into it than that. They didn't even constitute it as a murder. The woman was about 24 and had like 4 kids. It was a sad type of death. No one really cared for the gal and those that did only cared for her body for some minutes or an hour. In fact, Sam said this gal used to have a message written on her door that said she would suck cock for drugs. She would always tell Sam that she would love to suck his cock for free. He never let her. Fuck, he felt sorry for the young gal. He would just try to talk to her some. So, as the story goes. Sam was upstairs in her room one night when he finds a set of keys lying on the floor. It was dark in the room, he had a flashlight and fished out the keys. Guess, there was a set of keys to a purse this gal had that had a lot of cash in it. Was locked up in a locker or some shit like that. Though, the real bitch was that the room obviously was strewn enough to show that it was a clean cut murder and he knew it was. Though, he couldn't say anything and get himself caught up in it. In fact, he wouldn't talk too much more about the story for fear that it would leak and he would be in connection with the whereabouts. Well, the last time we saw him this winter was one night when my lover friend was talking to a gal that Sam was seeing. I was talking to Sam. Bullshitting again about the bullshit. Well, the talk didn't go on for too long. Though, when Sam went to the bathroom, my lover friend broke from Sam's gal laughing. She pulled on my and said that this gal was a little freaked out by Sam. She had been seeing him for a while and knew some shit about Sam. That he was sucking cock

for money around town and that he was a known homosexual. Well, my lover friend and I knew all about this, yet this gal just found out and hadn't told Sam about it yet. That was the last night I saw Sam. My lover friend and I didn't frequent the Newsroom that much towards the latter end of the winter and early spring. In fact, it was robbed one evening pretty hard about the time we started slacking off. Though, they finally have surveillance cameras and screens in the place now. Though, we never saw Sam again. He may still be in town, though my bet is that he's off somewhere. I likely won't ever see Sam again. If you do, you won't forget the face. The kindest eyes hiding a complete world of warped, yet beautiful images. A man steeped with enough fiction and such that could fill flights from New York to Stockholm 7 to 10 times over. Give 'em the business Sam and look at them straight in the fucking eyes. And good luck out there, babe.

**

How the story goes when you fly into dream .. I was getting ready to meet Elvis right before the fucking alarm was getting ready to go off .. it was 2001 and somehow science started digging up and reviving certain celebrities and brains of the past because we were running out of raw talent .. boy bands and re-creating what had been created over and over again wasn't working anymore .. so, there was a government mandate, along with the consent of living relatives, to exhume and revive old talent. Miles came back, as did Elvis, Ellington, George Burns, Jeff Buckley, George Washington Carver, and the such. So, I was to meet Elvis at some quiet, underground birthday party that was going down for a friend of mine. Can't quite remember who the friend was, through I know I knew them . Then, fucking BAM. The alarm sounds. I grab onto my lover friend and think, I catch up with him if they brought him back to life.

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What happens when you grow past your own growth?

**

What happens when the only thing you own melts?

**

Had a dream about a week ago ..this is how it played out .. I was waiting in line for a ticket to the Johnny Carson show in Burbank, CA .. Waiting for tickets, I was one of the last one's to get a ticket inside .. the whole time I was thinking, "He's off the air. Is this a reunion show or did I somehow get shoved through that wormhole portal back to the day when Carson was the only thing on evening television .. So, I get my tickets and walk through the front door of television's all-time evening talk show Mecca .. I go through to one room that looks fairly gutted, several dilapidated cameras and a boom mike hanging from the ceiling .. the chairs are foldout kinds that look cramped and difficult to sit in .. I go in .. Sit down as the producers tell the crowd that Carson and Doc will be out very soon .. We sit, production staff running all over the place, and I'm staring around wondering who the fuck is going to be on the show .. I'm hoping John Lennon will be the musical guest and Andy Kauffman as the comedian .. So, I sit there and Doc Sevrinson .. he comes parading over with his trumpet and starts talking to the crowd .. then the king comes out .. with an oxford and a pair of long boxers .. we presume it's part of a pre-show ritual of fucking with the crowd .. though he truly has that disoriented look in his eye .. So, we sat through the pre-show and waited for the taping .. that's the part of the dream that gets sketchy .. yet, we'll pick up the rest of the story later ..

**

I have an old pair of shoes and a new notebook to write in .. So, come on over .. we can sit around and talk for a while ..

**

Ignoring faces lighting up the hallway as I pass through to piss ..

**

Isolating the sounds (sands) in the park:

1. Man yelling for his dog named 'charlie'
2. 6-10 dog collars rattling
3. Bad rendition cover of Tori Amos comes from a flat set of loud speakers
4. Leaves wearing the wind and bobbing her wig around
5. Black girls slipping by on roller skates

**

A stack of sticks and one little lie sitting between her breasts ..

**

The end of Asia & the begin – gin –ginning of Europa ..

**

Nicotine headaches just make me want another drink ..

**

Waking with the next to biggest idea & going to bed with her – my best idea, yet.

**

winter clothes and summer alibis ..

she just walked on by
as the rest of the boys
and their pets squealed
with a thunder of joy ..

yes,
all the girls and boys
getting together making more
boys and girls while the sun squirms in the moon's pocket
and the
hard ice cream melts in her pants
like a carton of eggs being
attacked
by
those
all so familiar
morning-after tad poles
that
have a whole life of their own ..

oh,
down the AM train we
continue as
the
numbers stay locked
and
the

ESP series of events comes floating towards
your brain with one question ..

'YOU COMFORTABLE THINKING THOSE THOUGHTS .. WILL IT GET YOU THROUGH THE
NIGHT OR DO YOU NEED A NEW GLASS OF WATER FOR THE OTHER GLASS OF WATER
THAT WAS TAKEN IN BY YOUR CONSCIOUS THOUGHTS?'

Ok,
one more time from the bandleader we ask of you ..

hold your breath and move your feet to the rhythm ..

can you dig it?
you crazy back beat motherfuckers
as the zoo animals sleep in the
civilized hibernation
while the bears jump up and down reaching
for one more paw full of honey
that won't make it on your grocer's shelf ..

want an explanation for all of this?

well .. I don't have one for you
until you figure it out for yourselves ..

I did drop a clue earlier on ..

It started with
e
and
ended with a p ..

so, as the guitar
man flies into

his bridge,
the harmonica man
decides not to

take the
bridge home
tonight because the water below is just
warm,
and tidy enough like comfortable bath water to swim across ..

yea,
and
yea
again

baby..

**