

i pet
a whooping Crane
on the
2nd coldest day
in
august



This night sounds like no day I have heard.

**

She offered him a trip to Europe - Rome to be exact. He declined .. Instead, he had a regret and a good laugh over it with his 26-year-old son.

**

Bourbon on dresses .. falafel on a tie rack .. the spices have expired .. we need another roll of toilet paper.

**

Can't go to rest .. words-thoughts need out.

**

I tell the waitress, "give me a pack of those order tickets. I need to start charging myself for shit and paying my own self."

**

I look into the sky and see a plane bounding backwards. That's a damn nice concept .. Fly backwards and watch what you're passing by.

**

A legend in Hollywood shoes .. a bum in a Boston funk .. a small beauty in her father's sweater .. he holds onto the pocket watch as though time may begin again.

**

The red dot next to ALARM says sound will come out at my chosen time. A red dot flash from apartment high rise next to my home says there will be more that time that will come and I have nothing to say about it.

**

Lying around next to the sprinklers. Smoking .. farting .. thinking about the decision she wants me to make.

**

They look like Monday morning and talk like Tuesday evening.

**

Is it hard for you to wake-up or fall asleep?
One and the psychology of this in-between.

**

That was an excellent preamble to your text .. the old woman said before the winds fell on chimes of midnight.

**

We pull the blankets to our chin .. wishing our nemesis a grin.

**

The thunder whipping out like a bad reaction to the light bulb.

**

Unlock the scurry and pour me some curry. Absolutes in the park playing marbles with the ambiguous.

**

Eyes called mesa .. lips called rapture .. voice called razor .. lifts in her boots.

**

Stopped in for some laughs and silly syrup in a city outside of St. Louis .. Old friend and some unfinished business .. fate in being .. then by the cranium.

**

Before you go to sleep .. let your dreams listen to you .. because you get to see your dreams.

**

Tree .. why have you lost your spokes of cloth?
Where else can the seed be?

**

Ins and outs .. nights chaffed with but one desire.

**

A leaf in a midst .. the love in her eye .. no spite for nay .. hey .. we all go awry.

**

A late game by the fortress of undertow luck.

**

Cycle of lace wrap around your waist .. whispers in the curtain as the 3rd to next world connects the
D O T S.

**

Ideas from black ink .. the garage man jumped down from the attic for a good dance with the locals.

**

Orange tube coming from the top of renovated downtown building .. sending down all the truth and rumor
murmured in a single kiss.

**

Yodel for a bird in a cage .. it can't .. too many stomach aches.

**

Never in the self-revealing nature anatomy did gravity fail .. With loud trains .. a screech .. a reach for madness .. the moment through and through a recording device.

**

Birth from ugliness .. beauty from fatigue .. laughing at reflections for the naught is a yes and the PICTURE will come.

**

A picture .. pictures for magistrates as queen's tear through birth.

**

Loved women and long shanks of redemption.

**

I used to know this old boy from the Carolina's .. he was dumber than a used condom wrapper.

**

You say, "Well, so watcha doin' for your writin' career right now?"
All I can tell you .. "Writing is the itch in my balls and the thing that dries my throat out."

**

Roller skate in a child's coloring book as the radio-newspaper tells kids that helmets are now going to be sold as big jawbreakers you wear on your head as you ride and lick when you stop.

**

the decision was
made that I was going to
take some vacation ..

they loaded me in the helicopter to fly me
over the gulf that separated the island ..

on the one side, I would grab my
transport and fly on over to the other side
to take another airlift transport to my final destination ..

as I was in the air to my first stopping point,
I realized that I had no clothes, money or other
needed pieces to make a complete journey to my destination ..

then, it began to rain ...

shit, baby
it began to come down hard .. yet I told the pilot
of the copter that I didn't want to turn the craft around ..

we have to keep on plunging into the mystery ..

as the copter began its descent towards the earth,
the skies cleared
and rain was but only an afterthought ..

where was I wanting to go when it was all said and done ..

a small island that started with the letter "y"

my two days stretched into two weeks ..

and the rest is flat history.

**

Figure it this way .. we are conditioned to meet up with certain groups of people throughout the days and weeks of our lives .. friends, work mates, functions, public events, etc. What if this took place .. you tried to gather all the people of the world together at one place for about a week. Everyone would be given a cash or check dividend to travel to one locale .. say North America or Europe and just get all earthlings together. Everyone in one spot .. a little blowing of the mind .. Not just one large group or a group, so to speak .. but every human being in all the fictional flutter that it could bring. Your hitches are having no resources for this week's time .. and complete drain of resources where everyone would meet .. yet, it could work.

**

you know,
I used to watch my share of TV
as a youth .. yet what gave me the most joy
was to line-up old television sets my brother and I
would find at trash dumps around our house .. we would
line them up and get the bulkiest or heaviest rocks around
and sling them at the screens until they burst open
like a slug's shell under a moving tire.
that, was hand's down the most entertaining television going
as a youth ..

**

They're ripping down a building around the corner to put in another parking garage. Albeit, it's a poor piece of architecture their knocking the shit out of day after day .. it signifies another parking garage that's going to be erected in a city of fabled parking garages. Hell, if it were my way .. I would at least make the garage in the shape of a large blue whale or an enormous anteater to give the people a good laugh when they park their car. Yet, on the other hand, the chances of the structure being torn to bits in the next 30-60 years are fairly high .. So, I doubt I would like to see that animal of parking nostalgia get knocked down for such a shallow deal.

**

Drinking until they get silly .. walking through the haze of several hours to burn off the wick .. they talk and congregate as though it's all a part of the ordered essential of things .. Ordered essentials on a menu that floats high above a cloud line pointing down at the ground with a hearty growl and a small grin.

**

Usually congregating around the hour of two .. they love the early hours of another day called evening and the hay that grows by the tall tales of a moon lit lurch. Yea, just stretchin' their legs out as the wheels spill and spit flying wind off like a politician speaking in a debate. Their the cats of 2AM .. and they have no gang signs to flop your way .. they have no silly dress rehearsals they have to go through in order to congregate .. they just get together and knock shit out with their mouths and figure the way things are and how the world will remain beautiful.

**

People throwing trash from the 3rd floor above me into the dumpster down below. Adding the window just so, leaning out into the cold, winter wind and giving it a good toss. A good toss for all the goods the trash once offered them before being thrown to the birds. Nice pitches into the fray for the ways that are small and cool in the wind.

**

The junk demons off 14th Street in apartment 2G. Collecting things like QVC is going to close all phone lines in the next three day. Heaps of shit collected and they wonder why there's no where to move. Pile and high stacks of jive. There's bags, chairs, tables lamps, coffee tables, boxes, dressers, sewing machines, dining tables, brief cases, kitchen chairs, ice chests, suitcases, TV's, air conditioners, kitchen chairs, fans, stools, headboards, clothing, table lamps, TV stands, boxes, desks, rugs, weight benches, floor lamps, clothes, racks, end tables, chest of drawers, a hutch, coat racks, bicycles, sofas, monitors, bed frames, display cases, appliance dollies, box springs, microwave ovens, entertainment centers, mattress', VCRs, beach chairs, ice chests, lawn mowers, dryers, floor lamps, washing machines, fish tanks, flower pots, kitchen chairs, artificial plants, kitchen chairs, refrigerators, stoves, kitchen tables, crock pots, other misc. items. All littered around a 500 square foot home .. barely enough to let the cats and dogs of day meander and grab themselves a good drink .. Their only real fight .. never get evicted and never move any time here in the near future.

**

How can they string together the depressed ring of sadness of used long johns and exhumed donut rings when the joy of the world doesn't cost a dime and fear is the last piece of resin we should all even think of.

**

How-what do you think of when the scribble becomes thought and the rains taste of licorice in a land tempted by steaks and driven down by the mass of mediums saying, "Yes & purchase."

**

10% circumstance .. 90% perception, the person said over my shoulder to another. I believe this is worth a quote.

**

One word on the painted, orange sunset wall .. "PoP". I thought I would Pop this on you.

**

So, I was thinking about growing some chest hair .. huh?

**

Strength in the formaldehyde they drink & fissure in the worn heels of my tarnished shoes. London awakes over 7 hours prior, China plays Tai Pai in my jolly frolic.

**

As I fly off to bed .. I give you this thought .. yet maybe not .. Imagine your gal in mid-fart.

**

Midnight slow .. like a fast mouse sipping gin.

**

Aroused in a roust .. goosed as in a game .. the tame tail of hemlock shrills sounds like folly on an eve as tonight.

**

Tires on snow in the road sound like applause.

**

A moment in the candle as a toothless baby looks pas an office holding the priceless seal of innocence that can only be the purchase of an animated bell free of chimes .. laden with a resonance.

**

A tape of video theft .. the man dreamed of pulling over cops as a part of the new “civilian uprising”

**

Raising the fire engine, painting white in red, bringing in cheer by inches on his chin & balls the size of boulders in his sock drawer.

**

Losing underwear, shitting out the unused .. a chocolate cloud rained sweetness like the roots of a rainbow.

**

There's nothing much else to predict except the unpredictable.

**

He missed the show because he didn't want to go .. She missed the show because she didn't have anywhere else to go.

**

I was just better not knowing that or this you thought we should know. I can't take it down with a token smirk, laughing. Though, you really should have kept it closed.

**

Nails in the fire. You bought a line and spent a lifetime wondering why?

**

How the hell did it begin. No, the question is .. “When will it continue.”

**

Marvelous – Remarkable as cold air comes down like rain and all else goes away.

**

A new argument for a new meaning. The small boy laughed kindly for his sister forgot a midnight dream during a backyard lunch.

**

Love in my toes .. Blood in a healed scab on my foot. I see her move and know she’s near.

**

Perhaps old thoughts die young.

**

Thrown out receipts and better ventures to love .. telling you once again that what is paid for is sold and what is bought really isn’t yours.

**

Privy of laughter as they again repeated .. facts falling into a clouded mist.

**

He knows what he knows .. she knows what she knows .. we shall, for now, keep it at that.

**

Tossing pieces out of the apartment window into the trash dumpster below. The crash and clang of used articles tipping and dropping into a vacant pond that carries the sound of water into my ears. Enough to clean out the wax and look around to the intersections and streets that carry this grand invention of invention .. people with places to seek and things already done.

**

Dreamed of standing behind a cow the other night. For some reason it seemed as though the animal was going to rear back and give me a good fucking plow to the belly. Instead, it kept on taking care of the grass in the cool blues of sky and light yellows of a star above as the udders just lied there like gravity was not worthy enough for the milk of its harvest.

**

Course hair of the dog as the young woman licks her chops after an evening of several strong mixed drinks. Though, she wakes with a fond pool of drool on her pillow. As she props her arm into the wet saliva, she laughs at her morning thirst .. then decides that the day she arose to was going to be another clean slate with moments packed into an overflowing washer .. ready to be dried by another machine and dirtied by beauty.

**

The low glances and movements of magistrates .. you see these people as they turn invisible .. and wonder in laughter as the world becomes the size it should be on the work clock as I go about my day in which I slept in an eternal 30 minutes longer .. Yes, all the monkeys, giraffes, dogs, worms and calves making their way across the ground as the instruments get tuned and the food gets stirred.

**

The jazz great made it by my place. A friend and I were waiting on T. Monk to come on by for a little throw down on the piano. We just had to see how all his magic would throw down in front of a crowd of two with us looking gently over his shoulder. As he came in, you could see deep grooves of scars that had healed on his face. He spoke smoother than a cool cat and asked if we had an extra guitar. The answer .. “yes”. He grabbed the guitar as we plucked up a mandolin and ukulele respectively. As he flew out into the grass, the guitar held over his head and shouting in jubilation. As he pulled the instrument close to his playing grip, he played some elemental notes and laughed some more. After some minutes, we went back inside where he flew into silence and the piano bench. As he threw his hands forward, the row of piano keys began layering. There were a good 3-4 layers of keys that extended vertically as he played and completely knocked my shit open. As this was going on, my friend would intermittently hit a key or two while he was going. This brought the laughter back as the place filled up with music like a plastic pitcher gurgling with a full brim of hot water. Christ, he kept playing as though it was like walking. Pulling to and fro notes and stretches that would amaze an auditorium filled to the tits. The day the jazzman came by for some vibes.

**

Honkey’s in a world of cars .. the brothers and sisters walking beautiful winking at each other while one moves and the other waits for the bus .. as the Chicano gentleman pulls his glasses off his tired face to adjust the view of the scene around him .. while an old gal with a walker goes across the street to the mail box to deposit the duties of the last 23 years .. this as a small child giggles in the lap of paternal luxury in her stroller looking up at all the buildings, darting feathered life in the city along 9th street ..

**

I saw the white Corsica swerving and speeding like mad around the corner as I was gingerly moving on about 120 feet behind. There was an overpowering smell of danger in the air as the Corsica kept swerving to avoid hitting the wall on the right. Then, the car takes a steep dive to the left. Across three lanes. Diagonal between two cars to the other side of the highway. I slowed down some to avoid a potential mess. As I came around the corner, I looked over to my side to catch the fixated eyes of a young cat slowing down as a mass of metal, lights and rubber were ramming and smashing in a highway pile-up. Conscious of this going down, I swerved carefully around the mess and looked forward and behind to avoid the jeopardy going down in a domino race with no obvious logic or reason. As I swerved through an easy 14-19-car pile-up, I looked for the next exit to make a phone call for help. As I made it through, with several cars around me doing the same thing, it was a sinking flow of destruction about.

Making it to the phone, the call was made to the authorities as the day slipped into an hour I soon wouldn’t forget. Just makes you imagine that there has to be a safer way of transport. Either the bus or an advancing technological 21st Century Star Trek style gig in the near future. It would have my vote.

**

“So, what matters the most to you, man?” the voice asked me.
“Well, vocalizing everything that means something to me without having to directly explain myself over and over. You know, exuding what gets your shit moving and keeps the smile on your face without having to always explain precisely what it is. I mean, it can be explained to a girlfriend or close friend here and there, but there’s not much time and we all know what really gets us going. We should mix about our celebration of life by telling stories, laughing, living, doing cool shit, and the like.”
“I think you just told me what means the most to you,” the voice said with calm.

“Shit yes. Perhaps I just did.” I responded.

**

The slamming door and smooth carpet gliding like a star across the forbidden dust of the skies. An arcane smile from a woman that's digging your vibe .. a sly reply as you pick at a fingernail that has been long overdue for a good cut .. a side of pork in a grocery store waiting for some worth teeth to dig in a have a feast .. the locked door of day opening up into the attic of evening .. the pitchfork of reasoning prodding and tickling our feet to shuffle on down the dance of chance .. beef jerky bought at a convenience store off a rural Missouri road in the dead of summer .. the cold water from a can going down her lovely chin into the small butt crack of her chest .. the toys and gimmicks in a department store made for a population that will undoubtedly purchase it .. all the other participles of existing together that don't cost anything more than a penny lounging alone on the ground .. and the other pieces of what is wanted on not .. in the magnificence of a Sunday afternoon in June ..

**

Fishing in a pond that was recently opened to the public. Dipping my pole in for some sort of portly fish to take home to the frying pan. Out there some several hours catching fish that are well above the posted limits to take home to my Crisco and fire. I keep throwing them back hoping for a good 1 and a half to two pounder. Dipping in the pole and listening to the birds mock and laugh above. Just whistling and fooling about lures and such. It was a playful and easy day, yet I just couldn't reel in the right fish. They were all too big to drag home. And oh .. though, it was too good for such day. I just kept going .. pulling for the small ones as the big ones kept going for my bait.

**

Playing the masquerade for all the beans in the pinto mix .. tossing quarters in the sky to welcome a vibration aimlessly bouncing off the wall for a host.

**

Miles in the quintet .. centimeters in the teaspoon .. inches in a shoelace .. millimeters in a strawberry glaze .. yet it comes back to the magic in miles.

**

Your undiminished love of living life relates directly to your love for the creator. Yes, I bring it to you without a shadow of a doubt that God is love .. the coolest vibe on.

**

The morning of annihilation .. the evening of despaired retreats .. we fill the cup with juice and watch the cartoons slowly slink away.

**

Midnight slow .. like a fast mouse sipping gin.

**

Aroused in a roust .. goosed as in a game .. the tame tail of hemlock shrills sounds like folly on an eve as tonight.

**

Tires on fresh, compact snow on the road sounds like many hands all together in applause .. applause ..

**

“Why are you so crazy,” she asks me.

I ignore the comment and think about that last good breakfast cereal I had had lately.

**

Valentine’s Day brings all those lovers together as easily as it sends them apart.

**

Smilin’ as though shallow water is an ocean of blue.

**

Crammed into a
Car,
Wallowing over a puddle,
The
Cat in the
Back let out
A
Scream
As
The
Birds belched
And
The
Cat fish flipped ..

**

Running over the
Start
For
The
Middle was no where in-between
As
The
Interior
Made off with the exterior
While
The
Posterior
Laughed the
Whole
Way
Down
The
Plane’s angles.

**

A good whore is better

Than a bad bitch ..

**

If the whole
World
Came to your doorstep ..
What would you give them?
Some
Gum,
A
Good pat on the ass
Or jostle of the face ..
I'd build a well in the front yard,
Hand everyone a penny
And tell them to start
Fucking firin' away ..

**

A stable economy tends to
Blur people's feeling
On happiness .. yet
The economic hardship,
Whether nationally – global – personally,
Has a way of beating the run free of the
Bullshit
And teaching at least one aphorism on
What is
Happiness and
What is complete bullshit ..

**

I told her
That I loved her with everything I had ..
Yet,
I couldn't make that commitment to
Be with her ..
Yes,
There are things we know as well as the back of our
Heels
And the tops of our knee caps,
Yet
That fucking mad ball of love glowing and
Hovering,
Swooping around
Has the sure fire
Means to knock certainties into oblivion ..
Yet,
If you feel the love you are well along the
Way
To
Some deep coded mysteries
Life
Does and should

Hide
From us to
Make the
Show interesting
And
Playfully insane
All in
The
Same wrapping of newsprint around an abandoned soul ..

**

Came running out of the bar the other night down the street towards a cat passed out on the side of the street. As I, several other young guys on the scene already, and two friends cowered near this man, he looked as though the weight of nine fists and three quarts of stout liquor had exhumed his balls. He wavered on hands and feet looking forward as a young ex-Army medic asked him what his name was and what happened. The guy on the ground, looked like Pluto from a Popeye cartoon, had enough fire and mischief in his eyes to strike some bad saliva into the mouths of the medics coming to the scene. Though, as he peered forward and escaped the questions coming down his way, he rolled straight back and passed out onto the cold Kansas City ground. Not a word being uttered from his wanton mouth and wasted belly hanging out in a cry to humanity, we all waited for the paramedics to flop onto the scene. As we waited, there wasn't much talk and a good dose of theorizing on how the hell this man made it out into the street. It wasn't clear if he was rolled by some rough city cats, if he had fallen from the failed gravity of too many drinks or if another string of incidents we couldn't guess about if we surely tried went down. So, the medics arrive and load this man of 230 lbs. Onto the stretcher, while he groans and mutters, "fuck – bitch – motherfucker – pigs," to the medics giving him a hand onto the helping locomotive. Yes, it was about 2:30 in the morning and the bars were serving up their last toast to the eve. People were walking up and down the old garment district or driving by trying to get a peek at the spectacle on the ground. Yes, it's just a small piece of humanity that's either seen enough or hasn't seen much over his time. It's a man who had the physical strength of 3 oxen in a steel cage without food and the mental anguish of forty mice lost in a maze as the 50 cats are released to give them some clarity. It's a night in KC with the brimming talk of tales going and new stories unfolding. It's our daily love affair with living that keeps our oxygen blue and our blood red. It's a pint of orange juice next to a hot bowl of morning oatmeal as you walk around the corner to catch your lover's white robe open to the wind with blinking nipples and a wet stomach. It's the same and very different all in the same course of steak. It's a city in a world of cities and a country in a handful of continents that are streaming around with the gust of gravity breathing through hair follicles .. it the filth that keeps the fakes talking in tones that make for good television parodies .. it's the bum limping up the street asking me for some change .. seeing the twinkle of truth in his eye and instead offering him a good cigarette stick for being around .. it's a book you haven't read in nearly 10 years, yet once you start pouring over the pages the story begins sticking to your sleeves like honey in a bee's stinger. It's a bald man looking over the wig section in the 'wig shoppe' off the avenue .. it's a cold stack of pancakes waiting for a heaping froth of hot syrup to clinch the plate .. it's vigor in a mountain stream that streams in clear, beige, yet burns with a cool orange .. it's the band that finally gets signed onto the label and begins doing what the world deserves to hear .. it's post-modern society here in 10 years that will have ATM machines vacant in a parking lot like a can banks now hanging out like sore nails on a beautiful woman's hand .. it's the soot from a construction site hanging over my room like a blanket as the cars come by and sneak a couple of words through the window .. and yes it's the luke warm coffee sneaking over my lips and through my teeth now that could keep this tale going on .. Though, I know the man that passed out on Broadway several weeks back is either back on the streets, in prison, a hospital, with his daughter eating a bowl of pop corn, with his wife at a department store or on a train heading towards the next city destination. Yes, here on this continent .. pulsing with tales .. chalk with stories .. he's near the city.

**

As a little girl burns her the roof of her mouth on a bowl of hot tomato soup .. the dog catches a one-foot long grasshopper in his mouth .. as the little kid swings on a tire hanging from a rope .. while the old man

sits in his study fervishly wrapping together cigarettes .. while the wife slips into the tub for a little self-satisfaction .. this whole time the statues come to life .. politicians retire .. the world decides to help each other across the street .. as a good woman kisses a bad man .. and a faithful man gets duped in by a wretched whore .. the clothing hangs like a wooden dream on the clothes line of a Georgia morning .. as the woman of yesterday cook today's meals .. and the veterans of the railroad ride slow and smooth over a mountain pass whistlin' big Joe Turner over the stream of spring wind .. yes as the insane do back flips in empty hallways .. while the mad with lotteries and give all the bills and coins away to a charity 87% of the population didn't know existed .. as the quart of ice cream melts under the laughter of a 421lb. woman watching Laurel and Hardy on a television her doctor bought her as a barter to stop her binge eating .. as the female praying manthis walks away from a potential kill .. in the fingerprint of a cop pulling a glass of bourbon to her parched lips as the reflection of sirens reflect through the bar mirror .. yes, as that little girl with the newly sworn mouth reaches into her glass of ice water to get some tinglin' relief.

**

Ride the
Bus on down this avenue ..
Take my shirt,
Put some dust on my shoes,
Tell me numbers backwards,
Give
The group something to believe in that makes so much sense
It melts on your tongue like a mint in a paltry mouth ..
Yes,
Come on by for a cup of juice
Or
Coffee,
We
Can look into the
Windows reflection
And
Speak
Of
Lake that drips
With
Bowling ball sized droplets ..

**