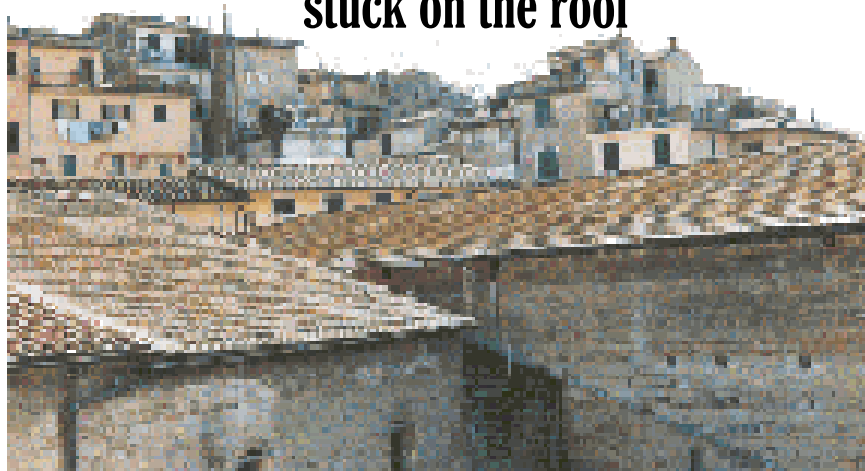


**tails of intrigue
stuck on the roof**



The first thing found is the last thing discovered ..

**

searching for a new apartment is like
searching for
a
new car,
but
you have to dwell in your apartment longer ..

**

soon to be living incognito
because
my
disguise won't work anymore ..

**

catching bass
on a small pond
because
all the big bodies of water
seem
to
wink at me in some
big
lie ..

**

smoking free cigarettes and
buying
overpriced pizza pies ..

**

all growing apart
as
the
Arizona air gets hotter
and

higher into the air ..

**

exhausting your stay in a city
is
like polishing a beat-up pair

of
your favorite shoes ..

**

the first thing the kids
wants to do in
the
morning is find their favorite toy
as
the adults
climb into their car
and
wonder
where all their childhood toys went after
that
one
big
move ..

**

cockatiels on Saturn
as

the robin's on earth
peck at my morning meal ..

**

all the good writers have
given
it
up

to take
bad jobs

that make
the
suburbs look
so
fucking full ..

**

the soft glow of a new lantern
in
an old barn

is

where
you

want to be ..

**

the movie,
'THE GREAT ESCAPE',
lies on the coffee table
as
the
early Saturday morning buzzer goes
through the place
as
I go to the door and the woman apologizes
for
ringing the wrong apartment ..

**

waiting for
publication in my first
book

as
the
big writers wish
their

mail off the PO boxes
that aren't

checked regularly is
not

but once a month ..

**

refined pictures
and
touched up
nipples ..

**

lunatics in airports shooting their pistols
as
the assassins gear up for another
strike

in
a
paper
filled with
blood
instead of ink ..

**

Another reason
to taken
in
the
story of jazz with a smile ..

Art Blakey
covered
Dizzy Gillespie's 'KNIGHTS OF TUNISIA',
and explained to the crowd
how it was originally
was
written on the bottom of a trash can lid ..

those beautiful
gritty
kids

doing it the best they could
to
make
trash into

the best music in the land ..

**

chaos in a salt shaker is
the tame
pelt
of
the pepper shaker ..

**

rolling cigarettes for
later as
the
tides
roll over the shadows
and
the shapes begin taking the form of open mouths

waiting
to
bring in some more hydrogen ..

**

surprise,
you
have

been fucked by the camera ..

**

bright eyed kids
ready
to
be lazy all over again ..

**

conjugal visits to the
property sites
in
search of new digs
as
the
Swiss puzzle lies silent
with missing
pieces
and
kids waving towards the arrival ..

**

a family of hornets
below
as
the
hornets from across the way
just
smoke

and
talk,
and
talk,
and talk ..

**

the clown is coming to
see you
in your mom's earrings
and
father's

mittens ..

**

there's plenty more
to
get worked up over ..

yet,
we
don't

need to hear
all

the
complainin' ..

**

takin' a look over
the traffic flying by on
Main
As
The evening
Comes down
To a glorious
Beginning

As
All the lost children
Find their mothers
And
The
Stories
Of
Neglect

Just
Slowly fade away ..

**

toe jam romper room
in the trumpets playing reflection ..

**

People always have their
Shades
Pulled in way too damn tight
For the taste of taste ..

**

when's it gonna
come
to you cowgirl?

when are gonna
know?

stomping like a ship wreck,
crooning like a bleeding queen,
we wanna
know when?

let's have it,
lady,
we have our
own blood to shed ..

**

why is it when you poke hard
with a q-tip into the ear to clean 'em out
that you want
to cough?
(is it just me?)

**

lookin' for a new place to live in is like
heatin' that bag of pop corn in the microwave
for
the
perfect amount of time ..

**

feelin' completely fulfilled is
saying that
fulfillment is somethin' that will never happen as
you
would like it ..

**

money
is
like
piss ..

always ready to go,
colorful and wasted
soon after the
water leaves the
hole bowl ..

**

my co-worker is fucking' the stripper
mother
as the kids pull me aside and ask
me
where to find a picture
of the pope or a
good piece on a player that
just broke his hip ..

**

walkin' about the new neighborhood
lookin' for a bit of beer
as the gay men pop pills
behind the bar
&
pass out in a bed of pillows made of lime
jell-o ..

**

bowl of apricots
in a plate of morning
that just came out of he old,
lime and blue dishwasher ..

**

last year, after the 9-11 attacks, my lover friend and I were getting ready to fly out of London on September 17 .. after the journey, trip and headlines of a war ready to roll .. we decided to get a couple of post cards at the airport .. pen our memoir to each other as a complete reflection of the trip before boarding the plane .. we did it and mailed them off from the airport .. after arriving back in the states .. I got the post card in the mailbox a bout 2 weeks after we got back home and she never received hers .. to this day (8-10-02), nothing has come ..
I have a dream last night that I rectified the deal .. she asks me every once in a while what I wrote .. she jokes about me proposing marriage or expunging something deeper about my feelings

towards her .. so, in this dream last night, I am in a province in Central Italy .. can't remember exactly where .. likely Naples .. that's where one side of my great grandparents came from .. so, I am waiting on a train and looking around at the scene going on around me .. I notice a carousel of post cards behind me and think about mailing her a stack of post cards to tell her what was on the missing post card I sent a year prior .. so, I paid for the post cards and started writing .. still can't tell you what I wrote here now .. though, I know I mailed them off in my dream .. just gonna have to wait until I actually do it this way some time before the 11th of this year ..

**

old rockin' chair in the front lobby of my place
as I ask the landlady if the neighborhood
might steal my trash can ..
even trash isn't sacred no more ..

**

another peaceful night as the storm remains to be seen
and the sea remains to be heard ..

**

a group of Germans came by the center today to talk with the kids about God .. on a 30 or so day mission across the states and they end up in Kansas for a week .. they have to be confused and mildly interested as I talk to one about the wall that fell and how Parisians are destined to hate Americans .. another cliché talk between foreigners, I must say .. but it got better after that banter ..

**

remember what people say?
You do?
As the siren cuts the razor free and the night makes its mark ..
Do you remember while the journey becomes the woman?

**

Ray is there to serve all your sexual innuendoes as the
Pipe gets fitted & the gorge gets cleaned ..

**

One glow .. two glow .. three glow .. the new trio ..

**

better to butter your balls than a couple of old, cold pancakes ..

**

I woke up and
the ring that has
been on my left hand - middle finger,
was gone ..

a silver ring
bought in Greenwich Village
by my cousin
some years ago ..

it was specially fitted for my
finger,
placed in '96
and hasn't come
off for an extended period of time since ..

just a faint ring of white
where the sun wasn't able to shine through
and
a
number penned very small across
the
hump ..

done with some care,
time and
thought ..

it said
'CALL 587-6428 on the top and
'NOW'
on the bottom of the finger ..

so,
I started the coffee,
threw in the contacts,
washed my hands a bit
and
picked up the phone ..

shit,
I accidentally washed my hands
in
a
sleepy blur
and
nearly wiped the numbers away ..

I tried the first number ..

someone answered ..

a female voice ..

2 rings in,
the voice a female voice answers on the
other end ..

slightly groggy
and slightly sexy,
I asked,
'SO, I'M CALLING YOU. HOW DID YOU GET THE RING AND ESCAPE SO SWIFT?'

'WHO IS THIS?'
she asked in confusion.

'THE GUY WITH THE MISSING RING.'
I said back feeling it was the wrong number
from the word get.

'I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT A RING. WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU?'
she came back.

'SORRY. I OBVIOUSLY HAVE THE WRONG NUMBER.'
I said looking and deciphering the number a little clearer
as
the coffee dripped in the other room.

'SURE. GOOD LUCK. BY THE WAY, MAYBE IT WAS THE GIRL FROM A BAD BREAK
UP.'
she suggested in a sweet tone.

'MAYBE. THANKS.'
I hung up the phone.

I dialed the wrong number - 581-6428 ..

I then went in for a cup of coffee
and go in for the second attempt ..

a machine picks up ..

it was a male voice,
'you have reached 567-6423 and we are either at the store
or somewhere in the place. leave a message, folks.'

I hung up as the beep trailed on ..

another wrong number ..

several more sips of coffee,
I made my third attempt,

and there
is
another answer from a live female voice ..

'I'M CALLING ABOUT THE RING. SO, WHAT GIVES?'
I begin.

'GOOD - GOOD BOY. BUT, HAVE YOU BEEN A GOOD BOY LATELY?'
she slightly coos into the phone.

'MEANING? WHO IS THIS?'
I ask.

'IT'S NOT GOING TO BE THAT EASY, BIG BOY. I WANT THE GOODS AND YOU GET
THE RING
AIR, EXPRESS SHIPPED STRAIGHT BACK TO YOUR ASS.'
she says with some intensity.

'SURE. GIVE ME A STARTING POINT. I DON'T KNOW WHICH STRAW TO GRASP AT.
DON'T KNOW YOU, HOW YOU GOT IN AND OUT OF THE PLACE NOR HOW YOU
HAVE SUCH AN INTEREST IN THE RING.'
I come back.

'WELL. IT STARTED WITH A KISS AND ENDED WITH A PHONE CALL. AND THIS
WOMAN WANTS SOME ANSWERS.'
she says.

'LOOK. IT USUALLY DOES BEGIN WITH A KISS AND ENDS WITH A PHONE CALL.
YOU NOTCHED DOWN ABOUT 95 PERCENT OF THE RELATIONSHIPS GOING.'
I come back.

'ALL RIGHT, SMART HEAD. FOR STARTERS, I'M NOT THE GIRL. I WAS SENT
BECAUSE I HAD THE GRAPES AND HEARD TOO MUCH ABOUT YOU. DO YOU
REMEMBER KAREN FROM THE CASINO?'
she opens it a bit.

'AAHHH. SURE. A GERMAN GIRL, RIGHT?'
I ask.

'YOU ARE HOTTER THAN SIN. REMEMBER WHAT YOU DID ON THE LAST NIGHT
TOGETHER.'
she asks.

'SURE. WE FUCKED. AFTER SOME TIME GOING OUT AND HAVING SOME KICKS, WE
THREW AND KNEW IT WAS GOING TO PROCEED OR BE OVER WITH. WELL, ENDED
UP THAT WE WERE OVER WITH.'
I said.

'YES. THOUGH IT WASN'T THE END. YOU TOOK HER VIRGINITY AND SHE DIDN'T
KNOW HOW TO RESPOND.'
she comes back with a flare.

'BULLSHIT. SHE WAS IN HER EARLY THIRTIES AND THE MOVES SHE HAD WERE NOTHING OF A BEGINNING SORT.'

I came back with a little fire.

'SHE HAD YEARS OF THOUGHT AND MASTURBATION PRACTICE IN HER'
she said calmly.

'I WOULD SAY SO. WHAT GIVES? WHAT DOES SHE WANT'

I blurted.

'GOOD LITTLE BOY, WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE. SHE WANTS A FOLLOW-UP FUCK. CARE TO INDULGE HER SO WE DON'T HAVE TO RISK MAILING THIS PRECIOUS RING. YOU GET IT THE NEXT MORNING UNDER THE PILLOW. FRESH AND HOT FROM THE FUCK FAIRY'

she throws out.

'LOOK, I'M IN A SOLID, HEALTHY RELATIONSHIP. WOULDN'T WANT ANY PART OF IT. I CAN'T GO BACK AND RECTIFY THE PAST. IT WAS 4 YEARS AGO. COULDN'T SHE HAVE CALLED ME A WEEK, MONTH OR EVEN A YEAR LATER TO THROW OUT THE PROPOSITION. PEOPLE MOVE ON AND THAT INCLUDES ME.'

I said.

'YOU WANT THE RING BACK?'

she asked quickly.

'SURE. BUT NOT AT THE EXPENSE OF CHEATING ON MY LADY AND HOPPING INTO THE SACK WITH WHAT WOULD BE A VIRTUAL STRANGER THAT HAS A VENDETTA AGAINST MY EXISTENCE.'

I said sternly.

'YOU HAVE NO CHOICE, COWBOY. COMPLY OR WE ARE FORCED TO CUT OFF THIS TALK AND CHALK IT UP AS A LOSS.'

she said.

'NO OTHER WAY AROUND IT, HUH. I HAVE TO FUCK OR GET FUCKED'

I ask.

'PRETTY MUCH.'

she demands.

'I'M OUT. CAN'T DO IT.'

I say.

'OOOOHHH TOO BAD. IT'S SUCH A NICE RING AND THERE'S SO MUCH FUN IN IT FOR YOU.'

she continues.

'LOOK, I'M OUT. NICE TRY, GOOD JOB IN GETTING THE RING AND I CAN DO WITHOUT IT.'

I say.

'OH, CAN YOU. HOW ABOUT THE PENTAX K-150 CAMERA THAT ISN'T IN YOUR KITCHEN ANYMORE.'
she says with defiance.

I get up,
look around ..

no camera ..

I fill my coffee up ..

'SHIT. WHAT THE FUCK ELSE DID YOU HEIST, STICKY FINGERS'
I retort.

'KEEP DENYING THE REQUEST AND YOU'LL BE RIPPING THE PLACE APART'
she says coolly.

'LOOK, I NEED TO HANG UP AND CALL THE COPS'
I mildly threaten.

'NO GOOD. I AM A COP. THAT'S WHY SHE HIRED ME. I WALK BOTH SIDES OF THE LINE AND I'M GOING TO GET KAREN WHAT SHE DESERVES'
she tells me.

'MY FUCKING CAMERA. THOUGH, IT IS REPLACABLE LIKE THE RING'
I come back.

'YEA .. YOU HAVE A POINT. BUT, THE BANTERING WON'T END UNTIL YOU DO SOMETHING. I KNOW HOW TO SUCCESSFULLY GET IN, WHERE YOU WORK AND ALL THE OTHER VITALS AS AN OFFICER OF THE LAW'
she says.

'SHOVE YOUR LAW, LADY. IS KAREN AROUND THERE?'
I ask.

'NO. SHE'S AT WORK.'
she tells me.

'CHRIST, WAS MY SHIT THAT GOOD OR WAS HER WAIT THAT GOD DAMNED DESPERATE THAT SHE CAN'T GET OVER IT. TELL HER TO HANG AROUND THE BARS MORE, I'M SURE SHE CAN FIND A WORTHY REPLACEMENT.'
I come back.

'NO GOOD. SHE'S EXPLORED ALL HER OPTIONS AND THERE'S SOMETHING SACRED ABOUT MEETING YOU AGAIN AND SEALING THE DEAL'
she says flatly.

'CAN'T FUCKING DO IT. HOW CAN I MAKE YOU UNDERSTAND THAT? CASE CLOSED. ENJOY THE GOODS'
I tell her.

'WON'T WORK. THIS WON'T STOP HERE. YOU WILL FUCK HER AND MEET WITH HER AGAIN'

she tells me with blood boiling.

'DO WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO. IT'S OVER AND RIDICULOUS.'

I tell her.

The line clicks and she's gone.

I drain my second cup and begin on the second and look to get up for my third when the phone rings ..

It's my lover ..

'HEY BABY,'

I say while looking at my newly naked left hand.

'CAN I BORROW YOUR CAMERA.'

'SURE, BABE,'

she says delighted.

'WHAT HAPPENED TO YOURS?'

'MY RING ATE IT'

I tell her.

As she laughs,

I fill another mug full of coffee

and

wonder if

this

coffee maker is next ..

**

Had a dream that I, or my clone, was born out of a woman that had seven other children .. sure, it was a regular birth and it was as though I was 29 in a 7-year-old body and this clone man just laughed ..

**

was in an enormous white walled, tiled and toileted bathroom flushing over and over again the turn that wouldn't go away .. the harder I tugged at the lever, the longer it just stuck around ..

**

with all my bills paid .. the pepper shaker still owes me a couple of bucks ..

**

the kids have all gone nuts with their short term memories and thoughts of the new fuck standing in a brand new pair of yellow socks ..

**

tryin' to teach some kids buster on marijuana how to use the computer as a meek Mexican in the back of the room wonders the whole time where the fuck the snack machine is located ..

**

I'm sure wonder woman's tits are wonderful ..

**

more rain as I drain this lonely cup of water down to nothin' but emptiness ..

**

makin' the grocery list, while throwin' out the old pillow cases ..

**

the nature of things this morning is the squirrel running over the tall electrical line towards another beautiful nut ..

**

the whole story is like a can of artichoke hearts waitin' for the right buyer ..

**

empty click – click – a click – once more as the chess head moves in & the shop owner grumbles .. scarin' away the regulars once again .. the kid with balls hits the bull's eye like a dread ringer ..

**

paint on everything .. people disappointing .. the sweat of cold water .. and the lap swimmer doing barrel rolls underwater ..

**

the woman
had
a
5 dollar
umbrella from the
1 dollar store ..

shit,
it's gotten
so

bad in this economy

that
the
dollar
shop has
started to
raise

prices over
a
buck,
baby ..

**

the signs
are
on the sidewalk
if
you walk slow enough and think about it long enough ..

**

how about the ultimate urban/suburban
superhero ..

he/she can see several moments before
danger is to go down ..

a bullet being fired,
a bomb being detonated
and
can
go into super slow motion
and
more everyone out of the way of danger ..

evacuating the woman,
children
and
some other guys
if
the chance arises ..

all
slow motion baby,
read this again
and
see what you think ..

it will feel like
slow motion

and
you may feel like the
superhero after all ..

**

shit,
M. Roach could beat
the skins ..

makes you wonder
what he could have done if
he
would have went into golf
or
tried out for a baseball team ..

that kid
could knock the shit out of shit ..

**

yea, you could be a CUNT BALL... just you watch yourself... you likely are ..

**

So, they have the 'FUN SIZE' packs of candy .. M&M's and such .. then, they come out with the
'HORRIBLE SIZE' or 'BORING SIZE' and all it would consist of is a badly grayed out pack
half the size of the 'FUN SIZE' with but one half eaten M&M in there .. that would be fuckin'
horrible, but I doubt the kids would get into it that much ..

**

If people really did find paradise, as they say, when they went on that vacation or cruise .. there is
no fucking way in hell, if they truly found paradise, they would be back in some office, eatery or
place back home telling you about it .. no .. when you find paradise, you stay there .. lock the
fucking mouth up and don't say a fucking word .. rarely do you hear much from people that are in
that veritable paradise ..

**

Never been too good with the fish and plants in my place .. so, the other night I get a little bit of
both .. picked up a plant that lives immersed in water and a beta fish that I named 'FLASH' .. for
the fact that he was going to live a short life or he would flash me if he lived for some time
swimming around the sweet confines of a little gallery of water .. so, I get the fish home, throw
some marbles, water, chemicals and the plant in .. then, dump flash into the home .. he seems to
take to it all fairly well .. then, I shove a bag of marbles into the side of the plant, so that flash has
a space to swim around in .. several hours later, I transport flash and his globe of water home

upstairs into my room .. in front of the window and slip into sleep .. somewhere in the eve, the bag of marbles slipped from the lip of the vase and fell into the bottom of the bowl .. there, flash the fish got curious and wedge himself into the netting and the balls that were in that bag of marbles .. I wake bleary eyed and notice him struggling .. potentially keeping the within 24 to 48 hour hex alive .. so, I rush the vase downstairs and take the plant and bag with the stuck fish out .. then, I get some scissors to cut him free .. the fucker was really wedged in there .. so, I grab an exacto knife and start looking for the safest place to snip .. I give it a shot, release the squeezed net around him and drop him back into safety .. it's been 24 hours since and my fish has several scars to prove it .. saved the fish .. salvaged the hex for another time .. and now me and flash swim about the apartment like a couple of flashes in the pan ..

**

one pink lighter in hand & a whole evenin' before me ..

**

fresh pad of pages is just another white victim waitin' to go into your court room ..

**

hum and whirl of AC Vents
as
summer dwindles loose & fall comes crashin' down in the tabloids ..

**

the trick with liquor is to get tricky with it ..

**

change is like a pocket of pennies
when all you wanted was the consistency of
a green back bill to pay the toll attendant off with ..

**

Simon and Garfunkle really do have that sound of silence thing down ..

**

Door Ajar .. how did they come up with that .. was there really a jar stuck in the door ..

**

ridin' his bike around the block as the purple flower pokes up through the green fence ..

**

she loves you boy .. so, what else concerns you?