

~~this moon took up the whole horizon~~
~~one night back in October~~

Ω

I swear to you that the moon overhead is following me. Gliding near my peripheral in the north it's yellow fullness is catching the fenders on my car and talking about taking a rest from its orbit. Also, it's grabbing the trees discussing a way to make it real good with the sun so that it can hover in the sky during the day instead of the night. Though, it refuses to have any real intercourse with me as I drive my car. It remains a visual from the side, then later in the front as the car beams down the highway like a new pair of socks on an old mannequin.

My brother, with a new aluminum foiled Three Musketeers bar in hand, was always convinced that the moon overhead would follow him. Now, getting into the midyears of the 20's, it seems as though that celestial piece in the sky has an eye on me. One eye open, the other closed. Or, the third eye in the middle of the head with the other two gouged out by a galactic accident.

Yes, the moon is following me overhead speechless. Talking to everything around me except me. The slut with a tempting bone to whore around, the moon goes from the north to the east on that night in October.

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Man crawls upon the highway and jumps out in front of the innocent silver Nissan. The Nissan with driver behind wheel is moving at about 42MPH. Smash. The man who was on the highway is now in the stinking ditch. He wanted to end it that night and pulled an innocent man coming from the gas station with the glow of a lottery winner smiling at his 40 cent off his next cigarette purchase. Now, the night has come to a standstill as the other cars go around the hazard lights wondering why the lights are dimmed with what seems to be paint on their fronts. The liquid aerosol glaze of blood over his front grill. A man in the ditch, the driver shaking behind the wheel figuring where he's at.

It will be some time before he gets to telephone the cops here in the middle of somewhere far from a phone. Also, it will be some time until he goes into the courtroom. Hell, it will be a while for a lot of shit here in this instant. He remained behind the wheel.

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Phil's roommate comes beaming to me with a smile. I meet him as he paints a glazed smile in the oozing music coming from the amps behind his head. He said that his \$30,000 bail and potential jail sentence for a DUI five years ago has been dropped. Taking hits off a mixture of vodka and gin, with a tall glass of Mountain Dew as a chaser, I give him a toast with my High Life for his new found clemency.

Hell, we all need to get in and find a way out if it's with the law, a lover, family, acquaintance, stranger, clerk, lawyer, architect, doctor, flight attendant, accountant or another. Yes you, get in and find a way out. Has more to do with the simplicity of living than the complexities life won't detail as clearly.

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THIS ONE IS CALLED "CLONIG IN WORDS" –

The brother, or fellow geneticist if you will, finished his speech before esteemed colleagues and those others that braved the set of speeches before his cap. Though, this most recent speech, which drew fluttering applause from the languid crowd, was of noted importance. Professor Malzor Simeon, tenured Geneticist at Stanford University, has more than 23 years of professional experience in his field. His response is usually one that is on the opposite of lewd and catatonic. Today, at the University of Utah, the crowd didn't take well to his widening research on cloning and genetics in the 21st Century. As he went to sit down, the crowd focused on Malzor sitting next to four esteemed colleagues. They were restless and overwrought by his speech. Malzor and the crowd together could feel the blood brewing on hot embers and the thick of events that would soon come to take place. The MC took to the podium and re-introduced the five-person panel who gave their speeches that afternoon. Each man was welcomed with kind applause except for Malzor. In fact, he was one that actually heard the malicious jeers and scant applause that would be heard in a courtroom instead of a conference filled with aspiring experts and students. Now, Malzor was feeling the tension build in the room and a host of wry stares from the crowd. He was indeed making a mental map of how he was going to leave this auditorium of genetic engineering gone bad. Originally, he was set to fetch a cab back to the hotel. Instead, he figured he would pull aside one of the fellow panel members for a ride back. As the MC made his final remarks, "we shall continue to advance the cause of

genetic empiricism and build that duty-free toll road to the next century,” the crowd remained seated. The panel, on the other hand, rose and cordially shook each other’s hands and began to make their way off the stage. At this point, the crowd was rising to catch the honorable professor for a new lesson in cloning. This region of young and cultured minds felt chided by this mix of California voodoo geneticism Malzor brought this day.

Malzor’s comments were strongly in favor of continuing the cloning experiment and advancing these efforts into the human arena. Further, he divulged his theory by making certain he would work diligently to this end as humanity approached the 21st century. As evidenced by the crowd response, the collection of folks in this University of Utah auditorium felt affronted by Malzor and were to gather like the panel on their own to interchange ideas on how to deal with this man. They felt he had to be stopped by a lesson they were willing to wager on his consciousness.

As Malzor made his way back stage, he kept a kind flow of conversation with UCLA Geneticist Hubert Yimen. The panel felt no indifference towards Malzor, though Hubert and the rest wanted the safety of Malzor to be preserved. As they got back stage, Malzor asked Hubert for a ride back to his Hilton hotel room. Hubert agreed.

Both men made their salutations to the speech organizer at the college and fellow panel members before making their way back to the car. While on their way back to the car, Malzor was restless and uneasy about huddling crowds ready to snare him up like a lost piece of flesh in a chemistry set gone very awry. Hubert slid around the back end of the car to the driver’s side to unlock Malzor’s door. Hubert looked up to see Malzor and quipped a quick joke as they got in, he noticed Malzor was nowhere to be found. There weren’t even footsteps or a trace of human life around to sweep Malzor away, he thought. Immediately Hubert jumped into his car, locked the doors and sped away in search of any sight of a bound and kidnapped fellow geneticist. Making his way around the parking lot and the crowds of people still in front of the auditorium entrance, he stopped the car and peered hard for Malzor. Nothing in sight. With this in mind, he parked the car and called campus security from a house phone. They said they would dispatch some guards immediately to the area.

Upon arrival, Hubert had searched the landscape some more and was completely out of answers. He told the guards the story. Malzor simply disappeared. He told security that Malzor was about 5’5”, cropped gray hair, no glasses, thick goat-tee, unbuttoned white oxford, black pants and would assuredly be out of place with a group of college students. The four security guards nodded, turned around and started to split up with flashlights bobbing for the missing speaker.

Nearly 20 minutes went past. Students had quickly filtered out from the front of the auditorium entrance and it was Hubert with several straggler students waiting around the front of the auditorium. By that time, the security guards had come back telling Hubert they found nothing. Not a trace of Malzor. Although, they reassured Hubert that they had called the local police department and requested they deploy several cars specifically in search of Malzor and to forewarn patrolling cops to keep on look out for Malzor. This eased Hubert some, though he was more than tense and uneasy with his new friend disappearing in such an odd and black magic fashion. The security guards assured him that the local police would do everything they could to find him. They said it was out of Hubert’s hands to hang around anymore. At this, Hubert went back to his hotel room. Restless with new ideas and the strange kidnapping of Malzor, he barely slept a wink that night.

The next morning he immediately called the local precinct for an update. No Malzor. Policemen searched the whole night through exhaustively. It actually turned into a manhunt. Pressure was put on by the University and Malzor’s colleagues and family for his whereabouts. With this news, Hubert saw nothing more than his plane ticket sitting on his stand and his way out of this strange and bizarre trip that sucked him into a maddening vortex. Hubert left for the airport, caught his plane and never heard of really what happened to Malzor until one night late several months later on a CNN early morning edition of news headlines.

“This is a bizarre one from Salt Lake City, Utah . . . “ the anchor woman said. “The intense two-month search for a missing Stanford geneticist, Malzor Simeon, ended in a fatal and almost unbelievable scenario. Pieces of his body were found in various stages of experimentation in a biology lab at the University of Utah. The many parts used in the experiments were out in the open being studied and researched by students, though the whole of his body was found in a body bag in a basement dumpster. The only parts of his body used were his eyes, nose, tongue, fingers and lungs. The rest was discarded. Police are investigating this murder and we’ll have the details for you as they become clearer. . . . In other news, the

newest animal cloned under the guise of 'genetic engineering' was a zebra named Libby in a Dutch lab. The scientific community has come forward with mixed responses."

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They ran him down and found out he was an innocent man. He would occasionally get a shiver that would run down his spine when he would type on that keyboard and the house cat would dwindle underneath his desk with a quivering tale and racing mind. Letting The Beatles White Album (Disc 2) run into the sunshine that met his Saturday cigarette smoke like an old friend on a known city street.

Whisking about the dreams that went down the night before, he knows the coffee brewing in the other room will be done soon. The past means less than the others. His fingers caress the 26 letters, characters and occasional numbers that flit about with the potential of flesh off a pig.

As the words and lines of poetry glaze over the walls like new milk from a young cow, the day is beyond just one adventure and the night has no course for excuses. The piano, Paul, smoke, coffee and a tan easel in the corner splashed with brushes of paint hang in the present. The present that found the man innocent with all the other convicted people that find themselves innocent at the same time.

Also, his mother listens to his tape and reads over his deceased brother's poetry. She takes down my address and tells me she'll send a copy.

EPILOGUE—

The State of Missouri has denied me my benefits for approximately 6 weeks. Denied about \$1,100 cash.

This, after a recorded hearing about a week ago. The man in dry clothing and a dryer mind wades about questions that would make a child cast a wish with the swami to stay in childhood for eternity.

Yes, denied for a human error. The state in this State would not let the accusations rest. They took it forward. So, don't fuck up. Or the dry man in the tie will get you in a room and pelt you like a lawyer in the lost Grisham novel. Just because he has to and not because it's you as you sit in the room and look at the State seal and wonder if conversations about justice is dust or truth.

Stick to your truths and answer the phone when it rings. Answer it even when your first instinct tells you that it would be a bad idea. I have found that the worst ideas can turn into the best ideas. This as the world gets high and loses their first bought vinyl album they bought for \$1.13 a decade ago.

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Have you heard about the new campaign getting into collection? Cigarette ash from half a million people collected in one spot on one day in a big ceramic bowl.

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Chest begins to cave in from the damaged arteries of too many cigarettes in the daytime, nighttime, and possibly the morning. Nose runs to the sound of faucet taps and the night comes upon our bones like a new glass of vegetable juice we haven't had the gumption or flat courage to stomach.

The pains resolve to float about the body in a catatonic whirl as the rest of the world looks for a way to get or avoid the new vastly improved flu shot.

Tell you; give me that shot or needle end for I can't have this chest caving in on me.

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His head is pounding like 24 buzzards circling over a dead jackrabbit on a South Dakota road. The feet are still intact; the sky circles like the lost kaleidoscope in the little child's pocket book. Hands lost, the eyeballs hang like lost prayers in an ancient religious chant. Thighs in place, wrists scream with the milk on the broken floor, four more hours and many more years to come. Until the lights blend with the darks and we can all have a chance to take the laundry out of the basket and sell the basket off with all the rest of the promises they made with the buzzard circles.

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Saw the sign above the K-Mart. It was a crystallized black-and-white image of the grocer pulling sacks of brown bags from below the counter. A female clerk goes on by looking straight into the crowd that is watching the screen. She makes a perturbed face and points over the man's head. As the crowd averts their eyes from the large drive-in screen on top of the K-Mart, they notice an airplane flying low towards the crowd with pesticides being sprayed about the land. The people begin to panic, scream, duck, pulls hands over ears and eyes as the plane advances. Just as the plane gets near enough to drop any kind of hint of bug death, the plane disappears and laughter comes from the sound box attached to the ground by the people. The characters in the large screen on the K-Mart laugh for they know that it was just another set of moving pictures that dazzled and frightened the crowd. As their laughter died down and dusk begins to become night, the characters on the screen break their silence and tell the crowd, both man and girl, in unison: "This time it will be real," they say sternly pointing above them. As the crowd of people turn around everything turns white.

Just flat white. Not bright white. All pure white. People begin walking with outstretched arms knocking into one another. All there can be seen is white. Nothing more. Not even when you're right next to a person, touching a person or thing can anything other than pure and all encompassing white be seen. Heard in the background is the hideous laughter of the store manager and clerk as even the big "K" mart logo is now white.

This is how they live now. In all white. They used to feel the fear of being secluded in the dark with black, eternal black all about them. Now, it's all white. They have no idea how their world suddenly turned white, but it sure as shit is white now. Next week it may be all red, orange, purple, burgundy, teal, cherry, slightly gray or others. For now, all white and the wicked laughter.

Running for the sanity of their mind in the white washed over world ordered by the screen hanging above the K-Mart.

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The boys needed to make their day and they didn't want to go in and either punch a clock or see a boss' face. Fed up with the system they feel inclined to take it out on the system Now, I drive toothless with my license plates for the stickers that were taken off swiftly with a razor blade by the boys. Taking that sticky mass of love to be sold, they have a ticket to my driving freedom and a ticket I could get if the cops pull me over. My line of thinking... if the cops do pull me over, I just found out about the loss of registration. Yes, the boys or girls if it may be, took off with a piece of my Prudential rock and sold it to another person thinking of crack or trying not to be swallowed by the crack. The teams of downtown souls trying to run away from the fleshy monster with skin seeking more money, power and all of those material tangibles that fall betwixt this realm.

Take care of those stickers out there. May it bode that crazy piece of metal of yours well. If you happen to pull up next to me at a stop sign and you feel you have reached this line in error, smile for you have my shake of the state's cash in this dash down the street in speeds and colors the other cop boys on the clock like to click when they escape from faces they would rather not see for another night.

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Bus drivers waiting for a hitch on the new bus they will take to stops about the city. The empty loading zones, drunk UPS drivers, filled parking garage spots, the looters with their new schemes, the artists that reside south of the downtown coffee thinkers, geniuses dead by no disguise and the pets that get their water bowl filled on a new Friday afternoon.

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Late night jazz tunes as the drunk eyes look up to the lamp for some clarity in the signals that heeded to some other form of philosophy. The local public radio station has cut into their programming schedule to plead with the civilian folk for some dimes or other form of currency to keep the station moving with regular uncommercialized programs.

Oh, and how the commercialized stations continue with their banter of the issues that go from the media into the great growing pile of earth worms that move with ease and no mystery to cover their cunning indecency. Yes, the non's want some cash to keep the content listening away from the listened-to in town.

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I was walking down the street the other day. I took Walnut down some blocks past the New York burrito joint and decided not to stop for the full cigarette in my right hand. Around the corner past the construction and away from the courthouse down the way with memorials to blind justice and bowls full of raspberry yogurt, I go with my ailing pair of shoes I bought at a thrift shop some time back. As I traveled over a metal guard with slits protecting the boilers below, my shoe sole got caught and snapped quickly from the body of my shoe. With my heel and leather bottom snapping to the lunchtime walkers, I was laughing all the way back to my vehicle to go up the street for another pair of shoes. Yes, hell I was just snapping like a pack of gum out of control in a child's mouth. Going some blocks past the crowds as they threw me their looks. Yes, I lost my sole. That fucking soul on my shoe.

Twenty minutes later I was fixed up with a new pair of soles and what they call "a person's window to the world." Yes, another set of souls and how those shoes pinched my feet in a new feel for the rest of that whole day.

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My lover and I were at the restaurant trying to find the right seat to eat our meal. Our backs weren't facing the windows, though we wanted something better. As the waitress came by to ask us what drink we wanted to start out with, we told her we wanted to find the right table first. She gave us a look of annoyed procrastination and walked away to serve other tables that were content with their seating arrangement. After about 10 minutes of hanging out with this table, we had spotted the table we wanted to get involved with. About that time, the waitress came back and told us with a serious grin that she wanted us to step outside to show us something scientifically spectacular. So, we were a little bemused and ready to take her up on the offer. As we stepped outside, she had a late model Volkswagen Passat with an old sheet draped on both sides promoting her other moonlighting business besides this one. She looked at us, snapped her fingers and 3 other people escaped into the vicinity and hopped into the car. She then went over to the car herself and turned the key just enough to juice the radio and turn on the internal engine lights. Then, she reached her head out and said, "Check this crazy maneuver out."

After she said that, the car began to collapse to the ground. Once near the ground, the car looked about as flat as a manhole, the car whipped quickly back up into its former shape and size. Everyone in the car looked our way with a smile while in one piece and perfectly whole. Then, the car did this again. Morphing and bulging in and out all the more, she did this several times over. By that time a small group had huddled around my lover and I to watch further into this scientific spectacle. At that time, I looked over to an older woman and asked her what the term was that defined this act the waitress and mystery cast was performing. All she said was, "Her neighbors can't stand her."

They did the trick on last time and got out of the car. The passengers escaped out of the night, while the waitress walk by with a click and wink of her eyes and asked, "Do you still have questions for a better seat to eat your dinner?"

Indeed we did not. We walked back into the restaurant and requested the same server. As she came back over with a different looking face, we both ordered a large plate of fish. This time, at the same table with fronts facing the wall.

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The social implications of his face as we sat on top of their apartment complex in the middle of downtown last night. He had the attention of me and another friend sitting to my right with a can of light beer in his grips. This, as the casinos, bridges, hospitals, banks, skyscrapers, echoes, screams, kneading and loving twinkled in the warm fall air. Though, the air was continually taking a turn on the building top.

Yes...back to the implications. He asked us if we ever questioned our individuality. He said he had been doing quite a bit of it later.

My response . . . if you don't question yourself every once in a while in one way or another, which directly translates to your mentality on individuality, you cease advancing as an individual. By virtue of who you are and how you feel about events and your life, you will lead yourself into an unceasing journey into the individual realm. Though, if complete complacency and non-thought beyond things such a bowel movements start to dominate the mind, individuality is in trouble. For to questions you placement and

evolution in this matrix of flesh and a million events, questions will only lead you to answers or that quest to find your answers. So, as far as this white guy can see it, questions are individual choices. Thus, the individuality come through like a tan rope when you figure this whole blue ball full of people have gone completely out of their non-assuming minds and leaped off the wrong side of the mind. Go ahead and question they're my friend and friends, we can compare notes sometime. Or not compare notes, because we will probably be on our way past those questions into new zones that won't have any reason to warrant further questions of that magnitude.

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They're in Paris now. They'll be there for some time. Some time after the wedding came to a close. The same church my folks got married in over 30 years ago when I was only an afterthought and the forewarnings were just another bright sparkle in the sky called spices to add into this drink. Back to Paris. . . . the couple are likely in Disney. This friend of mine from the Dominican Republic shook my hand at the reception and wanted to know if he could get me anything in France. "Nothing French," I told him. The man from the Dominican and his new wife from Kansas should know this though . . . his parents could dance like nothing else was going on in this world. They removed all playful fantasies off their countenance at that reception and took to the floor like the band coming from the speakers were in the room shedding a tear for agile feet. Man and woman twisting and maneuvering in some Spanish salsa of love for the white faces to look on in grand appreciation. They fucked that dance floor and threw the condom on the ground for good measure. Good feet, great heads of hair. I bet they get me something French over in that country of love.

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I dressed in drag with my lover dressed as a kid for the Kansas costume party. Once we got into the Halloween theme at their home, there was to be a scavenger hunt across the town. Deep in the heart of one of the richest counties in the country, we had a Polaroid and 10 clues to get us back in an hour-and-a-half. I went to a grocery store, Saturday night bar, Wal-Mart, liquor store, cemetery, high school and other random spots taking the looks of the locals trying to figure why I was wearing the red lipstick and carrying a guitar like an axe. People have indeed lost their sense of abandon and adventure. Makes me think it's a pure fucking shame that us white people really kicked the holy shit out of the Indians. They have more style, make-up and class to out us white people in any fancy chance of drag masquerades. Yes, it's a shame. The Indians should rise up and kick the shit out of the lazy fucks settling for nothing. Bring John Lennon and Ghandi back in a full headdress, then mix in a nice group of Indians and we'll teach the folks a little something about something.

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The wise ones huddle barely undressed in alleys singing the songs the masses won't hear and it will be a nice lick on the wounds of the world people aren't ready to mend yet.

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You see healthy because you want to be healthy. You seek the sick because you know you're not sick, but are sick in the same motion.

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If you start taking it too seriously and begin making the process a religion, the process is going to swallow you whole and take you for a louse in the game that comes with a smile and ends in one death.

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The mongers aren't going to tell you because they know that you don't want to hear it. The minute you let loose that you may want to hear about it . . . there's not going to be a single word they're going to utter to let you in on a thing.

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Temporal or permanent places. Some folks are meant to live in Kansas City all their lives. Others want to get back down to New Mexico, or like a good friend, back to the familiar findings of Los Angeles. Others want that temporal existence that goes with feeling good about being mobile and just plain alive. I want to be in Arizona in the near future. Ready to break from the Midwest climactic shifts and narrow minds. I'm ready to move and move and move and move and move, stay and more and more until more is moving and staying is moving. You see the process.

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Oklahoma City at night. The ghost town. Room service with the cold air of morning fog hitting me square in the face. Working for architects and engineers that are at least 20-25 years older than me and making more money in hours than my yearly salary. Eating on the company clock listening to the business people move with angry marriages below my hotel window. In the town on my 26th birthday – the cake that came on the day in the Oklahoma City air and the napkins that were used for the plain hell of it all.

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“So, well, what . . . like what I'm trying to say is . . . I haven't seen you for years. Something about you has changed. Come on . . . come on. . . don't tell me. I can't put my finger on it. What is it . . . give me a second.” She said.

“I drink more strawberry milk. That's what it is. I drink more strawberry milk these days.” I responded.

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There were cabs hailed. Yes, you can bet that wallet full of dough that the cabs were hailed there in the Chicago fall cold. The first cabby pulled up to pick up four women and myself. Grinning with the Indian brim of new customers and old crinkled cash that would come on the end of some miles and more of that small talk he grows large on as the day shrinks. Yes, he said he was married to his fifth wife with a grin on his face reaffirming his love of broads. Yea, he loved the women with four scrunched in the back of his yellow cab on that Chicago day.

We were on our way down into the city to do some eats at the restaurant they are characteristically bitter with you from the minute you walk into the door and people love to pay for it. It's Halloween. Men dressed in drag, including myself later that night, and the women shoving their tits around in more than many sordid sort of directions. Caught in the enigma and laughing at the hope dripping off the dentures of the cab driver, I gave him my best rendition to help him make it through another day that he hates the boss and wants nothing more than the sky to rain down a blizzard of crisp twenty dollar bills so he can leave for Vegas and his sixth wife. We made it to the restaurant and I took my picture with him. In black and white to fit the frame of the day that was taking place. Tossed him the rest of my cash and remembered if he asked me if I had ever been on television. I told him no and that were on television right now. He just laughed along with the other locals in costume trying to consume or produce on the day pronounced as his and ours in this Metropolis of America.

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All he wants to do is to provide for his family. He has done that. Try not to try so hard, the young girl said up to the sky. For the color of pink Pokka dots came down in a crazy dream the clown threw away in his lost night of sleep on the stage of stages that swallowed him whole like a fat man's mouth approaching an olive.

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Ignorant to the point of being crass. They darted around the point because the band was getting ready with their warm up. No, it wasn't their warm up. It was the real thing. A juggernaut of juxtaposed notes making their way into the ears out the head and into the walls that had a pulse, which would choke an elephant. Thick and full of non-thought the band wasn't paid and the beer was as cold as the Arctic in June.

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I told the waitress that a good idea for coaster and napkins in a restaurant would be to take the scribbles on a waiters or waitresses order pad and use them as designs. It would give the quiet and the curious something to figure out. Was that a coke with no ice, sirloin blood with a side of raw zucchini? Trying to decode the pages of orders written everyday by those making their cash in school and out of school. The new design for the right restaurant. We may have an idea going kids. There may be some hope in that glass of water. Keep you pants on though.

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This just happens to be the five hundred and six-second page your looking at. The exasperated faces have escaped from the shadows to look into this page for some reason. Reasons that aren't written in the eternal stone, yet aren't kept from the seascape of possibilities to present something that will make a connection with this group. It's not a piece of a plot to the newest horror movie or drama that will be echoed like a sailing bird in a mountain, though it may make enough of a ripple to be heard in the next generation by a vagabond goon. What lies within this page is the first page. What lies in the second page is the page after the first page and another reason for you to grab for that idea. If that idea or connection to the writing doesn't come, then it may very well come to you in several days when a line comes popping into your mind like a Beatles tune you can't remember the title to. Yet, that jingle sticks and heed like honey that forgot the wine and bartered a new soul with another exasperated face.

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The tree in the forest reached deep into the ground and found a human male to whack its own trunk down. It had a feeling that too many lines had been ringed around its life. Too little reasons to not show what it feels like to be on the other side of the hand swipe.

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Have you ever wondered why they have a little girl cuddling some duck or roll of cotton on the front of a toilet paper package? Come on people, I want a fat bastard smoking a cigar in one hand and a cigarette on the other while he's on the pot reaching for a new lukewarm Hamm's. We shit or wipe up urine with toilet paper. I've never met anyone that has sat on the stool dreaming of hugging a duck or actually hugging a duck.

**

Well, the hearing is over. It took about fifteen minutes. From the minute I walked into the room, things ere being recorded. So, as I looked down at the microphone I tripped over the leg of a chair next to me and fell hard on the ground. The appeals officer rushed to help me up and in the process yanked the microphone off the table. The cord was twisted around his foot. So, he had to get the microphone back up on the table. Then, before he can hook the microphone up he leaves the room for some assistance. While he's gone, I reach into my pack for those crazy papers of documentation. I left them at the place. So, at this stage I'm against the wall with only a hot griddle of steaming worstechire eggs on my mind. He comes back into the room, gives me a stern look, says nothing at all and begins writing in his pad as a man from the mechanical closet comes in to hook up the microphone. Nothing is said until the mic is hooked up again. After the mic is hooked in, the assistant leaves the room and the appeal's officer attempts to start at point A. He explains the case, makes me take oath, etc. After that, he starts speaking. I hear not one word. Knowing that I have no documentation and the details in my head are foggy, I cross my legs tight and look at his mouth move. I

notice around the inside rim of his mouth that there is a white substance stuck and lactating about. As he comes to the end of his words I HEARD but didn't LISTEN to, I ask him if he could take care of the white substance that is in his dry mouth. At that point, he picks up a pen pointing straight at me and reminds me that I am under oath, being recorded and steering far out of line for this hearing. He picks up my fax. I can tell because I noticed my signature on the form and reiterates my case. At that point, as before, all I heard were words that could have been Japanese, High Spanish, Low Italian or jumbled Swiss. I'm serious now -- With nothing in hard copy to defend me and throwing out the theory that few words is the best policy; I decide the state on tape should hear my side. This is what I tell him: "LOOK, BETWEEN THE LENGTHY DISCOURSE OF VERBAL VERBATIM YOUR TRYING TO CONFUSE ME WITH LIE MY EYES. YOUR NOT TWISTING MY THOUGHTS NOR WORDS AND YOU'D BE BETTER SUITED IF YOU EXPLAINED TO ME IN SIMPLE TERMS WHAT YOU WANT ME TO TELL YOU. SINCE YOU CANNOT DO THAT, SIR, I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU MY SKINNY AND BE ON MY WAY TO MY NEW JOB, WHILE YOU CONTINUE YOUR DAY'S WORK. I WAS NEW TO THE UNEMPLOYMENT SYSTEM. IT'S A LOT LIKE CHESS. BEFORE YOU START PLAYING CHESS, YOU OBVIOUSLY HAVE NO IDEA HOW THE HELL TO MOVE THE PIECES OR PLOT YOUR STRATEGY. SO, YOU HAVE SOMEONE SHOW YOU THE BASICS IN ORDER TO LEARN THE GAME. FROM THERE. THE GAME BECOMES FAMILIAR AND YOU DEVELOP YOUR OWN STRATEGIES AND SYNAPSE SCHEMES TO ADVANCE YOUR GAME AND DEFEAT YOUR OPPONENT. THE POINT OF MY ANALOGY IS THIS -- THE WORKERS OF THE STATE, THOSE INDIVIDUALS THAT ARE PAID BY MY PAY STUBS FAILED TO EXPLAIN CLEARLY HOW I SHOULD HAVE FILED MY CLAIMS. SO, NOW ABOUT 3 MONTHS AFTER THE FACT I HAVE TO EXPLAIN TO YOU WHY I SHOULD BE PAID MY EARININGS THAT I CLEARLY DESERVE. THE WORKERS OF THIS STATE FAILED TO SHOW ME HOW TO PLAY THE CHESS GAME AND YOUR ABOUT READY TO SNATCH MY QUEEN AND KING OFF THE COURT. IF THAT'S THE CASE, YOU AS A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE STATE, ARE TELLING ME THAT HUMAN ERROR AND THE ABILITY TO LEARN AND CORRECT THOSE ERRORS DON'T FALL WITHIN THE JURISDICTIONS OF YOUR RULING OR DESICION IN THE STATE OF MISSOURI. IF THIS IS THE CASE, SO BE IT. NOW SIR, I HAVE TO BE GETTING ON TO MY NEW JOB. I HAVE NO MORE TO ADD AND P.S. -- WIPE THAT SHIT OUT FROM THE INSIDE OF YOUR MOUTH."

At this point he looked down, reached over and clicked the tape recorder off and told me "GET THE HELL OUT OF THIS ROOM."

I got up and left. Went to the upstairs bathroom and hummed the tune to the Bozo show, waved to the gallery of clerks to my left as I exited the bathroom and smiled because I said more than was allowed.

**

We were sitting in the booth at the Chicago coffee shop waiting for ham, an omelet, more coffee and our ride back to Midway airport to grab our flight out. Before all of this went down, I found a Saturn key the night before on the sidewalk in front of the hotel. Many months before this, I found a Ford key on the subway runway while waiting in Penn Station for the right subway to the bowels of Downtown New York City. From the point in Chicago, when I found just another errant car key in a big city, the theme of finding a key to a major automobile was the fancy. After that, I went to a live concert gig that a friend's boyfriend was playing as the guitarist. I was dressed up like a lopsided whore on Halloween night in Chicago. Before the show ended, I went back with my lover to the hotel room to transform back into a man. After that, we went out with her cousin to catch some drinks and a popular late night blues joint on the east side of town. Within walking distance from the hotel, we made it there within five minutes. We drank. Watched the black man on guitar make the crowd sizzle with nothing more than his expectations and the chilly Chicago air that was to await our walk back to the hotel. As the hour of 4:00AM came to our beacon, we left for our jaunt back to the hotel. On the way to the hotel, my lover's cousin found a key in the doorway to the hotel. She gave it to me to stay within the theme of finding keys in big cities. I took the key that had a distinct look as though it was a pipe. As a novice on the marijuana scene, I took the key in my late or early morning stupor back to the hotel room. I threw the "supposed" key into my backpack. Now, back to the coffee shop next to the hotel. Our ride arrived. We made it to the airport and caught our flight. This whole time I had no idea about the pipe stuffed with marijuana until 2 nights late while I was talking to my lover. I went to uncork the top that was stuck on the fat end of the pipe and discovered the time I could have served in the jail cells of Chicago. Truly blindsighted by the rock of mary in the smuggled pipe, I wondered what angel

was on duty that late afternoon in Chicago. It could have been ugly. Very ugly. Truly and verily I tell you the truth right now.

**

Walking down the street to the coffee shop and a homeless woman with baby blue rimmed sun glasses after dusk comes up to me asking for some change. I tapped for all the change I was worth except one nickel that was waiting for Uncle Sam on my forthcoming cup of coffee. I told her I had none. Went into the coffee shop, dropped off some of my chapbooks and came out with a hot cup of love. Coming up to the corner again, the woman must have been blinded by those super sunglasses. She asked me again for some change. I used it all on the taxes that tax. All this time, she was taming a man that was shooting bullets from his mouth towards me. I just peered over the rim of my glasses trying to figure what this man was trying to say to me. Calling me a name or his old woman's name, he just sat there rocking viciously calling me a name. I looked, nodded that I had no change. She said thanks again and God Bless. I walked across that street with the "DON'T WALK" prompt flashing with all the orange the night just swallowed. That fucking hot cup of coffee and the gibberish from the man on the corner. What he said? Maybe the coffee that left my bowels has an idea. For now, I have none.

**

Coming around the corner into the last stretch before heading home I saw a shooting comet coming through the earth's atmosphere like a roman candle shot from an invisible hand on the corner of the sky. As the head and tail disappeared into a faint trail of lost white smoke, I thought "prosperity." For you, the sky and the invisible hands that shoot these things forth. Making no valid wish for myself. The sky blew out yet another birthday candle while I laughed for the rest of the comets that aren't so lucky or lucky enough to see our eyes and catch our resulting wishes. Wishes shooting from the mouth of an infant, stars exploding over the sky like there was never a sun shining in the first place.

**

Placing putty on the walls, it will be painted red later. Placing pen marks on the trim, blue paint will be applied later. It's 56° in Midtown. The paints and putty's coming together for one more tune in the stretch of song that will sodder the solids and empty the holes.

**

We missed him by five minutes. He missed us by an evening. Coming off mixed drinks and crisp November air, those Jazz cats kill me every time. My lover close by, the billboards wept for what was to come in the closing hours. When eyes wake up early and think later. Kids always desire the chalk board erasers over their crayon sharpeners. Those beautiful crayons and their 64 flagrant colors.

**

the blood begins to lose its touch on the fountains. The laughable stock of pink salmon's jumping out of the water's way to let a city laugh.

**

Isn't it funny in your hands and more amusing spliced between your toes? Ho, how the laughter of many books fill the sorrow they call struggle and the anguish they prefer to refer as doubt.

**

He mows the grass because of the rain. He cuts the engine because of the pay at the end of his day.

**

Knocking over the cold red solution to let it drip around the downtown pick-nick bench. Hallowed out with holes, the breeze blows the sounds of fountain as the sound of sand blaster, far off laughter, foot steps approaching and an engine raring high makes it to ears. Not many more sounds above the shout as the sand blaster takes at the cinder blocks and tubing clogging up something old.

**

Why do all the houseflies gather around me? He asks himself.
Do I stink? He wonders.
Did all the muddled food and shit of the world disappear?
Am I the new molds or shit?
He just sat there escaping from the flies with swats of his hand.
Is he the *new shit* or just another feast of food?

**

Approaching Thanksgiving. Approaching the place I'm driving to up North. I pass a piece of a pine tree hanging out in the middle of the road. Approaching past the middle of the road to the left side with the turn signal blaring to the folks behind. Christmas is approaching. I'm approaching. All this advancing as the reverse notion lies silent on the gearshift. That piece of pine would do a good turn to return to that tree and grow some more love for the smokers out there. For we need the oxygen and the kids need a grand Christmas tree. We're approaching more. Approaching past quasi Americanized fast food Mexican restaurants. Approaching past the park prompt I once had the car in. Approaching to see the family. Approaching. . flat approaching.

**

He leaves the corridor of his first dream and opens the door to the garage, thus entering his second dream. Looking into the empty garage, he notices the garage door on the right is open with a car parked in the driveway next to the door. It's a dulled blue pinto with both doors wide open. It's before morning; the darkness is hanging in the envelope waiting to be opened. He advances towards the car with a peeked anticipation. Whipping past the open door on the driver's side, he gets the back end of the car and faces the garage again. The doors are now closed on the car and the garage. He scratches his head and turns to walk towards the street. After his first step, he falls out of this second dream into a rushing flow of river water. Welcome to dream #3, no homes, cars, open doors and little chance for dream #4 to come.

**

Old timer hunched over his shoulders pulling back the baby blue sleeves to the button-down ensemble. Moving like a level escalator is taking his steps. Down the row, the steps arise like 5 chastised children in a box of cereal waiting for a carton of milk.

**

Miracle man with the yellow loped rope. How for why not did you neglect them at home?

**

Street sledge hammer pulling at slabs below your feet, a mind full of emptied dresses and \$1.14 for a fucking nice lunch special.

**

Just as quickly why? With just as quickly when?

**

Name badge podge in a lodge he lost his suitcase as the lawn men spit grass on the KC Walk of Fame star of Steve Palermo and the other slabs of marble Kansas City will forget.

**

They brought us across the intersection to pick the scene apart.

**

Little girl with mother in bus stop. Mom and child discuss the cloud formations going through the white man's mind next to them.

**

How does the air smell when there's no particular stench or scent in the air.

**

I pace over the Oklahoma throughway.

**

Snakes withering through grass with humps on their backs, eyes on their tails, human nostrils, 2 tongues and dried jellies on their underbelly.

**

I pulled into the garage tonight and had a thought. You know, I won a free burrito recently at a restaurant down the street from work for dropping off my business card into a fish bowl. That made me think some more. If I ever get the chance to run into a lot of money, I'm going to set up fish bowls all around town setting up contests to win these crazy little things. Things like a box of paper clips, a box of jellybeans or free pizza tickets. Then I thought, I don't win things that often. Then, some hours later the Jazz show at night offered tickets to the tenth caller. I never call into radio shows, but I had a feeling tonight about the show they were giving away tickets to. I wanted some of those. I called. . . busy line. Finally, the man that speaks to me abstractly many nights during the week took my call and tossed me some tickets. I don't know when the show is exactly or exactly where the tickets are, but I'll find out. It should be worth it. Those jazz boys kill me. Every time.

**

Intrigue. We battle for the interesting, or can hope, when the day is called done & done is called completed. Our open-ended beginning.

**

Stone column drifts evaporating in the city. The song sung past brings the mist back to life.

**

You figure out what is rare by the enormity of something covered by word-of-mouth or simply never seeing such of that kind before in your life. You recognize the common because you have to or see it on a

regular cycle or loathe it for the rarity that opens the inner eyes and brings to bearer of a new eye that can swivel mechanically through the automatic commonalties.

**

It was some time down the line in the future. A future people were hoping wasn't going to become a reality some years back. They only saw bits and portions of this reality via television or the movies. Although, the humans have made this reality and all the governments, organizations, groups, followers and lovers made it. You drive down freeways and instead of seeing dead animals. You know, the errant dog, cat, opossum, deer or aardvark, you see children. People are discarding their children from vehicles on full speed down the highway. People just don't want them anymore and instead of concealing their wicked crimes, they throw them out in broad daylight out onto the street. In front of us and in front of you.

Yes, it was tuned into a twisted and sick business of taking caution into the fortnight and making the children of our world the discarded chips in a twisted poker game of fate. These children are either still barely alive on the side of the road or twisted with a countenance that chastises the human race for their brief interlude on this planet below. The creator and creators are ashamed. This refuse of folks throwing away this children just drive off to get another 30-pack of condoms hoping the same mistake won't happen again. This is the future and what was once seen a sacrilege is seen as survival now. Folks throwing away folds in the non-traditional sense.

It's the white-hot glow in the sky. It's the whirl of something the future wasn't devised to create, or even explain when it all came down. It's cold oatmeal standing next to hot mild. It's the beginning of the world and the end of civilization. It's a little bastard reaching his hand into a jar at a convenience store while the clerk isn't watching to take a fifty dollar bill away from the food drive for the homeless. It's now. It's what we'll call the future together. Yet, it won't be in unison.

**

The man folds underneath himself in the sky that holds the lifted breath of the world.

**

He drove us around for miles. Twelve dollars or more on the meter. The cab driver was lost. We told him we were found. THANKS.

**

Took the caps of the capitalization. I'm going back to the lower case scene. You know, the capitals did serve me well in the time that they made the SHIFT key seem obsolete. I'm back here words. Back for a little action – back for a little bit more love.

**

Coming next . . . some new music for the "WORLD CAFÉ" serving some jive, taking a little delight in the world that has molded the words. As the smoke whirls around and the antelopes scream in the newly frosted light, we listen to the music. Sipping the drinks and eating all that food on the plate. Here in the room that call the "WORLD CAFÉ." Lopping in the love, taking the toothpick for all it's worth and letting the world breath will all the gusto is was given as the free liberty in the liability lot.

**

I reached into the wallet and the credit card was nearly torn into sheds. Ripped on the sides, no tangible green money was in the wallet. Well, I guess I'm not going to make this purchase. I think I'll live without it. Can the world live without it? I think yes.

**

We walked in somewhat late to the performance. The man on stage was strumming his upright bass with a bow as we walked through the faint music while the drummer and pianist sat idle for his solo. Looks of optimistic dementia washed over their faces like a fresh sink of morning water. After we sat down in the newly renovated theater in the 18th & Vine district, the boys and gal on stage started picking up the sauce. Splashing in intricate timing to the eternal symbol crashes in their heads. They came together. We walked in for their coming together. Another miracle on stage in the name of the Jazz string as the kept my mouth open and the people muttering over and again over, "beautiful."

They didn't serve coffee, but plenty of other alcoholic endeavors were floating throughout the house. When the first set ended and the curtain came in two tufts of blue clouds across the stage to cover the set, we left. Into the streets on a warm November night. Ready to walk. Ready to tune. Trying to keep up with just a piece of their timing.

**

4=Yš——` ¶|÷òó°

**

Dripping with style and charisma, the cards just fell in order as he motioned over for another hit of the cards and some bourbon. BAM, again the cards went ahead of haste and showed him some interesting sorts of hits. He couldn't miss. Even when the midget concierge tied his shoe laces together. He would catch the practical joke, laugh, reach down to untie his shoes without looking for the culprit and make his way to the bathroom. He had all the right clicks and the cards loved him. The women looked at him like the father who could be a lover they never had. Yet, when the cards didn't fall so right, it was those nights he wasn't around. For he had other things planned and his bills were paid for the next 6 months. This creamy cool cat with that walk and glow that made the murderer think twice as the sight of an easy heist.

Yea, they just fell right and in this little tale. . . we won't know what happened when those cards decided to face the other way in the grand GRAND game.

**

Our government decided that each person in this country should have a personally numbered and seal mint mailed to their home. For this was to be the immaculate Christmas gift that each person that does and doesn't pay taxes see as their great materialization. Once they arrived in the mail, it would be on December 17th, they had to go outside two days before the celebration of the Christian Christmas holiday and do one of two things. Either eat the mint with the other mint eaters or throw the candy as hard as they could straight into the air. A starlight night. The night the country could live with their neighbors breath and truly throw caution into the winds. Hard and high just like the sky.

**

They molded the figures out of cheap clays. Took them down to the corner to sell to the passer-by's that wanted to buy their time and some amusement. The people gushed by like rushes of rotten wind to buy the trinkets of the immaculate private entrepreneur who had some extra clay and no extra cash. They would come down to the corner for a new conversation and another dose of dazzled creativity. The people just plucked down the cash like there was no more theological salvation that could take their soul up to the next level of reality. Yes, they just smiled this grand countenance like they had defeated the world after they would purchase these inexpensive pieces of clay that were sold on the streets and made on the side by a guy that had some clay and no extra time. Why were these pieces so favorable to the masses? Because of this. . . each person had to meet the artist first and tell them either what they wanted to look like or that they were very pleased with the way they looked. From this, the artist would request their presence several days later for them to pick up their pieces. This was the artist's way of getting to know the people and to give it straight to them with all the extra clay and no extra cash to spare. Oh, how he made the folks thrill and dazzle at the pieces. His clay and their likeness. Over and over until he got extra clay with no extra cash on the side.

**

I remember this dream in particular. Walking through a field on the top of a mountain. There are trees as thick as scum sin hanging in the sky close by like a fly that won't leave the sweat ducts alone. Although, as I enter this one section of the field on the top of the mountain, I'm harkened to remember one part.

A premonition – a reoccurring dream.

This young woman comes out with clothing that looks like sleek skin. She looks at me and I look back at her. We don't exchange words. She's waiting to give my subconscious a good talk. I look around some more, think about the chances that are at my hand and what mountain I'm on exactly. I remember medium sized puddles and streams bringing down with it enough tad poles to make the water look a wanton dirty color that brings nothing but beauty to mind. It swells within like a balloon that continues to build even after the threshold has been met.

I look at her and she looks at me. My hands at my sides, yet ready to raise at the verbal command from her mouth. I stare. She continues to hold her left hand in her right squinting through the glaring sun high up in the altitude. I just stand there looking at her, pulling my head slightly from one side to the other. She stands there as well.

Then, as suddenly as she appeared, the dream is over.

**

The man pulls up to the stoplight. An old 1980's version video game is strapped neatly in the back of his clean truck bed. He pulls forward to change the knob on his station. He's thinking thoughts of the big payoff. That big payoff when he won't have to wake up a set times in the morning and run around with video games under someone else's guise and make facial gestures that aren't his own.

At the Winchel's Donut Store off 350 HWY an Iranian man kneads the dough and whistles to a tune coming through the flour riddled radio that sits on a ledge next to his cold coffee. He looks at the lights that are streamed from the ceiling and listens to the hum. The fresh hum of looking at something other than dough, completed donuts, coffee, customers or bakers utensils. He thoughts of other thoughts. Yes, he is one that is thinking of the big payoff. When he can sleep in and cradle each bit and piece of laughter like it's his 5-year old son that he just dropped off at Day Care.

A young woman rides the bumper of every car on this stretch of road I'm taking to the job. Around the corner and over the weaves of this concrete tapestry, she's on the tail end of the others waiting for something more. Thinking between clouds of smoke attacking her scalp, is there a big payoff? Will I ever taste the breadth of that great payoff? Hitting close proxemics of more vehicles taking the corners and more she wants the payoff if it does exist. She supposes, to calm her nerves so that she doesn't have to feel that riding the bumper is necessary. Disillusioned and coaxed with the enamoured dream . . . riding the cars and taxing her mind for that existence.

**

He comes forward to tempt the muse and speak to the gale. Though he may not receive his wish, he still holds to it without telling one soul that this should be his sole conquest.

**

If this is how you think before the gray wall and warm sunshine that comes through the window, so let that be. If this is not what you think before a yellow wall with the sounds of cold coming like a feared fate so let that be as well. If neither of these are going down and your hiding behind the clouds of non-thought thinking that the world will recognize this or that you will close that 5% capacity in your mind for understand, that shall be as well. Though, this isn't the easiest fate to receive. Yet receive and think, this shall be the marriage that will endure.

**

Living under coffee rules and smoke in the mouth decrees. They folded the remained of their cards on the table and left their tickets at the gate. For the gate would not open for them and the forewarned temptations shall not be what they have desired.

**

I stand on the second level of the parking structure at the joint within which I work. I look down on the Grand Boulevard traffic and notice the black folks talking smack and truths around the tan tint of the bus stop while the women twist their necks around in hopes that the bus will make its way soon. This as the empty haunted house and Grand Blvd. News lies empty for the reading eyes that got worn on old news. Though, GiGi's Wigs and Conie's Island seem to be doing well with their business folk and those looking for something old and new in this silly Christmas rush. The smoke and mist rise slowly from the AT&T building and others around that have something to give the ears this morning. Trashcans hold silent and the sounds are all needle picked by my ears on the second level of the parking garage. I taste my savory smoke and wet my palette with the folks living and not living moving down below. All of this we have gone through and all the more we will go through as I blow at the last several drags from this cigarette on the 2nd story of the next story off 12th and Walnut in Downtown Kansas City.

**

I went to the thrift store for some books. A woman with a large red and purple birthmark on her face takes my selection of books into her hand. She saunters off several feet away and says, "If you get one more book, it will be two dollars even. Can you find another one?"

"You bet," I respond.

I head back and pick up an English to German dictionary for a cat that is friendly on my side and light with the instruments and life. I come back, ring out with the black woman. She tells me, "Enjoy your read. " You bet I will. The woman with the scar did more than she knows. Another book, Dr. Zhivago and more crazy Russians. We read the lines and make the tales. Here, there and in the other wares.

**

It's going to be 56 degrees tomorrow in the city and surrounding areas. The jazzman hits play in his DJ stand and we in our activities listen. Waiting for the other notes and ballads that melt the corncocks stuck in the ear and on the used dinner plate. Aha.

**

The man walking down the sidewalk waved to a friend or stranger in the Burger King on Main as I drove by. The recess has long ended for the elementary school children of America. The fries sizzle in the grease and the pelican flies off the rock we call land. Our dreams hovering in the grand head above the skyline. The events unfolding as the nights become morning.

**

Before I rose my head to wake her up. It was about 5:23PM in reality.

I went into the bedroom and looked over at the clock that said "12:23PM". I shook her and told her she had to get up. All I heard from her lips was this: "12:23 is the middle name of all animals."

You figure it.

**

The razor snow beast came out of the hovel of a cave to look for meat. Slipping through the frigid land for some fresh meats and drink to accommodate that meal, he continued to search. When he couldn't find his eat, he ran into a bed of roses. Blood red and enough for his mind to make out as meat. He devoured the flowers as though they were flesh. Thorns pricking his throat as they traveled down.

It was the best meal this snow beast has had in a long time. Cold or hot

**

If I have my way in publishing a book that could capture a portion of the humor we all face from day-to-day, it would be a bathroom wall book. A complete chronicle of the sayings, quotes, novice wisdom, pictures, cartoons, caricatures, words and symbols that exist on bathroom walls. All those different walls in all those different public places. Schools, work, restaurants, hotels, motels, dive-bars, Glam bars, and coffee shops that stream up and down the block. Those things that would fill the bathrooms and other rooms with their indifferent and crazy pictorials of words and pictures.
I should do it someday.

**

While the President was coming forward before the Democrats to give a speech about his recent Impeachment, the cat had ideas of his own. A candle flickered before her afternoon Alfred Hitchcock book. A collective ensemble of short stories about the horror and betrayal while the President fluffed off his newest speech.
The cat..yes the cat. It's tail swished back and fro like a dust mop on a metal blind. This bushy tail caught fire like there was only that fire alight in the world. The cat ran and stomped out his own fire. This as the applause died and the President was ready to speak his words. Quickly the room filled with the smell of burned hair. A smell a lot like our President getting Impeached.