

whiskey  
&  
cough drops



We were sitting in some bank. My lovely Caroline and I were in a couple of those cold seats that are set out for customers at some run of the mill bank. While sitting there, the customer attendant kept saying, 'they're almost here'. According to the limited information we received, a big, late wedding check was going to be presented to us. Suddenly, Nancy Reagan is there and she gives us a check for about \$19,000. I freak a bit. I'm not sure why Nancy knows us, why she gave us money and I'm ecstatic that I can now harbor my time to be with Miles during the first year of his life. Nancy just looks at us with an assured look as though she has known us for years and it pleased to give us this money. We gladly cash the check and head out of the bank thinking that those Reagan characters are all that bad after all.

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After going to the couch early on Saturday morning because there wasn't enough room on the bed and I wanted to give Caroline more space to sleep, I had a dream. I was going to get some coffee with Kato and Co. as I slipped off to go to the bathroom. Now, the coffeehouse was probably one of the coolest I had been to in this town. It was in an old converted warehouse in the bottoms. The place was a bit drafty, but it was perfect indoor weather to take down cups of coffee. So, as I went off to the bathroom I started changing my clothes. Then, I was gonna take a piss when I noticed the door was cracked and people were looking in. So, I grabbed a change of clothes next to me and went to a bathroom that just happened to be across the hall from me. I went in, locked the door and started changing when my cell phone rang and a knock came at the door. As the voice on the phone chimed on, I told them to hold – as they said, 'HURRY UP', and I checked the door. It was some strange girl I had never met. She looked disheveled and aimless, but in an interesting way, as she asked if I could pick up my dad in North Kansas City. This was my pop's old working grounds. I agreed and went on to ask where at in NKC I should pick him up. She wasn't sure, but said which direction to drive after getting off on the exit ramp. I didn't ask her anymore and waved her away and went back to the phone call as a yellow shirt jumped at my eye balls from the ground and my Caroline called my name. Thus, the dream was over and I went back to the bedroom to sleep on our bed again.

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they're sending fine, oxygen into the air from those candy coated towers of billowing smoke for the birds. sure, you don't believe it, but it's true. all those countless stacks of steam on the horizon and jutting into your peripherals are not refuse from factories. it looks like a logical option, but it's false. these companies are philanthropical associations that send this air into our air to aid the wing flying species breath and flourish. what would we do without the adequate air supply to keep these birds healthy and happy? what would the world be like without the flapping dots of birds that cross our eye interception day after day? what would happen? so, there you go. another myth bunked down with the evening news. these smokestacks are aiding the flight of our skyward friends and only scientists really know exactly how they metabolize this special oxygen flow.

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Dear world RPS (rock paper scissors) Society:

I just wanted to send you an open letter as an invitation to your next dual Presidents of your fine society. My wife and I are hidden weapons in the world of rock paper scissors. Whereas some couples spend their nights going out to dinner, movies, dancing, drinking, gaming and such, we forgo all of that for our love: ROCK PAPER SCISSORS! You guessed it, we are junkies. We spend hours going over our moves and trying to devise better and more reliable ways to defeat each other. With the love we share for the sport and our love for each other, we have not had time to actively go into competition. Now, it is a priority for 2005, but has never been one before that. So, to coincide with our decision to enter competitions actively, we would like for you to consider us as a dual/couple President of your fine society. Not only do we completely kick ass, we could enlighten the world on this worthy and grueling sport. Now, we were skeptics like most in the beginning, but as we started shaking our fists, sweating and feeling our pulse accelerate, we knew that this wasn't some simple, drunken male sport. It's a serious sport endeavor that should be taken seriously. Thus, we would implement only the finest dietary habits as promotional pieces as the a President of this society. Over the course of a year in training, both of us have had 3 surgeries between the both of us due to hand related injuries. One time, I got so adamant with my scissors that it cut my wife's paper hand. She promptly smashed my rock with her slip of skin paper. We both required stitches, stints and healing. So, we are cultured, healed competitors that plan on storming the RPS world. This letter is to forewarn you of the real talent emerging into the world of rock paper scissors competition.

Sincerely,  
Dicy Carrie  
Slappy Joe

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5-21-05

I had a good slumber of dreams and fantasyland while my eyes were asleep last eve. The first fitful rendezvous dream was about Dan Emig. A reality show that has Dan's interests at heart. The name of the game will be to introduce Dan as a modern day romantic with cowboy sensibilities and the modern edge that makes the girls swoon. Newly single, the show will profile Dan with between 3-5 women per episode and will see how many he can get into bed. It will be a daring look at a daring fella.

The other dream set was hanging out with Bill Clinton at the Clinton Library in Little Rock, AK. I was trying to sign the guest book and as I trying to fidget with a napkin, I became frustrated because it kept falling apart on me. It just wouldn't stay into one. So, I was mumbling and looking at other pieces of paper to etch my memoir to Billy on. At this, Clinton approached me and gave me a pad of yellow paper, new pen and began pitching all the things that were in his gift shop and up for sale. He was really giving me the sales pitch of a lifetime and we were both laughing our asses off. He was shaking the Clinton drink mixer saying he was a bartender in another life as I laughed at the cavellier unabashed sales bone that was still in his body. But, old Billy was as affable, funny and flat smart as I have come to expect as a president and statesman. I finally got my thoughts penned to Bill and this is what it said:

5/20/05

Dear President Clinton:

I appreciate your presidency and direction you put this country in for a very brief 8 years of your life. The balancing of the budget, flourishing economy, general global peace, retrofitting American pride and all the other promises you delivered on in your presidency was much appreciated. We all appreciated it and long for it now in this Bush era. The stockpile of hope and prosperity you stacked during your presidency has been squandered by Bush and his pals. In essence, the country is morally, economically and ideologically bankrupt. A charlatan liar in the White House has reversed the course of progressive politics and I just long for the political 1996 or 78 or anything other than now. Thank you – Cheers.

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In all the beauty that exists within this world and my life with this new family of mine, I know that I will never have to be in a shit company job ever again. I told a good former co-worker friend of mine during a stint as an urban teacher that he could put a gun barrel in my mouth if I ever decided to take a company job ever again. I did just that. But, it's been fine. I have learned that beyond a shadow of a doubt that raising a family on a decent wage is clearly the most important thing. But, I'm going to do that away from the dummy dribble world of ill style, bad ego trips and horrible work environment conditions and worse conversational conditions for something that will never consist of that again. I'm 32 years old and I knew years back I never wanted to do it again, and am so convinced now that I will find my former co-worker and make him pull that pejorative, invisible trigger if I decide to get mangled into another work atmosphere that is as close to death as I have ever unfortunately had to feel in my willing decision to offer my services to something so nasty, pithless and utterly unimportant as my time as an IT director for a home health company. I will take this feeling ashamed to work for such an empty outfit and fuckhead boss into something genuine, real and absolutely befitting for my entire family.

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June 9, 2005

Last evening's set of dreams may have been the most broadly interesting set of dreaming I have had in years and years. Vivid, beautiful and frightening, they ensnared a whole lot of my subconscious brain in one whole swoop. This was on the heels of an immaculate rain storm that knocked out our power numerous times, along with a good garage talk with my lovely wife over some slugs of whiskey. It was a divine evening. So, the dreaming took place on a planet other than our own. There were qualities that were the same, but this place was on a coast and consisted of enough anomalies that it was either on some remote, weird part of earth or it simply was in the cosmos in some masked system. Anyways, I am in a hotel room about 30 floors high. In the room is my wife, Zen boy, Miles is somewhere, actors playing Carrie's parents and Carrie's prior step parents. Both sets of these parents keep coming in and out of the room like they are going to gamble downstairs. It's like we are in some immaculate version of Vegas. Anyways, we

have a window and balcony that looks over the ocean. It's breathtakingly beautiful. I look out there quite a bit and notice that the waves are getting completely high and bountiful. I keep calling Carrie over to see them. Then, suddenly, I'm on the bed with Zen and everyone is somewhere scattered in this rather large hotel suite when I touch Zen's head and he goes nuts. He begins crying and screaming as if my hand were temporarily hot lava. When I ask 'What the Hell?', Carrie comes over to face him. She's a bit angry because Zen just spit at me. When she comes over to touch him, Zen bites her. I immediately pick him up and take him to the bathroom for a private chat. Carrie follows and starts to take off his pants. With this, she puts him in a diaper and says if you are going to act like a baby, wear what a baby does. After this, I begin playing a cool fascimilie of a small pin ball machine style video game system with all 80's games that I got from a Moby album purchase. At this, Moby arrives and summons me to the roof of the hotel. Once up there, the waves are getting torrid and the sun is shining in a weird brilliance. We begin talking about diseases and how it's so hard to conceive that doctors and researchers haven't come up with any cures. I find it completely ridiculous and Moby goes on about it as well with interesting facts and well done research. Seems like Moby and I are pals. Suddenly, a pigeon lands on his bald head as he smiles and laughs like a kid. I tell him to hold the pose as I dig for my camera, but it was too late. The bird left when I got the camera out and on. After this, we decide to walk. In the hotel, there was a boardwalk style thing we hit. I am looking getting a gift for my wife as Moby is over with a seller in a brief argument. As I come over, I hear Moby saying, 'SHIT, HERE'S MORE' I look into his hands and he has bootleg's of his albums stuffed about and he's livid. He throws theme down and walks away with tears welling up in his eyes. He says, 'THAT'S THE KIND OF SHIT THAT KEEPS ME AWAKE AT NIGHT.' I ask, 'SO, ARE YOU REALLY LOSING THAT MUCH MONEY OVER SHIT LIKE THAT?' His response is a simple NO. At this, I ask what he thinks about downloading music and he said it was fine and that he used to do a lot of it himself back in the day. I smiled at my prowess for downloading music at the volume rates I do. So, as the dream goes forward, I leave Moby and go shop for something for my wife. She's with me, when I decide to go to a ceramics shop to get her a \$1 dollar coffee mug with saucer. It was elegantly simple and cool. She just didn't know how good it was gonna be. After this, we go back to the room and hang. I look out side and comment on the size of torrential waves. The sky darkening, we look on. I then see two teams of sports players coming up on huge rafts towards the shore, then everything goes black. No light outside at all. Sun gone, we are all lost in a lurch. Suddenly, a voice comes over a big sound system that says 'WELCOME TO TODAY'S GAME MATCH' At this, big lights flick on and a weird game begins. It's was like a mix between cricket, polo and lacrosse with wired kid stealth missiles as the balls. I somehow get down next to the action and make the players mad because I'm in their way. As I scramble on to get back to my family, I run into weird folks with bad scars, rats, nasty trash and shit I have to tack and go around to find my family. I'm lost, scurrying around things and people I have never experienced on earth, but have seen before. As I make it back to the roof top for a talk with Moby about how to get outta this weird matrix of a reality and back to my folks, I begin seeing mayhem. There was no Moby and one black woman that looked to be blind and middle aged walk off the building top. About 80 floors high, it looked like an accident as she simply walked too far over the edge and I heard screams from below. Suddenly, there were throngs of

people around me looking over the edge to see her hit the ground. I listened, but didn't go to look. Suddenly, there was a loud thud and the blood cries of onlookers and folks that whipped their heads away from the scene because it was too grisly. I didn't look over the edge. At this, I look across the way at what appeared to be a burning World Trade Center and other people were jumping from buildings. It was a wild disaster site I was suddenly in the middle of. After this, I ran harder to make it back to my family as my wife woke me by giving me a light nudge and telling me she had to pee. I just shook my head and wondered if I would remember any of this and I decided not to tell her how good my dreams were. I just had to write them out to commit to memory so that I could tell the story later on.

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This was the dream that has likely since escaped so far out of my subconscious brain that it will be hard to recant the details clearly. I do remember though that there was a girl that had one of those red metal 'I Love You' red pin's stuck on her eye. Popel

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The Chrysler town car on the back of the coin guy

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The parachuting dream

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Taxi driver dream

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7:49 AM 8/4/2005

i had a pregnancy dream last night. i was carrying a girl for my wife and it was divine. my belly didn't get that big. it was a sort of surprise, but i finally told her towards the end of the term that i was carrying a girl. you could see the hands, face and feet puncturing through my belly. anytime, i was going to have a kid. so, as the time approached, i was taking a shower when my plug fell out through the end of my dick. blood came, and so did my lovely wife. she helped deliver the baby feet first until the head was the last thing to leave. at this point, i opened my mouth and the head and body came out through there. it was a completely cool feeling. almost like it happened spiritually or something ethereal along those lines. immediately, i jumped up out of my dream and looked around like i had actually created a little girl. i saw my wife and our boy and knew that i created much, much more than that flimsy, 2 dimensional dream.

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8.15.05

Had a dream last night I was on the roof of a NYC building next to Carol O'Conner and told him what an influence he had on my dad. We talked about the current state of TV and how bad cable/satellite technology has killed the modern version of television.

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9.17.05

Wild dreams last night. In one, we were told by the vet that Sammy could stay alive and we would decide in three months if we would put him down. But, he was already put down. We were dealing with alternate endings/realities and I saw tears streaming down Carrie's face as she realized we had to live through it again.

In another dream, Zen had a track meet and soccer game to go to. Somehow, we got to both, Zen was ready in his gear and each time he crapped out and we had to go home. The second time he did this, we got home and he was watching TV or playing his game boy. I was not happy about this. I roused the family and we took a gift over to an old friend from childhood. His name was Joey Dugdale and he was actually better friends with my brother, but I figured we would drop something off by his house. Ended up that his wife and friends were there – they didn't know who I was, but accepted the gift as we all hung out for a while. Not sure what the gift was and why we segued from Zen not liking sports to reconciliation with my personal past.

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11.19.05

Witertime has a way of bringing the dreams out of my head. And this was no exception last night as I had a weird, sad dream .. I made a painting of a fish and began crying about how much I love my wife and boys .. I was going to write them a letter just in case I left this planet early, but didn't get around to writing it .. there was a deep sadness and a big puddle of tears .. it was good to wake up and soak in the reality .. maybe it had something to do with not being around my wife and boy all day, selling a piece at an auction and seeing all that I have lately .. the worst thing about deep, profound love is that it can be scary to think that it will leave you ..

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FOUND MAC JOURNAL – SPRING/SUMMER 2006

I come down for my initial jaunt into the found computer. A gift from a girl, who likely doesn't know when something is fixed or broke. I have reclaimed the throne, and now we can journey into the soft light and discover what is hard, and what is light and soft.

I'm going to be relegated to writing next to these cats that will be staring me down .. like I'm fresh meat coming from the anchors of a stereo speaker with no end .. please send in

the dogs to try and rationalize with these damned cats that want all the prizes while they shit on my chores ..

Enter technological jargon .. nice to meet you ..

I have come downstairs to figure something out before the parents and grandparents arrive and figure out that we are lost.

We survived the night and the morning is cold .. it looks like glass all around here as the fragile stickers have fallen off and gone to repeat what they said they could never repeat before .. vice presidential room requirements, and the pastors wife is on the run .. this is why the news is not the news and just another tabloid renewal of how doomed many folks pretend they are not ..

Everything I do is wrong .. just not right enough .. even writing this down could be a mistake, so I'm ready to accept the blame .. sure, blame me .. I'm good for it .. always joking about everything, all the time, so I just mind as well shoulder the crap of you or any other bloke out there just not willing enough to accept the responsibility on their own ..

Being a parent is hard .. I heard the stories and spent time in this basement writing, pondering, downloading, wondering what it was gonna be like .. there has been nothing that prepared me .. it's hard to even fuck my wife, let alone get along with other shit that used to be good time pissed away .. but, I love my boy and wife and mode of life much, much more than lost time .. but, sometimes I'd like to crawl into my wife without having to interrupt thought with the sound of a crying, crawling baby .. if you don't ask for much, you won't have much to not expect or lose.

The blob slipped past me and I didn't even have a chance to introduce myself. Instead, I acted as though we had known each other for years, and I feigned the look that I was reluctantly holding back the gold I found under the wandering elm. He was pissed about this and I'm sure he may try to look up my vitals and find me some day.

One of the most delightful things in this life has to be putting on warm pants, fresh from the dryer after staying cold on purpose .. we have cats everywhere, by the way .. but, that's OK because we have cool podcasts to make the whole work smile about .. so, how was your world day, today?

All I do is laundry, it seems as the sounds of kid cartoons comes blasting through the wood floor into my ears as memories of my own, lazy childhood comes grazing into .. but, I never fully embraced wanting to be a kid all the time, I wanted to be an adult to see what it was like .. to have freedom, latitude.

Bush has pissed off the Latinos, it was the last group that stayed out of politics that he just didn't fuck with .. but, all of it's over .. everyone officially hates the worst president to ever preside over this country .. dios mios, mon ..

The swish of kids with soccer balls flit by as I listen to a book and concentrate on both these words and the words that are being spoken into my brain .. it's my slight, brief break from the living that goes by so fast everyday and makes us all so tired, yet pleased .. I have to return .. return .. return to the returning .. as I stare into the big, wide Cyclops eye of this found iMac from down the street .. hopefully this is the computer that my lovely wife will write her big, book on ..

And my wife, caroline, I love so desperately .. when I focus on hit, my throat gets a hitch .. the longer we go on, the more I fall in love with her and completely get intertwined with my love .. she's my true love .. I think and can finally comprehend forever with a woman like her .. and we have so much together .. and I hope she uses this machine well in her plight to find the words, and mist to breath those word breaths ..

The baby needs miles of milk as we eye the champagne glass and wonder what we are going to dream tonight as the curtain becomes our own special eye lids and the cats finally sleep .. laying down without pissing, going around without tempting .. tomorrow is here and it has never happened before .. even after tomorrow, it may never happen anyways .. you know?

It works like it's supposed to work because we all know what work means, right .. it means, like my lawyer father in law, that you get lonely when you do retire .. all the friends, toil, sweat, blood and routine are gone .. sure, you can finally travel to all the gorgeous posters that hung above you all those years, like the typical American, but you have less people to share it with when you get home .. I saw it in his eyes .. and he traveled a lot before retirement .. it just looked flat sad .. tattooed on his eye balls like a missile going into a innocent villiage to maim the kids ..

I'm so tired, that I just woke from a hour and a half nap and I feel more tired than when I went down .. my body is hating, and simultaneously loving what I'm doing to it .. so sleep deprived, it's getting it's fill on living, but it just doesn't get enough time to replenish itself .. and it's april fools day .. the one that really counts .. don't have to buy presents, go anywhere or expect anything .. but, you can fuck with people and the opportunity exists for cheap, solid memory fun .. it's the greatest holiday on the calendar .. told my folks today that Sadamm Hussein escaped from jail, then my father in law told me that we invaded Iran .. I fell for it .. and didn't realize it was april fool's day as my sleep deprived head was tasting the flavor of it's rain ..

Functionalities of the written word .. and all the worms that crawled over the fresh, morning concrete as I walked my son around wondering how the nine hearts beat in their worm body .. and I just collected my first big payday as an artist and it feels nice .. hard to put into words, but as the wind howls hard enough to sound like potatoes slamming on the wood floors above, I know there is more to do than write so I'm going to write myself out of this spot ..

Prospects abound, I threw away a lot of packages of buffalo tonite and I feel good about it .. they were too cold .. as I voted no on a sports renovation today .. bybye

I'm never going to learn .. there's a real good chance that I'm just gonna be a wet, cold clod of dirt like everyone else .. all full of importance, and non meaningful impromptu, I feel like a republican acts sometimes .. and it's downright cold and lonely .. anyways, we can strive as hard as we want, but I see that it's just a trying point .. life is not a destination .. it's trying, and trying and trying and you can only hope that the quote will be good when you're gone ..

Passer by instigations .. it's hard being a step parent and realizing that there is a breach that wil always be there, but there is a bond that is bigger than the real parents .. it's really like being stuck between mars and new Orleans .. it's good, but it's odd at the same time ..

The cats won't leave me alone .. they purrr at my moving fingers as they fly over this keyboard trying to find logic in the illogical, and sense in the nonsensical .. I'm home from work, my boy sleeps above me, and the sound of a radio transmitter beaming his sounds to me is loud, and forthright .. thanks for being here, and I hope everything begins to make sense at some time in this life, this reality.

I feel as if sometimes I have to write it down or it may be forgotten .. maybe I think I'm going to lose my mind some day and all of this will help me remember how wondrous this reality is to create, and be created .. smashed between birthdays, chemotherapy of father in laws, my own dad going on dialysis, the published poem, money for paintings in the mail, a beautiful, loving wife, the best boy child in the world and the wondrous beginnings of things that already exist .. I have to get it out or it will mount in me in unsurmountable ways .. so good luck with all the events and today, here is never as close as it could be and it's the only thing we really have to grab onto .. so, find what you may and claim it as yours .. it's a good, solid swing over the lake of god and it's very worth the subway fare ..

Sounds of morning .. the breath of birthday excitement as one cat looks at me and another attempts to jump up here to interrupt this, as another pillow reaks of cat urine .. again, these cats won't relent as zen boy puts together his new birthday legos for his 8th year on earth .. it's a morning of mornings and we are all trying to wipe away the donut crumbs to collect our thoughts, so go ahead and collect anything you desire, just don't offer it to me for a slice of another piece of my artwork.

Birthday wishes over and over again as the invincible candles refuse to go out and I realize that I need to trim down on things that I'm doing in life .. including shit like this .. who cares? And where the fuck are you out there tonight .. as the taste of whiskey has hijacked my mouth and the curse of tomorrow is just another blessing for today ..

Hot laundry on my cold, spring skin as I retreat for a moment as baby miles goes down, and zen boy rests with a video game .. the life in the suburbs is going to be one that carrie

and I will not be longing for once we get to where we want to go .. the night is a wonderful feeling with the drain, and fatigue settles in and I know that I have my warm wife to sit next to for the rest of the night .. everywhere there is intrigue and I cannot wait until we finish this six feet under series and move on .. I have had enough about death and despair .. bring in buckets and buckets of clowns to entertain the strangers with wet lipsticks and dry shoe laces ..

Picking up cat puke off the garage floor as one saunters in and another gets booted from this seat I'm sitting at .. they wake us up, and boss us around .. I'm done with cats, all animals until our baby gets bigger .. they demand more .. I'm not sure .. but I know that it's just more difficult as the hardened concrete heart looks around like an innocent smile ready to hatch ..

Stromping young vixens lying once more to tv reporters .. and all I smell is cat piss .. all around me as these cats vye for the highest rank in a game I'm not in on .. they do everything now but provide the pleasure they should .. and the world without tv shows and politics might be nice ..

Invasion of privacy .. I used to think that Brave New World and 1984 were cute biopics that could never happen .. and now, I'm sure there are folks that may be reomote watching these words come across the screen .. yes, I say .. I have nothing to hide behind this screen of glass .. you want this, fuckin' come and take it .. you want to know the mystery of your world? The road to hell is paved with well thought out intentions .. and now, we are on the precipice of our perception of humanity and again we will be on the precipice .. we will perpetually live in interesting times, on the edge of something big .. will this ever change? Uh uh .. not a chance .. as my nights of dreams that just aren't being remembered or are too foggy to recollect pass me by, I'm again convinced that we are all on the edge of a historical leap into something we will be able to tell our children about .. so, as the air conditioner blasts our skins, I sit here in a warm sort of cacoon waiting for all of this thing called life to leap right over the fucking edge .. because I have my life jacket on ..

I'm a complete fuck up .. I have convinced myself of that on this day .. I break, botch and fuck up most of what my delicately, good intentioned fingers lay on top of it .. it's just a fact .. my wife gets sick all the time, and is beyond a weight limit she is comfortable with because she had to get the IUD and I didn't get my nuts snipped, my miles cannot walk at 15 months, and zen likely holds his deadbeat, wife beating, fuck of a nothing sperm donor that won't and doesn't pay a cent into his child support, along with getting nothing for his 8th birthday person in higher regard than I because he actually is his biological entity .. he pities his father and it's sad .. overall, I just don't feel adequate .. I break appliances, cups, and all kinds of shit .. I hear and feel shit constantly that puts me on the outer tertiary of this existence .. overall, it's a doomed existence, but there is a lot of beauty to garner .. and I dig it all, but sometimes it's just too much .. the strain, toughness .. fuck .. enough of this .. good night ..

I always pick the hardest, most wrought path .. nothing easy for this kid .. couldn't ease my way into marriage, kids and home living .. noooooo way .. I got married, have a step child whose father is an angry wife beating alcoholic suicidal ukrainian, then had my love caroline pregnant within 4 months of knowing each other, moved into a house in the suburbs, and now it's hitting me .. as my caroline's father goes through chemotherapy, and I just accidentally gave molly 4 vitamins to put into a suitcase, that went into Zen's mouth and the panic of easter egg hunting as I shouted because I never thought that he would eat them .. it's time after time of feeling like a failure and having no way of easing into this new life .. poor, while making more than I ever have in my entire life .. no vacations in years .. can't even go to the movies because we don't have reliable babysitting .. when we do, it's functional shit like art shows and down to business shit .. our big escape is ourselves and it's all so damned tiring that sleep just doesn't even help sometimes .. this is the period of childrearing and life that scared the hell out of me .. and it's here .. on my tense as shit shoulders .. but, ironically, I love this existence and I have to learn to embrace it .. because it's all life after all and it's all necessary because I'm relied upon .. sometimes I just wish that one of my bohemian, fucking doing the same thing all the time friends would be able to comprehend and be able to have a discussion about it .. I certainly can't do it with anyone other than my bro in my immediate family because of the fact that they are all absolutely not on the same page or book, or care, or want to get into the notion to care .. I get nothing in the way of childrearing advice or anything soothing from my family except for my brother .. just a stack of hi how the hell are you .. and that's that .. noting more .. it would require too much energy, and it's more convenient for them to just chalk me up as the crazy, fucked up one .. so bet it .. I am so used to it I just wouldn't know what to do if my dad bellied up and starting laying down advice .. or would even tell me once in my 33 years that he loves me .. so, again .. I end this because it's just a tad too cheery for me ..

I completely love my wife and I love coming down to do the laundry so that I can hang my laundry .. be careful of the metaphors, because they lurk and win ..

The barely imperceptible laugh of some is a huge shout for others as the boy washes pee off his body because he wet himself on the way home from branson .. the miles boy is trying to go to bed, I'm getting my second wind and my wife is herbally, relaxed .. it's another evening of coming together for the south kc dimino clan as the night is California cool and the sound of tumbling laundry is like a lopping ocean, because it just has to be .. and, this may be the anti-cat journal .. almost stepped in their puke tonight after having to flea dip them yesterday .. they fight all around our house all the time .. these fucking cats never stop .. I'm waiting for them to wander off to france for a while .. that would be nice .. maybe ..

The spiders are weaving webs between this screen, my lamp and eye balls as the wall leaks from the old hose out front being on .. I'm very proud of my wife for getting a cool poem published today .. it's old hat for her, but it's completely cool .. she's an amazing woman and writer .. and as the house hums with winding down, the sprinklers whirl and the dogs lick their flanks .. I sit with a moment of respite before a celebration shot of

whiskey with my favorite girl for making the world of words count in her favor for all eyes to see ..

Burn a disc, eat a memory, write a book, become something no one knows about .. I have friends that have dreams, but they end when they wake up as the kites get stuck on electrical lines and the documentaries keep trying to capture what we all barely think about .. the printer whirls in silence as the keys try to make sure that they are the dominant ones in this dance across yesterday ..

We continue the cat chronicle .. now that I have smelt so much cat piss in this house, I think that when I'm out and about, I smell it everywhere .. I really feel like I'm insane now .. at several gatherings yesterday, I'm sure I freaked out my wife's writing center friends and family with my social observations .. and at a beer tasting that night, while we had miles with his 13-year old cousin, I was out of step with friends .. I just feel crazed sometimes .. it's a phase .. life has a way of beating you down, and now is the time for me .. so, to beat back those thoughts, I had a nice ironical podcast with nick this morning and kissed my wife hard on the mouth .. I read a quote from flea in the chili peppers and he said that life would be boring without all the emotional downs that we have to endure – surely words of wisdom as this life goes rampaging on into the next insane moment ..

The sobering reality of being a step parent to zen is that his biological sperm donor will get the credit or be longed for .. while I sit as a lump of dude .. plain and simple .. he said yesterday that he was sad to leave his sperm donors apartment and was happy to see my miles boy .. that was it .. he didn't give a damn about his mother, or me .. I expect me to be low on the list, but my caroline I just can't figure .. so, all the love, attention, support, comraderie, catching ocean fish, and the like, just don't mean anything .. because his sperm donor is a non child support, wife beating, angry Russian that will feign some caring for zen and he will win it .. furthermore, this two time dad flunky has nothing in his life but a bunch of dead beat refugee buddies as he milks the federal loan program to bide his lazy ass more time .. but, he'll win .. with late nights, whatever zen wants to eat, no brushing teeth, no sleep curfew, nothing but games and bullshit, he'll win .. while I whittle away at being a good parent .. just doesn't matter .. he won't miss me .. he'll miss his sperm donor .. it's a sad, terrible, disgraceful realization that truly makes me believe that good guys always finish last .. utterly fucking disgraceful ..

Coming home is a lot like going away as we sow our oats in salt fields and wait for the potatoe to rise .. the single, double, triple life of the conglomerate was always more prosperous than the trailing rain .. working a lot makes you think a lot .. so, I think a lot as I work a lot .. but, this writing doesn't seem so much like work as it does just a rites of passage that passes and passes all of us by ..

The disappearing facelift on the Hollywood faces as I stand and stare at the magazine rack wondering if I have enough money until Friday's pay day to keep the family moving forward .. then, I think about the postcard the nature center is gonna send with an update on the squirrel we saved the other night .. man, that little wet squirrel had a ton of fucking fleas on it .. then, I laugh at the painting I sold on the tv auction last night and now the trickling sound of radio is comfortable in this cold damp basement as the darkness of night waits to pounce our dreams loose ..

Whiskey and a beer with my blue collar neighbor bob talking gas prices and the profit margins we will never see .. corporations out of control, I have decided to get a little note back to an old boss and launch a

'worst boss essay contest' and send that over to him .. figure it might be nice to let the whites at top that suck know that the little guy isn't so small .. so, the taste beer lately is like coffee .. it's been a good solid signal of night or morning as the cats continue to piss and the dogs just bark faintly in the background as I think about old sam dog .. one more thing, I saw the girl that used to own this computer up the street this evening trying to mow the grass with her dad .. she had a red bonnet on, and her back was turned towards me .. I bet her dad wasn't happy that she got rid of this .. but she really didn't .. she donated it to a good solid writing cause ..

The neighbors always strike at the worst time as the laundry waits for the heat mouth to begin and the laughing gas is escaping our bodies .. the baby delights in the tiny intimate moments that make adults buy portable electronic devices as the last of a dinosaur, garrison keilor, rockets faintly towards my slappy spring face as the pizza both cooks and cools in delight ..

Soccer shorts and graham crackers .. these cats follow me everywhere as the stench of their piss lingers .. I like 'em, but it's seems like a hankering bill that won't go away .. the more you pay, the more you owe .. speaking of .. we're gonna move and this basement siesta with the dank, damp wetness may go away very shortly .. the world is still believed to be circular, but it feels wholly flat lately ... enjoy the moon rise tonight because it may be the only one of it's like ever in this lifetime .. in your memory as my dad ponders seeing a shrink and tries to remember when he may have lost his mind.

Granite colored classical music bleeds from three music boxes in different levels and quadrants around the house as the faint dirty steps of cat paws lean against my arm while I type and ponder leaving this house .. ready to sell it and get roped into another mortgage .. it's a big time .. a time for us to expand .. a time for the American dollar to laugh and gnash at the same time as the violin strings get pounded like a boxer in the 8<sup>th</sup> round with everything to lose and his own mortgage to gain .. the sound of mowers have ended as the whiskey drinkers are all positioned inside on their couches, in front of their televisions dreaming of women they will never fuck and finances they wouldn't know how to do taxes on .. so, as the heroes all go on vacation, the blue collared folk are still waiting around to take your eager, simple phone calls ..

The cheddar kings live and they roam around us here in the government trying to convince everyone that they have a notion of god ..

The wolf in your counterfeit ardour is just another way for a cat to get around the bush as the president becomes your maid .. I listen to the water drain down the pipes as the world prepares for sleep and the howling is all we have here in this silent hum of a basement filled with the recent scents of lavender because I know my baby likes it that way .. so get you goggles on and remedy the radio curse we all have been afflicted with .. because tomorrow is just a word and it's something made out of glassy sand ..

I never come down here on Saturdays because there is always so much to do and I just never have the chance to breath in the damp, wet air into my lungs as the improvisational stars of the world attempt to carry out the most important shit since lying to their parents ..

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I come from the upstairs and on down to greet you .. I am back on june 22<sup>nd</sup> or so after a moving hiatus .. I mistakenly brought this computer over to my parents in law and should have always kept it in place .. when you find the home you want, sometimes it just doesn't want you .. when the pickle fits, eat it .. and when the cats piss, just try to mask it .. over and over the tumble of bumble words continue to stymie all involved .. good evening, little chickens..

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just came home to a basket full of clothes drapsed in piss .. fuckin cat attacks again .. can't shake it .. it's gonna be a sad day when I have to ship off my own feline because the taut feelings of alpha male won't leave .. it is another day of jolly fun with the fuckin' should be fictitious republican party .. always a joy,

those guys as all the other animals wait to piss in the world for the federal land these fucks will sell off to the highest bidder .. it's hot outside and it feels delightfully like a microwave warming my hot dog flesh ..

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just can't figure out those crazy games you play with the backspace keys and your Israeli fighter jets dropping blocks of nonsense on a playground made of blood .. it's the last day for Charlie as the daisy chain widens and the stars begin fading in their all too familiar matter .. we are shoved into the penis jar waiting for the vagina clam to arrive as the firehydrants thank the rains that have swept through and made history something that was circular, but sensible at the same time .. swept with the arrogance of an ant and wiped with the benevolence of an elephant heart, we all march towards evening with the blasting basement lights coming through like a soft velvet dream .. again, friends are all gone .. I almost forgot that I even had any friends as the gatherings with these friends become corpse conventions of a lifetime that used to inhabit this brain of mine and the retinas of theirs .. here's to friends tonight, as the basement chill of solidarity is better than anything I could imagine as the wheels of righteousness continue to roll over some long abandoned tank track ..

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we entered this womb via technological fallopian tube, and now we will talk about my pending vas tomorrow .. I remember today like it was every important day of my life as the surgery room waits for me .. my palms no longer sweat as the sound of life takes on that ethereally refreshing tone that makes every moment seem alive .. not like you are either waiting or stalled, but perched on the edge of the ledge and jumping is a good idea .. closer to the near official end of my biological off shoot, I come to this precipice confident, aware and wholly unsure like with anything, but I know that It has more to do with god than the devil and I'm ready to shake hands with the baby Buddha on this one .. so, as the night crumbles down over us all .. know that it's good to be alive and there is so much more to come ..

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the anonymous stranger is actually going to play out to be as close as a good friend, I would suppose, as we travel further down this technological path and that may just be fine .. all friends start out as strangers and I tire of hearing the same shit from some friends, seeing them do the same shit .. so, the anonymity might fit me well .. byebye friends.

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my balls are half their might and my girl is sad .. my boy just started really walking around today and it's only 6 in the evening .. the israelites are bombing the Lebanese and Palestinians as the world teeters on the edge of a north Korean insult .. but, my family is beautiful and these other fuckers cannot get us down .. and that reminds me .. WHY THE FUCK AREN'T WE MORE PISSED BOUT BUSH .. REALLY, HOW THE FUCK CAN ALL OF US THAT CONSIDER OURSELVES, RESOURCEFUL AND SMART, JUST SIT ABOUT AND ACCEPT THIS DEVIL FUKKER AS PRESIDENT .. HITLER IS REINCARNATED, IS ALL I CAN SAY .. anyways, the cats love the heat and the smell of piss is gone, for now .. need to knock on wood as they prowl about the heats outside and wait for a small crack in the plan .. seems like the only real good way to handle this is to drink or smoke a bit in to take a smile on the side of our plates ..  
good night, small chickens

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it's so fucking hot outside that it just isn't hot .. you get so heated that you feel cold as the breath of al gore's global warming film goes over the land like a pan of fire looking for loose pieces of wet dough .. it's the ease at which the heat moves that makes me love it all the more as the bucket of sweat wasted .. goes on ..

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the regime change has taken place .. yanni fucking assface will no longer berate my wife or have any control over our boy zen .. it's done .. the fucker has been subjected to the insanity of my brain and it will end .. zen will be much better off for it .. so, as the world turns with the clash of jew and arab, I spin into another thought that it seems like it's too soon for the world to end .. come on, I haven't had the chance to sky dive yet .. so, fuck .. let's cool out for the sake of skydiving and more fuckin' frolic ..

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im not going to be nice and ethical no more .. really, what's it worth sometimes .. come on, swimming with the slop has given me more self respect than trying to temper the daisies with more water .. it's all such a small, dummy, futile game down here below and the more I'm an outcast, the more I'm at home with this reality .. so, when it's all said at the end of the day, I'm glad that I have decided that to be nothing is worth more than something .. so, breath up or drink up, the next one is always on me, but I wont' be in the room .. and thanks, george, for the drink from the other table tonight .. cheers ..

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### DREAM WEEK - 10/8/06

i'm writing this recollection during the 3rd week of novemeber and this is what i remember. in the first dream that week, i was frenetically looking for my father in law to watch this years superbowl which features the cheifs. the entire city is in a fervor over the games and i am trying to find the man that i had watched a handful of games with during the season.

the next dream was of me reliving the moments of the world trade center collapse. i was actually in one of the buildings talking to a woman who was eating a turkey sandwich and telling me about an email as the other building was on fire, we were about 80 floors up and these corporate sheep folks were listening to the voice over the speaker say to stay put and that everything was OK. at that point, i bolted down the steps and as i went in exhaustion to the bottom, i looked up in the lobby as i flew out of the fornt doors to see the next plane coming and everything went in slow motion. after that, i fled the debis and waddled around with new yorkers in confusion.