

you
have
to
have
more
than
shoes
to walk



(willie)

go ahead .. say it ..

**

Was out with several gals I used to work with .. we grab some drinks at a local drinkery and fly on down the road in a forest green convertible .. the top is down .. we get into a discussion of how creamy peanut butter is better than the chunky jive .. as the discussion progresses .. one gal behind the wheel starts getting clouded with thought and busts through the barricade of a construction zone .. as I, in the passenger seat, and the other gal in the back seat mutter, “what the hell?” as the car goes careening over the holes, bumps, metal, wood and lights .. the car gets destroyed .. the driver is frantic .. getting stuck in a mud hole, she looks over and asks for me to carry her out of the car and try to drive the car out of the construction zone .. she’s in a frenzy and anxiously asking me to get this straight .. I climb through the door, carry her out of the car as the other gal in the back, jumps over the side of the car .. I get behind the wheel .. and start careening through the entrance that is now an exit .. as I get the once, forest green convertible out of the pit .. we all look at the destroyed and mangled car .. after this, we get a taxi to another bar .. for some more drinks and to keep the night going .. we run into a couple of old friends .. sit down, order some gin and tonics .. as the drinks come over, I look down and notice that I have no shoes or feet .. I tell a good friend across the table .. “I have no feet, man.” He laughs .. I spit them out of my mouth .. his eyes and the eyes of the others around the table oggle as they get light headed at the sight .. though, after the feet come tumbling out of my mouth .. my feet come back to my feet as they disappear from my hands .. yes, with a cold drink before me and my feet back on my legs .. the dream goes on famously ..

**

the boat traveled like a car over the water as we notices there wasn’t a sight of concrete or land anywhere on the horizon .. she wipes her brow, pulls her topless torso next to me and whispers in my ear .. “I came from the water” .. “yea, do you have a fish tail .. I believe I came from the land ..” she comes back, “Why don’t you check.” At this, I wipe by brow .. get behind her, as she pulls her pants down and raises her arm .. her beautiful skin is a tail as I whisper into her ear .. “I believe you may have come from the water” .. she turns around laughing as I notice beside her right ear several dolphins dive, flip and flop through the wake of some waves ..

**

Women are the source of everything .. as we all try to see everything without knowing it’s in front of us the whole time ..

**

counting ballots
in
other countries around
the
world

as
the
proverbial
count

is
in
before
the
election

thanks
to
everyone's friend: CNN

**

if everyone rhymed all the time
would rap music still be popular?

**

So, when people get pissed and start ripping about how
Starvation, earthquakes, famine, AIDS, the lot .. I have to assume God was taking a nap at the
time ..

**

I see
yourself
in
the
reflection
as
the
mirror
begins

to
hide
behind
the
closet door ..

**

lights
in
the
rain puddle,
as
the
squares
go

into the triangles

while
the
coffee

cooks

slow

low

..

**

Make your own schedule .. you won't stop thanking yourself for it ..

**

A squirrel came through the window
with
an
eye for my nuts ..

I said,
"How about my toe nails friend, they're getting damn long."

**

Shakin' the dust from where the rain came in ..

**

Standard pillow,
big
head

where you goin'
to
lay that thing ..

**

fell in a hole the other day ..

couldn't get out of it ..

so
I stayed

and
boiled up

some

fresh potatoes ..

**

once a clown,
always
a
damn clown ..

**

had a real friday the 13th
go
down
today ..

yes,
my
birthday ..

**

Carnivores delivering flowers to the plant eaters as the
Tulip bulb
Gives
The
Squirrel a crooked eye ..

**

Had the smell of woman and coffee hit me simultaneously before waking .. yes, that's the way to
rise, young people ..

**

charchol paper,
white
finger nails,
doin'
drawings

of
colors

that will soon
be
on
a
city's retaining wall ..

**

sunday morning music

in the afternoon ..

**

monday morning salt

in the tuesday evening dill weed session ..

**

Insanity is the sanity most the world cannot live with daily ..

**

It's not uncommon to be feel uncommon ..

**