

Joefiles 5

Looking into the Medicine Cabinet

On the highway &
in the home,
advertisers aim for my buck.

In the morning newspaper &
bumper sticker mania,
ad managers will not quit.

The morning radio show &
trade magazine filtering subliminal meanings,
those ad staffs have the society in their clutches.

Used to think politicians were excessive &
power hungry.

Changing my outlook
to question those ad salesmen making stacks of bills
off my soda purchase.

Meeting the break of
sunshine in the morning with
a painful handshake.

These men of moral integrity
and private enterprise
feel the abrasion of an
expanding economy.

Beaten to discover the
blessing of hot pork &
fresh green peas
truly transcends
the thought of city folk.

For like Steinbeck's Joad epic,
these humans
nurture the earth &
produce surpluses world-wide
that should be
housed in mind
&
retail sales.

The invisible
scent
that hovers over
cities &
neighborhoods.

There's no smell
taste or
touch.

Only a twirling mantra
that bleeds the life
out of pumping synapse valves.

Pipes of opulent gold
turn rusty green
with leaking destruction
in the minds of people worldwide.

Optimistic wisemen
scribe epics to squeeze
the applause of continents,

they sniff the roving
stench
that captivates human endeavors.

Taking the net of
goodies &
painting them an oppressive black
which is inevitable as
thirst.

take life into the void
with style & conviction.

Sometimes
 the vibe
 so real & alive
Arms me with the
 sword to
 conquer the world
Then the pit of
 mental defeat
 sends me to the levy
 below the infamous Chevy.
Some would say I'm pretentious
 I would say I'm human.

o a tight circle of rope
inflamed to the hot orange of
cooling steel.

The striped bee
extracts the nectar
of noontime decree

Floating with ease
through the hammock of leaves
to find supple elegance

My placid eyes
study thy way's
ignorant to city life
behind my glee.

Lovely lady
shroud of red

Egyptian headdress
blinding my culture

New York gutter
crawling with sin

Heaven streets
above the heat

Passionate weapon
torturing the lost

Within this world
of continuing motion.

Existence

tossed off the end of a smoke.

Love

successful void stronger than any known drug.

Mind

the lifetime struggle to equilibrium.

Success

the ruing of myth-bearing workers who avoid beauty in nature.

Failure

depends on the theory of subjectivity.

Culture

beyond the view of cold suburbanites.

Government

inside skin costumes of bleach white.

Life

a relative meter of viewing the world.

Twelve sea gulls
that glide in my mind,
mistake my heart
for a lump of waste.

Then carry my central prize
off for the afternoon,
leaving me naked
in my connection with humanity.

from the stack of possibilities.

Noticed her on the corner under a lamp,
exchanged a wink void of cash,
felt the burn of blue in my eye
which created her image the remainder of the night.
The beauty of sight was tarred with her visual touch
until sleep drowned my brows
into a world of primary colors &
a sea of sensual smiles.

Could
this be
all there
was?

Why does
tomorrow feel
so
far away?
sometimes.

Wishing
 Wishing
 Inside a dark well--
Hoping the scream could be heard.

My a Life
as l a
collection o of
mindless n phases.
 e

Rough sandpaper
bought at
fast food joint.
For children
and geriatrics
to sand the trachea together.

One philosophy
is indeed
one philosophy

Two birds
on a high rise
waiting for one stone.

Little children
singing an
unknown hymn

to the i
n
i s i v b
l e
friend
s
c a
t
t e r
e
d
in their mind.

Recess as a kid...
roots planted
to harvest
patriarchal tradition.

Screaming
lyrics
in my head
with no medication
to cure.

Beside an
organ
of wooden
donation

Dimes
nickels
& quarters
used in K.C., Mo.
framed in Korea.

Knew
and have
friends that exist
in my wallet
mind
phone book &
the world.

Tiny people
from an arial view
slop along
below
a wide
winking
universe.

Thoughts
have common
places with
fights & nirvana
in human minds.

Could my thumb
be
reduced to
a pile
of
dandruff?

Why do cat's really hate
mice?

A
w a ll
of
e y es
stare
i n to
s p a c
e.

The
great wide
vacuum...
No Trespassing
signs
do not exist.

What will happen today?

What's your sign?
Who give's a shit

If plus is the
opposite of negative,
then
positive means
negative
&
negative means
positive.
right?

Under the sun
I saw
a torso
of
flesh
dipped
in grease.

Scoops of
amoebas
line
my fingernails.

R
n a d
o
m
N _ O - T _ E - s
o
f
M u s i c
f l o a t
f F l o O at t
in
misty
tears.

Today,
23 years later

I
again thought
of my mother.

Y E s t e
r d a y
I
R e m e m b e r e d
Who
I
was.
Did you?

17 1/2 dolphins
leaped
into
my colon.
Bad
 bad
 tuna.

Cold & dark
 caves
 line
minds
 between 4 dreams in sleep.

Two zucchini
 opened their
stem
 and refused
to let me hold
t h e m.

Originality &
critics
do not
mix.

For how
brethren immaculate,
342 pots of coffee

to come
upon an understanding of Shakespeare.

3 bullets
3 suicides.
Logic?
Wrong,
illogical.

D o
A m
e r
i c
a n
s
know the
largest prison
in the U.S.
is in Washington D.C.

Two
drunk
g u i t a r i s t s
on a street corner
didn't hurt
anyone.
today.

Tarf's
invade
University
pleasure.

R a c i s i m
peacock
E x i s t s
rainbow
I n
Roy G. Biv
A l l
Freedom
C o l o r s.

Look up
i n t o
the heavens
a n d i m g i n e.
Someone
c o u l d
be doing
t h e s a m e
to you.

Could intelligence
actually be admitting
stupidity is incurable.

E u p h e m i s m s
p
o
l i c t
i c a n
in
g a
m e
s
grocery store soup.

Never
cared for tea.
Thinking
it never cared for me neither.

P a l e
tulips
w i l l
still
w a v e
to you
o n a
windy
D A Y.

Belief

is a tunnel
under life.

ATTENTION:
New heart medication available,
dreams.

A hint
of salt
dashed in
a red eye
knocked
the magician
o
f
f

b
a
l
a
n
c
e.

Big Balloon
full of helium
went
to the big
blue
sky
without a
compass.

Ever stubbed your toe?
well,
so
have janitors.

Remember
tooth for a tooth?
How about
taxes for honest?

One curtain
of moth ball
aroma
woke me up
before I
went to
sleep
on a cold
Long Island morning.

Four magical
Mexican
jumping beans
 did
salsa tricks
for the crowd
of immigrants
waiting for green cards.

Books
clocks
bodies.
Could we all
have two of each
housed
in
one
mind?

Shaved my head
grew
my h a i r
to my back
shaved my head
grew my h a i r
to my back.
Did it all again.

11-24-95

Laughin' with friend
 'bout a weekend worth contemplation
Tippin' the poison
 of cornerstone contentment
Left side blur
 right side salvation
Slow rights
 served over ice
Motions hidden above young movement
 lettin' life flow in easy sequence
 while mind matters suffer
One for one
 death above
 catch 151

Screaming lips
displaying the remains of
cracked skin beaten
by the cold smug air.

Needing a simple remedy
releasing the smell &
price of temporary soothing.

One small container
of white marble remains
signal carmex to me.

My relieved lips of
stark red,
the smell reminds me
of climbing trees as a youth &
girlfriends that taught me love.

The familiar crash of
the metallic lid brushing against
the stony case,

makes me feel glad
that such a
creamy yellow
could make me
feel alive.

During the hot midwest
summer of '81

traded a Susan B. Anthony silver
for a worthless sea shell
promised to offer me
half the ocean
three thousand miles
from the source.

Thirteen years later
I tossed twenty dollars
into a slot vacuum
while my companions
painted their victory walk from the casino
in green smiles.

On a cold winter eve
tonight
I lost an unrecoverable
portion of Friday pay.

Now thinking
I should have listened more intently
to the crass sea shell as a child
and realized

luck is fiction &
holes come pre-made
in jeans
especially for me.

In the front of technological wonder,
I contemplate the mantra
of day's gone by and lies conceited.

All the worry circulating in my mind
fervor making beauty in my afterthoughts.

I think of the day's
of reminiscing the way's
I once felt the passion
immersed in seeds of glory

For now I think
I really don't know
what will come in the light
for my delight is plentiful
in this hour of early fall beauty.

Another late night
in a corporate coffee shop.
Again drug through the
glorious mud of
poetic thought &
fresh packs of matches.

Then a trucker comes into
the smoking section
to let the mini thin high
evaporate &
the ink on his Harley shirt
gather some warmth from the biting cold outside.

His menu aside,
he orders the bottomless pit of
cocoa bean water
frosty milk with Teflon muffin.
A breakfast meal fit for commercial advertising pictures.

Soon his salivation
would follow him into dreamland
falling asleep over his meal
while the food chilled
underneath heavy breaths &
warmed like hot embers in his mind.

Mighty laughter & sympathy
collected me out of the perk palace
with no intervention or action.

Now I think how
it is essential we let
the necessities of life
reside for some time
intentionally or
inadvertently.

Winks of rest or
soul searching
is key inside
this world so fast
to lead a
trucker toward peaceful sleep.

Dangerous glaciers
of icy accuracy
assault my mind of
balanced travels.

Avoiding the
connoisseur of
death,

it's deadly
defiance finds
my torn thoughts
bouncing off the
corner of Plexiglas madness.

Escape impassable,
I duck my head into
knees of
manhood
to recount the
integrity & conviction
I stand behind.

Tomorrow will be
only a decade away
while my love
for the moment
will thrust me to
the beauty I thrive
inside the carcass
of exhausted pleas.

The next time
an older person
sneaks me a quick look
and darts their
head down quickly,
I'm gonna ask
them
for a quarter.

If I could
make the Surgeon General's warning
on the side of a pack
of
cigarettes,
I would say--
"Marijuana will
be legalized soon."
Then maybe people
would
stop
s m o k i n g
in
antici
pation.

Spaghetti says WOP against the wall.
A flat tire on a Ferrari says WOP on highways.
I WOP the asshole
ready to complete a joke
with either wall or highway.

Euphemisms are attacks on potential.

Blondes are red heads &
brunettes
laughing secretly at blond jokes
before
murder is committed.

The voice has escaped
my breath

onto burgundy patterns of
fool frolic

within me now
rotates the mad pentad

for my body to
illustrate

the dormant side of
wrangled emotion.

Squeezed from the bottom of a
stale mayonnaise jar

jumbled on the counter of
uniform crumbs

set to fly alive &
tempt my bleeding thoughts.

Ready to do a square dance by the streaming sun &
drunken foul labor of midnight chimes

could the voice be
the tinker in my tock?

Or am I just releasing
this societal disease
inside a poem
I know not that I wrote or
destroyed.

My mother grooms a horse under afternoon sun
while soft blond hair lops in her eyes.

My father's young blood shot eyes polish his military boots
while Sergeant X thinks of tucking his young daughter into bed.

My grandfather casts another line of fishing lures
into a New York Ocean.

My brother unravels a Three Musketeers chocolate bar wrapper
next to the pool at Parkville apartment complex.

My sister denies to expose the true side
of her personality.

Along the tree
of my family bond,
the past wraps the present
into a candy that satisfies my ambivalence.

Leanin' on the blank caps
 sheddin' worthless horoscopes--
Rusty motor
 ancient time
 rottin' in my backyard
Junk collectin' worthless dobie--
 Cranking starter kit
 Lemonade drop--
Muttering smoke
 of another's bed lain sickness
Needin' a hug
 smile
 tempt--
Come in to my shade
 shake down inside my dusty mass

Exactly three years
ago

a small elf tapped me on the
knee

sent a wave of
thought

through my forehead
into my mouth.

Suddenly I shouted--
"O.K., I admit it-
I have denounced Spam before."

Skewing through the green field
the squirrel saunters
in hopeful dash

Fleeing from the tree
momentarily fulfilling
only to discover
processes repeating.

A mind pecking twirl
of subconscious
massacre.

Meticulous death inside
rare conscious
slide.

Mighty emotional turbulence
inside the invisible
soul.

Tattered remains of lung smoke
in front of slow unconscious
defeat.

The death of mighty cells
in the brain through accepted means of
societal fetish.

A mighty cougar tail
coiled into a tight circle of rope
inflamed to the hot orange of
cooling steel.

In existence within
this soul I tempt &
reveal through each emotional struggle
ensued each day I walk inside my forest of deceit & love.

This eye of the storm
I occupy.

On my
16th birthday
I should have
been given a
cake of soft
concrete
dipped in light sugar
lined with orange highway barrels
forming a
s m e y
i l
face
on top.

Frogs usually leap.
Humans leap
& tumble.

The donkey
kicked
the
M u L e
who dared
to
conform
to impossible dreams.

Bright W h i t e
lights
burn my irises
of nighttime
str etch
on open
high
way.

The beloved pickle
in my hand
on Nov. 21 of '83
puked
a seed into my hand
that
swallowed my
sour body
w h o l e.

The smoker's
death
is to aim
for the sparks
flying off the
e

n
d
of
an
orange
flame.

Long flows
of
brown hair
choked
me in my
sleep

o n c
e.

The Renaissance warrior
painted a
canvass
ripe with
premonition
of a
death
over a cliff
he felt
the night's
sleep before
the battle.

The young
child
rode his bicycle to Mars--
During 9:00a.m. English
in daydream love.

A group of magnum gangsters
tried a fake pin number with

my credit card stolen at gunpoint
while I listened to the jingle of elevator music
for a secure transaction of defeat for
the
bad
guy's.

I could die today
 or remain alive.
I deduce to dream
a
vision of l
 i
 f
 e
void of death
that is
inevitable
in
our human walk.

Pluto orbits
around
the bulk
of my
spleen.

Doctors removed the old
man's appendix
&
fed it to the dog
in the
empty dumpsite
behind
the
clinic.

Forced opposition
is
not
controlled optimism

Alone in a public restroom,
I own it.
With another stranger,
I'm evicted ostensibly.

Blue
Gray
and Yellow
dots
lined
my eyed
before
night sleep.

Right now
current
events
are
old news.

Smiling
is the
impulsive reaction
of
acceptance
that life
is
O.K.

Last summer
my body
felt
like a piece of
toast
on hot sand
without
any
butter or jam
to soothe

my burn.

Two ripe
Jonathan apples
fell
from a tree
on
my head.
I thought
Lemon Meringue
P I E.

Our past
experiences
define
displacement
theory.

We are
specs
of dust
on one
tiny blue
twinkling mass
within one
Solar System
in one
Universe
next to
billions of
Galaxies &
unseen
Celestial Masses.

Movie stars
a
r
e
analogous
to stars
in the night s k y.
Twinkl i n g
far
a w a y.
The public
will never know
who
or
what
they are.

America's great excuse:
Parents.

The glass is
half
e
m
p
t
y.
The glass is
half
f
u
l
l.
Anyone got
some marbles?

Silverware deserves blankets too.

Thank God for napkins

in re

stu

ra

n

t

s.

Do bugs think about

humans?

Funny--

I don't think about them

m u c h.

Who's right

or

wrong?

Could the balding math teacher

kick

the bullies' ass?

Should golf clubs

have a

personality?

Idiots don't.

Weeks in days
add up to a seven year
plan.

Exploding in gusts of
white gas
into an open expanse
owned by one God.

Another six years
of orbital speed

shot into gravity
benign
to human NASA sign.

Soon Galileo
afflicted gently to the satellite
as the result of hundreds
of human mind toil.

To squash through
an orbital atmosphere
knowing no forgiveness,
ready to cause failure &
open to the
option for astronomical
furtherment.

Much like people
in their
endeavors.

Years of work
for several leaps
into goals &
understanding
we all fight to
achieve connection into.

I herefore say I'm tan
I herefore state my Italian loyalty
I herefore make clear my humanity stance
I herefore state I'm a college student
I herefore state I don't support violence
I herefore exclaim I'm a lover of women
I herefore believe that freedom & equality is key

I herefore stand as an American.

One young embryo
child

rolls in a crib of
rough wool cloth

dubbed with inescapable
discrimination.

Tossed balls of various
sports

doused in fabric of trendy
attorney clubs

blind to the swirling mass
masking a label

he'll have to reinvent
for the rest of his days.

Carving the rights
 in forceful man-made doctrines
Backward
 belligerent
 belated
New authority needed
 new way's to follow
Diverse crowds
 in numb search for antidote
Forgotten rights
 invading my daze
 to peaceful coexistence
Wake me please
 to see what has passed...
 ...then arrived...

I dig trees
 & falling leaves.
I dig flowers
 blooming in spring.
I dig streams
 strumming inner chords.
I dig the sun
 rising-n-falling.
I dig mountains
 humbling my soul.
I dig a steady breeze
 cooling my feet.
I dig bees
 buzzing alive.
I dig tranquillity
 my right to being--

Oh gleeful leaves
perched high above human disease

Twists & twirls
simplicity non-essential

Colors astride
on cool afternoon breeze

Eloquence barched in roots below
waving to old friend to the right
wading above brotherly branch

To weave a mimic
emblematic as an epitaph--

Traveling through the route
of life's course
pick
 refuse
 succumb
Episodes flashing a
gallery of frozen moments
inserted into the
pocket of the brain.
When childhood
fades into adulthood
the film display's lights
of candor &
leaps.
Leaving critics
loving &
the employee
reviewing.
In the middle of
writer's block
I figure the
end result
of my current state of sketches.

mate
of personal thoughts
shall be the rope of my climb &
stability
in a walk.

The subtraction of fields
lined in dots
aligned with uniform
equilibrium.

Charting the system of
school children and
waitresses
overhead the lines &
Q's.

Stuck to the highway
we breath
in glassy morning dew.

Collective inventions
of machine gun
companies

tax hurling congressmen
breathing down
my back pocket

brackets amongst brackets
slicing my brows &
burping inside my irises

making certain
I know the definition
learned in art class--

This line
created by Nomads
stretched along funeral gates.

Swirling mounds of
twisted remains.
Eyeballs here
greasy vericose veins there,
ripped lung charchol
forming piles of ground beef.
Lying appendages
inside the house of pure white.
Streaming tributaries
of piss puke
colliding with lines of
yellow flesh
collecting in the corner
of cracked views.
Those conservative transparent white--
never aware of their surroundings
yet so willing to release their filth.

If I was a lollipop
I could go through steady creation,
be handled with care
and reside prized amongst children.

I could flourish with a wrapper
and fly as a sweet.

Raising emotions within
people of all ages,
they could lick my barrier
work
 work
 work
to the soul of my creation,
savor my center
as long as a minute will be--

low
could make me
feel alive.

A brightly lit lamp
at night,
threw rocks
a
t
my head
&
shot B-B's at my feet
when I
walked
b

e

l

o

w.

What do
bald men
think
to themselves
at Rock Concerts?

Decided today,
that the choice to
be anal
is much like
someone saying,
"Nothing else on T.V.
so I though
I would
watch this
talk show (lose)"
Run slime
Run.

Know why television
in 1995
is truly wrong?
Ricki Lake-CBS on at 3p.m.
Tom Snyder-CBS on at 2a.m.

At the zoo,
the Giraffe
bent over
the guard rail
to eat

one of
my animal
crackers.

Never eaten
Caviar,
drive shit
truck,
could we
still talk
about some shit
Mr. Prez.

Some Christmas
very
s o o n,
my gift
to all those
I know
will be a
handshake
and a "Merry Christmas"
while I
look them straight
in
the eye.

Sometimes silence
is the best policy
when
dealing
with blind
ignorance.

If I could,
I would like
to be
partitioned into
two Chinese
medicine balls
and have someone
twirl and twirl,
just so
I could overcome
a weak

stomach.

If my body
was made
strictly of cotton,
I still would
get pissed
if someone
picked on me.

The older
you get
the more
time becomes
your invisible
enemy.

At 16,
I knew fuckin' everything.
At 23,
What does everything mean?

Sometimes
the most
dangerous
thing
for the mind
is to be
barricaded
between
f o
u r W a L l S
for a long time.

In the future,
will my kids
know what
it's like to drive
on the ground.
Hell, my grandparents
didn't know drive
in their prime.
My kid
could be a part

of a nation
of air heads.

Found 20 bucks
the other day.
Good Karma
or Bad Karma?

Kurt Vonnegut Jr.
just
finished another
cigarette.

"Doubt is
admitting
that fear
cannot be defeated"

"Some instincts
are tapped
through true practice"

Coffee before
sleep.
T.V on
tossing and turning.
One form of
real torture.

Those minuscule insects
draped in red with army shackles
several centimeters long,

mark ground nutrients
rolled in dirt &
ashes.

To a fortress
of cone shaped
security.

Lifting leaves in
groups of twenty,
to the nearest home base.

For dwelling and
eventual eviction.

Then me and my brother
come along
with jacks in our pockets &
fragile nutshells enveloping our hands
with large magnifying glass.

Not present to read
microfiche type
or solve a fictional Sherlock Holmes mystery.

We have one plot
in our floating
minds.

To employ our weapon
in hand,
the sun over
our shoulders.

Set to obliterate
the never retiring toil
or non-assuming ants.

Tickling our infant brain.

Machine hum
magnifying glass

focus on the center of
AIDS research,

pick open those
amoebas

that move within infantile
babies

which cry in
torn sheets

white with
prejudice

inside a blur of
solid thugs

that laugh at
bank tellers.

My life affords
a multitude of
pleasure.

Education,
savory books,
good vibes &
material comfort.

Though the music in my
truck radio,
disc changer,
and instruments
in my dusky basement
make me click.

The control I possess
over the melody of
chorus lines &
the beauty in lyrical lines.

Sprouts the joy in
my musical body
clock.

For performing or
sheer emersion in the pool of
magical music lifts me
to another level.

The shout of
Lennon's "Power to the People" &
the strum of my marine band
harmonica.

Truly offers the release
personal choice can
afford &
emotions can
apply their label onto.

Chords flowin'
 feelin' cravin'
Rhymin' frequently--
 Those in the heart
 have left for duty
Emptiness present
 soothing in the distance
Growing into love
 for one I saw--
Hew way's breathable
 her look is gone--
Movin' up-n-on
 natural law--
In the distance
 happiness abound
Just a song
 about special memories--

Gym Diner Special:
Muscle Meat Loaf
Brain Matter
A cup of Adrenaline.
Bon Apetite

Why is it
that
after every
war in
modern history
they have said,
"This is the
War
to end all
Wars"
Prove it.

Ten Gallon Hats
Horse shit
Chewin' Tabacca.
Now, what was
the question?
Why don't I
like
to square dance.

Frat boy's &
Sorority girls
are those
that
laugh at jokes
they don't
d n a t s r e d
n u. <

Gill
bill &
Jill
forgot the
condom's.

My pillow
once

ate my
head for
dinner.

My knee's
met
her hands.
We finally
made
eye contact.

Someone
laughed at
my hair,
b

u

t

I didn't
know
it.

Have
you ever
drank
a gallon
of milk
all at
once?
They do
in commercial land.

Needle in vein
girls in funny suits
guy's sucking on tobacco.
Circus in
the
slums.

Who are
those guy's
that taste wine
for a living?
Hey Honey,
I'm home

kicked ass
at office,
got drunk
again.

Cops on bikes
Politicians in airplanes
Dentists in Gold Acura.
Coming soon
to a
Zoo
near
y

o

u.

follicles

cuticles

epidermal dust

synapse juice

ventricle blood

lung phlegm

tan tarter

dried urine

In A Bottle--

This day has
soaked into another
new day,
before I
recovered my nightly
dose of dreams &
ignoring doubt.

Soon the clock
that hides in my
shoe laces
will scream me to
healthy employer.

Then the decision
could begin--

Should I scramble between
pointing Sunday suburbanites?

Travel to Montana?

Send a balloon into the day sky?

Possibly fall into the routine?

Maybe the questions
will carry me through
the outcome of a day
I know nothing about.

Alive
for a price &
reason

waiting for another
segment of
time

conveniently
called
tomorrow.

In my muted position
of silence,
my mind &
instinct emotions
control the gears of
my shifting thoughts.

To walk down the
hall of screaming tasks,
willing to compromise
with my confusion
I desire an alliance that will
be conducive to the
feel of my mind &
the health of the walk I imprint.

Coming to a grip
among those bouncing thoughts
of mature emotions in adolescence &
adversities in childhood.

The power of the written word &
the serene climate
of personal thoughts
shall be the rope of my climb &
stability
in a walk that
fluctuates between
sanity &
insanity.

I will openly admit
my vice of botching
a blood pumping good-bye.

The enjoyment of
time alive,
courageous triumph of defeat--
Mountains and lake bottoms
viewed from my eyes
like the sky above.

Although my palms
create sweat &
my brain feels the love
the opposing soul offers,
I realize that a B.A. in communication studies
cannot dictate to me
how to be so articulate
to achieve the phrase before
the final goodnight.

In the world of
many options,
the number one
fails to fade from the stack of possibilities.
Millions of women
thousands of suit coats
one billion watches aglow.
Thirty-one different ice cream flavors in a parlor
along with many thousands of taste buds on my tongue.
The bare reality
remains
that we have one life,
one conscious,
exactly one mind,
a body,
single soul &
one chance to take life into the void
with style & conviction.

The man of society's
label

walks among the
white

yet to decide how the
day

will receive his
fate

unrecognizable to
logic.

etches.

mate
of personal thoughts
shall be the rope of my climb &
stability
in a walk.

notes of
nature

hovering above my
head

ignorant to my
presence

as my thoughts begin to
float

thanks to a feathered
creature

endowed with winds of
fiber

and a snout of
simplicity.

Campin' in the mind
 pushing the movement so perfunctory
Pleaded conversations
 gone with no recollection
Another day
 will see gulls--sunshine
Today--
 Loathsome hallow thoughts never infuse
Justy causes
 one successful
Now their just a blur
 Think of me---
 that will be enough...

Before the
scream

of southwestern
bells

my dream
escape

created those misty
thoughts

telling my toes
alive

that walking to the
tone

could spell the
message

of reality & subconscious
grays

that wedding bells will
ring.

Soothing breeze
 winter dew
 summer set
 spring drapery
Equinox spectacle
 forest yellow
 mountain gray
 sea golden green
Charity of mother--
 makin' happy creeks of thoughts a sprouting
Natural simplicity
 comfort free
 soul ease
Eradicating worries of blue visionaries
 sittin' on a multi-colored platform

"Good Thoughts Are No Better Than Good Dreams, Unless They Be Executed!"
-Ralph Waldo Emerson (1836)

"I walked with the mighty & danced with the broken. I prefer the broken"
-Our People

"No need to vote, you're in"
-Boos

Present with the knowledge
of my forthcoming doom,

I hold next to the crest
that sunny shores could
speak through the stone &
give me a greater catharsis
I know is not possible.

Onward in my travel
into the black door of
muddy reason

through the room of looks
numbing as white slate.

Empty confederate walls
spouting beer kegs
dislodged through empty
fruit rhines.

Into my thoughts
floating on a level
the fraternity of sorrow
will never comprehend.

Seconds invade into weeks
as my blood is partitioned
into minuscule misery

for my release from the goal
has occurred through the powdery fucks
crowding freedom
I bathe within.

One liberated beach of integrity
held onto like a sacred
sheet of music
in composer dreams.

Crafted forms
of tanish pink hips,
overflowing lumps of
breasts,
bright red lips the
color of fresh blood,
cool evasiveness of
Captain America.

Swishing through the
daytime frontier
to save the civilian &
return sanity.

Her artistic strokes
of comic color
dance in 3-D reality
for me to dream
of the ultimate
woman.

My mistress,
wife,
sadistic whip woman.

Could these
female super heroes
exist in
this present world?

Cause the thought of
so many
male warriors
fail to make my heart
a flutter.

Like my own personal
heroine,
She-Woman
every 4th Thursday
of the month
behind my close boyhood door.

I look through
the window of this
fluorescent stale restaurant.

Thoughts of a skeptic
follow the cars &
people racing through
a day.

Collecting the material goods
molding children's minds
working for weekend football entertainment.

Come home to network
T.V. dish

while the earth shakes
the solar system hand.

This blue dot in the
sky lisp next to
planets
in the space sky

while human minds
collide into halls of toil.

Lifting the questions
above reality &
compressing them below
a ground of angst
with fear in their skin.

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The search within a cold
breeze

of questionable time
over

wheat fields of desolate
brown

scaving the extinct exhaust
pipes

within an internal craze of
personality

splashing my chapped
thoughts

and drying the fluid of my
mind

for this internal combustion of simplicity searching
nature.

Could today be
a successful
day?

If so,
how would it be
defined?

Shall I quantify the
process of the daily
routine?

Or will society try
to do this for me.
Maybe it will be
friend, foe or
family.

It all makes
no regard to me.

I shall walk my
paved routine,
smile to an
old woman,
shake a strange hand &
enjoy the pleasure of life
in mind & spirit
that I can offer to
myself and others.

In this day
that is bound
to be defined,
shall I make
my own prediction?

I'm thinkin' fine
o
fine.

They don't smoke
or they do.

Don't chew on narrow pens
or they do.

Think about their lives & issues
or they don't.

No matter the swirling circumstance
underneath their skull bones,
those that stare indeed
don't have social grace.

For the voyeurism
procured from fascination, visions or
wonderment
fail to hold them to
personal restraint.

Their eyes on me &
others in this diverse world
fail to recognize that
pupils much wiser and stronger
shed their insecurities
down
to their last fear
they hold
deep inside.

e.
Maybe it will be
friend, foe or
family.

Casual glances into the
bottom of mugs

feeling the moisture of
human mistake

sniffing ash tray
escape

licking the chops of
sloppy lips

rolled tight around
silverware
on spotless table tops
ready for disgust.

The fate of a napkin--
such as a baby's diaper
wrapped under
retail glow

before absorbing the waste
of human remains.

Man created fire.
Scientists constructed
Nuclear Fission.
Which will destroy
earth first?

Law of Humanity:
Whatever begins
beaten
must work toward
health.

Read Kerouac again
today.
He read me
as well.

The Knight
forgot his
armor
at home.
Cracked a rib &
lost a leg in battle.
Went home and
ate spare ribs &
chicken.

A Dinosaur
used to dwell
beneath my
very feet
rent free
on a sole
continent
called earth.

A Chinese
man
is carving a
ivory elephant
my grandmother
will give my
father in

the
near
f u t u r e.

Society rulebook:
Keep up students

Politicians
Pro Athletes
Silent short-haired wife beaters
are good.

Long hair
free thinking
African-American
equality minded
love oriented
species
are wrong.

Have a bloated day kids.

When I try to
try
I fall.
When I cease
to worry about
trying
I rise.

A young woman
grabbed my
ass at
a hockey game.
She's probably
hunting me
down with a
law suit
saying I
harassed her.

Don't own
a gun.
Have a
mouth.
Let's chat.

Shall we?

A vile of
stimulants
would
help me
do those
tricky

b a

 c k

f L i p S

I've always
wanted to
d O.

A girl
socked me
in the nose
as a kid.
Could that
be why
I
don't wear cologne?

Currents
of electricity
turned off
nationwide.
Appreciate
your life
a little
more now?

Laughed
at caged monkey's
before.
Wanted to own
a koala bear.
Maybe animals
would like
to own humans &
laugh at us
for
a c
h
 a
n

g
e.

Hung out
with a gal
shaped
like a question mark.
She just
kept
asking ???'s.

The serpentine
shoe lace
kept tracing my path--

Through emotion
financial loss &
spiritual rise--

Outside the comfort
of air conditioned berries
into cold fizzle of
frontier history--

Looking up
at my smile,
questioning my gaze--

Only one leg down,
but behind my
stride along a path
storied &
dampened.

Astride in front of the stove,
while the wind sprays the fragile
cotton of the sun-white dress,

striking the match burning
a half century of wonder in my mother's mind.
A day branded in infamy for my
mom's heart for a parental bond
extinguished in a matter of
hours.

Lugging the enigma of
death from child-to-child &
matchbook-to-matchbook.

Red pain added to her
young mind of fragile innocence
and a life of blue collar numbness.

Knowing is a philosophy I realize,
only the figment of understanding
will tempt me for the thoughts of my mother's life
I will never fully soak.

Stern teacher
acting as public defender.

Point border-to-border
the knowledge
I pay.

To tell wise metaphors,
denounce radical
fools.

Pacing like
wise magicians
to destruct ignorance &
give reason to rhyme
onto the knowledge
we accept & deface.

An edifice
of splendor
set to kill &
create mind cells.

Coming through
the blood bank of
brains,

waiting in front of
projector outline
in fluorescent
honor.

Nurturing my teen years
squeezed between
high school smells &
broken challenges.

Listened to music
that moved my feet
and corroded my heart.

As an
adult
the hip of hop
took me to the side--

whispered invocations
never to be challenged
within my blood.

Funk pryed open my eyes &
fisted a mental condition
diagnosed by clinical physicians as "terminal"

to this very day.

within.

These 14
lines of poetry ruining my mind.
Can I achieve this
plateau?
Climb the ice
bluff-
Taste the no oxygen
zone-
Feel the altitude of
breathless air-
For I think
it really doesn't matter,
lines or meters
it's the content that acts as the variable.

e present
into a candy that satisfies my ambivalence.

These teeth in my mouth
have seen many places in this country.

Midwest dwellings
the east coast tinge &
northwest greenery.

They have flashed smiles
to fill a book
one dictionary wide.

Tasted the salt of
fine foods,
the grit of quick vomit &
the sugar of rare dessert treat.

Touched the tongue
of those women in my heart &
tore open the package of retail goods.

These teeth of mine
through people, lands, expressions &
foods--
Held in high regard inside the
six month dental wait,
although seldom reveled for the greatness
they reflect.

Before the future
created the past.

The moment now
begs for attention.

One magical patch,
charcoal colored sweat suit
as a young lad
is gone.

That worn pattern
of criss-cross stripes
signifying the Pittsburgh Steelers.

Now in the domain
of a childhood crush
that has floated from
city-to-city.

Breathing life on my
right breast until
the young blond goddess
requested my acceptance
to give away this trophy on my armor.

I accepted the challenge
to part with this
cloth memory.

As I revel in the
remains of young childhood crushes,
she might still have
this presentation of
my fledgling years &
smile on this episode.

Indeed I wish
this was all the truth,
instead of a lost
symbol
buried in the
head of an
ungrateful landfill.

I own two
golden
letter openers.
Have 10 fingers.
Decisions suck.
Ha, pile on the
letters
Mr. Mailman.

Women follow the
"Mind over matter"
principle.
Men follow the
"Brain over penis"
approach to life.

My father
doesn't know
I smoke
c i g
a r e t
t e s.

I dreamt
I smoked in front
of him during a nap today.
Am I a
coward
or smart
about my silence?

My grandmother
is truly
smiling
in heaven
at this
very
moment.

Am I seeing reality
a visage
or a counterfeit mural--
Strung up on strips
of ceiling tile
making my mind
wonder if
this vision
in front of me
is illusory
or peripheral.
It could be a matter
because
vampires
exist only on silvery screens.

Fast pace
to my next test
of college trial.

Suddenly, a view
through a classroom
to a window hung
like a picture painting.

Cool colors of red orange violet
splashed through Mother Nature
causing my stop of motion &
giving me the chance
to recognize another
side of life.

The breath of nature
clothing our experience
no college classroom
nor money
could ever reap.

An average day
on the
college campus.

Then, she appeared in
front of my eyes--
Rather three separate times
throughout the day.

There were no
courageous bursts
of verbal exchange.

Just the continual
tinkering of thought
in my mind.

Both rational &
irrational.

Rationality envisioned
intelligent late night chat &
controlled sex.

Irrationality focused
on perky breasts beside
worn stirrups
and
red lips with
slight curl.

Aside from the
thought in my mind,
nothing real ever occurred.

Again the beauty appeared unattempted--
Came &
went
like a warm day in December.

Streaks of
shiny metal
race by in hurried
rituals.

Many faces of
nationality & color
pass in pursuit of
a daily routine.

Burning gasoline
racing pistons
anxious minds
escape my sight
here in my
observant state.

Pacing the local streets
kissing the pavement of
four-lane highways,

the mix of machinery
greet & pass
in speedy gestures.

Reminding my mind "No"
 aching to hold back flowing memories
Gone for the summer
 yearned like no other
Gone...
 like a skyward feather
Shaped in time
 for the emotions to pull--
I crave the feel
 I had yesterday
To be with the one
 I now know I care deeply for
Always felt the comfort
 never knew the pain
 I search for escape now--
To a pasture of placid dreams--

Those beautiful insects
one encounters a step early
every once in a while,
have a secret clause
to mask the mistake of
costly agricultural pests.
In minds small than a nose hair,
their multi-colored shells direct the breeze within their
secret world of twirling
imagination.

Free in God
Free in love
Free in mind
Free in spirit
Free in restaurants
Free in friends
Free in honesty
Free in sleep

Alone in fear.

A foolish
grin

painted her
face

before the
turmoil

in haggard
love.

Rust brushed
school busses

tattooed in lots
of bus barn yards

transport the young minds
of revolving imagination.

Set to twist in curves of
parental hopes

personal fouls
abound

that can fly with the
seventh hour bell
or oxidize in the lot of a
judgmental sun.

