

# Joefiles 8

Sentiments to Coffee Travel

Twenty-Three Years Later: I Go Inside

Through the entrance,  
marble architecture  
oak doors of majestic mass.  
Taken by the vision  
on the altar,  
congregation in Catholicism.  
Young Joe  
Eternal Susie  
wrapped within  
shroud of one  
Christ  
ornamental pure.  
The march  
organ pipe escorts path  
down the aisle  
into the streets,  
society  
Broadway  
siblings--my life--anniversaries.  
I have made the  
entrance,  
soon to follow my blood  
into life more.  
Set to repeat  
the  
march.

Youthful 45's

The struggle begins  
as novice children.  
Silver platter engraved  
into forthright codes,  
genetic worries float  
over  
soft cheeks.  
Spokes protect the wind  
free as  
March evenings.  
Kids bear the fire torch  
which lights the  
candle gallery  
for reflections of  
growth ahead.  
Innocence pulled inside  
radio flyer sidewalk  
to spill into city road,  
blessing the deceased &  
adult populace.  
These embryo flowers  
have much to learn about life,  
they know much  
about freedom.  
Reared slowly  
to play hide-n-seek for real.

Above Sod

They have left us  
cursed you  
lifted me to ravaged familiarity.

Was that grace  
shallow in your glass or  
sincerity searching for a  
way out of the grave plot?

Stagnate swallow of venom  
never tasted,  
to some it's deadly.

You seem to crave the bottom of  
cadaverous wells.

One virtue left  
to ring over your neon phone,  
honesty.

It's pure  
wise  
ready to be sized.

1986 Revisited: Photographic Space Shuttle Tragedy

Fresh odor  
of  
junior high classroom.

Thoughts of future,  
ITV sessions beamed to  
home earth  
from McAullife and NASA techs.

Super suspension of  
media angst  
spread from corner-to-corner.

Moment stood still,  
painted onto a stiff pasteboard of  
Language Arts History.

Rebori relayed  
the  
loose traces of  
shattered lives &  
devastation conceived through  
gun shot wound  
in stale ribs.

O-rings  
solid rocket boosters,  
become household names  
while  
mouths mimicked before  
a spray of white smoke.

The chance  
escaped  
into ionosphere infamy  
with thoughts  
into pillow case questions.

## Aftermath of Travel

Particles of  
tree bark  
rain on my mind  
in a torment of unforgiving reality.  
The western leave in  
freedom of unbarred thought  
has closed  
for a  
time.  
Piles of Kodak millimeters  
line the corridors  
of memories.  
Echoing through  
thought  
that home  
is here &  
removed lands  
remain there.  
Spring cleaning  
is set,  
problems shall be  
absolved with the  
refuse  
of used napkins.  
For life tends  
to crack  
the closet door  
that much more.  
Carpe Diem  
has been acted in  
realization.

Beach Front Pauper

Erected a home of  
sea weed

on the reef of  
Pismo Beach.

To feed the  
gulls,  
smell the salt &  
laugh at the sinking sand  
beneath the ebb of  
bubbly water ride.

Cleared the nasal with scent of  
salt,  
lashed dashes at sunrise &  
cried before sunset.

The rent was  
marbles  
rolled between my  
toes,

for the sea shells  
never seemed  
meaningful  
until I composed a  
home of sea remains.

Never felt happier  
to sever the tie with  
thoughts of luxury.

Found my breakfast    lunch    dinner  
through the five senses  
absorbed into my spirit  
on the tide  
of  
the feathery sand.

Black Magic:

I reach my  
hand into the exterior  
of  
forgotten years  
smog rooms &  
recalled mischief.  
Black as the substance  
below  
2a.m. hotel glare.  
My fingers  
squirm inside the  
catch  
to feel the show,  
void of audience in lights.  
A switch of  
temperatures to  
maroon warmth  
rises the tide of hope  
in magic aside from the lumination  
desired with mysticism  
brewed beneath my soul.



Caged Heart Waiting For A Woman

Severed from  
the security of  
sexy Friday  
sultry Saturday &  
bountiful Sunday.

My piece of this  
holy island has  
been chipped off  
into a  
cold ebb  
flow of the crest.

My palpitating heart  
twists in clamors of doubt  
with wooden shackles  
about both  
wound & potential.

Young woman of  
soft love  
uncork the conniving  
bottle,  
unravel the  
letter

let me inside  
for the smooth glide &  
intellectual ride  
that this yearning  
could  
reside.

Like a pouch of  
lost prescription remedy  
ready to unleash my razor  
of free pleasure.

Card Game of Lost Love

The Queen of  
spades  
douses her flower  
into the flesh of my question.  
Quandary rage of  
hidden disappointment,  
gases into the unknown  
of my swift kick.  
Shall the card  
turn to the right?  
My guess baffles the  
Jack,  
inducts the King rage.  
My hand floats into  
the Quest  
to peel transparent card  
onto a card  
which can see the  
low lights  
without  
haze &  
real emotion of  
regretful severance papers.

## Cargo Inventory

Fraught with drought  
plantation rulers let loose earth  
fall violently to ground.  
Computer engineer finds true reflection  
in IBM monitor  
reached for grandfather's time piece  
quickly strewn into bits on marble pillar.  
Live-in Nanny exhumed the vanity  
of her employer  
tossed Victorian furniture through second story window  
into languid blue waters.  
Porous criticism  
leaked over surgeon floor.  
Worker lives away from home  
vacating road  
for children to wait-up before goodnight kiss,  
never received.  
Vacation time pushed past summer sprout  
frustration validated  
car tossed into the distance.  
An end to the agitation  
talked bold  
behind holy fires.  
Time is sheared  
honesty is loose,  
living like it was meant  
from the start.

## Mystery Of The Chief

Breath of  
spring air around my lungs,  
breeze through my dreams.  
They fail to be lazy.  
An apple orchard of  
tangy leisure  
fly through the wind  
around this home.  
I strive to tell the  
direction  
sending me in a mad chase.  
The chance to dance with perfection  
for marriage blind  
to statistics.  
Our mind erects  
this surrounding we endure,  
my task is to  
exceed the grief  
stop the wind &  
hang on for the escort  
into a new tomorrow.

Mr. Chip Slim

There was  
once

a middle-spared  
man

carried doubly with the name  
Chip Slim.

Cowered beneath the glaciers  
life

forced from the mantle of  
torture.

Looked over his  
shoulder,

trusted few fellow  
kin.

Owened the lease to his  
living

glorified the worry riding him  
ragged.

Prayed for others to  
notice,

didn't realize his clarion  
call

existed in those around  
him.

No one needed to  
know

he knew the  
truth

others lived &  
wished

he could carry through on the same  
plan.

Chronicle Number 1: Child Thief

Cleaned those shelves  
drug store purity.

Spit in the eye of  
grocery stock boy,

told my mother comic books  
weren't free.

Filled my pockets  
coats &  
pants with errant lies,

doused my hair full  
that guilty soap & over-the-shoulder anxiety.

Led by the hand  
called "consumer pal"  
into brown leather juvenile embrace.

Heard the scorn-n-shout  
from maternal bafflement,  
took a new course in my  
flailing life at once.

Cut with shears  
grown from wrist sockets,  
the sail of my past  
then greased the motor for new transport.

Straight into honesty,  
always beckoned by brotherly  
anger

never heeded by  
ignorant overview.

I see now,  
love decorates in unbiased shades  
for fools dressed in lazy disease.

Comfort Woman

Feather bed  
beaten by passionate love &  
stream of traffic search.

Caress this heart that  
encompasses by belated torso,  
spread saliva over my ear  
for audio technology could barely cheer.

Clutch my thigh  
with warm lights  
which beat the cynic tempting  
me by night.

Full lips inside  
fresh high,  
your entrance has been the seduction  
calculating the digits of my mind.

Take the solutions,  
spread them with those remains  
of the weekend  
which reminds me of lovely paint &  
splash of poetry beaten  
between the hum of harmony.

Memories of these  
turn the impression  
into a street I crave to sweep.

The Control Sought

Curled into a  
creation of  
stretched skin  
overwrought joints &  
strewn hair,  
the being listens to  
the tune  
of  
drought neighbors  
clock arms &  
mind rhythm.  
Loneliness was  
sad contentment.  
In the splurge to  
rent the memories  
of  
photographic gatherings,  
this was the  
few periods  
of  
advancing age  
he knew  
he could  
create or destroy  
with  
swift movement  
of  
body mass before brain play.



Cry

The dream  
in my time,

beyond the  
shadow of struggle.

When I can  
nuzzle inside the  
comfort of my potential.

Sing into the  
ear of  
lovely woman

amid the piano  
solo.

Realizing my childhood &  
zero regret has  
reaped the spring of  
ripe falls leading into my breath  
today & 2013.

Then I shall  
break down before the  
mirror mist,

naked as the day  
I arrived

to shout in salty victory  
that I have arrived  
at self-actualized thoughts  
of progress under the lies.

## Crystal Gypsy

The magic hoax  
was the old woman  
promising the world a deliberative  
prediction.

Instead her bogus ball of  
murky crystal shattered along  
with the curse of  
humankind.

An irony snug inside  
paper walls  
pulled the confidence game  
into blessings for this old woman  
ready to corral the 90's  
find herself and true grandchildren.

She now confides solemnly with God  
in an attempt  
to forget the broken guesses  
ushered through crafty momentum  
into potential inquisition.

Civilized Curtain Rim

I deal with a fright  
which leads to forlorn future.

The tease tomorrow  
for all that I dream  
is but a brunt leap away  
from the probabilities I hold.

This key in my front pocket  
I hide from the  
gruesome populace  
rueful foes &  
dreary love.

My respect for  
gifts  
desire a self-actualized renaissance.

Providing heat  
on occasion unfulfilled,  
for a set of wings I carefully grow  
to take the jump  
into a crowd called the World.

Diva

Dull reflection shot  
from  
the knowledge in hanging  
pearls  
off the wrist of mystery  
girl.  
Her legs cross in that knowing  
show  
men will  
glow.  
She belongs to no one  
special  
enjoys the job  
solo.  
I can stare into the  
dream  
she can wave her wand  
over  
my delighted  
fantasy.  
Her name is  
hidden  
just an image pulled from my  
ideology.  
Diva floats  
softly  
for the crowd of  
peers  
to throw money & material without  
restriction.  
Landing in a felt hat I have stolen & returned more than  
once.

## Dance Jive

Dance woman of  
flush apparel  
succulent thighs,  
forget taunts in your mind.  
Expose the smooth pits of  
your arm,  
taste the cool twine of  
strewn hair in  
bead sweat.  
Never dart your eyes  
away from the gaze  
I hold over your glow  
on this stage.  
Swaying before fate &  
unrelenting eve  
inside smooth love,  
ready to sneak through  
the stack of ashen smoke.  
Your hips,  
erase untouched moments  
we both know together,  
my angel.

Drum Drummer

Rampant drum roll  
on rolling cliff,  
four foot body  
born in creative flesh.  
Pelting nature with  
torrents of interactive tune.  
His symbolic serenade  
was sincere,  
while nature gripped  
the flow of notes  
with yellow glow.  
He continued  
without interruption  
while the  
animals arose.

mere  
peep show in her  
subconscious move.

Dutch Free

We want a planet  
to call home.  
Humans pride their country  
called blood kin,  
a town or fortress to harvest  
the soul.  
We exist in the  
dust of  
lunar onlookers of  
planetary accordance.  
Open horizon of  
four pointing questions.  
The place for love is  
without rent  
with  
God  
Mother  
Father  
Earth.  
All hands joined  
for a song  
some people fail to appreciate  
in  
lyrics &

Daylight Savings

Those who  
say  
t h e y  
don't like to express their emotions,  
have the most  
to  
talk about.

\*\*\*

Hurt shall  
skin the flesh and  
send comatose destruction  
to  
the  
m                    in                    d.

\*\*\*

Friends outlive the  
rage  
of  
twisted tempo.

\*\*\*

Nearly died in  
a dream  
I was creating  
last week.  
Plane crashes and  
quick sex  
are  
beyond the control  
of this inhabitant.

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Where did all the  
strength  
of the Human Being  
o?  
Straight to the Oprah show or  
behind the Broadway curtain.

G

\*\*\*

Disease fought the  
leaves for the glow.  
Grow  
Trees



Grow.

\*\*\*

Assholes and Elbows

f

u

c

k

me

p--

u-

\*\*\*

Sunday afternoon

on

retail time.

Pius show for

the smiles

hiding

the sorrow.

\*\*\*

Forgive my mistake

of

accident.

Accept my policy to

sow my

seed.

## Essentials

I need money  
a home to show  
job to benefit  
food enough to grow  
clothes for the night  
vehicle to maneuver  
wallet space in the drawer  
America to walk proud  
mother to call for a smile  
time from work to evolve.  
I need a base  
to build another.  
The stock of the product  
will appear at once.  
Basics will work,  
for toil shall bring the goals  
to provide my shoal.

## Fluttering on Thought

The present  
inducted  
future joy  
foreseeable.  
Power of  
one.  
The knack  
of  
one.  
In lifetimes  
spared  
as freedom &  
gift alone,  
yearned  
for success  
only this sole being  
can  
swallow.

## For Reasons Unknown

Noon history exam  
before 9am research exhaustion.  
First love  
next flame  
broken love  
sizzling yolk stained on furnace top.  
Full extension  
across California sun,  
the Condor searched for clams to  
feed newborn nest.  
Simplicity set into motion  
by passion exhibited  
beyond many written texts.  
Too many reasons  
for the world to hold gravity in flux.  
Tube of quicksilver measuring  
the illness of mother worry.  
There are explanations  
easy to decode,  
then horizons point into corners  
mysterious as the brazen corner bum.  
They share connections  
for  
reasons unknown.

Fountain Off J.C. Nichols & 42nd St.

I am the fountain,  
sculpture replacing the centerpiece.  
Accepting the traveler  
sprouting regular business tycoon.  
Taking the sunshine,  
producing rays of hope.  
Water flow smooth  
above bubble bath.  
Smothering coins  
trying my powers at various wishes.  
To send hope  
from the hip,  
giving those strolling old souls  
reasons to purchase bread for bench pigeon.  
My job set before  
the sidewalk  
lifting misty memories onto surface of  
skin & eye glasses.  
Never asked for a transfer or  
raise,  
just perfection within my  
monumental boundary.

Fire Engine Clock Arm

Red swirls  
glide around clock face  
like wise Socrates  
en pursuit for eventful answers.  
Lifted with  
knowledge that time is the enemy  
ready to accept friendly demeanor.  
Absolving the thirst  
of change,  
hurried in manipulation  
by deaf humans running.  
Solo race  
to the tape.

Forever

Sheets on the  
floor,  
comforter no more.  
Chasing down the  
tooth of  
never-ending tempo.  
Stretching through  
unexplored corridors  
of space.  
The cotton lining  
is elongated to  
fit the  
world &  
soak my task.  
Realities of  
fear & shock  
are  
unknown pleasures  
cornered into  
a bird nest,  
I know not how to  
hop into the  
air  
amid flight  
or  
grasp the aging on the soul  
in  
eternal battery clock.  
I should surround my  
body with sheets and  
smooth comfort,  
let death  
lead me to a  
time  
which cannot be  
decoded in this  
human attire.

## Friendly Food

Congregation of  
smooth  
spherical egg shells

encompass the yolk,  
mother womb.

Symbols of those  
friends  
lined in sacred  
yet  
open containers within  
the next smoke or  
guzzle of pure laughter.

The stilts of my knowing &  
perplexity  
hike through the  
tabernacles of life.

Bread christened beneath  
the  
puddles of wax  
below  
my candle of trust.

This crop of  
amigos  
in revered order,  
provide the salt & pepper  
of my  
substinence as human.



Glue the Folds

I share the thoughts in my mind. Alone. Murderers & thieves lead their crooked game. The National Government carries through their trepid bureaucracy in the field. I'm given into meeting beautiful women, writing, reading a solid book. Marriage between problem & solution is my personal visage to contentment. Thursday is our Thursday, Rain is our Rain, Earthquake Disaster is our Disaster. Picked this mind up shortly after birth. I do enjoy it & loathe it the same on some day's. I shall continue to live with the I & We that influence Me.

## God's Feet

Underneath the invisible  
churn of  
galactic & holy  
frontiers,  
the revolution of  
the after-life  
knows the specter of  
God's enormity.  
Particularly his  
feet of  
fragrance instilling fear  
love &  
hope.  
For the prayers &  
motion  
on this playground  
of earthly  
emultion.  
Tucked in the luck  
of miracles  
inside this land of  
freedom & restlessness  
occasionally catching the  
scent of  
God's soles and toes.  
Deep in the humbling  
mountains of  
National Parks  
Amazon Rain Forests  
captivating enough  
to be regarded  
by the  
journey minded  
into  
the Mecca of zealous pursuit.

Good and Gone

The hero  
divine pastime.

No color  
just status.

His swing through the motions  
on Shea mound

made me purchase poster  
glossy cards in bare acceptance.

Sporty immortal  
burned into glue.

Fastball through reality  
drug rehab welcome,

before recovery drooped into  
cocaine bloodshot.

The apple of one city,  
true to one-time ignorant envy.

He has faded  
poor Dwight Gooden

with a national jewel  
that has been

neglected into  
true passion passed.

Everyone Is Growing Old Each Passing Day

Heard the pile of  
years  
flow from the churn  
of geriatric history.

Grandmother recollection of  
druids craved by  
deceased companions.  
Old time advice,  
she has grown wise &  
wrinkled  
with the century.

The death of seconds  
minutes...hours...days...weeks  
months  
years  
recede onto all  
human beings.

Birth is the nutrient  
elderly hope is the prayer  
to the tree.  
In the middle remains  
the riddle fabled over  
Hollywood lenses.

Everything withers  
with the pass,  
we all fall prey to the gift &  
stumble between the rainy glee  
of  
living through the  
mystery  
in foreshadow.

## The Horror Exhibit

Quietly I stood  
beside the  
vertical coffin.  
Violently kicked  
through the passage.  
Blind to my own curiosity  
inside the  
familiarity,  
I cursed wax figurines  
of years  
totting me up the post.  
Heeded to the  
danger,  
touching the stale display-  
blew my nose in front of cafeteria noise-  
hailed a yellow streak mistaken for a cab.  
There were no clocks  
windows or  
expectations.  
Tasks of grander were  
hidden in the dirt  
covering my cuticles,  
many grave decisions.  
Petrified defense  
roped the chance to escape through  
cerebellum into  
the present,  
which turned  
burgundy exhibit into a long term memory  
concerning numb memories.

I Wish I Was Rocky Balboa

Steep climb through  
Philadelphia architecture,  
bulbs around boxer sweat  
landing a sequel and Italian might.

If only Hollywood could have given me  
the grand transfer  
I would grow the eye of the tiger  
feel the love of Eastern Brotherhood  
own Butcus &  
jog farmer market Ave.

Battling foe  
of poverty &  
raw eggs stacked in stale glass.

Molten hands  
softer than radiant heart  
tuned to the theme song  
which sprouts untold emotion.

Back to grade school glide  
with crew cut  
Rocky T's &  
the hope to yell Adrian in victorious corner.

I had this wish  
which slowly dissolved  
inside a life that has  
held fast to the reality that  
living is grander for the bystander  
ready to arise into  
an unbelievable man.

Leave...Welcome

Leave

crass face.

Leave

invisible doubt.

Leave

slow winter.

Leave

burdening death.

Leave

when the time is right.

Welcome

is the hor'douvere  
of my spicy brunch.

Late Night Woman

Slip into my  
room,  
like silk lining.  
Caress my body  
imprisoned  
for the night.  
Stroke the need out  
of my curt spine.  
Induce laughter on an alter  
that can find  
the lithium I possess.  
Oh, slip inside  
with foiled failure.  
For time  
never  
invaded both of us  
like this evening  
in  
nocturnal paradise.



## When Ignorance Lost Its Luster

A wandering man of  
afternoon endeavors,  
watching the crime in  
foiled humanity unfold before  
cosmetic lights on  
strip search talk.  
Found no definition for  
the enigma of evolution  
the soul or  
spirituality.  
He knew his hair color  
price of gas &  
fast food is cheap.  
Wanton smile of  
shadowless laughter,  
finally felt the  
slap of  
switchboard love.  
No woman  
security or  
savvy.  
Only soup of  
thick consistency  
floating in a skull  
of shrunken skin above  
soiled irises.  
Time for knowledge to  
find character,  
cause his image of  
life & family  
has sunken below the  
waterfall he never understood existed  
beneath his shameful shroud of  
greedy intolerance.

Mary No More

True to the notion  
of the start.  
Our feeling  
bounced into a fusion  
blended with gleaming evenings  
morning stares  
afternoon lover.  
Bounding curls of lopping beauty,  
her lips  
the alcohol of intoxicated debauchery.  
I have sat next to  
this statue  
which has pumped the blood  
through my emotion,  
tacked onto a billboard  
ready to flow.  
Succulent tone of  
sweaty opulence,  
old country mannerism  
tearing the heart from my very  
flesh.  
Feelings wrapped  
around palpitating  
giggle,  
a persona watering  
the sprout in our growth.  
So true,  
we swim in fire flows  
the smell of dew  
below AM hue.

## Money's Direction

Vertical mounds  
green berets  
formed in presidential posture.  
Told this is the  
latch to push.  
Inertia into corporate  
haranguing.  
Employee survival  
Entertainment drain.  
Intensity borne of  
unicycle vision.  
Hope that smiles  
can relinquish the grimace  
harpooning waists into one vision,  
financial parade.  
Down into the  
sunset boardwalk.  
I ask the supply  
vendor stocks  
to nourish my base.  
Leave me one love, dreams     genuine reality.  
My smile  
through the years  
could abolish presidential piles.  
Contradiction  
to slap karma,  
my present real of intrigue.

## The Galaxy Of Jim Morrison

Half a light year  
away.  
In the second galaxy  
east of the Milky Way,  
Jim still writes.  
Passionate poetry  
outlived  
his human body  
still left at home  
to run the motor.  
Rock abyss  
behind lyrical genius.  
Buried beneath  
debris of stale sunflower  
Paris tourist exhibition.  
Jim looks over the  
swirl  
from the unseen heavens  
in here & there,  
he still hides  
knowing concepts in wizardry  
beyond his time.  
Another sabbatical  
on a level new enough  
to forget numb drug.  
Jim alone  
together,  
the show never ended.  
It flows through  
chosen levels  
laid like permeable reptilian skin  
across the scorched desert surface  
in the sky.  
Jim  
where you bled to belong,  
constructing poetic philosophy  
never to be barren.

Much to my Surprise

Against the flow  
of better judgment,

grinding flesh on a sidewalk  
I should have never paced.

Mysteries in life  
begin with benign weather  
caress the unknown &  
succumb to time.

The segmented quarter  
locked with another,  
ask if right or wrong.

They all happen  
on a tip-toe  
cleaner than flesh on Dolphin's fin.

One turn  
or another  
I can only hope  
my conclusions  
will soar  
Much To My Surprise.

The New York Venture

In the car lot jump  
dad conformed '81 station wagon  
into four person eastern vessel journey.

Childhood decree,  
allegiance to travel with  
initial glimpse of rolling Pennsylvania green.

Ohio trucker dive to  
Jersey Empire State  
straight to Long Island slant

for Italian blood to mold over the  
Lasagna of  
hearty talk.

Monster fist at  
the sea,  
Mighty George Washington overpass

failing to bridge the gap of this  
lost soul  
floating state-to-state

with birth certificate at bay &  
existence a haze,  
my joy to view the

gulls of Atlantic drift  
float on concrete sleet  
exhibiting the infantile pure.

Audible state of New York breeze  
driven flush through memory capacitor.  
Giving me the tinge of relief

for travel & family bonding  
known bleakly  
before my adult obsession

to find missing item under the roof  
of my 821 N. Ridge home.  
Scavenger hunt

catharsis has arrived  
in the form  
never dreamed as a fledgling

in transport there, home here inside the past.



Novice Angie

Greetings to you  
with newly soaked hair die,  
chain of bulldog home  
wrapped around the neck  
above thrift store buy.  
Not interested in the price of army attire  
just the choice shampoo  
beaten  
by scent of thrift aisle &  
hip disregard for hygiene.  
Impersonation of Courtney, Trent and angst lies.  
Has your stare bore  
on man of desire yet,  
or is the moment spoiled by the past  
so trite,  
soaking your cloak in a bounty  
of further year.  
The dramatic performance  
waits for finale.  
Your God on shoulder  
is invisible  
as light through black hole.  
You chant lies  
young Angie,  
that shall become cornerstone virtues  
you will adamantly shun admittance  
to the demon of night &  
friend of supposed indulgence.



Ode To The Ex-Girlfriend

I held the knife  
close to my side,  
Oh it felt so nice.

She doubled over  
in one smooth swipe,  
I could have killed the bitch.

Instead I dropped  
my knife &  
remembered how she used to cry.

Worthless snake  
swimming in distaste.  
You provided so much reason to land in  
morning obituary.

You weren't worth the time  
behind the rusty gate  
oh naive smile,  
pop culture flirt.

Should have dropped this  
knife for my automobile.

That's right,  
cross the street  
Jaywalking knat.

There is a way out,  
Oh it feels so nice.

## On My Hands

They have been hidden  
stained shouts for  
Hello.  
Days recall those  
deeds  
cleaned over linoleum propensity.  
Literary warriors  
reopening those dreams of my  
youthful mind.  
Unearthed  
drug slowly  
into ability held sacred like the final child  
on sibling list.  
Across the bridge  
to the open skyline on  
twilight fury,  
I look into the crowded sky  
only to inspect its receiving gaze.  
Many a future hovers  
from mind  
to open air,  
analyzing each other  
in the calm hope  
of spring night for my hands to interrogate.

...Or Home

Heartache on  
wooden floor,  
antique history  
offered.  
No remorse  
from bedside window.  
A lamp of  
mercy  
pleaded into the dark  
to carve  
a tomorrow  
to remember the day  
when flesh was  
smooth,  
love was easy.  
To just listen to  
the  
breeze above  
mighty horn of the past.

On The Other Side...

Many pairs of  
inferred eyes

outshine the  
noon sky.

Glaring into the core  
for my personality,

numbering substances of  
one thousand scalp joys.

Thy cul-de-sac is paved daily  
to recede from the current.

Knowledge of personal acts  
cause folks to analyze

yes, a fall is coming  
on the rise I hide.

Welcome To Florida, Pablo

Land of Cuban  
Atlantic swim,  
mouse ears on Pluto spine  
geriatrics marketed in a pill.  
And Pablo with a  
dark weave.  
Bastard son of cannery casualty,  
tree of orange sprouts &  
grapefruit eggs.  
Fielding the prank calls  
of foreign faces,  
this neglected adult on the  
edge of  
American tourism.  
Wash your ass,  
keep it clean.  
Find a job &  
take pride in the  
invading accent.

## Part Purpose

Someone beyond  
loves you,  
soothing memories hide  
to change irrational plan.  
A neighbor child is moved  
by your existence.  
Bill collectors have families  
wear shorts in July.  
Summer waters llop anxiously  
to wash the blues.  
We live to  
connect,  
outlet ambivalent  
clear in thought.  
This world is predator  
ready to embrace  
our living  
in facets barely  
comprehensible.  
For life is dictated  
according to the past  
in rituals  
the present creates.

## Reasoning In Patterns

The business woman  
slipped on her suit.  
Meek lioness nursed  
her young.  
Small boy in grade school room  
learned to count through 100,  
for a reason.  
High School dropout  
picked-up the needle.  
Father farmer molested  
his daughter.  
Stray runaway of alcohol blunder  
robbed 7-11 safe,  
with unreasonable doubt.

I scribe the emotions  
within my soul  
alone  
on the edge of the sea  
to the flow of melodic Celt  
or friend under nicotine craze.  
Pattern to poetry  
imitated  
in innocence or shame  
justice hasn't vacated logic,  
directions have taken to thick or thin.

I choose both  
to explore  
movements in my hand  
across the world before my view.

Perish No More

Climbed to  
the fourth prong  
of my strained chrome ladder.  
In the heat of the equator-  
on the corner of 43rd & Main  
in childhood neighborhood  
above movie rental commotion.

Inspected the scurry of  
species  
communication  
interaction  
transaction.

Felt my part  
in the bowl,  
fish exhausting their gills  
for goals in  
a short spanse of time.

The money  
failed arguments  
forgotten dreams  
fashions taking a second look.

If the environment  
around my viewpoint  
could realize  
there is a supreme being  
inspecting their gait,  
spreading reason  
around the misery.

Then there could be the  
march of unity  
into the frog pond  
monkey tree &  
azalea patch.

Connecting to Nature Love Meaning,  
procrastinated as a task  
that shall come soon.

Thought on thin ice,  
ready for  
genuine concrete security.



## Humility Standing Atop The Pole

Sacred stroll  
in the nude  
across hoary dining room  
stark in front of  
living room street view.

She examined the corners  
of a body pushed through  
blind abuse.

Flashed the world a  
delivery room release.  
Right hand on hip  
left hand snapping a silent tune  
above her mass of  
curly auburn hair.

She finally swam free  
through a once restricted mind  
chained to thoughts  
controlled by torn soul.

Shocked the suburbanite wife &  
lifted the heels of  
male hormone.

She knew her open flesh  
dance  
failed to be a mere  
peep show in her  
subconscious move.

Comfort crawled into  
her toes,  
meandered slowly about  
parched ventricles.

Free as the firefly of  
summer night,  
luminated with virgin antiquity  
this was life high  
on the pole.

One place where  
she  
truly belonged.

hin 'the scene.'

The Kings, Jacks & Queens Before Us Now

The king  
suspected the jack  
yearned for the Queen.  
Hearts of suicidal  
red  
stuck amongst the stack.  
Mighty foes &  
laughable mates.  
This burgundy king  
so powerful to extinguish  
the jack  
in his scornful stare.  
Queen of virgin  
chin features,  
healthy flow of  
proud stature  
tore through the batch of  
poker 9's and 3's  
to visit the king on  
victory lane.  
The greed of inevitable  
hierarchy  
overtook the king of hearts  
in a suicidal tyrant,  
memories of the former life.  
Now he still lives  
for the eyes of the human  
with 3 of a kind  
royal flush,  
while the Queen of spades  
grabs the weapon,  
avenging the mistake of hearts,  
adjoining her love  
in the land of Royal Virtue.

## Quiet Inside

Nature strained to  
peak exhaustion.  
A whirlwind of hurricanes  
inside tornado eye.  
Switch from home-to-office,  
customer glazed between  
platonic handshakes  
play on a tightrope  
above thunderstorm warning.  
Hands taped behind  
my head,  
feet tied like a calf  
on sod floor.  
Immobile  
eardrums ringing to the  
apocalyptic anthem.  
Peace forlorn in the  
nature of society.  
Inside my tempo  
I know the brew.  
I feel the thoughts of  
another's psychological toil.  
I know this soul within,  
the clean of the filter  
processing variance on the  
thermometer.  
Calm with cool &  
quiet beside the breath of sleeping infant.

## Relationship Of Time

The tempo within time's advancement  
continues...  
Idolatry of those moments created,  
savory images in surreal lands.  
Each day  
unjustified activity occurs in accordance  
to closing hours.  
Ambivalent layers unfold,  
yet fold all at once.  
I learn more  
about the life inside & around.  
The mystery  
deepens crevices in my brain.  
Those unrelenting enigmas  
hiding behind the tree on Halloween eve  
crave my being.  
The sway of tiempo follows me one way,  
dethrones me the other.  
Another step on the honored road  
to decoding  
the Master Morale.

## Spring Sleigh Ride

Persistent wind  
charging,  
strangling innocent trees.  
They swirl bleak projection  
for the future  
I foresee.  
Espresso shot in the Cayman Islands  
European Danish on racy river bank  
Poetry in 7th floor apt. on West Coast.  
Natures tone  
screaming down avenues,  
my honorable decree.  
Following patches sewn  
by natures' hand,  
pushing passion around the wayside.  
The answers  
to questions  
pondered daily  
shall arrive.  
Spring ride  
to the harmony,  
my personal constellations  
hovering near the light of the second quarter moon.

## Restitution At The Wall

Light comedy  
sprayed over the community of faces.

Joyous movement  
seldom wrought,  
dripped into dry tonsils.

Perfunctory chasms of doubt  
drain the potential.

America parading on the  
open market,  
for conforming masochism.

True grit of nails  
against the concrete wall.

This abstract bulge in the  
city square  
could be demolished shortly.

Pushed diligently into  
completion,

people wane with  
the flow.

The need to abdicate  
malevolent energy is intense,  
a turn of the field clover is waiting.

Blocks & dust into the earth  
while the infusion of hope succeeds.

So few turns on the  
chronological scale,  
time screams for resolution.

Be people of power,  
listen to instincts

belief in the good  
is the goal.

## Rippled Composure

Escape has  
scurried again.  
Love sweet  
on dinner napkin,  
left lipstick thick as relish  
for him to accept.  
Gone into  
the howling atmosphere.  
Arrival for another  
incoming breath of humidity.  
Enclosing passion once perverse  
for each passing day  
was again new.  
Felt his heart resonate  
through dining room.  
Kicked a small pebble down  
the cross walk,  
made one wish on each skid.  
Each one had true potential  
to surpass  
his lust for maiden women.  
Errant rock floats  
to creek bed bottom,  
reaches in to pick-up the jewel with valor.  
Catches reflection  
on water skinny.  
Let's his tears fall freely  
through  
gravity flow downstream.  
Merely wishes that  
special woman  
shall scoop his tears  
without knowing.  
Into a tight mouth  
packed with flush lips,  
stretched from the fate  
his conscious felt so right about.

Rivet

Pond  
in the middle  
of  
serene forest,  
ripple out  
into my walk.  
Shake the soil  
underneath  
the rock  
I have buried.



Role Brother

Memories tucked beneath  
pale green frame,

tainted with repression  
honesty lifted as adults.

Role model A-n-t-h-o-n-y,  
my patriot guarding sanctity of boyhood country.

Told me to go  
holding me through the fight.

Only male kin  
illuminated decoration

pushed into  
dangerous show.

Patience of a long novel,  
stability was our face.

My hero stood beside me  
taught me & boxed me.

He was friend  
I was foe,

We stand in blood  
friendly respect.

Viewing the wounded road  
to silent healing.

respect for  
gifts  
desire a self-actualized renaissance.

## The Scene

Slow stroll  
down the street  
dubbed 'serene,'

the couple in  
stripes  
stop before the haze,  
window gleam.

Peek through their  
curiosity  
into a monastery of  
smokes beans-n-jazz.

Feeling the motion,  
they couldn't quite harbor  
the jam  
taking place for lighted  
reckroom of the open.

Spread liberally  
to feel the world &  
offer reciprocal tidings with a curious smile.

Observant passer-by,  
who will escape like so many  
after catching an ember  
from the seaweed,  
drifting gradually through the eve.

Merely wooden figurines  
through the eyes  
within 'the scene.'

## Essential Scroll

Humor is  
relative  
Smiles dissolve the  
death  
Laughter kisses the  
wicked  
Contentment forgot  
depression  
Ease found the soul for the first  
time  
Closure made the air  
sweet  
The positive tore negative fires into embers of draining  
water  
For failure never tempted the  
person  
to leap the bounds of pure legal  
drug.

## Sherbet

Been a long while  
since I tasted  
the smile,  
of fresh cream  
hazed onto frozen  
glass.

Making the kids giggle,  
parents pace the  
cold aisle of  
frozen food mart.

Healthy jeer  
for the queer  
who only melts  
ice cream  
over a desire  
poured with pitiless syrup.

All earthlings hail  
the English and  
rarity  
of green sherbet,  
invading the mouths  
in a torrent  
of streaks.

Short Leap

Youthful smiles  
needeth many miles  
to accept the  
grave need.  
A holocaust on  
pigment  
ready to clot,  
only the time  
can't catch-up to  
the crush  
laid onto the desire  
ready to soil the dust.  
Juvenile urge  
that can only reach  
as far as  
the imagination  
will travel.

## Simple Orange Bike

It was the birthday,  
eight years into the expedition.

Neighbors  
those Mork-n-Mindy males & females.

Surrounded by the joy  
Ridge St. balloons.

Cake frosting melted  
before the sleek reflection

off orange steel.  
Two rubber tubes &

crank chain to move the soul.  
I tore the gravel

into bursts of dust,  
showcased the goods

front yard wheelies.  
Dog barking

sewer disaster  
couldn't halt the rhythm

my most notable childhood surprise rendered.  
It was youth at the peak,

I remember the glory  
placed by the giving of proud parents

to a boy that has learned many lessons.  
Celebrations in and out

turnstile pride,  
Joe Susie Orange Paint

will forever choke my throat of  
sentimental reflection.

## Something Under My Skin

Classic movies flow  
over aluminum television  
tattered to the tune of "Lollipop."  
Relic Time magazine  
stench of old Aunt Laura's St. Joe home.  
Coke bottles  
line counter top in percussion rot.  
Morrow's voice crackles over  
antique radio box.  
Collection of the historic & deceased  
blaze over my glands,  
secrete fluids through the  
bounds of my body.  
It's clearly the past  
infiltrating comfort,  
confusion forgotten.  
The smell & sight  
history  
lurching in the open.  
Secrets become cursed,  
my skin absorbs the breeze.  
Something under my skin,  
ten fingerprints massaging  
this message of the medium.

Soul Of A Thousand Sundays

I lost the Tuesday  
that  
strangled Monday.

Dreamed of Thursday  
below the mushroom stars of approaching Friday.

Cursed Saturday because of hollow plans  
on Wednesday.

There stood Sunday,  
mysterious smirk.

Ready to fill the  
ditch  
exhumed over prior  
six days.

Solitude in coffee filters,  
wet ink in vein

Sunday unveiled its soul,  
annointed by  
the congregation  
in slow reparation.



## The Sparrow

The night  
hailed the sparrow.  
Shot from the north  
know in the south,  
lackadaisical wings  
sprouted shy of  
fluff rice.  
For the day threatened  
the right  
one brown-n-white  
feather skin  
held for the  
mother of three.  
Slinky shells  
stuck to the bed of twigs,  
ready to learn  
love  
creation can spurn onto  
feathered kingdom  
of skies.  
Shone to  
the tune in 3p.m. shine  
felt at sundown courage.

## Spring Snow

Windows propped below  
drive light doors,  
beads connecting heat  
barricade the pit of crevices.

Smooth sun reinforced  
Calendar smile  
Midwest greenhouse of uncertain range.

The shift through the closet  
of west coast desire  
rest for the chills in jagged snow palace  
on pine lawn.

Strewn about suburbia  
like the mistaken men of Arabia in China.  
The shivers,  
spite & memoirs of the sun  
which stood as my  
shooting star above.

I have but one wish.

Su Madame

She cried  
beside her loneliness.  
Prayed to a God of  
prior choice,  
told the air around her lashes  
that the World was rejection.  
He only succor  
was the  
organ next to her mattress.  
A tarnished six string  
used  
to strike the brow of the demon  
that invaded her God.  
The questions forgot the  
solutions  
like the father-in-law  
ignored the dowry.  
No happy culmination  
for the crown.  
Her tote of emotions  
was the color  
of lavender.  
For only the  
blue blanket covering the heavens  
by day  
could make her smirk.

## The Test Of Years

Reared into Kindergarten  
blocks of painted wood,  
learned about tests.

Elementary school reading,  
lent to crush on sultry teacher &  
more tests of knowledge.

Junior High offered  
puberty ovals  
scan-tron circle  
underneath the click of wall love.

Raced through high school diplomacy  
to quiz, ACT & finals  
testing objects of earlier transaction.

College filled the rain water  
to bucket thrust  
final tests provided into real world mass.

This society doesn't offer  
tests for red marks on top margin,  
it's true evaluation  
one chance.

The opportunity to exceed  
in preparation  
which fails to prove  
valid practicality  
left upon each individual to complete  
as homework.

Them

They remind you of  
the loss  
who threw the world into  
being &  
how gravity keeps love so  
topical.  
They never fastened the  
seat belt  
hoping massacre was bore  
in an arduous land far away.  
Yes, their instruction  
was uptight.  
You were fragile.  
We never know the rights  
until the greed  
foils hearty notary.  
Written document  
detailing human journey.

Thinking Around

Is it the secrets  
reasons  
lies?  
I don't know why.

Crosswalk in  
living rampage.

Tug on this shirt  
which has never been on my back,

tither to count the hairs  
in a beard I cannot sweat.

Twisting in solid bubble  
around my head

I know to  
try,

for all the rest  
is soon to follow.

Toad Hole

Oh green toad  
mouth wrapped tight like  
human belly,  
how did you lose your leg?  
Can you mate in the  
night air  
croak to the congregation  
of the common  
see the world is crazed  
know I would like to  
touch your skin?  
Eyes on either side  
tad pole start  
hopping through waters  
crowded &  
dirty  
such as downtown sin show.  
Together we will  
turn to smiling dust.  
On the platform lifted  
for our appearance  
propped  
with enough legs  
to make the hike.

Tonight, I'm Alive

Each prospective evening  
I swear off the lies &  
pitfalls.  
Loathe the sad attempt to  
lead a prosperous life  
by oblivious peers.

Then I realize  
my comfort in honest clothing,  
wishing to hold onto the leisure  
buzzing alive.

Striving to leap the hurdle  
once tilted heavily on one side.  
To lift male emotion  
to an effeminate honesty.

Breath the music in familiar art,  
connect on a plane heading for  
the oceanic coast.

This is the healing  
of broken attempts at half beer debauchery,  
charlatan delight on female wine.

Yes, yes  
this is the high I buy,  
existential corner of  
chosen will.



## It's Too Late

I have lost the zest  
peeled fresh each day  
when I was eighteen.  
Erased the dream of cameras  
billboards  
in broadcast fame.  
Watched the reality  
delved through roving scalp  
possibilities through college atrium.  
Viewed unresolved rage drip through fingertips  
onto pulp paper.  
Restitution lying on bottom  
jumping for the  
airy breath.  
The time was there,  
passed into silk  
paved on busy side street.  
It has  
been  
now it is here.  
Regret is murder  
I dare not indulge in homicide.

## Transit Log

I sit on  
sleek tram shuttle  
from  
home to work  
friend to coffee  
women to cigarette  
insanity to confusion  
snug to denial.  
Take the imprints  
of  
feet & memoirs  
amid unexplored aisles.  
Fleet of faces  
many of perfume decor  
minds ruined  
with this age of American Culture.  
My sanctity is  
free choice,  
retained as my  
bearer.

Personality In Business; The Truth In Living

They said  
i'm underpaid and overworked.

Pushin' a broom around another man's  
ballroom dance.

Selling merchandise screaming for  
me to reach reach reach.

Above the lies truths & dexterity  
minimum wage haggard

kissin' ass for the petite tip.  
Old George is smirking my way

at the end of the week.  
He understands his existence pressed on paper by followers.

Cogs mass producing  
profits for the Royal Crown.

Their fields  
sown with sorrow & torment they can never fathom.

Communism  
Capitalism

dance in whispering theories.  
The base simplicity

resides beyond the corporate myth.  
Living the lands

loving the children  
admiring the animals

meditation in nature.  
Start for the reality

tackle the fables.  
Then accelerate into new views

on living,  
constructed to parade

in fabulous new designs.

Travel Rule(s)

Agencies tangled in  
phone line remittance  
do not exist.

Blank faces of  
sunken intolerance in  
employer grease  
fail to enter thought.

Hunt for new check stub  
graduate endeavors  
evaporate on my doorstep.

Wide open states  
of  
highway paint  
lead to the palaces  
of  
thirsty life-long desire.

Now is the  
living,  
home is the mop-n-bucket  
awaiting the end of  
exhilaration.

Toss The Try Dart

Try for the diamond that will  
resist division.  
Try for the woman who lifts the pail  
of her schoolchild nest.  
Try the jalopy that knows  
no fumes.  
Try the lock  
departed from the keys.  
Try for the journey that  
knows no money.  
Try for the evening  
doused in Vodka amnesia.

The risk will applaud  
the attempt  
at failure's twilight.  
A flare only lasts one  
life,  
so shall humans breath  
the chain link into  
one attempt.

## Two On The Rooftop

Party of two  
claiming residence atop  
five story edifice.  
Eating off the taxes  
provided by rich & poor alike,  
riding in showroom gold  
dining extravagance under low candles.  
They earned their stay,  
east coast hotel  
summer sweat.  
Living off the law  
dishing out the incest.  
Picked for the prize  
never given before.  
People thought they had nothing to pay  
in complaint,  
furnished to the kilt  
they still felt the damp weight  
sod over the coffin.  
Is there salvation in material drool  
on this planet?  
Some say yes,  
others no.  
There are yard sticks to measure  
the shadow,  
if sun light tower over darkness  
then victory is sure.  
Be careful where you step at high noon  
push aside the complaining &  
sow a load pleasing to the soul.

## Urban Wake

Public road  
crowded in transit potpourri.  
Tracing shadows  
blow quickly  
between the horizontal flashes  
of transmission homes exhaust.  
The sun screen surrounds  
crude steel & fragile skin  
as one.  
City talk  
bare feet  
music over my memories.  
I stare outside  
this apartment window  
into the palace of living.  
Schedules harried  
into the day.  
Past noon  
no strain.  
My body feels  
the  
still  
of Satur Day.

## Various Personal Worlds

Kept within the  
confines,  
this home of  
shaded glass.  
My interpretation  
clean variance from 4.9 billion others  
around  
in different time zones lands emotions.  
Pieced together  
with the slivers of glaciaded paces  
through city street  
urban home  
blue conversation piece.  
Into minds of  
other souls,  
mixing into an ingredient  
opposite my recipe mixture.  
It's you & me  
on horizons explainable  
to twinkles of personal creation.



When I Become A Dad...

Used to peddle my bicycle  
around the suburbs  
to swish of air in flowing hair &  
reminiscing the way of fatherhood  
with youth kin.

Vowed the goal would be  
the sublime.  
Discipline meaning little,  
only freedom and happiness were the  
concern.

I would buy my kids  
arcade games  
establish liberal curfew  
handle mistakes with a simple smirk.

Now I realize age  
has reversed the  
merry-go-round to new angle.  
I will feel fulfilled  
with altruistic love to a child.

To not only capitalize on  
personal mishaps,  
but raise a man\woman in the  
image of their surprise.

Decisions of life's amplitude  
will be my mission  
in approaching steps  
collecting my stamps.

Waiting to mail the dad role  
directly  
to the hearts of my  
future fruits.