

Joefiles 10

Pickles, Cole Slaw & Cottage Cheese

A Check For Heartbeat

I strap on the jump suit
again--

Tie

Watch

Slacks

touting this resume

into business world carnival.

Not much affection for sales
marketing could flower crazy dreams.

Men

Women

Black-White-Asian

another gathering of
empty pockets.

I crave writing
stolid furnishings,
pleasures too much money
could
ruin.

I don't need
to change the world,
just offer a piece of my hair
smile
saunter down the street
content.

My Addiction

Their front is
blunt.
To the abdomen
digging for kidneys'.
The city that never sleeps
knows caffeine
millions of ancestry very well.

A play
acted in realism
each day.

From turban
rings
city cab
cops-n-jocks
women with voluptuous legs,
set to boom box glares.

Their entities
know no subtlety.
In front for food shower,
raking the froth
of
Midwestern fears.

Bold as nails in a shake
trite in courtesy
bums file
for no mystique.

Supplying electrons
through the protons
of
high rise buildings,
their the intrigue
in
my cup of Java.

Hooked to
the
city
which knows no boundary.

The Art of Subjectivity

During the
last two years
I have realized my passion.
A kindling flame
that scours my fingertips
into writing the activity
flying over the circumference
of my brain.

Fond
moments in poetic thoughts.
Throwing neosporin on an open wound
letting memories of yore pull me to emotional crests
to see a past piece of writing
thinking to myself,
"Did I actually write this poem?"

Nearly one year ago,
my last semester in
college
was the finest performance
in all those
numbing years of cramming knowledge
like that last piece of pot roast before you
feel like everything
is going to explode into
the toilet calling your name.

My worst,
but most rewarding grade was in Poetry class.
An irony of sorts
because it was
a content bitch goddess to steady
myself
through three months of instruction.

The problem I harbor
to this day
is this,
there is no objective way
to grade a poem.
Some are shit
and some are prizes,
depending upon the person reading
the material.

Everybody writing
has something to say,
certain stands-opinions-complaints-pleasures
to express
openly.

No one should
swindle that creativity
in either the college classroom
or on the corner of a busy street.

Our words-voice-mind
are beautiful weapons in living,
send me your work.

We all
have something
to say,
don't we?

July 21, 96-Atlantic Ocean

On the sand
wet next to
wrought sea gulls.

Tides slice into
broken bits of shells,
surfers monitor
relationship between nature & gravity.

Woven grand on
Eastern Seaboard.

Black Atlantic chill,
I still taste the salt
on
lower lip.

Here on Long Island
I watch the
sun
slowly sink
on the culture
of
my realm
revisited.

Beethoven's 5th

embrace
 embrace
run with haste
farther
 farther
The hands
of town hall tower
chastise
languid motions.
Several tea spoons of
pure caffeine.
Leave the bed
throw away corner arm chair.
Obliterate
television electronics.
Pay homage
to bookshelf,
drive vehicle to
Kansas & Water corner
curse the clock
obeying warning
time slips
heels sweat.
Make managers
in mind
bow to your revolutions.
fire
 fire
into the open.
Be the one
who
can smile at
50.

The Blood Wouldn't Let Me Sleep

Behind the creamy
borders
of my vision,
bloody rivers
pulsate
thicker than
western quicksand.
Vibrating by day
jumping at night.
Strained irises
see the scene of the streets
during sun-n-cloud cover.
Voices-Music-Noises
rain
before the covers create
cold spots.
Virtue cannot calm
this vortex,
integrity trips
on a
hurdle.
I roll around
on the knowledge
I have learned
or will eventually.
On the perpetual
1p.m. caffeine ride.
My blood
hidden deep,
fails to let me
tap into
my other life
while the moon
rolls gently
under the clouds
on
contrary nights.

Real Mr. Bukowski

I have been
captivated
by this being
printed in words
on
thick
publishing paper.

He was extraordinary
his
use of 26 letters in
the
English language.

Flying a kite
eloquently
across
pages pages pages pages pages & more pages
over
his 73 years as
a human being
in
this developed wasteland
called
civilized earth.

No,
he wasn't ahead
of his time.
Extremely gifted
this Henry Chinaski
was,
floating
through the
mind of human conditions.

Honest
like the naked monkey
climbing
the zoo tree trapped in captivity,
he was
real
with
me
and those that indulged in
his work.

I
have heard the
term "real"

used after
an evening out with
casual friends.

Their way of covering-up
a
sub-par
evening that
couldn't be admitted
as
really shit.

Although,
Bukowski
was real in
his word
and mode of living.

If more
souls
in this country & world
would
take anything
from this
man
maybe it
would
be courage,
even though
Henry would
disagree.

My experience
with
his material
is truly real,
the way the best
should go
down
when it's all said & over.

On The Corner: Bus On The Way

The skid is
into week five.
Found Manhattan
 & Atlanta daze
Illinois cornfields
Chicago rave
Iowa field dreaming.
Round about
 back to dormitory
reinforcing a fleeting passion to
understand
 temporary surrounding.

Jobs
 career
 calling in life.
I love the lands &
 people
more than the papers
which
could solidify a boat upon the water.
In need of
truth in direction,
nearly 24 yrs.
into the cruise.
My confident
yet
weary bone structure searches.
Muddling around
filth & pleasure.
A bus will shovel me up--
On the corner
knowing there is
one seat,
director seat
of sorts
to reveal the scenes of a ride
all too real
for desperity
to reign.

News Coming Out of the Cabinet

Hold the
news of latest athletic accolade,
I have
found the heroes
in this world.
They are the
wanderers'.
From land
to
continent
or across the sponge
of
our mind.
Armed with backpack
consisting
of
bread, water, vitamins & truth.
No rest for the
near,
connection into
the
thrust.
No selfish pity
or martyr rout,
honesty pulling various tears
from each
pore
of this lanky body.
On a constant
buzz
from the reality
I engulf.
My love-hate-adorn
sway similar to wheat
in Kansas fields.
Pure souls
willing to watch their
blood
flow into bathroom
tubs,
for priceless gold
turning
the inner being
into a
happy arising.

City Poet

Flush corn stalks
bobbing bald
in July warmth.

Over elevation
through
on-coming traffic.

Tranquillity
tracing roots in
food rearing
creation.

Not ample supply
for
my anticipating butter.

Watching and walking
on
polluted concrete slabs,
come on honk
some more
fry food
coffee blend.

Deliver the essence,
my needle in vein
is the city.

LA NY City Chicago

Deliver me
into the massage,
an aesthetic wonder
into alleys
crooning love songs.

Hatred vented behind
power halls,
resolve looking from 53rd floor
into
returning scrutiny.

City routine,
drinkable poetry over
the
terrain.

Cold Atlantic Defeat

Cold Atlantic sway
rise swiftly,
along a line of Moon ray's.

Cresting on the edge
of vivacity,
bubbling capsules
of
salt embers.

Slowly &
violently
comes the residue
of
emotional shift.

Rest
then recede into
the
madness.

Nature
serving as the strongest of
souls,
controlling land
within limits
holding human as
filthy prisoner.

Another fight
human ego
has to
fall prey to.

Indeed,
the most
rewarding
failure.

Call Me The Cockroach

Jumped up
the stairs today-quickly
making my
initial entrance from my
basement mortuary of bliss,
kissing
the last traces of sunshine
before the rain clouds roll in
to
soften the earth.

My father
says he has a new
nickname for me,
Oh yea
I think.

Cockroach.

Hmm, I thought.
What could
that possibly mean?
He said that cockroaches
move very fast,
therefore pinning the correlation
on
my mode of living
from
one event-setting-plot-theme-image
to the next,
like a NY messenger boy.

He added,
you know how fast
a human could go if
they
traveled just like a cockroach?
I couldn't imagine.
The answer was
200m.p.h--

Based on this,
I could sell my truck
save money on
insurance
and
start running with
the wind.

laughing

laughing
laughing
the whole way.

Colors On An Empty Slate

United States
of
America.
Vast array of
distinct cultures
barrel
in
different time zones,
paralleled neatly.
Above &
below cloud rags,
worlds exist
roam
 roam
 roam
in tune with musical gravity.
32,000 feet beyond the fact
in eastern America,
I see
rich soil
low valley
green growth.
There is a
separation
I find
exuberant in this nation.
From one seaboard to
another,
many flavors and humans
carve a unique blend.
Aristotle said
Earth
Fire
Water
Air,
I see
Heart
Soul
Mind
Being
abundantly
in home country,
seemingly free
in
various ways.

Everything Comes To Pass

Everything comes
to pass.
Animosity so severe
mountains
look similar to blank silhouettes
monkey melts
into dust bowls
the sky isn't called
"The Sky No Longer."
Everything used to
be mind-n-matter
enveloped
within mythic assertions.
Time will burn
holy oils
 popes
 presidents
 racism.
Leaving soil
so rich,
enjoyed for short spurts.
Then gone
as well.
There will
be an end
to the
repression & rage,
we will fly away in
soul batter
remembering the was,
grieving the soon to come.

Cow Who Came Home

Out in Westport
on a nasty humid
evening,
holding on like
an alcoholic to the last fifth of J&B
before Betty Ford smiles.
Sub-zero activity,
suddenly the cow comes
home.
Pulled on a trailer
for public to applaud.
These two me behind
four wheels of American made machinery
attempted
the thought many said in passing.
They loaded the hitch,
cuffed by downtown cops.
Nearly escaping
with the prize,
Andy Worhol
would have been proud.
A democratic decision
won after a call to headquarters.
Set free with
the milk wagon
hearing drunks Mooooooooo
into K.C. night.
They killed the silence
howled to the Sunday night.
Some
things
in
life
are
free.

Definition of Normal

Beetles eating pastry
clouds forming into mustard mounds
books unfold into filthy cities
dogs bark DDT
love becomes tar on the road
liquor drips from waterfalls in Natural Forest
toes turn into ten chanting Pakistanis
piano keys begin chewing wood like termites.

All in the
length of one night
normal
becomes abnormal.
Begging the question,
"Who Defined Normalcy?"

Honest Evening Out At The El Cerro Grande

Tonight
went to the local
drinking hang-out with
some friends,
knowing little of the events
that were supposed to
take place.

The spectacle
was me getting
set-up with a gal that
knew a friend of
mine,
like almost eating an entree
that I knew I wasn't going to like.

I met her,
the name was Candice.
I was drunk
and started being real honest
with this person
that was infested with
poison ivy.

Telling her repeatedly
that this ailment
didn't matter,
Ms. Sorority girl
seemed so frightened that
people were going to see her legs
she was completely abashed about an
accident that
shouldn't be anything
more
than a reason to purchase some Caladryl.

Instead
she worried,
petrified at what people were
going to think
she was stymied.

The conversation moved
on,
I was persistent
in honestly exposing the truth of myself
therefore
driving confusion from her.

She kept saying that
she didn't like me,

which isn't uncommon with
women that I bombard with
questions of truth on a first time basis.

It just goes to
show
that people aren't as
brave as
they think they are.

I want
the answers,
a harmless activity
either taken
seriously
perceived as a plic maneuver
or respected for the virtue that I put forth.

Either way
I seldom feel
guilty or downtrodden,
just honored to
pave a way
most these women
have never experienced with
most
men of supposed integrity.

Floyd & Co.

Doors have been
licked,
screens sprung into humid wonder.
Sidewalks squirmed
answers expended.
Traveling salesman
dreaming
of advertising commission.
I ask
diligent Floyd,
"Who defined the
American Dream?"

A surly laugh,
then shaking my hand
we both realized
the joke
in selling pieces of the incumbent rock.
Providing an umbrella
purchased years earlier,
collecting tears
of
crazed inflation.
Hungry
college graduates,
men who have collected enough
gray hair
to deserve appreciation
for
being human.
Share an
ice cream
together
called
"Living passionately
in the void
defined
as
success (hope)."

Free Ride To Recovery

A discouraging
old woman
pulls at her flesh
to even out wrinkles
discards haggard bifocals
to an enriching new world
pulls on her slippers
slams over daily obituary offering
whistles at young men from her stench-filled 7th story apartment window.
She sees a trampoline
in parking lot below,
she wants to jump--
A fond desire to
be noticed
by the neighbors.
Ending the monotony
everyday afforded
for no apparent fee.
A free trip
to emergency room chaos.
Even the mirage
failed her again.

Either End of the Heart

i fail to
carry-on in regular way's
with the women
i have loved
the
most.

Refused to deliver roses
from jealous cutter
to fulfill
stereotype,
jewelry shined to perfection
in Eastern caves or
speak false words
tearing her heart.

i have been
the person
most familiar with
a
flow.
Leaking madly
down pipes
refusing sure demise.

Irregular love,
a craving
for the soul & beauty
women
create.
That has been
the most sacred memories
i
cherish.

Another side of
the hand
illustrates
the flounder of intensity.

My attraction &
repulsion
is deeper
than the
magnet
i bow &
disavow.

The Living Hitchhiker

Hitchhiker

pointing thumb toward another paradise.
Away from a hell
small town recluse suburbanites
killed his soul.
Too knowledgeable to
kill his body,
much too resilient
to continue the havoc of his life.
Empty warehouse promises
hidden flophouse,
women feeding the march of McCall's.
His mind
could not deal with
the sky falling swiftly over his madhouse

losing residential amenities.

Back to the road
one of his true friends,
he knew.
Waning into
another chance
to destroy
charlatan lives.
His escape into
a land according to his vacationing vision.
Sinking

further into the sun

fading into potential stardom.

This Hoax

Trapped inside
a taunting hoax.

Watching me walk,
listening to my speech
planning my schedule of events
the
grains in the coffee I drink.

A mad
sadistic figure
standing
lurching
ranting,
on each turn
I have a secret plan
that would obliterate this hoax.

It enjoys to see me
jobless
without a woman
a swindle in a pool of stench ridden water.

I'm attempting
the ladder at the far end of the pool,
then meet this
sentient wonder
face-to-face
figure out the rhyme
to the reason,
move on down the path.

Move on
indeed,
where the
sun sets in fluorescent indigo
and
the dolphins
leap to
catch the air
so
divine.

Never-Ending Holiday

On top
of the subway
Below the
high rise
To the left
is
Trump Towers
On my right
National Debt
Inside the ride
around monuments
Beside
family grace.
Around mountains
of stone
Live on
the scene,
I'm on top of the World
home
in this
sensory gallery.

Honesty, Truth & Virtue

The qualities
bestowed upon one soul,
those of
honesty
truth &
virtue
passes color in a coin
never to fade.
Corporate America
Fearful Suburbanite
Hopeful on 17th floor of MBA building,
these requirements
carry the show.
Cast violently
 at times,
with insults from fools
who desire those
assets
they cannot find in
March JCPenny catalog.
My raise for
humanity God emotion
force me
to adhere inside a glue,
people find sticky.
Dashing malevolently
into a breakdown uglier
than
lavish living room interior.

The Hourglass Knows

Some nights
I turn the hourglass
on the pine headboard
above
my bed.

Lay it down on its south side &
see
if this vile of sand
has any luck.

Flowing with
merely gravity & time
on
its side.

Tiny atoms of sand
building into a pile
ready to
be turned over
on another random
night to flow through my sleep.

The hourglass
reminds me of many
human beings
I see each day.

On a race
against
time & gravity.

ng a Fuck You
to
an act I came to see.

I Can't Tell Her I Love Her

Around
two-to-three mornings
a week,
I wake-up trying
to decode a reoccurring dream
I have about my first true love.

Repeatedly seeing her
next to me
I keep telling her
"I will always love you, baby."
But
the words never come out.

We kiss
touch
laugh &
cry together.

I have a hunch
it's because she is
indeed
living a lie with her life.
For one that used to always tell me,
"Hey Joe, be true to yourself at all time."

I feel her hypocritical sting,
like drinking
a cup of cold coffee at the top of
the morning.
I'm gagged in such a pitiless way.

Now,
she's married to a Lawyer
driving a BMW
cooking him dinner in some domesticated town house
still
dreaming of me
and the could be.

I only
feel remorse
for one thing at this time about the relationship,
that her
newly found
disease in living
has made me refuse
to
be honest with her
even
in my dreams.

I Had A Feeling I Knew Where I Was Going To End Up

Meandering
around the house today
with time on my shoulders
and the amenities of
creativity
at my fingertips,
happy with anticipation.

I paint my mental images
play Mozart-Enya
read poetry-Ken Kasey
shower-eat-drink coffee
write
some poetry.

Realizing that
today
was my empty canvass
white
as the sidewalk in front
of this neighborhood
home.

Traced regularly with
those
leading their lives
in silence,
except on the sidewalk
away from the stares
of adorning neighbors.

Bitching about
the guy dating their daughter
the dog shitting in the living room
government policies raping their tax dollars.

They muddle
through their daily living
trying
as hard as they can to create
a soap opera.

Some say there is
a difference between
hearing & listening,
the same goes for
living & breathing.

I feel alive
today

more so than any day at work
or
driving alone in my truck.

This Saturday
was mine,
and the day
knew it
damn well.

It Was A.S. If...

Their hearts
reside
in the past.
Motoring around a
country that
has rapidly vanished.
A new town hall
people
stage in culture.
Their security
in
simple foundations.
Bigotry
cursing technology,
suits them
like
hand crafted slacks.
Indignant stance
to hold the conch
being eaten away by
salt
so deadly.
My relatives
in blood &
country.
Separated by wire bounds
so high
they make me nauseous.
I care
enough to know,
be true to thyself.
Good Luck A.S.,
let the world
rumble.
The high in
from of
my empty Miller bottle.

July 18, 1996

March down Central Park
5th Ave. taxi honking
pigeons wander.
Artist sculpts my face
amongst skyscraper gallery,
ray's of life all around.
Sculpture upon
architecture

NY won't stop
leading me through oil stained sidewalk
into wretched city walks.
The Rainbow Room
is alive,
Radio City knows no rest.
My sweat reflects
bilingual riches.
Potpourri exhumed
flush
to my skin.
Snap the picture
ask about the scenes.
My guided tour
through halls
of Native history
pizza shout
landmark surmise.
Out of Times Square
to
Jewish Caprice.
My assumptions
were wrong,
unlike New York City.

Justification For The Debt

Their name
is
SalliMae,
purveyors of
principal-interest-small business loans-student loans.

They helped finance
my leap into another box
on each fucking application
I fill out for a job
I really don't want to dick with.

Through four-and-a-half
steady years
of roaming
the halls of 2nd floor Royal Hall,
Communication Studies.

Dreamed of
something
which seems so putrid
is makes me lightheaded to
imagine
how the ride could
have ended up--
say 5-10 years from now.

In front of a camera
dancing
in three colors
trying to be clever
with another sports term to
get
the frat boys squirming in their chairs
because they
never thought of the colloquialism yet for
that amazing play.

I have a University degree
\$19,000 worth of interest gaining debt
and a job waiting tables,
happier
than I could have ever
possibly been
performing the big lie.

Now,
all I want to do is be human
have a love that lasts with a woman
drink coffee with close friends

abuse alcohol when the time arises
have an intriguing conversation with someone in a strange airport &
devote my time
to toiling with paper and computer screen
writing away diligently.

I'm doing
that now,
I have realized
my own utopia of sorts
sad for
those
dashing through
their lives
grabbing a miracle society and kin
have
compounded into a crucial reality
which
can only make them fulfilled.

The Man Who Loved King Crimson

Several evenings ago
a musical festival
came to town,
I wanted to go
but had lint in my pocket linings
and
not enough energy to
go purchase a lawn ticket.

My bucket of water
was soon filled
the next day,
I was kindly fronted two tickets
to
the evenings big show.

Was allowed into
the second deck paradise
away from the
dirt
of the upper lawn limbo.

We seated ourselves
behind a disgruntled man
downing Goldschlager
cursing the
promoters and revolving crowd.

He missed his band,
King Crimson--Brian Fripp and the Boys.
Angered thoroughly,
I listened to his gripe
and accepted a bottle of
Wild Turkey to
go along with a marathon of Marlboro treats.

Cutting to the quick,
he loved King Crimson
and couldn't believe they
were the first of four acts,
who started at 4:30 in the afternoon.

Some bloody fucking promoting,
cheated and drunk
we bitched about the mentality
of the typical concert-goer.

Its turned into quantity
not quality,
as Karl Marx would have put it.

This man
was an ex-Marine
alcoholic
generally a content fellow.
I felt sorry that this band
had
passed on without his applause.

But,
just as I came to see
Lenny Kravitz perform live
with his locks licking the crowd
I had to laugh
when this man got fed up with
Lenny and
threw him
the finger.

He knew fine music,
he was a fine man
himself.
I couldn't do
anything but laugh
at
this man
for sending a Fuck You
to
an act I came to see.

Wherever this
man is
today,
I'm sure
he's cursing the shit
while listening to
choice music.

Manhattan's Breath

The herd of souls
humming to music
past Hell's Angels
through India city.
Recognizant of their separate lives
blending into a matrix.

Dancing non-stop
before city hives.

Next to the dusk
the sun provided,
waltzing with the silver lining of the moon.

Their hum
Manhattan's riff,
palpitating each street corner.

Shouting forward,
lively
into the American night
heard perceptively
perceptively

by my soul
smoking the culture
this amazing city
has
unraveled.

The Morning Hold

Plane ride
exodus
from Kansas City cloud shelf
altitude
to the shy sun rising in eastern modesty.

Through farm plots
minus disguise,
to tributaries saluting
solo numbers.

Into worldwide congregation
wishing on karma of sport-n-franchise.
Pushed down the eye
into the nose,
sights marking the smell.

Oh
the glow of
southern drawl.
Atlanta on my time,
shifting over my second hand
to Baton Rouge

JFK.

I have been gone so long.

From dualism in
defining home.
Liberty month to
New York second.

My Voice (Lifestyle)

I am told
to raise a family
 marry a nice girl
enjoy mortgage payments.
Become the being
listening to voices
ignorant
to my inner chant.
Eventually,
look forward to vacation
buy several house broken pets
have a garage
tinker under hood for
crank case.
Be the one
strong
or
aimless.
To plant the flag
make society glad.
Never been one
to
walk selfish--
I'm inside this
reality
ready to march
to an anthem
soothing in truth
touching during insanity
sublime for the wild.
I will
make the final say,
I believe I
just
did.

No, I Don't Throw My Poetry Away

The evening
was
true soothing
to
my restless mind,
thinking
poetic lines
along
the sands of Jones Beach.

Listening
to waves
lop over the disappearing jetty's,
I
talked to cousin Joseph & his fiancée
about
my addiction to
writing poetry.

Several weeks have
passed &
I still remember
a question they posed
to me
with the wind
hitting me brashly
from the north.

"Have you ever thrown
any of your poetry away?"
they asked.

Thinking quickly,
I simply said no.

This
struck me,
through all the known crap
I have typed on
this keypad,
I kept going with it.

Diligent,
in keeping
with a tide
that will
eventually knock me on my ass,
or
pick me up to another
surreal destination.

NY City Woman

Several blocks from
129th St. in
Greenwich Village
a young woman sleeps at home.
No air conditioning
pit bull snarling
exhaust closing-in like strip lights.
The Empire State Building
looks over
her tired attempt to
beat the hypocritical economy.
Smoke settling
from car explosion electrical race NYPD sirens.
She tears into
a smaller world,
many sights carry the human face
waving United Nation plea.
She knew the American Dream once,
in this midnight twilight
the only security she harbors
is the tanktop hugging her shoulders,
protecting summer bugs
on a race through the night sky.
Much like the pulse
of
Manhattan's cradle.

New York Kill Joy

Delirium
on top of NY city high-rise,
ready to
attempt kamikaze bolt
into Long Island mattress.
Conclusion beat into the beginning.
This is the capital
of the world,
I seek not Broadway
the lucky break in the fruit so high.

My congregation of
candles
kindle to the hum
which ceases to silence.

In search of truth
past participles failed through memories
leaking into a stream
ready to surface
in the city of one billion welcomes.

Acclaimed for
gas & glitz
metropolitan ancestry can provide.
From Massapequa to
Manhattan.

Public Transport

Public transit
in downtown NY City,
taxi filled
city bus advertise
double-decker tour bus screams greed.

I try
to sleep.

Throttle sticks
rail shakes
horn blares into afternoon dusk
over skyscraper congregation.

They have followed me
tapping into the jeers.

Cursing locomotives
angered
for both the
joy & disgust
vividly foreseeable
ahead.

Low wages &
no sleep.

"Technology has finally surpassed Humanity."
Albert Einstein

"Hypocrites give the best advice."
Maria Sevioli

Ranting

Pulling keys from my shins
toil smiles for pale wanderers
a trip through the storm for
more tantalizing.

Flip on music

to transport me into soft lithium
erecting flowers about my ankles
to ward off evil passages.

Each day

to arise,

paint some

write more

flick cigarette ashes into expanding sky.

Trying

like 2nd grade teacher Mrs. Thompson--

ranting

ranting

a resolve followed

for completion.

ater corner

curse the clock

obeying warning

time slips

heels sweat.

Divorce, Phosphorous Dots & Rayon

Mutual Fund gaol
stock stripping
financial aid goldfish
CD's in restitution
federal reserve guard is quitting
CEO studying airborne pigeon with envy

Children surround their heart
with National Anthem
bursting innocently before
American flag.
Wildlife trollops
about African prairie
poets shout into microphone on stage
in the slam.

Proud for
scientists psychologists physicists,
goals
pounded for epic truths
approaching resolution
investment bars
fail each day they issue
further policy numbers.

For the populace
preached
to settle down with possible divorce
phosphorous entertainment &
rayon stitching.

Real Life & Children

A couple
months back,
I had an amusing notion
cross my mind
that has captivated me
in
this time
of (un)employment hell.

Besides high society
professions
such as law-dental-medical-etc.

The highest paid
figures in
today's society
are athletes and actors.

An adorning crowd
ready to unload
cash rewards to
these souls
imitating very basic
maneuvers
that laymen and children could
duplicate with ease.

Athletes
imitate a game
played out by children.
Actors
imitate my parents driving down the street
the
murderer planning his escape from the Clay County jail
the
police officer pacing the street of big city crime.

Back-n-forth,
these
professions proudly dashing
millions
into the pockets
of athletes and actors.

I live my
life day-to-day
feeling the range of
human possibilities,
used
to play baseball
fairly well as a child.

Some
people should
dig a little deeper and think,
this
society we live in
is
funnier than we think.

The Record Just Began

Sometimes
I feel like
I'm near the end.
Hanging onto a bed sheet rope
four feet off the ground from a tall sycamore tree.
Wagging my tired leather shoes
to the meager grass,
people shout
"Your a pup,
 relax!"
"Don't have a job,
 piss on the bastards!"
"Listen to yourself
 you fledgling pric!"
Inching up the
cold white fabric,
I grab the bowing tree limb
decked in solid navy blue
trying to will my mind
to itch aching knee joints.
Still young-
so preposterous
I realize,
let me jump
from this tree to the ground.
Scratch a poem
over smokes & coffee,
telling me yet again
"It's all right,
 the record just began!"

Rocks On The Way

Exhilarated
in
the evolution.
Once a boy
walking aimlessly
pinning the hero
before my sight.
Forming
into
rock quarries
set on crust so divine.
Ready for
decision of grandeur
lovely sights
free breeze around my cheeks.
Many years
ago
basic needs
were esteem.
Evaporation
coalesced
into storm front
raining forth.
Down
 down
on earth.
My body released
from past film.
Now
boulders
multiply
on cliffside.
Growing
 growing
in grace
provided by age.

Raise Rico

His features
developed
straight from the heart of Sicily.
A striking glow
directly from his soul.
He performs an honest show
delivering thorough education at home,
he has been much traveled
friend to many a foe.
Light a Winston Light
smell the sun,
a book growing with such ease
that harm runs away.
Tap on my arm
he peels his heritage
into
truth,
seldom losing
the childish grin.
A giving being
deserving
 in a world
he believes
 he wasn't made for.
This man
is my Uncle Rico,
tutor & friend.

s

grow new toe nails
see birds turn into airplanes
grass evolve into locusts

Seviroli Dining

New York
is gone.
Seven day's on
dove wings,
over skyscraper extravaganza
Italian meals
calamari
canoli
pastry upon pastry.
Orchestra
bowing to conductor.
Vacation at first,
family rediscovered.
Pictures-Postcards
serve as redeeming
objects in hand
above this naked land.
My heart sings
for the first time in weeks.
Aunt-Uncle-Cousins
became
both relative & friend.
Education blended
with laughs
met me in hustle city.
Carefree inside
it's nice
to be back again
10 years later,
I shall
never forget.

Sleeping on the Moon

I have
some stupendous shoes
within
the holes
of my eye sockets.

On a race to night,
finding a spot
on the mantle
of
cloudy breezes.

Breathing in
bright white rays,
the laces glide fixated
toward this glow.

Pulling my body
adrift for the
ride,
the moon plays pillow
sheets of cloud for covers
stars as searchlights
pulling me
 further
into the realm of outer heavens.

Closer to earth,
home
below the wonder.

Society or Me?

Each day
I try to
figure if society
is crazy
or me.

The self-improvement infomercials on late-night TV
billboards of laptops and guys in ties
radio commercials trying to lure you to their college

Screaming success
dream jobs
money without the lottery
retirement-boats-4x4's-lake homes,
trying their
damnedest to make
everyone
always want more more more more.

Beat your competitor
smear the fuck-off
telling the lowly to go to hell
always
climbing up the ladder
for money
beating the odds.

Odds were made for
evens,
so let's stop
the
foolish game of tag.

Happiness,
it has been said,
is a state of mind.

We have
one life
to
live,
let's try
not to
screw it up too much.

Storm Upon Atlanta

Leaving Atlanta
on MD-80 jet
to Kansas City,
home of
powerful Jazz.
Olympic dreaming below,
mushroom gusts
of dirty orange thunder
ignites sky
a candle in white balloon.
Screaming rain
slices into aviation wing.
The dashing economy
gold-silver-bronze
touches barely a
spec
to nature's living
outside
this coach window.
Power of smell,
I wish
I could
smell the brew of
this
July rain.

Week five.

Found Manhattan

& Atlanta daze

Thought On The Road

Promptly
the car gushes down
pavement
of government wrinkles.
On this
highway
around Des Moines Capital
into Illinois cornfields,
comfort in
my eyes
on passenger report.
Reachable plans
women could become clearer
money is only an element in the mind.
Flickers of
truth
ramble before windshield
sunshine
dusk
nighttime rain,
no worry
for the future seems clearer.
Everything
not just splattered simplicity.
All of this
is attainable.
I clasp my hands
for the return,
hoping
reality can become
the busy street I can build.
Mental streams
 flowing
 flowing
on end
down the hailing homecoming.

ove &
below cloud rags,
worlds exist
roam
 roam
 roam
in tune with musical gravity.

Thru The World

Architectural figurines
cast shadows
on Stingy Lulus'.
Dine company
dim red ecstasy,
million in the mix
pressing assimilation
beyond oblivion.

Mushroom
on the face
of these United States.

Ms. Liberty
holds the torch
proud for the geography
she was placed
from French charity.

In this world
truly expanding to the sea,
mesmerizing place
this home of the free (decree).

Tackling the doldrums
faced each day.
Such a relief
I talk to the city
melting like a cuisine
inside hungry jaws
eating many anxious
pleas.

Unicycle In Washington Park

In the
ring of
NY faces.
Waiting to
snap
a picture,
within a multitude of images.
Actor virtuoso
stocky Italian man
ready to swallow
German sword,
set the crowd
seething in raspy
curiosity.
Amongst the stares
a man at work in Washington Park,
making an honest
living.
No taxes
 cheers
 smiles
His gratification
always within eyes view.
A thrifty worker
dawning the goods
of
pure truth.
I was touched
to be
in side
the ring of joy
he created
thru & thru.

Away From The Place I Used To Call Home

Bell receiver
lying sardonically
next to the lampshade.

No Answer

The phone rang
fell to the earth,
raucous voice
screaming into empty quarters.

I remember
the years
noise was sliced in never-ending intervals.

Vibrant Cocker Spaniel
leaped into leather furnishing,
MTV held the
taint green siding
around our security as children.

Screaming for
the candle
to respond,
I rant
in destroy succession.

Through
front screen
down Ridge St.
into the park.

Lamp oil
igniting the fire
sending smoke codes

into the sky,
zagged reminder.

Deceased,
those times
I used to call
the place
home.

Utopia Window

On a drive
down
busy avenue,
I rest in silence
like rugs collecting spider tracks.

Listening to clouds form
pillars in my mind,
hung on constant wonder
if knowledge will obliterate
the vile coup life unleashes.

Can companions be trusted
parents be honored NOW
teachers receive fair pay
animals crawl harmless on city streets.

Charading about my
vein network,
blood curdles to see
personal utopia.

A racing reseindetra
to crumble pieces
of construction paper
called culture & society,
paint lurid
impulses & renaissance
which could put
single mother at ease
homeless person realizing true happiness.

The way
for me
to awake
in the morning
amid a smile
at the sight from
any
window.

Veronica On The Sidewalk

Sitting at a
small table
next to
police servitude nearby

Veronica,
visionary crusader for the 90's
asked
for the attention of my brown eyed gaze.

Each,
into
the other's soul.

She read my instructions
delivered the sermon next to suffering
apartment complex
a profession taught by kin.

Told me
success in business was my future.
With crystal ball at table,
why hasn't fortune
been bestowed
upon
more to find success.

Grace or
Providence,
possibly.

Water To My Scalp

i puke the boredom
curse political wigs preaching supposed end to inflation
implode jobs smelling of raw fish

so

so distraught
i want to smile
into the bad,
laugh around the petty disturbances.

i am
ready to see lamination
with
new-fashioned glasses

grow new toe nails
see birds turn into airplanes
grass evolve into locusts

i have &
will be aware.

fire
burning
through the water
filling above my ear lobes.

We Know Each Other's Number

I'm going
to compromise
my standards tonight
and succumb to
the evil of
being male.

A Jewell woman
is
intrigued by the goods
that I have to offer.

She is horny
available,
which says about
the same
for me.

I'm going
to get laid,
and unafraid
to admit the fact.

We turn
each other on
in a strange way,
flesh impulses
which are expressed honestly.

A dash of alcohol
protection
flesh,
we're into
the wave many people
would
like to regard as a
serious illness.

Instead
I call this the most honest
way to deal with
real emotions.

We aren't going
to lie
to each other,
admit that were in a relationship
which we both know would
have

no chance in hell.

Instead,
we indulge into each other
in a
way
that is safe
animalistic
and hurting no one.

We're honest,
the way most couples
aren't in
American society today.

We will survive
this fabulously,
if only the same
can be said
for the rest of the restless
populace
using each other for sex
on a nightly basis.

Woman In My Scream

Wavering woman
pulling bobby socks to mid-knee.
Prying sworn sandals
underneath bellbottom seams.
Tight bosom
unveiled slowly
beside shirt tattooed with
flowery peace symbol.
Let those locks flow
gently
on your shoulder blades.
Unleash
pure beauty
behind my door from the outside world.
Whisper in a roar
from body & mind.
A sight of sensation
my body was formed
to
caress.