

Joe files CV (105)
The Art of Mastering No Audience



A REAL HAIR BATTLE

my wife and i
saw a woman
eating at a table
in a buffet restaurant
with what
seemed like her parents
and she had the most
amazing
mange of hair sticking up
all over the place
and styled in a way that looked like
a misguided dog going to
a second rate dog show.

and as she flared about with
her haughty mask of painted make-up,
talking on the phone with
bits of crouton on her
lips,
i had to wonder which person
in her life said that he hair
was really cute.

which friend or family member
is to blame for subjecting the
world to this woman's hairdo quagmire?

why would that person have perpetuated
such a misguided fashion fopaw
as the woman with the hair chews loudly
as she surveys
the room wondering why all of us
have such regular,
boring heads of
uninteresting hair.

a talking miles

the
swill
of
miles
babble
will
hopeful
transform
into
a
pail
of
words
that
can
spill all
over
the
top of my scalp
and
run into
the edges of my
slightly opened
mouth
as
the
shape
of
life
continues
to perplex
me
as
my speech
stutters
and
slurs
into
another
day
that
will
hope
to hear
a
clear
word
from
my
audible
noise
box
boy.

an itchy poem

lately
everything
about
me
is
an
itch.

constantly
scratching
from
the
top
of
my
hurricane
swirl
on
the
top
of
my
head
to
the
fungus
in
my
left
big
toe.

barraged
with
the
enemies
of
making
scratches
on
skin,
i
shake
with
another
itch
as
this
poem
intensifies
the
existing
inflammation

and
now
my
fingers
smile
at
the
keys
scraping
away
all
those
tiny,
fingered
itches.

as a big vehicle

driver

with my growling jeep,
i marvel at other large
vehicles that slow to
go over those
huge metal slabs
covering concrete holes in
the road.

sure,

there are the slight rises
that juts out of the ground,
but they only toss the body
just enough to remind
you that there is more than
a thinking brain blaring behind
the car wheel.

i speed up when
i get near those slab grates
and roar with laughter as my body
is tossed around like a tomato
on concrete vine.

and i advocate this for
all the other bigger,
larger cars than myself.

i even push this envelope
with small yugos,
and other tiny jobs that
could use a good rustle and
romp over the road.

slam hard,
and whistle lightly
you
scardy cats.

Bada Bling Bling

i
wanna
know
at some point
what dummy
introduced
the idea of
low riders
low enough to not
cover
your ass cheeks
while grabbing your
balls as
this said fashion
person goes
waltzing down the
street in the
most hateful face possible
as the sun
looks
like a giant pee
stain on their clothes.

buffets

whenever i
see the stats
of prisons
filled with
drug offenders
and watch
an anti-drug
ad flick across
my assailed brain,
i default to the
real drug of choice
that is offing,
hurting
and paralyzing this
nation
and it's called
the buffets.

i enjoy the buffet
ever blue moon or two,
as i do a drug every
red sun or two.

but the pang of buffets
and the hugely overweight
souls that gouge themselves
on quantities of food only
a dog could safely ingest without
bulging or dying.

i wonder why buffets
aren't banned,
shut down
and vilified for the
pithy nutrition
and unhuman quantities of
food consumption
that racks
more harm onto a
body of bones than
any mary jane stick
could do.

it's called the legality
of money
and if buffets were deemed
illegal,
this entire country would
descend into anarchy
and increase the prison population
and if that happened
what would
they feed those poor

sons of bitches in the clink
with that
sky high appetite
and no
buffet to
gorge on?

bulky trash friends

i find that i much
more enjoy looking
at the bulky monthly trash
people throw away
than their home color or
foliage growth.

all the old arm chairs,
computer monitors,
broken fans,
tarnished window frames,
the toys,
used boxes
and other metal gems that
gleam there on the
corner as they wait for
the bus to come pick them up.

and based on all this trash,
i find that i like the people
that lives there without ever meeting
them for the enjoyment i get out
of imagining scenarios for their trash.

in other words,
i would rather meet the refuse of
most people's lives than their
attempt to present their actual
persona which is likely
a covered veil,
robbed of honesty,
needing the
fresh touch of
curbside trash
smiling
in ancient curiosity.

city workin' folk

there is a unique
laziness that
comes with being
on the street crew
for the city.

sucking down tax dollars,
irreverence for education,
the sky is always sunny,
and the worst of all
departments in the
public works sectors.

each time i go by a hydrant,
broken pipe
or other assorted city duty,
there is usually just one dude
huffing it out
as five to eight others
just slack around with cigarettes hanging,
sodas gulped,
conversations worn,
and the sun just keeps on shining
down onto their angelic deeds.

everyone that passes them is
their boss
and they look around hoping their
real bosses are still out of town
at some anonymous conference
as the smell of money
wafts through the air
in simple city sanctioned
jet streams.

CONSTANT SCHOOLING

i spent
all of my grade school,
junior high,
high school
and college years
wanting nothing
more to
get the hell away
from schools and
not
deal with the sights
and smells of such
environments
ever,
never again.

and now all i
see and would like
to remain within
is the womb
of schools.

i work in a school

see lockers all the time.

go to a variety of different
schools for my job work.

the school thing has never ended.

i have spent my entire life in a school.

the life long drawl of
education has been in my face
for most of my existence.

and i think about the quote,
'be careful what you wish for.'
and i was
and wasn't at the same time
as i return to school tomorrow
once again
to learn
another quote
that will release
me from the one
just
above.

custard explosion

there used to
be an old custard shop
up the street across from
a big church.

it didn't last long.

it was always smoky and hot
inside and the cakes and cones
were rather bland.

odd for sweets because
there is few ways to
make sugar sour.

the oddest thing about
this short lived outfit
was the sign out front.

i could never figure out
exactly what it was.

it looked like a heart
exploded in the middle
of a load of bread or
a still picture of an
ahnniliated penis before
it's shaped into a vagina
for the happy transvestite.

some brave hero soul
took the sign down recently,
but the months and days of
peering into that creepy
sign is sitting in my brain
like a beating heart
in the chest of a newly
formed woman.

**dear
republican
voters**

lost in
your daze of
verbal
snippets,
please
vote yes
next tuesday
so that
we can
try to cure
something like
cancer
or
any other
list of deadly
human diseases
and
i can assure
you
that it won't hurt
to let go of your
stupidity
for a small
moment in the voter
booth
and many
friends and
enemies
will thank
you as your
selfish life
finally
amounts to
something more
than
a
throaty,
drunken
Bush
quote.

diesel gas

when i
rant and listen
to the complaining stranger
that gas prices are
too high,
i wonder how
the price of diesel fuel
finally became higher than
regular common
car fuel.

of all the shit
a trucker has to deal with
on their tired,
numb asses,
then now have to endure
monopolistic gouging
from the hands of
anonymous
oil executives
that laugh off iraq
and curse 18-wheelers for
making right turns
at busy intersections
while the click their
audi's into reverse
as their left clicker
becomes louder and louder.

so,
when i see the face of truckers
perched on their high thrones of
driving saintliness,
i give them that small smile
of understanding
knowing that i could
never ride that
high,
long,
and sustain
under such conditions
of
all around gouging
as their metal crosses
blare across this
used,
and out of touch
country
of
ours.

doing the doing

there is nothing
more that i would
like to do right now
than to pen these running
characters into digital paper
as the sound of a Hummel piano
trio silently punches from the
television set as
my young,
eternally energetic toddle miles
snores his silent orchestral
chorus as the
rest of the house outside
of my physical grasp
waits,
wags
and begs for
batteries,
instructions,
assembly,
tucking away,
storing,
unwrapping,
throwing away
and overall gentile
human connect
that i'm not ready for
as the fan in the corner
lightly sprinkles
cold air
all around
this day
after
christmas
room
rife
with echoes,
heavy with
exhausted joy.

DOLLAR GENERAL SCENT

i
love
that
damned
dollar
general
store
up
the
street
so
much
that
i
may
just
take
up
chemistry,
concoct
an
air
freshener
that
smells
like
the
store
and
sell
it
for
just
a
dollar
to
all
the
other
dollar
general
lovers
out
there
in
this
smelly
world.

driven to wonder

between
quick flits
of passing cars,
i wonder
if those older,
rich,
overly tanned
women
in mustangs
ever
think
that
they
look rather
odd
and
goofy
to the rest of
the world
as they teeter their
worn,
over sexed faces
towards the rear
view mirror
to
apply yet
another unneeded
layer
of
lipstick
to their
glowing,
almost
unreal lips.

elections

are
really
like most
american
holidays,
it's
just
a
great
excuse
to
feud
with
family and
select friends
while
drinking
enough
to
feel it
for
from
the
ensuing
wednesday
to
sunday.

fasting over fast food

i
simply
have
to
swear
off
that
cardboard,
salty,
false,
dry,
artificial,
awful,
stench addled,
dummy
food
known
as
mickey
D's
delights.

gas meter reader jewel thievery

i'm beginning to
think that the gas meter
readers are moonlighting
away from
their real job as
jewel thieves.

by day,
they scan and inspect
each crease of buildings,
neighborhoods and
the psychology of
human mingling,
only to extract those notes
at night to
bring about the real riches
to their pockets.

they never speak,
most act robotic,
smiling rarely,
short quick steps,
robust dreams beneath
their tan colored caps,
and the jewels glimmer
a little brighter
under the
hidden sun.

they do what
all of us dream
about from youth
towards death,
the act of note
taking
for the real jewel
jammed straight
in the center of
the
rough.

give the politics a rest

hey pal,
try not
to get
too passionate
about those
things called
politics.

it's the easiest
way into a straight
jacket or a seasoned
lifetime of
medications.

plus,
folks will think that
you are way insane to
have passion about something
that sears and shapes our
daily routines.

why would you wanna
care about that?

pick up a sport to watch.

grab onto a reality show.

watch american idol.

become a masturbating champ.

buy toy models of old cars
and cherish a hobby.

fuck more.

drink more.

consume with full credit racking glee.

but stay away from politics.

it will only conspire to kill
you like two tall structures
falling around the motorcade
speeding towards your
voice of passion as the
money changes hands and
the sun becomes another commodity
of fancy in a lawn of bush's.

HOW TO DEFINE SIN?

i
wonder
if
it
would
be
a
sin
if
i
just
stopped
into
your
church
for
a
quick
minute
to
have
a
poop
in
your
bathroom?

ice caked saturday giant

the soft
marathon
of frozen rain
dropping
outside of this
cold breezy window
sounds like
the open
mouth of a giant
relishing a
gullet full of
those pop rocks
i used to get when
i was a small kid
in the dead of
summer
when the lore
of the life cereal
kid was supposedly
supposed to have
ingested coke and
pop rocks
that instantly
ruptured his heart
and rendered the first
of many urban myths
i have heard and seen
over my days
and today
the myths are all
crammed into the mouth
of the invisible giant
outside
with his hour long
and counting
mouth of
delicious candy
popping
in all of our wondrous
ear drums.

invisibly quiet music

the head waggin
dread locked
music lover
is teetering the
small blue car his friend
is driving
as i attempt to put
music
where there is silence
in the raucous movement
of his figure.

hair pelting everything within
6 inches of his head,
the hands are now moving
as the car inches forward and
the friend driver looks forward
without moving much,
ignoring his head wagging friend
as the silent song in my brain
continues to ooze
in a vacuum of
fictional maestros
looking for their
favorite little
conductor
stick.

ipodnation

when
i try to
wonder how
americans will
ever become as
smart as
the rest of
the world,
i readjust my
ear buds to pump
the sound of
digital music
into my lobes
and finally
realize that
we have devolved
into the nadir
of homo sapien
soup
with our polished
little
ipods
chalk full
of so much
shit
that it would
take several lifetimes
to continue filling
and listening
to
the everything
that we
want
to be.

john con

saw an
old con
man that
i used
to work with
and loosely
know in
my days at
the YMCA.

he stole
slabs of meat
ribs from
our freezer
that was
to benefit
kids who
needed a facility
to come to.

he also stole
equipment and cameras
that the kids
used all the time.

and after he was
exposed,
he was quickly
torn out of our
script.

it had been over 4 years
since i saw
this 'john' dude,
if that was his name,
and he was walking up
a dirty street on
the east side of town.

he looked worn,
lost,
ghost like,
broken,
falsely happy,
riddled with human debt
and oblivious to
the mechanics
of good living.

as i gripped the wheel
a bit tighter,
i peered into
my rear view mirror

to see him recede into
my past yet again
as my tiny boy
glowed like a
river treasure in
his seat
as my past and
futures
quickly swam
over that small
sliver of mirror.

kansas city moby

i'm not sure
how it
was done,
but moby,
our friendly
nyc musician,
has
been cloned here
into
south kansas city.

he owns
a storage unit facility,
and rents property
under the
'star storage'
slogan
and has a
delighted
countenance
as he tries to cross
busy grandview
road to the
salvage store
across the way.

he's a bit
timid,
but not shy,
and when you peer
real close into his face,
he flickers his eyes
away to protect the
secret of his
famous doppelganger.

endowed with
powerful friends,
moby has made himself
into everything he
likely wanted to be -
as an anonymous
chunk of human brilliance
just lucky to be
alive
as the cab horns
of NYC
blast for
more
good
human
ice cream clones.

karate tough asses

it warms my heart
to see all those
spray painted signs in the
neighborhood that
are tacked to the telephone poles
and simply proclaim
'KARATE 820-0143'

these simply,
sloppy spray painted signs
genuinely prove to me that
they are likely tough guys
that can kick anyone's ass
in karate and that one
should trust their
skills if they want their
kids to learn the ancient asian
form of combat.

with warm heart,
cold feet,
and the pole in
my rear view mirror,
i know that there are
some things that is more
mighty than a karate chop
as that sign
fades into
the
next
advertisement.

Last of 2006

my father in law
called me
in the last minutes of 2006
last night,
drunk,
wanting to talk with me.

i was out like a hundred bright white
christmas lights
as my wife explained to her father
that i was out and there
was very little slivers of hope that i was gonna wake.

all i remembered before slipping of into
a night of pitch black thought,
was a round of gun shots that came from multiple
houses in the neighborhood as the echo of
the fourth amendment snuffed any potential i
had to stay away and watch new york city
celebrate once more as the crystal came
gently crashing towards the ground in
my dreamy world of times square
as the bullets in the
sky started heading towards the
soft,
wet ground as my
father in law
turned his phone off and spent the first
part of our new year pondering
the ultimate potential of
one more
stout drink before the new year could begin.

leaf blowing king

the moment
you become a
believer is
something
you will never let go of.

i remember
listening to
the sands of god
in a friend's
basement years
and years ago
and
now the sandy sun
has
slapped my face once more.

the newly donned
leaf blower stands with it's
powerful red eye surveying
everything within
ear shot
as the strewn earth
waits in
tempered silence.

for now i can
believe in the power of blowing
shit all over
and up and down
this street
we have.

it's the power of air
i never thought i would
posses or need,
and now it has gripped my
heart with the loud murmur of
'V's' screaming
and howling like a torrent of
blessings being showered down
upon anonymous strangers.

i used to laugh the blower off.

i silently swore it wouldn't
do me any good.

now i'm a believer.

a champion of strong artificial wind,
i am.

march of the song

i
believe the song
was here
before
the click of
fire.

i
assume that the song
was here before
the first biblical words
was shushed along
a silent orchard.

i
have a strong feeling
that the song is
beyond a gold record in
the hurtling space
we cannot tie our collective
synapses around in the
small earth bubble we
hover inside.

i
know the song is going
around constantly in
my head as the cost
of music becomes the end
of vinyl.

and i know for a certainty
that the songs will never
end and
this is
should
stand as the comfort
of our human race
as the sound of earth
titling
a bit odd on its axis
just
belted an addition
'E' note straight
towards the crooning
lurch of our
ashen moon.

mexican mornings

when the
blinding precision
of my living delirium
comes railing out of
my front door
towards another day
of work as the toddler screams
grow fainter and
the ruckus of
knowing we have to continue
living in a home we
want out of so badly,
the sight
of a jammed lot of
mexican dudes bumbling along
with their bobble head
postures
makes
the entire world whitewashed
in a magical second
as that sense of childhood
frivolity completely consumes
my pores and
makes the bright white
bleed deeper like
the beginning of
a triumphant end.

miles the happy toddler miracle of ours

has a seasoned
and keep ability
to mangle the
nicest of our three cats.

once our orange cat
comes into the chamber
known as our living room,
he gets about a minute or so
to lay down,
fall asleep
and smile in cat curiousness
before our
giant toddler
tears across the room
in record time
to yank harms,
stretch the tail
and smash the mid body with
his large toy.

at this,
the cat leaps in shock
as the toddler
continues forth
until the feline jumps
the makeshift blockade
in the room opening
and saunters off.

miles then goes
over to finish what he was
doing before the cat entered
his brain.

then,
about that time,
the silly cat comes back and gets
abused some more
and sticks around for it
knowing that there is no escape.

there is never
an evacuation plan
that trumps getting annihilated
by the hands of our
hyper toddle boy
with deaf ears and
unbridled curiosity.

and after 10 times or so
of telling him to stop yanking
the cat's world about,
i give in and watch the

two of this
teeter about in
their curiosity competition
that our toddler is winning
with his one life
scraping away at the nine
of
our brave
orange
cat.

milo bubbles

i just severed
two blue balloons
into the windy
Sunday sun to let
the rest of the neighborhood
see several tiny
dots that remain
of my son's second
birthday.

one balloon for
each year
as
shades of blue
swish and swash
about as if
there is a
lost lottery
ticket
teetering around
in a thousand dollar
balloon.

missourian gods

when i
see those
damned
man + woman = marriage
bumper stickers
in this silly
state i live
in called missouri,
i am
falsely comforted
by the fact
that there
are stacks
and piles
of little
god like
people
that trudge
about in
their message
laden vehicles
pretending
to have
the right
answer for
everyone.

most embarrassing work moment ever

it took over three
decades of life and nearly two decades
of working on a labor clock
to pull off the most embarrassing
moment that
i couldn't have scripted if i thought about it.

one day i was on the phone
in front of the school i work
for when the district superintendent
came by me,
said hello,
stopped,
and asked me for a personal favor.

he wanted to know if i could
fix his daughter's light meter
on an old school pentax camera.

sure,
i told him,
i would be more than happy to
take care of that.

and as he waltzed off
with a wandering look towards my
crotch area,
he had a pained look of bemused
concentration
as he said good-bye,
but wanting to say a bit more.

it just wasn't within his personal
and professional mix to do what
he really wanted to do.

following this
odd moment,
i figured out what happened.

as i went to the bathroom
immediately,
looked down,
and saw the stains of milky
white next the my zipper in a
big, fancy glaring oval off
my brown pants.

it was the smashed remnant of
my 2-year old's morning donut
that looked more like a sperm stain
from a really good lunch moment.

and as i dabbed this
potent white spot with a wet paper towel
to release my fictional masturbation or sexual conquest,
i figured that i will
live the rest of my life being
one of the biggest and best jackasses
ever to
grace the floor of
pure
human
folly.

movin' on up

it took
me almost
34 years
to get a glimmer
of how hot
and uncomfortable
hell can
be for
someone
claustaphobic.

i found it
during a blinding
4 month dash to
sell this 60 year old
house of ours.

in the hustle
to chase a 2 year old,
have an 8 year old help clean,
pick everything up,
pack everything up,
sweat more,
run more,
have agents arrive early,
compromising your time,
putting your child to bed
in someone else's home,
cramped for time,
gone for an hour or more
as the heat bubbles outside,
and sometimes to have
agents call off the showing
in the last moments because
of fickle buyers
is enough to hear
the faint clack of a gun click.

my city – my drink

i had
to slip into
the pocket
of dream to find
acceptance
for my
beverage of choice these
days:
THE WHISKEY ORANGE.

sure,
it's simply whiskey,
standard orange juice,
maybe some white wine,
tossed with ice
and hazard care.

every time i ask
for this in public,
i get that odd
kansas city look
that i have leaped over
the edge and now swim
in a moniker of self-made liquid
that i should perish in.

and last night
in my dream
i was tooling around
new york city waiting
my turn in line at some bar
just knowing that
finally i was going to
get that
hopeful non verbal hug
telling me that it's
just fine
to enjoy a drink
i have imagined
and swam through
even though
it's not yellow and
bubbly like
most alcohol
regular folk
sip.

my father

has to spend his final day
of 2006
in the hospital again.

assailed by a waterfall of fluids
within,
maybe a flu,
he was dejected and down
on the phone
as he mused about some morphine,
maybe one valium
to cure the hospital blues
as he spends another night
in the antiseptic airs
he cannot
decipher from the regular world
air outside his medical bubble.

and i feel bad for my
father
as he waits for another decision,
as he remains indecisive,
while watching the decisions on
the world over that lonely,
old television set in the corner
of the room
that used to trumpet
images of triumph
into his eye balls
when he was once vigorous,
young,
unable to comprehend the depth
of hospital scents
as i lay the phone down
and look
out of the front window
as some newly falling snow.

MY OWN MOP QUEEN

i
am
proud
to
say
that
i
know,
love
and
adore
the
world's
true
reigning
champion
of
clean
floors ..

my
wife,
the
mop
queen.

our go-go-go miles

is all full of baby adrenaline

battery juice

as he goes from table

to chair

to desk

to counter

to more chairs

to beds

to toilets

to doors

to windows

to me

to her

to him

to us

to everywhere

to the moon

to a quasar

to the local grocery store

to dollar general

to another door

to a fork

to a stack of tissue paper

to a cat

to a dog

to a hunk of wood

to a bottle

to a cup

to a bread hunk

to

to

to

to

to

to

to

and never

stopping

his pursuit of

'to'

in

pure energetic

force

until

he

is

completely

out

and

asleep.

after this,

i slowly look over

his

sleeping
body
and tiny heaved chest
wondering
how it goes,
will it dart up awake,
and can it
acquire all the
needed rest it
needs to do it
the next
day
and
next
and
next
right on
in
to.

our green brain

crab apple looking
deterrents for our
household spider population
just aren't working
anymore.

i have seen the largest
spiders ever in this home
as the leap of my heart
finally shushed them outside
towards another hotel
and in numbers that have
been unequalled in relation to
previous green brain preventative
years.

and now our tiny two year
old son has a nasty bite knot
on his leg to prove the ineffectiveness
of our spider preventing crusade.

as his bite heals,
the old green brains dry out,
and the snows pound other parts of
this winter country,
i briefly ponder the
efficiency of movement
if i just had 6 more legs
to move about,
and outrun all these
fun loving
spiders
in
our
home.

our personal pet cemetery

once i take
a small
human break from
tending to the
water,
food,
shit
and breaking up
of 2 alpha male
cats out for blood,
i look out
into our
immaculate pet cemetery
in the backyard.

replete with
dead squirrels,
mice,
snakes,
lizards,
more squirrels,
birds
and other mutilated
feather and fowl,
i take them to our top garden
so
our kids don't have to meddle
with the
autopsy tables
strewn all over
the grassy examination
areas.

each time i drop a new
animal soul into that sacred patch
i ponder the multitude
of
animal souls that slam around
in a perfect concentric circle
just beyond our kid play ground
as another cat saunters my
way with the
look of victory
knowing that i will
pat their
heads
lest
i quash their
curiously fragile
cat ego.

perfect human stories

if i
was ever
able to stumble
in the right
chunks of time,
i would wander the halls
of assisted living compounds
and retirement villages and
concoct a thousand vibrant
characters under thousands
of seasoned themes to
sell millions of books.

each of these shriveled,
aged,
pained,
pill addled
bodies
have souls flourishing
with the
victorious accomplishment
of cheating death for so long
and each of them have enough
adventure and intrigue
to have the best of their lives
strung together into a handful
of amazingly rich stories
about human triumph.

and if i ever get
the time,
i don't want you to steal
this notion of mine
or tell anyone else that is
mired in writer's block
or sell this off to
oprah's underground book club
or tell me later that you are sorry
but it was such a good idea.

i simply want you to just drift
along this theoretical train ride
with your eyes slightly closed
and to conjure
up the best of all of us
into one,
humanly perfect
life
that would make
yours small enough
to understand
the enormity of our
human whole.

Phil. S

since i have
grown up,
had kids and
let my 3 decades of
meager responsibility
behind,
i think about all the
old friends that i
left behind
and who i don't
speak with or see anymore
because the circumstantial
evidence of my life
leads me to being a good
husband,
dad,
family bandoleer.

and the one person
that i think about sometimes
and miss
with a smile over my
face is
the one i spent the least
time with over
the years of
running
with the spirits and
that person is phil schlotterer.

he's the most unique,
and tragic of anyone that i
have ever known.

born with golden vocal cords,
a zest for theology,
ideas that likely have never been concocted by any human before,
an eternal hum of ideas and plans that go about as far as that,
an timeless mary jane laugh while drifting with the eye floaties,
the pen that never
runs out of ink sits in his cartoon hand.

and now he
is living with his girlfriend/wife
in a household of others
with a new child,
racked with debt,
driving a car that doesn't fit his persona,
going wherever, whenever,
and staring intently with the eye lids of god
watching his every move,
i feel more akin and in touch with
phil than i ever have in my life

and i'm not sure that
i will ever have
the chance to tell him this
or that
he should
ever be told this
as i sit
comforted by
the notion of an old
friend
the is newer
and more vibrant
than any of
the
burnouts
i
have
left
behind.

political sign sabotage

each new
election
brings a
drip of insanity
that can only
be dubbed political sign
sabotage.

this is the time
that the silent voices,
hidden faces,
and unknown movement
of neighbors and odd homes
come alive with the fervor
or hungry tiger teeth
sinking into anonymous
eye balls with
their rancor of political
religion.

huge,
small,
medium signs dot the
roadways and
byways with shouts
from color dripped signs
of political candidates
we know little about,
and never hear about once
the colors and
hats come down following election
day.

but the sabotage
is in full swing
and the colors
are chasing you
like a reverse racist
trying to sell you
something more
attractive
than our
current American democracy.

REVERBERATING SIN

if
from
today
forward
i
would
be
freed
of
dealing
with
genuine
co-worker
idiocy,
i
promise
to
drop
my
worst
habits,
but
i
know
that
would
never
happen
because
capitalism
will
be
around
for
the
rest
of
my
life
and
i
really
need
my
bad
habits
to
conquer
the
stench
of
all
those

dumb
co-worker
moments.

safety in the danger

in my desire
to be more
safe now that i
have more than
just my lonesome
to look after,
i have succeeded in
being
and facing more danger.

i almost plowed into
a car yesterday while going
down the sun drenched road,
i have a big gash on my right thigh
from unknown circumstances,
passing motorists glare at my rusted car,
the nation's terror alert rises when
i check what color it is.

doesn't matter if i'm in the
comfort of my bed next to my
boy,
or tearing across some bruised road,
the danger is lurking with an
eye patched iris
awaiting my next move.

i suspect this keyboard my
snag my finger skin soon
or the weight of
this poem may topple forward,
pinning my fingers,
inhibiting the use of
my docile digits.

all of this as
the sound of
loud helicopter
wisps overshadow
the soft Julliard trained
violin
safely wafting
my way.

skyward bird bath

if you ever
wondered where
the birds are all
the time,
look up into the
trees,
on poles,
in yards,
gutters,
building tops,
the next in the
invisible sky
and
know that
you don't
have to be
slightly insane
like mr. hitchcock
to imagine
that all of these
tiny,
feathery,
populous
creatures
can
begin
caving in
like a human
foot
through
wet,
silent sands.

smoked signal

there's a diabetic woman
up the street
who sits in a big
wheelchair on her front
porch smoking away
at white cigarette strips.

she stares at everything,
and even waves with a smile
if provoked,
but the small indian signals
of smoke go tooting out
of her orifice
like a small factory up
the street.

sucking in the nutrients
of her bipedal demise,
she acts as though
the government is making up
nicotine lies and
doctors are not
aware of the true benefits
of smoking that she is.

tucked under her
conspiratorial chair
on the porch,
the smoke oozes like
a well of truth that
really doesn't make a lick
of difference.

she lost her leg,
but at least she
has her version of
the truth
and those two
healthy arms to keep
that residue
rising,
rising
higher
into the
lying sky.

story of silence

the
silence
of
morning
in
this
home
while
the
baby
sleeps,
my
wife
rests
and
the
boy
breaths
soundlessly
i
get
that
quiet
sensation
of
a
heavy
snow
fall
as
the
middle
of
the
vacuum
wanes
in
powerful
anticipation.

swerve hard

gotta
throw props to
those african american
folk
that either walk,
stride or ride their biked
bodies
right down the middle of the
road as the
swivel of traffic smashes
down on their brakes and wonder
when they will angle off onto
the side of the road.

waiting,
waiting,
they go slower and
maintain more deliberate
motions towards
the middle
as the timid
whites wonder in
their clean angled mobiles
waiting for
their signal to swerve.

it's never gonna come.

the game is on.

gotta love these
middle of the road,
go fuck yourselves
folk that
just cling to the middle as
if they will lose
everything if they
give up their
ride.

talkin' crunchy tacos

i'm the
type that
enjoys
listening to
interesting
people
say things
or describe
any number of things
that take
place in life.

and on the
top of that
list
is the little
mexican dude
that talks
thought the tiny
taco speaker
as i shout my
simple food order.

it's usually
5 tacos
and he always comes
back with
his patent,
'OK, FIVE CRUNCY TACOS,
WILL THAT BE IT?'

and i agree,
pull forward
and wish i could sit
there for another coupla minutes
saying,
'UH, NO. COULD YOU REPEAT MY ORDER?'

but i know if
i did that for my
own auditory delight
that the sound of
car horns and another
management voice
on the small speaker
would
end
my
small
verbal
taco
pleasure.

that one

who
told
the
first
dude
with
a
low
rider
car
that
that
shit
was
cool?

cause
that's
the
one
that
is
to
really
be
blamed
for
such
a
silly
trend.

the bliss of anticipation

i am beginning to
enjoy the planning
and anticipation than
the real thing
as i advance in my years.

sure,
it's fine doing something
you look forward to,
but it eventually takes it's
toll and the thrill
slowly evaporates,
versus sticking around
like a pleasant pound
of morning condensation on a pond,
barely perceptible.

from now on i'm going to
plan, hatch and concoct
any number of exciting adventures
and let them remain in the theoretical
planning stages.

sure,
i'll further the possibility of doing it,
but will pull out
in the right moment
before the sperm have a chance to sizzle
that awaiting egg.

and when i get asked what ever happened
to that idea,
i will reply that it's safe,
happy and warmer than ever before
because it exists in the land of
youthful anticipation.

a place where nothing ages,
and everything remains frozen in
a blast of movement that is
about as eternal as forever.

the gates of library heaven

there are
few things
as stinging
as being blocked
from the
library.

hard on books,
bad memories,
torn pages from baby hands,
the water flows over pulp,
and now
we cannot participate
in the free book dance.

held at the gate
until the biggest security guard
can come by to inspect our
wallets and
the inner colors of
our pupils
to garner our worth.

i watch the
big
all caps of BLOCKED
go across the
screen,
and over
the familial
brain
and know that
that there
comes a time
in
our lives
when we have
to sit back
and contemplate
the
power of a library
as the
small
woman that blocked our
account
goes out
in
the
snow
to
ease down
the wet,
torn,

overdue
american
flag
that
welcomed
all
the
welcome
inside their
warm doors.

the john lennon factor

if there was
ever a time that
i was shoved into
the fact that my
existence hinges on
drama more than my
friends,
it would be the day
my good friend had
his second baby.

while in the hospital
room with my
small 2-year old miles
boy,
he said,
'HEY, IT'S JOHN LENNON'S
BIRTHDAY TODAY.'

and there we were,
looking into the constellation
of john lennon's dust in his
wife's taped up arms.

then i told him that our
miles boy was born on the
day that john lennon was
shot.

at that,
the room was a bit silent,
as we nodded our heads
towards the invisible
score board
right above the new born's
head
just blazing into our
aged
human
eyes.

the moped dude

up
ahead
of this line
of
cars
is
holding back the
proverbial hand
of time
for all
of
us
and he is making
many late to
work,
picking up kids,
getting gasoline,
going to the store,
or any other assorted
activities of need
and he
just doesn't
give a hell
as he smiles
under his shielded face
that he's
the
factor that slows
some of down enough
to appreciate
his unnecessary
troll down a busy avenue
with his meagerly equipped
motor scooter
going
straight towards the orange
dot of sun
bearing down
on our
rotating
timepieces.

the mysterious ferry bird

a friendly
sort that i work
with stopped me
today to
tell me about a woman
she used to work with
in special education
after i made a comment
about her powerful
microwave
possibly having something
to do with fueling NASA flights.

she told me about a woman
they called 'ferry bird' and
how she and her husband
thought the government
was after them in a bad way.

beyond the cloak of heavy
hippiedom,
she said that they mistrusted
most all institutions.

both of them worked for the
school district
and got paid in quarters.

each month they went to the back
to fetch their bags of quarters.

when they were at home
in the evening,
they would turn the microwave
on without anything to cook
just to break up the
lasers that government crafts
were blasting from the skies
into their homes to break up
whatever they would do.

bent over mountain looking folk,
they were sliced into a
roll of original thought
and action that could likely
get them committed in this modern
age,
if they were still alive.

she said they passed some
years back and i
was a bit envious
that i never run into

people that
are that interesting
with their thousands
and
thousands of quarters
to slip
through that cartoon
arcade machine for
yet another story
hatch
from the annals
of
true
human insanity.

the post-snow feel

the ground
and street
and trees all
look a dirty naked
as the somewhat cold
weather simmers over
the newly
thawed ground
after a torrent
of snow recently.

usually happens
this way.

the trash is exposed,
rips of wet dirt dot
the exposed grass patches,
pockets of sand,
other assorted grits
cling to the
grounds as a reminder that
snow is a dirty business
when the clean whites
are gone and
evaporation has taken hold.

the price of gas

has gotten so cheap that
i may just fill up
and drive around aimlessly
in my dumfounded pursuit
to figure out where everyone
is going in such a
hurry around the compass
we know as direction.

as the needed hovers near
empty,
i have driven many, many
useless miles on my
supply abundant oil lurch
as the deprived SUV's sit
under their green trees
dreaming of making love
to the small hybrid down the street.

and as the flurry of useless
driving goes swirling over
the hairs in my ears,
i hear the roaring laughter
of simple politicians
taking the wad of bark
from a CEO awfully happy
that i'm dumb enough
to continue thinking that
gas is something cheap and
complex
like a dung beetle.

the real grand

how
can
these
people
say
that
it's
a
grand
opening
if
it's
merely
been
open
all
the
time
without
fail
and
much
acclaim
as
the
new
banner
screams
for
mercy.

the recording competition

i'm beginning
to think that
i don't have to
take all these pictures
and videos of
my life
because the cities,
municipalities,
stores,
corporations and
other arms of
society are already capturing me
going through an intersection,
walking abouts a wal-mart,
swishing through a burger king line
waiting in a gas station,
putting mail into a post office,
or any number of
daily mundane meanderings.

i'm considering writing all of
these factions so that i can
subscribe to my life
and the life of my family
so that i can save all that additional
time,
money and energy
that all of my anonymous,
faceless friends are
already doing as i leave
this house and participate
in my allotment of life.

then,
i could take all that extra
time and energy and
put it in jars,
bury them
so that they can be unearthed later
when the
effort of memory retention
will be rife
in my brain.

the robot transition

you can fight,
run,
talk,
rant,
protest,
and stand tall
as a human now
because it won't last long.

one day
we are all
just
gonna be
robots.

the brains are
mostly already
there in
modern day america.

soon,
the newest borns are
going to be betas of
HAL in a rumbling RV
smashing along down the
highway
towards the next
science fiction masterpiece
that is going to
feature all of us
with our red glowing eyes
and metal genitals.

the truth is that
we are not going to
destroy this planet
with weapons,
but with computerized technology
that will be all of us
no matter how hard
we pull against the ocean
currents to see a
swell sunset
with
our
own
white meat eyes.

there's a divot

in the parking lot
behind the liquor store
that rattles my jeep so hard
that i swaeear off this shortcut
route
as the sounds subside
and i forget my edict
as the minutes remain on my
side for the rest of the day
and i come to the realization
that anything worth a short cut,
free lunch,
kindness,
or a bit of truth
requires an amount of pain
that isn't worth questioning
if you have a smidge of
wisdom
to take on the world as you
do in your
desire
to
beat
time
and forget death.

today's country music

i
never
used
to think
that there
could be
anything
worse than
dummy
american
pride,
wal-mart
ads,
false
'made in the USA'
stickers,
bumper stickers
proclaiming
american pride,
ann coulter,
bill o'reilley,
or small town wallpaper,
but there is
and
it's
today's
vapid
trickle
of
country music.

true red necks

have always
been
more
insane,
unbalanced,
void of justice
and more prone
to
instant violence
than
the gang banger
in the hood.

to prove this point,
i have a quick moment from
my life
that happened last week
to explain.

i was going down a winding,
car choked,
dangerous roadway
by my house
and i was behind a centipede line
of traffic inching slowly for
no apparent reason.

this went on for minutes
and minutes
in a space that should have
taken literal seconds to traverse.

as we made our way towards the intersection and
folks began speeding around something
on the non-existent should of the road
that was actually a strip of used grass.

it was a good old red neck boy
in overalls chewing on a huge wad of tobacco
on a big city owned riding lawn mower driving it
with one hand and looking around as though
he was gonna find the one that farted up his air
and kick their ass.

and as i sped by,
almost hoping the plop him with a side door mirror,
i knew that this man was unstable enough to
shoot,
run,
or kick at a car
if the honked or flicked him
any shit.

no one did,

including me
because we all know
the score
as the good ole boy
finally figured out
that the only thing that farted
around him was
his own body odor
as it continued to clog
traffic behind
me in a vanishing
moment.

ultimate thinking competition

the 21st century
has brought about many
competitive competitions
that otherwise would
have been laughable years
ago when men were tough guys
and ladies were always lovely.

there are
widely popular poker matches
with ex-cons in their 40's courting
underage girls in their card genius,
then there are ex frat boys
doing an intense match of rock/paper/scissors
to a nationally televised crowd
with thousands of adorning
fans with beer hats and
new whiteheads under a big mac sheen.

in light of all this,
i want to introduce the thought competition.

this would be focused on and off camera,
and would feature a number of exciting
thought competitions putting
the exercise of the human brain to
the ultimate test.

there would be televised matches that
would pit two against each other
in a fit of who can come up with the
most original thought
juried by a group
of folks that are experts
in original thought.

then,
there would be a week long competition
of two people recording all of their thoughts
and they would be divulged in front of a live
audience on TV to see who came up with the
largest amount of quality thought.

the thought olympics.

what do you think?

western motors

everyone
is gone from the
tiny home
that was
a car lot
called western motors
and i figure
that their operations
were about as illegal
as it gets.

so,
save from getting arrested,
how could this shady,
illegal looking operation just
vanish?

i'm beginning to think
that criminals and crooks
are the most employable
and have the least amount
of turnover because
of their line of work.

and if the movies are right,
the benefits are great
and there is always action
with the possibility of
the right girl at one's side.

with all of this
action,
suspense,
riches,
and luck,
how could the western
motors be gone
as the illegal law breaking
community carries on without
a blink or thought
or salute.

much like the legal,
law abiding world
as we all do the same things
in the same ways
under the darkness of night
or in the middle of the
sun blasted day.

wheels in mouth a spinning

there
are some days
when all i do
is sputter
and stutter
from my excited mouth.

full of a solid
4 cups of coffee or so,
leftover drink from the night before,
and someone asks me what i think
about a thing like the president,
and my mouth
coils and
recoils in
a dominance
of unruly neutrality.

i'm always aware of this
and
proudly defiant to stop my
verbal stumbling knowing that
my fit of excitement
and
eventual evening
out will happen
in a due
time that i'm
quite
unable to stop.

so,
here i go shambling,
and tripping
along the page
about the very thing
that i can't even out
consciously,
as the
eeeeennnnnd
becomeeeess
the beginning,
as my tonguee
runs up my fingers,
and my teeth
lie still and silent
right
now.

Yield Vs. Stop

i enjoy
the yield much
more than i do
the stop.

this seems to
be a reoccurring
theme in my life.

i have never been
the stop kind of person
because
this is always something
happening
and evolution is a part
of my permanent philosophy.

so,
instead of telling me to
stop or knock it off
or bring it to an end,
just tell me to yield
and i'll slow down enough
to observe the red stop,
and smile at the green of
my forward arrow.

and when that cop
pulls me over for
not coming to a
complete stop that
i rarely come to,
i'm going to spend
some quality time
telling him how i favor
a good, solid yield
over a stop and if
he understands my point
then maybe he can be
converted to my
slower side of life.

with this said,
i'm going to stop,
end,
bring
this poem to
his
final
character.

YOUNG Q-TIP BOBBING HEADS OF TOMORROW

it's
so
cute
to
see
and
talk
to
all
those
clueless
high
school
kids
with
thier
airy
cotton
notions
of
the
world
as
the
liquid
flood
waits
just
behind
the
door
damn
to
unfurl
and
soak
their
tips
in
concentrated
levels
of
unknown
liquid
properties
that
will
level
the
proverbial
playing
field.

1st thought

i
would
consider
a
person
of
pure
genius
that
one
soul
that
can
completely
remember
their
very
first
thought
as
the
white
hot
lights
blasted
down
onto
that
fresh,
wet
umbilical
cord
releasing
you
from
half-life.

a blend of all bravado

sometimes
when i sit
in one place,
silent,
no one around,
nothing moving
except what
my mind wills
briefly,
i can hear
chunks of
live music
i have experienced
at various times
in my life
sift through my
brain
and as my eyes close
and turn the music up
from faint to low,
i can almost remember
the seat numbers
as the door opens
and the crowd
slowly fades.

a peppery mess

you
may not
want to
absorb
this fact,
but i have
to get it off
my head.

my cat's
horrendous poop
habit
is something that
borders on a human
not flushing
and ruining
every room with smells
that should
be banned.

i have been around
many cats,
grew up with cats
and been around litter
boxes a number of times
and never have i
really smelt the stench
of a cat leave behind.

that was until
i got my one
and only personal cat
named pepper.

he has always had a penchant
for pooping at the wrong
times and
leaving behind such a
rotten odor
that i have to empty the
box immediately
or the entire house
is gonna drown in
some awful
notion of
air.

and it gets worse
during the winter,
and remains steady
during the summer.

i'm sure he's

one of the few cat's
on the planet that
actually lays it
out like a grown adult
male,
but worse.

and i own him
in all his
rotten
glory
as the air freshener
in the other room
works
with exact
precision
to protect
my nostrils
from
having this morning
cup of coffee
tainted.