



**JOEFILES CV1:
THE CLEVER IRONY**

our luck lately

has been
something i am trying to keep
hidden behind our flimsy barn
doors lest the world
will catch the untimely
scent of our misfortunes
and begin buckling under the
force of our existence.

i cannot pinpoint when
it began or for how long,
but just recently
a bad skid started when we
bought a 2 year old vehicle
that has been in the shop for
about 10 days and there is
no hope for its immanent return
any time soon.

this computer screen i type into
got horribly cracked by a mysterious
foot or bounce on the top of
it's plastic enclosed casing.

then another computer failed,
another one failed,
my wife's desk got mysteriously
locked shut,
a black cat howls in front of our
house after we just got rid of
two of our beloved gray cats,
this home won't sell and
the bills race towards my dreams
as though the pitchfork is
severing fresh compliant flesh.

in between all these moments
of small misfortune,
and work,
and parenting,
and husbandry,
and chores,
and such,
i find time to laugh at
self-made jokes that no

longer go over with my
wife because they are
so overused and she's
so used to my humor.

and as the humor
train comes rumbling through
my brains once more
and the starship rides
through another imaginary
brainscape of mine,
i opt to close this poem
out and hit the save button
lest a power surge comes
mysteriously out of the west
and i urge you to wash your
hands and brush your teeth
after the final period
in this ramble
so that
you
can
be safe,
and secure in
your satchel of
good
reading
luck.

PARK CRIMES

when i pawn
through the local
section of the newspaper
in the earliest of
the morning before
my brain is aroused
and read the worst
and most bizarre stories
of hookers,
drugs,
murder and
mysterious death,
i think about all he
broken cars with tinted
windows that linger
the drives at public parks.

every time without fail,
i see teems of these men
just lingering with cars idling
or no engine humming at all.

i peer into these black voids of window
wondering if they will snap to,
shoot me a nasty glare
or wave a gun into the sunlight
with a huge grin on their lips.

and as i roll away from
the park with my kids in tow,
and a head full of fresh air,
i see that one mystery car
has disappeared and another has
taken its place.

if i was a crime investigator,
or a cop with huge quantities of
time on my hands,
i would linger in these
parks and start doing the good
deed of making sure that
horrible morning ink
doesn't get stained on
innocent eye balls like mine.

PET STORES

the
best
outing
for a
grave A
cheapskate
like
myself when
i have a couple
of kids on my hands
is
to
gently
linger
throughout
the
aisles
of a
local pet
store
and
grin
like
i actually
have a good
savings
account
and
that i would
really
be at
some
expensive
kid place
full of interludes
and games,
but
i don't read
the paper or
keep
up on all
that much.

population impeachment

the
real
torture
of
not
voting
for
george
w.
bush
and
having
to
endure
the
pain
is
that
all
his
pals,
friends,
voters
now
have
to
get
a
good
solid
joust
to
the
mouth
with
his
failed
presidency
and
utterly
unpopular
walk
down
the
plank.

PUBLIC RADIO AUCTIONS

one of the
very few times of
the year i get anxious
and visibly deterred
is during the public
radio auctions.

i have tried to fight
the feeling,
but the tide typically
snags my feet and yanks me
under.

it's a double prong
that sticks in my side.

on the one hand,
i tire of having my
programs,
music and such interrupted
by tear soiled pleas.

on the other hand,
i'm too poor to donate
and have rarely done it.

this means,
that i'm responsible for
the mundane boredom
that comes from not donating
and as the volume knob
remains glued
in hearing range,
i peer into my empty wallet
and concede
that this is all better
than
the hell of commercial
radio taking my money
without my asking.

QUASHING LIGHTS

some
days i go
into a work
a bit drunk,
or goofy
on the prior
night
of wine and
find myself
stomping
on white lights
moving in front of me
from the sources above
as the shiny floor tiles
look up in surrendering mercy
as i pause,
look about a bit,
and realize that someone
may have had to process
my pouncing of wandering lights
following my
slightly gone brain
around my vessel of day
thinking. trying to catch
them ..

REAL POLITICS

becoming a part
of the familial chain
of american politics
has made me take things
a bit more seriously than
i ever could have imagined
and wanted to.

ever mindful of years
that the seriousness
can lead to quick death,
ulcers,
useless prescription drugs,
or stronger alcohol,
i waned away from the
seriousness as though
it was a sickness.

and now in more frequent
moments i am serious myself
and wonder when the moment
happened that my perpetual jackass
follies came down to these more
increasing moments of jumping off
the hobo train and walking towards
the movie behind the white picket fence.

it is then,
that my 2-year old wakes in the other
room as the smell of paying online bills
remains on my fingertips as the green
dot of my early morning alarm burns square
into my retina and i realize that
my smile has eroded and
the muscles are a bit stiffer
than usual.

and then i cross this poetic bridge
when i can look into the proverbial
mirror,
blank my mind to a simple set of zeros,
fade to black
and find that one tiny bird
squawking a well timed joke in the

back of my mind and
i know that the black cloud of my imagination
will part and all of this seriousness
will indeed be just a lousily timed
joke that will produce
small,
shiny happy kids
and a wife that
will again not take
most of what i do seriously
in that no so serious manner.

Remember?

the past two weeks
have robbed our 8-year old
zen boy of simple acts of
remembering his life.

he has lost both of his
winter coats,
and as the real cold approaches,
he has no idea where they are
at as my wife and i
stare in confusion out the front
window
with a picked apart home
and torn apart cars.

for several days in
a row,
i reminded him in his
flimsy, thin
fall coats to
ask the front desk
at his school if they
found his mysteriously
vacant coats
that left without memory
or a single trace.

they wandered off like
a taliban warrior under
the green swish of some
army radar.

and when i asked zen
if he inquired about his
missing coats at school,
he told me that he didn't have
time to check
as the temperature in our
home dipped to dangerously
cold levels.

at that,
i had to do what i always
have to do with him,
find his lost memories and
reapply wrinkles to smooth
surfaces on his brain.

so,
i called the front office
at his school and they immediately
said they were on the top of
the lost and found box.

as zen sauntered back
to his school during after school
hours,
i again recanted my thanks
that his actual brain is attached
to a stem and has no
chance of wandering away
or slinking into some
cardboard lost and found bin
because
it would never be recovered
and we would collectively
miss the partial enjoyment
we get from
his
vacations
away
from our regular,
clinging reality.

REMEMBERING THE UNFORGETTABLE

each time i see that
'9-11-01 : WE WILL NEVER FORGET'
sticker streaming from the
back of broken american car
i want to follow these drivers,
get out and tell them that
i cannot forget this day
because these stickers remind
me why this country is on such
a reckless course to Armageddon,
so in reality,
i would never had to have a bumper
sticker that cost the slight fraction
of an actual bomb that is falling over
Iraq as all the dummy Americans Trollope
around reminding each other of something
that none of us will ever forget
and no bumper sticker of any cost,
size or color could be enough to
unremind or remind me of such a
day as 9/11 as the
poor old car with the pearl harbor
sticker kills its engine behind me
as a small kid walking into
the dollar general asks his dad
what kind of pearl is in the harbor
and why would we ever forget to call
911 when there is an emergency.

RESURFACED BRAIN

after i leave an
area of parking lot
that says in big,
proud letters:
'CLOSED FOR RESURFACING'
with the plethora of
yellow tape blocking off
anyone from entering,
i begin wondering how
it would be received if i
did the same to my head
one day so that i could
rebeautify, rest,
and come charging back out
into the world with a
brand new brainy
black top sheen.

SHACK STAR

there's one
rundown small
white paint chipped shack
on a busy corner up
the street
and the muted
make shift shades are
always pulled
tight.

there appears to be glimmers
of life in that tiny hovel,
but there is never anyone in
the wasted windows or
out in the lush yard.

i imagine some
haggled older man,
badly kempt,
that got whacked out on
thorou and is writing
words that will some day
change the course of all
the cars that careen by in
huge numbers on a
gradual basis.

SMALL ANIMAL JAIL

the other
night
i bought
our 8-year old
a clear plastic
bubble like thing
with an astronaut
sheen for his
plump guinea pig.

his excitement
was clearly bustling
as he fondled the
plastic ball all
the way home
dreaming of the
joy this little
creature was going
to gain from
such an big
animal adventure.

then
the moment arrived.

i looked into the
other room
to see this
poor,
dejected
hair pig
shoved into a ball
the offered him
no leg room
and he wobbled
in a slow pathetic
circle gait
back and forth
as zen boy
looked at
the flickering
swatches of light
from the TV
as the world

continued to be
his personal playground
of complete kid
joy
as i fled
my
seat to
comply
to my humane adult
duty
of freeing
this small animal
from
joyous
kid bondage.

stoners aren't all that different from drunks

and i found out firsthand
last night
when the mother of a friend
our 8-year old hangs
out with came in for a bit of
wine and some
talking.

she had two small bottles
of wine in her purse,
and as my wife and i talked
politics,
religion
and sexuality with
explosive precision,
her wine disappeared.

then,
our wine disappeared
gradually
as she told us about
her stoner fiancé
that started the car the other
night in the blazing cold,
came inside
and over an hour and a half
later discovered that he forgot to turn
the engine off or leave the house.

she got a howling
gut of laughter from this.

and as the wine was vanishing,
the time followed suit
and she decided it was time to
leave and get her kid home
for school the next day.

before that,
she was gonna start her own
car and get the heat rising
and ready for a short trip home.

guess there was more wine
that i had thought,
and the conversation over
the three taboo topics
roared forward like a
summer bumble bee
as the car kept running
and running
and running
and an hour
later when her

fiancé came by,
the car had been running
for over an hour.

it was astonishing
and as the voices of
her exclusionary theological
views came blaring out more
intense
and pointedly,
her fiancé told us how his
friend was so drunk that
he said there was no basketball
game on TV,
which prompted the fiancé
to go home,
turn on the game
and notice that it was
halftime.

the game was always on.

ahh,
the stoner and the drunk
stuck in overtime
as their cars hum
like a forgotten
thought
melting off
the tip of
a sorely frozen
ice spear.

STOPPING ROUGE MARKETING

if i had the
special reserve
of energy to start
my own philanthropic
marketing business
it would be to teach
all those folks out
there with makeshift
stenciled signs on the
sides of van windows
or in the back of
common car windows
proclaiming their
own business venture
to use
different
kinds of letters
and techniques
instead of
pieces of paper
with scribbles
and small letters
rambled into long
paragraphs that
no brain is gonna
swallow even
at
stop lights
so i'm asking all of
these guys a favor
because i will never
open a business like
that to take
down your pages of signs
and hardware store
stencil letters and
make a web site
or by TV commercial
time and save all of
us in our innocent ventures
from pondering the depths
of other things you
do badly
and let us focus

on ridding
what we do badly
on our innocent jaunts
via
travel salvation.

the diaper is pale

we still
harbor the dreaded
diaper pail in the corner
of our parental
room sanctuary
and cringe at the
smell that hangs in the
airs of our room.

sometimes it's much
better than others,
but after two years,
the heave needs the
grand old ho-ho-ho
as the smell of regular
outside air is so refreshing
that i can sit out there in the
cold for minutes just flexing my
mouth like a pair of goldfish lips
underwater
sucking in the invisible shots
of whiskey as though i just
arrived into this new
oxygenated world and
there is nothing finer out there.

then,
i stop and ponder the infatigable
love i have for my son
and how it would be almost cruel
if the tables were turned and he
had to be subjected to a diaper
filled bucket of my shit.

that's enough to scare me from
ever questioning the slight
scents of his residue
clinging on for dear life in
our room as the memory
of this dreaded diaper pale
gets closer and closer
to being exactly that - a memoir
to the ascension
of our miraculous
baby
in his shiny,
clear,
golden diaper.

THE GLASS I LOOK THROUGH

i have a painful
sprig of a glass sliver
in my pinkie because i smashed
about 10 window panes out of old
window frames for a new painting
series that i'm going to start soon.

also, the muscles in my forearms
ache because of the constant force
i had to use with my wielding hammer.

i realize now that not only am i
getting old,
but that i am nothing like the dudes
that is littered throughout this
suburban neighborhood and those guys
in all the commercials on TV.

i'm not checking stocks,
watching sports,
doing extensive home repair,
lazily lounging on a couch,
avoiding housework,
or any other dude activity
that typifies that typical male.

instead,
i ready artwork that doesn't sell
all that often
as my injured forearm aches a
tiny bit more as these letters
run away like a strip of stock quotes
tinkering across my
fictional tote board.

THE LOVE OF STRESS

i have
finally
admitted
that i have stress.

i love stress.

i may have
become stress.

i might just
crave stress.

i enjoy the sound
of the actual word
stress.

i need stress anymore.

i get nervous if
there is no stress.

a week without
the smear of stress
would likely be
a mental month long
vacation to an exotic
location that would
save me oodles of money
give me enough strength
to handle the following
week of pent up stress.

stress and i have become
conjoined nouns that
are in love in the big,
wallowing kissing tree.

i hope this poem hasn't
stressed you out.

forgive me if i have
passed along my stress.

funny enough,
i haven't felt the stress
since this poem started.

so i would like to continue
writing this very poem
for days and days and days
to keep away the stress
but i think the stress would
miss me if i wasn't there
to focus on it's issues.

i will leave you now
and wish you a stress free
slip into the next poem
you read as i go on
to battle more issues
to keep the poetic topic
line fresh and full of
hand picked battles of
common yore.

THE SMELL OF FREE THEOLOGY

when i was
a young kid,
i used to call
that toll free number
and have tons
of those books of
mormon delivered to my
duplex home.

my folks never blocked
them from coming through,
my brother and sister ignored
them,
and i thought it was entirely
brilliant that i was getting
free books sent to my house.

i had no idea what mormon
meant,
nor did i mind finding out.

i just thought
it was someone's lengthy
interpretation of the bible
and that it made for something
to stack on a book shelf.

and i would hoard these books,
put them in my closet,
rarely read any lines out of
them,
but always cracked that book open
and took a good whiff of the
pages and smiled all over
with that fresh ink delight.

i did this to each book
without fail,
and figured the fragrant
smell of the ink spelling
out their theology
would assuredly be better
than having to read their
entire book of words.

and now,
several decades or so later,
i'm convinced that
the best way to
absorb the thrust of any
good theology is
to first smell the pages,
smile,

and plod with caution
through the annals
of their
written interpretation
of our good human sense.

the time of timing

if you
have the time
to tell me
or anyone else
that comes up with
some notion like
a hairless donkey
or a lost brady bunch episode
that i have
way too much time on
my hands
then what you have done
is negated yourself
and officially
bested me
because
i have never had enough
time to ever
contemplate
fully
the notion that i have
too much time on my hands,
thus
you have robbed your minute
and given it straight into
one of my robin hood arrows
that will
pin the tail on
your lost donkey.

THE WHETHER CHANNEL!

i'd have
always wanted
to have a
real 'whether' channel
that would be personally
tailored to my life
as the kind of guy,
and way of life i lead.

in the morning,
i could tune in to see
a map of my brain
with tiny swirls of jet streams,
rain patches,
clouds and sun
littering the different
regions of my brain
as some 'whether man or woman'
tries to gauge whether or not
i'm going to do this or that
throughout the day.

am i going to have a good lunch?

am i going to have a fender bender?

am i gonna laugh more than 26 times
before lunchtime?

will i do this
will i do that
will i do the other
will i .. will i

my own whether channel
would help me enjoy
the weather outside so much
more and my moral degree
could even forgive the
actual weather people
if they predict rain
on one of my sunnier
whether days.

Tomatoe and Potatoe

it's all dan quail's
fault that
i fuck up the
spelling of
tomato
and potato.

i now shove an 'e' onto
the end of these
glorious words and
delicious vegetables
because of his
lapse of
fortitude in
the spotlight years back.

he misspelled the word
tomato as tomatoe
and forever galvanized
a wierd wrinkle in my brain
that sucked in the potato
as well into my 'e' quagmire
that i haven't been fortunate
enough to shake.

so,
please forgive me if
i offer you a small tomoatoe
or delicious potatoe
with an extra vowel on the end.

it's only the wreck less
work of a dangerous politician
averting the democracy
and assailing
my personality.

TROPICAL CONTACT STORM

one of the last moments
of my day in the bathroom
is filled with a small joy
that can be described as
a tiny hurricane in a
wet volcano.

when i finally
get to extract the
contact films from my
eye balls,
i watch them closely and carefully
as they splash into their
tiny pools of fresh saline
solution and the mad scurry of
lashes,
dust,
and sometimes unexplained
residue slink away
from the submerged lenses.

all the trash and miracles
my eye balls absorbed into two
small covers over my eyes that
enable me to see how
you do what you do
and ensure that what i'm
doing won't result in
a spreading chaos of
trash particles.

TRUE HOLLYWOOD BULLSHIT STORY

the only proof
i need that
hollywood is a
bit lopsided
and doped up
on something
is to look at
the hollywood
signs patent
jagged architecture
and imagine the
band of drunks
that concocted and
built such a sign
to signify
a group of people
that makes so much
money
that the sign
could be reconstructed
in pure gold
and jacked up into the
sky like a huge
diamond winking
in the lopsided sky.

Watch out for October 19th

if it hasn't been
proclaimed before,
then October 19th
of any year from
here on out can
be officially deemed
worldwide dumb day
for all humans.

and this idiocy
can be doled out
via sun rays or
faint gray glimmers
from cold cloud cover,
it really doesn't matter.

but this is the day
that folks steal your
parking spot,
your boss forgets to pay you,
you hear people talking
their stories,
you watch the worst of
humanity stream by in a proud
line of non-stop insanity
as you check for your wallet
and hope the
20th is your eternally
lucky day.

WHO'S THE REAL TOUGH GUY?

i
would
love
to
corral
all
of
those
tough
country
dudes
with
COWBOY UP
bumper
stickers
and
ban
them
from
going
to
the
gas
tank
to
fill
up
their
enormous
tanks
and
then
finally
figure
out
who
the
toughest,
roughest
bad
ass
modern
day
cowboy
is.

WINDOWLESS

when
i
hear
the
words
of
a
jehovah's
witness
on
my
doorstep
speak
about
how
they
have
to
spread
the
light
of
truth
around
the
world
i
always
neglect
to
ask
them
my
burning
question
as
to
why
their
kingdom
halls
never
have
even

one
window
to
let
all
the
light
of
the
world
they
profess
come
screaming
through
in
daring
torrents
of
theological
rapture.

wood smoke assumptions

my caroline
wife kept
saying that she
felt as though
she might have
a brain tumor
because
she kept smelling wood
smoke.

i never smelt it,
nor did anyone else
that was in the room
that she would ask.

her rationale was that
folks with brain tumors
begin smelling odd scents.

this went on for at least
two weeks
and each successive time
i was beginning to believe
in her watershed theory
that she might be
developing some dreaded
lump of flesh in her
cranium and my
disbelief in her
assertions would
be a cruelty that
would only make
the possible lump
grow larger and
more hideous.

and as thoughts
of this possible tumor
persisted,
i ended up being the
investigative home reporter
that cracked this
sherlock case.

after a marathon
shower one night,
i waded through the
pounds of mist
to find her soft slippers
she ordered from a
small outfit on the foothills
of the Himalayas in Nepal
and i smelt the wood smoke

as well.

was i beginning to develop
the brain swell
with my wife.

and as my nose went towards the heel
of her left slipper,
i found out what her theory
was all about.

while lying her
Cinderella slippers on the ground,
i told her that her brain was
fine because the wood smoke
was on her feet the entire time.

and suddenly i felt like
a real life doctor
wading away the demons
as a warm smile broke
over her lips
repaying me in full
for the
hearty investigative
reporting
it takes to be a
husband in this modern
world.

WORLD FULL OF STRANGERS

when i feel like
i might know a lot
of people,
met a lot of people
and have enough friends covered,
i go out to my car,
drive down the road for some
time while paying attention to
all the passing cars and
strange faces.

then,
i quickly realize that i don't
know as many folks as i once thought.

where the hell do all these people
come from and where are they going
in such a refined hurry?

there are blitzes of faces that
careen on and on and on
in a blinding twirl that i
eventually have to stop looking
at all of these strange people
like you and my unknown neighbors
and realize to meet all of you
people would probably be less exhausting,
and equally taxing as looking at all of
you blaring down your
road of reason
armed with your mass of
fellow strangers.
from

Zumwalt Ave.

if you're not
sure where we should
meet,
then let's just meet
on zumwalt avenue
in the quaint of
downtown
small town america.

it's the street
i pass everyday
and wonder who
would name a street zumwalt
and how many people
could take such a
street seriously.

do people even notice?

should they notice?

do they care?

hell,
they should,
because it's
zumwalt.

when the fuck
have you heard of such
a name,
let alone
naming a street that
hundreds of people
ride,
and use
as though
it's a name
wholly
unconquerable.

21ST CENTURY ELECTRONIC AMNESIA

i recently lost
about 45 recorded
thoughts that lead to these
poems on a small
electronic device that
rests gently in my
calmed daytime pocket.

and several days ago,
after clicking the
screen 'ON',
i noticed that all of those
thoughts were gone.

thinking it may be hidden
somewheres else,
i found out that it was
gone.

a weeks' worth of some
of the best thoughts i have
had in a long, long time
were vanished.

as though they never happened.

when i let this notion
sink into my brain,
i felt the way an amnesiac feels
when afflicted with the ugly
cloud of not being able to
recall your own life.

forgiving this cold piece
of black plastic,
i now look down with a
lack of trust,
as the small red light
of recording glares up at
my gambling eyes knowing
that it's computerized
wink is completely in
control of my next
small,
possibly forgotten thought.

ANOTHER WAR

my darling
caroline
has had to sacrifice
most everything that
she knew as earthly comforts
when we first met each other.

from wine glasses
to decorative lamps
to treasured blankets,
fine lotions and any other
assortment of girl items
a guy cannot understand,
and now the final blow to that
sacrifice is happening all
around this house.

she keeps stepping on
inanimate, tiny green
army soldiers that are spread
by our two chickadees all
over this battleground known
as our house.

and there is no plan for an
immediate pullout,
because the kids would cry
and call us liberal pussies,
while the economic costs are low,
the emotional toll of mashing
hard plastic corners into our
feet continue to mount.

day and night,
new feet casualties,
and even breaking the occasional
mechanical sweeper is happening,
but there is a war to fight in
this house and these kids need
bodies and weaponry
in their fight for ultimate
kid and baby freedom across
this democratized house of ours.

without a vote to be cast
or a voice that will be willingly heard,
my dear caroline and i
tip toe around the dangerous
domestic policies and hope
that the pain of these soldiers
will subside when ours do.

BACKWARDS & FORWARDS

i wonder
if others like
me newly married,
with kids,
ever start an inevitable,
without warning or trying,
a path of reverting back to
being a kid again.

troll ping over old stones
and paths to figure out what
wasn't figured the first time
around and to make friends strangers
and the sky the ground,
as everything begins to get
reversed and what was once logical
becomes a temporal land of insanity
that is actually fun and new enough
that to drink a cup of whiskey would
rob that backward momentum towards
some inevitable light spot in
the middle of my vision that is
hard to place.

and as i slip from my twenties
back into my teens,
then i think the reversion of
universal expansion will end and
i'll beg my brain that
becoming older is something that
i really want to do as
my left wrist aches a bit
from an unknown injury.
get older

beauty of baby sleep

one
of the best
things about
a baby is that
they sleep a lot
and give parents
time to do
some things,
wander,
sleep themselves
and get ready for the
next spate of activity
as the baby head flits
through a page of dreams
and the whole
notion that something
so small and basic
needs so much sleep
that if i were to change
places with this baby
and sleep the hours
he gets the opportunity
to sleep
i would be so replenished
that i wouldn't
even marvel at things
so small and somewhat
trite like
the amount of
sleep a human being
gets during the course
of a day
or
week.

boring rooms

the
real
reason
why
they
call
those
expensively
decorated
and
glass
enclosed
corporate
think
tanks
board
rooms
is
because
it
is
the
most
boring
place
in
any
company
across
the
world.

i
have
never
been
in
a
meeting
in
a
board
room
that

hasn't
been
one
of
the
most
boring,
uninteresting
thing
that
i
could
have
done
during
that
one
slice
of
willful
time
in
my
ever
expanding
life.
bored in a board room?

BOUTS OF REMEMBERING

i find getting
older increases daily
moments of deja vu
as all the best and worst
of my kidhood comes
corralling my brain
like a metal lasso
asking my subconscious brain
some follow up questions.

from the feeling of
our neighbor's treasured golf turf grass,
to the old lake rocks and copperhead
snakes behind my childhood home,
to the feelings of alienation,
and the moments of sports glory that
are foggy in my current brain.

moments flit in without warning
and it feels more like i'm walking
around in a dream wondering
when my past will stop catching up
to me and the future can just be
like a motion picture profiling
someone else's life
instead of my own for a moment.

but the point is that
we live these memories so
that we can rest on some hard wrought
morals and know that
the journey we trodded is sweetly destroyed
and filled with something that we can
give to the rest of the human
race as this poem momentarily curbs
my ironic deja vu romp
for today.

CONVERGENT LIVES

what are
all the lives
that i have lived
and will live doing
together under the hair
cranium of my
busy brain?

like the baby,
infant,
young boy,
hell vandal kid,
born again christian teen,
coming of age 20 year old,
boyfriend,
single careless,
married,
father,
husband
and
my current state.

do all of these
living epochal organisms
flow in a parallel line
towards the greater
good,
or are each burroughed and
waiting to come out
when the
store is closed for the night?

maybe we are all
superhero's in our own way,
and could actually be that
way if we knew how to channel
all of the different parts
of our existence into
one cohesive whole.

i'm beginning to believe
that we will become
the actualized superhero
of our life down here
the minute or so before we
die so that we
can actually become the superhero
we should have been
to go on and save another planet
other than earth
because
there is simply no

hope
for
or
rounded
blue
planet
dot.

DEAN SCREAM

in the
ever increasing
list of shit
i would do if i
had more money and
time on my side,
i have a new one
to commemorate the
democratic
hopes of 2004.

i would stage
an annual 'DEAN SCREAM'
competition at the university of iowa
to commemorate
the human spirit of genuine emotion
and the beginning of another
four years in bush hell.

this would be an annual gathering
of common folk belting out
their best rendition of
howard dean's famous
verbal blast that shook
the world.

and the winner would be able
to have the actual dean scream
recreated as a ring tone on
their fancy cell phone,
along with getting
a screaming bronze statue trophy
of dean on that fateful night.

and i think
i would probably
be the winner in the first year
of such an event.

i've been practicing a lot.

i have lost a lot of support
in the process.

i have barely a bid yet.

i'm emotionally ready to
be quashed into
utter oblivion
by a fake trophy
and the adoration of
a politically ignorant
crowd.

DELICIOUS CARROT CAKES

i stared into
the cardboard box
holding a stack
of individually wrapped
carrot cakes on the
counter at the local
7-11 and couldn't shake
the thought that
there is no possible way
i could purchase this cake
because i don't like carrot
cake and would never get hungry
enough to make that mistake
but i also realized that
i have seen that box there for
several years and that they
have to refill the box on a semi-regular
basis and that there are folks
that really likes this sub-standard
cake and they are likely about as healthy
as i am or so blasted out of their
gourds on a drug that they simply
have to eat something sweet and it's
a last minute response to getting gas
or a cola and they like it that way.

DICK CHENEY : LIVE = EVIL

with a
crooked eye,
lowered chin,
entirely skeptical brain,
i braved the state of the
union speech on TV
and focused on the nostril glares
from dick cheney in the
left hand corner of the screen.

as i thought about his newly immaculately
conceived mary daughter with a womb
full of lesbian zeal,
i saw the words 'live'
flashing over his head
and figured that
cheney has to be one of
the angriest,
backwards men to ever
occupy high government.

and as the words 'live'
hovered over his balding
space head,
i figured that his backwards
world trickled into 'live'
and made it evil.

good old cheney
under his backwards word
of zeal
as his nostrils
flexed in ways
only
the truly angry
could appreciate.

DISCOVERING TRUE, FICTITIOUS HELL

i
finally
found
out
what
hell
on
earth
would
be
like
and
i
figured
out
it
would
have
to
be
trapped
for
one
solid
week
in
a
room
listening
continually
to
nothing
but
cable
news
analysts
rip
apart
the
repetitious,
flimsy
events
leading
to

a
national
election
of
importance.

[illegible]

everyone around these neighborhoods
are not from here.

most have come from texas,
new jersey,
other places north and south
to join
'gods army',
while the rest have come here
to make some money.

i'm not even from around here.

it's a lot like the
fabric of America.

no one is a real,
first generation american
with pure american blood.

we are all displaced.

are all littered with
different colored bloods.

we have one reason to get along.

our wooden nickels have been
traded in for shiny quarters
as the used dollar bills of
yesterday run amuck in the
wind as though luck is all
around our
united state of mind.

GETTING A NEW SUMMER JOB

this past
summer my
second job was
running around
to any number of
doctor's appointments
and as the bills continue
to trickle through
from months and months
back and the sting
of the insurance company's
ineptitude is enough
to make me perk my ear up
as the black muslim
presidential candidate
talks about cheaper
and more universal healthcare
and then i finally start
realizing that all i
had to do was get old
and acquire more bills than
i could have ever imagined
to understand fully how
politics get interwoven into
my daily jaunt through this life
that feels more like
i'm a punching bag
growing and growing
as the days loom forward
and the gloved fists come
to knock me square into
another unexpected doctor's
visit once again as my
boss smiles while i approach
his office with the fate
of the following day
stuck in my gravy brain.

GLEEKING

the absolutely
coolest trick a
teenager could have in
our junior high was
the power of gleeking.

the gleek was a method
of folding your tongue
together and thrusting it
back and forth towards the
bottom row of your teeth
that would emit a curving
arch of saliva from your mouth.

if you were good,
the result was a drenching
stream of spit that would secretly
douse an enemy
or friend in jest.

this could be done during the middle
of class and if you had a good poker face,
there was no way that someone would
suspect that something like this
could be done.

i was one of the best
and now,
i can only gleek on accident
when i yawn.

i'm just another
retired gleeker
wondering what happened to
that once saliva rich
skill.

GOD ARMS

up the street
at the international
house of prayer church
all the bright, mechanical
faces of the church patrons
walk in unison
towards one of a several
different complexes
with a glaze over their
eyes as though
they are going to
crawl into the bright,
white hot light of god's
arms and come back with
tales of how they will
get everything for christmas
that they could ever imagine
as they all recite this mantra
in unison as the
day gets a bit older
and the promise of tomorrow
stepped backwards and
glazed itself over the
hope of this tiny day.

i live in an ice house

during the winter months
and after 3 years i have
finally gotten used to
it.

with a sweater clinging
to my arms,
slippers snug,
winter cap on head,
i saunter through the house
as though the ceiling is gonna
snow at any point.

with a consistent
60 degree dial in the house,
i sneak in a 65 to be safe,
and a 70 to be daring,
knowing that a battle with ensue.

after some time,
i feel a cold whisk
through the living room,
and know that the thermostat
is back down to sixty
and that my wife again
won in the venerable contest
to level the home
he live in.

and more times than not,
i decide to back off
my thermostat war because
winter is my wife's season
and i want to honor that for
her as much as she
celebrates my desire to
exist well in the summer months.

it makes living in
temperate seasonal
weather exciting
as my dry patches fade
from the oils
my wife rubs on my
battled, dry skin
as i smile in her cold
air desires
floating past my
dream of approaching
spring breezes.

IDENTICAL CAT DREAMING

last night
my wife and i had
the same
dream.

several weeks ago
we had to finally
give in and let
our two alpha male
cats loose to a local
shelter
to find another home.

she had an alpha,
as did i when i moved
into her home,
which is our home now,
and these cats have
tried to annihilate
each other for about
three years.

after braving the horror
of taking these cats
in,
i now have the bruised
subconscious
that is pumping out dreams
of me turning my back
of the beloved cat
that was my only family
for about 3 years.

last night,
we both dreamed
that the cats had
returned to the house
because the folks
that got them from
the shelter were
in this neighborhood,
so the cats returned.

and we couldn't take
these cats back to
the same shelter we took
them to originally.

before the reality of
going back to the
nightmare of having these
two cats living together,
i woke from my nightmare

to listen to the
feline ghosts pawing
through the quiet
halls of our sleepy
home
as the one remaining
cat we kept
rises his
head just a bit to
see why my
head is
looking around
so intently.

IHOP BUS

i like to see
that shorty old beat up
squat international house of prayer
bus in the neighborhood
courting all the young,
flowery god kid heads
with their eternal notions
of all collectively being
the chosen ones
as they peer out of their
small dirty windows at
our world,
cars,
and have a pity that's
hard to convey
as the world
melts into their
brain folds
like melted water
into the
icy,
cold ground.

John Kerry – The Republican

after the
last monumental
fuck up that
john kerry made
before the latest
mid-term elections,
i started to
believe that this whole
cinderella john kerry
march that nearly won
him the presidency may
just be an actual republican
shrouded in
flimsy democratic cloth.

sheep in wolves clothing?

have any shears?

let's find that tall man
with the long, wrinkled
face
and solve this
once and for all.

KANSAS CITY NATIONAL NEWS HEX

kansas city
hit the national
news circuit again
and it was another
sprawling chronicle
of immanent death,
destruction and
general bad news
that is usually
the case for
this town smashed
in between all the
other towns in
this large country
of ours.

apparently
some kind of huge
chemical explosion
took over a portion
of the lower east side
and chemical flames shot
out of control
as the fire boys
waited on the side
for things to simmer.

huge plumes of
black acrid smoke
wrapped around the lost
fortune of this town
as the national news
channels reported on
this big missouri accident
as though the chinese
launched an attack on
the least visible quadrant
of downtown
as residents went to bed
with LA thoughts
and NYC regrets.

ladder volvo man

it takes a bit
for a guy like
me to absorb the creeps
and wake to type about
it,
but such a tale is
taking place now.

there is an older
man up the street from us,
maybe 5 houses south on the
same side of the street
who drives around a hatchback volvo.

he has that dreary serious face
portending to be an ex government agent
or pedophile hiding in the
suburbs with thoughts no
one could ever imagine.

during the christmas time
this year,
i noticed during a quick drive
by his place that his lighted tree
in the window
was rather odd,
but i couldn't get a handle
on what it was.

later,
i had to throw on the shoes
and walk up the street
to find out what he
was displaying for the world
to freely see about his life.

and it was a standard metal
ladder with a string of multi-colored
lights.

the rest of the room was barren,
and the slight emission of light in the house
was non-existent.

he was no where to be found.

his car was silently in the lot.

and the entire neighborhood was quiet.

calm was everywhere as that
ladder stood there smiling,

laughing with it's hurtling
spray of festive lights in the
vacuum of no living creature about,
nothing stirring.

and as i turned towards the north,
going home,
i started to forget that i was interested
in what this volvo dude was doing,
or thinking about
in his blank
silence
hidden in that
empty,
festive
home.

LAZY HAWK

the strength
of that one
lonely hawk
bobbing up and
down on the upper
rifts of cold air
as my hot metal
vessel goes to
wherever i'm aiming
for is quite a sight
and i feel
finally that
the random
advancement of that
one zig zag hawk
is enough for me to
just calm a bit
and dream of
absolutely nothing
within some Buddha
nugget of dream.

legacy sandwich

i came face
to face
with the legacy
of a lost rock n roll
star and it wasn't through
the miraculous sounds swimming
over my ear drums.

it was through
several bread slices,
a tub of peanut butter,
a whole banana,
one plate,
and a knife.

i concocted a delicately
made peanut butter and banana
sandwich for our 8-year old boy
to devour before slipping off
into his own set of rock n roll
dreams.

and as i handed the finished plate
into his pale,
anxious hands,
i realized why the elvis lore
ended so abruptly
with the legacy of such concoctions
roaring through the annals
of our history
past the dishwasher,
over the silent jukebox
flashing the famous
chops of our
most famous culinary king
of rock ever.

MANGLED MAN & DOG

there's a
fellow up the
street that
lives in a
modest white home
on the corner
and he's a bit overweight,
visibly poor health,
under exercised,
mid 40's
and he has a small
mangled dog that
looks just like him.

both have the same
blasé blah attitude,
but i see a twinkle in
his eye as i drive by
and he is averting his
shy eyes as the
small dog mess
leans down to do
his toilet duty
on the front lawn.

and once it's all done,
the man looks over
with a sheepish grin
knowing that
each day he's a work
there is always going to
be something to
look forward to
even if
it's a sack of
shit made by
his small,
best friend.

Midwest football Kansas City

the
doom
of
being
a
football
fan
in
kansas
city
is
that
you
are
destined
to
be
in
for
a
disappointing
'what
if'
scenario
once
the
curtain
closes.

much
like
living
in
this
town.

a
real
city
imitates
sports
scenario
that
i
know
you
were
looking
earnestly
for.

MISSING THE KID HAIR MAGIC

i was telling
my 8-year old
yesterday
that
the best thing
about being
a kid is that you
can have a perpetual
case of kid hair
with errant globs
and wisps of hair
strewn all over
a bulbous,
innocent
head and no one
gives it a second
glance or would
ever say anything about
the hair style
and as an adult
it becomes the bard
of continual perpetuation
that you have to keep your
hair combed,
presentable and tailored
to meet the world
with all the discerning
eyes trying their hardest
to see something deeper than
a hair follicle
as the neglected eye
brows rise in frowning
arcs of amazement.

MIX OF A MASHED GENIUS SIGNALS

at the end
of the night
when my eyes start
sinking into the
quick sand potion
of a long day
i start
peering closer
into my baby miles'
two year old
antics
and begin wondering
how many signals throughout
the typical day i
don't get from him.

all the grunts,
grabs,
eye swirls,
kicks,
swirms,
leading me to the treasure,
and all the gesticulations
of a tiny human i have never
been around the likes of before
and i try in earnest
to
get what he's saying at the end
of the night before
he slumps into
utter silence
and do my best
to fully comply with
his genius notions
packed into
the best riddle
i could ever
have
created on my own,
but i had little to
do with this phase
of human nature
smearing across
the walls of my
packed brain.

NECTARINE DREAMS

i can
wait out
the bitter
cold
of a kansas city
winter
with all of
it's ice strewn
windshields
and new frost bitten
fingers
to have
my
big front
teeth pop
into the
juicy flow
of a fresh
california
nectarine
smack dab
in the middle
of
a sweltering
summer.

OLD FRIENDS AND COLONS

when i think
i may have a thing
or two figured
about how we
may all run into
each other some
how and some
way down the line,
i get swatted with
a story that takes
my knowledge to a level
i have to recover from.

years ago,
my best friend in high school
passed away at the young age
of 17.

his name was matthew,
and his step mom
was ginger
and from time to time
i thought about her.

she was the quintessential
motherly type,
and she always took
real good care of me
and matt as a couple of punk
kids trying to garner just
a morsel of good living
to lead us into our
adult lives.

and i thought
about her lately.

how she was in her
fight against
age and
carrying the proverbial
torch of a son gone
and another that is
likely so far

gone that NORAD
couldn't find him.

and then my mom
told me the other day
that when she was getting
ready to get a colonoscopy,
that ginger was the nurse
administering the invasive
procedure
to get my mom back in order.

in the myriad of
ways i could have
rejoined with a lost
mother type,
she was looking into
my mother in ways
that i would have never imagined.

and how the karmic tale
of our lives
weaves down ironic paths
as the sounds of a
god barks
like a dog down the street.