



**joefiles 119:**  
**safe like a sunday attic**

**2008**

i pulled up  
next to a  
car load of  
muslims today  
and flashed  
a  
small  
peace sign  
as they all  
kept looking  
forward  
into  
the  
steel  
glaze  
of  
america  
wondering  
when  
no one  
will look  
their  
way  
and  
fell  
compelled  
to  
say  
anything  
other  
than  
a  
flabby old  
american  
'hello'  
and  
go  
on  
their  
damned  
way.

## **adult playlands**

the old,  
broken down mcdonald's need  
to be swallowed  
up by those  
porn paraphernalia  
joints  
and turned into  
smut  
fantasy homes  
with a heffner touch.

they should lop of  
the 'Donald's' to call it  
MC  
and take the 'p' off playland  
to may it 'LAYLAND'.

then,  
the games could begin  
as images of  
stout fries and  
soft shakes  
turn into things  
the mind hides  
in the regular mcdonald's  
environment.

the adult playland  
with benefits,  
as the fuckers  
frolic  
through  
the  
halls  
of  
imaginary  
mcdonald's  
that  
we can all finally  
concur  
that  
we get fucked in  
both  
real and imaginary

mcdonald's lands.

## **all the avoided wrecks and close calls**

make me  
thank everything  
that is mystery  
that there  
is good  
old  
fashioned  
coolness  
in the shared energy we  
breath.

today,  
i was taking my 10-year old  
to a pals  
house  
and avoided a huge  
plow into  
the back of our car  
and world.

as i hit the brakes  
and flipped the signal on,  
i saw a tiny blue car  
begin wobbling and slamming on their brakes.

at this,  
i hit the gas to avoid  
the pending disaster  
as the blue car  
weaved into a strip of gravel  
and into a person's front yard  
barely missing  
a huge tree in the front yard.

as i looked back  
thinking did that happen or not,  
the tiny blue car drove  
through  
the yard  
like it was looking for a  
better spot in the wal-mart  
parking lot  
and i finally took my  
long ago thought  
left turn

and  
thanked  
every  
molecule  
of comfortable cool  
in the world  
for sparing  
what would have  
been  
a bad  
and  
rainy  
summer day.

## **all the birds**

clamor  
and hide  
when my  
big bag  
of food  
sloshing like  
fresh sand  
comes out  
the back door  
to beckon  
their tiny  
bird stomachs.

yet,  
all together,  
they swoop  
in and eat  
the tiny morsels  
of my  
giving.

and not seeing them  
much  
get onto  
our tiny feeder,  
i know they  
hide their in  
their feathers  
of silence  
smiling invisible  
beak glows  
as their  
anonymous  
bi-pedal  
friend comes out  
yet  
again  
with the  
tastiest  
course on the  
earthly  
food buffet.

once it's  
swinging

in a hung home,  
i look out  
with  
my own smile  
giving  
them the  
'all right'  
to dive  
in for a  
nip at the  
alms  
i like  
to give  
unknown friends  
here  
and  
there.



## **angry, angry ants**

our house  
is surrounded  
by ants  
as  
tiny clips of  
kid food  
and spilt  
sodas  
sift around  
like cartoon  
mirages  
attracting  
legions of  
hungry ants.

at one point,  
the mailbox was  
so infested with  
ants that the  
parcels of  
mail  
were moving on their  
own out of the front  
mail door  
towards the unsanctified  
ground  
to scurry off  
for protection.

and since  
then,  
the game has been on.

traps,  
sprays,  
cursing  
as images of  
cartoon ants  
from children shows  
scream through  
my brain  
as i levy the  
moral decision  
of the ant world

to justify my  
home protection  
and feeble  
imagination  
of  
grand  
human proportions.

## **any idea?**

i always love  
the  
'i had no idea that  
you did that!' line  
i get every once in a  
while.

it happened last  
week when i went to  
check out a  
new pair of glasses  
and the  
gal running the eye  
shop said,  
'i saw the article  
in the paper about your artwork.  
i had no idea you did that.'

and it made me go  
thinking about how  
much we don't know or  
will tell about each other.

all the dark missives,  
odd hobbies  
or extraordinary things  
that keep us sane on this planet.

i feel as though i  
keep a handful of hobbies  
that prance as aliases  
to keep me  
sane on this planet of  
toil that could bring  
and has brought  
the  
best of folks down.

so,  
when you discover that  
thing about  
someone you never knew  
about,  
scream that often used

'I NEVER KNEW THAT .. '

and let life  
begin to flower  
in ways it was  
meant  
to.

## **badad**

there was  
a sign on a  
wood pole  
in a 4-way stop  
that screamed  
in bold  
letters  
'AFFORDABLE',  
but i couldn't  
read the tiny text below  
that  
i thought  
if  
the  
sign was so affordable  
to make a big  
word and a  
bunch of tiny words  
that the guy  
who put up this affordable sign  
is a dummy and  
will do the same  
thing to you  
if you buy his affordable  
line after straining to read  
his sales pitch on  
some  
old,  
silly pole.

## **badly spoken word/thought**

i have  
a bad ability  
to speak  
honestly  
and out of turn  
at times  
with  
good  
friends.

the other night,  
a good friend  
of mine,  
deluca,  
called and  
said i  
had to see  
a  
cat stevens  
video he  
just posted on  
his blog.

i paused  
and  
said,  
ok,  
but i have  
to tell you  
a rumor  
i know about  
old cat.

he said,  
shoot ..

i told him  
some good musician  
friends of mine  
went to LA years  
back and found out  
that it was a  
common

'insider industry'  
knowledge  
that cat  
was a pedophile.

at this,  
deluca  
said stop,  
stop,  
stop,  
you cannot  
do this to me.

and i said  
it's just what i  
heard and  
i know  
very few things  
about Hollywood types  
or musicians.

other than hearing  
that stevie nicks  
will bang  
more than  
the toy cap gun  
at a birthday party,  
it's the cat rumor i know.

and at this,  
i exited  
my  
phone  
talk with deluca  
vowing i  
would never  
tarnish  
the memory  
of a  
tasty musician  
no matter  
how  
much  
the  
rumor  
cost to re-tell.

## **billions of prior people**

when we all  
have odd  
fears,  
intriguing  
fetishes,  
slappy pleasures,  
unknown terrors,  
magical ecstasies,  
we have  
to realize  
that our  
vessels  
of mind and soul  
are the  
wavering entirety  
of every human  
that came before  
us.

as we carry  
the torch of  
humanity forward  
just a blink  
more  
into the future  
beyond,  
it's easy to get  
lost in the  
small bubble  
of our immediate family  
we know.

but we also had generations  
of family that led to ours  
and  
was  
hugely before ours.

then mince  
in all the friend's  
acquaintances,  
work fellows,  
memorable stingers  
and we are



armed  
with enough  
human ancestry of  
memory to make us  
become a mixed  
bag  
of quixotic eccentricities.

and when we realize  
that the human remains of  
centuries of folks  
are the basis of the oil  
we wage wars over  
you can  
begin to come full circle  
in understanding how  
intricately entwined  
in this reality  
with all our fellow  
humans  
we  
truly  
are.

## COFFEE MOVEMENT

all my  
travel coffee  
loses its luster  
way too soon  
as all the  
lost lids  
gather into  
some corner  
mourning  
my mounds of  
poured coffee  
on the ground.

and when  
i concentrate harder  
on not losing  
lids,  
they quickly find  
their way lost  
in ways  
i could never imagine.

and when i walk  
looking down on the ground,  
i imagine that i will  
one day run into  
a lost lid or two to  
redeem the cold coffee  
i sip as i saunter  
those same streets  
with a dream  
of sustained  
heat  
in my fist of  
morning caffeine  
love.

**coltrane,**  
my long lost  
pal i never knew,  
you may just be  
too good for a day like  
today.

you may have  
been too good for  
many days  
that have passed.

but,  
today with it's  
perfect mix  
of sun,  
wind,  
cloud,  
tree green  
cannot compare  
with your  
sizzling  
ride up the reeds  
into my ears  
and out of my fingers.

i believe you  
deserve this  
cold beer before  
the window i'm enjoying  
and  
a  
moment to reflect on  
something greater  
the sleep  
or  
creating.

and with this  
said,  
i hope something  
greater  
is happening to you  
about now  
cause  
this

gift  
you  
have left behind  
for me and  
millions  
of other  
wanderers  
is  
the nicest  
thing  
that even  
my parents  
couldn't top.

## ELECTRONIC TRUST

i just  
don't trust you  
anymore,  
you tiny handheld  
voice recorder.

sure,  
you are small,  
unassuming,  
inanimate,  
at my control,  
silent,  
trusty,  
intriguing,  
but you will  
pull it  
to the surface someday  
and sprinkle  
lost thoughts  
of mine that  
may give me  
the second guess  
i never knew possible.

but,  
i  
it's more than that.

sometimes you delete  
the only thoughts  
i would like to leave  
behind,  
but shouldn't.

so  
instead of not trusting you  
no more,  
i should begin  
wondering why i don't trust  
folks  
much anymore  
in my  
verbal flop  
towards

the next  
recorded  
thought  
that  
makes  
about  
as much  
sense  
as  
just  
about  
anything i decide  
to  
do  
as i leap  
fervently  
from  
day  
to  
day.

## **enclosed by life**

i'm surrounded  
by the dark wood  
of my late father-in-law's  
desk,  
chair,  
artifacts abound.

and in the short time  
i knew my wife's father,  
he was heading down  
a hard road of health  
that was prohibiting  
him from exposing the  
vigor of his  
youth,  
and life.

instead,  
i got the fermented  
wine of his age  
and as much as i would  
have like him to have  
lived longer  
or to know the vigor of  
his life's prime,  
i'm actually  
privileged  
to have seen him flourish  
when the real fight began.

spending his life in law,  
he finally had  
to retire  
and fight to  
know his family  
and beat  
Hodgkin's disease,  
watch his grandkids come  
into the world  
and cope with a changing  
political/social  
landscape that was the lifeblood  
of his life's plight.

and as i sit in his old chairs  
and lean against his old desk,  
i know that he was  
beyond his time,  
but well within his years  
as his legacy tears forward  
like  
a period he put on the end  
of a sentence that  
had to end,  
but will continue like a line  
he was proud to draw  
in his  
living  
years.



**energy**

is the way  
each and every  
human on  
earth  
decides to live  
their lives.

and it should  
bother you  
if  
things look  
bleak,  
bleaker  
and  
bleakest.

so,  
when i enter  
the rural  
'casey's food mart'  
with bush  
on the front page  
of the paper  
and a pregnant woman  
smoking a  
blunt while filling up  
the bloated  
SUV  
as the 'i have no control'  
look flashes  
on everyone's eye brows,  
i stop,  
look around  
and stop just outside  
the periphery of  
the sun  
and  
find that  
the week after  
old george carlin  
left us  
that  
the sun  
is the only bright  
spot

anywhere around  
lately  
with it's  
nurturing,  
comfort  
and bright twinkling  
of benevolence  
as all  
those around  
me  
act incredulously  
as they leave  
church parking lots  
and  
flash  
their pro-gun,  
anti-diversity  
looks towards the  
world  
taking  
the  
collective  
human  
energy level  
down  
a  
notch  
as  
i  
petition  
the  
sun  
to  
be  
inducted into  
the  
human  
race  
to  
boost  
our  
positive  
energy points,  
but  
i doubt  
the

sun  
would accept  
that tiny  
human  
accolade  
cause  
it  
wants  
to  
remain  
supreme  
and cool  
to  
make  
our  
future  
bright  
somehow.

**every day i know**

i fell  
in love  
with  
the  
woman  
that  
i  
will  
delightfully  
spend the  
rest of  
my life  
with  
and  
when  
you  
feel  
that  
to the  
core  
of  
your  
red blooded  
love heart,  
you can  
then begin  
to  
relax a bit  
and  
understand  
some of  
the things  
in life  
that always  
alluded you  
cause  
you always  
pursued  
something  
that you never  
found  
and  
when you  
finally  
find it

the  
tree's will  
wade more colorfully,  
films will finally make  
sense,  
poems will fly off the page,  
food will become more savory,  
birds will be noticed on  
once unnoticed patches of sky,  
and the horizon  
meeting the ocean  
will simply confirm  
to you that you have  
arrived  
when you squeeze your wife's  
hand in the closing  
moments of sun  
knowing that you  
will never  
be alone  
as your  
kids  
run  
in a blur  
behind you to  
catch  
the  
fading  
strip  
of  
orange  
barreling  
into  
the  
hot,  
salty  
ocean.

**everything costs something these days,**  
except for a very  
few several things.

for instance,  
i can always go across the street  
to my eye doctors  
and get free  
saline solution.

sometimes  
i can get free newspapers  
of issues i appear in  
at a small weekly.

and if lucky,  
i can use a penny  
in a cup at a convenience store  
to avoided breaking  
an innocent dollar.

other than that,  
i pay for everything.

constantly.

daily.

incessantly.

and even  
this page will cost  
me at some point  
and i wouldn't have it  
any other day.

even at the library,  
i never pay down  
my entire fine debt  
cause i  
wouldn't know  
how to really amble forward  
if i  
was debt free  
and  
not somehow

laden with the  
thought  
that  
i  
will  
soon  
loose  
that  
dollar in  
my lost wallet  
crevice  
or  
coin  
tucked  
down  
in  
my  
torn  
back  
pocket.

## **firsts**

i live  
in  
a  
world  
of  
savoring  
firsts.

i always  
thought  
i  
appreciated  
the inception  
of  
new things  
adequately,  
but it  
wasn't until  
my boy  
miles came  
into the world  
that  
i have  
reinvented  
everything  
i appreciate  
about  
this life.

he's  
3 and has  
some delays  
that prevent him  
from understanding aspects  
of this reality,  
as of yet.

he never really realized  
during his 3rd birthday  
that it was his  
birthday and  
didn't have that bubble  
of anticipation.



i'm going to delight  
the year  
he finally gets  
it and  
becomes  
jubilant with  
anticipation.

recently  
he  
rode his bike on his own  
for the first  
time  
and  
pangs of  
pride rode over  
my  
feet as though  
i was riding  
a  
bike  
for  
the  
first  
time.

and it's those firsts  
that  
save  
you from wandering  
down  
paths  
that  
may get you  
stuck in a bag of thorns.

instead,  
you let the wine sit  
on the rack and age  
cause you know the  
day that the cork  
is  
popped,  
miles will be there  
with a full  
breath of

words saying  
he loves you  
after going to  
the bathroom  
on his own  
as he  
heads into  
his own room  
to sleep giddy  
with anticipation  
for his new birthday  
that will  
be forthcoming  
on  
a fictitiously  
real december 8th  
on  
the proverbial  
horizon.

## **gassy stench**

i can  
never  
truly  
rid  
the  
smell  
of  
gas  
off  
my  
hands  
as  
i  
wonder  
how  
many  
things  
are  
going  
to  
smell  
like  
gas  
that  
come  
into  
contact  
with  
me  
and  
i  
wonder  
if  
i  
will  
have  
to  
shake  
an  
important  
hand  
at  
work  
or

my  
bosses  
hand  
as  
i  
let  
out  
a  
bit  
of  
natural  
gas  
and  
laugh  
at  
the  
absurdity  
of  
covering  
up  
what  
comes  
completely  
natural  
as  
i  
pay  
the  
gas  
station  
attendant  
a  
large  
fee  
to  
drive  
in  
america  
these days.

## **gathering love**

while  
the smoke  
lightly  
dissipates from  
my clean lung holes  
and stinking mouth,  
i agree  
with my  
silent thoughts  
once more  
that  
love  
is  
the  
best drug  
and  
heuy lewis'  
video scream  
through  
cold,  
ice water  
won't change  
any of that  
one bit  
as  
my  
mind  
finally  
let's  
go  
and  
i  
softly  
fall  
into  
the  
makeshift  
pillow  
island  
of  
love.

## **getting older**

means you  
get to  
see  
everything  
else get  
older  
and  
when you  
realize  
that  
age and  
getting  
older  
is  
scarier  
than  
anything  
anyone  
could have  
ever warned  
you  
about  
you  
gnash  
when  
teens  
and  
youngers  
yearn  
to  
get older  
as  
my  
3-year  
old  
leaps  
into my  
lap  
and  
i  
realize  
that  
the  
only  
time

to  
enjoy  
age is when  
it's  
so  
small,  
soft,  
innocent,  
genius  
that  
there  
should  
be a  
freeze machine  
to  
save  
us  
from  
all  
the  
age  
we  
are  
going  
to have to  
perpetually  
ingest  
on  
this  
long,  
aging  
road  
we  
gracefully  
sow.

## **god question**

if  
you  
finally  
got  
the  
coveted,  
fictional  
moment  
to  
ask  
god  
one  
simple  
question  
i'm  
sure  
it  
would  
be  
'WHAT THE HELL?'



## healing

old letters  
to her  
father  
litter  
the floor,  
the musk of  
many of our  
shared books  
stain the  
air well,  
candle scents from  
dancing nude the  
night before wade,  
huge bulbs of  
apple wade on the  
summer tree,  
mysterious neighbor  
in the attic with  
sheets on the  
window  
keeps silent in their  
anonymous march,  
sounds of neighbor  
dogs making the  
afternoon nap men  
mad  
as again  
i have the  
sounds of  
old django  
ringing  
my bell brains  
as my wife  
heals her  
broken heart  
without a  
father on earth  
and i  
doubt  
we will  
ever end  
our desire for  
wars  
while

the  
comforting  
notion of  
peace enshrouds  
each of my  
physical  
cells  
in  
this one  
string of  
moment  
i  
wish  
would never end.

**hello poetry,**  
it's me again.

here to wade over  
your  
dream catcher  
and set to  
get stuck like  
a bug in your  
sappy web.

i delve into your  
moneyless waters  
once again knowing  
that i will never  
make money off  
such a craft as this.

and again i realize  
it's a relationship  
fueled by zinging red hearts  
cause there is nothing  
more than  
this spate  
where i pull my  
archer's arrow high  
and try to  
hit the center  
of the center dot  
once again.

you will sit there  
with a penniless  
mouth  
reminding me of  
a world void of money  
and humans without  
genitals.

you give me notions  
of how to capture ideas  
like how we may  
all be chewing into  
more meat with bits  
of bone and bread  
with hard crunchies

cause there are honing devices  
being put into our  
food by the friendly  
government pals  
we put into power.

then you come back to  
remind me how  
i can understand the origins  
of this malady down here  
if i just listen  
to the breath of my  
son in silence  
as he roars through dreams  
his wordless tongue  
will not be able to  
speak to me.

and you always  
offer me a used  
and empty wallet  
that makes me smile.

you are the one thing  
that requires no money,  
and spends none,  
and makes me none.

and if the day comes  
that you begin changing  
your selfless ways,  
many more will find this  
missive and i may be  
sorry that you  
innocent cloak has been  
exposed.

oh my  
dear friend poetry.

run and hide ..

.. for i would never want them  
to catch you this way  
with wandering dollar signs  
and

selfish sweat socks.

## hello silent suburbs.

i don't hate  
you,  
contrary to  
prior missives.

i just feel  
more at ease  
in the urban core  
where the  
insane  
and eccentric  
roam.

i don't dislike  
your ease of  
pizza,  
burgers,  
hardware stores,  
feed lots  
and  
churches,  
i just  
miss  
having a bookstore,  
coffee shop,  
surprise shows  
at seedy fronts  
and the  
coughing  
wheeze of  
the unexpected daily.

so,  
don't cower down  
in defeat,  
cause  
i couldn't  
muster up enough  
to hate your  
silent  
contempt  
to follow  
a developer's  
will.

and it's  
my own fault  
if i decided  
that this is what  
our family should look at.

so keep on wading,  
twinkling  
and staying mum  
in your  
eerie contempt  
for everything  
and nothing  
all  
at  
once.

**hi**

i used to  
muse  
that everyone  
is  
high  
all  
the  
time.

and that is  
more  
evident  
now  
than  
ever.

when it's pills,  
dope plants  
or  
a  
can of hooch.

the gall of  
folks,  
the idiocy leaving lips,  
the  
silly news stories.

my wife showed me one  
the other  
day about a lady  
that had a 4-year affair  
with her father.

another one about  
a man that tied hundreds of  
balloons to a chair  
and flew over a chunk of land.

sure,  
there's some clever fun  
in some of these stories,  
but overall



we are  
a  
doped up nation  
plodding  
our  
ultimate supernova  
moment  
as  
the  
newest  
pill  
gets  
manufactured  
and  
the  
next beer  
is cracked  
as  
the  
mary jane  
grows  
in  
some  
neighboring  
basement nearby.

## HOLDING ON

you  
can't  
hold onto  
something  
you never  
had as  
relationships  
with  
loose friends  
and lost family  
fade  
like  
a swimming  
fish into  
a  
murky  
pond.

and when i  
realize this,  
it's easier  
for me  
to pick up  
new pals  
in my advancing  
age  
and  
spend  
hours  
quietly  
contemplating  
what  
i have  
in my wife,  
kids,  
the  
green grass,  
a home,  
a memory of rome,  
a world  
that can use  
all of us  
and earth  
that needs nothing

as the sun  
inches back  
and forth like  
a  
wavering second not  
sure if it  
wants to stay  
in today  
or  
fumble into  
tomorrow.

## Hookin'

the  
world  
is  
full  
of  
way  
too  
many  
hookers  
who  
are  
always  
looking  
for  
my  
money  
and  
to  
give  
me  
proof  
that  
i  
fell  
for  
the  
gag  
as  
we  
sell,  
buy,  
sell,  
buy  
and  
do  
more  
and  
more  
of  
it  
each  
day  
as  
the

repulsion  
turns  
into  
insanity  
and  
you  
crack  
open  
walden  
pond  
and  
realize  
that  
breaking  
free  
is  
the  
smartest  
thing  
i  
could  
ever  
image  
in  
all  
it's  
simple,  
elegant  
complexity.

**i live in the bumper sticker capital of the world.**

and it's  
here  
in  
middle america  
with huge trucks,  
freshly painted SUV's,  
other huge trucks  
and other  
sport utility monstrosities.

each of these cars  
have bumper stickers.

from auto products  
to deer skulls  
to american flags waving proud  
to god blessing america  
to calvin peeing on an ex-wife image  
to calvin praying to a cross' shadow,  
to hunting gear stickers,  
to osama's demise,  
to hail 'W' in '04,  
to announce anything  
everyone should know about them  
even that they love their cats and wives.

and with all of this  
neat  
representation of human personality,  
i have never lived in a city  
where everyone is a mystery  
in all their proclamations.

i don't know my neighbors,

i don't know anyone in the grocery stores.

all the clerks in the DMV may  
be recently hatched pods from  
alien suspicions.

so,  
i'll keep reading these stickers on  
my merry way

know that they will only further  
their plod  
to confuse me  
on my journey  
to truly  
understanding  
nothing  
but  
that the cost of  
a bumper sticker  
is only  
more insult  
to  
being ambiguous  
in  
a  
vague city of folk.

## **i love the inventors.**

our neighbor,  
who is a grandfather  
living with his daughter,  
her husband,  
his wife,  
and his daughter's  
three kids,  
came over  
to talk the other  
day.

it began with  
a chat about area crime,  
then politics,  
and finally  
an invention he  
has to help  
mountain climbers that break  
their ankles or leg.

his idea is to have  
a makeshift splint you  
can put on  
that inflates a  
gas kind of ooze  
like the fix a flat  
so the hiker can make it to safety.

and i was pondering  
this on the day the inventor  
of bypass heart surgery  
finally died at 99.

then thoughts of  
all the inventors and healers  
leaving us  
filled my brain with  
wonder and dread.

will we be forced to find  
a  
whole new legion of healers  
and inventors that will  
save our



comfort.

or will we have to waded  
in a pool of memories  
hoping we never get  
ill or  
need something as  
cool as  
the Rubik's cube  
to pass our time.

all hail  
the inventors  
and  
damned healers.

## **i will always be young and dumb**

as i finally  
feel the 35 years  
on earth  
seep into my  
physical and emotional  
pores  
and  
i  
learn  
more and  
more that i'm  
just a kid  
still in  
a world  
of expanding  
intelligence  
and  
possibility  
that  
i will barely  
scrape  
even when i  
multiply my current  
age by  
two,  
and add  
a possible 15  
and swim  
into futile  
thoughts  
of whether  
or not  
i will  
truly  
fly  
someday  
in a way  
birds don't,  
but  
the  
way that every accumulated  
thought of coolness  
i have ever known  
could  
collect

and make it so.

**i woke up in the suburbs again**

and the  
sun  
was soft  
on my skin  
as my boy  
sat at  
the kitchen  
island counter  
in a rare  
moment of  
silence  
as i reached down  
through  
the  
screams of  
light to  
grab the  
world's headlines  
as i looked  
around  
at the  
quiet  
neighboring  
homes and  
felt  
as though  
i was  
nowhere  
at  
all  
and it  
was a delight  
to  
know  
that  
i  
could  
have  
been in  
a  
smog  
infested city  
center  
or  
in

the  
middle  
of oblivion  
of rural  
america  
as  
i pressed  
the  
garage door  
closed  
and  
saw my son  
angle  
towards  
my  
gaze  
as  
though  
we  
had seen  
each other  
for  
the  
first time  
in  
weeks.

## **in my rooftop writing perch**

i watch the  
green,  
bulbous  
apples of summer  
wade  
on the tree tips  
skimming like  
a rock into  
my view.

and i  
hatch ways  
that i may be able  
to open this  
window,  
stretch my arms,  
grab the  
largest bulb  
on this organic  
line  
and sink my  
yellowed teeth  
into it's outer skin,  
soon feeling  
that natural sting  
of  
sour juice  
trickle  
over the rim  
just above my lip  
and  
again  
feel what it  
was like  
to be  
small,  
innocent,  
dumb,  
semi-perfect  
in  
kid  
memory.

## JACKIN' WITH ALL JOSHIN'

i wake  
and  
walk  
everyday  
wishing  
i could fuck  
with folks in  
my own  
personal blend,  
but i decide i should  
take it easy.

not the bad fucking with,  
but asking a cash register  
person to put a 'maybe' button  
between the 'yes' and 'no' buttons  
on the small computer screen  
asking me if  
i agree with the cost of my goods.

then,  
i propose an option to arm  
wrestle to see whether i should  
pay or not for my goods.

sometimes the mundane cashier folks  
get it and smile wide,  
others are lost and want nothing  
more than for me to  
shove my receipt into  
my dark pocket holes and leaves  
quickly.

and in those moments,  
i realize that there are too many  
faint of heart to be playful  
in the increasingly serious world  
of terrorist scares,  
high gas prices,  
no kids at halloween  
and the crumbling ozone  
making the comedy grave  
and me more convinced  
than ever

as  
this  
poem  
dwindles to a  
smoke trailed end  
that  
i want nothing  
more  
than to fuck  
with you  
and  
all  
of  
your  
invisible  
pals.

so,  
here,  
put your hand up,  
let's arm wrestle  
to see  
if  
this  
poem  
wins  
or  
loses  
once  
again.



## **jesus answers**

sometime  
in  
the  
near future  
i want  
to  
answer  
every  
question  
posed  
to  
me  
with  
a  
simple  
'jesus'.

so  
when  
someone  
asks,  
'how  
are  
you?'

i  
will  
say,  
'jesus.'

and  
when  
they  
look  
at  
me  
like  
i'm  
insane  
and  
saunter  
off,  
i  
will

ready  
for  
the  
next  
question.

someone  
will  
ask,  
'who  
you  
going  
to  
vote  
for  
in  
the  
2008  
election?'

i  
will  
say,  
'jesus'.

and  
when  
everyone  
gets  
tired  
of  
my  
answer  
and  
gets  
a  
bit  
angry,  
i'm  
going  
to  
explain  
that  
i  
saw  
a

bumper  
sticker  
recently  
that  
said,  
'JESUS  
IS  
THE  
ANSWER.'

and  
explain  
that  
i  
wanted  
to  
take  
that  
to  
task  
and  
see  
how  
it  
would  
change  
my  
life.

## **jupiterites**

i now  
realize  
after moving  
from south kansas city  
into a suburb south  
called belton  
that all  
of those  
people i used  
to see everyday  
were jupiterites.

they weren't earthlings.

they had a different look,  
an odd smell,  
silly hair,  
nonsense notions,  
walked erratically,  
drove foreign cars,  
had foreign gaits.

they weren't from around  
here and a handful of  
folks around me would  
flash the same look at  
these outer planetary visitors  
infiltrating our lives.

and we just let it go.

we didn't call the  
news media or the authorities.

they are fine enough.

they don't disrupt our flow.

they don't even care to know  
who we are.

they are exactly like  
politicians.

sweet, lovely suburban jupiterite politicians.

god bless jupiter.

## keyboard velvet

i rarely  
meet folks  
that can  
appreciate the  
spring of a  
keyboard  
and the intense  
joy  
you get when  
your fingers  
can go up and  
down smoothly over  
a  
keyboard.

recently  
a teacher at my  
job named vance  
caught me  
and excitedly  
described a 1980's keyboard  
he had that  
emitted  
the  
right  
sounds,  
feel,  
and velvet that  
busy fingertips  
deserve on a  
good keyboard.

all the while,  
i spread  
a large  
grin  
looking  
at his long white  
beard as though  
he was some wandering wizard  
who didn't make  
the  
cut for a new  
line of fantasy books

and  
knew  
that  
this world  
really  
isn't  
all that bad  
if  
an anonymous  
colleague  
can  
get  
the  
grace  
and  
elegance  
of  
a  
good  
set of keys.

.. much  
like what i'm on  
now  
as  
my fingers  
ride  
on  
into  
a  
cool oblivion  
of  
needed  
comfort.

## **kiddo**

at times  
it hurts  
to  
see  
how pure  
and cool how  
kids are  
and  
i  
wish  
i  
would  
have become  
an inventor  
so that i could  
mix  
together  
some amazing  
concoction  
that  
would  
allow  
the body  
to grow,  
but  
the mind  
to stay in kid  
world  
so  
that we  
could  
have a life  
of  
understanding  
the fun  
that this  
world  
should  
always  
shed  
for  
each and every  
one of our  
old asses.



## knowing your new town

i've only  
lived in our new  
town for a year.

homeowner's with  
no plans on moving,  
and we want to  
get to know where  
we live more.

in this quest of  
sorts,  
i have seen some of  
the most bizarre things  
even in comparison to  
the urban living  
which provided  
regular nuggets  
of tasty  
occasions.

a bit back,  
i went to pick up  
a sack of chinese food  
from a local buffet  
when i saw a woman  
asking the front cashier  
if he saw a set of keys around.

he shook his head 'no' in  
perplexity as she left  
and i paid for  
my hot bag of MSG.

on my way out,  
a big girl in the front  
seat of a large white SUV  
was screaming at her large mother  
'WHERE ARE THE KEYKS!'  
'TELL ME YOU DIDN'T LOSE THE KEYS!'  
'WHERE ARE THE KEYS!'

she screamed this over and over and over  
again in

louder and louder shrieks as  
the mom prowled around in confusion looking  
at the ground,  
peeping up to the karmic gods above  
and shrugging in solemn contemplation  
as my door closed and  
their world went mute as i  
headed towards my hungry  
family of birds.

most recently,  
i had my kid at the playground  
doing our jungle gym best  
to maximize the last of  
a night's sun  
as a woman hurries several young  
children to the  
playground.

i hear her muttering sternly for  
the children to search for her  
ring.

as her volume and intensity peaked,  
i took my miles boy off to his bike  
to begin heading towards  
home.

as i got further away,  
she began screaming at a sitting  
girl,  
**'WHERE IS MY RING? WHY WOULD YOU TAKE IT?  
DID YOU BURY IT UP HERE? YOU BETTER GET UP  
AND FIND MY WEDDING RING! I CAN'T BELIEVE ..'**

and as i rounded the corner,  
her sounds ended.

with this said,  
i think this is the town of  
loss.

people are losing so many things around here  
and look so lost.

with all this loss,

i believe there is more to be found  
as i try to figure out  
this  
town  
that has  
likely found more than  
it's lost  
on  
this strip of  
american living.

## MELTING AWAY

the world  
is slowly  
melting into  
a liquid cold  
concoction  
that is  
eventually  
going to  
rip through  
our comfortable  
gaits  
of historical  
walks  
through  
the annals  
of history  
as the echoes  
of flawed politics  
make us all  
believe  
that we are  
safe and sound  
as the splash  
of long lost  
glaciers  
come down into  
my evening  
alcoholic  
beverage  
washing my  
brain into  
believing  
that  
everything  
is going  
to  
stay solid,  
ice like  
for  
one more night  
as  
the  
nights of the  
past collective

stack up  
into one  
square  
of  
the  
future.

## MILES ALONE

when i want  
to imagine what  
real kid  
destruction  
on a level of  
dangerous fun  
beyond imagination  
would be,  
i think about  
what  
my energy laden  
miles boy who  
is 3  
would do alone in a home  
for half hour  
with most doors open  
and full access  
to everything  
that would be within  
a  
human boundary of  
safe.

and when i  
close my eyes  
and see a home  
destroyed  
and mangled beyond belief,  
i try to reconstruct  
his path,  
mind waves  
as to where  
he stared,  
where he ended  
and what he did  
in between.

then,  
i laugh hard  
as the vacuum  
roars on  
and the  
house is put  
back into

it's previous  
neat,  
orderly,  
clean state  
of dullness  
that needs  
to be ripped  
famously  
to bits  
by  
the  
hands of  
a small  
genius  
with a  
well  
of  
hearty  
energy.

## **morning toilet**

the wheezing,  
choking cacophony  
of water that  
takes away my  
morning toilet  
business  
is  
the  
ultimate forgiveness  
of what i did the  
day before.

everything i ate,  
drank,  
thought,  
ingested,  
processed,  
refused  
gets taken  
from me  
and replaced by  
clean,  
clean  
bowl water.

and when i walk  
away from the  
AM porcelain throne  
towards the  
closet of  
clean cloth,  
i know that  
today is going  
to be  
different,  
but gloriously  
the same  
as  
the sound of water  
finally  
ends  
from the bathroom  
and i  
can



begin  
ingesting  
more  
and  
more  
in  
my newly  
begun  
day.

## **my 5 o'clock appointment**

to swap a  
radio into  
my car  
was blown.

it was 5:34  
and my 10-year old  
was sitting in  
a massage chair  
as my  
raucous  
3-year old was  
done with  
all the  
store's tv's,  
radios,  
speakers,  
woofers,  
chairs,  
cd's,  
dvd's,  
music players  
and any other  
forgotten necessity  
of setting  
as  
some young kid  
named cory came  
up and said there  
has been a mistake  
and  
he would fix  
it in  
a  
moment  
as  
he  
walked  
off  
and my  
younger son  
was seen  
in the corner of my  
eye  
heaving

a  
huge  
plane of glass  
off a black metal  
desk on a  
showroom  
floor  
as my  
mouth  
yelped,  
feet turned,  
running  
to  
save  
him and  
my  
sanity.

the glass  
crashed down  
to the  
ground  
in  
a  
collapse  
of  
every horn  
struck in a  
loud marching band,  
he was fine,  
the glass was  
unbroken  
and  
as  
i  
headed over  
to the failure  
of 21st century  
retailism,  
a manager  
came up with  
concerned eyes  
asking  
if  
everything as  
'fine'.

i just  
stared at  
him  
with  
every muscle  
in  
my eye  
begging him  
to ask me  
just once  
more  
if  
everything  
as  
fine.

## odd trash scenarios

if i had  
extra time  
and the  
wherewithal,  
i would love  
to plot  
odd  
situations  
in trash heaps  
out front of  
homes and  
see if passer-by's  
would fall for it  
and indulge me.

for instance,  
i would like  
to put a  
naked blow up doll  
on an old mattress  
to see if anyone one would  
move the doll to get the  
mattress or  
to see who would take it.

and put an old pistol  
with  
blank shells on the top of  
an unusable TV to see  
if the offer would be  
broached.

or put a stuffed cat out on a  
cool old chair to see  
who would take it.

the list would go on,  
but the  
challenge would  
be  
in  
this  
obstacle course,  
'WHO HAS THE BIGGEST BALLS OF 'EM ALL.'

## our smitten peach tree

i have  
fallen  
in  
love  
with  
the peach  
tree out  
back.

here in the  
middle of rural missouri,  
i never knew  
that such  
specimens of fruit  
could survive  
in  
this environment.

i always thought  
i had to  
move to california  
to have  
exotic  
trees  
and  
i  
continue to be  
delightfully  
proven wrong in  
my approach  
to life.

and that tiny  
lopping peach tree in the corner  
of the yard  
stands as a reminder  
that life  
is a stack of beautiful  
pictures  
that we select  
and live  
with the best of our  
intentions.

the tiny tree is now sprouting  
a bountiful harvest of  
reddish fruit  
that  
sends me  
off into day dream world.

just sitting there  
with a wistful  
countenance like  
an old woman  
in her sexy pants  
letting everyone know  
that  
no matter your opinion,  
love can bloom  
in the  
most  
uncommon  
of  
regions.

## parental fears = pleasure

at 35  
i realize  
that many of  
my most  
enjoyable pleasures  
have  
been my parents  
fears.

from travels,  
loving salt more than sugar,  
living in the rampant city,  
picking a tough career in technology,  
painting pictures,  
running in circles with words,  
parenting without hitting,  
leading without following,  
being curious to a fault,  
running into newness as though the old never existed,  
and knowing that nothing is unknowable.

and this is no  
fault of  
my folks,  
nor is it a virtue  
of myself,  
but for all the things  
we do to parent  
our kids into  
being happy stewards of  
reality,  
we are only traveling as far  
as our imagination will carry us.

it's the imagination  
and mystery that we can  
only truly rely on  
as i look forward to the  
next minute,  
maybe the next year  
and maybe another 20  
if the mystery allows me  
to imagine  
such a



future for  
me  
and  
my  
family.

## PLACEBO BAGS

maybe  
we are all  
victims  
of a big  
stack of placebo  
effects ..

most recently,  
the courts ruled  
that a thing called  
airborne was not  
sanctioned to heal.

it was supposed  
to block the sickness from  
creeping into one's bones  
before it really took hold.

instead,  
it was an expensive hoax  
like  
bottled water,  
gatorade,  
diet pills,  
fat free foods,  
the indestructible product,  
and so on.

so,  
how much of what we ingest and  
consume is just another elaborate  
hoax that is merely  
making some fat rat more cash.

how many radio, micro, cell waves  
need to sear through our bones  
to help us see that the only  
placebo is  
the one  
that  
has its  
effect on our brains  
ready to pluck our last dollar  
down for the miracle

product that will make us  
feel like we  
belong,  
we are alive.

## **political trump**

maybe  
following  
politics  
closely  
in  
light  
of  
someone  
like  
bush  
at  
the  
helm  
and  
no  
one  
saving  
our  
collective  
asses  
is  
the  
truest  
sign  
that  
we  
have  
devolved  
so  
badly  
in  
our  
society  
that  
god  
has  
refused  
to  
waltz  
with  
the  
smart  
and  
the

devil  
lost  
interest  
in  
the  
weak.

**saturday gray rain haze**

is coming down

like

mist pellets

of tear

from the angel's

group of

eyes

as

they

realize

that

the ground is

actually

more beautiful

when you are

transparent

in a

theological could

and don't

have

to

endure this physical

potential

on the ground.

## **silent suburban kindness**

sometimes  
the  
coolest  
thing  
about  
suburb  
trees  
is  
that  
a  
human  
you  
never  
see  
or  
will  
ever  
meet  
cared  
enough  
to  
improve  
our  
world  
and  
air  
by  
putting  
a  
small  
seed  
down  
to  
let  
nature  
take  
over  
where  
it  
always  
began.

## Song 6

i used  
to get  
stuck  
on  
song 6  
by wilco  
all day long  
as i drove around.

and i never knew  
the  
name of song  
6 cause  
it was a  
mixed collection  
of their tunes,  
but i knew every  
word to the song.

it may have been  
called  
'misunderstood'  
or something  
else.

but i always  
remembered that  
it never  
got old  
when i would  
find those days  
hitting  
repeat  
on song six.

the warm  
volume of blood  
that would suckle  
my ear drums  
as  
the  
voice  
wailed  
and



the  
chords  
resonated.

i felt  
victorious.

i may  
have felt  
infinity.

or i may  
have realized  
that  
every static  
moment we live  
is eternal.

and when music  
can give  
that to you,  
it's your  
duty  
to  
ride  
track  
as long  
as  
you  
have  
breath  
to  
eat.

## square dancing

there was  
a  
couple shuffling  
down  
the highway  
recently  
that  
had a slew  
of square dancing  
stickers all  
over their  
truck  
and  
back RV.

and it warmed  
my heart  
that  
their lives had  
evolved to being so  
in love with  
dancing with each other  
that they felt impelled to  
tell the world.

in this proclamation  
and seeing the  
sedately driving  
down the american road,  
i felt as though  
i wanted to push the hand  
of time forward,  
get an RV and  
begin  
picking up odd hobbies  
i used to laugh  
and  
let the world  
know in a  
bumper sticker of love  
that i don't  
give a shit  
what anyone  
thinks

just as long  
as  
i  
can  
dance  
for  
the  
rest  
of  
my  
life  
with  
my darling  
caroline.

## Stop?

I  
simply  
can't  
stop  
being  
a  
poet  
and  
wish  
to  
never  
stop  
even  
when  
my  
reality  
says  
that  
i  
should  
lay  
down  
the  
pen  
and  
find  
something  
that  
will  
treat  
me  
with  
the  
same  
respect  
i  
give  
it  
but  
i  
always  
figure  
after  
the

voices  
have  
calmed  
down  
in  
my  
brain  
that  
poetry  
is  
one  
of  
the  
very  
few  
things  
that  
has  
asked  
little  
of  
me  
and  
given  
me  
enough  
to  
feel  
a  
validation  
like  
skydiving  
or  
making  
love  
to  
my  
lovely  
poet  
wife.

## **storytellers**

save  
humans everyday.

in simple wafflings  
of weaving words  
making us believe in  
fictional worlds  
or strength we rarely  
get to witness first hand.

it's these old  
storytellers  
that selflessly take  
their knives and  
carve amazing tales  
that will survive  
every possible age,  
eon,  
century  
and millionth eyeball  
to bring entertainment  
to the masses.

and it's the storytellers  
that know more than  
you could ever imagine.

for they are the ones  
that hold counsel with the  
gods and decide if you  
are ready for  
the  
truth

or just  
another  
poem tossed into the  
cauldron  
of  
abrupt  
forgetfulness.

## **stuck**

the big  
orange stickers  
that are on  
shit hunks of  
broken down cars  
on the side of  
the highways  
should just say  
in big huge  
black letters:  
**JERK**  
to give  
all the passerby's  
that wondered why  
someone would  
even drive that car  
down any strip of  
street  
and  
the  
tow truck drivers  
something  
to  
really  
laugh  
about  
while  
burning the gas  
and  
remembering to  
forget something  
serious.

## **sunday attic view**

all alone  
in  
this  
attic  
room  
with  
the  
fan whirling  
loud,  
several dots  
of bird  
pass the  
window  
and  
the  
ocean blue  
swimming  
pool  
down  
below  
looks  
around  
with  
a wet  
eye  
wanting  
a friend  
to  
jump in  
it's  
shimmering  
retina  
as  
the  
thousands  
of  
lopping,  
erect  
leaves on  
clamouring  
trees  
also  
wait  
with



bated  
breath  
from  
the  
one  
moment  
of  
loud  
that  
is going  
to  
break  
this  
sunday  
silence in  
half  
like  
a  
morning  
egg  
with  
the  
loss  
of  
deep  
yellow  
yolk.

## **the ballad of melissa and tom.**

she voted for  
bush twice  
and is a nasty  
wine drunk.

the ballad  
of  
melissa and tom.

he's a hand,  
idiot savant  
pot head with  
that real character  
glow that fell  
from a tarantino script.

the ballad  
of  
melissa and tom.

she's convinced  
that if you are gay or muslim  
that you are going to  
perish in hell  
with her  
small christian eyes  
gleaming a sad show.

the ballad  
of  
melissa and tom.

tom looks like that  
cook off the old  
80's sitcom 'alice'  
and comes from a  
very affluent family,  
yet he fixes homes and  
doles out small bags  
of smokable hooch  
a stack of money pals.

the ballad  
of  
melissa and tom.

she's ready to  
blame the world for  
her woe,  
yet her mirror is flashed  
in the wrong direction as  
her  
formerly imprisoned boyfriend  
that is her son's father  
prowls in eerie slowness  
in the world out there.

the ballad  
of  
melissa and tom.

he would only  
end a life or hurt  
a human if he  
was so slapped up  
on the dope that  
he just couldn't remember  
if he was coming or  
going in his  
apartment etched  
out  
in his famous basement  
of bachelorhood gone.

the ballad  
of  
melissa and tom.

she wants from him  
what he never had.

the ballad  
of

melissa and tom.

he wants from her  
what she has.

the ballad  
of  
melissa and tom.

and so the story  
goes as  
we continue  
to survive  
because  
of  
that  
old  
ballad  
of  
every  
melissa and tom  
that has fallen  
in love  
before us.

**the best area bar**

is  
a  
place  
called  
the  
daily  
limit.

some miles  
away and  
worth the haul,  
it's full of  
old,  
local irish  
men and women  
that  
sit around  
whispering  
wisdom  
cultured  
from  
years of watching.

passing a glance  
over your bones  
when you enter,  
they quickly get  
back to their  
task  
of  
having one more drink.

and when you  
look up from what  
you are drinking  
a while into your  
stay,  
you see that they  
are all having  
that perpetual one  
more.

golden mugs  
of cold drink  
whistling

amidst the  
swirl of thick  
smoke  
as  
the waitresses  
smile with  
a lovelorn  
look hoping  
someone will  
save them  
from their day job.

and  
the  
bartender  
looks around like  
a  
lost CIA operative  
that  
got sick of the government,  
opened a drinkery  
but can't  
get years  
of  
sameness out of his bones.

when my time is up,  
i saunter with  
my lovely wife  
to the front door  
and look back one  
more time  
knowing  
that  
my anonymous  
friends  
in their  
wooden thrones  
are going to  
hold back the  
immense noise of  
the  
world  
as  
they  
have

just  
one  
more  
delicious beverage.

## the 'i love you' clause

if it was  
enough  
to just  
say  
'i love you'  
and move on  
we would  
all  
begin  
to  
get lazy  
and  
landfills  
would  
brim with  
filth,  
wars would  
begin,  
neglect would  
be on the rise,  
we would  
fall in love  
with shopping,  
we would worship  
money,  
we would use  
religion for  
the wrong purpose,  
we would procreate  
to dignify love ..

.. and the kicker  
is that we already  
do all of  
this for love  
and  
the  
real question  
is whether or  
not  
we will  
ever become  
keen enough  
to try harder



than a phrase  
to personally  
become  
what we  
wish  
all  
our  
politicians,  
pastors  
and  
doctors  
to  
be.

## **the miles grab**

my  
miles  
boy  
always  
has  
something  
new  
he  
grabs  
onto.

in his  
3rd planetary  
year,  
he  
now  
has  
to  
have a  
rope chain  
that turns  
fans on and off  
in his hand  
or pocket  
most of  
the time.

last week,  
it was an  
wet, gooey  
pocket  
of snakes.

the week before  
that,  
it was a  
fake cell phone  
with a princess  
harping about  
'dancing forever.'

other times,  
it's just a pocket  
of coins so

he can be ready  
when his grandma  
takes him to  
ride the horse carousel  
at the mall.

other times,  
it's a wallet.

and each time  
will become another  
time  
when our  
wondrous  
boy  
milo  
grabs onto  
another love  
and  
rides it for  
all it's worth.

his whirling  
world of love  
is  
the clearest metaphor  
for magnet i know how  
and forever  
i will be stuck within  
his magnetic  
beam  
in  
fascination  
of  
what he  
will inevitably  
fall in  
love  
with  
next.

**the poem has ensnared us**

all whether you  
write  
or  
read poems  
at all.

you have no choice.

each of us  
are masters  
at manipulating  
our environments  
to make the  
believable to ourselves.

wandering down halls  
of creativity  
and intrigue  
can blind us  
from the truth  
that lies ahead of us,  
but it's much  
more fun  
to live  
in a fantasy that  
promises  
a  
more ethereal notion  
of why we are down here  
in the first place.

so,  
when that person says  
the don't like poetry,  
believe in it,  
write it,  
read it  
or like it,  
tell them that they  
are amongst the master  
poets that have  
graced the halls of  
our expansive  
life becuase  
within

the simple  
denial of poetry,  
they have trumpeted  
louder than any poet  
could  
as to how  
we choose to shape  
our lives  
and  
become  
the mandatory  
poet  
in a world  
stuffed full  
of  
rife  
poetry.

## the real poems

when i get  
a very long,  
thoughtful  
letter  
explaining  
why i  
had  
another  
poem  
rejected  
by  
a  
big  
literary  
journal  
i  
realize  
that  
the  
long,  
lost  
prized  
poems in my  
anthology  
of  
paper  
are  
those  
exact  
notes  
that  
are  
meant  
to  
lead  
me  
to  
the  
greater  
poem.

## very briefly rich

everyone  
around me  
is suffering  
from  
the  
modern day  
'rich at the beginning of the month syndrome'.

for that  
one week of their  
monthly lives,  
they see inflated  
numbers  
pre bill paying  
that tell them it's  
OK to spend,  
they have enough,  
everything is going  
to be perpetually groovy.

and it's during that  
one  
tiny spate of time  
that  
you can breath without  
worry  
as the rest of the  
month becomes wonder.

good for the  
beginning of the month  
syndrome.

cause that's when  
the crime rates drop,  
flowers are bought,  
odd charms on QVC are ordered  
and the world  
can finally  
stop worrying about  
all the money the  
aren't going to have  
once  
the 3rd week rolls

around  
and  
you forget that  
the first week ever  
existed.



**worst = best**

the very  
best  
of  
what  
and  
who  
we  
are  
is  
exhibited  
in  
the  
very  
worst  
of  
that  
same  
and  
when  
you  
really  
boil  
that  
reality  
down  
we  
can  
begin  
fixing  
what  
is  
broken  
and  
exalting  
what  
was  
never  
broken  
in  
the  
first  
place  
in  
our

wavering  
stack  
of  
human  
condition.