



**JOEFILES 124**  
**FROZEN SPIGOT OF SPRING THOUGHTS**

## **a big notice**

i  
sometimes  
wonder  
when  
i'm  
going  
to  
finally  
notice  
what  
i  
never  
actually  
do  
or  
is  
that  
the  
apex  
of  
being  
an  
oxymoron  
and  
if  
i  
finally  
figure  
that  
out  
i  
might  
just  
implode  
into  
a  
huge  
poof  
of  
white  
goose  
feathers  
floating

here  
and  
there  
and  
towards  
earth  
in  
a  
familiar  
host  
of  
deja  
vus.

## **a bit of now**

i saw  
tiny  
outlines  
of  
the  
sheep  
that  
used  
to  
follow  
jesus  
in  
the  
fluid  
washing over  
my  
eye  
ball  
while  
the  
eyes  
were  
closed  
and  
i thought  
about  
how  
good  
it  
was  
going  
to  
feel  
to  
sleep  
naked  
with  
my  
wife  
as  
the  
kids  
were

at  
school  
and  
we  
had  
one,  
miraculous  
morning  
to  
do  
anything  
we  
want  
as  
the  
sheep  
left  
view  
and  
the  
sounds  
of  
snoring  
roared  
over  
the  
air  
above  
our  
heads  
hatching  
toward  
dream.

## **absolute**

if  
i  
could  
ever  
say  
anything  
that  
you  
may  
ever  
take  
truly  
to  
heart,  
it  
would  
be  
this:  
NEVER,  
EVER,  
EVER,  
EVER  
MUTTER  
THE  
THE  
SAYING  
THAT  
IT'S  
SIMPLY  
THE  
WORST.

cause  
when  
you  
do  
the  
naked  
cadavers  
of  
hell  
are  
going  
to

wake,  
sniff  
and  
float  
towards  
the  
shit  
surface  
and  
make  
sure  
that  
everything  
in  
the  
word  
worse  
becomes  
something  
so  
stench  
addled  
that  
i  
doubt  
that  
i  
can  
even  
write  
about  
it  
anymore  
as  
echoes  
of  
angel  
feathers  
rain  
down  
into  
the  
joy  
of  
evermore.

## **all the highway billboards**

look at me  
with their  
fake eyes  
and model grins  
as i motor by  
and try to forget  
their staring into my world  
when yet another  
huge face peers  
into my car  
wondering if i  
can buy them a burger  
or a box of ice cream dots  
then  
the face of an alleged killer  
peers blankly into my  
sunglasses as i  
decide that it  
might be nice to  
close my eyes  
while driving so that i can  
avoid being  
peeled into  
tiny onion layers  
by these paid ads  
i didn't buy with the  
road i travel  
as i finally arrive  
at my downtown locale,  
look up and see a huge  
billboard looming above  
me with sheer black and  
white numbers and letters  
asking someone to  
buy that space  
and at that  
i'm comfortable  
that  
i  
wasn't  
stared at  
for  
that  
one  
brief billboard



moment.

## **biker panters**

of all  
the dudes  
that will likely  
survive  
the  
big  
bomb  
or  
the  
rigors  
of  
survival,  
it will be  
the tight panted  
cyclist  
dudes  
that  
traverse  
the early morning  
roadways  
in their cycle gear,  
skin tight pants  
and  
that  
silent  
gaze  
looking  
straight up  
the  
empty,  
mysterious road.

## cat swishes

our orange  
cat with the  
striped snake looking  
tail follows  
me more  
into today.

and this happens  
every day.

for such a lazy,  
independent  
creature  
as the feline should be,  
he clings on each  
of my motions  
as though  
i'm his Nostradamus  
sending him  
vibes as to how  
he should  
live out his days.

i feel as though  
i'm his own cat  
psychologist  
as i dish out his  
tiny granulates of  
cat food into an old,  
blue christmas cup.

as his tail swishes loudly  
through the  
dusty air,  
the clang of food into ceramic  
makes him feel alive again  
as his breath heaves  
and he sinks his pre-historically evolved  
teeth into the  
crunch food.

and as i leave the  
garage for him to figure  
this adventure out on

his own,  
i keep the door the separates  
us from each other cracked a bit  
so that he can  
amble his 3rd life my way  
to get  
the  
guidance he  
needs to make  
it to his fourth,  
seventh  
or  
possible  
ninth life.

## **cold alien trees**

thick mattes  
of ice  
enshroud the  
newly sprouted  
tree  
shoots  
on an odd  
freezing rain day  
several days before  
april fools  
day.

they all stand  
vivid  
like alien pod  
trees incubating  
a host of  
bugs  
with wings that  
could be shoved  
deep within  
some ice alien  
cocoon waiting  
for the sun again  
to sprout and  
remind us what  
the cold  
really means  
in  
a  
new spring realm  
full  
of virgin dreams  
and  
heartfelt requiems.

and in their  
creaking weaves  
back and forth,  
it sounds as  
though the old man of  
winter is rising from  
his warm  
bed one more

time to send  
his own blast  
of cold into our  
unexpected dreams  
to remind us  
that every season  
contains everything  
even  
if your  
imagination  
decides  
otherwise.

## **destroyed range topper**

i saw what used  
to be a solid  
stove range  
toppled  
on it's head and  
badly damaged off  
the side of the highway  
several days ago.

after going by the dilapidated  
kitchen hero,  
i thought  
that the drivers had to either be  
high or drunk  
and that  
are getting  
their asses handed to them  
for missing a huge  
appliance spilling out  
of the back of their get up.

but,  
as i thought more after going back  
by the knight in cooking amour,  
i figured it was  
something that was done on purpose.

perhaps they were lazy to take  
it to a dump  
or the trash company wouldn't take it.

so,  
they made it into a game.

several dude probably bet each other  
as to when the hunk was gonna  
plow to earth and  
the winner would take all.

and that range in it's  
smashed glory looked like  
it could have  
cooked a mean cup of soup  
or

a whole bed of  
proper theories on  
life and death.



## **devilish**

the other morning  
i had a slight moment of  
lurid thinking  
before  
i was going to  
jump from bed  
into the warm folds of a new  
day and  
i  
deduced that  
the devil is likely  
so perverse  
hat he  
has both a  
penis and vagina  
under his  
dirty loin cloth  
so that he  
can tell anyone  
who tells him  
to go fuck himself  
that he will do just that  
as he lifts  
his man skirt  
and laughs a  
fake orgasm  
as wide as  
the state of  
maryland.

## **eternal book innocence**

there  
have been a handful  
of times  
i have  
wandered  
the caverns  
of a child's  
school library after hours  
when the echoes of kids  
and the din of the prior day  
have slowly started filtering out  
of the room  
and as  
i close my eyes  
and inhale  
the  
fresh smell of youth knowledge  
simmering from those shelves,  
i'm again sent into that  
notion that there  
may be nothing more innocent than  
that sort  
of  
young  
Mecca.

## **fresh dustings**

of  
cold  
rain,  
eerie sleet,  
and thick globs of  
snow race towards earth  
in flits of flops  
as i  
remember bits  
of conversations  
with several old  
friends over  
coffee today  
and as  
the  
words come  
together  
and  
dissipate away,  
we materialize  
into  
what our parents  
never expected  
as  
myself  
and all the rest  
of the  
parents out  
there  
try to  
live it all over  
again  
as the copy machine  
goes kaput  
in some unnamed locale  
as the snow  
ratchets up a notch  
in  
the  
race  
of  
a  
fucking lifetime  
to make it  
to the

hard,  
wet march ground.

## **funny fun holes**

if  
a  
city  
out  
there  
had  
a  
real  
sense  
of  
humor  
they  
would  
have  
some  
stoner  
dude  
pass  
an  
ordinance  
to  
rename  
pot  
holes  
dope  
holes.

## god thoughts

the other night  
i heard  
the loud rumblings  
of  
something that sounded  
automotive,  
lawn oriented,  
scraping,  
garbled,  
metal,  
oily  
and  
loudly muffled  
over  
the  
spring air full of  
newness  
and bird sounds.

my wife  
asked me  
what i thought  
the  
sounds  
outside  
could possibly be.

as i sat  
quietly and  
scanned the horizon with  
my  
lonely  
ear drums,  
i surmised  
that  
it  
simply had  
to  
be  
the  
echo of god  
thinking  
over  
something

rather  
problematic.

## **im-preach**

folks are already  
trying to  
hedge on  
impeaching obama  
before his 100-days are  
up  
as W. Bush gags on another  
pretzel and calls the dog  
some horrible name,  
while  
Willy Clinton  
asks the hooker  
in the bathroom brushing her teeth  
in a Harlem hotel  
if  
she ever  
met  
the President  
of  
France.



## **in all the diggings and journeys**

through  
my father's old trove of stuff,  
all i really wanted was a  
stack of  
phone book pages with the  
name 'dimino' on them  
from my travels through  
italy.

from rome  
to castelfiorentino  
to florence  
to napoli  
to milan  
to vernazza  
and a host  
of small towns  
throughout  
the  
old country ..

i can't find them anywhere.

after searching  
top to  
bottom,  
they are gone.

a mystery.

much like the short life  
he lived  
and  
let go of way too soon.

and somewhere,  
whether in a trash fill  
or a hidden spot jammed  
in a mystery in his old home,  
there are keys to each and  
every possible ancestor  
that  
is a part  
of  
my

collective  
'me.'

## **light green**

when  
the world  
is  
draped in  
that  
light  
green haze of spring  
it seems as though  
the hatches are going  
to open  
and for a  
small moment  
we will all forget  
who we are and  
that we have any worries  
and it's  
these  
little  
fictional missives  
that does just  
that  
to me  
as the  
real roar  
of  
cold  
yellow light  
spills in all  
around me reminding  
me that  
all we have is now  
and  
this  
and  
how  
the  
moment  
pretends to be.

## **march snow**

as the march  
world around me marches  
from an  
uncanny snow storm  
that unexpectedly  
came  
hammering through,  
i laugh with an old  
cousin of my deceased father  
that tried to get a laugh  
or two from the family  
in light of the  
newness of my father's death.

as we split verbal logs  
over the phone back and forth,  
i listened to the  
torrent of water droplets  
barreling through  
the gutters  
over the gutters  
and straight to the  
frozen,  
sodden ground that  
will soon be thawed and ready  
for a whole host of  
bird beaks to  
get the best worm nourishment  
this side of  
yesterday.

and as i say good-bye  
to al from new york,  
i squint further into the  
screaming sunlight  
ricocheting over each and  
every branch and participle of life  
outside  
that makes today  
look a little  
like  
what they  
say  
heaven may be like,

if you  
believe  
in those  
kinds  
of  
chances.

## **milespiration**

the  
inspiration  
that  
our  
miles  
in  
his  
torrent  
of  
never  
ending  
energy  
and  
forceful  
laughs  
instills  
in  
this  
world  
blinds  
me  
so  
badly  
that  
all  
i  
can  
do  
is  
part  
a  
simple,  
adult  
smile.

## **my dad**

used to  
say us kids  
break everything of  
his.

now he's been gone  
6 months  
and i believe it  
more than i  
ever did while  
he  
was alive.

i inherited  
a  
digital camera  
that is just  
now getting  
a  
cryptic error message  
if  
i really  
want to focus in  
on something all  
close and tight.

over and over,  
i get a RED  
LENS ERROR  
and i'm stuck in  
a lurch as his  
voice echoes through  
my head  
with his patent quote ..

and as i  
pop the battery  
out to get the thing  
to work again  
i know he knows  
that i was going  
to run his camera  
through the wringer  
and  
i'm

sure  
this is  
the  
first  
time  
he  
simply could  
give  
a  
shit.



## **my father's final peace**

not  
realizing  
in my shock  
that i was the first  
to be in the  
hospital room  
my dad passed in,  
i walked slowly to  
his recently escaped body  
and peered in  
through  
a  
torrent of tears.

and when  
i calmed a bit  
to send him a  
tidy and final farewell,  
i couldn't  
help but notice  
as i held my hand to his head  
how  
peaceful  
he finally looked.

after weeks of bewilderment,  
and anxious looks as though  
he was being hunted by a crowd of loonies  
in the woods,  
he finally looked like he  
fell into  
the ultimate rest he sought for  
the last several years of his life.

and that has continued  
to bring  
me back  
to the grand notion  
that we are in control of  
nothing  
and we can only  
hope for a little  
bit of solvency  
and a look of peace

when the vortex of this  
human experiment finally  
grinds to a halt  
and  
we enter  
final  
sleep.

**my sons and i always attract the loners**  
and oddball kids  
that are at the pool.

as one of the few  
parents in the  
water with their kids,  
they others smell this  
and instantly grasp onto  
the loud colors on our  
pool toys,  
the tone of my voice,  
the laughter of my kids  
or the flailing bodies of ours  
going down slides  
or torpedoing the water  
with a fervor.

the best one was  
a fairly overweight kid  
that was describing to me in detail  
an eye patch he had at home.

this was all because some  
older man was in the main wading pool area  
with a huge black eye patch over his eye

so,  
as i went around the lazy river with my  
4-year old in tow  
this kid  
continued to parlay out  
word after  
word  
so that i would understand his  
favorite eye patch ever.

and as these kids flock to our sides,  
i look around wondering  
was blank,  
motionless and  
calm parent in full clothes on  
the side of the pool sitting  
silently on the plastic benches  
that these kids could possibly belong to.

then,  
i immediately dismiss my game  
of 'where's waldo'  
as my son  
leaps off the side of the pool  
into the  
huge,  
wavering body of  
water  
chalk full  
of  
today  
and  
the  
near future.

## never-ending musicals

when i  
ponder  
the real  
variety of  
music  
that my small 4-year old  
miles boy has  
ingested over  
his simple little  
kid life,  
i smile a sense of  
calm  
blanketed joy.

from jazz,  
to the experimental pop,  
to avante rock,  
to brit pop,  
to synth pop,  
to garage simplicity,  
to classical classics,  
to the blues of orleans,  
to the noise rock,  
to ambient rap  
and through  
the  
beatles library,  
little miles is a  
floating bubble of  
musical variety and  
he has to know it.

these days,  
the beatles 'piggies' is  
his favorite only cause  
the pig grunts,  
and repetitive simplicity  
of such a tune.

but,  
as we wander away from  
the 'white album' into the  
chameleon of musical texture,  
our boy is set

to hear  
the world in a whole new way.

and that's exactly  
the way  
he's going  
to want it  
one  
fine  
damned day.

## **one morning**

after the inauguration  
of president obama,  
i had an odd dream  
about a small black girl.

we were watching this  
little girl in a classroom  
within the school district  
we work in.

and was saw her  
fiddling with an alarm clock  
by a sink full of water.

as she held this plugged in clock,  
the school alarm went off loud in her  
ears and as she dropped the device  
in an empty room,  
we watched in wonder.

she watched in wonder too  
as the smoldering clock  
made odd crackles in the water.

at this,  
she lunged forward to pick up  
the injured clock just as our  
camera system blipped to black.

roaring out of sleep with  
a  
fast heart,  
my wife asked what was wrong ..

i quickly went back down into  
sleep pose and told  
her that i had to save  
the little michelle obama  
so that history does not change.

and i never got back into  
the dream  
as i wandered around my  
ensuing hour or so of  
dreamless,

black curtain dreaming.



**our 10-year old**

zen likes  
to  
put  
tiny strips of  
paper  
streaming from  
the back window.

usually  
they are arm bands from  
the local pool,  
and they adorn the window  
as they are snug in their dangling  
intentions.

i have tell me,  
'HEY, YOU HAVE STUFF HANGING FROM YOUR WINDOW.'

i come back with a simple,  
'i know.'

and stop at that.

they person questioning me  
usually ingests the odd sliver of silence  
and moves onto their next thought of  
word.

i just sit there looking out the window  
at the beauty of his paper strip collection  
hoping that we can add  
another  
one fine night  
here  
in  
the very  
near  
and  
here future.

## paris traffic

i caught  
a  
quick  
look  
at  
paris  
hilton  
waltzing with  
her  
tragic  
face along  
some  
world beach  
clad in some  
designer sun glasses and  
heavy, expensive hand bag  
while posing for the  
paparazzi as some new  
schlep dude on her arm  
looked as lost as she did  
and a huge  
cold shiver  
ran up my  
spine  
just trying to  
contemplate  
how high  
maintenance  
she has to  
be  
in her  
infinite levels  
of  
pain  
she  
levels  
on  
all of us  
innocent  
bystanders  
trying to  
forget her  
the minute  
she

thankfully  
leaves  
our  
line  
of  
sight.

## **part-time celestial wonderment**

i try my best  
to get the wife  
and kids out to  
see the once in a lifetime  
moon view,  
planet alignment,  
comet roaring close by  
or other celestial moment  
that won't happen for another  
several thousand years or so.

sometimes i get to see  
this wonder,  
and feel the lack of such  
a big wonder.

other times,  
i wake with stink breath  
and dizzy head knowing that  
we will never live long enough  
to have another night like the one before.

and on very rare times  
i see the red twinkle of mars  
whispering the future into my nose  
and i get the complexity of cosmology  
and how small our once in a lifetime  
events has  
to seem  
to everything that  
hovers and dances above our  
heads as the slip  
of dark  
night  
kneels us in  
mystery.

## **pesty the clown**

i came across  
an old business card  
from  
'pesty the clown'  
the other day.

he was my tutor  
at a united way one year  
as i went through the motions on  
how to become a clown.

i was going to perform gigs with  
him,  
actually his name was jack,  
for a bunch of kids at local schools.

he was a pro.

clad in his own happy,  
sad clown gear of yesteryear,  
he showed me the  
clown ball ropes and  
baptized my soul  
the realm of simple magic tricks.

and the one morning we went together  
to do our clown gig,  
he was behind the wheel as we  
headed through the streets of  
downtown KC with every head turning  
as we grinned in our clown gear  
as the zig zags of stream ran from our  
coffee tops like  
a bunch of  
clowns leaving the proverbial  
clown car.

it was an ethereal moment.

and the other day i went to look up old jack  
after about 10 years without seeing him  
and found  
nothing but an old obituary in  
some small town weekly.

pesty the clown has  
left the building.

clown bless you jack  
in all  
the smiles you brought  
to  
each  
and  
every one of us  
bastards  
that  
we're fortunate to be  
a part  
of  
your  
funny  
ways.

**proof**

that the goldfish  
may be one of the  
best models  
for pure darwinianism,  
yet with the  
aloof dumbness  
that is so endearing with  
a simple home pet.

they are the only  
kind of fish that  
we can keep going in  
this house  
that is really good  
as killing fish off.

it's nothing we are proud of  
and we tinker with the food,  
water levels and chemicals  
in ways that should keep everything alive.

yet,  
it's always the goldfish that survives  
and they are always the most volumous  
when going to  
the store to pick out the  
best of the litter.

the other day,  
i was watching our 2 goldfish  
devour a tiny snip of  
food wading toward the bottom  
of the tank in a slow  
dance of food snow wobbling towards  
the rocks below.

there was one fish that kept  
eating,  
the spitting out  
a  
long slip of pink that was  
slithering like a snake about  
the water.

when i looked closer,

i noticed it was a long  
slip of shit from one of the fish.

and the goldfish was so good  
at survival and gathering food  
that he would suck this food looking  
shit into his mouth,  
then spit it right on out.

the other fish would do the same thing.

both of these fish must have done it  
respectively at least five times  
before the sliver of pink snake shit  
hit the bottom of the tank  
and disappeared  
into  
pure  
evolutionary  
speculation.



## **PUSS**

if  
i  
were  
to  
mail  
you  
a  
simple,  
supple,  
well  
thought  
out  
and  
hard  
to  
obtain  
package  
of  
puss  
would  
you  
still  
love  
me  
as  
much  
as  
you  
do,  
baby?

## quickly food

i had  
to  
fast  
for  
12 hours  
or  
so recently  
to get a clean  
look at my blood work  
for a routine look over.

and as i slipped into the 11th hour  
and raced towards the doctors  
office  
i saw huge sandwiches on  
large,  
looming billboards  
laughing at my empty belly  
and mocking me with  
their hidden pickles.

then,  
the little ads waving with  
lines of vapor coming off fresh  
pepperoni were enough  
to get my  
juices stirring in  
my starved mouth of mine.

and as the tiny vials  
of blood were finally  
filled and the  
pricks that dug into  
my hungry veins were tossed out,  
i felt what it craved the almighty cigarette  
i quit years back.

the longing for  
the craving.

and the  
end of bad habits.

## real political quagmire

as  
political  
as  
christians  
in  
this  
country  
want  
to  
be  
and  
make  
it,  
the  
only  
thing  
political  
about  
them  
is  
the  
life  
and  
death  
of  
jesus  
and  
theology  
is  
so  
above  
politics  
that  
it  
is  
sure  
proof  
that  
the  
good  
are  
going  
to  
shine

and  
while  
bad  
are  
going  
to  
dip  
badly ..

## rural earth

if folks  
want to  
know what real  
rural  
america is,  
i urge them  
to visit me  
on a warm,  
saturday afternoon  
at the  
local  
wal-mart  
to  
wander each aisle,  
and every  
inch of the store  
to  
see  
the  
old woman  
in the motorized cart  
scream at  
her wheezing,  
overweight nine year old daughter  
as an escaped convict  
in loud, shiny shades  
punches numbers in a  
large calculator as his  
girlfriend looking daughter  
mumbles towards a  
package of buns  
as the burned out preachers son  
wanders from the bathroom area  
in an eagle scouts outfit  
casing the joint as though  
he's got a gun hidden  
and no one will escape alive  
and  
all of this takes place  
as i stand behind an old  
woman with a decade old head scarf  
muttering in anger over the  
large selection of coffee creamers  
while the wal-mart employee

blocks the aisle with his  
large cart  
of crazy goods  
ready for  
all us insane toads  
to  
leap,  
leap,  
leap  
into the  
absolute  
waters  
of  
missouri-foolery.

## **smears**

there  
are  
two  
pals passing  
newly lit  
cigars  
over excessively  
loud music  
at the gas pumper  
as the 2 young kids  
wiggle in their  
car seats  
as the fuckface  
moment  
stretches on  
into  
relative  
oblivion.

## **sounders**

the  
sounds  
of  
cop  
emergency  
sires  
rile  
through  
the  
normally  
silent  
rural  
landscape  
as  
the  
warmth  
returns  
and  
i  
use  
this  
backdrop  
of  
sound  
to  
rest  
from  
work  
and  
work  
through  
the  
rest



## spring thoughts

the other  
day  
i  
sat  
for a long  
drip  
of  
minutes  
just  
admiring  
the  
end  
of  
winter  
and  
the new  
action  
and buds  
of  
spring  
invading our  
neighborhood  
in  
a  
welcome  
rush of  
scent  
and  
new sun.

then,  
i saw  
a twitching tail  
in the tallest portion  
of a tree  
across the way  
and smiled  
at  
the  
brave  
squirrel  
taking the sky  
to it's limit.

this quickly  
turned to  
a turned head  
and  
slightly open mouth  
as this squirrel  
shot his  
waving tail and body  
into a large nest incubating  
a bird family.

as the slender animal disappeared,  
a bird lept out in panic  
squawking and trying to save his  
spring lot.

then,  
silence.

the bird was gone and  
the nest stood silent against  
the  
bright blue  
sky  
hiding the  
natural  
world of murder  
in the animal world.

## **the ballad of our neighbor rocky**

is so  
rich  
with  
story,  
lore  
and speculation  
that i  
don't  
even  
question  
the validity of anything  
anymore.

between stories of  
nam,  
nixon,  
new jobs,  
old foes,  
breaking up fights in front yards,  
ideas for cameras on street corners,  
the horror,  
the beauty,  
all with  
a  
smoke stuck between his lips.

and all the while i  
smile,  
not,  
indulge,  
laugh,  
philosophize  
and give a real  
shit less if he's leading me into  
the noose  
as i see the  
chair is nailed to the floor  
below me  
as we both there  
is nowhere to run ...

no where to hide ..

and the only way that  
will save us is to

try and charm the ears of  
our  
small,  
enigmatic  
neighbors  
that has  
the  
gusto  
to  
leave  
their homes and  
find out  
how  
the  
others  
rumble.

## **the danger blanket**

this week  
i almost plowed into  
a  
kid  
that crossed a  
hugely busy thoroughfare down  
the way.

he was some  
spittoon dirty kid  
not paying attention  
and as the jeep  
decelerated,  
my lips hammered a loud  
'JESUS CHRIST'  
as i locked eye horns with this  
kid and felt  
my childhood all over again.

i slammed into the side of a car  
as a kid not paying attention  
and nearly giving the guy  
an on-the-spot  
heart attack  
as the lazy 80's  
kept careening by.

then,  
on the way home that same  
night i almost plowed into the  
old,  
tattered neighborhood cat  
with a bad limp and  
looking like he just lost a  
fight in the cat bar over the  
last cup of milk in four counties.

and as i stopped at the crosswalk  
to let this old bastard amble  
across the street,  
he looked up at my face  
in slow assurance as  
he won

and felt good  
about almost getting into  
my home the other night  
as he stood on my back steps  
like paul newman in  
some old cool cat show.

for that day,  
all the kids and cats  
were safe in their normal  
modes of living  
as they both collectively licked  
their invisible wounds  
and  
shined their  
medals for again avoiding  
the  
sure  
swivel of  
death around us  
all.

## **the ghost murderer?**

the other  
day  
i walked into the bathroom  
weary,  
not quite up  
and when i flicked the  
light switch,  
i saw  
small,  
medium  
and large  
dots of powder splatter  
all over the counter  
and toilet seat.

i looked around quietly  
and wondered  
who had murdered a ghost  
in the warm  
confines of my  
own bathroom.

who could have  
ended the life of  
this simple ghost that  
was stopping by our  
bathroom to  
get rid  
of  
all  
of his ghost  
waste.

and as i slid my finger over  
the  
fragrant dots  
of  
ghost residue on the  
toilet seat,  
i raised my finger like a cocaine  
addict ready  
to swab his teeth with the last  
of the  
speedy goodness.

instead,  
i lifted the finger to my nose  
and caught the  
45 degree angle of the  
shower to shower looking guilty  
in my periphery  
as my heart stopped racing  
and  
my mind  
ended it's  
brief ghost  
obituary text.



## **the odd vivids**

had a  
week recently  
with odd,  
vivid  
dreams  
about pocket  
knives,  
old friends lost,  
new foods,  
the stench of  
good whiskey on  
breath  
as i walked into  
another sun drenched morning  
to a world  
of unfamiliar folks  
giving me  
their own blend of  
strange looks  
as i looked back in mild questioning  
as the temptation to dream  
harder about everything  
grabbed my  
balls and rode  
me into  
the  
next single moment.

## **the surreal nature of death**

is  
that it shouldn't  
be surreal  
because  
birth  
doesn't  
seem all that surreal  
and  
death  
is  
just  
as  
common,  
so  
was  
the  
symbols  
of  
birth in bright white  
and death in coal black  
clank glasses  
in  
large,  
silk robes  
over  
a deep mahogany table  
i begin to  
feel  
that is all  
a bit  
surreal  
as the cups clink  
and the white  
stays  
as the  
black  
instantly vanishes  
while  
i  
look at a new set of  
wrinkles  
wrestling over  
new regions of  
my  
hands.

## THE UNFLUSHABLES

my dad  
was the undisputed  
king  
of  
the  
unbelievably  
true  
unflushable poop.

he used to have to  
take a saw  
to his waste  
and cut in vain  
to get that  
shit moving again.

other times,  
he would have to come up with more  
clever,  
secret ways with solvents  
and  
such  
to  
get  
rid of his filth.

and now that  
my father has left,  
it's safe to say that  
the world has lost  
any possible rumor  
or claim that there  
is any such thing as  
the indomitable,  
unflushable crud.

so,  
the honor is all my  
dads  
as the sewer system  
again weighs  
under the strain  
of all of  
us sending our

simple,  
deliverable shit  
to  
some  
predictable spot.

## **those solitary birds**

that  
are flying around a wal-mart  
or  
grocery store  
are the  
champs of all  
living things  
in their  
swooping,  
daring,  
dare devil movements through  
end caps of rubber balls,  
displays of bright shirts,  
end caps of cheese,  
the bags of cat food  
and everything we  
glide our clumsy fingers over  
as they  
just pass through  
to watch our world and  
quickly leave  
to  
alert all the other  
birds  
that  
our closed secret is  
nothing as  
grand as theirs in  
their spread wings  
and  
deft  
maneruverisms.

## **watching**

the  
real  
truth  
about  
folks  
that  
don't  
wear  
watches  
on  
their  
wrists  
is  
that  
hey  
would  
be  
lost  
if  
they  
knew  
the  
truth  
behind  
why  
folks  
feel  
like  
they  
have  
to  
wear  
watches.

**we are all destined to be forgotten**

as the last of our  
oldest relatives  
hold  
the stories of great, great  
grandparents that was so old  
that photography didn't exist in a practical sense.

and all of these souls may  
be remembered if relatives  
care enough to preserve the name.

otherwise,  
we are all destined to head down the  
chopping block to one day simply be  
remembered as surviving this human dance  
for as long as our nails would hold on.

and within that legacy,  
are the smiles we get from the kids we make  
and the calm pats from parents we allowed  
to survive through our impeccable line of bullshit.

so,  
in between all these moments and memories  
and people and lines and stories and song  
and more news and less news is  
our memories and the memories of us  
that will eventually float on away into the  
collective human voice as though  
a tiny red balloon making it's way up  
into the clouds on an excessively windy day  
just up and up and gone until your  
eye focuses so much on the distance  
that's it's just a set  
of black retinal dots  
telling you what was there  
is now  
finally  
gone.

## windy

i find  
myself  
on those  
days of  
torrential  
wind  
just  
trying to  
figure out  
how i ended up  
where i was at  
and  
along the  
way  
i  
squint my  
eyes  
wondering  
how  
i  
survived  
so  
many  
of  
those  
things  
to  
be  
surrounded  
by  
so  
much  
that  
is  
thrivingly  
alive.



## women actors

i'm certain  
that  
women in hollywood  
have  
to  
be  
much  
more  
deft,  
adept,  
intelligent,  
intuitive  
and overall  
amazingly  
better  
actors than  
men  
because  
of  
all  
the  
orgasms  
that  
have  
had  
to  
fake  
over  
their  
long,  
sprawling,  
sexual  
lives.