



# Joefiles 129

*the half-empty water bottle ballad*

## ANIMALS GONE

a hugely  
dead,  
scattered  
animal  
that is unrecognizable  
litters  
two lanes of highway,  
with blood in the third  
and fourth  
as  
the hurried humans  
dart  
and  
rave  
over  
the  
concrete walkway  
to  
their next  
moment  
as  
the  
small,  
mammal detectives  
hang on the side  
of  
the  
road  
investigating  
the  
murder scene  
as  
they  
keep  
one  
paw's of fingers  
crossed  
that  
their

not  
next.

**as if now matters anymore**

while the cold air outside  
gets chillier  
and we wait in  
a hotel  
room for  
our little boy  
to get enough  
oxygen in his red blood  
to beat the  
blues  
as i ponder  
the real definition of luck  
for folks  
as  
all i have ever known  
is that luck is a matter of perception  
as much as being alive is,  
so as we cancel out big holiday  
party to heal our  
hospitalized son,  
i feel warm inside  
as the cold winds howl  
and yet another  
story of luck  
goes through  
the slots  
of  
hundreds of casino machines  
hoping to  
squeeze out some kind  
of expensive truism.

**at the end**

of

your

day or month,

documenting

the now

may

be

the

only

thing

you

actually

have,

baby.

## **bad doctors**

are like

horrible

construction contractors

and

awful security guards

are like

brisk

nurses

and

foul

clowns

are like

no other

as

the

child runs in the other direction

and

stephen king

rolls over in his

deep slumber to

burp

and fart

simultaneously.

## **bags of christmas blend coffee**

huddle around  
my  
exercising fingers  
while  
my  
turkey  
thaws in the garage  
refrigerator  
and  
my  
head begins to  
get near christmas  
overload with a  
whole month to  
go  
and  
the  
porcupine quills of  
political news  
there to  
wrap us all  
in a  
acupuncture  
cocoon  
until  
next year  
as  
the  
mistle toe  
again  
reigns as  
the  
only  
lucky  
thing  
this  
holiday season  
in  
it's

inanimate ambiance.



## **BELLS RINGING AROUND THE CURVE**

my miles  
boy is going to  
be six  
in less than  
a month  
and  
i have decided  
to not  
sweat the bell  
curves that never  
happen  
or take years  
as  
his autism spectrum  
becomes a funny  
set of words  
in  
the english lexicon  
and i  
measure  
our future  
in  
love  
without  
any  
TV  
he can't stand,  
all the books  
he will read  
and  
the  
huge heap of  
his favorite sushi  
on his birthday night  
we will  
revel  
all  
the yesterdays  
have proved

something that  
i would have wished,  
but could  
have  
never imagined  
on  
the  
massively  
impossible  
tram ride to  
here.

## **BRANCHES**

the barren black  
tree branches of night  
show  
their real personality  
as i  
dart by in  
my fast  
crafted piece of metal.

some trees are just lugs of  
big arms  
outstretched like  
a christian idol,  
while others are intricate  
laces of branch that  
represent the scattered mind  
of a worrier trying  
to win a multi-level  
race to the sun.

others are just  
collections of straight lines  
representing a  
sketch a kid did  
in the doctor's waiting  
room while the parents  
talked in scattered lines  
of medical lingo.

then others  
are monarchs  
that keep their sloping  
weeping willow branches  
full of leaves,  
yet arch in a dancers revel  
towards the devil below  
as they snicker to themselves  
about how they have extra  
winter protection

the other trees lost  
long ago.

many more are simply  
stick figure drawings representing  
simplicity in winter,  
yet etched with tiny knobs  
and thick brown skin  
to show their wisdom ..

together,  
it's the best production of  
the nutcracker in wintertime  
as the car  
speeds up and all  
the swirling lines and  
straight etches become  
everything and  
nothing.

## **BRUCE**

it took all  
those years in the city  
with crazy cats  
as neighbors  
to groom me for  
the  
real neighbor of  
my lifetime  
that lives behind my  
white suburban castle.

he goes by bruce  
and with his small,  
portly fame,  
graying mustache  
and solid mane of  
still gray hair,  
he strides slow  
and deliberate.

he always wears a black  
sport coat,  
black pants  
and  
a solid pair  
of worn dress shoes  
also in  
dark vader pattern.

he speaks so calm,  
low,  
that it seems like a slur  
as he jostles the piece of  
of candy i can never quite make out  
around his mouth.

and each time i catch sight of him  
or talk for a minute,  
i'm comfortable that bruce

is out there in the world  
giving originality a definition  
and  
a large purpose  
to smile  
in  
the  
land  
of  
same  
regular  
sane.

## **DOG-GONE**

i had  
a  
dream last night  
that  
we were going  
to lose our  
dog  
and  
i was crying  
in  
my dream.

it was a long,  
hard sob  
because  
i love  
that we  
gave  
our  
fears to the wolves  
and  
got  
a  
dog for the  
kids,  
but  
really it becomes  
a part of us,  
as well.

and our dog  
is  
the newest hero  
in  
a  
line of familial  
heroes  
that  
pang

around  
victoriously  
in  
my  
dreams.

and it was only when i  
woke  
calling  
for my liver colored dog  
that  
my  
real heart  
began to race.

she was nowhere.

usually  
on my body licking  
my hand to sleep,  
i couldn't find her anywhere.

it was then,  
my 12-year old opened  
the steam shower door open  
and  
her  
bent back ear face  
came towards me with  
a hungry tongue  
and  
yet another  
dream  
i  
never  
wish  
to  
come  
true.



## **each morning**

i take my son to school,  
i swing my car down by  
the old housing row for  
richard's gebaur air force base  
and see the mingling of  
the old and new homes  
passing by in a collage  
of won wars  
and new lives beginning.

it is then,  
i think about my late father's journey  
from new york to the  
suburbs of kansas city to  
ready his air force bones  
to possibly go  
to vietnam and see how  
good he would be as  
a  
soldier.

but,  
it didn't work out  
that way.

he never went to war,  
but finished his duty and  
bore a family in this town.

and all those echoes of my  
father wanting me to get out  
of the urban city to start  
a family in the suburbs  
always rolled out of my ears  
as i went on living through my  
20's and whatever dreams  
i was going to believe in.

now,

10 years or so later,  
i'm back in the neighborhoods  
he wanted me in  
taking my son to school  
by the reason  
he came to  
this town  
and somewhere in  
the low lying clouds  
i see  
the smile  
of content  
as  
i again  
get compounded by  
the 'careful what you wish for'  
notion  
as  
the carousel  
continues to spin  
as  
fast as life  
will allow.

## **EXTRA SECURITY**

while my  
youngest  
boy was  
in the hospital  
getting  
the  
cure to pneumonia,  
a security guard  
got  
nasty with me  
returning  
to the urgent care ward  
because  
i didn't show him  
my whole  
wrist  
bracelet  
and  
as  
he  
said,  
'YOU HAVE  
TO SHOW ME THE  
WHOLE THING SON'  
i knew my  
fatigue was greater  
than  
my  
ultimate desire  
to  
say,  
'YOUR INABILITY TO  
BECOME A REAL COP  
IS NOT THE WORLD'S  
PROBLEM,  
ESPECIALLY IN A CHILDREN'S  
HOSPITAL WHEN PARENTS  
ARE FEELING A PAIN  
WORSE THAN YOU NOT

LIVING YOUR LIFE'S DREAMS  
OUT  
SO GO ON AHEAD AND  
CUT THIS FUCKING BRACELET  
OFF MY WRIST AND JAM  
IT STRAIGHT UP YOUR  
TIGHT ASS AND HAVE  
YOURSELF  
AND COMPLETELY  
FUCKING DANDY  
DAY THERE,  
FUCKFACE.'

instead,  
i wandered on  
down the well lit  
and antiseptic addled hallway,  
wondering  
what day it  
was and  
if i was ever  
going to see my  
home,  
pets,  
kids,  
back porch,  
old cords  
and any other thing  
i owned in  
my  
own  
natural  
light  
ever again.

## **fake snow flakes**

drip about these  
cold coffeehouse windows  
in their adhesive plastics  
while  
the real cold looks much  
more fictionalized outside  
with passing lights  
and the insignia of  
tomorrow lurching close behind  
and as  
the sound of the  
jazz tenor  
and drummer  
continues to rise  
rise  
rise  
above scales  
meant for higher human hands,  
i think i may have a bit of  
a handle  
on  
this  
whole masquerade of  
now  
as the  
next  
moment  
starts to  
hide from  
me.

## FILMY BIRD HANDS

every time  
i stop to  
film  
a  
set of  
geese  
making  
their  
black  
arrow  
over  
the  
cold  
fall  
skies  
i  
know  
that  
someone  
in  
this  
rural,  
red state  
is  
shaking their head  
looking  
at me  
wondering  
what  
the hell  
i have  
my camera aimed  
at  
as  
they  
readjust their  
waist  
and  
figure

it's  
all  
some  
kind  
of god damned  
waste one  
way or  
a  
damned other.

## **FIT TO NOT FIT**

a great many  
nights of  
my life  
i was stuck  
in paralyzed fear  
wishing my  
son would  
never have  
another fucking  
fit  
for  
the  
rest of his  
days  
and  
forever  
would be  
a more apt  
notion  
as  
the devils  
of exorcism row  
wake  
for  
a  
fresh cup  
of blood.



## FUCKING EDITORS

when i  
hear bruce willis  
decry  
to the villain  
that he  
is a  
'bleeping mother sucker  
in a dag blasted blubber  
of slip'  
while his lips move in  
odd meters on  
a cloud of censorship  
on basic cable TV,  
i feel we have  
decided to  
turn the hero  
into  
a  
dunce  
in  
the  
quickest  
twist of  
fate  
known  
to  
the fucking  
god damned  
entire  
motherfucking  
human  
son of a bitchin'  
race.

## **growing older**

is the wine  
i never thought  
i could comprehend,  
but as  
with everything i thought  
i knew in  
my  
'brilliant' stage,  
i a yet again proved wrong.

this was each and every night  
i had to see my 6-year old  
boy attached to an IV in one  
hand, a heart monitor on the other  
and a huge oxygen mask on  
his face as he lie sweating  
in a hospital bed trying  
to rid  
the  
pneumonia  
ridding roller coasters around  
his young lung.

there with his mouth half open,  
i thought  
it should be me there and  
my son over my body,  
but that's not how life  
works out.

we don't get what we wish  
for as the  
wishes we once had  
retire to an island we cannot  
pronounce as the truth  
of our own story comes  
in stark moments on the  
cold of a hard,  
clean hospital floor

as the nurses race here and there  
to make sure  
the best is given  
to my  
tiny little boy.

as the fluids  
drip  
and the heaves of oxygen  
pump steadily,  
i think  
that  
the only thing  
this  
could be is  
the way  
it  
should have  
always been  
whether i  
was going to believe it or not.

it's the therapy  
in the insanity  
and they  
psychology  
in  
the  
very first moment  
i saw my son  
and  
tried to remember my  
earliest memory  
on  
this  
planet.

## HEALTHY FRIGHT

the only thing  
more frightening  
than viewing the health  
care industry in  
a hospital 24-hours a day  
for 5 days with  
your kid in a bed  
inside a children's hospital  
is to flick on  
the television  
and watch the angry,  
oppressed  
politicians  
lament healthcare overhaul  
legislation  
that could actually make  
things  
better in  
a broken,  
screwed,  
fractured,  
bloodied  
system designed to  
help  
the human body,  
and not  
decay  
the  
fragile human brain.

## **i had a dream of childhood**

as an adult last night  
and figured  
it was something  
akin  
to feeling like  
this grown up adult thing  
lasts too long sometimes,  
so when nieces and nephews  
complain that they  
are ready to  
become grown adults,  
i stop  
them short and warn them how many  
years of their lives  
will be spent wishing  
on that childhood star  
that they could  
feel that willful  
gift of abandon  
one  
more  
time  
much like  
a  
good poem  
ready to blow up  
the skirt or  
into the hot air balloon  
to make  
it  
all  
seem appropriate in  
the most  
inappropriate of  
moments.

## **I WILL ...**

don't  
you  
worry  
your  
pretty  
lashes  
and  
tomorrows  
clean  
outfit  
with  
a  
new  
bow,  
i  
will  
be  
your  
late  
night  
fucking  
talk  
show  
host.

## **JEW'S BOX**

when i think  
about something  
called  
'jew's box'  
with a  
colorful piece of clip  
art of a juice box  
with the face of  
either jerry seinfeld  
or sarah silverman's face  
on the side of that  
said box,  
i know that both  
of them would get the humor  
in my intent  
and i'm sure george carlin  
would beam,  
but this modern world of  
ours would turn it  
into some trite,  
anti-semetic  
thing  
that  
couldn't be  
farther from the truth  
as  
that  
little  
play on words  
in my mind  
becomes  
just that  
as the  
world  
finds  
a  
way  
to  
stew

over  
yet another  
comical  
moment  
that  
should  
be  
just  
that.



## JUST NORTH OF 40

the woman  
in the wal-mart  
checkout said,  
'are you 40?'

i stopped,  
looked up and  
wondered if  
i was on a gag show,  
asking,  
'me?'

she squinted  
as my naked box of  
wine sat guilty  
on the tiny blue counter  
and  
she  
said over my  
5-year old's  
decree of  
'daddy-daddy'  
'you have to look  
over 40 for me not  
to card you?'

and as i dug in  
with a huge  
grin,  
i was simply not  
25 or  
15 or  
31  
or  
22  
or  
34  
or  
8

or  
13  
or  
36  
anymore ..

i was a rugged  
38  
and  
even though  
my  
winter worn  
face sprinkled with  
tiny dots  
of beard  
sprouted tiny red tents  
of teen zits,  
i was getting made over  
by mother nature.

always the youngest  
in a room  
and constantly getting  
carded for that youth,  
my wagon has finally  
caught up with  
my horses  
and  
as  
i  
lean down to rub  
my son's head  
to  
calm his excited consumer  
bones,  
i  
realize  
the view standing next  
to  
the

horses may  
be  
as  
kick  
ass  
as  
every  
year that  
led  
into  
today.

## MARY'S GONE

i found out  
early on  
a monday morning  
that she  
wasn't going to be with us  
anymore.

a 60-year  
old music teacher  
that gave this world  
more  
than she ever  
wanted to  
return.

got married in  
israel to her sweetheart,  
and headed back  
to the midwest to  
sow the sweet seeds  
of music into the  
fertile ears of  
children.

she always  
said 'bless you'  
when i left  
her room following  
me fixing her  
computer  
or  
talking about  
our favorite  
local donkey.

and by accident,  
i found out  
what her last act  
on the planet was

on a whim of a conversation  
with my 6-year old next  
to me at a local  
donut shop.

after she got her last  
box of donuts,  
she had a stroke behind  
the wheel,  
wrecked her car  
and lived for another day.

but,  
it was that last dose  
of quality sugar  
morning zingers that  
made  
me smile  
for  
mary  
and all  
the sweet things  
she did  
down  
here.

## MIDWESTERN OCEAN BIRD

at odd,  
interesting  
times  
i notice  
this one,  
bright white  
and quite wondrous  
ocean gull  
that flies from  
pole  
to pole  
in the wal-mart parking  
lot in  
the  
thick of our  
midwestern missouri  
skies.

it usually  
let's out some version  
of a squeal as it  
careens smoothly through  
the air like  
a  
hawaiian fowl  
going slowly from one moment to  
the next.

it doesn't belong in this climate  
and there is neither salt water  
or a big body of water  
for it to inhabit,  
yet it pops in like  
a  
lucky charm on this side of the  
world for all of us to  
place our wish upon.

each time i stop,

call my son's attention  
to view it  
and we  
sit or stand silently  
watching it leave our periphery  
until our neck  
cannot stretch no more,  
or our eyes fail  
or an obstruction  
jams it into the memory bank.

from there,  
we go on our way  
wondering  
how  
we  
were to be so fortunate to  
have  
one magical  
bird grace our  
seasons  
with  
that  
subtle surprise  
in  
the  
wal mart parking  
cove.

## MORNING THRONE

several weeks back  
i wheeled my dirty,  
ailing cold car around the  
corner and saw a bright,  
white toilet seat in the  
huddle with bags of  
trash waiting  
for its next shitty moment.

as my laughter died down  
a bit,  
i thought about all the  
miracles,  
dreams,  
stories,  
magnificence  
that toilet  
created in the  
peak of morning  
or  
the  
dawn of night.

later that day,  
i noticed that the trash  
men decided not to  
cart off this victorious throne.

as such,  
the toilet man kept  
that porcelain king out  
at the end of his driveway  
for the duration of the next  
week in defiance of  
trash law  
and to flaunt  
his  
bowel skills.



this last monday,  
the trash men of morning  
finally carted  
off they mystery man's  
shitter to its final  
grave  
so  
that i  
may  
add  
one  
more  
crap,  
poem memory  
to the  
paper pile.

## my favorite e-mail exchange ever

Hi Frank. My name is Scott. Joe Domino gave me your e-mail. He told me that you wrote a computer program that enters you into various sweepstakes with anonymity. This sounds something that sounds interesting to me and I would like to know more about it. Could you tell me how it works? I look forward to your response. Thanks.

Sincerely, Scott

\*\*

From: Fred P. <[@gmail.com](#)>

Subject: Re: Sweepstakes

To: "SCOTT" <[@att.net](#)>

Date: Monday, June 21, 2010, 9:56 PM

Who are you? I'm not Frank and I don't know anyone named Joe Domino. I have no idea what you're talking about.

**my little miles son is a tiny rock star.**

recently he went into the  
hospital for a 4-day stay  
and he  
threw his world  
of friend,  
family  
and  
school into  
a fervor.

also,  
he attracted a host of  
nurses to his side  
as if he was a tiny  
king in a  
world he  
was carefully constructing.

we heard  
that he was on the prayer rolls  
at a local church without  
our knowing,  
while his principal  
came by several times  
to see how he was holding up.

the power of our little  
miles is like a potion  
we try to look within,  
but cannot quite deduce  
as he smiles again and  
hooks yet another stranger  
into his aura with  
a natural ease.

we are witnessing  
one with the  
rapid skill of

a thousand  
tiny  
miracles wrapped into  
a  
massive rubber band  
ball of magic  
and  
it  
makes  
the  
world  
a  
bit  
brighter  
and  
for  
me  
with  
the  
sound  
of  
pound of agony  
during  
a  
painful  
hospital stay,  
it was enough  
to stave off  
that  
darkness  
as  
his  
tiny spokes of  
light  
flew  
around  
like  
a  
wet,  
sun drenched tire

giving everything  
and everyone  
yet  
another  
reason  
to  
dig  
the  
shit  
out  
of  
living.

## **my sick little boy**

cried for me

as

i left the room

to get him

a

box of blue cup cakes

for his little pals at school

and as

i

fell well outside

of

ear range,

i felt

again

what

it was like

to

walk

the tight

rope of loving

something

more

than

you

ever

though

you

could

dig even

your

own

self.

## **one day the chinese will own the world.**

heard a report  
in the cold  
car  
as lines  
of  
heat trickle  
from  
american  
strip malls  
how  
coal is  
being used at prolific  
rates  
in the largest  
center of the world.

one day  
china will  
rule us all.

and in this report,  
a 37-year old man  
was getting ready to  
enter his curtain call  
with a nasty  
spell of black lung caught  
way too late.

surely the chinese  
will rule us  
one day.

and as the population surges  
and production flies  
into government happy numbers,  
the environment is crumbling  
under the pollutants  
spewing with dark joy into

the skies.

one day china  
will be what mao  
always imagined.

and as our american kids  
and adults fetter with all of  
our goods made in china,  
i think of the one  
man in this report that i have  
already outlived and how  
he  
worked to die.

the chinese  
are closer to the  
finish line  
than we can imagine.

and underneath  
the few lumps of  
dark matter hiding the  
diamond,  
i know that  
china will one day  
display that  
ring  
to us  
as  
we  
wonder  
what  
brought us  
under  
the  
cloak of  
asian rule.



## **our cat**

is part dog  
the way it attacks  
our hands  
and sulks around  
in a big cat shadow  
eating kid toys like  
a rabid dog mouth  
and taking big pieces of  
food in mouth  
as though  
it might not have 9 lives,  
then i realized our cat  
is likely just a crazy bird  
when i pee into the toilet  
and he bobs his head around  
like a soul train intermission  
waiting to leap his  
abnormally small white  
body into the  
filth of my liquid waste  
and  
at that,  
i dodge,  
block his leap with  
my one good hand  
and  
smile that i  
saved our  
cat dog from  
a mess  
i would  
never  
want  
to  
clean up.

## PICKLEWARE

I would  
like to invent  
a  
full  
line  
of pickle eat ware  
for  
all of those out there  
craving the juice  
that  
make's the world's mouth  
salivate.

there would  
be  
spoons,  
knives,  
forks  
and  
sporks that would  
double  
as  
deliciously  
aged pickles  
to scoop up soup,  
spread butter on bread,  
eat tasty beans  
or any other  
sort of culinary wonder you  
could  
imagine.

and right when you  
ready to put it away  
to be cleaned,  
you would remember  
that you could  
eat these utensils  
in full

so  
that the  
culinary experience  
would be complete  
and  
the  
world  
would  
have one  
less  
dirty utensil  
to  
clean.

at the  
end of  
the  
day,  
we  
could  
all  
be divinely  
delicious.

## QUESTIONSANSWERS

go

ahead

and

launch

all

your

juicy

missiles

at

once

and

ask

you

tiny

shadow

of

questions

later,

bitches.

## SHADY SHADOWS

on the real  
sunny winter days  
i see all the shadows  
of the world  
banging  
in loud crashes against  
each other  
as  
the real world  
safely moves with  
ease from  
one  
stop light  
to  
the next house.

but these dangerous shadows  
fly at high rates of speed  
and take each other out  
with violent swipes  
like  
drunk football players  
on motor bikes trying  
to even the karmic  
pull of it all.

and these shadows begin to  
crowd around me  
and  
smash me around the  
ear  
and  
toes,  
giving me tiny moments to pause  
and look up at  
the  
sun  
for  
being

such a  
bright  
culprit on  
such an uneven day  
as today.

## **SIMPLY TIRED**

in all those mornings  
my bones wreek of  
tired,  
my eyes hardly open,  
the cough wakes me a bit,  
then the dog jumps on my  
ball bag,  
the cat sneezes snot on my  
shoulder,  
my 12-year old is  
still asleep and misses the bus,  
my 5-year old  
screams for his blue pen,  
the morning continues to  
hone it's razor's edge,  
the feet pound from the  
day's prior kid fun pain,  
the breath wakes the neighbors  
and it's when i finally  
remember my wife  
said 'i love you'  
in a groggy whisper  
as i left the room,  
i remembered  
that  
all  
of  
this is done  
generation after  
generation  
to  
give  
our  
kid's  
a  
childhood  
to  
remember.

## SIX

my little  
miles  
boy  
is  
going  
to  
be 6 years old  
tomorrow  
and  
i have always  
got  
a  
bit  
choked  
up  
the night  
before,  
which happens  
to  
be  
pearl harbor day.

i think about how  
far away that day was  
when i never imagined  
we were ready to bring him  
into the world  
one click before  
5 on the day lennon  
was shot,  
but nature had another plan.

on a hunt to get a  
dvd about flying geese,  
a nap in the midday,  
then fatherhood by  
evening.

our small



boy was cold  
and he held my  
finger with all  
of his fingers  
on that first,  
chilly winter night  
that was one of  
my finest ever on  
earth.

now,  
he ambles about  
in his own jeans,  
little kid body,  
love of animals,  
the world opening  
within his irises every morning  
as he insists on  
walking to the bus alone.

my little son  
is going  
to be  
6 and  
i  
feel  
like  
i get  
to  
relive  
all of the birthday's  
of my  
life,  
but with  
better  
colors  
and  
bigger props.

happy birthday,

miho.

## **SPY ZITS**

i think a real  
good spy  
mechanism in  
this increasingly  
silicon, microprocessor  
world  
of ours would  
be to implant a biological  
seed to sprout a zit on the  
face  
that could listen in  
on secret  
russian talks  
or yugoslavian plots  
or  
iranian diatribes  
or  
american jibberish  
just  
before  
the  
bubble  
bursts  
and the  
secret listening  
device  
goes hurtling away  
in a life  
well  
served.

## TAIL TALE

i had this  
odd sense the other  
morning when i woke  
that  
i couldn't have a tail on  
my body because i love  
to sleep square on my back  
and it would simply  
get in the way,  
so i would  
have to  
pass on the  
leprechaun's  
wish  
and  
stick  
with my  
flat ass  
and  
dumb  
butthole.

## **the birth of idea**

is  
the  
closest we  
men will  
ever  
get  
to  
feeling  
what it's like  
to  
create  
something original  
from our bodies  
and  
i find  
so many  
men incapable  
of  
doing  
that  
so  
i  
am always  
reassured  
that  
women  
are in  
control  
of  
the  
birthing process  
to  
keep  
this  
whole  
human  
dance  
moving  
in

forward motion.

## **THE #'S**

when

you

finally

think

you

get

what

you

deserve

in

life

you

should

go

ahead

and

get

a

fortune

cooking

and

pay

attention

to

the

numbers

on

the

back

of

it

because

they

will

either

be

the

best

or

most  
twisted  
of  
luck  
you  
will  
ever  
have  
silently  
wished  
for.



## **the only hogwash**

around  
these parts  
in this delicately  
drawn technological  
police state  
we are increasingly  
living in  
are the mechanical  
eyes in the sky that  
take pictures and video  
of your car not  
coming to a complete stop  
at a red when making a  
right turn  
or  
when you run a yellow  
into a red light  
or do any other sort  
of human lapse an actual  
cop wasn't around to witness  
only to get a hundred buck  
ticket in the mail  
condemning you  
for a tiny slip in  
driving judgment  
as the  
stats for accidents rise  
at each of these  
filmed intersections  
while city officials  
smile with money smudges on  
their cheeks  
as  
the  
pig spittle  
washes over  
the  
end of  
this

poetic  
style  
rant.

**the slow tempo of aging,**  
with intermediate drags of  
panic,  
is what is written in the lines of  
old men and women that  
wait patiently in grocery store  
lines looking  
around them with a modicum of  
fear as all of us youngsters  
talk on the phone to our people  
as if we have  
any kind of idea of  
what we may theorize is going on  
as  
they  
smile loudly at what they know  
and  
how their wrinkles now  
triumphantly blend into  
smiling face  
at  
the  
future  
of  
truth.

## **tired and thoughtful**

in the consumer line

tonight

i saw rather

big boned woman

on a shopping mission

with only a few items

waiting to swipe

her credit card

as her shiny 1,000 dalnmations

purse swung stiffly

while she threw her large

brown coat emblazoned with

a gold outline of the hundred dollar

bill all around her

and as a glint of her large

silver diamond wedding ring

caught the edge of my eye,

i thought

that was one helluva a fucking

guy

to

have

tied down

this

woman

of

middle america.

## ULTIMATE MATERIALIZATION

if i could find  
the time  
to  
materialize  
each of my  
wife's  
good ideas  
i know we  
wouldn't  
have to feel  
the pinch of the penny  
each month  
and  
we would finally  
know what it's like  
to  
worry  
about not worrying  
that much  
but i'm certain  
that will never happen  
as  
i  
love  
her  
more  
each day for  
being  
her  
and  
loving  
me  
for  
who  
the  
hell  
i  
happen to be.

## VAGPENISTRY

i think about the day  
that war might end  
on  
this planet  
and i think  
one of those  
ways might  
be for  
scientists and chemists to  
come together on  
a new revolutionary pill  
that could be pink  
in  
color.

it would be  
'vagpenistry'  
and it would  
be taken by  
both men and  
women.

one formula would be for  
men,  
the other for women.

it would orgasm the  
world much  
the same way viagra did.

essentially,  
it would let women understand men,  
and men understand women.

slowly  
and surely,  
it would release the appropriate  
chemicals  
within

an herbal sort of mix  
to allow the  
juices to swim  
for  
men to be on venus  
and women on mars.

once this happened,  
we could call Washington DC  
a place of political pride  
as wars  
erode,  
arguments turn into  
better ways of living  
and  
the hoax  
of  
conspiracy  
would  
become  
plato's truth.

it would be a future world,  
but  
most of us would  
call it only  
a fictionalized  
tomorrow  
as  
the  
man and woman finger  
intertwine  
as  
though  
they  
may  
make  
it to the  
next level.

## **WRITING RIGHT.**

Are  
we  
all  
righting  
history  
each  
day  
or  
just  
a  
tiny  
part  
of  
writing  
it?