

Joefiles 13

1,811 New Reasons For Us To Meet

Art Has Began

Dingy
bare branches
hang still
in
the
November cold,
like hairs
coming
from
the old man's
ear lobe.
Fingernail remains
collect
together
on the
hardwood floor
like ants
to
create the alphabet--
 message to the stars--
 poetry--
Coils connected
to the telephone receiver
strangle
the
bickering
between male hosts
&
female cells.
The mind
is
my
art,
indeed.
Humanity has
fallen
into
a
sprout of water
that
cannot be retrieved.
think
 ponder
 wonder.
Make me
join
or
smile.
Me
and
my friends

shall be
pleased.

Beat In My Torso

Mom

Dad

I haven't called.

We lay

on

opposite ends

of

the

city--

Ready to let our

chests

heave into

blankets.

--sheath

& willing--

over

our bones.

Work comes

in

the

morning,

caffeine or

not

we'll be one.

Brother

Sister

tell me something

I

don't know.

For the

fear

is gone,

the

might

feels right.

Accept

the

heat inside--

I

have

too much

love

hanging

inside

the

beating

in my torso.

The Benefit Of Us All

My father &
uncle
love
nature shows.

Rhinoceros
Dung Beetle
Spider Monkey
Vicious Crocodile--

Animals
carry
a
package of fruits
human beings
seldom
display.

Loving the ferocity
&
love of the
wild open.

They have lived
amongst
this
with
so-called
civilized
human beings.

Their tired
of the
trite trespassing.

Animals
are
so
natural,
the way people
would love to be at all times.

Father
&
Uncle
are
being true.

Their tired of
the scene
that

won't
change humans.

Turning to another
that
won't change
either,
to
the
benefit
of
us
all.

Keep On, Black Thunder

Black man
walking
down
the
drab
sidewalk.
Crumbles
an
empty grocery sack,
tilts
his
hat
slightly
to the left.
Walks
slow
while
the traffic
sends pockets
of
air
up the backside of
his
tarnished green jacket.
I
can tell
from his calm stride
and
concerted gaze
that
his
soul
races
with the pistons
of
passing
motorists.
He's
charging
into
another
racial
fuck-up.
Rest
easy
old bro,
your soul
moves
too
fast

to
take
any notice
to
the
bullshit
this
world
will
shove
your
way
today
tomorrow
the
1st
2nd
4th
week of the month.
I
would
step outside
to
talk
with
you,
but you
move
too
quick.
Vanishing
down
the
busy street.
vanish

vanish

nasty bastards
passing

your

second-rate at home
judgment
on

this

man.

Black
thunder,
keep
on

keep
on.

...To The Sound Of Broken Glass

An evening
of
leftover Hamm's
&
fresh
Carlos Rossi.
A fistful of
Gandhi in
one hand,
Dostoyevsky
in the other.
Lying down
softly
to
the voices in my head.
The big band
rests in the corner
hoping
for some interchange.
Communication
thru the mind
a
shout of adrenaline
about my glands.
Gandhi never had a big hand gun
nor
did
Dostoyevsky
ever own
a
white-tailed hawk.
I possess
their ideas
in
print &
drip liquor
into my mouth.
Silent,
while the band
waits in the corner.
I empty
my wine glass,
set it softly on the floor.
Kick the glass figurine
&
let the pieces shoot about.
Then
the band begins to
play--
To the sound
Of Broken Glass.

The Calling

We laugh
 reminisce
 shake hands
over
a
barrel of wood and fire.
Feeling
bottled beer
warm
our future
&
flipped pages
of
the lark past.
Scratch your scalp
tap your toes
start the car--
Where here
in
a
field off 210 HWY.
The cops
look for
underage drunks
high school SRS.
forgetting
parental college hope.
I
rationalize
about my
presence
in
this congregation,
feeling
the love of alcohol
and
a
shitty downtown diner
yelling my name.
Calling
 calling
over the
laughter
in
the
country sky.

Can You Decide?

Miniature warden
on
my shoulder.
The light
rises
swift.
White cows
moan.
Hidden clovers
of
the
prarie
jingle like never before.
Quickly forget
you
ever met
him.
Run away
from the number
she
dropped in
your top drawer.
It's slow erosion
squeezed from a
hungry syringe.
It's
living
for
some months & years.
Deal
or
suffer--
Hike
or
swim--
Mommy
isn't here anymore.
to
make up
your
mind.

of
real life.

The Casual Loss

You believe
your
power
can
ruin
the chosen.
Damned to
the
point
a
child
can't
guess
your name.
Brown horses
in
a
pasture
circle
your
name,
knowing
the center--
Each of
your
thoughts
gnaw
so blindly.
Go on,
chew
those
grains
for
the
draught
shall
come
to
swallow
your
name
&
the
dirt
you engrave.

Cinderella Had A Concept Of Love

Willing to
compromise
her repulsion
to
his
male flesh,
she laid flat
on
her back
&
spread her
naked reflection.
He perched over
his clothes
leaped into the
heat,
killed
them
both
in a series of
motion.
Spoiled her curiosity
squashed his manhood.
They walked out on
the
urban patio
poured a bottle of
Gin
down
the terrace,
the color
of
her tears.
--Crystal clean.
She's pregnant
he has no job--
Another teenage couple
who can't read
study for their GED
&
forgot Cinderella
actually had
a
concept of love.

The Citadel Of Grief

March
in line
to the trumpet tune.
Pluck out those sideburns,
snip this
raspy
pony tail.
Refuse
those women,
shout
through the
quarters--
"I'm A Man."
I'll never
meet you
or
the
military type
in action.
The government
owns
me enough.
I do my part--
I vote
Loathe the violence
Enjoy some camouflage tones
Lieutenant
Petty Officer
Chief-In-Command
let's skip
to
the store
&
have some yogurt,
talk of Oliver Stone
&
the
right
for each person
American
or
Not
to be free.
Free
from
Uncle Sam's finger
and
gritty torture.

Couldn't Touch Me If It Tried

The couple
walks
east,
away from
their gate.
They just
attended
the
afternoon service
at
the Lutheran shrine
down
Westport Ave.
He helps her slide into the car,
while
he walks
around
the front end into
his
control center.
Others,
bundled
to
refuse the cruelty of mother nature
on
this Sunday at noon,
they
think of football, sex & work in the pending week.
Rolling
by
out
in
forth--
I write

for
we all need to
be
comfortable
in

one
way

or
another,

no
coat
shoes

or
cap

the
elements
of
outside

cannot
touch
me

if
it
tried.

Collars, Cars & Caviar

Around
the 8:00p.m. hour,
we approach
Johnson County.
"Sure is one helluva house, huh?"
Pass the
Mercedes--
Skim by that
BMW--
Dogs bark into
the Halloween wind,
Mr. & Mrs. Pearl
pull-up a chair
crackers
caviar
for a
Seinfeld
titled: "One you'll never forget."
Dancing dots
shingles ready to erode.
Speeding past
mortuaries
Boatmen's cornerstone.
Is
this
the
county
that
epitomizes
the
rich?
&
still
believes
there
is
an
American
Dream?
Fall leaves
collect on their patio's,
branches
lay
in the middle of
Ward Parkway Ave.
I enjoy respect
give it in return.

Although,
these folks
have
been

loaded into the column
of
collars
cars
&
caviar.

Crescendo Stop

At the
present
time,
Miles Davis
taps over the
10:53p.m. air.

Cars flash
by
the
bank clock--
the
baker
dreams
of the grand rise
in
the
cooking slat--

These mad actions,
a
relief
in this
rhapsody
of
sorts.

Now,
all I need
is
for her presence
to
come through
the door frame,
throw down
my pen
take off her crimson coat
&
sleep next
to
me
as I
gently
breath on her
neck-line
while
Miles teeters on
&
my evening
comes
to

a
crescendo stop.

does it
have
to be this way?

Day Closing\Night Beginning

The liquor
store
of
spirits
&
wine,
flickers
ice
red
dog
ice
red
dog
ice
ice.
Neon light
electricity
into
a
sidewalk
soon
to
feel
the
black
of
passing
life
leaves
loaves
of
night
cooking
in
an
oven.
A gush
of
heat,
cooking
humanity
on
a
slow
simmer.
Flickering
simmering
flicking
simmering
on

a
sidewalk
watching
day
close
&
night
begin.

Defeating The Cold

Templates in jovial colors
trickle down the street.
Ms. Temptress rides on a unicycle
about my mind
lifting her skirt further & further up her thighs.
A variety of stale and par tunes
glide over the air
into my living room
from cars waiting at the stoplight below.
Berbiglia is open
to distribute
new spirits into the demented & strong
to
be levied
onto the populace.
Smoke separates,
the flood lamp moans.
Pulling coats
over
exposed flesh
ready to
beat back the cold
&
think about those isolated moments
that
go
by us,
while
we got
them.
Defeating
the
cold.

Drunk Chaperon

A smooth
sip
of
orange juice over ice
from a
glass
lifted out of
a
Seattle fish market.

Trying
to
beat back
the
melancholy
murmur
jumping
on
raspy skates
over
the
rise
in my stomach.

Had
another
evening of
melted
barley
and possible
women,
set
to
taunt my
hormonal pool
with
raving maneuvers.

Now,
my ears
ring
from
a band in lights
&
aspirin
is
my
friend.

Tonight

will
be
calm,
while
the
storm
rages
for
the
rest
in
another
bar
on
some
detestable
hangover.

Family, Sex, Food, Liquor & Love

Family
sex
food
liquor
love.
A circle
of
repetition,
all
I
need
is
survival.
Family
sex
food
liquor
love.
I just
want
a
good
conversation
with
one
of my
eldest
siblings.
Family
sex
food
liquor
love.
We could
hold
our hope
in
a
one-dollar
lotto ticket,
shouldn't
we
harbor
that hope
in
our
fellow
human.
Family
sex

food
liquor
love.
The marrow
of
a
Douglas Fir
adds
another
circle
to its
life,
watching over
our
circle,
growing
growing
growing.
Family
sex
food
liquor
love.

love.

Fancied Realm

Life
made
easy,
paper
on the
ground.
Living
for
what's in
front
of
you,
the pen
still
has
plenty of ink.
Taking the
chance
because you
truly
never
know,
the ruler
still has
some
inches to measure.
Becoming a
man
for
Dad would
be
so damn proud,
the formatted computer disk
still
has
some space
available.
Answering the
anonymous
phone call,
knowing
cats
aren't the only
creature
that
are curious--
Our
minds
lurch between
creativity

and
decision.

Make
the
touch
into
a
fancied
realm.

Floating In Their Own World Of Fame

Over rooftops
smiling satellite dishes
bank clocks
flickering
"5:55"
"76",
the
autumn sun
placates
off
cuddling businesses.

I send
smoke signals
into
my living room,
musing
at
the
shapes receding smoke
makes
in
slivers of
light.

Keeping
avid
at a pursuit
in
writing
that has
produced no
approvals
from editorial desks
on
either
coast.

So,
if you
happen
upon my
material
remember
a
line
or
two
and keep
a slot
open

in your heart
for
the
unknown
floating
in
their
own world
of
fame.

Friday Evening Rise

A week ago,
deep in sleep
in
the
A.M.
on
the couch.

I hear
a
man
down on the street
outside the Twin Cities bar
shout
"Well, Fuck You--Just Fuck You."

Then,
several sentences
in
the
distance
like
a
reaking '45 on the turntable.

Again,
I
hear
"Well, Fuck You--Just Fuck You."

Muffled voice--
He woke me up
disrupted the night
made a poppy jump.

I should
have
held back the blinds,
opened
the
window
&
yelled--
"No, Fuck You Punk!"

Some Future Regret

My love,
for
you
passes the flame.

Destroys
the water
of
the
south.

Your eyes
smile,
thought
was some type
of
lurid reality.

I have slept on--
You don't call,
I don't respond.

We rest
in
each
other's
dreams.

Drunk
 Hungover
 Sober--

For the reach
was
our
passion
&
truancy is our death.

Be good,
my
lost
angel.

We
have
seperated.

Our
lives
flit

into
some
future regret.

Good Morning, The Night Is Here

Dizzy
and
tight
from too much smoking
and
a
quiet weekend.
Raspy
from
the spell
women
deliver,
soothed
by
the
ease
inquiry can provide the soul.
The thought
process
doesn't
seem so clear,
my
feet fall asleep
from
subtle
constriction
of
veins.
Chellos
pang
my
thoughts,
the oozing
gas
from
the
furnace
keeps the hair
on
my
arms content.

Ringling
the
future,
existentialist
with
a
cape of cotton.

Flying
to
another
villa,
across
a
sublime
Italian
ravine.

g o o d

m o r n i n g,

the
night
is

here.

Life Is Grand Here In The Cold

No gas
nor
heat
is
relieving
the red on my nose.
The cold
in
my
home
feels
comfortable.
Thinking
about the
next payment due
for
another
month
living
in this abode.
Smiling
&
patting my lap,
my
fingers
are
in
a deep chill
moving over the
letters
of
this
keypad.
I
have
the
words,
English
prefixes
giving
me
happiness
while
the
cars
fly by State Line
intersection.
We're
all
watching

the
show,

life
is

grand

here
in

the
cold.

The Grinding Chainsaw

A bottle
of
His Majesty Dry Gin
is
holding-up a
Bukowski anthology.
Neighbors down the street
cheer
above chainsaw growls
as
large branches fall to the
earth
&
dirt
which was
once
so giving.
The sun pelts my
skin
while I
sip
Colombian coffee.
Saturday afternoon
wind playing
plants
like
second-hand instruments.
I
wait
on
a
phone call to
fire
against the kitchen brick.
Holding still
while
the
phone leans patiently
and
we
 or
more tree branches
fall
 to
 the
 ground.

had
a
concept of love.

Her Name

Her name could be
freedom.

Her name could be
slavery.

Her name could be
two.

Her name could be
Janet.

Her name could be
mud.

Her name could be
angel.

Her name could be
Stacey.

Her name could be
tulip.

Her name could be
fire.

I'll call her the sunrise
if the
moon is
ever so kind
to
kindle her face.

Ripe
enough
to
attach
a
name.

Hill Of Shame

The last
cigarette
when
the mountain
deflates.
One more
bite
before
the tremor
hates.
List those
friends
on
some
bar room gate.
Some mighty
wait
for
the
disease
made waste
will
devour
your being
beside
a car in mountain green
on
a
hill of shame.

In A Chair Or On A Tower

The red light
on
the watering tower
twitches
lingers
tries
succeeds
to
tame
the flicker
white lightning
is
sending in
the
envelope
tossed
about the sky.
Through
the
blinds
passing wind
my focals,
we
communicate
together.
I'm
alone
the
tower is apart,
we
make
our peace.
Light
pact of knowledge,
pledging
allegiance
to
our
own world.
Co-exist
exist
be
touch
live
roll

forward

with

a

signal,
by

day
or

night.

We

wait

for
you

in
a
chair

or

on
a

tower.