

Rise of the folks

```
not until
the rains begin,
the temperature begins to drastically drop,
the sun is baking the world into dryness
will
i see everyone i never
thought i'd casually meet
walking,
riding a bike
or
strolling on a moped down
the
open road.
never when there
are
open blue skies
with the
weather of southern cal
in the air.
only when
disaster is on the brink
do the folks come out like it's
election day
and there is
celestial body
to vote for
that is more
worthy,
hot
and
available
```

than

the

sun

with

it's friend

the

cloud

and

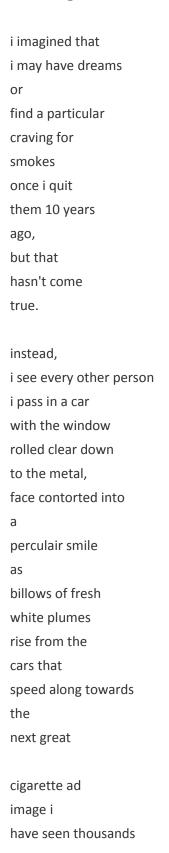
spits of

water

or

snow.

smoking world



of times in my life. and while the car blares on by down the highway of living, i never hear the cough or see a partial glimpse of mortality. just the sense that their world is spreading out in front of them like i don't belong as the future has a lighter held high and ready to light that fire whenever the tobacco swords rise in fuckin' dreamy unison.

The autisms

the only real
deal
you can
shake on with
autism
is that nothing
you know of
a
normal ride
around the block
with happen.

instead,
you will get assailed
with minute requests
to
find things
and be part of tiny games
that make no sense to the
rest of the
world
walking about
with their rules.

and it is within those pockets of moments that i realize i may be living in the best of possible human motions.

perhaps the autism kids of the world are going to

it's masked with
tiny dots of
requests
that
seem
harried,
insane.
but,
perhaps
it's
the
purest form of
human
around
and
50 years from
now
we
can
smile
knowing
we
discovered

lead us into the pure genius we always crave as folks.

and now,

the

truth.

not

in

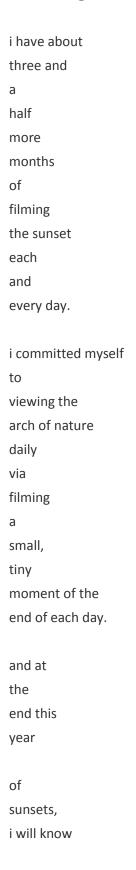
cure,

but

in

recognition.

sun thoughts



on the first
day
of
the new
year
how magnanimous
that final
sunset
will be
and
how
huge
the
next
sunrise will
be
blasting
me
into
a new
damn
day.
•

the globs of morning spiders

stand silent within their intricate origami of web just dangling like hungover vegas gambles as tiny cacoons of sucked dry bugs hang around their invisible apartment walls with the glints of sun coming up like a hot sward to wave them on into yet another new day of webs that will ensnare anything that comes near via fang or

poetic scrawl.

the old timer

stands oddly with arms cross over his long body tasting his bottom lip in the first day of autumn while his grandson waits with the american kids as the grandfather thinks its better here in the states than india, but where are the parents, or his kids on this morning when the dream should begin anew and summer is that forever arc that

will ensure
that
everything is smoothed over

as the bus
comes turning towards
the corner in
middle america
to take
the kids

off to get smarter, wiser about how

to live

these

things

in

adultland.

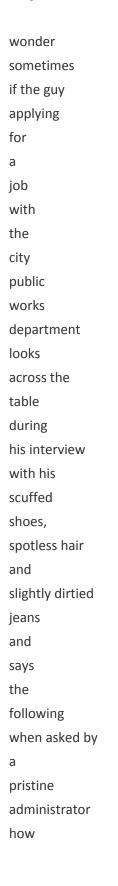
life's party logic

```
i had
to tell
mouthy,
ill tempered
kid at a 10 year old's
birthday party
my boy was at
think before
he speaks.
he looked at me confused
and
said,
'what do you mean?'
i told him to think about it.
and another parent behind me said,
'it'll make sense later in life.'
and with that,
the boy left the party room to
go out by the pool and scream,
acting like he was going to climb into the
lifeguard chair
as i
glanced towards my
boy
while he glided along
as though
this boy
```

didn't say
some
mean
things
about
how
he is,
which
is
probably
the
coolest

kid i'll ever know.

city shit



they
really qualify for
the
job:
'because
i shit every morning.
and
flush.'

thend.

dental tale

took my boy into
the dental
chair this AM
to get a small cavity extracted
and sealed up in
the proverbial chair.

as they put the strawberry flavored air on him to get the mind relaxed, he looked around and wanted to know how all of this was going to go down as i signed the agreement and said it was going to be fast like a set of tires changed on one of those sunday afternoon nascars.

he smiled,
and asked for a stack of football cards
from his backpack
as
the half lidded dentist
came in the room and
called my boy what he always does
in the cool, calm
dental man way,
'hey handsome'

then,
three nurses came in and
held down his arms
and legs.

from there, the moment began.

it was like
the moment my boy was
born
and my wife
waited on her bed for him to arrive.

loud lights, plenty of strnagers and it was done in a flash.

yet,
my boy wailed as
the weezing of the tiny saw
hit his tooth
and
my voice would calm him down.

once it was done,
he had a red balloon and a cup of ice cream
to start the decay all over again.

and the doc,
nurses and anyone around that heard the screams,
were quiet as they peeled way like a
line of ants doing what their brains thought,
and mouths refused to utter.

and was we paid our lump to the piper, my boy wanted nothing more than to let the bright red balloon go into the sky.

as the tiny tail was led way like a nooose over the pain

in the recent past, we left

like a couple of dudes that just sat on a bench and had a deep talk about extistentialism .. dental style.

the statistical slimness

```
of
getting pulled over by a cop
is enough
to keep
all the drivers in the world
at ease
as
they speed down the highway of life
nothing but a strip of road in front of their eyes.
and when i do see th
improbability of chance
shattered by
а
cop
with a car off to the side
of
the
road,
i usually look back to either catch
glimpse of the cop
person in the car
wondering if they
have any
idea how lucky
both of them are
to have a metaphoric
bolt of lightning
come stright down in the
array of
swirling lights
and
```

the
forced
exchange of
money
and
karma
that
has
suddenly gone
south
with todays
dow
dow
down.

The Nyquil Chronicles:

So, last night, my 2nd week battling a cold and taking the Nyquil in it's dreamy, cool knockout blend, I had some more deep sleep and vivid dream. I was in Washington DC. On some kind of jazz drip, I saw one cool thing I remeber. There was a machine out in public that allowed a person to pick any DVD they wanted to watch. From there, you went through a kiosk to pick a blank DVD and write down the name of the movie you want to watch. From there, the DVD is burned in a few minutes and you can watch. The other thing that went down in the DC dream was that I was in the Vice Presidents office and Chief Justic Sodasomaur was there and she was trying to play a sax solo while feeling heavy in heart. My brother also showed up at one point wondering where I was at and I was between a think glass partition writing down Washington DC on a page.

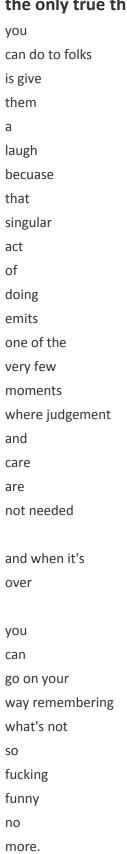
On another night, I had a terrifying dream that Rocky came back to finish his construction job out back. When I woke up in the AM, the crazy bastard had ripped down our steps going to the back yard and was beginning to build a new set of steps. The crazy ass had some hot hatched expolination as to why this had to go down and was rambling like a maiac. I told him he had about 60 seconds or so to leave before the cops were coming and doing what they should have done to him long ago. A hog tie and cannon firing to the moon.

Joan Rivers

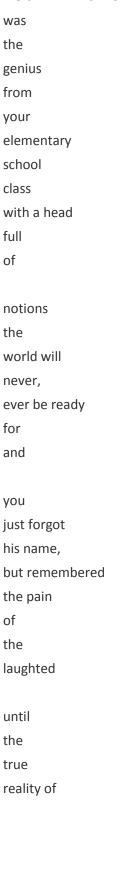
direction.

may have been the funniest woman to ever walk the planet and if you don't believe that, then you never looked close enough to know that she wanted to craft her image into something that was plastic to get your gut moving in the right

the only true thing



Robin Williams



this life settles in and you have to decide if you side with comedy or tragedy with that big shakespeare shadow coming down all over each of us as the sun gets blotted out by the most exquisite skyscraper on the planet.

Jazz Jedi Council

```
the real,
true jedi sages
of earth are all the old
jazz men
like
sonny rollins,
jimmy heath,
lou donaldson
and bobby watson
as they dispense their
world of
music
and travels
in an ease akin
to
fresh whiskey slipping out of
the nozel of the bottle
into a
glass
so haphazzardly placed
on the countertop in
а
moment of metered impromptu
and when
these cats
meet and
words meld,
```

they solve

everything that was once percieved as a problem, but was nothing more

```
than
а
forgettable nuiance.
so,
if we ever want the right
council of cats
make the world
bright, true and wise again,
hire
the old wise men of
jazz to
blare our world full
of
good stories
and
the
best music
this side of the sky
above.
```

the luckiest bastard in the world

```
an later, middle
age
old timer
got his moment in the retail sun
when he slid his
box of whopper candy
and a
fifth of
vodka
to the
eager kid in
а
bright red shirt
and
when asked
how he was doing today,
he said 'better than i sould be.'
and those words
roiled around my head the whole way out of the door,
into the car,
past the keys starting the engine
and a minute or so on
as i rode my wheels over the hot pavement
and saw him
leaving the exit of
the building
out into the
hot sunshine of the world
looking like
elvis was again alive in
some bob dylan soundtrack
```

while his shadow etched the faint outline of a panther

ready to stroll and

dig everything in the world

all at once.

the city workers

that have the daily routine of mounding up the piles of concrete that will become the hills of speed bump in road are a special breed of people that are likely chosen for the job by sage bosses keen on how to pay it forward.

cause these dudes
carefully crafting traps to
slow the world down
are the ones that got the
ass end of a bag of sticks one
too many time
and they

get the unique opportunity of giving it back with gusto to all the jerks, whores, tip rippers, criminals, and common jacklegs prowling the world way too fast

for a reminder
as good as a speed bump
to pull all back
into a tiny,
myopic focus

as the car
wobbles
like
an
animate short in the
middle

the sobering earthquake.

of

square eulogy

```
just saw
what was once a
vibrant, colorful
addition to society just
splayed lifeless in the road
under the gray cloud above
with glints of how it used
to mingle
in the back of the truck
and shine with
mysteries within.
and now,
it sits,
cold,
alone,
dilapitated and
void of
the
reason
the world once
held
for
the
end of a game show.
the
dead
cardboard box in the middle
of
the
road,
we mourn
for
```

you and all the corners you still cut.

mouse war

couple of weeks back,
my 16 year old boy
said he heard and saw
mice in his basement dwelling.

i had never really had mice in my life scurrying around the floors of my house.

guess that explained the cat looking into the air vents outside the kitchen for hours without movment.

so,
i mustered up the man of the house
mantra and
got the traps
filled with peanut butter set up.

and the movie scene was set.

the slate slapped and it sounded like a trap.

BAM.

SLAM.

WHACK.

within 30 minutes, i had snapped about 5 mice.

and over the course of this long weekend,

i took out over 15 mice.

i was the riled protagonist in the story angling to save my family from the dread of that mice family displaced in our home.

when the weekend was done, the sounds had gone away and the trash in the garage was the silent funeral while the renewed hum of the refrigerator that once didn't work was the sound of the memorial.

and life would get back to it's orignal roots.

without the mouse ..

for they went off into time's square in the sky to the master stuart little sitting in the huge chair in the cloud made of peanut butter and cheeto chips.

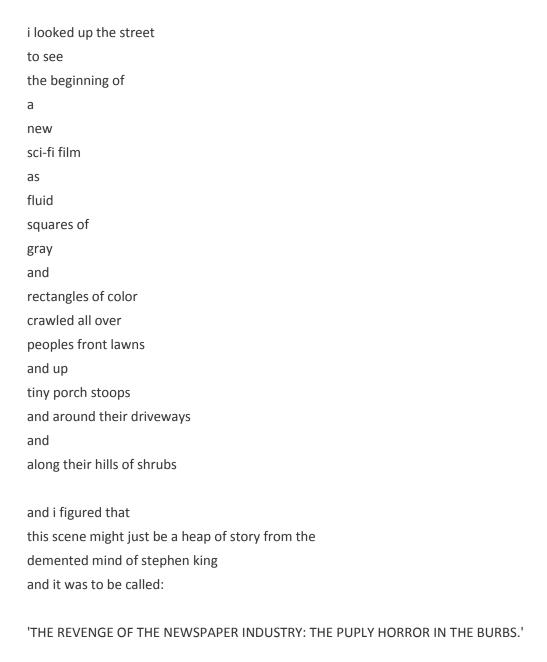
the AM water department men

sit in the front lobby of the municiapl water works office contemplating their liquid work of the day as the world went about in their moist ways full of swimming pool dreams and huge slugs of cold water that would hurt the throat and heal the world as the white ovals of egg boiled in the perfect water the water boys of morning made sure was going to happen as they carried on with the most important job

no one

ever thought about today.

sci-fi world



goosy logic

every single time
i see a long line of
geese crossing the rural street in
front of a gaggle of huge
monster trucks
or
patient audi cars,
i smile
like i'm hearing that
tune 'alone' by moby
again
knowing that it will
never every fade
away into bland

as
the procession of feathers
moves
stright into the future
as
i take hold of that needed pause
like
there is no where in the world
to be
but right there

watching that crowd of long necks wrenching around

like a shipment of land submarines on a mission to save this world

of

ours.

spider people world

every morning in august i become that one ingredient needed for the spider man creation.

as i walk over a stone path in the back yard to the pool pump, i get choked or gobbled up by an intricate origami of spider web and some fat night spider scurrying off into the grass like the hurricane just landed and it survived.

then,
i begin flailing about
getting the sticky film of invisibility
off my existence
and
on to the next
web free moment.

and it's then that i realize
peter parker
never expected the accident that
turned him into a hero in a mask.

and with this, feel my face for a second

wondering if later that
day i will be covered
under the cloth
and film of
night
saving
something
needed
saving

while

the morning spider laughs and feels relieved by my AM luck.

the local CVS pharmacy

has slowly turned into that dreaded world of DMV blues

as the teams of folks waltzing up to the shiny counter through the sparkling lit store and loud Muzak to get their drugs.

all start with their own sheen of content, then have their hopes dashed away as the zombies of purgatory in worn work shirts ask for birth dates and who they had talked to on the phone that promised them their dope would be ready.

and then the
breathing begins
and the work shirts begin the sweat
as the pharmasict expertly avoids eye contact
with anyone potentially getting their scripts

while the lights turn into glowering heat lamps and the music suddenly sounds backwards and demonic and the little candy bars watch you like nuzzles of guns

and

it's only a matter of time before someone yells next and

another dismayed customer walks away wondering how they
can avoid
this
place for another year
in
the
shadow of
the
DMV shuffle.

cheeky food

some days i bite my innner cheek so much it's like i forgot my lunch at home and the only way i'm going to make it through the day is to slough away at the fatty innards of my bloodied cheeck while the rest of the world magically floats by like а bjork video with sandwiches in one hand and delicious melted

ice cream

screaming in the other.

baseball cats

```
after nearly 30 years
of watching
dozens
and dozens of
baseball games,
i have
hit that
epiphany as
to
what
ballplayers are really like.
they're all cats.
they languidly waltz around the feild
prior to games,
innings
and play
like they have all the time
in the world
and
rushing matters would
crash the rhythm of life.
but,
once they have to throw,
hit
and run,
they are like raptorous
explosions bleeding profusely
towards the next moment
and
then,
```

they waltz back to the dugout to lay down or sleep it off.

just like cats.

and we have to feed and care for them like

self absorbed prima donnas

they

act like

the selfish,

every

minute

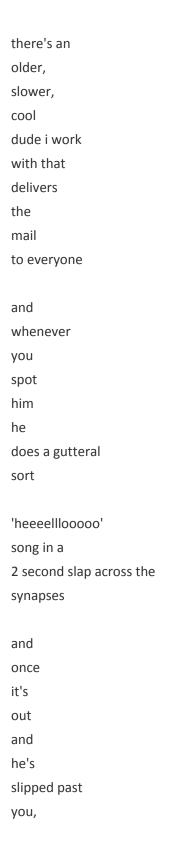
of

their

sporty little

existences.

heeelloooooo



there is that
lingering thought
if
that
actually happened
and
if he
could do it the same
way
again
and
the
deja vu
concensus
is
yes
and
with this
good-bye.