

Joefiles 15

1990s

Black is bountiful
White is Not Accurate
Yellow is Enlightening--
I'm more of an Olive color,
I feel fine--
Just like the rest of us should.

Arrow Of Geese

Massacred
naturalist,
save
a
droplet
of water
or
a leaf
off a Douglas Fir.

Fail
to
let
the bastards
prevail.

Let's watch
the
geese together,
huddling
in the trade winds--

Plunging an arrow
into
evil human hearts.

dusk.
The
cycle rises,
you
watch.
Pondering
a
clueless flight.

The Artistic Enigma

His first art exhibit,
he
couldn't be more thrilled.
In Toronto, Canada
his work is displayed in a Museum
and
everyone is in love with Drajo DaNalgo
and
his surreal works of art.

Next up,
an exhibit
in
the MET
in New York, NY.

"What was your poison of choice
there,
brilliant one."

"Dry red wine
at
times,
sometimes
a good bag of mushrooms."

"Do you think
alcohol and drugs are
a
beneficial or needed link
to
correspond to that center in the brain that
just
wouldn't respond otherwise?"

"Huh?"

"You heard
me
young coolie."

"Hmm,
well
It's such a fucking storied
and
stereotypical question.
Let me ask you,
do
you think I'm here because of that?"

"Well,
I wasn't insinuating that."

"What the fuck do you
really want to know."

"Alright,
you got it.
Would you trade your sense of self
for
the
career that has overtaken
your life as you know it?"

"No,
absolutely not."

"Think about it
Chap,
you
should give it some serious thought.
What does the soul really mean."

"Creativity."

"Excuse me."

"You heard me.
Creativity, Imagination
etc. Don't try to get
metaphysical or philosophical with my ass."

"Look,
if you can't question your world,
what do you have."

"Alright,
would you trade your
consciousness
for
just some beautiful woman
and material comfort."

"Doubtful."

"Well,
it's about the same fucking thing
you
asked me.
Why wouldn't you?"

"I don't have the
balls,
this is established."

The question for you
big shot
is
do you have the balls to
take the transformation."

"Look man,
it's not a question of balls,
it's the fact that some people are familiarized
and comfortable
with the existence they lead.
I happen to be that way
if I was painting or digging through trash to live."

"Tomorrow
is
a myth
my friend,
so prepare."

"Hell today is the myth,
I'm alive and ready.
I think I'll sleep tonight
so
tomorrow is today and today
is
the next day."

"Huh,
no wonder why you
fucking made it."

"Hey,
I live in reality.
Try it for yourself."

"Look man,
good luck."

"Yea."

So,
who would or wouldn't trade up their
position in life to be famous.
When you hit the root of that matter
you
separate the men from the boys.

Behind Your Eyes

Minutes
are
stark mad.
Women run
naked
dripping of red wine.
Poodles are fireworks
careening
over July skies.
Taxes are fiction
making the masses laugh.
Cream Cheese is
face cleanser
tearing pores into an added 10 years of life.

Straining
to
see
the world,
these events
have nothing to do with human intervention.
Their apart
&
adding
behind your eyes.

Bitch Stole My Kidney

Saw an
insanely ridiculous movie
last night.
Beneath the
mist of residue smoke
&
Thanksgiving Day juices.

Some cat
fucked a whore,
woke-up the next day
without his kidney.

It was so fitting--
He should
have to piss with full vigor,
the
movie was pure piss.

Oozing from
the
screen
into my eyes,
went to bed
languid
as a truck driver
feeling like my time
devoted to this flic
was
like losing my liver.

Fuck the transplant,
I
want my time back.

It's a crazy analogy--

Watching terrible
films
are
like losing any organ
in
your body.

It's a
bitch
indeed.

The Blood Wouldn't Let Me Sleep II

Night could
not die,
the
birds
were too strong.
Branches
wouldn't
bend
nor
break.

nothing would cooperate--

Dreams
were
loose with clowns.

Calm thoughts
crashed in
waters
too
cold
to describe.

When
the
minutes ended,
the
blood refused to let me sleep.

By This Brain

The rain
stole the night
day's fight
to
chase.

Humidity
released the clouds
wrangling
with the
moon
behind
the
sunny eye.

Ether
evaporates
on
grass watching
the
lake
wade
without music
the
hummingbird
creates.

My soul
listens to
nature,
more
futile
than
my heart
controlled
by
this brain.

Broken Wire Fences

Wooden floors
remember
the
echo
of
the
tire tracks played by feet.
Many
people
traipsing
about the horizontal
flow
of
music
moon
sensation
sex
gloom.
Over
the
pieces
of
printer paper
touched by fingers
fondling
currency
in
some
crisp lime green glaze.
Enamel
crisp--
Food
clean--
Liquor
heavenly--
We can watch the
television
talk
silently
or
engage
in
the
Miller Genuine Draft
neon
disappear
into
the
street cars
going

somewhere

into

the
ambulance scream

or

broken
wire
fences.

Better Make It To Work On Time

Round
the
chocolate brigade,
gather
the
mint addicts,
induct the steak eaters.
Raise
the
flag of John Q. America.
Eating into an
obese
sensation.
Desist
Applaud
the dietitian.
To the clothing outfitter
for
new sizes,
an award
coming
from your pocket book.
Better make it to work on time.

I Can't Be Caught Tonight

The night
has
swallowed
pieces of errant trash
one cat
three jalopies
two jugs of wine,
but
not
I.

Beside
my good side
sits
a
Christmas Tree.

Losing the luster
dead Santa Claus
one can
of
Coke
with dirty water
for the memorial,
Christmas
is
losing its mystical hold.

Now,
it's
pure warmth on this below zero eve
to
be in
my own home
with running water
to
enjoy
the
25th of December.

It took longer
than
I
thought.
Even though
no
Woman rubs my body
or
exchanges some witty commentary,
I'm

in
an
urban sunrise.

Time
has
beaten
back
the cold cocked night.

This darkness
of
tonight
can't catch me,
I
won't let it.

I

have

waited

much too long.

I should go out and moon bathe
for

the
nostalgia.

She Deserved To Be Called Christina

Chris was
one of the first
girls
to
open
their Pandora realm
when
I
got hired.

She had
such
an intriguing smile
beautiful features.

Torn by
parents
circumstance
that
she
weighed
between
heaven or no hell.

All alone
in
her mind,
she
filled the hall.

Emotionally
on a
salt grain,
intellectually
&
poetically
she rivaled
the accomplished.

Still residing
on
Wyandotte St.,
she
was
one of the few--

To open
in
the beginning,
leave the
mark of trueness

in
the
end.

I called her Chris,
although
she
deserved
to

be

called

Christina.

Clothes That Will Never Be Clean Again

Doing laundry
beside
old man McHide.

Shaking detergent
from long sleeve
Oxford folds.

Eyeing the gum ball machine
demolishing pop corn
with
short
release.

wife deceased
dog in the car,
I'm heading to the dryer
while
his gaze
hits small child
playing
Galaga.

He has no where
to
reside,
life is
riding mad--

On a train
to
LA
with no clothes
 two smokes
 three coffee beans.

I'm with you
brother,
washing
these threads
in
front
of
your past
you cannot accept as
your future,
for
life is not life anymore.

It's a train signal
of horror,

scabs called doubt.

Clothes
that
will never
be
clean again.

The Coffee Mistake

Words
drip
from the perforated ends
of
my bed sheets.
The night
hangs
around
like uninvited company
in
the
late hours
at
some hippie bar.
Large dump trucks slam into the manholes
sending
shades of
glassy noise
through my window.
The stairs
creak,
insects die
in
the
fall cold.
Laundry
collects odors
in
a
gallery of stink.
I
shouldn't have
drank
coffee
before bed
tonight,
for
this
will
not
end
until the
morning comes again.

"Conventions of reality
opened to the wounds of the world
form into the subconscious
bowing to vivid memories
churning on brain networks."

Creativity

Mexican
T.V.

Russian
Radio

Turkey
Newspaper

German
Tabloid

London
Talk Show

American
Music Program

flitting
flipping
frying

on
the
ground
in
the
parking lot
next
to
a
pot of water
that
doesn't care.

Dodge City Waltz

The heat
runs
different
in
Dodge City Econo Pad.

Room 109
stale smoke,
knock
on
the door.

A city termed,
"Heart of the West,"
it's business
it's being alone
while flat land winds
blow
akward chills
into
my
wrinkles.

Wrapped
around
wagon wheel spokes,
sent over
the
raw prarie.

Shoot some
blanks
pull a sunflower,
the
rake
rolls bleak.

My skin is bleakly dry,
let
the
lotion
induce some
smooth rhapsody.

Destroy The Blues

Cracks in the plaster
Rainbows rising inside misty sprinklers
Genuine art on the waning bridge
Happy marriage approaching year 17
Charity mentioned word-of-mouth by a stranger
Nature shows on T.V. after midnight
Walking bare footed in your own home
Music-Cigarettes-Pen-Paper

There are pleasures
in
life
that happen
to arise
to
destroy
the blues.

Pondering A Clueless Flight

Turntables
spin
high--
Tunes float
on
convalescent sheets--
Gray pigeons
land
on lavender benches--
burn
 burn
rightly
by the flame
of your
passage.
Listen to the luck,
look
into the open oxygen.
soft fingers
 rough toes,
that's
all you
got.
Make the
blaze of different colored paper
spread into
a
dream palpable
as
the spring dusk.
The
cycle rises,
you
watch.
Pondering
a
clueless flight.

The Future Was Him

Tediously
worn
thinking about
advancement
yesterday
current relationship--

He stripped his
clothing
rolled open the blinds
disconnected the phone
threw his pager against the wall.

Poured burgundy wine,
picked-out
some
vibrant chalk
&
wrote
about the floors.

"The 50's are gone--
Life-n-Death, are they the same?
Wasn't Uncle Sam a fucking great ad?"

He wrote a novel
on
the
floor,
pulled the
mop
from the closet
and
poured ammonia over the
ranting wood.

Cleaned his thoughts--

Physically
wiped the slate ,
clothed
caught a plane
to
Mexico
to talk
to
people
who had no names.

The future was him.

The Gunyon Run

Small child
sitting in an over-sized
wooden rocking chair
strumming
on
an
old 1967 Mexican guitar.
Brothers
huddled around
playing
the
back-up music
to
this
known child prodigy.

Tameka runs
to
me
in a frantic mess.
Crying
wiping the despair,
telling
me
in
broken sobs
that
she misses me.
I
miss
her
too.
She
can't talk
to
much of anyone.
I
can't
come back.
It's our dirt
to
spread
gently
in
front of our living property.
Hang
in
there
sunshine.

I
enter a room
with
a
watch on my
wrist
I
shouldn't be wearing.
It is much more
than
the
fact that I dislike
wearing
watches when I don't have to.
No,
I'm wearing this timepiece
that
doesn't belong to me.
Will they come
after me.
Mistaken identity.
Gross hangover.
Different city of some sorts.
I
cannot
tell
right
now.
I need
several more
reasons
and
a
couple
answers to hidden questions.

Round about
with
this woman.
She has some little name
she won't tell me.
I
squirm,
she
smiles.
I
love her
deeply,
yet

we
have
only
exchanged greetings.
The room is
red,
constricted and dank.
Blue steam
hangs
a
screen
i
cannot hardly bear,
yet
I
do
persist.
To peer
into
her
high cheek bones,
the
cigarette
in
her
plump fingers.
The
ring
hanging snug
on
her left hand,
2nd finger.
It
watches the floor,
while
she
looks into my eyes.
Her clothes are white,
her
skin is deep velvet.
We won't
talk
until
April,
it's November.
Love can be a pain in the ass,
but
this
is
fucking absurd.
My mouth won't move,
she
won't
leave.

We're framed by our own desire,
so
we
will
study our
features
and
this
room that changes by
the
month.
It's too early to speculate,
but
I
think
she
loves
me
too.
Suddenly,
I
crave tea and raw onions.
I
have
never had such desires for this type
of
food and drink as I do now.
I
guess
we
have
some
months to see if I'll like
the disparity
which
I
once
despised...

Different
venue,
on
some deep gray pavement
in
the
middle of New Mexico.
I'm smoking
some
test market cigarette that
has
no
name

&
needs none.
It's going to satisfy and kill in the same breath.
The radio doesn't work
in
the car
I
drive
walk
carry.
Heard there was going
to
be some insane siesta music
set
to
some
new sound
undefined.
Lost my glasses
too,
but
I
do
have one book.
One Who Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest.
We
fly
together,
I
have
no
time
to read
plus
I
have
already read this novel.

Laugh
with
me,
pages
of
white
for
the
time
has
come
to
take
the
train

we
cannot
leave.

t have to.
No,
I'm wearing this timepiece
that
doesn't belong to me.

Who Came Up With The Word Holiday?

In a one-floor home
off
North Central Oregon,
he
sits
next
to three pencils
 typewriter
 blush wine
 four chicken drumsticks--

Straining to
see
through the rain
from
his dank window,
to
see a healthy pigeon
or
a breaking lake in front of the mountains.

Enjoying this
scenery
&
tired of
the
word "day,"
he didn't
like the fact that
each new sunrise was called the same thing.

"Holiday"
he muttered.

Sometimes
it's
a
holiday--

Holi with a Day.

Meant to be
used,
not abused.

Preferably
used in
a cabin
off
the
pacific shores

in the springtime.

We Need To Be In The Car

What does stress
mean to you?
Can you withdrawal from
sleep for 5 1/2 consecutive night?
Will you unwrap a raw rump roast
without lifting your nose into a
twisty countenance?

Have 1973 model motorcycles
made you smile?
Does sleeping naked
next to a mate without razor sex
lift your soul?
Can you do without
alcohol for a solid month?
Has the skyline ever averted your attention
in the middle of rush hour traffic?

Answer high
low
behind a fence
on a rickety train track
in the middle of a closing well--
shout
into
the moisture,
build
a
dry wall about the music.

Let's jump
into
some poor,
yet efficient automobile
and
scream to the Pacific Coast,
California perhaps.

Laugh
your smiles
Lift those
thighs,
strapped to the kilt
wrapped by a luggage rack,
let's leave
and
tickle the skyline together
with a
package of raw hot dogs in one hand
&

an aged bottle of lemonade in the other.

too weak
and
pathetic
to
care

Over The Kansas Night

Small Chey
spoiled little princess
twisting
in
dragon slippers
and
three-feet of yours.

Push on the refrigerator door
pull my imagination tighter.

Sipping some beer
helping her make
a
neon necklace
while
a beautiful woman
rubs my back.

Snow falls proud
in
the
cul-de-sac
perfume is rising.

We
put
little one
in the back room
to
watch a show.

We
create
a
show
of our own.

Thinking along
the way
about sure innocence
&
collided time
over
the
Kansas night.

ucked a whore,
woke-up the next day
without his kidney.

It was so fitting--
He should
have to

Lease On Life

Cannot
bother to stop
going
across
blank pages.

Viewing the ball
spread ink
green
 paints
 copper tone
into
the
could be
mantra.

brain
shall
heed--

Hold firm
to
the cross bar,
look one way or the next
on the crosswalk
because
I'll be there
behind you.

Watching
that movie
late
at
night
or
speeding early to work.

I will find you
with ink,
black
as
pain
shot
through a hammer
rapping
on
your
hardened
lease on life.

Lovely Bones

Right beneath
the
fire,
grains
lodge into the red fibers
of
stretched loins.
Indian style,
listening
to
the
squaks of endangered birds
smoking
some
Herb's
laughing
for
the
love.
There is a woman
on
my
side,
we
have
no need to pick into petty shit.
She's too
cultivated and wise
to
raise her fist into nonsense.
Trimming each
other's
toe nails
and
pouring
some
liquid licorice
while
the
summer winds blow over the
brown land.
Enlightening
today
tomorrow
the week of the fifth
this second
the minute that passed.
Keep your clothes on beautiful,
I

think sex at this stage
could
ruin
the
air

Racism Died For A Time In Little Rock, Arkansas

Walking down
the
quiet urban street,
I
remembered the special
I
saw on HBO recently.
It profiled
gangs in the Little Rock, Arkansas
area.
I was
in Little Rock.
With a commercial cigarette in hand
and
the hope of diversity riding on my shoulders.

I then get into
a
rough neighborhood with
brothers
drinking their cronies
and
bitching with their honey's.

"Hey,
you need directions
there
hippie."

"Yea,
Berkeley is West man,
thata way
white boy."

I remembered this neighborhood
from
the special on TV.
Yellow house,
several crypts
and
no armor to speak of.

"Hey man,
weren't you on cable TV
about
a month ago?"

"Uh,
I don't know.
What do you think?"

"Hey,
let's cut to the quick friend.
I'm just a skinny white boy
from the small town burbs,
just
in for some friendly interchange."

"You pullin' some
attitude with me?
You can't be that
stupid
cracker
not to realize that
yo ass is outnumbered."

"Hey men,
I know.
I'm not here to pull any shit.
Can we put the fucking race shit
and
all that garbage aside and
talk.
Just talk."

"What the fuck you
want
to talk to us about mofo?"

"Anything men,
just not an expected match of
bickering that would arise otherwise."

"What motherfucker,
you trying to flick shit at us
in
that ed-u-cated white boy voice?"

"Fuck men,
No.
I felt the message of Martin Luther
and
truly respected Brother Malcom
like
no other man that has walked this earth."

"You know,
I
sense some sincerity
in
that white boy voice.
Whadaya drink
hippie."

"Any cheap shit?"

"That's all we got."

He goes up to the porch,
grabs a St. Ides
leans back in a fairly new wooden
chair on the front porch.
The night heat pelts down
on
this Midsummer's night eve.

"So honestly,
has
the gang problem improved any since
the
cameras came to town."

"The truth G,
no.
Me and my boy's still
back the
ammo.
You can't trust anyone
but
your own.
It's a god damned war
everyday."

"You know,
since we've already established
that I'm a skinny white boy from
the
suburbs,
I have no way to truly comprehend this warfare
except
from the movies I see.
You know,
Menace To Society
Boyz in the Hood--
Movies along those lines."

"Shit man,
those movies only
touch a little
on the problem
that we real folks have to deal with everyday.
It's always a push for survival.
That's why we can't fucking see past
your white
ass
or
the sunset that set's behind the settling anger."

"That's beautiful man.
I feel what your saying."

"Do you
boy,
or you just feeding shit."

"No man,
it's a different sort of
life than I have ever seen."

"Can you imagine the sound
of
bullets flying through the air
and
sirens non-stop?"

"Not really man."

"Well,
hang with us for some time
and
you'll have
to
live with this fucking bullshit."

"Let me ask you this;
what do you think needs to be done
to
end this problem?"

"Fuck man,
it's more than a problem now.
It's an epidemic.
I don't know.
I just don't know."

"Honestly,
no matter how big or small.
Just let me in on it."

"Alright,
it starts with the government,
then
to the fucking common folk
like
you that has no idea."

"Keep on
my friend."

"Look
white gallon,
I could just go on with a whole load of muthafucking shit

that will
just be words.
I have no time for words
when I'm looking out for my life."

"Right on,
I see your point.
What can I do."

"Nothin' man.
You just did more that you can
imagine
by talking a little with us."

"Alright.
Hey,
what color am I?"

"What the fuck.
Whadaya me man?"

"What color am I?"

"White."

"Wrong man,
this could be a part of your problem."

"You fucking with me
you
little weakling?"

"No
my friend.
Listen,
I'm more of an olive-tan
color
and your more of a golden brown.
We're neither black nor white."

"Go on."

"In other words,
we're not what we're termed as.
It's not as clean cut as the stereotype
would like to have it.
I'm one color
your another
and
so is everyone else."

"I see man."

"You know,

we all exhibit
our own color
and
we lose when we fall into the white-black trap.
Your men have
individual personalities
and
personas.
Your problems and joys
that differ
from me and each of you."

"Your not half bad."

"Your not bad at all,
my brothers.
Yea
curse me.
Your my brothers.
Everyone is
because it's not a white-black issue.
It's about humanity."

"Play
that harp white boy.
You hit it
right on."

"I'm not here to
establish a fan club.
It's the reality and truth
I
live in.
So,
if the cameras
come by
tell them what we send."

"You got it man."

"Take care
my friends."

The white boy
walked down the
street,
picked up an old copper coin
that
wasn't exactly copper or silver.

"Did you catch the drift
of
that white boy."

There was silence,
no one responded.
They knew
at least for five minutes
if not longer
that
they weren't black
and
he wasn't white.
A lesson
education
and society
fails to teach in schoolroom's or grocery store's.

The white boy,
who seemed to appear from no where
turned around
and
gave them a peace sign.
The day
was new for the golden brown men
on
the porch.
Racism
died for as long as they wanted it to.

o flick shit at us
in
that ed-u-cated white boy voice?"

In the year 2008,
the McDonald's corporation
will start failing badly,
coming near bankruptcy.
Instead of closing restaurants,
they close
Ronald McDonald Houses.

Misty Flow

Away from
Liberty,
caressing freedom.
Unchained
from
the
dependence,
ice water
has
a
new vibe.
Crazy in lust,
for
wanton moments
come & go
whichever way
the
mist
may flow.

Lost The Matchbook

The smoke
from
the end of her cigarette
did not emit
until
I pulled out my fire
to
respond to her tease.

Twice,
maybe three times
she
came-up to me
on
the Friday evening
with
lanky
Virginia Slims 100's Menthol
hanging from
her
hand.

Eventually,
caught
the
chew of her food,
handed her
a
book of matches
for
future luck
&
better pick-up lines.

The crazy turnabout,
or
irony
if you may--

I ended up
making out
with her several times
beneath
the vibrating mirrors
glistening bottles.

She wrote down
her
number
in lipstick
on

the inside of a book of matches.

I have since lost
the
matches,
and
I'm sure
she
doesn't own
the
matches I gave her.

We left even,
yet minorly enlightened.

It was a gleeful evening
at
the
bar

after

all.

New Birth

There were
16 seats,
shroud of
lighted cities,
cold
winter air.
1984 unfolded,
snow
was
going down below.
An express bar
into
a
small airport
slid on
plastic ropes.
Exit signs
that went to-n-fro
instead of
up-n-down.
Abrupt take-off
seedy landing.
Skeletons
are
cold
the
black is cold.

No Title

I've seen
the
bottom
of thunderpits.

Envisioned
insane rains
sweeping over
fields of
intense fire.

Walked
over rubber wheels
eroded to the fibers
screaming
for oxygen.

Listened to
sounds
that have
ruined
my toes
&
torn my hair.

Existing for
the
time,
to
never speak
when
I
have left.

silence in the raid--
beauty in the solitude--

your own home
Music-Cigarettes-Pen-Paper

There are pleasures
in
life
that happen
to arise
to
destroy
the blue

Now This One Is For You

You mean well,
as far as
a
Monk can see.

You cook
bake
clean (clothes and yourself)
have jobs
exercise at times
don't smoke
love you child.

Society
and
family love you
with
a
railing yelp.

On the other side,
you
cling
like those cocka burrs
that
stuck to my corduroy pant
I
owned when I was a kid.

You bend
your legs to undue proportions
to
contort bullshit,
cry
when times
are
set to the tone of joy.

Why do you rant,
covering-up
naiveté
and
loose lumps.

Smile for your virtues
work
on
the drama,
there's
an
audience--Yes.

There
is
no response,
it
went out with the 1940's
quick
and
regretful.

We weren't
made
for
the
stories
we make,
fiction
or
reality.

So,
keep cooking baking cleaning (yourself and clothes) have jobs exercise
don't smoke
love your child,
your
one arm hanging swing from
the
tree
in other respects
is
on a limb that is much too weak
and
pathetic
to
care

or

respond

baby.

Next To Me

Devoted
to
women,
not one in
particular.

Flowers
I
harvest
in
the
A.M. bed.

Snooze
away,
I
want to
touch
when
I
should be at work..

I want to kiss
when
conferences
are
called.

I need no coffee
when
she
rubs
my
back.

Another
legal drug
that
makes
me
so
free.

Released from
the
web
to
admire
women
 woman
 her.

Glorious
in
speech
 clothing
 naked

next to me.

The One Thing

Lean
forth
to the
wayward breeze.

Failure
&
Success
mean something
to me.

The rise
&
fall
of the boulder
will
shed or contribute,
stand close
to the chance for each.

Respect
the
fall
--yea or nay--
in your
burrowed cheer
for
it is not correct
to
judge the hour of your
decisive slice.

It could rise or fall,
emotions
tend
to
do
so.

Keep the
breeze at hand,
aim straight
at
the face,
each mean
one
thing
or
the next.

Wait for the next

revere (or disregard)
the One Thing.

It's On Track

Alive on
pickles
 wine
 slips of paper.

Woe be gone
on
wheels
that
spin
steadily
yet close.

Hanging
clothes pins
from
finger tips for luck,

charades
in
the illusion
most
of the
time.

Good movies
 Quality music
 Paint tubes
 Lovely women--

Keep
this monorail
straight
on
the
current.

Bound
for
I
don't know
where or when,
but
it's
on track.

Orange Avenger

Orange avenger,
leap from my childhood comic book
to lick wine
and
smell French tobacco.
Roam about the halls of
my apartment,
set fire to the
large pieces of empty wall
&
eat spoonfuls of
golden coffee grains.

Then,
rip the skin
around your ankles
bleed on the counter
urinate on the porch.

For
the finale,
paint your eyelids
&
the ground around you.

Jump up & down
shouting,
"I'm an insane orange man,
the world has made me mad."

Run into the foyer,
leap back into
comic book world
to kick
enemy fucks
&
screw
masochistic women.

Plastic Furniture,
Knock On Wood

Quail song
over
the plastic furniture,
rise like cloth
to
sensual sounds
&
frugal adventures.

Teach the fuck
of
midday,
their failure
in
materialistic drug rape.

Chastise
their evolution,
throw them
a
good book.

Oh,
plastic furniture
form
into
wood
&
know for this sector of humanity.

We would
rather not
see
this
again.

Radio

On this
replica
of a
\$1,000.00 bill,
I
write
some poetic truth.

Distributed by
AM South Bank
"The Relationship People."

I think
back to
where this stack of
memos came from.

It was given
to
me
by
an old
DJ at
KMBZ-980,
while
I
did production nonsense
for
a
sports show.

Now,
I'm not
in
radio
or
sports.

My fond
memory
dates
back to this
man
giving
me
a
simple gift.

Nothing broadcasting
could
provide.

I
smoke
write
relic about being out.

Some Natural Poetic Glow

On the window sill
below
white blinds
the audience waits.

For
sleep
 dreams
 reach
will
come
alive
in
the dead of the air.

Life will
hail the REM,
stages in sleep will
resemble
acts
in
a
play.

I will
awake
hours
after the show,
open the blinds
&
clean the mess of the
spectators.

Perhaps
I
will
render
to
some
natural poetic glow.

Shall You...

Stop Smoking
Quit Drinking Alcohol
End That Cussing
Don't Worry Anymore
Cease Drinking Coffee
Squelch Sexual Freedom
Lock-up Your True Thoughts.
Believe
in
the
norm,
run
on
the
resurrecting sky.
Nestle
next to
branded shrimp,
do the inevitable
&
listen to
some messages.
Heed to your voice,
we
will
all
die
sometime--
Blue
 is
 Blue
Sound
 is
 Sound
Divine
 is
 Divine--
Shall you quit truth
or
question the reality?

In The World So Silent

Silence
by
the rise of
white dust
in
urban squall.
Noises
become
slow
extinction,
snow
makes but an utter
into
the
soiled puddles
and
rising moisture.
The sound
of
few
on some midnight
runaway,
holding
onto clothing
wretched from teasing & tearing.
It's but
a
congenial tear
falling
to
the
wooden floor,
on

the

outside

in
the
world
so
silent.

Some Air To Breath

The wind
beats
against
the
glass on window hangs.

clank
 clank
 clank

Clear
over the
1:14a.m. car door.

On the bed
in
the
middle
between
two dense logs
squeezing my lungs
into
little oxygen
I refuse from the world.

Give it
to the children,
they deserve it more.

Throw it to the runner,
he
might
win a race.

Let me
breath as I may.

I would loathe
to
know
that
I have contributed
to
anymore human destruction.

Destruction
against
man
 child
 woman
 bridges

seas
hills
crab grass
stratosphere

You--
you
lean on a
clear bubble of time.

tick
tick
tick
next to the window
giving
me
some air to breath.

Southern Shores Of Thought

So tired,
languid
is
an
abused term.
Drained
over the
strainer,
the linguine
is
stale.
Wretched in
simple thought,
angels
fall
asleep.
Lying in bed,
the
caboose
is
standstill.
Rest
is
for
the
weary,
while
music
listens
closely
to
the
flute of silence.
Raining
into
a
corner
on
the
Southern Shores Of Thought.

This Wouldn't Be Long Enough

All she needed
was five dollars,
to get
smokes
coffee
gasoline.

Wiggling about some
economic forecast
that
was
fiscal shit.

She didn't
whore about
or
shout in despair.

She went
to
the
bank,
took out
a
loan for \$25.00.

Had enough
to
last 4 days,
this wouldn't
be
long enough--

Cause
it
never
is.

You Do Tend To Tell The Truth

Kneel marks
where
the
action
used to bang
about
the
walls.
Lay down
erect
where
poverty
was
once
an
honored profession,
for
the
select few
in
the
eyes of Government flaws.
Light a match
on
the
spot of sidewalk
once
pounded
by
the
most
fucked-up
rich
man
to
walk
the
Kansas ground.
Become
you,
turn into
a
reality.
Don't play
into
the
vision
they
inject.
Submission

is
sloppy poverty,
passive acceptance
to
the
blind
is
to
pluck your eye balls loose.
Let
yourself
speak freely
here
&
there,
it
does
tend
to
tell
the truth.

Spine Tale

Train tickets
taped
to
my
oak book case.

Old Bologna
hardening
in mustard
on
an
Aztec tablecloth.

Paints
oil-acrylics
dry by the heat of
feathers
waving
off
wooden furniture.

Coffee brewing in
a
pot
--7 1/2 cups possibly--
next to orange juice
set to be
dipped in toast.

Rising
in a glass
honoring the good humor
&
sick laughter.

Life will
duplicate
on my spine.

Vini Vidi Vici

I
have
no
more
Marlboros.

When & If

When your eyes begin to water,
stop smoking for an hour.

If you watched a beautiful woman leave the room
& you failed again to hit her with some words,
don't go home and masturbate.

When an asshole nearly runs you off the road,
don't flip him off.
Turn up the radio and wave proudly.

If you see racism going down in front of your eyes
in some family restaurant,
interfere--justice is pure.

When you judge another's artistic creation,
have respect & insight.

If you break a friend's possession,
just fucking apologize and make it right.

When your car goes into the shop,
appreciate it each day you have it when it's fixed.

If cats piss you off,
get a dog.

When the water is shut-off,
go to the liquor store.

when & if--
There
is
usually
some
way
out.

Somehow, They Will Enter

They enter
the
liquor store,
they
leave
wondering
what could happen.

A weak man
enters
a
fitness gym
he
saw on the way home from
work one night.
Enters the
maze of steel & posters,
leaving
feeling
worse than the most cowardly
bastard
in
the
bar you once went to.

Music
requires your mind,
Life
requires much more.

Mini Mall
on
the banks of Indonesia,
blow up your existence.
Your
beauty
lies
in
much more
than
you
can ever envision.

Think much
Drink much
Love much
Write much
Eat much
Sit much
Stand much
Work much,
I
Live
Much.

I really don't
hate
politicians,
I
just
feel sorry for them.

Regular
processed
thought
makes me sad
for
humanity.

We all
need
a
good mate,
it's almost like
catching
a
memorable
taxi.
There
always seems to be an oppressive heat
or
insane cold.
I
just
want
to
find
the middle.

The end.
It's Over.
Good Night.
Nice to see you.
Take care.
See you around.
Keep in touch.
Write Me.
Ciao.
Hasta Luego.

Be f r e e.

Won't Be Too Far Behind

Men and Women
feed sandwiches
&
soup
to the
homeless
on
the
curb.

A midwife
smiles
across the room
in
New Mexico,
another
tiny
human creature
is
upon us.

Sir Smith
has broken
the
cell phone
&
living room window
in
his chance
to
calm
his
personal murder.

Editor Assistant
stamps the approval notice
on
another
mangled book
that
will
hit
Wal-Mart book shelves.

At different
strokes
of
time
in the
same country,
one has to

wonder
what the hell is going on.

Normal is extinct--
Madness is called virtue--

Personal anarchy
won't
be
too far behind.

The Whole Western Kansas Story

So,
who owns
these pictures?

I
do.

"Hmmm,
nice
shots
there,
Al.

"Appreciate it."

"Who's
this?"

"It's not 'who's this',
it's
'what's this'.
Well,
a pasture
in western Kansas.
They say
shit goes down in that patch of the world.:"

"No shit,
like
what Al."

"Oh,
you know.
Shit."

"Don't tell me some alien horseshit
goes down there."

"No man,
they farm and cultivate
year round
for
one thing there,
Kid."

"Tell me already."

"Beans,
Navy Beans."

"Is that it.
You played this shit up
to
tell me that all that's going down
in
this fucking pasture is
Navy Bean production."

"No,
you don't even have a clue.
It's more
than that,
Chief."

"We'll come back to it,
how
about this shot."

The shot
this
person
is asking Al about
contains
a young woman,
mid-twenties
next to a rusted-out
1987 Ford Taurus.
Bikini
smile
long stretch of road behind her back
Arizona State Welcome Sign on the side of the road.

"Who's this."

"Let's get back to
the
Navy Bean thing."

"O.K. Al,
let's do."

"She worked on that farm.
I picked her up
about
5 weeks ago on my way West.
We've
been together every since."

"No shit
Al."

"No shit
Poncho."

"So,
what's the story now.
What brings
you to Portland
and
where
is
this woman
and
what's her name?"

"Her name
is
Hazel
and
she's back at that motel
off the edge of the city.
She's
is some sort of melodic trance today.
Sunday
always does something to her.
It's that whole issue
about the mystique of the Navy Bean production in that pasture."

"Tell, tell me about it
Al."

"Look man,
I just came by to pick-up that
box of books you had in the ad.
This block of time in my life
isn't devoted
to divulging into issues
that are better left unsaid."

"You pulled these pictures out
Man,
I'll probably never see you again in my life,
give
me a shot of adrenaline for the day."

"Alright
Raspy,
get ready.
I'm gonna let you have
the
full course."

"You got it
Al."

"But first,
grab those books,
this is going to take

a
while."

"Sure man,
I'll be right back.
Don't sneak out,
I have to hear about this Kansas shit.
I hear some weird happenings
go
down in that area."

"You got that right
Racy,
get those books man.
I'm
on a schedule."

"Pronto."

Al swivels
his neck
around to get a better look
of
this 2 bedroom Portland home.
He's feeling the effects of
the road
and a dizzy sensation about the condition
of
his new found love.
Our little entrepreneur
toddles back into the room
with the box full of
antique books.

"Alright man,
spill your beans
Al."

"Look dickless,
don't make a joke out of this."

"Hey hey,
just a slip of the tongue,
a
clever unintended pun,
cool it."

"Alright,
so let's get back to that stack of pictures.
I need to show you one more
to
give you a better insight
into
the

litany of this mystique."

Sifting through
the stack of Kodak paper,
Al
finds the picture
that will complete this triad
and
hang a mighty colorful backdrop
to
the issue at hand.

"Here,
you see this picture."
He holds up the
picture at eye-level,
about three feet away from
our
devoted bookman.

"Yea,
what the hell is it supposed to be?
Let me get a better look
at it.
Hand it over,
Friend."

"Not so quick
Hemmingway,
you'll only be more clueless
the closer you get to this shot."

"Divulge Divulge
Al,
I have no idea."

The contents
of this picture include:
Tractor (Bright Red)
Sunny afternoon, Blue Sky background
Young man, late-twenties behind the wheel of the machine
The field around him, mostly cultivated dirt, has tiny green sprouts
poking out of the ground--

"What is this
supposed to signify?"

"This fellow
in the shot,
was Hazel's companion
in the operation.
I hear he's after me now."

"What the fuck is

going on
Al.
What was brewing between this couple
in
this field."

"Well,
where do I start."

Al began
at the beginning,
short of breath,
he
moved slowly.
Not for dramatical effect,
but
this whole scenario has
taken it's
crazy course in Al's mind.
Then,
Al takes out a cigarette.

"Mind if I grab
some smoke in here?"

"Go ahead my friend,
there's an ashtray by your left arm."

He strikes a matches
inhales slow and easy,
looks
at Bookman
and continues.

"So,
after the FBI
caught wind of the whole
scheme nature and this couple
were creating on this small plantation
in
Western Kansas,
it
was time to re-evaluate reality."

"Keep on
keep on
Al."

"Hold up,
one more picture,
this will save me from
spilling out too many words.
First,
where's your

pisser?"

"Hallway on your right,
second door on your right.
There's no lights in there
so
use the window to the best of your ability."

Al leaves,
Bookman sifts quickly through
the
remainder of the pile.
Amazed
and
uneasily intrigued,
he
drops the stack of pictures
on
the cluttered coffee table.
Al
comes
back from the john.

"Hey man,
you have to go
NOW."

"Whoa whoa,
what's up?"

"I could give a shit
about the rest of this hoax,
leave IMMEDIATELY!"

"Hey fucker,
did you pilander through the
rest of that stack?"

"N n o
man,
just take off.
I got shit to take care of today.
Grab your books,
go back to Hazel
and continue this saga on your own."

"Look you fearful cock,
you just exposed your mind to the rest
of
a
story that required my explanation.
Hey,
fine.
I'm gone,

but
if I hear any word of this hit any media outlet
in
this area.
I know where 4781 Kennedy Ave. is
and
my mind is as sharp as a needle in a crochet kit,
so
you have been processed and marked."

"Look man,
this your life,
I'm living mine.
That's why I want you out
NOW."

"You better not be yanking
my bad end.

"No Al,
as calmly as I can convey this message:
GET THE HELL OUT."

"All right
Hemmingway,
one report
and
you'll know the full thrust of this story
and
the parameters of your mortality,
so
keep reserved."

"LEAVE."

Al
saunters out without an escort
or
farewell.
Climbs into his
Ford machinery,
lights up another Camel
starts the engine
and begins to feel the rise in his
chest.
He's going
back to the hotel room
and
the strategic point between heaven and hell
he
has dug for himself.
A beautiful
dedicated woman,
without a guarantee

that
he will live to see tomorrow.
As he
drives down Kennedy Ave.,
he
wonders to himself
what whole story really is.

In Your Own Pool of Blood

She works for the Government,
has
a large badge
and
two bits of money
jingling in her pocket.

Across the large
department store she goes,
on a subversive mission
to
catch the shadow on her trail.

The shadow,
6' 4 1/2"
dark black hair
high eyebrows
bad joints about his burley body.

How has
the job,
so cherished with detailed paperwork
come down to this,
she wonders to herself.

Fires raging in dumpsites out back
Cows giving birth to the food chain
Marmalade ice cream served to sporty Tommy for a superb game.

Here she is,
special agent K
roving the aisle of designer shoes
for
the sunset that is ready to go down on the soles of her pumps.

Has the
secret gotten out,
doubtful.

Onto the main concourse,
the
open air of the mall.
Sunlight
Bad Boy's
Lava Lamps with floating ice.

She goes into the pop corn shop,
Caramel and Cinnamon
quickly
she tells the attendant,

there's a shadow on her mind
she needs to catch.

With pop corn in hand,
things are easier.
Wait,
she needs a refreshing beverage
to
wash down this commercial food.

Medium Pepsi
to go,
no lid
or straw.

On past virtual music stores
wig shops
Cosmetic World,
the
shadow is on its ways.
Fidgeting to feel her miniature gun
and
larger silver badge,
the
bust could go down in front of infant toddlers
barely able
to
count to five.

Into Sears,
down the escalator,
sweat beads
fall off her lip
into her mouth.

How's Washington, DC doing anyways?
I
hope grand,
this
shadow
won't let me think about much else.

Down the flight of steps,
Agent K
is looking for the exit from this mantra of
shops
and
insanity.

Fantastic,
there's
some light there past the Women's Lingerie
section.

Grabbing the steel handle
with one hand
and pushing with her wrist
with the other on the glass to open air and another world.

The hand lies down
on
the focal point of her shoulder blade.

"The chase is over
honey,
it's me your looking for."

Without looking over her shoulder
or
a twist of her ankles,
"Stop there asshole,
I have some ammo.
Follow me
with your hand staying right where is resides now."

Through the parking lot
to
an open field
within view of the eye,
they walk silently.

Built for speed,
this
woman makes it known that she means pure business.

Up the slight slope,
to the field beyond.

"O.K. Mr. Persuasive,
take your hand off slowly."

She whips around,
pulls out the hand pistol
and
quickly guns down the fuck
without any recourse
or
exchange of causalities.

Writhing for several more
breaths of air,
she watches
lights up a Cigar
slips the lighter back in her pocket.

Single black female
with
a

badge,
Government upper-hand.

The Government and
Agent K
had a problem.
Now it's gone.

You want to know
who
went down with the thrust and power
of
three super charged bullets?

It was you--
John Q. Public,
nosing around the Government's goods.
No crime committed,
just a shadow.

Watch out
who you follow
in a mall
and
what you lay your hand on.

You may never have
any time to explain your actions or that average shadow.
Although,
you may get a chance to inhale several more breaths of oxygen
while
you struggle in your own pool of blood.

ur my brothers.
Everyone is
because it's not a white-black issue.
It's about humanity."