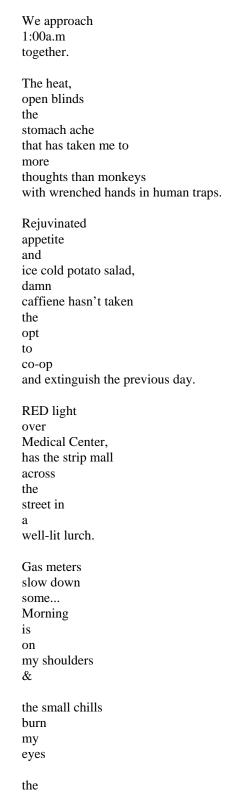
## thoughts of insomnia



color of towers

that blink in thoughts of insomnia.

## **Kodak Barrels**

Tubs of Kodak print, lifted from the top surface of metal barrels-

Rolling over west winds for the park visitors to marvel.

To keep attention & keen hindsight.

They relive the rapture humans re-create as the summer solstice approaches and the equinox eve waits on your deteriorated patio.

## I Should Later Explain To You

When the black arms swayed, a brass leg beat two bells in fury.

Come to mind, lift a new and reminiscent line--

Talk to the neighbor dog, scratch a full scalp.

Crack wide the book that has you on thought so new & old you cannot decide which.

The white plastic trunk feels scientific pressure, morsels of chemical reactions bury your body.

To arise the *within*, haggle for the rain.

Pieces of unknown paper and scattered pennies on the floors spark thoughts that had nothing to do with their existence.

A bundle of insomnia at NooN,

my mind needs no raft--

Currents pull-me below to a world I should later explain to you.

## Louder Than Love

Back on the mouth organ, shit crumbles beneath the wavering thought--

Sun beams of past forgiveness, the road shall begin again.

West into
East,
back around a rotation
that stimulates
toes of aloe,
Big Pills of Vitamin A
roll in laughter.

Malnutritioned remorse, the busy boulevard reminds me of the weeks that lasted for years which have been lived & need a new visitation.

Visitation in sunflower vases tipped on skittish floors

louder

than love.

## Mail Man To My Door Step

Drizzle
on
strokes
of cloud-
Time has
taken days
into months,
my fatigue
has
stretched my thighs over tight muscles.

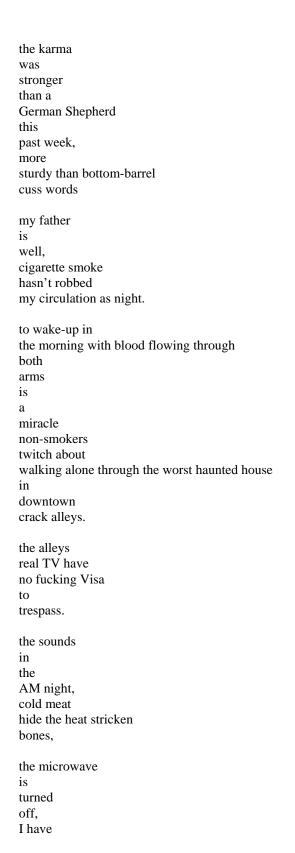
The mind
of
held thoughts
&
better attempts.

To try & ink a meaning, another author stole an \$800.00 cup of mocha without paying.

the business of art, the commerce of writing--

We keep on thinking, the check probably won't come in the mail.

## I can't speak of the masquerade



```
too many places
```

to go.

Yea, one helluva week for karma to flash her new gown

to the string quartet. . .

getting ready to replace the bow or chase a couple of worn down strings.

## Mean An End

You want to know what it means?

Come closer, closer to yourself and the heat I release-

Let the stiff collars droop and tell me what the object or question is that needs to be explained.

Don't ask about life, ask what is inside life.

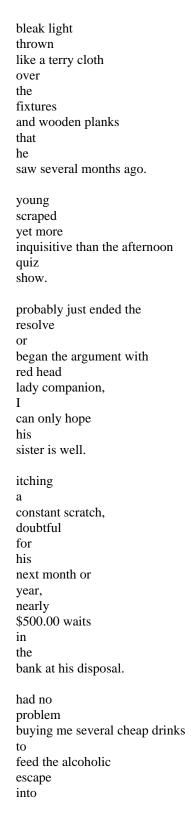
Ask about laughter, the madness which consumed Mussolini.

Hell, don't be shy about the 'means,' there's an end on my tongue and it wishes to seek death and subtle rebirth.

A dose of questions have a fair (maybe) shot

for the end.

# miracles rarely come with an empty hand



## fresh trees last Wednesday night.

he gives
with the desire
for
love that is possessed so
rarely in this world
of
too much,
he
searches
for
wisdom.

the wisdom he
won't admit
in front of certain people,
even if
they
are mirrors
of
his own reflection.

i'm sure he
just
patched up the leak
with
his
woman,
while the parking lot
lights
smile--

he'll find it someday, hell

he has too.

miracles rarely come with an empty hand.

## **Music Is Here**

SEVERAL MORE HOURS AND THE MUSIC WILL GET LOUDER.

BLACK SKIES, THE DEATH OF BIRDS & GROWTH OF INSECT TREES, THE MUSIC WILL GROW STRONGER.

SILENT CHURCHES FIRE IS BOARDED-UP VIOLIN STRINGS GRIPPED, THE RISE OF MUSIC IS ON ITS WAY--

WAIT TILL THE DANCE IS DRAWN ON A MAP OF WHEELS, HER BEGGAR FRIENDS WE'RE ALWAYS BETTER OFF THAN THE THIEF.

GUILT REMOVED, THE MUSIC IS HERE.

#### New Take On The Nose

The nose of many great itches--

Drippy for Autumn crowds, cold as the winter green dies in oxygen overload.

Lent by cheek sockets, I know a way around the left-hand turn.

Raised by the buxton, defeated by naughty nutrients, the nose has a lot of thought that others have felt.

It gives the upper lip a volcano translucent orange to repeal.

Needed for the morning water well, the nose has caught the scent old rovers must forget.

Raised by the rule, extended about my road.

Life presents

a barrage of questions at certain times you just know the responses to.

#### Survived, but Just couldn't Smoke

The brooms that go over the trash dumpsters in the far east village of New York City.

Some brothers and white folks look for some edible trash to sell or devour in a hunger craze, at the same time they keep a set of eye balls in the back of their head for some pimp motherfucker that might decide to take them out in a drug-ridden craze that wouldn't actually be anything personal against these survivor going through the trash.

My car
has died in the middle
of
this American wasteland
in the most dangerous City and part of the city.
Too pre-occupied
to smoke a cigarette,
I
hold on hope
that the engine will turn
I won't get killed
and
that I'll have balls enough to smoke the cigarette
once
I get out of this scenario.

One of the brothers behind a sign that is deterring my plane of view found a fountain glass of old vanilla ice cream. He pulls the glass close to his lips and let's the malted sugar float down his throat.

He smiles laughs and waves on the boy's to do their work on me.

Shit, that's all I can think.

The car still doesn't turn over.

These boy's are scattered around the corner in some ratted-out piece of nothing vehicle that spits muffle juice and is coming straight at me. The guns cocked,

I cooked in a pot of undefinable water.

Believe it or not, the engine finally starts. Into 'D', I'm off as gun blasts hit the corner panels of my car.

Down the street, I pull out a cigarette and decide not to smoke it.

## One Taste

The darker we become, the more they want in.

To walk in the laughter, maul their last breath with vitality they won't be able to use--

As the evil jumps free, they want to have a peek.

Into worlds we cannot visit from earth.

An end to regret, they would rather settle for fear.

Prostate, crawling on elbows-n-knees they found something new, raised from black marbles in clean tan molasses.

How slow it rolls, they desire just one taste.

## other places

```
half package
of Kool King filters
     3 tapes
       one pencil,
women of
Arabia
sail over the
branches that
wait for more color--
Not too many
articles
of
substance
to
sustain
my physical race,
the speed of 100 hungry beggars
racing for
stack of roast beef--
I drag along
their stride,
grumbling in my stomach for the art of life.
Away from
  canvas
   paper
the
cluttered sentients of other places.
```

#### Deep Blue Swimming Pool

```
the dreams
that unveil their
story,
personal
bits of some past
dream that had several hours
speak
speaking of the America
live in
and
the violin strum
that
speaks louder than the paint
throw on jeans
shirts
the
canvass stacked in the living room closet.
closed
for
the
night sparks,
open in the grapefruit Rhine's
purchased
by young women
for bleeding hearts
seem to be healed by losing weight.
losing the fat
of
trim
childhood's
that
float in magazine print,
newest copy of the felt
book
at
distant bookstore.
the fucking
eating
drinking,
those talks
```

and

cigarettes
that have no problem
dwindling
in the clouds that hide dust
and
emit humidity
in the afternoon of evening deceit.

the reality of car repair shops, cracking the coax of yellow medicine tablets

wrapped around the napkin over martini shots, the burning eyes find comfort in plump women happy to crawl out of their shower stalls.

single shouts to the silence of loud window lights,

I have failed where they have failed

the success of admitting the travels that

beget the captured

in cages like translucent seaweed on an ocean that exists out there away

from me now

the thoughts that scatter like sand in a deep blue swimming pool.

# Forgot To Refuse

The group of doves sail oblong & slow over my car--

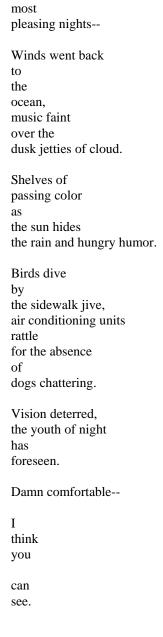
Trails of green have resurrected a plot, seen seldom by the pass of human homes--

Gallant winds have veered them from mountain ranges into Missouri humidity.

A symbol of life with rabid heart beats take my car slow to another gear

into many more thoughts which forgot to refuse.

## You Can See



One of the

# **Too Many Solutions**

A cure
to
the
impaled epidemic
that
overturned
more than one dozen families--

Megabytes of memory, new buttons on the Coke machine \*also\* new government regulations that will make it harder for you and yours to hold public officials liable.

Talk over the streetcar engine, the towel soaks the brain for some more reasons.

Reason within logic, begging for resolutions--

The outbreak of solutions, under an optimistic problem.

## the battle of the moon and the sun

the trails go down, weeks grow long.

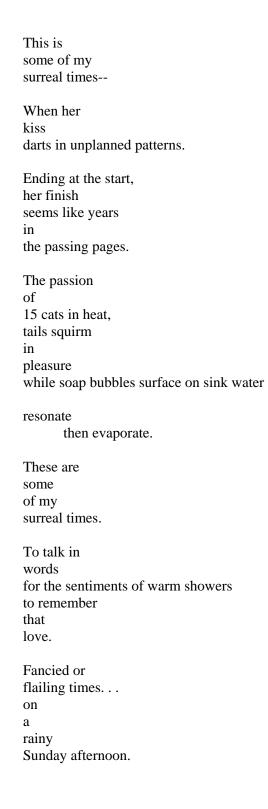
hung on several paths of grain, the farm animal belches a secret prayer.

the night a full moon graces the ruby sunset, a time for the urban dwellers to cheer the apocalyptic beginning that could work in their favor.

One story in the coming together of the departed.

Away to separate phases, for the sun always beat the moon.

# Rainy Sunday Afternoon



# A Pound Of Sweat

```
Her final
note
to the edge--
Yes,
the last
of
her rest,
the test
of deteriorated veins.
She wore disbelief
       rejected doubt
         lived death
and
hit her final note
the edge of life--
Her mind was a
pound of sweat,
all she wanted
to
do
was
evaporate.
Yea,
she made
her
final push
to
the
\boldsymbol{E}
D
G
Е.
```

# Taped To A Teal Skyline

The final batch of the next emotional throng--

Buckets of sweat that refract my appearance, fish search the steel siding for some more air while my gills fail to expel water.

Water of a time so frank & clear, I pound my pen at the fortnight to capture a month.

A month in
new hotel rooms
old roads
bright monuments,
pictures the
fish have
never seen.

They wouldn't understand, for I write on the scene.

The scene behind smoke screens, taped to a teal skyline.

# **Totem Pole Rings**

totem pole, toucan # 8 sends its best--

To the cold rains that pelt thirst lands on shady winter brown.

Knock on the wood, admire the paint.

More power than

a gathering of college kids, the paint sparkles like nothing seen before nor after.

# the touch of her taste

the executive apparel-eyes of her that speak many untold stories loud speeches congregations physical tension & lost tears. off-peach, the legs go into aplomb back. lines of skin that stretch into mine, she has the blood of hormonal registration. I lurch onto her black horse and chant purple dreams next to her drops of sweat on floor corners. many words she shall speak

to note

the intrigue

quiet rivers

loud intrigue.

over

of her look, the touch of her taste.

## Together, The States Wait for Candlelight

You had your chance you enjoyed the rest you incurred, now you drive into Kansas. The decision was split, but now Missouri is a memory--And for what young woman? Better bagels fresher coffee cheaper cigarettes Your 3rd niece you haven't seen for 5 months--Down the boulevard young beautiful women listen to men that strip off shirts and turn-up the hippest of craziest lipsincing hip-hop dance love on the radio. They either disregard the flailing bullshit put it into their own perspective in another state looks an awful lot like the previous Missouri. How bland & obvious states of reality and romanticism into the gray matter and

find solace until the candle light has another scream to tell.

#### The Wet Season

Brutality on the physical, winds nurture my longing limbs--Intriguing my culture in place of drab activities, actions that salt the mouth dry the eyes and leave the feet in a precarious fix. Yea, without physical blows beat this flesh to new heights at the morning arise. For the glory of what I cannot describe, yet scribe clear as the soul that beats bongo hot & loud in the wet season.

## Their 'Y' To What

U.S. Supreme Court denies procrastination to the Nation's youngest President for possibly using sex as a weapon in cardboard pin holes--

Midwest punk has poison darts burning his scalp before the verdict of extinguishing Oklahoma Federal Building--

Broadcast man bit into the wrong sort of female skin Rhine, won't talk to the press--

Not even clever enough to cover their shadows they bake in public scorn.

They fought for nothing, gained sub-simplicity.

Maimed for what (?) in a Country that seems to question what (?) without knowing the 'Y'

## Went To Work The Next Morning

She left me light, I gave her a mile--

She showed me the city, I gave her a pound of dirt.--

She laughed in the nude, I gave her my last undershirt--

She understood good fiction, I wrote her a poem--

She got sick from my kiss, I bought her a priceless idol--

She provided music I listen to fondly, I broke two moroccas in her name--

She bathed next to my breathing, I drained the tub in honor of her breasts.

She bought an animal for ten bucks,
I lost the collar that used to be our shelter.

Shelter from dank scents of a time when love was trite.

I lover her and never told her.

We exchanged reality and went to work the next morning.

## Plastic White

Checked the mail--

Another pre-approved Visa card, Sears even wants to squeeze in on the scene--

To see the length of brevity or the chaos in low interest--

State Government made a handy mistake, money in my favor in due process of tax laws.

Maybe I won't eat frozen pizza all week, damn those frozen rounds were delicious.

Home on the row which cannot be defined--

Slip and Roll, the cow groans at an empty gallon of plastic white.

## --Those 10 years--

She said
if I keep on
my course of living,
"You may have
10 more years to live."

A decade to investigate or recapitulate--

Gather comfort like cotton balls on a rotten cold night.

I thought, but didn't smother the smell of this truth inside a combustible piece of honesty.

The love I hold, which others freely do, for living could end in youth (24).

This has made

me

think

of the brown robins that will continue to live,

coffee that will keep brewing,

ties that will be severed with close kin & the new belly button that will grow.

One of nutrients
I neglect
without
knowing at times.

To live and not die--Never known of such a fate.

The laughs & lore indeed go on--

Oh Mother of Ruby, alive now.

\*10 Years\*
is
a
bloody long time.

# Rooftops at 7:30p.m.

One year from now. . .

I may be on a bridge--Running shirtless down the Pacific coastline--Reeling the bait from a cold slap of reality that leaped from dry ice--

Now, on the 10th day of a Kansas City month, the sun settles over urban terraces and the rooftops hiding bank clocks.

Plastic is covered, salad on the floor.

Just cooked a griddle of Worcestershire eggs--

Risen enough to look over rooftops, time stands guilty.

I have the ground right where I want it.

# Nothing At All

Two black birds on the pole over a highway--

I make my show.

The show for proper sakes, I drive-by to the sound of my stomach humming--

Angry at the low fuel I throw down my tired nostrils.

Another drink, half-a-pack of cigarettes later, the laughter becomes reminiscent time--

2 black birds kissing as the rain moves north & I smile for an apparent reason.

for nothing at all.

## Cannot Come Back

Fabled woman on copper manhole, why did you go?

Leave & bleach the yellow locks that gleaned under the rising sky.

Found something that has denied boredom, for now, whistles still turn your head.

Fast to convince the thoughtless that you shed your baggage of naitivette.

Off the copper onto a black plank that brings you understood abstinence.

Tie those midriff strings and casually speak of those 'perverts' that want to sleep with you.

You care more for those secret whispers than we do.

The beginning hasn't ended, they still speak fondly of you. . .

Back where you began & cannot come back to. The over of under in the crowd below the *Gravity Blues*.

#### The Parenthetic Chronicle

Thoughts have been confounded, dreams are awake--

Left to watch my legs keep still, my heat lifts nipple hairs above clean sheets.

An extra minute

to

offer my seat on the wooden bench

to

a

stranger that desires normal insanity.

Wrinkles

in crumpled minutes,

the numbers

on

a

watch face stay

in my corner desk drawer.

Patient for

what I would like to

remain undefined,

at ease

for

the

woman that will clutch me tightly.

\*Chronicles of One\*

(They're alive for someone new)

## Roadside Carpet

# Down

a

clear interstate,

the sun

had time to

saturate

while the geraniums howled.

Balled in a

matted lump

of

off-yellow & worn teal,

it was a presumed animal,

some child's pet.

Trampled by

rain,

exhausted by

fossil pollutants,

the respect and shivering

were commonplace.

What could

the

name have

been of this thrown mass?

Salivating under

its

own scorn,

I thought it was

another

dead creature

on the American highway--

Yet,

it was a

lump

of

carpet.

Curved to throw

me

into

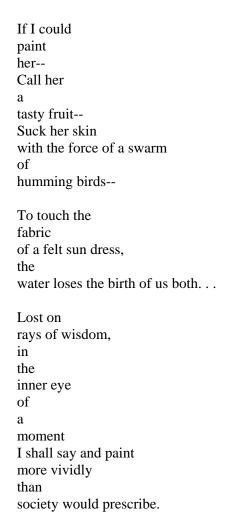
thoughts,

a jump into deception.

Another lost domesticated creature made it to the other side or refused to cross--

The vision whispered into my ear and halted the swords that had too many handles to hold.

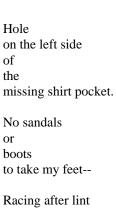
# To Do What You Might



## Editor Rejection Note

A first class white envelope came in the mail last week--"Nerve Cowboy (Austin, TX)" thanked me in an inked response. Appreciated the manuscript, couldn't accept the words for chap book publication. Felt 7 shades more of man that day. The first honest rejection from a long line slips of the same nature that shall smoke my cigarettes. The coffee still grows on Jamaican mountain sides and the words have way of speaking a farce or force--The beginning of the beginning doubt thoughts or more mail that will surely arrive on even weekdays.

## Beautiful Somewhere Else



for the glory of cloth.

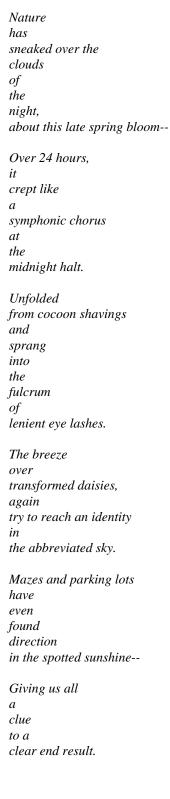
Cloth to pull the shade over dank living room paintings.

Half-lit potential dangling from sock seams, the sound of flirtation is playing mind reasons.

Reasons for nothing.

The nothing of everything that is beautiful somewhere else.

## The Clear End



## Handcuffs To Enjoy

You're like some hope we both dream about as we tear through sheets in separate rooms on a moon-flush night.

A granulate of sugar underneath our tongues, the cosmetics we induce turn colors of red locks & lovely skin.

On this gray cloud that won't rain for a good while, we don't desire a definition for the reality that has us bound in handcuffs we will not

take off.

#### The Us In Existence

Slapped about air, pimples wait to be popped on the round of my forehead--

Two-week-old pasta has outlived the loaf of bread on my wooden cabinet.

Life feels
unstained
by a solace
that resides in some deep pocket
that knows where-n-there without my command.

The command to take the pale green garbage and invert the potential into a meaningless piece of art--

Art about you & me to us in

existence.

## **Those Shoes Were A Nice Fit**

That point-ifview, a lovely Madame gave me her shoes.

No need for her to walk, those eyes levitate each meal she chews--

Genes in lower bones, undefined.

I need the shoes, though they're 3 sizes too small.

In honor
of
her name,
I will wear her shoes
and
put on a pair of glasses
to
see
how she does.

Lovely Madame and the magic you leave behind.

## forget if you can survive

in a house of pink dresses and black ties, the reclusive couple sleeps for the next day of names they will somehow forget. they wake-up the next morning and call into work, no need to complete the forgotten. unable to remember the name of their supervisors, sleep was incredible and sex was hot light bulbs poking cold skin. forgot to eat meals, they drank cheap canned beer in their modest home a forgotten street or avenue. what country do they live in? everything has been forgotten and before they get drunk defeat the forgotten, they scramble to fall asleep.

sleep was

their last activity to pull them into remembrance--

remembrance of why they are together in the lives

they

of times in lost time

lead

and hours on the job that has gotten them since evicted

evicted from their home

that was their soul.

they now calculate the numbers that don't care.

it's not hopelessness that they fear in the fleeting--

for hope has escaped as well.

## game of disaster

the best motivators were manipulators.

the best musicians were fabulous alcoholics.

the most renowned products were gluttons for an easy dime.

the most complex thinkers of our time knew simplicity better than the charlatans.

the best communication devices could never defeat word-of-mouth.

the most devout faith healers never knew an inch of spirituality to save their soul.

the person with the most tangible objects couldn't rival the pleasure of the person with the least under a bridge overpass.

Reason leans on logic, love always made hate a game of disaster.

## Silent Graves

A quarter in the pay phone call an old friend across town--Wants to meet few broads and smoke a number of cheap drinks as theband of women whirl and play. Meet me in front of the porch, we shall see the mixed variety of shows. A play on words cliques groans, time was relieved and the night went on a flagrant spree. Fleece raised for theflock, our gold coins were rejected as the AM clock sang away from silent graves.

## Don't Ignore The Window

Try not to curse the musician if you sang more than one of his/her songs.

Don't recite a quote in spite from the writer you curse for fornication on an August night.

Refrain from blasting the artist that painted a landscape which has since gone south.

Expel feelings of rage for the restaurant you once loved, though you have since been permanently evicted.

The point--

Don't rape what you are far from understanding.

Humans are people, that's the coin--

For all the moons and rains it will bring.