JoeFiles XXIX: Quick Stops On Short Ledges

Causes Couldn't Fathom

```
You had
good conversation,
ran mind
over computer monotony,
poured hot coffee
on brim
of
shirt cuff -- right side.
Told dusk
that
dawns are overrated
and
snapped to the
pops of radio waves
collapsing
beautiful on radio.
Heard National News--
 Mostly Politics--
On how
Iraq is to step-up
resistance
to
U.S.
and
Army General
from Arkansas.
```

--He withdraws from potential post for Sexual Misconduct(s)--

Heard the dove whisper to proportions that odd numbers were off-hand integers key to Plato's soul.

Witnessed the yellowing leaves drop from withering branches as the day wore on into pleaded britches of causes the

chasms couldn't fathom.

a screen protected by glass

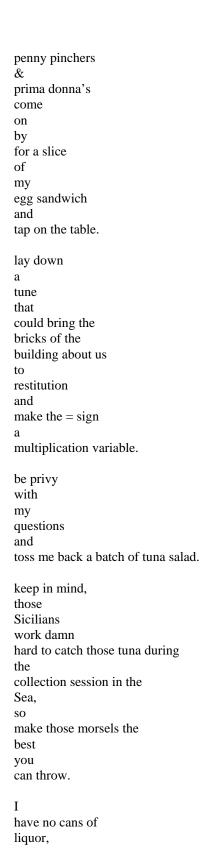
```
The sharp end
wooden bean--
Take this
down
verbatim,
for
the
next time we
discuss this issue of pain
to
the
skull
it
may be
too late.
For a
strong thrust to the
head region could cause a flow
blood or worse
if
the
swords
are hidden and the elves have anger
didn't work on their wives.
Ice cubes
are
solid no longer,
and
cures
are only terms so muddled
too look at the word too long you could
yourself on the exact spelling of the word.
Bees in hives
and
honey
under the welts that appear on your skin,
have turned into an act
nature that
is
```

mockery and love. Love for the number of words you fail to speak to the dizzying eyes speak to bacon and spit into egg yolks. The course has be re-taken and the taken is retro in a dance club south of your living quarters. Where the children teenagers young women middle-aged men old women kick their heels low and lick wet teeth for the song of the century that Prince or the artist formerly known play on the empire state building in NY, NY at new year's eve circa 1999. Grapefruit for orange peels, the economy is government confusion is no longer accepted as an excuse. The new time is coming and has come in each passing second,

has come in each passing second, so tighten your belt and listen to the flaps of skin around your ear drums that don't move, yet

```
give
you
a
better
insight than the lost inner voice that
screams
into
a
screen of plastic protected by glass.
```

Guns On The Streets



```
they
only come in bottles
and
I
don't pour anything from bottles
strangers,
for
they
quickly get drunk and piss
the
floor
I
scrub so devoutly
every four or five months.
they say
it's a
bachelors life.
--wrong--
I don't have
enough time
cling to clean details
of
sanitary ties
that
would make things too damn clean
therefore mostly uncomfortable
unlivable for my tastes.
let's get
back to the tastes.
along with the bottles,
the
mustard
and
pickle juice
the month-old jar
is off limits.
I have too many
pieces of bologna
hot dogs
glasses of V8 juice to consume
for
your
```

hands to pick at the beauty of my meager refrigerator harvest.

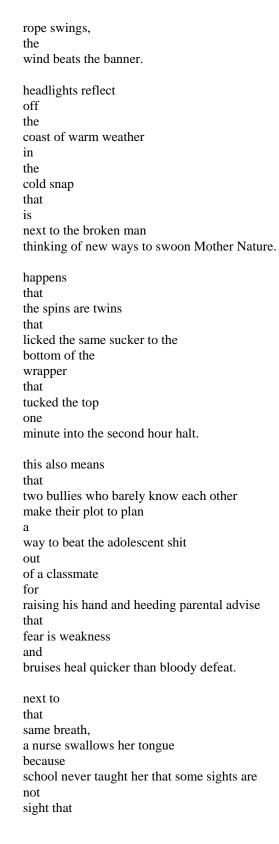
then again, you probably only want canned beer salami crackers squeeze cheese and chocolate cookies.

better yet, I doubt you make it on by.

let's say you do--

I own no knives for your disposal because there are too many guns on the streets.

large speakers



should be viewed of other humans that
forgot the sight that led to tough amnesia.

the box opens,
air rises
and

flocks
rush to
the
field
for
the
revival that was canceled

for

secrets

over

large speakers.

You want these leftovers from the main course?

```
There were
some powerful leaders
select countries out East
felt they would begin a secret
malevolent campaign
wipe out the word "soul"
from
television -- movies -- a variety of publications.
Their take on
this is that the soul was an invention
of
the mind
and
the
mind alone.
It was much like time, color
sound.
Things invented by the mind
make time,
if
it
is
time,
pass by more smoothly.
Their misguided campaign
would be a sincere one,
if they could obliterate any reference
to
the
soul,
human beings,
whether in the east or in the west,
would
believe and rely on the mind.
The mind was more
rational and rooted in reality,
they believed,
and
the destruction of the soul
keep their respective governments and minds at peace.
If that doesn't
work,
they deduce,
```

```
they will just kill
people and
colonize with their own penis' and vagina's.
The selfishness
few can bring so much untold destruction
to
the
masses,
although there are a many few
that realize the blatant bullshit
these kinds of
mongers
bring to the populace.
Hide
as
quickly
as you possibly can,
then
come
out quickly to curse
the blades of despair
and
remorse
for you likely created some
of
the
grief
but didn't perpetuate
the
shit
that
stinks
longer than the last mile
in
the
first
race
across an millennium
that will choke your neurons
and bring you
new hope for humanity
```

an overload of information.

```
Information
about the destruction
rebuilding
love
anger
love
those moments
that make
you
human,
not the flesh
that has you wrapped with poked
eyes
ears
nose
fingers
toes
etc.
etc.
Yes,
history of the history
needs to be cultivated and picked selectively
just for our children,
but
for us.
Because if we're not
careful,
there's not going to be any children
if there are any children they're going to die
a
sleek
quick death
live to breath beauty for a short amount of time.
So,
what does it all mean?
How many times a
day
week
month
minute
or
more
```

do you ask that question?

```
There are
many answers,
but
from what I have learned...
It's what your own
mind
has to
say for itself that creates
reality
what it all means.
For what it means
him
her
or
them
could give me the shits of boredom
or
much worse.
To adhere and run
wild through life
with another's view
on
how
it should
be
is foolish
and
to
be foolish is no way to rest your
head
at
night
to use you head to speak
give head to that
woman you dig about and with.
Now,
do
you have any ideas
on how
you truly think
this
next new century
going
to end up?
```

I'll get to that

later, you know why?

Because its the damn future and I'm here to talk to your plump & petite asses about the present.

Don't drop the paper yet...
I'll get to the
future once we're ready to
fly into a whole new venue of thought
wore
tired of thinking in the old and present.

For now,

there are too many fucking

pagers -- cell phones -- coffee shops -- alternative musicians -- terrible terrible fucking TV programs & too many TV's as well -- too many people pledging undying allegiance to a sport team or teams while human lives suffer from little attention that should be given some love along the way -- much too many cases of STD's, wrap that crappy little pecker of yours up and stop complaining that you don't get the same fucking feeling with it on. If that's your argument, your not feeling anything in the first place and if you are, you should be robbed of that feeling you weak pric neck.

Much too many ATM's, long talks about how the government is wrong, much too little time devoted to true education, too many followers of advertising campaigns and Coke ad's.

The mind is being controlled on big wet wheels that people have no idea are jackknifing their mind.

The bigger issue is this..

Why is it that we all get so fucked, not all the time, and why do we continue to do the fucking to each other.

You know,
Gandhi -- Christ -- and
the
miracle workers that
stood for humanity
have
had their message fucking wrapped around a taco bell taco
and shit out into a large puddle of yellowed water with
used papers and
bit of chocolate.

How much can you really misconstrue a message on such a large scale?

Is it that god blessed hard people?

You run around petitioning that capital punishment should be banned and that further fucking useless mind control should take place to keep these pathetic pieces of nothing killing and raping your kids -- animals-- daughters -- grandchildren.

Let's face it,
we're human beings
and
we all,
whether you believe it or not,
continue
to
add to the problems.

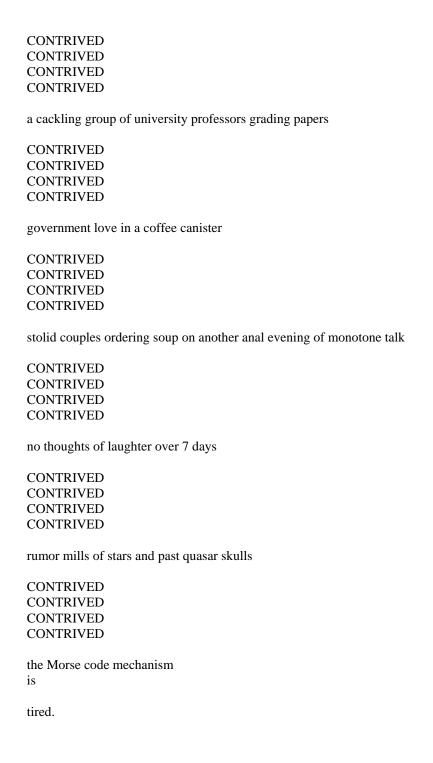
Here's you solution, live and love in the only way you know how and try to let your being be a solution to a problem no hero will squelch.

If you do run around in a dizzy tirade with no education & piss in the cesspool, remember this--

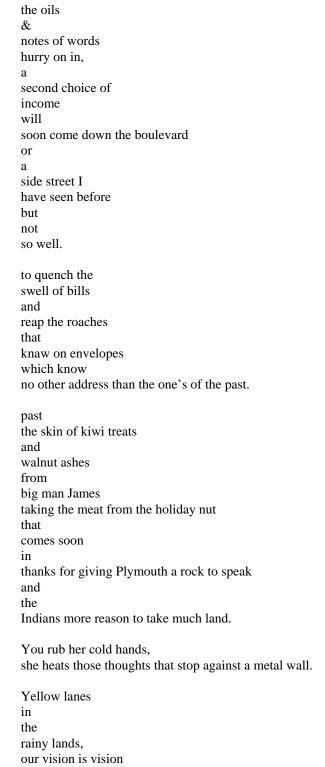
If we do cross paths, I won't say one single thing.

My look will be enough to take you to another level of fear.

Smashed Morse Code



the oily puddle



and

the incision became a deep laceration.

For words reversed

in

dotted lines

that

lash the lands in hands

meant

to

pick the picking

of

the

plucked saturation.

Look up

then

down,

the

ground sucks your guts

as

you

mutter in low breaths of

what

sucks

as your straw falls on the ground

and

lands next to an oily puddle.

Open to Closed

```
Looking-up,
I see the
bare branches
have accepted
raise in their wage
tame the cold winds that
give
people
kick in their walk
refusal of
any more
caged thoughts.
Fizz from the
top
of
Medical Hospital
oozes
the air for
ground rodents
obey.
For they
were
docked their pay
in honor
of
warm deeds
with the weeds
cracks of sidewalk planks.
Look that way
yonder,
shop owner just
turned her sign
from
```

"open"

Sharp sounds

dove's wings go above my walking body--

a

"closed".

raw dog

I have two words
for you
you
If spelled backwards,
they
still have
true English,
all language,
meaning that throws
an
interesting bi-polar entity
into
the
game of being,
human
or
otherwise.
DOG & RAW.
Follow me
God & War.
In our human minds,
they
pose an interesting or
a much more vivid mind chime.
much more vivia mina cinnic.
God
War
Raw
Dog
What
would
you like it to be?
God,
War,
Raw, or

Dog?

I tend to enjoy raw conversation about God while petting a dog and forgetting about war.

There.

Benevolent Rebuttal

gutted deep blue (cyan) vehicle with a cup full of fizzed soda hips looking for nothing better to do. Witness to fall dropping down to subdued winter, front crankshaft works smooth, the needle scratches claws from new punctures of potential. Happenstance caught the steam engine silent while I wheeled around corner with conviction something to do on my time. Seconds divvied quarter panels,

Sneaks past

Wiped flush white

gessoed for

brushes.

for the

benevolent rebuttal.

Recycling Birth

As earth begins spread past the 21st century, recycling plants and original theories uphold this ritual begins to deteriorate. The con's outweigh the pro's to continue this biologically safe and conscious way restore and refurbish the usable while keeping the human chain somewhat rejuvenated and fresh the next generation(s) that will come along. Though, there is a breakdown in this system due to bad press and a society that continually begins to question and doubt the use of so many natural resources to pollute the air while churning out this ecological process of recycling. An outcry from the public begins to mount and petitions from numerous civilian groups begin to circulate in a fix permanently fix locks on these recycling plants that are seemingly seen hoaxes convincing the masses that one of the few good industrial deeds being performed is just another cover-up. The solution and the future of recycling you ask? Recycling plants begin to crumble like insects gnawing on pesticide ridden crops. The industry falls to pieces with a great deal of unexpected support from the Government and Corporate America. Now. the course of human history is told that there is about 20-30 more years for humans to cradle their existence and all the good vibes and times that can be squeezed in within the existence in human flesh and on this earth. A new philosophy, more of a sociological movement, begins to mount as people use the shit out of natural resources, litter joyously applaud land fills celebrate irreverent regards to the environment. Special advertisement campaigns are run on television, radio and in the newspapers for people to do their damnedest to kill the earth. There's only 20-30 more years to go, do all that is within your power to enjoy, destruct and carry the history of destructive acts of humanity a new level in the name of destroying the planet, having one grand time

and

making sure that there will only be 20-30 more years to go so that other generations won't have to be around.

Hey,

that will be hard.

All newborns at this time have their tubing extracted and all other humans have a mandatory duty to take care of their sexual plumbing so that

no more children will come about.

A planned end to the existence of human beings,

but it's seen as a joyous event.

It seems rather odd all this should come about because of a public rebuttal against recycling,

but you know that 20-30 years won't work.

There will be other sub-human ways to build-up a way

to

take down

this

planet

that

we

see from satellites

drive on

eat on

drink on

love on

grieve on

live on

live on.

Laughter at this point is

good,

you know

we almost blew the hell out of the planet during

the

Cuban Missile Crisis.

That could have been much too easy.

Humans would have a better time

believing that it was a collective effort to categorically destroy the

planet in the name of grand times and glorious means to an

absolute

end.

Right now,

we can all just hope

that

intelligence will work.

Part of the Signs



scents that

won't leave from their mind, yet feel good to the hairs of a nose.

A nose of aged flesh, the mouth watering for fresh sour kraut.

Boiling water for the raw polish dogs, babies in mural drapes kids

time in lights

height above production sets filming the photographs taken by minds that hurry to keep the currents current on mediums

that aren't to be finagled or forgotten in any part of the signs.

backward peanut shells

The wreaths hang sleek for longstockings in tan roasted under corn cobs called rooster shells.

Flank
in
the ranks,
the
tall bird
swooped to
devour
the
smallest
of saintly fish
set
to sail
by

to sail by the dusk of quiet ocean bays.

Incidental hatch where birth had no right to uproot, they jump high for the breaking of this

roost.

A roost thriving on milk from dry stones and toiled coins from

empty pocket strings.

Those cars

think about this

as

they swerve left

into the

packed lane

and

avoid dropping

tho

lit cigar betwixt their

groin

as

the

railroad yard stands still.

Quieter

than

your pancreas

squirming for

new

fares

to the next city line,

teemed

with

smoke

debris

concrete

metal

sharp edges

neatly tied clothes

and

disheveled peanut shells.

All

that used to

be worth

eating

is

now

unusable

in

bodies

that used to move

forward

and

now moves backward.

The Shocks

The city bus stopped with squeaking brakes before the window pane. One passenger looks to be wrapped in blanket looking at Berbiglia patients purchasing their antidote for the night. A woman in a French village sheds her clothing dance a sonata to the 5th symphony for the passing walkers so diluted with naked flesh and sex that they hardly know her working second job that pays no money fewer glances to make a cock hard. Over in China, the sun is blazing hot and high for bike riders to wave to the Sushi Chef sharpening knives for carving feast of just another day for the Yin.

In Australia

the
waves
break the beaks of birds
and
little South Wales children
explore
a
new
topic: Kissing.
Could they
get
pregnant,
they laugh.

One girl,

her name Stacey,
once told a group of us kids
that if you madeout with someone
while the girl leaned against a brick wall
and
the boy kept only his mouth in contact with her flesh
that
she would get pregnant.

They may be drawing that same conclusion.

There's a large crack in the street next to the ORANGE bump sign.

Someone needs to get their shocks checked.

Oh how shocking it can be

and later get.

will you listen?

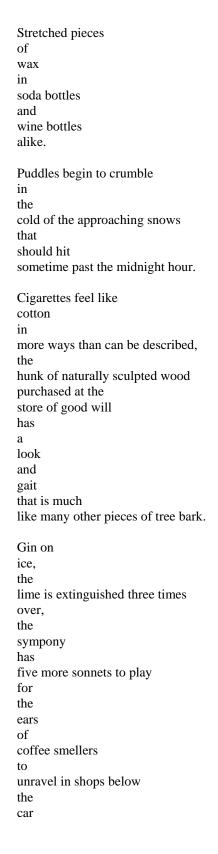
other people because you have bored yourself and friends have eaten the last piece of lemon pie you bought several hours prior. it's so damned bumpy, you conceive, you scrape your lower tires bald because again time has offered you better sights into another scene don't necessarily want to mix into, but wouldn't mind at the same time. howling inside your own mind to listen, silence is on your shoulder like rotten corn beef awaiting a celebration of knats to arrive. pluck-up you musical instrument and break the silence into pieces pick-up the empty pieces of construction paper you lined the floor with to catch the shattered pieces of sound. take those bits of sound -- fusion -- melodies -- stanzas pour them gingerly into a plastic cup full of ice mix with your favorite beverage solution--

you shift

your glances towards

```
after this,
drink
the
nothing out of it
listen to the strange pang of benevolent tinnitus
rapture the hairs
of
your ear drum and
play back your music in chords of an inverse nature.
you hear
what
is being written?
listen
listen
someone (thing) has
to
speak to you
immediatel y.
```

Yea, The Environment



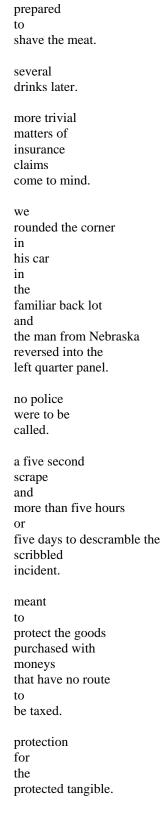
tracks that stretch question marks into exclamation points.

```
Red &
poisonous berries
fall from the
winter approaching trees as the
marching people walk by erect
and
mumbling a tune
they listened to on the way to work
can't get out of their jovial minds.
Red paint
on her toe nails
and
three day old underwear on his abdominal bones
making
his mother weep in silent coughs
before
the
midday movie screen.
You have to know
color of the tailpipe exhaust
is
new color of white
tonight
for
heat
could never create such
sounds
and
sights
as
she applies
nail polish remover to clean off the red
apply a new green
color
for
new earth friendly color
is more pleasing to her mind
and
```

little more pleasant for the environment.

the environment.

assessor game



how fragile when the agent returns the call and blame

is

assessed

in an assessor game.

your worst book



```
credit card scanners
to
take your toll
the car behind you
you
have
such an large altruistic bone.
they never thought
of
divorce
and
a separation
would be financially unfeasible
for
the
many
many
many
many
fast hands
quick minds
slow to the sound of voices over cellular phones.
no scissors
in their home,
the
mail man/woman
their best friend.
statements
and
reminders
are all they can talk about
in
their boring servitude
to
the
fucking almighty dollar.
again,
no
divorce
you
to watch them splatter
their
happiness at the
nearest eatery
```

ATM

```
in their own technological commercial if

you are so pleasured to be esteemed their way.

when they die, the
```

raised in cash, read in chapter 11 of your worst book.

will be strong.

union

Hands & Skin In Cold Heat

You know
you
have lived in the urban dance
for
a
good amount of time
when driving down the road
you see flashing lights of an ambulance
approaching,
no sound of sirens come from the flashing lights
although
your mind creates you own interpretation
of
those sounds.

Also, when the sounds of construction drills and trucks equal the sound of early morning alarm clock, and neither set of noises will awake you.

When coffee is like water and bread is a tasty leftover entree.

The sight of
white picket fences make
you laugh
and
a horn
is some melodic sound
that
is
the equivalent of silence.

The homeless are neighbors and they'll shine your shoes for much less than the hourly wage for a teenager to cook you up a burger at McDonald's (the homeless man will make you much more satisfied).

When steet or tower lights spell-out signals or

sets of words that can be decoded with the right amount of gin -- vodka -- or cheap beer.

As I end,
use the next opportunity
to run outside and let several drops of a cold rain
land in your palm and
laugh
about the suburbs
that
are nearer than thoughts can surprise
and
farther from
siren sounds that subside for a time
as
skin and water meet
in
cold heat.

the impulsive clean-up

One floor down, the Oldies of generations with those instruments play with reverberations that knock the heating fan into a different groove to make lights dim slightly.

Love is defined with no further definitions, another retail clerk or attendant stares at me without saying one word.

No greeting or question as to what the hell I'm doing facing them, a robust banner or company nameplate should be enough is my take.

I dip my fingers in pools of a storm and watch my nails on fingers turn into purple colors of incumbent cures that were left to the interior designer for more work.

Have the time?
They do in
the
coffee shop
on
college campus
getting the amps and monitors
tuned
to

play the music they play. Hats splashed with paints, air still clings with pollutants smell on clothes during the middle of each next day. Many remakes to the final product.

We're products of nature.

Nature has one shot tell the shouts that it will be there.

No reproduction or liquidation.

It's done.

Of the dirt

in

the

flesh

the planet.

Done once.

WE can accept that.

There's too much that is right about an impulse.

I'm done.

No other way to clean this up.

the drudgery & views

the building tops of roofs & brick above ground, boiled echoes crack open fresh eggs for a newer meaning on worn shoes.

socks still functional, the legs ride behind to catch hindsight in real time.

life is
in park
for
the
time being
as
apple trees curse
rotted fruit on the ground
for
not having
enough
stay power.

no stamina to coin, for many paper bills went to rooftops to commit drudgery in better views.

The Off-Duty Light Was Just Flipped

```
Towels on racks,
the
mind is ketchup.
Soup
is now free at
the
local newsstand
a hooded man walks
across the street with
newly purchased
12-pack of tasty
hop beer
sedated liquid.
Tail lights
horse hairs
wisp away the fly's that
buzz about your
skull in all-night eateries
wondering how
the
hell
we human beings got so big.
Numbers
ascend from Page 1 Sec 1 1/1 At 6.4" Ln 34 Col 69 65 71
                                                                      79
number I can't catch-up with
as
the
organ player wags his head
faster than
the lapping of a dog's summer tongue
the jerking motion of a cat's angry tail.
It's seems clear
in
this
box that resides around the perimeter
of
the
paper,
as
```

mad man runs across the street to crack open

```
the
back of a tail light
like
a
pop can
to quench a winter thirst.
To drink the red
at
a
stop
and
the
yellow or orange
at
a
turn.
Phone numbers
on
the
key pad,
things you
know
and
don't
due to convenience
or
effort.
The Zoo is closed
this
winter,
but
the
animals continue to move about the civilized
wild
streets
as
the
K.C. taxi cab driver flips his off duty light on
big
and
bright
for
all interested eyes to look his way.
```

The Martyr In Fictitious College Town

On a small college campus noted for being north the locality of the Metro city, although it's technically Midwest on the large map that includes all the states in the United Union. I make my way through a dream and quickly onto the box shaped lawn of this college campus in front of popular hall for students to take their classes pencils pens packs paper books ideals lies thoughts. As I approach, there is yellow tape from the police sort keep the perimeters blocked while the ambulance driver sits in the drivers seat with the back end pulled flush to an opening in the tape while another paramedic enters the building.

The scene is set

```
in
eerie sort of silence
Ι
tip toe through my dream.
On the other end of the lawn,
the south side,
two girls
with frizzed blond hair
and
dose of energy tucked in their brain and feet
come-up
to
me
to explain the crime scene.
I asked no questions,
though
they felt compelled to let
me
in
on
the
rapture that was taking place.
They tell me
that a certain tenured professor
on
was violated in the most malicious way
in a indirect manner
by
psychotic student.
A student
that was once a seemingly fresh mind
going through the ropes of education
was ready to go down as a martyr
the rest of the students,
male and female alike.
The tenured professor,
a name that I have either forgotten (for that's the way dreams can be)
these blippidy blop girls
forgot to dispel the name in their
discourse.
```

Anyway,

this teacher was one that taught English and theater. She was a wretch of a person that forced students to divulge knowledge that

unorthodox or insane

for

students of the caliber she was teaching.

She forced David Lynch material

and

William Faulkner novels, along with many other obscure titles with a blinding regularity. In addition, she had a cruel sense of teaching her wares that didn't bode well with students in the present and

Why was she tenured

over the past.

such a haughty and disliked presence?

Well,

Administration officials felt that what they knew and saw of her personality teaching style was appropriate for the students in the modern day that were raised with dollar signs in their eyes more disrespect tucked low students of a decade or five years ago.

So,

this is where

the nameless student comes into play.

The college girls further disclose

that

the crime committed was

horrible and unfathomable that

had a hard time telling without

stream of emotions well in their eyes -- brains --hands.

This professor

had

two girls,

one was 14 and the other was 17.

The assailant student careened these girls to a secluded place one night and raped them both.

After word got out, the scene I descended upon was the result.

Several minutes later, he was pulled out on a stretcher with a tan blanket over his body, with his head protruded toward the sky, a muzzle over his mouth and restraints on hands and feet.

He was to be loaded in the back of the ambulance & transported to the nearest asylum for his crimes.

His plight to get even and a tenured college professor that would likely never teach again.

In this northern city,
Midwest on the big map,
a
vicious act of retaliation by a confused youth
as
my
mind goes into another dream
for
the
night of Rapid Eye Movement.

A crime like no other I have heard or many others have ever heard. Soon, the dream died

and the plot continued to play on in fictitious college town.

Finger In My Direction

It was a Saturday and warm fall sunshine lit the wick with precision, enough precision to take several rolls of random photographs.

First setting was several walls that were undoubtedly a small building at one time.

Now, rooted to blocks of stone & remnants of architectural design--

The 'bottoms' off old 12th street, where the 1960's ushered fresh scents of slaughter houses and enough docks to pull the trucks in tight.

Shots of rotten fruit tins, railroad tracks wherever your eyes could focus-

Both near & nay--

Ivy on brick walls, the Missouri River banks River Queen, the city in short distance.

Cameras held

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in
laps
as
the motor ran and wheels
turned down the street.
Earlier in the day
took several shots of
neighborhood bum
shining a young lady's shoes--
He had no problem with
photographs.
Toward the end of the
photographic jaunt,
I stopped
at
the mouth of
Broadway Blvd.,
rolled down the window,
propped-up the 35mm eye
and
was ready to snap
several homeless people on the corner
with
one
tired man holding a
tan cardboard sign.
Suddenly,
on the crosswalk
woman comes thither in a long overcoat
waving her finger
asking why I was taking pictures of them.
The light turned green--
I was to
make a right turn.
Told her,
"Just taking pictures."
She said in reply,
"That's not right."
Hey,
there was no malicious plan.
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Photos

that offer & give life is one of my specialties.

Is that not right?