JoeFiles XXX: Each Minute The Zebra Stripes Wrap Around Us All

Hills Needed 1 Mountain

The castles flanked by four hills yearned for but one mountain to disclose the heat of nude women that bathed in sub-sea level lakes.

Wading and lopping their flesh about clean waters while the men tended to duties within the home.

For the love of Christ, those hills had to spill the subdued lust that would look so surreal in the right light while the mountain kept guard.

There were only so many more weeks that the hills should sustain alone.

For the pent-up beauty of the women kept the hills growling with rock below and rotting grass above.

Oh, the gals in the hills and the water they tended.

The men could not satisfy and there was no mountain to relieve the feeling.

A Mild Heat Attack & Spare Soda Pop

```
Can you really
good spoonful of jam
for
free?
***
When you have
the time,
only when you have the time,
shove
good notion of peace
down
my throat
and
lovingly flip me off.
***
If your mind doesn't work
correctly for
a
day,
waggle your toes and smile in the contentment void.
***
Sleep in a chair
and
talk in your bed,
reverse
was
somehow always better than forward.
***
Try not to fuck over the fucked.
They get
too much
joy
out of it.
***
when someone tells you that you have
```

hard time taking a joke.

It's probably the opposite. They can't handle neither seriousness or a good joke.

If someone paid you one hundred dollars a week would you learn to speak Japanese?

To rip someone from another time, say the 1930's, and thrust them into 1997. Show them the sights and scenes of US culture. That would be one hell of a facial expression to record.

A 10-year old kid fighting for better tasting and healthier lunchroom food and Nairobi, Kenya prostitutes possibly creating a natural string of anti-bodies to stave off HIV.

For

the

people

by

the

people.

Maybe that's what Darwin meant the whole time underneath it all.

Tennessee has opted

to

change the name of state roadways and landmarks which had the name of former slave owners:

George Washington

Ben Franklin

Thomas Jefferson

et. al.

Surely Nixon has something named after him there

George Washington and Thomas Jefferson still reside

in

poses on popular American currency. When does logic and rationality really become understood as logic and rationality.

Complaining becomes compliments when compliments become complaining.

Nutrients turn into laughter
when
we truly understand
our
existence in this world
that
rotates with the
gravity of the moon
sun
planets
stars
her
that band of jackals
and
all the rest that forget to flush the toilet.

their own jail

Up the street on the right side of our childhood--

Stood the home my brother and I threw eggs at with pride watched the youngest girl urinate in our yard the oldest girl whore about in regressed red and the brother & father that battled over muscle cars.

The mother ?_____ There was no defined whereabouts to talk about.

Broken vases in their living room from music notched too loud and more pets than worth counting to shit in next door lawns and chew on roasted rose bushes.

They were the Scherler's.

Weeds of an 80's neighborhood floor.

They disliked and fought with most everyone because they did the same thing to their own existence.

It was much about being angered at them for the absence of mystery that created a more lasting enigma.

I wonder if any of then are still alive?

Because jail was not an option to ponder.

They always

seemed to be behind their own set of bars.

To Do In The K-N-O-C-K-A-N-D-O

A K-N-O-C-K-A-N-D-O

wooden shelf holds cigarettes safe from fire &

anxious fingers--

Beside packets of tea

and

one wastebasket.

Drum-up

natural smoke

with

no additives

in

the

glare of a red Marlboro

missile.

Hold 51st street

with

their whispers

and

drawings that

the chalk sidewalks.

Shears of

to be

and

solids of

was to be

are within and away from

knockando.

Because you know--

It's Man's Art--Nature's Mystery

do so.

Gender Line

Going 70 m.p.h. on I-70, more carpet stores than need to meet the eye. Past needles of gas food no booze, legs get short & tired as cruise control voluntarily snaps on the Illinois Indiana border line and one hour is lost.

Past more Metheny jazz, the lights become faint.

Trucker flick lights on-and-off to fellow comrades for shifty lanes and a home to rest.

Several guys eye me and the woman.

Flick lights & honk.

They think there are 2 gals in the car.

Male or Female--

They try to presume as I slave more caffeine and the thoughts border on tired.

Alive for the drive that met the gender line.

Strained Male Voice

Bikes hang from hooks on ceiling tiles, American bills are taped to the bathroom as you notice pieces of paper towels stuck to the top of a trash can tripping over loose copper spheres.

Wooden labels on plastic mannequins, charging the pied piper will only cost a sad remittance to the empty balcony row.

A balcony charged for silence and clinging to rusted sounds the past happened to procure.

She then comes storming through the door to throw down her bike next to my table as he hops on the telephone angered and loud to voices that hadn't enough courage to use a bankrupt calling card.

Then, out the door to the sounds of bells that chime for flat wheels that couldn't harbour the ceiling tiles or her strained male voice. They say the great ones, or minds they have raised, will grow tired and lose the wit of yore.

Snow shovels on the fronts of dump trucks rail against the concrete as you hit a nasty pot hole on the road & wonder if the quick get tired.

When the sharp do become dull-If the deity will sink to debauchery-or when the chosen becomes discarded--

Think more about this when that pot hole is filled with seething hot asphalt on a a sweaty day.

We will all get tired & so will they.

There is a damn good thing to say about rest--

I may do the same soon. To barrel down into the other down on my chest with a a song or written line.

For tired never made it too far in

my mind.

lost & lost until they know not where they're at

After they ordered their special dinner of frozen anchovies and skim milk they looked to the head of the table for an approving twitch from their master (as he was called).

Soon thereafter they began to talk all at once, stepping on each other's tongues about an incredible sex drive they were all wrangling with at the time.

Then the conversation took a swing towards the topic of toe nails.

aaHH, no more time for subjects to expand upon...

They had their dinner to contend with, only after the master at the head of the table gave another approving twitch from his erect neck.

It came and the glasses of skim milk were the first to meet the teeth and widen the eye sockets.

After they finished their healthy plate of anchovies, the master sauntered around the table to offer each participant a toothpick.

The nervous group sat there and waited nervously from the master to

make an announcement after he took his chair. "This is what it's like to dine and speak with a famous man (even though none directly had the chance to speak to this man)." The three people won radio contest to dine with this immaculate master in his cobblestone home hob nob in the best sort of hob nobbing environment. Getting back to after dinner--They barely had enough time to wipe their mouths until they were escorted to the from stone stairway to the driveway where supped-up Volkswagen bus awaited them for a drive back to the radio station candid interviews on-the-air about their experience. They never made it to the station. Untraceable was this vehicle lost were each and every passenger at grand speeds ahead to further confusion. Dinner with the man and on their way to a border into another state country county province part of their mind.

Gone.

Soon to vomit their

meal and recall where they had been

in a locale they know not where they're at.

Pinkie Pick-Up

```
We throw about
the
words
to
sustain the line
and
beat the air that
makes walls suffer.
You chance to question
fortnight in which
ideas were thrown to hungry dogs of oxygen
snarl at the breezes and sleep with the brutes of honesty?
Have
any
common abolitionists
made their way to your doorstep to
rape
apparent hate,
in
the
time the hour took a sip
of
spinach juice
did
painted woman have a chance to adjust her brazier?
In the cold pieces of
metal -- copper -- silver -- bronze
wrists and fingers over the hand
the
ideals of designers
chastised ways into your skin pores.
To pour open
flesh of invisible bones
that
had no other way out
than
to
read
```

read

```
or
eat
```

to a new destination

between

me

you

and

the solids that

hasten to turn into liquids.

Liquid notches

of

bolts that fit

snug between the metal

we

beat about your wrists and fingers,

the

fore

index

middle

pinkie

thumb

that

picks you up

when you have no energy

to

pick-up

yourself.

Granted A Release

Some months back I dropped "the words" off my back pack into this present locale.

Now they stand missing in a memorable heist that took the words elsewhere around other wares.

Drops of brown fluid make their way down my mug as I wipe a driftless smile across my sleeve.

A sleeve that holds words & thoughts the day has granted a release.

any resemblance of you

Oh, how the cymbals crash loudly in your ear drums when the cattle brigade floats the pants of their seams. Screaming and yellowing predestined voices, they crack open the still ponds and mirrors that reflect your face and the built face that could be you. To make the connection between both prescribes more than Astrology had the chance to issue. As the cattle men go on, Cows and Horses on the terrain stand with full mouths and light hoofs for they think as humans become diseased by what they cannot speak about. About this or that what could be done. Chewing and watching the pieces of a mirror and

ripples on the pond

go out
to
where
you cannot see your face
or any other resemblance of you
you
anymore.

Those Thoughts of Safety

through the snow stream mud middle train tracks below the main streets of downtown amid an LTD of smiles and cognizant of new takes. While the piano keys laid silent the cold air felt heat from failing muffle, we drove forth become the being and tempt gales of a future in the ever ever ever present. For books

We drove

The time

night

were

&

pulled closed

televisions emitted no light.

cast

a

glow from the

full moon,

we threw away empty beer cans

in

plastic

before we went in reverse

down

the

train tracks.

On a Swiss adventure in Midwest USA harvests.

The bode bonded us fond with a few thoughts of safety.

Relish of his Sale

The comedy
from the clever
had
a
nifty way
with the quick fool
who rode around
in
a
wise air
from the scents of
hot dogs
sold about his waist.

Scents of pork simmered with shoals on his feet leather straps tired on shoulders and a plank laden barrel that wrapped his flesh--

Always 2 corks from a good feel off nice wine and too many short jokes from the truth.

He cherished his home along with the laughter he received from the repressed in tiny nifty groups.

Yes, his hot dogs were all that could be salvaged of a routine that was not his.

Not even the effort and jokes that went around the ketchup mustard and relish

of his sale.

this somewhere seance

We came off the trip of specifics to expand on the abstract.

So vague that people around would pull hair out of their hands for the abstract thoughts that will be spilled forward.

"I met this person somewhere and we started to talk about something that happened sometime in this place at some time. It was real nice and was had this drink then at some swell food then headed down some street to see someone else."

They spoke this way because the specifics had some damned horrible way of making mud out of a clear spring and made fellow faces contort at parts that were hardly understood.

This way the misunderstanding or elongated blanks in conversations were'nt so hard to take.

In fact, after a while it became an enjoyable activity to engage in.

It became a fad.

Books would go on for hundreds of pages without being specific about anything, although the stand-by subjects of love war deceit excitement and despair remained clear as day.

Politicians and music people began to talk and sing in generalities.

Everyone started to do this.

It was seen as a natural high.

No one had to know too much about anyone or anything.

There was no excuse for forgetting or fucking-up things on a regular basis even for the most absent minded person.

It was much about something that went on in a grand place on a land in a country that became specific in some way that somehow and sometime made some sense somewhere.

See where we're going on this somewhere seance.

Shit to Enjoy

```
You give a shit?
Neither do I sometimes.
So,
let's lock arms and jaunt down
street speaking of things only the
street poles will know.
Let's barge into a 5 star restaurant
use their bathroom with pride
and
wash down our falling sweat with
clean water.
Further down the way
we
will think of the time that
slips as our hands move
quick to signal to swollen parked cars
mingle in talks about the best bar-b-que in town.
After some time
should park on a bench and
speak of the female dogs walking in heat
male dogs that lap draft beer from fluid fountains.
All the while
we
will forget that we don't give a shit
and
then
go get a good bowl of soup
to
remember
that
the
shit
has
shit
a
tune.
A tune we
snapped our fingers to
```

as

the Coke truck

rolls by to remind us to constantly enjoy

enjoy

enjoy .. enjoy .. enjoy

slap it hard

After they all left their homes, they headed to a secluded area count the sheets of wide ruled paper pads. An 89 or 119 67 any other number not divisible by 10 was a scam. They counted and counted counted then counted continued to count went on counting. Feeling their deed was more than it was spliced to be, they pleaded with the states for a little recognition and maybe a slap on the ass for their counting chores. What did happen to these devout auditors of paper pads?

Not one thing.

Hope you don't really meet a serious pad counter.

If this is met...

Their ass is their face--

Slap it hard.

Get Enough Sleep

```
&
Needles,
the Zebra invented
bubble machine.
To blow clear circles
squares that robbed
patent rights
of the rhombus
from
rhinoceros bunch.
Now,
oh how the baboons cheer and rant
with
bulls for
ammunition
        pistols
that
have
no torque.
The cats *&* dogs
will
win.
For they know
peace with definition
*&*
just happen
by chance
winds of domestication to
get enough
sleep.
```

Pins

The Sour Cream

The sturdy erection deep red wood clothes the image his body as he hides, fleeting as it may be, from the world that expects deeds to be done and tasks to be embellished in. How can you expect that the wood won't somehow be destroyed or torn down by a set of swift hands? Use something more sturdy and don't make such a show in front of your family forgot you had any friends that would care about such tasks or duties. Hidden disheveled for the thoughts that were built in the social eyes told the mind of poison and beauty. Now, taking wood to the new level of bowel movements won't make you sick down the road. No radio television or written images will help his soul through. Ready to be put through a personal test to negate the world

for

ideals that shouldn't be conceived.

Is there a chance for this lad?

Maybe.

Thankful for body heat and a rugged mind...

He may make it through his test

while he thinks about all the tests we will soon miss in distant classroom stalls.

You shant laugh at this test.

He will be freed to eat your potatoes and sour cream before

you can hold back your sneeze.

Stone of Brave Glass

Heavy sausages in light stomachs, heights that strand children on short chairs.

Black grain of coffee in bleach white mugs, the flannel shirts that press against erected nipples of horny

loved women.

A metal piece of piping carry electricity to the appliance slots, bravery to the stone which slashed the pane of glass.

Somewhere Else To Be Tonight

the sides off dot matrix paper and hear the streets crawl with a hail of steam. Reflections of light beams follow the window as I wonder where the withal went with the lucky quarter that was on this window ledge. I hear the rustle of the window blinds with fresh air as the people rush through the sub-zero wind chills what I hope to say one of the last winters I will spend in the Midwest. I think of her, the lovely one with hungry soul and luscious head of hair, for I

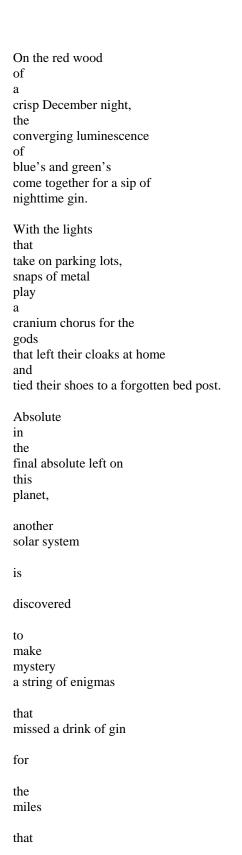
I tear

```
would hate
any redeeming stamp would
left in her mind
cause a broken heart.
Cause that
would be the
last
thing she would
wish
for
fellow creatures
or
those other creatures
go from tree-to-tree
sea-to-see.
Keeping the
living room door closed to
conceal the heat
like a drunk with the last morsels of hard earned alcohol,
pits dream of sweat
and
cough drops do something that Nyquil cannot.
Dust collects again
the floors and counters
that were recently cleaned
as this lovely woman I aforementioned
scratches her forehead
and
feels a piece of the strongest emotion
could send
in
some
telepathic
bend
over this damn cold air
thinks of somewhere else
```

to

tonight.

The Bonding Trap



separated

into

the bonding trap.

no waiting or leaning allowed

```
Just waiting
for
the
cut-up
to let loose and
prove the misconception.
He will just have
go on thinking that he
the best of an ancient teaching from God.
Squinting through large glasses
and
reared recently to take it straight to the
souls
that
may not know how Christ shed his blood on
the
cross.
He will wait.
Wait and hope
that
stories will pour forth of
depression
anguish
drinking
fornicating
mix of many and all of what can
be
seen
as
debauchery.
Leaning far back
in
the
chair.
He will wait.
Some people just take the
appearance shit
way
too far.
```

For

inside each of us there is something that exists which really doesn't have to come out.

For if it came out this world may trampled it clean out or fail to realize the beauty that took too long to create for quick judgment.

We all have our own time now, certainly in the end, to have the life we lead reviewed.

He will wait.

The cut-up, apparently, was sealed up into a world that short thoughts had no time to deal with.

No waiting or leaning could

compare.

The Same Wave

```
Staples
etched
about the street pole.
With torn pieces
of
lost paper
and
stretched flyers from the events
we
look into
&
participate.
Tacks & push pins
in the
foam
of a public bulletin board
for
the
attendees to read
while
the featured acts
clean-up puddles
sweat and swarming realizations
that
appreciation
will be all they need.--
All they should need to
leap over
the
white lines
where
chalk did exist.
In moments
that kindness
wasn't deception
and
the
staples
 tacks
  push pins
were
recognized
for the beat
they
chanted to crowds
```

crowds
that come in from
the
streets
and
into your mindful existence.

You know, mindless existence could work the same wave.

tired wood

this is when the madness becomes such absurd insanity news will be avoided for sometime:

a man holds his wife and four children hostage one night after his favorite football team loses the division championship game. With several guns at hand he waves the pistols to crowds and cops that gather many yards away to avoid errant gun shots. His plea is to have half of his beloved team that lost the game

come directly to his place for a round of tea and an explanation as to why the game collapsed in the first -- 2nd -- third -- or fourth quarter of the big game.

at the same time,

a crackle over the radios and televisions

announce an new ploy announced by the National Organization for Women

they have raised enough money to pay off all media personnel to boycott men's professional sports.

No sport,

whether pro, college or high school will be covered or reported on even though all the games will go on as normal.

The goal is that only women's sports will eventually be covered and recognized in the same or greater light than male athletics.

the plan is deployed

the public begins to tear sports arenas and venues apart several days later

in a looting & violent manner.

all this takes

dangerous

place as the man who held is family hostage

buried while his sobbing family watches his casket get lowered into the ground after a fatal self-inflicted gun shot wound because the sports team never made it by the house to complete the plea bargain.

more questions come up on how sports and society mix in a deadly

fucked

and dangerous

mix.

only

more abuse will follow

as

the

quick woman hobbles up the court

with

a

fast set of wrists and a pumped-up basketball smacking hard against the

tired

wood.

This World We Call Ours

A walk down the cold to a used bookstore's "Going out of business Sale."

You name the price, the book is yours.

Shop closed at 5:00p.m., I arrived 21 minutes too late.

Stranger says a hello.

Thousands of crows huddle about the tops of bare winter branches.

Circling
Gathering
heat,
Looking
for
some feathered lust
in
the
night that silenced horns
for a parade to stay sharp and
adopt a quaint release.

They still circle above.

Many of them above as I can only suppose.

You know, all remaining books are free 2-days from now.

You got it brother, there are many bouts a full for free is this world we call ours.

on behalf of the yarn

Inside the yarn existed the yarn.

Not exactly yarn--

But the ingredients for a material material enough to be called yarn.

Yarn in seasons coughed through cat lips shit from human holes and sewn by hands that could crochet in the AM nocturnal wonder of other cottons refused by the yarn.

Yarn in colds and hots.

For luke warm was the sulfur of Lucifer and the chest belly of Indonesian house wives.

In the yarn is the yarn.

No arguments on behalf of the yarn.

A-E-I-O-U-Y

Two bright lights hang from steel above my head.

To inspect the black putty between stones and nothing committed in the word "all."

Too bold to luminate shoes, much too tired to read fortunes from the whites of cuticle humps.

Yes, A-E-I-O-U-Y, AE! I O(we) (Yo)U, (Wh)Y? Why not?

I will give no
explanation
for the vowels
bright lights
or
those
devices that entice within a device.

They are clear to you & somehow shine above me right about now.

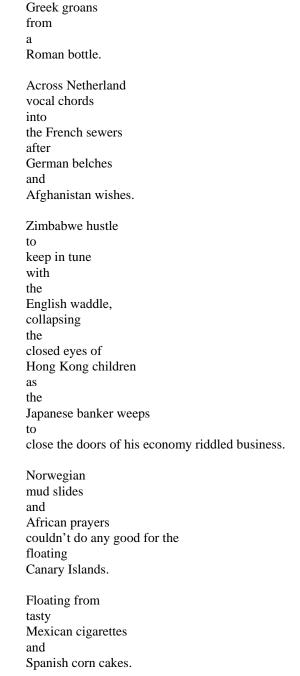
The Aging

```
When
motions
have their way in life,
like losing a car
and
re-financing a new one,
walk through some snow
and
refuse to dry the wet.
It has been said
this
is
harder age to live in.
Yes,
there are more diseases
and
increased ways to die.
But
diseases -- death -- thought
keep your
breath
have always been about.
In what has
been termed the
simplest of times,
life and the rotation
still
had a way
with
the mind.
A way to
sway
         persuade
         and
have.
I wouldn't be quick to
it's a harder age.
Times and things
just plain
```

mount

with aging.

around the globe into AMERICA



This going down as American surveyors pull a bandanna tight to hold down hairs and look within another world begone soul.

Such A Clean Surrounding, BaBy

rub lotion all over they damn diameter of your pumping soul. Intrigued to take the offer, a dash in the further of an opposite direction is done. Allergic to lotions and tired of old Presidents on paper currency, time can hardly soothe the reasons fast feet and candles that will no longer burn with the same white light. The alternative was a commune of hairless animals want to call all females "Nance" and all males "Jessik". Money is sparse and oils are the only means to lather up naked parts of the body & knobs. Willing to give the other offer a chance because they could possibly be convinced use another liquid soluble other than lotion he can trade his American currency in other means of International spending with new faces better chances of taking full advantage of the powerful US dollar. Instead,

They say

they want to pay you more money

the commune was the place that

was to be home.

Home to meager

and

more

than

the

descriptions could host.

Each person completely bald

there

and

just enough essentials to make it through

a

life of no taxes and breath that could be seriously deduced

as

clean and natural.

The clean of natural

and

natural in a clean environment.

He could portend to be a

mess

in

such a clean surrounding.

small budget in a big life

Those weak lies wrapped within a head bandage that lost a wound.

A tempt of content

came

to

unravel the beige roll

to

see if the damage inflicted could be detected.

There would be no chance

at

the

passage to see the result of these lies.

Or were they lies?

Could they have been well decoded truths that put off the air that they were lies?

Such as the talk of cloning humans colonizing outer space mysterious disappearances and others of that sort.

That head bandage was really a cover that should have been on hands.

More can be accomplished in tasks with those hands than with lies and

go on

living on a small budget in

a

big life.

For The Now Being

He choked on branches from vegetable patches and climbed a rope called "hope"--

No chance was to be garnered, for the ground did sweat with revenge and other vegetables (fruits for that matter) began to weather in fields that were not patches.

Hope is not a rope.

Stems are good when grounded into fine powder.

Hickory sticks & Silver chains is all that is left for the now being.

Philosophical Bricks

Athernon, the faithful of a faithless wise order of familial ties.

Spoken by other dialects and revered in his own--

The name is Athernon.

He started as a conversion of cells in the building blocks of time.

Now, may cells larger--

He is a Mason that moonlights as a revered 20th century philosopher.

Speaking of the simple & complex in the same breath.

He hasn't published any of his works.

For quality was the superior side of quantity to him.

Waiting for the chance to become chance, the nation(s) may know of some modern day philosophy jive.

Until that time,

Athernon will build the intrigue, if that can be said, brick-by-brick.

THE CITY - WE SPEAK

The day
Thanksgiving
came along
with a
pan full of
tasty stuffing,
the night before
Jay told me about
giving Eddie Vedder
a
high five at the
Roulette table
in
Vegas Casio room.

Yes, Jay knocked past the midnight hour for a plug-in to his loss of electricity.

After the current connection, he may have blown-out some candles to a good discussion with his dog.

The eve before we would taste the tiring juices of a Turkey breast, we had the lucky thoughts on our side for the Dogs & Women that keep us more than content.

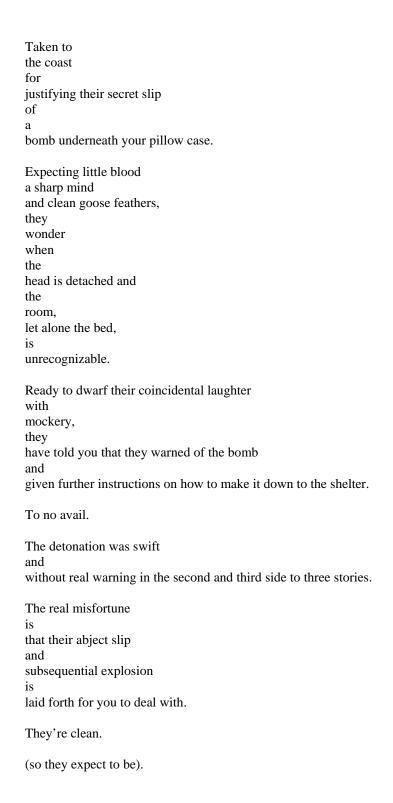
All the While--

The whipped cream forms in a frothy white parade for the day to come and pass

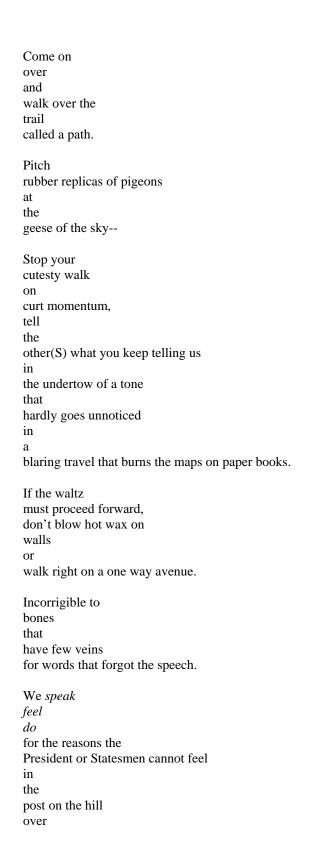
in an American Feast inside & aside

THE CITY.

Clean in the Explosion



INVISIBLE CANTALOUPE



the plateaus that just do exist there.

The couple in the parking lot across the street just ran over an invisible cantaloupe.

How the seeds do gush and mush about in the planned disorder of

it all.

Next Cove On Down

```
When the
elderly couple
snails by the
roots of scarf knits
                 overcoats
                          shoals of ear muffs
to
bury cold drizzle
from of a blizzard
that
will arrive
sometime tonight.
Lights will then
glimmer higher
and
the birds
branch tips will know more devoutly to
extract
the
new nectar of granulated berries hung
ask more questions.
Toes that
reach to fold over socks on skin
and
the night the dark
came earlier
before
the shortest day
of
the year
shall arrive.
To arrive in shrunken beach straps
left over from sand traps of salt tears.
This all did come about
not because
the
cold snows
        birds
                 berries
                          or towels,
but the old couple
took their time
to
```

make it to the next cove on down.

A Dozen Palestine's With Their Mouths & Ears

Three Palestine's stand atop Jerusalem building tossing stones political defiance or for more than their words will be heard. Tear gas & rubber bullets were the response to a non-verbal approach. Paper press wires proclaim in caption--"Dozens were injured." How about this--24 48 60 72 youths individualspeople were injured. So many dozens to embody the many Jerusalem & about getting welts for political personal religious defiance.

These

are just a
portion of a
dozen reasons these
pictures
and
words
are published abound the globe
in
newsprint
sandwiched with
Ad's
Stats
Commentaries
that keep piling
next to

deaf ears and open mouths.

below the equator

they quit this century and stuffed their old clothes in new black trash bags.

to move into
another universe
of the mind
and
a different continent
that
still held
the universe as one,
or a part
of
a
whole in a
disjointed peace offering.

an offering
to
forgive time
and
pat a child on the lead
that
holds a
crisp
black girl doll
that smiles in a futuristic bend.

a bend for the straight reality that fell several shades below the equator.

Pelican Face

On the wall, the picture painting looks still in an active stance.

The Pelican
from
a
small Greek town
smiles,
as well as he can,
with one broken wing
and
the cobblestone road
winding forward and backward.

He was a legend in this town.

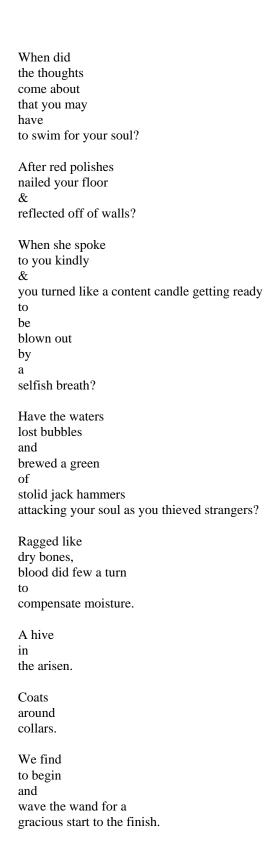
The talk of food pieces thrown so he can recoup his broken wing--

I hear he broke a couple of hearts along the way.

His wing healed with the paints that etched his legacy on the wall off Wornell Rd.

Where the hearts break far away from the Pelican face.

to the finish



with her gift, that's what she was

The young girl
who
made it her quest
to
pop every knuckle on each hand
had
such a smile
and
this compressed chin.

Other kids couldn't understand this behavior.

She would toddle about speaking explicitly of each bone that resides in the human finger.

Toes...no toes were popped.

Knuckles were her game.

She was happy with her game.

Making dance steps on the play ground that consisted of fancy wrist and finger movements in some sort of dance game she understood with eyes shut.

The others gave her an understood distance to cultivate her ritual.

What would happen when she

grew old.

Osteoporosis

or

Arthritis

or

An interested crowd

Οľ

Dirty looks

or

Fame as an agile court reporter

or

Nothing.

This was all hard

to

foretell.

She loved her fingers

and

treated them with the most acute care

that

could be expected of extremities that

had

crackable joints.

No swings

kickball

hopscotch

jump rope

jacks

dodge ball

touch football

playing with dolls.

Round and

round

her

fingers

went.

To mysteries

she

loved.

Other than her

knuckles being popped,

she

loved watching her mentor with bigger and louder

ioints

unleash his artistry.

He father.

A real fucking knuckle cracker.

Maybe someday

she would have

large

and

loud sounds come from her joints

and

advance to pop her toes as proudly some day down the line.

Poppy

Snappy little gal.

That's what she was with her gift.

gas in the bag

The air of greed trapped within the gas of a paper bag.

Worn and wet from so many days that took on the course to find some sort of soul in the sack of skin that carried it around.

To no avail.

It never did exist.

Extinct with many wods of cash to support children in collegiate endeavors ships automobiles vacationing shiny new meat steamers--

Hypocritical laughter takes no time to reach the people.

It's quicker when the face isn't blurred, but blunt like the shadows that swallowed dull swords.

Hefty remarks from people abound tear the sentient flesh and laughter is the period on a marred sentence which

cannot be grammatically re-glued.

These human beings that swing their asses to a tiny tune as a vapor

on this world that needs to be hugged with eyes that haven't been bloodshot from the

gas in the bag.