

JoeFiles XXXVI
My Title When The Title Was Untitled

Fast & Calculated

Strolled into the
Fast food restaurant
With
The 70's motif
Looking for some refreshments
In
A
Tasty evening that
Has
Itself
Unfolded like
A
Beef tongue in carrot soup.

Waiting in the line
Of
A
Teenage Nigerian/African fellow
That
Was taking the burger orders
And
Scooping in the ice.

Flitting through my mind
Was the thought that the fast food life
Is surely a crime.

Forced to smell the restaurant odor all day long,
Wear a name tag
Required clothing
Give processed smiles and greetings
While the machine filling cokes, sprite and such
Have more thought going through
Their wired and electrical
Circuits.

I make it up to the kid,
Order the "famous" number 3
And ask the kid,
"So, you like your job?"

He can't hear me.

Again,
I ask the same question.

All this young man from another land
In these United States could do
Was look down with a
Placid grin and shake his head.

We knew.

No words had to be given.

Some of the most grotesques and ridiculous
Crimes
Go unpunished.

Ink that down in the marvelous sales and marketing meeting
For all the fast food
Bastards meeting in Arizona next year to
Play golf
And
Drive more misery through
The
Calculated heart.

Gems They Went

He was vacuuming the
Carpets in the lobby of
Telecommunications building.

I came down,
Slid over his cleaned floor mat
&
tried to go through the revolving door.

He looks up from
His dreads & points
To
The side door.

I wave,
Look at him
Nose pointed down
& hit the heat
from the clocks and fountain
street.

I notice in
The foreground
“Don’t Walk”
in orange and hardly the “Going out of Business”
sale at
the
Golden Goose.

I seen another
Gem in the city.

HE HEARD; SHE DIDN'T HEAR

SAY,
YOU HEAR THAT?

YES,
I THINK I DO.

IS IT THAT SOUND
COMING DOWN FROM THE OTHER
END OF THE HALL?

YEA,
I THINK SO.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN
YOU THINK SO.
IT'S THE SOUND YOU HEAR
AND ARE TRYING TO POINT MY ATTENTION TO
DOWN THE HALLWAY.
SO,
IS IT REAL OR AN IMAGINATIVE PIECE OF SOMETHING YOU
CAME UP WITH IN A CONJURED FIT.

IT'S REAL THERE PAL.
AS REAL AS IT CAN BE.

I JUST CAN'T HEAR IT THAT WELL.

NO, HUH?

NOT TOO WELL.
BUT I THINK I HEAR IT JUST FINE.

YOU HAVE ANY PROBLEMS WITH YOUR HEARING?

NO.

WELL,
YOU SHOULD HEAR IT FROM HERE.
COME OVER HERE CLOSER TO ME.

*AT THIS POINT THE MAN GRABBED THE GIRL AND LEANED
HER HEAD BACK SAYING THINGS HE KNEW SHE COULD HEAR.
AND AT THAT SHE GRABBED HIM BY HIS BALLS,
TOOK HIM DOWN TO THE GROUND AND BEGGED FOR
HIM TO DO THINGS TO HER THAT GOD WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO EXPLAIN.
AT THIS, HE KNEW HIS LINE HAD WORKED AND THAT
HIS DREAMS IN THE COMING WEEKS WOULD BE SOMETHING LESS
OF A MARVEL.
FOR HE WAS SET TO DO THINGS TO THIS WOMAN THAT
SATAN WOULDN'T EVEN TALK ABOUT.*

THE SOUNDS THEY HEARD TOGETHER AFTER THE SOUND HE HEARD AND SHE COULDN'T.

Hero's Last Lunch

Words and
Heroes
Hanging around,
Shooting comments from
The
Corner of their mouths
Here and into
The
Next sentence.

Hearing dump trucks
Speaking to high rises,
The helicopters hovered above
Before landing
On
The
Hospital tops
To hear
About anecdotes
From
The words & heroes.

For all the
Rest
And
Tiresome movements,
Words & heroes
Would sit in their
One room acquaintances
Pouring to
The
Beginning of time
And
The villainy that made it
Through the crevices.

Yes,
Pouring bitter apple juices.

Letting the ice cubes
Melt in
The minutes
That waned,
Yet remained like the
Words of a song
Singing
The hero's last
Lunch hour.

His Trash Can

Across the
Black building
From which I
Do work.

The man leaning on
The
Trash barrel
With full black beard,
Bean hat,
Lost sandals,
The birth of items
In his pack
Watching his time
Tick down
While
The
People walk by.

I DON'T WANT TO TASTE YOU

I DANCE ON THE AISLE
OF CORPORATE HEAD MANIPULATORS.

THEY THINK I WANT TO MAKE THIS A CAREER.

THEY BELIEVE THE END WON'T COME FOR THEM.

THEY WANT MORE MEMOS.

THEY WANT MORE BLISTERING REMINDERS THAT
THEY COULD HAVE DONE SOMETHING ELSE
AND THAT WHAT THEY ARE DOING NOW WILL SET THEM UP FOR
ANOTHER LIFETIME OF TITILATING MEMORIES WHEN THEY RETIRE.

THEY BELIEVE BECAUSE THE TELEVISION TELLS THEM TO BELIEVE.

THEY BELIEVE BECAUSE THAT JINGLE ON THEIR RADIO
IS THE LAST HAPPY MEMORY THEY WILL HAVE BEFORE
THE FLOODS BEGIN TO BE A RAVID REALITY.

THEY WANT MORE BECAUSE THEY WERE TAUGHT IN THEIR
BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION DEGREE COURSES THAT TO SMEAR THE QUEER AND
BELIEVE YOU ARE THE ABSOLUTE BEST IS THE BETTER BUSINESS.

THEY ENTER THIS WORLD BECAUSE THEY WANT
TO PLEASE THEIR DYING PARENTS.

THEY ENTER THIS WORLD FOR HOW MUCH
THEY KNOW THEIR CHILDREN LOVE THE
TASTE OF FRESH PORK CHOPS.

THEY NEED THIS TO SUSTAIN.

THEY BELIEVE THIS IS WHAT IS NEEDED TO
TRULY GROW
GROW
GROW
THE PICTURE TURNS BLANK GRAY.

THEY SEE THIS AS THE TRUTH.

THEY CAN'T SEE THE BUILDINGS
AND
INTO THE X-RAYS THAT LAUGH AT NEW LUNGS
AND SAGGING TITS THAT LOOK LIKE MANGLED
BUTTOCKS.

I'M HERE FOR A TIME IN THIS GAME YOU
PLAY PEOPLE,
I KNOW WHAT YOUR DOING.

MOST OF YOU SHOULD
BE SICK
FOR THIS.

THE REST OF YOU SHOULD FREE
YOUR MIND IN A WAY THAT WILL MAKE PEACE
YET AN AFTERTHOUGH IN WHAT IS BETTER.

I SEE YOU.

I KNOW YOU.

I SMELL YOU.

I DON'T WANT TO TASTE YOU.

I Walk – He Shouts

Man on
The corner of 10th and Baltimore
Waved a rainbow flag
Shouting about repentance—

Telling the souls going by
That “the time is coming”
“HE shall save you”
“Your SALVATION depends on it”

A wiry black man
With the girth of
4 strong Billy goats echoing
about
the building fronts.

Some stuttering pedestrians watch motionless,
Most
Walk on past—

His zeal,
Whether misplace or not,
Is his freedom.

I heed to
The sidewalk,
Watch his head splitting
In the sun.

Rounding another city block
Downtown
Knowing my time
Is ticking

Beginning

Just traveling
As I
Walk
&
he shouts.

IN A WORLD OF SNAKES AND ME AND YOU

MY POCKETS
ARE
FULL OF BLACK SNAKES.

MY SHOES ARE FULL
OF
RED SNAKES.

MY GLOVES ARE
FULL
OF
GREEN SNAKES.

THE HOUSE IS FILLING
UP WITH SNAKES THAT RANGE FROM
YELLOW TO ORANGE.

THE TOILET IS FILLING UP
WITH
WHITE SNAKES.

THE TRASH CANS HAVE BEEN OVERRUN
WITH PURPLE
SNAKES FOR SOME TIME NOW.

THE CLOSETS TUMBLE WITH TEAL
SNAKES AND CATACOMB RYTHMS.

THE FLOORS ARE MADE OUT OF THE
DEAD BLACK SNAKES THAT
ROAMED IN OTHER PEOPLES POCKETS.

RINGS AND OTHER SORTED PIECES OF JEWELRY
ARE CONSUMED WITH GREEN FROM THE SKINS
AND INNARDS OF DEAD GREEN SNAKES.

THE METAL BARRIERS AROUND THE GREEN BEAN CANS
ARE MADE
FROM THE LONG DECEASED YELLOW AND ORANGE
SNAKES THAT USED TO DART THROUGH THE WOODS
AND OVER QUICK HIGHWAYS.

THE WORLD FULL OF SNAKES,
IN THE LIVING ROOM,
KITCHEN,
COFFEE SHOPS THAT SERVE ONLY TEA
AND
THE
COASTS OF NICARAGUA.

ALL THE SNAKES CALLED TO AS FREAKS
WHILE INDIAN BOYS LEARN TO BOOTLEG IN SONG AND CHEERS
WITH KING COBRAS
IN THE TAN BASKET.

A WORLD FULL OF
SNAKES.

A WORLD FULL OF ME AND YOU.

A WORLD MADE OF DEAD MES & YOUS.

YOU UNDERSTAND NOW
THAT THE FEAR OF SNAKES IS JUST ANOTHER MANIFESTATION
OF
THAT FEAR OF HUMANS . .

IN THIS WORLD MADE OF SNAKES
AND ME AND YOU.

...IN THE WRINKLED HUES

I HARDLY SAW THE TOES
TIP ON THE TOPS
AS
THE
RUSTY STAPLES HIT THE FLESH AND
CAUSE ABRASIONS A DOCTOR COULDN'T
FIGURE TO BRING ABOUT A GOOD ASSUMPTION ABOUT.

I HARDLY SAW THE CIGARETTE FALL OUT OF
MY HAND AS IT QUICKLY HIT INTO THE TAXED
ASPHALT OF THE HIGHWAY I DRIVE AWAY FROM
AND INTO SQUIRTS OF WISDOM
THE ELVES OF THE MIND COULDN'T QUANTIFY.

I HARDLY NOTICED THE CHEESE TURN
INTO A CULTURED PIECE OF MEDICAL
EVIDENCE AS THE YOUNG DOG BEGAN SNIFFING THE
CARPET FOR A MORSEL OF HUMAN EYES
THAT WOULD RETURN HIS BEGGAR EYES.

I HARDLY SAW THE KEY OPEN THE
DOOR THAT LONG AGO SHUT IT'S HOLE UP
FOR A RUFUSAL OF ANYONE ELSE COMING IN
TO DISTURB ITS INSANITY.

I HARDLY SAW THE ROTTEN APPLES FALL
FROM THE TREE AND SPLATTER IN A MUSHY
MALADY OF BROWN SAUCES.

I HARDLY SAW ROBIN HOOD SHOOT AN ARROW INTO
THE BOURGEOISIE MAN'S FOOT FOR
A FABLED CAUSE THAT
CAME FROM THE PAGES OF ANOTHER MAJOR
PRINTING RUN OF THAT DISNEY BOOK.

I HARDLY SAW THE SMILE FALL FROM YOUR FACE
LIKE A PLATED VASE IN THE ARMORY HOME.

I HARDLY SAW WHAT YOU SAW
AND
CLEARLY SEE WHAT I DO.

THEREFORE
WE TAKE THE HARDLY AND DO
MAKING THE
HOW DO YOU DO
IN
THE
WRINKLED HUES.

In Violence

A memior
Or Penior
Trapped in the
Dust of
My loose hair body.

2 men trapped between
the
phone booth
piss stalls &
yellow tales.

Indignant idiots
On the bottom
Bunk of the
Double dunk hysteria,
She opened her
Eyes and the world
Stopped,
The next nine
Was
The
Last eight,
He fucked another woman

They wonder
In the violence.

INVISIBLE INDIVIDUAL

WE WENT OUT TO THE SEAS
TO FIGURE OUT WHAT
THE LAKES AND PONDS DON'T DO.

EXACTLY WHY THE EELS
DON'T JUMP AND
THE LARGE WHALES DO.

ON THE WHOLE,
WHY THE SMALL FISH STAY DOWN BELOW
AND THE LARGE FISH COME TO THE SURFACE
TO
JUMP AND MAKE SPLASHES FOR THE HUMAN CAMERAS
AND BOATS THAT LOST THEIR MOAT.

JUST TO
LOOK OUT INTO THE SEE
TO TRY AND MUTTER THE WORD MIDWESTERN (NERT SEW)
BACKWARDS
AND LAUGH AT ALL THE OTHER PIECES
OF UNCHARTERED LAND THAT EXIST
OUT THERE IN THE WORLD THAT SEE'S AND LAKES
LIKE A
POND FLUTTERING
FROM
THE PEBBLE
THROWN IN BY THE INVISIBLE INDIVIDUAL.

Ivory Mosquitoes

She bought
An ivory plant—

Then,
Planted it
Without cure
In
The ground.

Letting nature take care
Of her plant.

She would ponder the
Mood of those
Lazy weeping willows
That sang a tune
Only her ears
Could
Have
Known.

Nothing to
Water,
Something to listen to.

Wearing the
Same pair
Of
Socks for days
That came to an end.

She wouldn't talk to anyone
Except those plants,
Some trees that unraveled
On
Her irises.

The mosquitoes
Never knew a chance.

LOST PHAROH

PULLING FROM MY HANDS
THE HATBILLED BRIM CALLOUSES
OF
LUCKY FORTUNEES TOSSED INTO
THE
TOILET OF BEFORE-YELLOWED WATER.

THE EQUAL SIGN MEANS
THAT
THE
MINUS SIGN DIDN'T WANT
TO
COME OUTSIDE TO PLAY.

FOR SCOOPY-DOO TOOK THE BLOND INTO THE
CORNER FOR
SHAGGY
HAS DISAGREED WITH THE MULTIPICATION
OF
THIS DIVISIBLE THAT
WAS
GOING DOWN IN THE PLAIN BROAD
DAYLIGHT OF THE
DREAM THAT HAD NO PASS
TO ENDER THEIS BUS
DRIVEN
BY THE LOST PHAROH.

MADAGADASCO – THE SPANISH FLY SWATTER

Aisles of
Grocery stores.

The products like
Fly swatters,
Children's chalk boards,
New shrimp seasoning(s),
Chocolate chip muffins,
Raspberry rice crispy squares,
Salisbury flavored pasta & rigatoni,
Pickled flavored mushrooms,
Where did they come from?

Who buy's all this shit?

"No toothpaste this week son,
Need some cinnamon flavored salad dressing with a bonus pack age of
salt flavored croutons."

You see the sweepstakes,
Cracker Jack prizes,
Incidence packaged as coincidence
Lies wrapped to
The
Absolute.

The Mexican fly catcher and
The
Spanish fly swatter.

Whaffing
Whaffing
Down
Some store with smiles.

MECHANICAL PROVIDENCE

Put down
\$158.48 for two
new
tires
on the car.

Day later,
I stop for \$8.90 in gas
And
The car breaks down like
A
Marred mule
In bay #2.

She comes to pick
Me up,
Tow truck takes
It
Out later.

Before,
I buy a pack of cigarettes,
Shit in the back bathroom
Stinking the place up swell,
Back on the road
To
Work.

Total bill for battery, plugs
Other water for the engine metal,
\$296.00.

Fairly frugal
With the cash I get.

I figure if car bullshit
Doesn't strike
Every 3-5 months
Something

Has to be
Horribly wrong.

The mechanical measuring
Stick of
My providence.

More Life Brought Now

Soups

 Tuna Sandwiches,
Man climbed on
The roof
With walkie talkie
Turned up loud.

Books of Astronomy – Philosophy – Turgenev
Fell on their own
Down to the
Rugged wooden grained floor.

Rich folks hold in
Their loss of laughter,
The graphics man
Wears cartoon shirt to
Black tie affair.

The insufficiency of productivity.

Vice versa.

Not feeling the earth rotate again,
We bring in more life.

NEIGHBORHOOD GAS

AN EIGHTEEN WHEELER
PILED THREE HIGH
5 ACROSS
WITH SMASHED REMAINS OF TORN CARS
ON THE METAL BED
HALTS AT THE RED LIGHT.

AN EIGHTEEN WHEELER
PILED 2 HIGH
FIVE ACROSS WITH
NEW CARS
IS PASSED BY MY AGING VEHICLE ON
THE HIGHWAY.

BOTH OF THESE TRUCKS
STOP AT THE GOOD SWIFTY QUICK MART
FOR SOME GAS.

THE GUY WITH THE SMASHED CARS
ASKS THE GUY WITH THE NEW CARS,
WITHOUT KNOWING,
WHERE HE CAN FIND A GAS STATION
WITH AN AIR PUMP.

THE GUY WITH THE NEW CARS SAYS IN
THE NEXT SMALL TOWN UP THE WAY.

THE GUY WITH THE NEW CARS
ASKS THE GUY WITH THE SMASHED PAYLOAD
WHERE HE CAN GET
A MEAN PLATE OF CHICKEN FRIED STEAK.

THE GUY WITH THE SMASHED CARS
SAYS,
“OUT IN MY CAB. I HAVE SOME TASTY
LEFT OVERS. IT’S ALL YOURS.”

THIS,
AS A SMALL RED HEAD KID WITH HER
MOM GETS HER CHANGE FROM A BUBBLE GUM PURCHASE
AND DROPS A NICKEL THAT ROLLS
IN THE SPACE BETWEEN
THE NEW AND SMASHED CAR GUY’S.

NEITHER NOTICE THE COIN
AS THE GIRL LOOKS FOR THE SILVER
AND
THEY
EXIT OUT THE DOOR

AT
STRANGERS
IN
THE
NEIGHBORHOOD GAS PUMP.

Never . . . As Clear

The chefs in
Their conventions,
Burning hats
 Lost utensils,
Extensions of radishes,
The steaks are all
Half price,
The night has been upped in price,
Widespread jeering,
The names may
Have been
The same,
Yet the reasons
Surely never as clear.

Never Hidden

Spliced
Like
A
Shuck in white
Barrel
Waiting for dumpster
In
Middle of
Parking lot.

Black lot,
White love
Another fanatical pink tale,
The
Restitution was
Never
Well-hidden.

Nil Show

The rock-n-roll
Jock shock
Rock
Funk
 Break it down
Pull it funky
&
leave it wrong.

Tear down the
Fucking house
&
burn pieces of that place.

Piss off the pier,
Throw knives at the
Reflection in the water.

Eat handfuls of sand.

Yea,
That rock-n-roll
Jock
 Sock
Flock
 Rock
Shock knocking the nazi nihilists
On their faces

Burning their eyes &
Making their ears
A
Virgin hand shake.

Yes—
They say
The
Show
Went well there.

NOTHING ELSE TO SAY

They play ping pong
With their legs and feet,
Swallow the whites of eggs as though they
Were sticks of chewing gum,
They refuse to take photographs or drive 10-miles
In radius next to a hospitals.

They spit on the ground with the vigor given to 4 cheetahs in a wire net,
Have no idea what IQ means,
Live next to rocks they believe are now fossilized humans
Resting from thousands of years before when they used to roam
The land and braved that crazy cold called the ice age.

They complain to their friends and neighbors that
They shouldn't have to wear clothing,
They pray to adam & eve,
They love television tabloid magazine shows,
They only eat peanut butter
If it's given to them as a gift.

They're next to
You when you think their the farthest away,
They want to read your thoughts
When you could give a flying vomit about their
Thoughts.

They want to come closer to you,
Pushing a plastic balloon next to the fire
To grab your attention when that
Damn helium just can't
Stand it any longer.

They're on top of you right now
Singing the chorus to the song
That has been playing through your mind the
Whole day long.

Now,
They're inside of you waiting for the next
Century
To
Arrive

So they can have more bullshit
To
Lather and bitch
About
In
This civilization of folks

That know how to complain like there's nothing else to say.

ON THE LATE

REFLECTIONS OFF A
PEPSI BOTTLE,
THE CORPORATE MAIL ROOM MAN
TENDS TO KEEP HIS WORDS TO
HIS OWN THOUGHTS.

A SET OF DOG TAGS HANGING ON A
DOWNTOWN LIGHTPOLE,
THE ORATOR TOOK A REST FROM HIS
RED FACE SPEECH FOR A TALL GULP
FROM HIS SPECIALLY BLENDED TOMATO JUICE CUP.

ANOTHER CD ROM DISC PROCLAIMING THE BENEFITS AND
FREE HOURS TO HOP ON THE
NEW HIGHWAY OF COASTS IN ELECTRICITY AND ROOM FULLS
OF TEENAGERS AND BURNED-OUT SEX ADDICTS THAT CAN'T
SHOW THEIR FACE IN A CIRCUS,
THE PERCOLATOR IS NOW CALLED A COFFEE MAKER.

DEAD HUNKS OF WOOD HOLDING ON TO THOSE
LAST MARSUPIAL ROOTS IN THE NATURE SANCTUARY
HAVE AN ARTISTIC VALUE A CAMERA WOULD HAVE TROUBLES
DOING MUCH JUSTICE,
WITHIN THE CHECKBOOK YOUR BOSS HOLDS THE BALANCE.

ERRANT CAT HAIRS FLOATING FROM THE COUCH INTO MY
OPEN BOOK MAKING AN INVISIBLE BOOK MARK I'LL HAVE
A HARD TIME FINDING WHEN I HOP UP
FOR THE NEXT EYEFUL,
THOSE HORSES FROM CHILDHOOD GRINDING THEIR TEETH
ON THE WOODEN POST ABOVE THE BARBED WIRE MADE
SOUNDS HUMANS WOULD BE HARD PRESSED TO IMITATE.

ANOTHER MOGUL MONOPOLIZER IN COURT FOR
ANTI-TRUST INFRINGEMENT,
WINTER GLOVES ARE NICE WHEN THE AIR IS SO CHILLY THAT TO
COUGH IN THE COLD AIR FEELS LIKE YOU COULD CATCH
A LUCKY BREAK.

MORE ANECDOTES,
ANOTHER MEMORY,
STACKING UP THE DOMINOS FOR ETERNITY OR
THE END WE ALL WILL FACE.

HOW THE PAINTS HOLD THEIR TONE EVEN IN THE DARK
RIGHT NOW
AS THE NIGHT FEELS ME
AND
MY LAUGHTER IS A SPEEDING CAR DOWN THE INTERSTATE
THAT WILL UNDOUBTABLY HIT
YOU
NOW OR IN THE LATE LATE.

OVER THERE IN THE LIGHT; HERE IN THE DARK

THE HEADS BOBBED BACK
ON A BEACH ON ANOTHER CONTINENT.

CHINA NOW PLANS TO PORTEND THEIR DAY
AS THIS OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD
ON THE WESTER HEMISPHERE
GOES INTO ANOTHER NIGHT OF MAKING THE ETERNAL BED
OR
FINDING WAYS TO STRETCH THE NIGHT
INTO A TAFFY THAT WON'T STICK INTO THE MOLARS
ON THE
CAVITY OF THE GRAND MORNING.

MILITARY MEN,
LOOSE WOMEN,
LUCKY CHILDREN,
CHRIST ALL THE LUCKY CHILDREN,
EMPTY SWING SETS,
FEARLESS SEX,
MONTERS TALKING TOGETHER IN THE
LARGE CLOSET CLOSED FOR NOW,
INTIMIDATION IN THE GREAT CANDY BAR WRAPPER,
ANOTHER CORPORATE JUNKIE LOOKING DOWN TO
THE STREET FROM FLOOR 28 THINKING ABOUT NOT
GOING HOME,
THE WIZARD DESTROYING HIS FINGERNAILS ON ANOTHER
TRICK,
THE CLAY PIGEONS BREAKING FROM THE LOCUST'S SHELL,
FIRST TIME MURDERER FLICKING A CIGARETTE FROM HIS
WINDOW INTO A FENCED IN GRAVEYARD OFF THE HIGHWAY,
NEGLECTED PANCAKES ON THE DINER FLOOR,
THE POT OF COFFEE THAT GOT WARMER
AS THE WAITRESS CAME BY FOR THE 9TH REFILL,
LONEY EXCUSES THAT MADE THE BAND MEMBERS
WRAP THEIR OWNS HANDS AROUND THEIR NECKS,
THE RASPY JUNKIE THAT GOES UP TO HIS EMPTY REFRIGORATOR
TO FEED HIS 14 PET HAMSTERS,
AN AIRLINE PILOT HIGH ON EXHAUSTION STARTS TO STROKE THE
SHAFT WHILE HEADING OVER THE PACIFIC,
A LOOSE BAG OF PEANUTS FOUND ON THE ARID LAND
BY THE SMALL CHILD IN BRAZIL,
A YOUNG PUNK GRIPPING HIS STEERING WHEEL GOING 78MPH
IN A RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD BECAUSE HIS THINKS HIS PARENTS ARE
FUCKS AND HEAVY METAL IS THE ANSWER,
WRITTEN CONFESSIONS BY AN UNKNOWN SOURCE THAT
DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH TIME TO CONFIRM THEIR NAME
IN THE BUNK OF FORTITUDE,
CATS LOOSE WITH FISH BONES AS RIBS,
THE GROWN WOMAN STILL GOES INTO HER GARAGE EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT
TO SIT IN THAT OLD RUSTY CHILDHOOD RED RIDER TO SIT AND
THINK ABOUT THAT EVENT WHICH HAPPENED IN HER CHILDHOOD

SHE STILL CAN'T TELL ANYONE TO THIS DAY ABOUT,
STARVED DALMATIONS EATING 31LBS OF ANCHOVIES OF A COLD AND WET
BASEMENT FLOOR,
BROKEN CACTUSES SCOOPING UP IMAGES OF WATER WITH THEIR
IMAGINARY ARMS,
THE CURE TO CANCER WASN'T REPORTED IN THE PAPERS,
ADOPTION WAS AS HARD AS ABORTION . . .

THE OTHER SIDE MOVES,
THIS SIDE MOVES AS WELL.

WATCH OUT FOR THOSE CURVES IN THE STREET
OVER THERE IN CHINA,
I HEAR THEIR WRETCHED IN THE DAYLIGHT.

OVER HERE IN THE NIGHT,
ALL THE CURVES ARE JUST ANOTHER CURVE
IN
THE
DARK.

Parking Breath

Rolling my neck
After the hours
On
Business time had
Been given,
The sights down the street began to
Grow as I was fixated
On
New and unseen sights
That
Have
Passed by my reflection over
The
Weeks stacked like flap jacks
On
The
Bald man's diner plate.

A woman
Is leaned up against the wall gasping for air and
Unable to speak.

Several people,
Including me,
Stop to see if she needs any kind
Of
Paramedic.

She can't even nod her head if
She has asthma or not.

I leave knowing
A
Woman was going to call an ambulance.

Going to the vehicle
Through the parking garage,
I see flashing lights,
Maybe a cop.

No,
A traffic police woman marking the parkers a ticket
For
Their
Failed hour.

A woman is in peril up the way
And the traffic cops stick it real good to the healthy
Ones off living their lives.

Approaching the boulevard to home,

I heard sirens and knew
Soon
The
Woman that couldn't grab reality
Would grab it again
And

Get her car
Ticketed

While all the other folks
Go

For a routine check-up at the
Ph.D's office.

Pelican & Priest

An odd
Collection of lines,
Figuring into a collection of images
That
Had some
Shape.

Shape in colors—

Color in hues—

Hues in intensity—

Intensity in the
Spectrum
That stretched out
Past the
Pelican and
The Priest.

Pink Fountain Lover

Sitting on a
Park bench waiting for
My lover to arrive.

The pink waters of the
Football
Fountain
Spits at the convention goes in as Baptists
And
Soon gone with their
Bleached sun hats.

Next to me,
A black man bounces to the
Sounds of an afternoon
Jazz quartet in the
Open space,
Giving me a flyer to a crossed
Arm
Waiting for my lover.

He says,
“Look, I’m selling some African cosmetics.
Take a look at the list,
We have some free samples to give if your interested.”

“Sure,”
I say as I see him quickly
Get up again for his crowd.

A black woman coming down the sales row
Of religious concrete.

I listen to the man,
Again,
Give his pitch on African goods
As folks
Toss fast food trash into
The bins—

Cops in shorts
Ride their bikes with the piss pink
Fountains as a backdrop.

Yes,
Just waiting on the city’s bench
For
My
Lover

To arrive.

PLANES DOVE AND THE WINDS SNARLED

TIPPING AND TOPPLING
OVER THE LOOSE PIECES OF GRAVEL THAT LINED
THE ROOFTOPS OF KANSAS CITY.

WITH THE FACES OF WARM BEGINNINGS,
THE HOT AIR RISING DIDN'T MAKE ITS
WAY PAST THE MYTHS THAT HAD THEIR CHANCE TO BE
THE ONLY THING HTAT COULD BE RECOGNIZED.

FOR THE OLD STALE YELLOW OF LIGHTS IN BORDERING BUILDINGS
WOULD USHER IN THE TIES
AND LACY DRESSES OF MORNINGS BEFORE THE MIRACLE
OF
LUNCH WOULD COME TO USHER THEM DOWN THE STREET
TO CHINESE LUNCHEON HUTS AND
THE PISTONS GRINDING AWAY FOR ANOTEHR WORLD AND DIRTY DOLLAR
BILLS THAT CAN ONLY BE FEASILBY EXPLAINED IN
CLEAN SILVER COINS.

YES,
THE BUILDING TOPS THAT DRIED THE EARTH OF
THEIR FINAL SHADOWS AND HIDES ITS MAXI PAD FROM
THE SUN THAT EXPOSES ENOUGH TO BE
COUNCLUDED GULILTY IN THE
RIDDLED COURT ROOM.

HOW THE ROOF TOPS STAYED FIRM WHILE THE ROCKS MADE THEIR
WAY INTO TA SINGING PATTERN OF CLANGS AGAINST THE
METAL FANS THAT TRIED TO DEFY SCIENCE BY PUSHING AIR SOUTH.

YES,
THE NORTHS AND SOUTHS OF
THAT CIRCULATION OF TALKS,
THE DRIVING PLANES THAT MADE
THEIR WAY FROM THE OLD DOWNTOWN AIRPORT
AS THE
WATER TOWER GUSHED WITH LIGHTS AND THOUGHTS OF
CLEANER WATER BILLS BEING PRESENTED IN THE CONGRESS
THAT
RESIDEDS FAR AWAY FROM THIS RESIDENCE AND
THE
RESIDENCE OF YOUR MIND THAT CAN ONLY DEFINE SOLACE
IN THE REALITY THAT YOU CONSTRUCT IN HAPPINES..

IN THAT ROOFTOP
THE LAUGHS CAME AND SAILED DOWNWARD WITH THE HEAD
AS THE CARICAUTURE PAINTINGS OF THE ROCK STATION
WORE SILENT COATS.

YES,

THE ROOFTOPS OF THE MIDWESTERN
TOWN
HOLDING STEADY AS THE WHORES CRAWLED BELOW WITH THE EXISTING HEAT
LIKE CABBAGELESS WOMEN ON THE NIGHT THE
HOTDOGS WOULD COME OUT FOR A FITTING ACCOMPANIMENT.

MORE THAN JUST THIS HAPPENED ON THE NIGHT THAT
OUR FEET MADE IT OUT ON TOP
OF
THAT ROOF.

MUCH MORE
THAN WILL BE EXPOSED HERE
FOR THE GRAVES ARE HOT
ABOVE THE EMBERS WE MADE
AS
THE
PLANES
DOVE
AND
THE
WINDS SNARLED.

POPS AND THE BANG

HE WROTE ME A
LETTER TO
EXPLAIN THE SITUATION.

I CALLED TO TELL
HIM THAT EVERYTHING WAS
ALRIGHT.

IT WAS
A
BLANKETED WHITE ENVELOPE
WITH REMORSE
THICKER
THAN
ANY MOVIE PLOT YOU COULD
DREAM IN YOUR WORLD OF MOVIES
YOUR CONVINCED WOULD KICK
THE SHIT OUT OF THE
CRAP THAT COMES OUT OF HOLLYWOOD NOW.

TRYING TO
APOLOGIZE FOR THE HUMAN CONDITION,
I
KNOW HIS POWER
AND HOW HE HAS LIVED HIS LIFE.

THOUGH,
HERE IN MY TWENTIES I'M LEARNING MORE
ABOUT HIM THROUGH STORIES AS HIS
LEANS BACK IN THAT RECLINER AND SPEAKS LIKE A MAN
THAT IS MIGHTIER THAN A MAN
AND HAS SEEN MORE TEARS
THAN
COULD FILL THE CUPS OF THOSE OLD SALESMEN SOLDIERS
IN THEIR ALCOHOLIC MORNINGS.

WEAVING TOGETHER PIECES OF
MY LIFE I NEVER KNEW ABOUT,
IT'S NOT A MATTER OF BEING LATER THAN NEVER,
IT'S MORE ABOUT THE FACT THAT I'M GETTING TO
KNOW HIM AS THE MAN
THAT SEEMED TO BE HIDDEN
IN YOUNG THOUGHTS YEARS AGO.

GETTING CHRISTMAS TREE'S IN THE SKUNKED
CARTER YEARS WHEN SALES
WERE SHIT AND THE STEAKS WERE ALPINE LODGES,
HE
WOULD SMOKE THAT SMOKE I STILL CAN'T CONJURE
UP AN IMAGE OF.

BRINGING HOME DEALER TAGS
ON THE CARS,
BARELY GRAY IN HIS HEAD OF BLACK HAIR,
HE
WOULD GIVE THAT
DAMN CHRISTMAS TREE AWAY TO ANOTHER FAMILY
IF HE
KNEW THEY NEEDED IT
AS THEIR LAST MORSEL IN A WORLD THAT FORGOT
HOW TO GIVE.

YEA,
HE JUST GAVE AWAY A TELEVISION SET
TO AN OLD BROKE BARBER IN THE NORTHEAST SECTION
OF TOWN.

GIVING HIM SOME TUBE THAT
COULDN'T COME OUT OF HIS AILING BUSINESS
THAT RISES WITH THE MORNING AND
SHITS WITH THE BROKEN MOON.

A MAN THAT COULD OUTCLASS THE GOLD COIN
AND
KNOWS WHY THE LOST APE SEARCHED FOR HIS KIN.

HE DOESN'T HAVE TO APOLOGIZE IN THIS WORLD
THAT DOES TOO MUCH FUCKING APOLOGIZING ON ITS
OWN REGARD.

HEY POPS,
WE'VE MADE IT MORE THAN YOU KNOW.

Punctured Day

The booze
& Broads,
How the fiery man
On 12th
Knocked his can of Pepsi
On the window of a moving bus
To
Make the fucker stop.

Chasing the white bus driver
That long ago stole his heritage,
The can was punctured in the 12:27 heat.

Doors of the bus then swing open,
He ran to the entrance
And tossed his spraying can
To the trash can in a long arch.

--Missed--

This,
Facing him while another white man sits on the
Corner reading the news that
Wasn't but
A
Staged drama.

President Clinton bombs Afghanistan & Sudan.

Black man on
Bus to Troost,
The day comes to me.

I then cross the walk and
Tell the hot dog vendor on the corner,
"Nice dog."

He smiles to me and nods as
His day comes to him.

QT Phone

He yelled over
The
Phone—

“What the yell you
talking about A 7-year old
making a fire on a playground for?”

As I moved away,
The words became
Fainter.

The 20-some
Year olds were
Out making a mace kit on the parking lot.

Both groups in their frolic doing
It just for the hell
Of
It.

You know,
Kind of how the
Shit goes down
As
They say before the bumper sticker
Came around.

Red Headed Blue Jays

The boy
Remembers
The black douffle bag
As he hopped off the yellow school bus
In
Front of his
Daily elementary home.

This douffle bag had nothing
But a sack lunch of peanut butter cracker
Treats.
(Doing this to save lunch money for comic books)—

Coming off the bus,
Some red headed bullies (twins; their always twins)
Were kicking him and his black bag with
The meager sack lunch.

The boy,
Feeling the weight of 3 worlds and
Bloody anger,
Thought he couldn't wait till he got into his 4th grade
Classroom
To watch the Blue Jays smack into the window
While chasing their own reflection.

Thinking,
Those red heads are reflections
Of
Each other
Bound to smack into themselves
In
The
Near future.

RELATIVE BASTARDS

DIDN'T THEY LOVE
THE
TIME
WHEN THEY WOULD RISE FROM
BED
LIKE
A
MUSICAL SERENADE AND SPEAK
LIKE
PEPPERMINT MEN
IN THE
LOST COMMERCIAL.

HOW THEY LOATHED WHEN
WAKING FROM
REST THAT NECKS WOULD GET NICKED BY THAT
34-YEAR RAZOR HABIT
AND DRIED NIPPLES WOULD SINK LOW
TO THE
SOUNDS OF AN OLD WHITE MAN'S VOICE
COMING OVER
THE
RADIO WAVES LIKE THE SOUND
OF A DOG BARKING THREE HOUSES UP THE RIGHT IN FRONT
OF THE EASTERN SUN THAT DECIDED IT WOULD
RISE ANOTHER DAY,
YOU SUPPOSE.

JUST HOW GRANDIOLICIOUS IT COULD BE
IF HUMAN'S COULD AGE LIKE CATS AND DOGS
YET LIVE UNTIL THEY'RE
IN THEIR 60'S OR 70'S,
EXPERIMENTING AND
LOLLIGAGGING ALL THEY WANTED TOO.

THEN WHEN IT'S DONE AT
AGE 50 OR SO,
YOU WOULD BE 350 YEARS OLD.

THAT COULD DAMN WELL BE
TOO
MUCH,
YOU
DO KNOW WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT TOO LITTLE?

RELATIVE LITTLE BASTARDS
AREN'T THEY?

Rhapsody Tune

Navy blue boxer shorts
Soaking in bleach,
Mad slots player vomits
A tuba,
Diamonds in a land fill,
Taxes on our follicles,
The church held a gathering
To burn checker boards,
A brainless worm walks
Over her bellybutton,
Ducks doing swan dives,
Corn kernels cursed the food drive,
Left side politics
Elected a yacht club pric,
The price of bubble gum
Dropped,
A crater was formed in
New Mexico by a blast
Of sewage,
Microsoft goes bankrupt,
House lizards chewing
On electrical cords,
Parallel parking is deemed
A crime,
Wolves in Alaska burn
With no voice box,
Frozen veal turns into a purple
Cup of juice.

A rhapsody is but
A tune.

ROCK STRIP

WE ONLY HAD A
CHANCE TO VISIT IT ONCE BEFOR THE
CREW CAME IN TO
TAKE IT
AWAY.

YES,
OF THIS LANDING STRIP
THAT WAS FORCED FROM THE PLANES
&
LOTS,
AND SLOTS
THAT WE WOULD WATCH AND
MARVEL AS THE SHIP WOULD GO DOWN.

PIMPS – FUCKS – DRUG NECKS
WERE NEVER WELL DISGUISED.

OUT IN THE OPEN FOR THE TRAIL OF
SMOKE
THESE PLANES MADE.

LIKE EMPTY INDIAN CHANTS IN
A
NEW NEGRESS.

SEE IT

THE JAZZ MUSICIANS
SAY
“THAT’S WHEN IT ALL STARTED.”

WHEN THEY SAW THAT
ONE MUSICIAN THAT
WOULD LATER
BECOME THE GEM IN THE LOST WORLD
OF
NO JEWELS.

IT WOULD BECOME A FASCINATION
TO GO FORTH AND
PLAY A TUNE THAT WOULD
BE DISJOINTED AND BEAUTIFUL ENOUGH
FOR THE MASSES TO FIND TO LOVE FOR
AND
BRING THEM INTO A REALITY
THAT FEW COULD COMPREHEND
IN
THEIR THOUGHTS THAT WOULD FLOAT BY DAILY.

YES,
THEY SAW IT.

TOOK THAT BOUNDING GRAY PONY OVER THE
POND
AND
CHUNK OF WOOD INTO ANOTHER DARK
BAR OF NEW PAINTINGS AND FRESH SCOTCH.

THEY SAW IT.

YOU MAY SEE IT.

NOT HOW THEY SEE IT,
BUT
IF YOU SEE AT ALL
THEN YOU SEE.

THE SIGHT OF THE VISIONS THAT
BECOME WATERLILLIES IN
THE FROG PATCH
AS
THE
NAKED PEOPLE FLOP ABOUT WITH SUCH PLEASURE
THAT TO LOOK INTO THE CORNERS OF THEIR SMILE
WOULD BE
A
BAPTISMAL THAT WOULDN’T BE REPEATED.

SEEING WHAT THEY
SEE,
TRANSFORMING
THE
UNSEEN.

THESE NOTES,
FINGERS,
COLLABORATION,
BROKEN INSTRUMENTS,
DREAMS TO MERELY PLAY,
WIPE THEIR ASSESS WITH A ROLLING STONE
AND
PASS BY THE MTV VISION ON THE REFLECTING HUB CAP.

THEY SAW IT,
DRINK IT,
SMOKED IT,
APPLAUD IT,
BECAME IT,
EVOLVE IT,
FORGOT IT,

SEE IT.

SILENT PITCH AT THE VOID

MY FATHER TOOK THE
LUMP SUM OF MY CHILDHOOD
&
TEENAGE COLLECTIBLES AND SOLD
THEM OFF
TO
A
MAN THAT LIVES IN THE NEW
TOWN I HAVE MORE TO.

MY RETRIBUTION OF ALL THESE LITTLE
INVESTMENTS AND
STOLEN COMIC BOOKS AND BALL CARDS
WAS \$300 FOLDED INTO A ZIPPO BOX WITH
A
SHINY NEW SILVER ZIPPO THAT
HAD
THE
INSCRIPTION “TOUGH GUY”—

IT WAS TOUGH LOVE TAKING ALL
THAT COLLECTING SHIT
SERIOUSLY AS I WAS GROWING UP.

I’M PROUD OF THE OLD MAN.

HE TOOK CARE OF ALL THE POSSESSION SHIT
AND
GAME
ME A PIECE OF TOUGH GUY COLLECTIBLES.

GONE WITH ALL THE OTHER TRICKS AND TRINKETS
IN THE WORLD
THAT LAUGH AND STARE AT
THE
LOT OF OTHER POSSESSIONS THAT
SIT OUT THERE IN SILENCE AS COLLECTIBLE ITEMS.

ON THE LATE NIGHT TELEVISION
SELLING SHOWS AND IN NEWSPAPER ADVERTISEMENTS
THERE ARE COLLECTIBLE FANATICS WAITING FOR
A
PAYOFF TO THEIR INVESTMENTS.

A WHOLE BIG GOOFY CRAZY FUCKING
LOT OF SILENT SHIT WAITING TO BID THE BETTER BODE
OF THE DOLLAR END.

I GOT MY \$300, ZIPPO AND NEW FIRE
WHILE ALL THE ITEMS
SIT

AROUND
IN
SILENCE.

JUST
SILENCE.

A SAD AND DARTING LOT
SAYING NOTHING AND
WAITING

FOR NEW HANDS
TO CODDLE THEIR FRONTS AND BACKS,
MAYBE
THE SIDES IF THERE ARE SIDES TO BE THOUGHT
OF

IN THIS VOID OF SILENCE.

Silver Hexagon

Met for lunch,
Gave blood when I could,
Pumped \$4.50 in gas,
Coltrane met Miles,
Whoppers on my time,

Brass lined
The
Silver hexagon.

So Shall You

The Spanish trio
Threw down
Some Mexican love
For the old
Young
Plump
Skinny
Mirrorless
At the
White tent.

Plucking their language &
Some soul down from the Indian woman at the
Book festival,
They were 3 tea spoons in a
Gallon mug.

Stirring civilization,
Reaching for the others
To
Applaud or
Bring something other
Than another worthless
Scandal into the air.

Two of the performers—
Educators.

The other—
A “Famous Kansas City musician”

I sat with my lover
&
thought:

- A.) This is nice
- B.) The missing brilliance
- C.) We may see it again . . .

And maybe
So shall you—

Speak of this Rain

They said
There was to be thunder sent from above.

Fair enough—

Let's talk about
The rain.

Who receives or owns that rain.

Is it everyone's or 1,
Maybe 12 plus a combo.

Knowing about the
Thunder is fine,
We should really sometime before it rains
Speak
Of
This
Rain.

STAYS

Heard today
That
Another vegetable
Fell off the
Vegetarian list.

--corn—

It's now just
A
Starch.

Fuck,
How the
Fire
Stays
Lit so well.

STOLEN SOCIAL SECURITY

LEATHER STRAPS
WRAPPED AROUND THE END OF
THE
TOOTHBRUSH HEAD.

TISSUE PAPER DRIPPING
FROM THE SIDEWALK RAILING.

IMAGES OF THE LIVING DESERT STORM WAR
LOST IN THE MOUTH
OF TED TURNER.

PIN STRIPED LOVERS WALKING IN
WEAVED SPELLING THINGS IN THE SAND
THAT THOSE WHO
ARRIVE LATER WON'T BE ABLE TO READ.

THE PENCIL LEAD LEAKING ON THE
WHITE CARPETING,
MAKING A FACE WITH A CLOSED MOUTH
AND OPEN EYES,
YET THE FOLDS AROUND THE NOSE
DESCRIBE EVERYTHING THE NAKED EYE
CAN'T SEE IN SUCH A SHORT AMOUNT OF TIME.

BRASS BELLS MOVING BACK AND FORTH
REMINDING THE DEPRESSED WOMEN
THAT THEIR MEN WON'T BE HOME TONIGHT
AND THAT
THERE ARE MORE CHICKENS IN THE WORLD
THAN HUMAN BEINGS.

THE BRAND NEW NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC,
ANOTHER LOST RAIN FOREST TO THE BLADE
AND
THE
SILENT MAILBOX CURSED
WITH A STOLEN

SOCIAL SECURITY CARD.

Superhero Jive

Big ball of orange
Glowing above
Overpass.

Yardlings in yards
Look like
Human stick figures,
The capital heat of
The
25 cent piece.

This as
Behind the Goodwill Store
The automotive boys
Were parked in the lot taking back beers in the open spaces of
Their
Blazer.

This as the little Greek woman
Hollars fo some salads &
Kurt Vonnegut
Decided not to
Sit in the humid
Midwest heat
To
Sign autographs
At
A
Book festival,
I had a camera just in case.

No autograph for me,
A
Shake of the hand & toast of
The
Smokes
Would have been divine.

Wen the day began boiling
To
A
Close
With the light in the orange ball over the bridge,
A man
Dressed as Spider Man
Was the only picture
Taken.

Hell,
I love that
Superhero Jive.

Tax Crashes

The coffee man
Still
Has
My
Poem leaflets
Behind
The
“Explore K.C.” and Pitch Weekly—

Holding on to
My words
For
The public,
He pours me a strong
Cup of coffee
Talking over the band rehearsing in
His shop he closed for the night.

I’m his first customer for
Some time.

Told me about his 2 weeks of store
Remodeling
To come.

“You know, touch it up some
to bring in more of the female populace.”
He says.

I stir the sugars,
He turns up the sweets on
The speakers.

We go away in the stop into
Our worlds
As
The
Air crash is forgotten
&
tax money is forgiven.

THE 8:00AM SHOW

FUNERAL PROCESSION
HOLDING UP
THE
8:00AM
DOWNTOWN TRAFFIC.

CARS SWERVING AROUND
THE
DELIVERY TRUCK
TAKING LINEN TO
THE
BOYS ON FLOOR 18.

STILL STREAMED BACK,
THE TRAFFIC WAITS FOR THE
END OF THE HEARSE OR COPS TAKING THE
BLOCK INTO
BLACK.

JABBERING JAWS
AND
WORN KNEE JOINTS,
THE JUGGLER WITH HIS KNIVES
AND STREET PREACHER WITH
MICROPHONE
STOP TO WATCH
THE
MOURNERS COME
PAST ON THE

8:00AM SHOW.

The Acronym Part

Loose articles
Of confusion making making
Semblance
On
The
Last days of hot,
I know autumn should be here—

I love this heat,
The logic that makes a
Hazy a
Clearly flapping sign behind the
Skyward trail plane.

We shall understand
More when the
Car starts again,
Wooden porch beams
Making T's,
This I shall leave with the
Other vowels.

The Bus Stop Virgin

As the urban myths
Wind tighter around
The slabs of
Sunken concrete,
All the whores
Come out of their
Lunch breaks to hail a cab.

As the suburban tales melt
The
Lemonade stand,
The sluts climb into their cars for
A
Midnight manajuatah.

As the rural junkies
Yell into
The lost well,
The prostitutes parade into
The
Non-stop transit
On tracks.

As the fornicators
Tip the last of their crumb cake
Down the garbage disposal,
The polygamists
Climb onto their
\$17.00 bikes.

This,
As the bus stop virgin next to
The cabbies stop
Rusted Cadillac's
Forgotten train tracks with bikes
On her mind
Stops a punk on his skateboard
For a lift.

Cause you know,
Tonight it will happen.

The bus stop virgin
Will become
Another bitch on the

Long
Long
List.

THE MYTH I COULDN'T SHAKE

I CAUGHT THE
SOFT SILENT MYTH
HIDING WITH ALONE
BEHIND THE
CRAY PAPER PLANT.

I SPOTTED ITS DISTINCT POSTURE.

SLUMPED OVER WITH
THE MOST
ENTICING SMILE
SEEN FOR SOME YEARS IN THIS
CROWDED LAND.

I APPROACHED THE MYTH
AND ASKED:
“YOU KNOW ANY TRUTH?”

“WHY NO.”
IT SAID.
“FOR I AM THE LIVING MYTH.
I BREED MORE MYTHS AND PLAY THE CONTIUAL
LUCIFER VS. CHRIST GAME WITH THE TRUTH.
IF MYTH IS WHAT YOU WANT,
COME TO ME.
I MADE THE GREEK GODS,
I
CREATED THE NON-EXISTENT EINSTEINS
AND
LOST CHESS GAMES THE WORLD
WOULDN'T WANT TO UNDERSTAND.”

“WHAT ABOUT THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT,
OR PRESIDENCY TO BE EXACT.
IS THAT MYTH OR IS IT THE TRUTH THIS WHOLE TIME?”
I ASK.

“WELL,
IT'S DEFINETELY NOT MYTH. THOUGH
THE TRUTH IS A FORM OF THOUGHT ME AND MY KIN
LIKE TO CALL
A SOLID ATTEMPT AT KEEPING MILLIONS OF PEOPLE AT
BAT THROUGH IMAGES.”
THE MYTH ANSWERED.

“YEA. HOW ABOUT A UTOPIA?
IS THAT ATTAINABLE OR IS IT JUST
ANOTHER IDEA AN AUTHOR HAD AND MADE IT COMMONPLACE
TO STICK IN CONVERSATION MUCH THE SAME WAY
I'M DOING RIGHT NOW?”
I ASK.

“I’LL TELL YOU.
YOU HIT IN ON A GOOD QUESTION, SAILOR.
A UTOPIA IS A MYTH ME AND MY PEOPLE HAVE
BEEN WORKING HARD TO CONVINCING INTO A TRUTH.
SOME HAVE COME CLOSE, OTHERS HAVE PERFECTED IT
WITHOUT TELLING THE REST OF YOU
AND THERE SEEMS TO BE ONLY ONE REAL
EARNEST SOLUTION TO MAKING THIS MYTH OF ‘UTOPIA’
A REALITY.
WHICH IS, YOU MIGHT ASK—
IN THE MIND. PURELY IN THE VENTRICLES THAT
LEAD IN AND OUT OF THAT LUMP OF FLESH THAT HOUSES
YOU
UPPER LEVEL SOUL.
IN THE MIND WILL BE THE ONLY TRUE WAY
TO CONSTRUCT THAT UTOPIA. THOUGH I MUST WARN
IF IT IS ATTAINED, IT’S A LOT LIKE THE QUESTION,
‘IS THERE A BETTER DRUG?’
ONCE THIS APEX IS DRILLED INTO THE WOOD,
THERE WILL BE MORE QUESTIONS AS TO IF THIS IS
THE RIGHT MODE OF REALITY OR JUST ANOTHER FORM OF REALITY.
IT IS RARELY SEEN AS THE PINNACLE OF HUMAN CONDITIONING.
SEE, THAT’S THE PROBLEM WE MYTH PEOPLE ARE HAVING WITH
MAKING THIS INTO A REALITY.
IT’S JUST ANOTHER THING THE HUMAN RACE WILL
FIND A WAY TO BEND SO FAR OUT OF CONCEPTION
THAT THE CONCEPTION WOULD HAVE ONLY BEEN A FORWARNING
TO A DISASTROUS AFTERTHOUGHT.”

“WELL,
THAT REQUIRES NO FOLLOW-UP.
YOU KNOW WHERE I CAN GRAB A GOOD HOT DOG AND DRINK
AROUND HERE?”
I ASK.

“MYTH AGAIN.
THOUGH, TRY ANY GAS STATION. THAT’S ABOUT AS
REAL AS YOUR GOING TO GET AROUND HERE.”
THE MYTH ANSWERS.

“SO, YOU JUST STOPPING HERE
FOR A LITTLE BIT OR ARE YOU ON YOUR WAY?”
I ASK.

“LOOK FELLA,
I’M JUST A MYTH YOU RAN INTO ON THE COURSE
OF EVENTS THAT TAKE YOU THROUGH YOUR DAY.
TAKE THIS AS A GIFT.
LIVE IN YOUR REALITY AND DON’T SEEK OUT ANY OTHER
MYTHS SUCH AS MYSELF.
FOR IF YOU DO,
IT MAY BE SOMETHING LESS THAN A MYTH,
PLUS YOU HUMANS DO A GOOD TURN AT
CREATING ENOUGH MYTHS.
BE CONTENT WITH THE MANY YOU HAVE ALREADY CREATED.”

THE MYTH SAID.

“FAIR ENOUGH. YOU MIND IF I SHAKE
YOUR HAND BEFORE I LEAVE?”
I SAID.

AT THIS,
I REARED MY HEAD FROM UNDER THE SHOWER
HEAD
FROM WHICH I DIPPED INTO FOR ONLY SOME SECONDS AND
COULDN'T SHAKE THE
SOFT SILENT WATER
COMING DOWN
ON
ME
AS
REAL AS THE MYTH I COULDN'T SHAKE.

The Pleased

Notes of stories or
Slips of blue paper
Following the lines of
Bogart.

Sounds of that
Isla
As
Puns & ridiculous nothing
Becomes a
Because.

Your stories on
Paper slips,
Bound to be
50 years old
some
day

past.

The Sky Eye

Rinsing the acorns that
Fell
From
Aspen leaves
Into my bag of
Sandwiches.

Watching those green
Leaves,
Copper burn around the edges,
Wave to the ground.

Well wishing the luckless
Strolling with head sets
Of
Music
&
thinking about the first mystery novel (story)
by Poe.

Putting the day
Down as a
Perspective,
Taking what they can
From
The collection of souls
Each moment
Sucking your air
My pages
 Their cheese slivers,
Another
Dust ring
Around the
Arms of
The
Grand fan
In
The sky eye.

THE SOUND OF NAUGHT

PING ON THE PATTER,
THE
SITTER
WENT AROUND HER.

A SINK FOR THE STOLEN,
THE RAPT
HAD SOME KIND OF CAUSE
IN NATURE.

BEFORE THE END OF THE SEESE TRAIL
IN
YOUR JUICE.

DIS BURNING UP
THE
STREETS
AND
DOWN TO HICCUPED THROAT.

THE TRYST

Into another
Rembrandt
Away from another
Mission.

I know they're going to
Complain
Or
The plain as the
Planes wave over the rains
In the dry
Host the
Needed her
Head
On
A
Post.

THE UNREMEMBERED

IRON MOPS
CLEANING THE WOOL FLOOR,
THE
SMASHED EGGS IN THE
BACK OF THE TAXI WINDOW,
A
WEARY SMILE COMES ACROSS THE
FACE OF THE MAN WAITING OUTSIDE THE BAR
BATHROOM WHILE WAITING
FOR
HIS NEWFOUND BEAUTY TO POWER HER
APARTMENT KEY
AND
DUST OFF HER PANTS.

WOODEN HAMMERS
SMASHING AGAINST THE SURFACE OF THE WATER,
THE ASH TRAY IS PERMANENTLY STAINED
WITH THE SMELL OF THE DOG'S BREATH,
THE SKY WILL BECOME GOLDEN IN
SEVERAL DAYS AFTER A MURKEY STREAK OF
RAIN
SOAKED SIDEWALKS,
THE SHIRT SLEEVES OF THE FLANNET BUTTON-UP
STRANGLED THE JUKEBOX IN THE HOOD
AND
SHE TRIPPED ON A PEACH CAN GOING UP THE
HILL IN HER WHORE BOOTS
AND
A QUART OF WHISKEY SLOSHING TO THE TRAFFIC IN
HER BELLY.

A HARD STRIP OF 2 FOOT LONG PLASTIC
DUSTS OFF THE TABLETOP,
THE
MISSED CHANCES GATHER TO CURSE AND
LAUGH
AS
THE
CLOCK TICKS FORWARD
AND

THEY BEGIN TO FORGET WHAT THEY
DON'T WANT TO REMEMBER.

Then The . . .

Here and
About
Noticing the pigeons
Go through the
Sky 6 floors up.

Sirens echoing
The slashing
 Robbery
Rape
 Fire
Indecency
Below on the planet.

Our technological
Wonder inside,
The desire for a
Smile
When the loud and
Then the silent.

THEY ARE GOING

Great migration
Across land
Packed with
Pork
Salts
Red wines of different countries
The literary magazines of the time
And
Different currency coins for phone calls.

Walking on feet
Covered
With
Shoes,
They
Walk.

Going forth
For their
Own reasons,
Licking their
Lips.

Forgetting the current
Issue crises
That
Make some
Laugh
And
Most make-up hypothesis
That
Will make
Them
Rest easier at night.

For them,
There are no glowing tubes or
Late afternoon radio
Programs.

Their feet
And
The afore mentioned rations
To
Make
The across
The
Land.

To find the source of their
Own voice that
Speaks not from the

Mouth
But from
Inside where
They can't see.

Back into
Their flesh
They
Walk
With their
Goods and the thoughts
They won't defeat,
But
Make some
Supper with
When
They
Pin the point on the tailspin
Thoughts
That
Go around
Their
Elbows like
Rings on the lost
Tree
In
The
Wooded areas they will find
And
Camp
With tents they didn't bring.

Some phone calls made
To familiar souls
And
Their own
Brew of
Talk amongst themselves.

That is all that
Will go
Down
With
What they
Have
And

What they will have indeed more
Of
When they make
It
Back

From where they
Know not their going.

Things Such As This

They said whether
You believe it or not
Isn't important at this time.

Just believe it for now,
The validation will come.

Those things such as:

- The sky is purple some days
- Steak is best in the middle of the day
- Don't search for lost socks
- Lose a key once every six months for clarity
- Don't look at yourself in the mirror more than 4 times a day
- Washing your hands too much really isn't clean
- Picking up a loose feather on the ground is luckier than picking up a penny
- There are 3 blind mice in separate areas of the world always at the same time
- Wise men write as well as they speak
- You shouldn't drink windshield wiper fluid
- You have to ask someone what their meaning of life is before they just come out and tell you
- Many cheeses we eat are sold rotten
- You live more than once (Trust this one)
- The best and cheapest books are found in thrift stores
- Trains and busses are better rides than most cars

TO DESCRIBE

Blind man
Making his way
Across the
Boulevard
As
The
Office people
Poke about outside like
Lost shepherds in a tomato patch
To
Catch their
3:00PM cigarette.

Hitting the stick against
The
Grounds,
The
Clock to his left makes it's
Movement each
Minute a
Cop makes
His
Call to the scene on time.

Before seeing him
Up the corner,
A
Bus
Stops in
My vision

As the cold opens up
The
Hairs on my arm
For
The
Caterpillar that

Couldn't grow enough
Hair
To
Tell us that

The winter time will
Bring
Some

Nasty
Shit
A

Worm isn't supposed to describe.

TRAP – PART

→ Part

Trap ←

Forward part

Backwards trap—

Into a part trap

In a trap part

The parts trapped

The

Trapper

While the whole

Assembled the parts to the

Trap.

Truth or Bullshit

You see the
Faces of anticipation,
Spouting either truth
Or
Bullshit.

Living the line of light or dark,
Like the bird framed in a west conspiracy
By the lowly worms.

Giving the speech
A
Thought,
Now is what is had
As future speeches
Could amount to shit
Or make the others forget of
The
Past.

Giving it straight
As the crooked rays come to egg
On another array
Of
Warms.

Giving it now as
I
Know,
Either
Truth or bullshit.

TWO DRINKS FOR THE TRAIN YARD

THE PLANE
STARTED TO TAKE A NOSE DIVE
IN THE SKY
FROM MY VANTAGE POINT
BEHIND THE WHEEL.

I WATCHED THIS MIRACULOUS
SET OF 4 BLINKING LIGHTS MAKE
ITS WAY BACK DOWN THE
THE EARTH IT WAS LAUNCHED FROM.

THIS,
TWO DAYS BEFORE JOHN GLENN
GOES BACK INTO SPACE AGAIN
AS THE ELDER GUINNEA PIG FOR
THE
SPACE PROGRAM.

YES,
THIS PLANE IN THE SKY WAS MAKING A DIVE
FOR ALL THE SALAMI ON THE GROUND
THEN EVENED OUT.

SOME AMATEUR PILOT HAVING SOME
TWILIGHT BLOOD PRESSURE THRILLS.

YES,
THE TRAINS HAVE STOPPED RUNNING FOR
ONE EVENING IN HONOR
OF HAVE "MORE THAN ONE ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGE"
DAY DEEMED FOR THE NATION AND GROUPS
OF STIFFS.

THE PLANES TAKING OFF NOW,
AS THE
SOFT PUTTER OF APPLAUSE ON THE
RADIO DROWNS OUT THE SOUNDS
OF
THE
TRAILING AIRPLANES KEEPING
A
LOCK IN ON THE SILENT TRAIN
TRACKS
BELOW,

TODAY.

WE BEGIN GETTING UP

HE DARTS IN AND OUT OF
TRAFFIC FOLLOWING THE
FUCK THAT CUT HIM
OFF IN THE DARK RAIN OF THE NIGHT.

THE LIGHTS TWINKLE IN THE
CITY THAT WAITS FOR A FOOTBALL
AND MEN ON A FIELD READY
TO
BE SHOWN FROM THE CAMERA'S POINT-OF-VIEW.

STATUTORY REGULATIONS AND
VICTORY SPEECHES BEING WRITTEN BY CAMPAIGNS
THAT ARE CONVINCED THAT THE POLLS
ARE TRUE IN TELLING THEM THAT THEIR CANDIDATES
WILL WIN IN ANOTHER SOON TO BE FORGOTTEN
ELECTIONS
IN
THE BASEMENTS OF
CHURCHES,
HYPOCRISY HALLS.

ALL THE RICE IN THE WEST HAS BEEN
BOILED AND IS NOW FED AS TRUTH TO
THE MOUTHS
OF THE EAST
TRYING TO FIGURE WHY THEY
WEREN'T BORN WITH SIX TOES AND 4 EARS.

CANNIBALS TIED TO HIGH TIDE ANCHORS,
THE
STEAKS OF THE WORLD KNOW THAT THE HORSES
LOVE IT WHEN THEIR OWNER RIDE THEM BARE BACK
ON A COOL MORNING.

THE COLOR OF HER SLIP AND THE GALLANTRY
OF HER HAIR LIKE A BREEZE OF A SCRAPE
DRYING IN THE BLOOD OF COLD AIR.

THE WINK OF A REPAIR MAN,
THE OFFERING OF A MINT FROM THE OWNER HAS YOU LEAVE HIS
RESTAURANT,
THE NIGHTS
HAVE BECOME
CHILLED LIKE LEFT OVER HOT DOGS.

THOSE QUESTIONING,
THOSE OTHERS ANSWERING.

RING AROUND THE
ATMOSPHERE,
ASHES

ASHES. . .

WE BEGIN GETTING UP.

We May Have Missed AJ For The Last Time

Each last time you encounter
Is always the first time.

When you lose your pair of shoes,
It was the last time,
Yet the first for losing that pair of shoes.

When you look into her eyes for the last time,
It's the first time
You do just that.

So,
As we play hop scotch with the last possible time
Have a talk
And a cup with AJ
It's the first time.

Yea,
The last of the firsts
For AJ at 1811 Westport Road.

I'm going to give that
Old bastard a hug the 2nd time.

We Take Ours

There was more
Meaning
Left for the
People spread over on the
Crosswalk going
Over Grand.

Neither lifting
Their shoes or shadows
To
See and ambulance
& fire truck in front
of
the bank across the way.

Just strolling—

Back to their seats,
Afternoon boutique
 Fish at the fry shop
Or
A
Smoke in the parking garage.

The dramas of humans,
The others
Just rolling
By.

Drifting into
Theirs
As
We
Take ours.

What We Do The Best

The egg beaters
And the
Chickens that roost
For
The
Bankrupt rancher.

Locust colliding as the world forgets
Another revelation,
New treasury notes from Washington D.C.
As
The hypochondriac sneezes on the
Tattered one dollar
Bill
He tapes together.

An insane man sitting in
Front of the TV
Chewing on the end of a
Bourbon soaked maple log
Yelling for his wife every five minutes
Forgetting when she left him for good
And
Wondering why she won't answer.

A small girl finding a tampon on the
Aisle of a discount store floor,
Opening the package,
Pulling the string and cotton away from the plastic
Looking at mother as she turns around & asks,
"Why isn't this like the other lollipops?"

Giving the homeless man on 12th & Grand
\$32.17,
thinking maybe he'll go buy a pair of shoes,
yet knowing he won't.

Touching the hot souse pan cooking
Your red sauce
On the stove
To let the pain shear through your nerves a feeling
That will be the closest thought
To
Being a child again.

Listening to nothing throughout the day,
Including all the people,
To feel what it's like to
Be deaf for a day.

Shining your black pair of wing tips

On the last day before you
Give them to the City Union Mission,
Just to say you shined those shoes once.

Giving believing
Taking Ruining—

Because that's what we do the best.

WHERE'S THE DRINK

SMOOTH BLACK MAN
TAKIN' IT TO THE SIDEWALK,
PEERING TO AND FRO WITH THAT
NEWLY PRESSED ZOOT SUIT.

DAYTIME GIVIN' IT TO THE
FOLKS
WITH
YOUR BAPTIST STARE,
COMING UP THE RAMP,
LOOKING AT THE
DAY LIKE IT NEVER HAD
A
STRANGER.

BEHAVIN' WITH YOUR CLASS.

GIVIN' IT TO THE FOLKS.

SIPPIN' ON A DRINK
THE RESTU OF US
FOLKS WON'T HAVE
THE
CHANCE TO SEE.

WHO SAID THEY?

THEY SAY
NUTRITIONAL FACTS,
LISTEN JACK,
WE GOT SOME SHIT GOIN' DOWN HERE.

WOMEN THAT
HARDLY KNOW HOW TO WALK,
MEN RUNNING OFF THE EDGE OF
THE SIDEWALK INTO
GUTTER BOARDS.

YES JACK,
SOME SHIT.

NO END OF THE WORLD JUICE
FOR YOUR TURKEY SLICES,
JUST SOME INCINERATORS TO MAKE
THE DOGS STOP CHASING
THEIR TALES
& THE TELL TALE BUSHES TO
SPOUT OFF THE BAD BERRIES.

WRITE THIS

MOVING PAST
THE TICKING METERS
 CLICK..CLICK
CLICK
THE CLANK OF MORE COINS
AND
THE PARKING COPS SWARMING
LIKE LOST MOLD
ON CHEDDAR.

FARMERS OF THIS FUTURE
MEANDERING
WHAT THEY SEE
AS
THE
“BIG CITY”
 KANSAS CITY.

EATING PIZZA SLICES,
RELISHING ANOTHER DAY
MOTHER NATURE
HAS PUT IT ALL OFF.

METERS CLICKING TO COUNT
FOOT STEPS,
ANOTHER DRINK FOR THE
MAN AT THE CORNER BAR.

AND I,
CAME FOR THIS UP THE STEPS OF
THE BUILDING
TO
WRITE THIS.

YELLOW DRESS

WOMAN IN THE
YELLOW SUN DRESS,
LEANING ON THE STEPS.

EYES HALF CLOSED,
THE DAY IS ABOUT READY
TO
AWAKEN.

YES & MORE OF IT OUT THERE

THERE MAY BE MORE
OUT THERE THAT
YOU HAVEN'T THOUGHT OF LATELY.

ON OLD LADY THAT LIKES TO SPEAK
OF GRAPE NUTS IN SKIM MILK
AS THE BREAKFAST CEREAL OF CHOICE
FOR CHRIST WHEN HE COMES BACK.

THE ARTIST THAT MAKES PIECES PURELY
OUT OF KNIVES.

A COUNTRY WHERE THEIR PROGRESSIVELY
TRYING TO ENACT LEGISLATION
TO CUT DOWN ON WEARING CLOTHING.

A NEW CHICKEN BEING CROSS-BRED AND
MANUFACTURED TO TASTE
JUST LIKE STEAK AND COST THE SAME.

AN INSTRUMENT BEING INVENTED BY
AN INSANE MAN IN A UNIVERSITY CLASSROOM
THAT WILL ONLY BE ABLE TO BE PLAYED BY MAYBE
307 PEOPLE IN THE WORLD AND WHEN
IT'S PLAYED,
THE SOUND WILL BE LIKE VELVET ICE SLIPPING DOWN THE
BACK OF THE SEXUAL THROAT IN SUCH A BEAUTIFUL NOTICE
THAT ALL IT CAN INDUCE TO THE MIND AFTER IT MOVES
THROUGH THE EARS IS A TEAR.

A WEB OF BUSINESSES THAT BREED CREATIVITY IN THE PUREST
FORM AND
ONLY HIRE THE INSANE ONES TO MOVE IN ON THE LUCRATIVE
HOST OF MANY HOURS SPENT IN THE DAY.

AN ISLAND IN SOMOA THAT COSTS \$20.76 A MONTH TO
LIVE ON A FEELS MORE LIKE HOW THE HUMAN CONDITION SHOULD
BE THAN TO QUESTION STUDENT LOANS AND
TO QUESTION THE CLERK AT THE GROCERY STORE FOR
THE FEVER SHE FEELS FOR A JOB WORKED FOR A BOSS
SHE HAS NEVER MET
THAT
SLASHES HER IN SOME KIND OF CHARLATAN CHRISTIAN CHARITY
BEHIND HER HONEST BACK.

YES,
YOU CAN IMAGINE MORE AND
IT'S OUT THERE.

WHETHER YOU FIND IT OR FIND THE RIGHT DEGREE
IN THE CORNER OF YOUR TUCKED MIND

WAITING
AND
MOVING THE SOUND OF HANDS CLAPPING,
MOUTHS SCREAMING
AND
THE
SOPRANO JAZZ MAN ON THE STAGE.

Yet His Own

Threats with their
Bi-pedal
Erect bellies
Sift around the strawberry rhubarb pie
Ready to
pull out all of the filling
from the
encrusted shell.

Ready to play the mental ritual to put
The
Man back to sleep,
They tug and pull as
His lips get chapped in
The dreary night air.

Taking
Extracting
All the filling to
Make
The
Dream hallow,
Yet
His own.

Your Creases

Lime green
Crab apples
On the corner of
Your room.

Your going to keep
Away the ants
&
bring me some
new bugs.

Think about
That
You lime green lugs
Sitting for
The
Insects,
Watching
Nothing
With your creases.

'79 Cadillac

Turning over
The leper
As they leaped
Down the way.

Oh heavy,
The wooden forks broke open
The
Aluminum spoon
&
took the plastic knives to
the
corner pawn shop for
a
trade in on velvet or
a
set of Leggo blocks
made of copper
silver
or
another material
the utensils
couldn't bypass.

All that damn plastic
Fork brought was
A
Leather hat
Given away
With
The
New '79 edition
Cadillac.

A Bee's Venom

Coming down the
Redeemed boulevard
To
My new residence,
Two children on bikes
Ride in front of the traffic
With bobbing minds of ideas
Youth
And the curb they're going to hop in front
Of their widened eyes.

Across the street
In the Amoco station,
A large black man bounds back into the rusted white van
Waiting for his buddy
And
The
Next
Stop down the way where the cokes
Aren't as cold and the people aren't clerks
And
May not acknowledge your existence.

None the more,
The
Cars spit along the water front leading
To
New bends and situations that will go down
On the way to, away and at the
Residence I will come to.

Away from the urban sirens
For now,
The
Kids keep their bikes
The
Black man has slept since I have seen him last.

A buck of brick are empties onto my toes
As
I
Look down into the grass
And
Count
The
Moths that fly upward

With
The sky darkening like

Myth in a bee's venom.

A BETTER ITEM TO ACCEPT

Pull the
Tabs off the piece of
Paper,
Give a smile
To
The
Wanton for their
Day that
Will have a skinny chance in
The
Plump fortune that may come
Or
Be
To them.

Ruin a pair of jeans
For
The
Sheer reason
That there are too many pairs
Of
Jeans
And
Less reasons to think back to that commercial
That touted
The
Pair of jeans
You tossed cash down for.

If the jeans and paper tabs have to
Be spared,
Buy a big block of cheese
And
Bite into it with all the vigor of
39 Sudan children
waiting for their next
meal from
a
vehicle that
resembles a dump truck.

Remember,
Don't put your weeds and twigs
On the end of the driveway
To
Be
Picked up by the trash man.

Though,
Put those tabs
Jeans

And
Cheese wrapper out there in a
Bag
To
Be thrown out.

The trash men will always
Take care these
Items
With
A
Dose
Of
Kindred ease

While you find
Something new to refuse
And

A better
Item
To

Accept.

A Kansas Bar

Squeezed between
White people in
Top floor of
Kansas bar.

Pictures of
The new birth year flesh,
30 years on this rotational,
pictures on boards,
sideway looks to conveyor belts
&
hop machines.

Hearing the laughter
&
feeling – viewing
the complete lack of creativity
or
pure thought
n the room & bar,
I
Begin to careen my eyes about the wall.

Noticing one
In front of me
That is a black-n-white
Photo of a collapsed
Train track.

Men around the middle of
The tracks
That
They are to repair,
Smoke from
A
Small town
Sifts into the sky.

Repairing
Smoking
Nipping on the end
Of
A
Antique flask.

These boys had
The reserve of
Early 20th Century kudos.

No reasons to watch the non-existence television
Or
To question the birth of Einstein

& the death of
Dostoyevsky.

Doing their deed for that
On flash of their bulbs,
Here as the bulbs flash around the top room here in
This
Casket called a Kansas Bar.

A NEW ISLAND

TOSSING THE
BLACK WAND OVER
THE SIDE OF THE CONCOURSE,
A
SMALL WHITE GIRL
CAUGHT THE WAND
IN HER
LITTLE GROCERY CART
SHE
WHEELS AROUND TO
IMITATE THE
GROWN UP WORLD GOING AROUND THE GOODS
WITH
THE GROWLING MUSAC SPEAKER THROWING
B-B'S IN THE LINOLEUM.

CATCHING THE
POUND OF PAPERS TOSSED
OVER THE RAILING,
THE BIG YELLOW GIRL
RUNS OUTSIDE IN A PYROMANIAC FRIGHT
TO SET FIRE
TO
HER NEW FOUND FRIEND.
NEVER KNOWING OR PRESUMING THAT SHE HAS ALL THE
TAX RECEIPTS AND RECORDS FOR 137 PEOPLE AT THE
MALL'S TAX REFUND HUT.
THE MAN IN THE HUT MAKING NUMBERS WORK LIKE SAUCE ON DOUGH
COULDN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE SO HE THREW THE PAPERS OVERBOARD
AND
WENT FOR THE DOOR WITH A CIGARETTE IN MOUTH
AND \$97.00 IN CASH.

A NEW ISLAND WAS FORMED IN
HAWAII OFF ONE OF THE ISLANDS.
YES,
IT'S 2' BY 5' SQUARE.
THE SMALLEST ISLAND
CLAIMED AN ISLAND

IT WAS NAME UMA—

PART OF HUMAN
NOT PART OF HUMAN.

NOT LIKELY TO BE DESTROYED,
NOT LIKELY TO FLOURISH.

JUST UMA – THE ISLAND.

About 4 Bucks

He passed out
With
His hat over his eyes,
Bands playing to ringing ears
&
orange netting
breaking his snores.

A number of
Gins – Vodkas – lazy memories
Proved too much
In the
Game of too little.

Legs bent against
Each other,
The rest of us
Crooked against
The
Night
With a full moon
Looking down on our
Bar-b-qued alligator
On a stick &
The shy eyes of the black woman selling
Me a piece of Indian jewelry
For
About four bucks.

ALL THIS IN THIS TIME

LAUNDRY DETERGENT,
LOOSE FABRIC SOFTNERS,
DIGESTED BLEACH,
MISMATCHED SOCKS,
THE
POLAR BEAR CLIMBED ON TOP
OF THE BROWN ROCK.

LOOKING
AT YOU
AS THEY LOOK AWAY,
THE CLEANING
WHILE THE
ANIMALS CLIMB.

CLEANING THEIR BODIES OCCASSIONALLY,
THESE ANIMALS
MAY HAVE A NICHE ON US
THAT WERE NOT AWARE.

I READ IN
A LETTER TO JAMES BALDWIN IN A BOOK,
“INNOCENCE CONSTITUTES THE CRIME.”

THINK ABOUT THIS..

YES,
THE ANIMALS,
US,
LAUNDRY

AND THE BEAUTIFUL INNOCENCE
SHINING LIKE NOTHING EVER DESCRIBED WITH ACCURACY
BY US PEOPLE.

HOPPING AND HOPING,
AS WE STAND
WALK
LOP ABOUT

ALL THIS

IN THIS TIME.

ANTITHECAL HORSE

THE DEMENTED HEROS
THAT CAME DOWN THE LINE
FOR A TASTE OF THAT WINE THEY HAD HEARD SO MUCH
ABOUT FROM THE HUMAN ANGELS THAT ALWAYS
REVEALED THEMSELVES TO THE
HUMAN SUBJECTS.

THE ONLY THING THEY LACKED
WAS A COUPLE OF REPUTABLE GLASSES
TO
TAKE DOWN THEIR WINE WITH.

YES,
THEY JUST SWIGGED FROM THAT
BOTTLE LIKE A FAMILY OF EIGHT EATING
FROM THE SAME LAST BOWL OF
CORN FLAKES.

LAUGHTNG AND PISSING
WITH THE GARGOYLES OF BEING IN
A
BENEVOLENT STATE OF BEING COMPLETELY DRUNK,
THEY REPLACED THE ANDGELS
FOR THE NGIHT
AND TOOK OFF TO TELL JOKES TO THE WORLD

JOKES THAT DIDN'T CROSS RACIAL BOUNDARIES AND
DAZZLED THOSE THAT HAD THE MIND
TO CLOSE THEIR INNER EYE AND COMPREHEND THE
BLACK FOR THE LIGHT IT CAN BE WHEY
YOU
REFUSES SLEEP.

YES,
THAT BOTTLE AND THEIR
NIGHT WORKED DANDY WITH THE DAYLIGHT
ANGELES TRADED
IN THEIR CLOASKS FOR—

THE
ETERNAL BLUE COLLAR AND NEW REASONS FOR
THE
CARRIAE TO BE CARRIED HEADLESS
WITHOUT THE
ANTITHECAL HORSES.

ARCHITECTURAL LUNACY

THE CORPORATE
VICE PRESIDENTS HUDDLED NEXT TO ME
BEFORE THE
LUNCHEON THAT
WAS CHISTENED BY A SPEECH
FROM ANOTHER CORPORATE FACE.

DONNED WITH SALADS AND
FOLDED PIECES OF WHITE NYLON
NAPKINS,
THE FAKERY IN SMILES
SPORTS TALK
LONG LEGS
AND LOST TANS
BEGIN TO HUDDLE AND FLOP IN
ANOTHER FORM OF DISCOURSE THAT
MAKES MY STOMACH CHURN WITH THE DRYER SHEETS
TRYING TO MAKE THE SHIT SMELL GOOD AGAIN.

PONTIFICATING OVER WHAT,
I BEGIN TO FLOAT INTO A NIRVANA OF THOUGHTS
THEY CAN'T TOUCH
AS THEY REACH DOWN TO SCRATCH THEIR BALLS
OR PULL THEIR SKIRTS DOWN LOWER TO SHOW
THEIR CONSERVATIVE ZEAL IN A
WORLD THAT CRAVES SOME LAUGHTER.

LOOKING AT THE LOOMING PIECE OF CHEESCAKE
THAT AWAITS ME AT THE END OF THE MEAL,
IT BEGINS TO MELT WITH THE ICE IN THE
FAKE CRYSTAL CUPARD GLASS THAT WETS
WITH THE TEARS OF 4 MILLION LOST SAILORS SHOUTING
FROM A SOUTHERN ISLAND FOR SOMEONE
BACK HOME TO EXPLAIN TO THEM WHY THEY LEFT THEIR
FAMILIES FOR A CAUSE
THAT THE
COUNTRY SAID WAS THEIRS TO SAVOR FOR THE GENERATIONS
THAT WERE TO COME.

YET,
THESE BOYS AND WOMEN WONDER IN THOSE
WADING MOMENTS OF LOSING FOOD AND DELIRIOUS THOUGHTS
OF CANNIBALISM WHO IT IS THEIR FIGHTING AND KILLING FOR.

THESE CORPORATE CANNIBALS KILLING OFF
MORE IN THEIR CHANCERY OF CHARLATAN MISERY
ARE DOING
THEIR
DEEDS IN THE NAME OF GEORGE ON LARGE
GREEN BILLS.

DOING THEIR CAUSE FOR THE CAUSE THAT BLEEDS WITH

RED LAUGHTER ON
THE STREETS AS THE PIMP DADDY MOTHERFUCKS
LAUGH AT THE CAPITALISM SIGNS
PROCLAIMING NEW FINANCING,
A CREDIT CARD WITH NO LIABILITIES.

THE CORPORATE VICE PRESIDENTS
BEGAN SPEAKING ABOUT
HOW PEOPLE ALLERGIC TO PEANUT BUTTER CAN
DIE EASILY IF FED PEANUT BUTTER.

LOOKING FROM THE OUTSIDE OF THEIR INSIDE
WHILE COLLECTING THEIR CORPORATE BLEND OF COFFEE,
THEY
ARE THE PEANUT BUTTER AND
I FEEL AS THOUGH IM THE BREAD.

FOR THE BREAD MAKES THE PEANUT BUTTER LOOK GOOD
AND THE JELLY DANCES LIKE A LOST VIRGIN
ON
THE
LAST NIGHT OF THE SLUT FEST.

OF THE FLESH AND
THE
DEADLY PEANUT BUTTER,
I MADE IT THROUGH THE MEAN WITH
THREE CUPS OF COFFEE AND CHEWED UP SPINACH IN
MY
BLOATED COLON.

YES THE PEANUT BUTTER AND JAM
LIVING ON THE SAME TABLE
AS
I
TIPPED MY HEAD BACK AND MARVELED AT THE ARCHITECHTURE
ON
THE
CEILING
IN
THIS ROOM OF ARCHITECTS GONE LOONY ON NORMALCY.

Are You Sure?

I'm not sure
If we'll make it
Down those rusted iron slabs
That
Hold the trains on
Their
Land of water.

I'm not sure if
Another Memphis boy will
Sell a million
Albums as I walks past a gas station
Wondering if a Dutch man is driving my
Long past deadpan Toyota pick-up.

I'm not certain that
Someone will invent
A
Gum that's toothpaste
And a mint that
Acts as dental floss.

I'm not sure if
Virginia was named after a slot or a ship,
Or otherwise.

I'm not sure if the
Scientists know whether the moon is a moon
Or
A
Planet that
Has been called a moon.

Now wouldn't that
Throw a solid weight tang bottle
Into
The
Moon (planet) landing?

I'm not so sure that thunde4r
Is the voice
Of
Something below.

I'm not sure that someone has ever
Come into a pet store
Pulled-put a gold fish and swallowed it whole
And went up to the cash register with no visible products in hand,
Patting and rubbing his stomach telling the clerk—
“One gold fish. And yes, I found everything
all right.”

ARISTOTLE AT FIVE

A SQUARE
OF CHEESE
COVERING THE CIRCLE,
SÉANCE RING OF
CONVOLUTED SENSE
THAT
COVERED THE BLINKING LIGHT
ON
THE
FIRE ALARM THAT
HAD SOME IME
TO
TRADE IN THE
FURNACE
FOR THE WATER
IN
ARISTOTLE'S 5.

AS I AM NOW

Late evening walk
Down the
Evacuated streets of
Oklahoma City, OK.

About 2 hours away
From my 26th year on this planet,
The
Hot boilers in their
Metal casing run below
The metal grills I walk above.

Above me,
The new district the kids like to see
With their haunted house eyes and
Petrified shoes,
The steam rises and hisses like the first evening of
The abyss
As I head back to the hotel.

One long damn day with the corporate
White men sloughing away on
An airport project.

When I say white,
I mean about as white as a bottle of bleach
In the middle of the English Parliament.

Whacking away at this
Taking the other down,
I saw the date 10-13 quite a bit
While in Oklahoma.

With the white men,
A cake,
My gray suitcase,
Absurd stories of a couple bastards beating a gay man to death in Wyoming,
Seeing the site where a bomb blew up a federal building some years ago,
Calming streets,
Men on the caboose as the train walked by,
Spilled mustard,
The lights that danced with the buildings after 12:30 on October 12.

I was then 26,
As I am
Now.

BACK WITH HIS EYES CLOSED

THE STORY OF A
MAN THAT WOULD TIP HIS HEAD WAY BACK
WITH HIS EYES CLOSED
TO CONJURE UP THE IMAGES.

BRINGING TASTES AND SOUNDS FROM THE BLACK THAT LOOKED
STRAIGHT TOWARDS THE
WET AND DRIPPING SETTING SUN.

PULLING THOSE IMAGES OUT AND
APPLYING ARMS
LEGS

A
HEAD
AND A NOSE TO WALK AND MEANDER
WITH A CHILD'S SENSE TO
MAKE FOOLISHNESS OUT OF THE
NUMB.

HEAD TILTED FORWARD,
MORE OF THE BLACK WOULD BECOME BLACK
AND
THE
FINGERS WOULD JUST MOVE QUICKER TO CAPTURE
THOSE DAMN LITTLE CREATURES THAT WOULD COME TO LIFE
WITH ALL THEIR PARTS ATTACHED.

HE NEVER HAD TO APPLY APPENDAGES
ON THOSE FIGURES.

WHEN TITLING HIS HEAD TO EITHER SIDE,
IMAGES THAT HAD A LACK OF
HUMAN CHARACTERISTICS WOULD COME TO LIFE.

IMAGES COMPOSED OF COLORS THAT
WOULD MAKE THE EARTH SPIN A
LITTLE QUICKER.

IMAGES THAT WOULD DANCE AND
CHARADE AROUND WITH THE FIGURES OF HIS PREVIOUS
POSITION OF CREATION.

THESE CREATIONS,
HAD ONE HELL OF A GIG
GOING DOWN.

HAGING OUT IN THE DARK,
TILTING TO
THE
MIRAGES THAT
COULDN'T BE SEEN BY THE

OTHERS,
YET FELT LIKE NOTHING ELSE.

Because

Old newsprint
Tossed into the air between
Traffic
While bus squaks stopped
The
Martyr on 14th Street
To
Watch the corporate flinch
Get
Carried away
On
A
Stretcher into
The
Lit ambulance.

I caught one
Word on that printed
News flinch—

It said “Because”—

Yes,
Because.

Beginning To End

Another light
On alone,
The grill,
Baking a back,
Bringing some
Amount of cheer
To
The rapture that took all the money
That couldn't fill
A
Pocket
&
pissed out all the spite the
world swallows with the milk in their
morning breakfast wheat.

Isn't this a story on wheels?
Or just another unique opera
Of
Voices
Beginning to end.

BELOW YOUR HEAD SKIN

The veteran rock-n-roll
Man said
He's tired of hearing
About the new breed of
Musician that
Say:
"I don't give a fuck what
people want to hear. I'm going to play
what I want to play. Because I'm an artist."

The old time musician says
These musicians can paint his house.

Do what you have to
Do,
Not to please the lot of lost
Eyes
Or
The
Found rebels that think tapping their hands against their
Jeans
Is
What they are to do.

Make your music
And
Listen to the sounds
That
Give meaning
Not to sacrifice
But
To
Sustenance—

So to this end,
Paint whatever the hell you
Have to paint
If it's what you want to paint.

Whether it's your house
Or
Flabby skin rocking to
The
Shingles
Below
Your scalp.

Bloody Mess

Keeping
They eyes open,
Walls dirty,
Used towels on
The tub,
Peeling open canned fruit
By morning time,
The world has
Hatched a bird,
The egg shells accidentally
Land in her pan.

Butter for the fucks,
Enthusiasm
For a chooser,
Fruit cup missing,
My leather sandals
With
Those holes
Are
A
Bloody mess I love.

BORROWING WITH A GRIN

THE HUSTLER
SLINKED DOWN THE STREET
WITH
THE FEELING THAT
HIS LEGS HAD BEEN NUMBED BY
A
GLASS FULL OF ICE CHEWED ON IN
A
RAW & BLOODY MOUTH.

CHEWING ON THE
INSIDE RIDGES OF
HIS MOUTH,
HE REMEMBERED A TUNE HIS FATHER USED
TO PLAY ON THE SPEAKERS AS
THEY
WOULD HEAD OUT TO THE EARLY MORNING
POND TO
CATCH SOME FISH IN
THE
BASS SUNRISE THAT
HAD
A
CATFISH DROWNING.

YES,
THE HUSTLER WENT DOWN THE STREET
BEFORE THE BUM
COULD UTTER THE WORD PROSTITUTE
AS THE
PROPOSED NEW MILLENIUM WAS
ADVERTISED ON THE
TELEVISION
AND
THE
AIRPLANE MAN ABOVE
RODE BY WITH A BANNER
PROCLAIMING IN RED:
"BIG 1998 FISH FEAST. \$5.00 FOR ALL YOU CAN EAT."

BETTER GET OUT AND
EARN WHAT YOU
CAN
OR BORROW
WITH
A
GRIN.

BOTTOM NEEDLES ON LAKE

ABOVE THE
MIRRORED GLASS LAKE,
EARLY MORNING,
THE SKY OPENED UP AND
THOUSANDS OF PIN SHARP NEEDLES
FELL IN UNISON FROM THE
SKY TOWARDS THE POND.

THE SOUND
THOSE NEEDLES MADE ON THAT MIRRORED GLASS
WAS
SUDDEN AND
RAPTURIOUS.

LASTING NOTING MORE THAN SEVERAL SECONDS,
THE WATER RETURNED TO ITS
COMATOSE POSITION REFLECTING
THOSE IMAGES THAT HAVE ENOUGH
TO REFRACT OFF OTHER
ENTITIES IN THAT ENVIRONMENT.

THEN,
AS THE NEEDLES MADE THEIR WAY
LOW TO THE BOTTOM OF THAT RURAL LAKE,
A
BIRD
SCREAMED.

CLOSE TO THE HEAD TONIGHT

PLAYING SOLITARE
UNTIL THE FINGERS
BEGIN TO SPEAK BACK TO YOU IN A LANGUAGE
YOU WERE
ONLY AWARE
EXISTED IN A LANGUAGE FAR AWAY FROM
YOUR CRAZED NEIGHBORS OF
YORE ACTING AS THOUGH
THE
ELECTION TOMORROW IS
JUST ANOTHER MELTED MARSHMALLOW ON A STICK
IN THE BURNING JUNGLE.

RUMINATING OVER THE CARDS
THAT ARE BEGINNING TO STICK TOGETHER WITH
THE
WET FLUIDS OF LOST VODKA DROPLETS
FROM THE TOP OF THE
USED GLASS CRUSTED WITH ENOUGH FINGER PRINTS
TO SEND AT LEAST 31 PEOPLE TO JAIL.

KILLING THE CARD INTO AN OBLIVION,
THE COLORS
ON THEIR FRONTS BEGIN THE FADE FROM BLACKS AND REDS
TO
GREENS AND YELLOWS.

THE NIGHT IS
COMING IN LIKE A BULLET LOOKING FOR THE LAST
CONFEDERATE SOLDIER HIDING BEHIND A
PIECE OF PLYWOOD.

THIS NIGHT AND THE CARDS
CAN CHANGE COLORS TOGETHER,
THEY WOULD
SEEM TO BE A NICE FIT
TO GET TOGETHER IN SUCH A REGALIA
OF EMOTIONS
THAT
WOULD
FIT BOTH OF THEIR STATUTES SO BRIGHTLY.

TOO LATE,
THE CARDS HAVE FALLEN APART AND THE FINGERTIPS
DON'T EVEN HAVE ENOUGH ENERGY TO SPEAK THE
LANGUAGE THAT COMES FROM THE
MID-AFTERNOON PUBLIC RADIO SHOW.

AND,
AS THE CARDS EXIT INTO THE DUST THE

GOONS
LISTEN TO,
THE NIGHT HAS ALSO DECIDED TO LEAVE.

LEAVING BEHIND THE SHELF
CLOUDS THAT HIDE THE SUN AND CURSE THE STARS.

YES,
THE MOON AND CARDS HAVE INDEED DECIDED
TO
LEAVE FOR THE EVENING.

OFF LIKE
AN
EASY LISP TO SHAKE
AND
DOWN LIKE THE SOLDIER THAT HELD
THAT PIECE OF PLYWOOD TOO CLOSE TO HIS HEAD.

COME IN – FIND OUT

POURING OVER MORE
OF WHAT YOU HAVE
ALREADY HEARD.

I PULLED THE CLAY HEADS
OFF THE ASH TRAY AND SET THEM
ON TOP OF THIS PIECE OF PLASTIC METAL THAT
LOOKS INTO ME RIGHT NOW AS I
ADD MORE WORDS INTO THE
PROCESSOR
FOR
THE
ASS OF ALL TRICKS TO
MAKE
THE
BEST OUT OF IT IN THE TIME
GIVEN.

FOR GIVEN
IS
BETTER THAN TAKEN
AND
I MAY HAVE TAKEN AWAY HIS REMORSE.

STOP.

LISTEN---THE FLOWERS ARE
BEGINNING TO WILT
AS
THE
NEW KEYS FOR THE KEYBOARD ARE BEING INVENTED
BY
THE
MIND THAT WON'T TELL THE WOEBEGONE GUTTENBERG WORLD
THAT
HAS ADOPTED THESE METHODS
TO
MAKE THE WORDS AND THOUGHTS
EASIER.

HOW THE WORDS HAND IN THE AIR.

BURNING LIKE THE SMALL PAIR OF TWEEZERS STUCK
BETWEEN THE WALL AND STALLED CAR
THAT YOU CAN'T REACH WITH YOUR BRUISED AND
NATURALLY TATOOED ARM.

REACHING.

FUCKING REACHING.

AS THESE WORDS WAIT FOR YOU LONGER THAN THE

APPOINTMENT
YOU
THOUGHT YOU HAD WITH OTHER THINGS
TO
DO
AS
YOU STYME
OVER THE WORDS
AND

NOW THIS HUNK OF TECHNOLOGY HAS
REFUSED TO MOVE ALONG WITH FALL BACK DAYLIGHT SAVINGS.

WHERE THE HELL DID DAYLIGHT SAVINGS COME FROM?

FOR THIS,
ANOTHER SET OF WORDS
YOU'LL HAVE TO READ

TO FIND OUT ABOUT.

CURSING THE MIRRORS

WIND BLOWN CHAIRS
STREW ABOUT THE YARD
LIKE THE LOST NEST OF BIRDS
LOOKING FOR ANOTHER PIECE OF STRAW TO
MAKE THAT MUD HOME LOVELY LIKE A HONEYCOMB
OF LOVE.

STORM BELTS IN THE COLD
WINDS,
THE WOODEN PIECES HELD THEIR VIGOR
NEXT TO THE COMPUTER CHIP BOARD
THAT FREEZES IN THE
GARAGE.

COOLING OFF THE CARS,
GIVING THE SKULLS SOMETHING TO SEARCH FOR
AS
THEY FORGET THE COLOR OF BLOOD.

THE BILE THICKENS,
AS THE RECESSION COMES BARRELING DOWN ON AMERICA
LIKE A SILENT VISITOR READY TO TAKE A HIATUS WITH
THAT LAST CHILD AT THE EARLY MORNING BUS STOP.

THE CHAIRS HANGING IN THEIR
MESSY WHITE,
AS THE WHITE FOLKS GO OUT TO PICK UP THE PLASTIC
WITH THOUGHTS OF SHORTS AND WHEN
THEY'LL HAVE ANOTHER CHANCE TO GO OUTSIDE
TO
MOW THAT BEAUTIFUL FIELD OF BROWN AND GREEN
DYING GRASS.

THE STORMS,
COLD WINDS,
WINTER IS ON THE WAY LIKE A COLTRANE HORN ON VINYL,
THE SOUP IS WARM,
COUGHS IN THE CROWD

THE ELECTRICITY FAILED TO GO OUT
AS THE WEATHERMAN TOSSED AROUND A COUGH DROP
IN HIS MOUTH.

AND THEM SPINNING THEIR YARN WHILE THE GRANDCHILDREN
OF THE WORLD OPEN THEIR FIRST
BOOK
AND
THE LONELY WOMEN CURSE THEIR MIRRORS.

DAY BUS
CITY BUS
WHERE'S THE TAX?
CITY BUS
CITY BUS
CITY BUS
CITY BUS
CITY BUS
CITY BUS
CITY BUS
CITY BUS
CITY BUS
CITY BUS—

I NEED TO
CHANGE THE OIL IN MY
CAR.

DON'T WASTE IT

Use the rest
Of what you have.

Don't waste it.

Once it's wasted,
You'll perhaps need it
When the time comes
That
You know you threw it out.

So,
If you have it and don't need it
Save it in an unsafe place
And
Give the color red another thought
On
You
Favorite color wheel chart.

Again,
If you feel as though you need to get
Rid
Of
It,
Give it to someone else.

If you have to in
The winter time,
Jump in the vehicle
And
Find a homeless man on the
Corner of a road bordering on a boulevard
And
Give it to them.

Don't waste it.

DREAM #98,638

HE TOOK THE
STAGE
IN FRONT OF THE 'REAL ROCKER CROWD',
I
STOOD ON THAT HILL
ATOP THE WATER TOWER AND
YELLED
HIS NAME,
THOUGH IT WASN'T HIM.

IT WAS ANOTHER
ON ONE STAGE.

THE PEOPLE JUST LOOKED
BACK AT ME
AT THE MUSE
JUMPED
OUT
OF MY POCKET
AND

THE LOUD FLOCKS
OF
SILENCE MADE THE CROWD FIXATE MORE ON THE
WATER TOWER
THAN
ON
ME.

YES,
THEY TURNED AROUND SOME TIME
LATER.

**

DRIED POLISH

DIP DOWN
LOW
AND
BEHOLD THE FRIED CHICKEN
SANDWICH THAT
CAT ON THE CORNER
FORGOT TO PICK UP
AT THE DRIVE THRU WINDOW
AS HE
HUSTLED UP
THE PAINTED BOULEVARD
TO
ANOTHER SCENE.

ANOTHER SCENE MORE
CHARACTERISTIC OF THE SCENE HE JUST
LEFT,
BUT THIS SCENE HAS ALL THE HASH FRIES
AND PEPPERED KETCHUP
THAT THE FRIED CHICKEN SANDWICH SCENE
COULDN'T HOLLAR ABOUT.

YEA FOLKS,
DIG THAT FUNKY BULLSHIT
GOING ON BAD TASTES IN THE CORNER
AS THE WOMEN BLOW ON
WET NAIL POLISH
AND THE CATS CHASE THEIR TALES
BECAUSE ALL THE DOGS LEFT
HOME IN A COWARDICE DANCE AFTER THEY GOT THEIR
PLUMBING SNIPPED BY THE BIG FOLKS
IN
ALL SMOOTH SKIN
AND
NO NAILS TO COUNTERFEIT THE GROWING SPUCES.

YES SIR DOUBLE FUCKING EE,
THE MAN
WENT DOWN THE BLOCK WHERE
LARGE DRESSES
LOOSE ONE DOLLAR BILLS ON THE GROUND
AND
ALL THE OTHER DANDIES OF
A
LAND WHERE THE CANDY IS SPELLED WITH
A
"K" EXIST—

AND THIS MAN COULD FIND
A
NEW FRIED CHICKEN SANDWICH WITH
PLASTIC DIGS TO EAT FROM SHINY SILVER CONTAINERS.

DOWN ON
PAST THE AVENUES THAT DIDN'T HAVE
ENOUGH GUTS
TO
BE CONSIDERED CUL-DE-SACS.

FOR TO GO AROUND AND AROUND IN
THAT CONCRETE CIRCLE
WOULD MAKE ABOUT AS MUCH SENSE
AS THE CAT
MAKING ITS WAY AROUND THE CIRCUMFERENCE OF
ITS BODY TO CATCH THAT
TAIL THAT DOES
NOTHING BUT WAG AT
FOLKS

AND
ENTICE
OH
ENTICE

YES,
ENTICE

AS THE MAGIC WOUNDS AROUND THAT COTTON FINNED
TAIL SHOOTING
INVISIBLE LETTERS INTO THE AIR
LANDING IN MILK SOAKED BREAKFAST CEREALS AND SCRABBLE GAMES.

YES,
THE ENTICING SOUND
OF
THAT SWISHING TAIL
THAT
FORGOT FRIED CHICKEN SANDWICHES

WITH THE WOMEN IN BIG DRESSES
AND

YES,
THAT DRIED FINGER NAIL
POLISH.

EAR SHOULD SEE

Ear on
Stomach,
Acids going
Through
New tubes of flesh
Chewing
Apple sauces
Red wine
Pills
Ibuprofen

New mixtures
The
Old angels in dust
That read magazines
In book shops.

Other ear next
To the belly,
New flaps of tubing
Brining down
To
Colon wastes
The
Bladder won't have
On
This
Day

That pisses with rain
And
Brings about the
Joy
Of forgotten day's created in
The

Engineers minds
As the hard
Had falls off the top stoop of the
Metal elevator going up next to the site.

Ear
In the belly
As the acids eat away at
Flesh
Bones

Till
No
Sound
Can be heard as

Far
As
The
Eye should see.

EATEN WATERS

Crest of rising
Wave
Coming from epicenter
To
Raid pumpkins
Like no goughl
Just
Before November.

Ready to eat
Plants,
Curse boats,
Lift nothing
Into
Rapture.

Belch of waters,
Hands
Falling

Below waists.

Fabled Cocoon

A modicum
Of belief,
Moths weaving
Your face in
The
Bottom of ponds.

Yes,
You lift
Your arm in the care
To
See black spots of rain on the
Window appear on your arm.

Spinning your
Image
As
The
rains fall &
Butterfly's leave
The
Fabled cocoons.

FAMILIAR 50

Lost in the
Downtown portion of Detroit, Michigan—

My lover & I
Look for a roadside telephone
To
Call for a ride.

Either the 60 second phone or
The
30 second phone—

I go with the 60 because
30 seems to be too short.

I pick up the phone
That crumbles into pieces.

Like plastic wedge between dry ice
For
Some time.

As I watch the brittle
Pieces of
Dark blue fall
To
The
Ground,
We're on a sea-going ship.

Yet,
My love is nowhere to
Be found.

I make my way to the bar on the ship
&
spot a friend on
a
stool.

Order a drink I haven't ordered
Before.

Dewer's & soda.

Then,
I hear 3 others at a table behind me
Calling me to come over.

I excuse myself from
The friend at the bar.

Go over to the other group.

Speaking words I have
Never spoken before,
I notice out of a rectangular window
That
Waters are choppy & daytime seems to last for
An oblivion of
Gray with some clouds to break open
The falling atmosphere.

I then excuse myself for the spot at
The bar,
Listen to a tune on the speakers
Forgetting that I have ever heard
Music or
Seen water before.

Feeling a good dose
Of
Solace,
I go to the bathroom to do some business.

Looking into the mirror,
I notice that I'm in my 50's.

I slap water on my face,
Thinking
I'll take this for now.