

Measured Time

How the sounds
That stay in the
Mind do stay—

As principle,
A sollyligism.

Myopic wonders,
How the synapses hold the sounds,
Another form of tinitus.

Those sounds
Keep about to round
The
Corner and have
That
Helping hand.

The cymbal or
High hat crash,
The low notes
On
High instruments.

The noises won't leave until the mind
Decides.

The decision of
Decisive
Sounds playing used instruments
On
Measured time.

MELTING LEMONADE IN HAND

Tall pine trees hiding up
Against the
Brick of the buildings
That
Hold still.

The gloves going into hands
That
Want to conceal pads of paper,
Instruments of deceit that spouses cry over
When the candle dies in
A
Moment of silence.

The car motors either silent or idle
As
The Japanese
Come up with clever ways to pitch fruit
Juices in national advertisement campaigns here
And
Abroad.

A building call "The Stones" holds all windows
In the building in tact
As the Houston projects were deluged by
Vandals of small and big stones alike.

People holding their mouths open under roofs
To catch the cold rains that can do more for the head
Than the feet,
A
Frozen ice cream treat melting down the hand
Of
A
Beauty that prefers to wear nothing than to think
That Eve deceived the world
And
Western societies depiction of man.

All the make-up in the world couldn't hide her
Conversations from the truth,
All the fake mixtures of pros and cons all came down onto her nightly eye
Lids like sloppy cement from the construction worker's hands.

The pine tree be steady,
Melting in this world next to the tin of frozen lemonade
On the counter.

MIDWEST SPRING

London dreams
And Venice wet,
The ocean splits me from the other side
That
Is not
Just a “side”.

Out there with the ideals and beliefs
That tend to come and go in the
Fourth .. fifth .. nineteenth
Printing of
An
Obscure novel that
Only the
Segmented masses will receive.

Mexico City heartbreaks
And Russian hangovers,
The atlas fell off the wall
And
A chicken swallowed a grasshopper.

This and less
As a suburban home closes the automatic garage door
And seals up the blinds
From
The
Visionaries

That come
Stumbling down the street looking
For
Some
Truth in the streets of a nation that hones more time
For
Video games than talks.

Wanna talk here in
An American afternoon
And Midwest spring.

MONEY WITH THE LIVE JAZZ

The disc spinner
On public broadcast said,
“Jazz is not dead and we buy the discs so you don’t have to.”

Yes and the words....

The truth is—
I’ll buy that quote and bet on the live Jazz.

More Certain Moons

Two guys smoking their cigarettes
On
University roof.

One telescope
Powerful enough to
See the spot on Jupiter.

It was Friday,
We went up on the windy roof to
See the full moon
From pieces of my former University tuition.

Looked at the moon,
Not too long for sensitive retinas
And
The moon spots I later felt anyway.

My first moon spot.

This mass had the beauty of
Every ocean sunset I have witnessed,
It had the craters of mountains,
Folds on the horizon,
A bright bulb that took its black space
Nifty and sure.

The size and specifics of the moon was
A
Pure trip.

A little further
Beyond explaining,
More sure than my one body in this
Other blue and white mass
With the texture
Folds
Luminosity
Taking it to
The black space.

Making some silent amends,

More certain assumptions.

MORE RAIN

Rain outside,
Words told the
Fray,
Inside the lights,
Speech above a juke box,
Need zeroing each other out in a jar,
A min with no teeth approached me for a talk
Wide-eyed if there was any hyenas in the city,
Nickels in the corner,
Children wishing for sunshine,
Suicide in the Senate,
Love took Venice down
A dry canal at 2:00 p.m. EST,
A woman pulls up wet pantyhose on Sunday morning to sip a cup of coffee,
Dogs alive,
The metal band folded for personal differences,
This both inside and outside
As the Senate furthers their trial to impeach the President,
Rain here,
More rain elsewhere.

MORE THAN A BUTTON

Cars coming back and forth
From the block down the
Way.

Not batting an eye at the
Buildings that loom on
The
Skyline,
Giving their pets a pat on the head
And
Speaking to their mate as though
They
Have known them for some time
Longer than they have actually been
Together.

The loom of movement and love
That comes about in the air that
Will
Likely bring rain at some point today.

A metaphor in the
Sneaky breezes,
An
Errant lighting clinging to the lint
Of my front pocket.

I'm draping synapses over the
Branches of the winter trees coming into
Full spring bloom
And
Listening to
Someone cover
Gershwin
In a more than acceptable
Cover.

Yes,
The smoke tastes swell
And the coffee is nine shades
Above
A
Cup of lemonade right now.

Here within the mystery of
What is called an existence,
Here within the certainty
That
Going forward is more
Than
A
Phrase or

A
Button
On
A
Remote control.

MULTIPLY THE SAND

He stayed home
From work,
She weaves together wool
And watched an afternoon diet of electric world,
He lost a contract,
She sent an e-mail
To her fellow worker that had Mona Lisa flash her bare tits,
The worlds orbit kept walking for another day,
The moon waited for the evening,
The canary spoke English to the little girl cutting school
In the pet store today,
A young man walked into a liquor store and marveled
At the number of liquor bottles that stood silent and unsold,
My father reclined back in his chair with his 54 lb. Dog
At his feet,
An architect one floor above me drafted a design
That may become the future of furnished living in my children's decade of choice,
The ice cream man almost pulled out his truck today as winter was tricked again
With another long day of light and 55 degree weather,
The perfume saleswoman didn't have any other thought but
Why she meets dull men and how she'll spend her next paycheck,
The artists in Venice mull around in a world that has words
And fewer pictures to clearly convey their fiction,
A mountain in Switzerland changed an old American man's callous cynicism
After all of these years,
The bold case lettering
Sat the italics down on its lap,
The cigarettes tasted like soap as I continue to use a new
Toothpaste to whiten my teeth.

The empty tic tac container
Dries the flush paint of several weeks ago
Poured down its mouth.

We pour out the liquids that went down
Our throats some time today.

The equations we figure out,
The
Multiplication signs

Dividing the integers in the sand.

NEW RUMORS AND PASSING CARS

Glued pieces of two-by-fours
With silly circular wood pieces,
An erect hammer,
Dead and live wires,
A silver moon,
Cool airs,
The drum man on the radio keeping rhythm up with my beating heart.

Beating with motion steps
Of next door neighbor,
Tail pipes on cars
And
All the escaped dreams of this land and others
That have
Escaped with those new rumors
In
The
Air.

NO

You know what
You know
How you know what
You
Know
With what you know
And how you learned to use
What you know
In that way that you know with
What you know as
The others know some of what
You know and
The
Rest don't know what
You know because you know
What you know
How you know
What you know
When you know what you know
How you want to know it
With what you know and
How you are going to go about
Learning more to know
About what you know and

What you don't know.

No Downslope

He envisioned
Himself
Suspended between two brick walls
With his arms stretched &
Reaching towards the sky.

Making faint sounds,
Due to fatigue,
There were few other options that
Could be played out in this due diligence dilemma.

Thinking either blank thoughts
Or
Others forced to be pleasurable,
He made it.

How much longer though?

The receding question.

Cluster phobia trivia—

His arms with
No more energy,
He thinks of other thoughts.

Needles in the horses nose,
Staying alive
Thinking of
Past sexual acts.

The car is making it up the hill,
With no downslope
On
The
Other side.

NO MIXING ORDER

Emptying the
Mind of the garbage,
It fills,
We empty,
It fills again,
We empty,
It fills—

We seek,
Find redemption
In the evening hours that had
Some solvency in
Beautified debauchery
To
Bestow upon.

Yes,
We empty,
We fill.

Don't mix the order.

NO ONE KNOWS

He flipped on the television
Set
&
got sick to his stomach.

Brimming with love
&
no hands to move
the
controller.

He sat as the blue-green-red flickers
Beat on his face.

Inside tonsils,
Kicking intestines,
The world going round listening
To
15 minutes of fame
from the king of the medium
no one
really knows.

NO WINGS

Another unsaved document
Wings down

The
Page without
Knowing
Where
It was going to

Go

With all
The

Saved

Shit

That

Didn't have wings.

NOT DESERVING OF SO

You only get
So many chances and
When the chance has expired,
It's time to get up and scurry on,
My friends.

For the reality only is so when recognized
And despair is again another reality that shouldn't be
Pondered too heavily over a night not deserving of
So.

NOT LETTING UP YET

The rain hasn't stopped
Coming down for hours.

Yes,
My lover's grandmother passed,
The woman finally fixed my glasses,
Had almost a quarter of her beef jerky left for her other nightly snack.

Beads in the trash,
My queen size sheet fits swell,
Gray in the pasty sky,
He made me laugh with an innocence a smile would wince at,
A man eating a chocolate bar on the white, plate moon.

Three quarters away from a dollar,
Warm slippers for phone call abyss,
I hear the new owners of my old 1811 place are taking good care of it.

Yes,
Now and here at 4340.

The hall of hotel apartments
With the glorious rains
Not letting up yet.

Nothing Lost

Went to
The Art Show
With some friends
And
A
Love I know better than the ingredients
Of
Acrylics – oils.

Pineapple vodka,
Cranberry later.

Tom was in his form
My pieces were past the kitchen
In the back sun room.

A small ingredient in the larger saw of
Featured artist – photographer.

Laughed with the dog,
Briefly placed my hand on the
Cat dying on the couch.

Matted hair,
Mangled fur,
Light green saliva hanging from mouth,
Swinging head,
Trying to survive next to the art.

As the sun became a part of the black branches,
We had our
Last swing on the porch swing &
Went to the car.

None of my pieces were sold,
The rain soiled one of mine
In
A
Storm that week
Due to the new roof & no shingles
To
Cover the piece.

It was all an interesting comedy,
Laughter that grew hoarse
With cigarettes.

The day my pieces were looked over
As the
Sidestep to the
Swinging bridge.

Nothing sold,
Nothing lost.

NOW IN THE GRASS

Rustled snaps of
Brown paper bags
Thrown
Strewn
Floating viciously in the
Wind.

The emptied carcass of
A
Pint that went down
As
The street signs
Open their eyes for
Cold coming
Like fleece
Razored off
The flock.

Over the striped lines,
Into neighboring grass,
The brown,
White peacocked bags lay
In their conversations.

The episode beneath
The dust.

Hecked,
Murtled
Girgled.

The winds
And bags,
All the theories
Thoughts
&
others
that have been offered before—

Now
In the grass.

On Letters In Flowers

Drooped eyes,
Slumped thighs,
A knock came quickly
At the front door.

No one there to answer.

The door bell rang.

No one again.

The phone rang.

No one came that time.

A rock against the window.

No one still.

A horn honking from the street.

Not a mind was stirred.

Phone and door simultaneously.

Silence.

A brick through the back window from a vandal.

The cops couldn't respond to the non-alarm.

Phone once more.

No one home.

All that time no one came home,
The world cooked an omelet and
Picked a flower.

ONE HOUR

Waiting about
On
Sunday afternoon
As
Pumps of water
Spray
Taking with it dirt and salt
From
Empty roasts.

Here in line,
Pen
PAPER
Not far behind.

I ready to pull forward for

Our hour.

ONE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BOOKS

IT HAS COME
TO A CRITICAL POINT—

YES,
WALKING ALONG THE
MUSHROOM PATH
SNIFFING THE DAISIES AND SQUINTING
INTO THE
LUSH GRASS.

CRITICAL,
I SAY.

PRESS MY POINTS,
YOU BASTARDS.

ONE MORE HYMN FOR THE NATURAL

AAAAaaahh—

Hot breath,
She curled her lies,
Cody was
Given birth to,
She speaks with a blatant
Lack of confidence,
The stomach
Gurgles.

He holley,
I think,
How will my 7' bookshelf
Fit
In
That
Glorious new apartment?

ONE YELLOW SCHOOL BUS

From seat 19F
On flight 1709,
I watch a yellow school bus
Travel down a country road
In Houston.

Empty of children,
And spinning around with
My empty stomach,
The driver does up and around
The
Short
Hills in the road.

Going where he needs to head,
Maybe back to the haystack to find some push pins,
Maybe to after school destinations
To
Talk to the kids about “stuff”.

One yellow streak of pure machinery going down
The
Houston roadway.

The closest sight I got of this city
I
Spent about seven hours
Of my April day in.

Yes,
The school bus and I
And all the sparkled images that
Became a blur as sleep came over me a short
Time later in the seat.

Over the country roads and roaring through
The thickening clouds,
Out of Houston

Abided by the empty seats
Of
Children’s souls in that one yellow school bus.

OPENING REMARKS

A judge walked
Into A courtroom with a
Baby's crib under his arm.

The bailiff closed the
Door to his
Quarters.

He laid the tan crib
On top of his bench
And told the courtroom to
Have their seats.

The courtroom looked perplexed.

Today,
The judge was to throw the rule book of
Law into the flames
And play the right role as attorney.

In a racial case that had split a
Small Louisiana town,
His
First words to both lawyers were,
"Can you tell me anything about this baby in the rocker before me?"

The lawyers looked across their
Dividing line in the sand at each other with a dazed look
Wondering if they should take the bait and answer the
Judge.

"Well, what is your answer."

Lawyer number one said,
"All I see is the color of the rocker. Nothing more. There may not be
a baby in those confined quarters."

"Ha. Well there is."
Answered the judge.

The other lawyer said,
"I can't say much except the possible length of the crib
which may translate a possible height of the baby."

"Is that it,"
The judge responds.

"Yes,"
Lawyer one said.

“Sure on my end.”
Said lawyer number two.

“One more question gentleman and gentlewoman,
knowing there is an infant in this rocker,
what race do you think this baby is?”
asked the judge.

“I cannot speculate.”
Said lawyer number one.

“Does it matter?”
The other lawyer responded.

“Precisely. Record all of this as it all will be admitted as evidence.”
The judge said looking towards the court reporter.
“Your opening remarks, counsel.”

Orange Acid

A white
Bird was
Flying against the cover
Of
Blanketed clouds
Coming from the south—

Blacker than blue,
Storms were making
Their plans
In
Invisible bunkers,
The dark was
Deciding the nights
Fate.

Old women
Climbing out of an old Cutlass,
Brass on
Copper,
The coin turned to orange acid.

Our Ground

Cat just forked
The last piece of cat food
Around—

None in the bowl,
The water is still
Clear.

The animal paces around me,
Looking to land in my lap
To smell the love of a dim red bloody mary.

Lost food,
First drink for me—

Slowing down his pace,
The tail still goes mad.

He's going to
Make it into my lap,
Without my help
On my helping hands.

He stares at me
From our ground.

OUTHOUSE

NOTHING YET
AS ANYTHING YET
MAKES
AN
APPEARANCE ON
ITS
WAY IN
THE
“OUT” HOUSE.

Packets of Sugar

You see
The cans stacked
Around the coffee table,
Fireplace ridge.

Did you listen to
The
Silence or disrupt the
Nonsense with sense.

You see the name of
That book market,
Recognize that time was never yours
But
Your alibi in the room with
A
Blank black board.

You hear the radio skip
Like a CD,
Wipe the dust that
Tainted your foot like the
Method of Pathos.

You,
How you?

With sight
Touch
Sense of audio.

Oh you
How you,
When the others curse the
Sweat of the sun.

You,
How the planets wouldn't be
Alone for telescopes
Of
Other Midwestern nights.

She pulls a
New loaf of bread out
Of
The
Coffee maker
As
I
Go
Get the packets of sugar.

PERSONALITY?

The bar keep slopped
Dribbles of beer
On my arm,
I stepped on a gas station dinger bell
With my foot,
Contemplating a heist of a paper machine on its side.

This,
Until I breathed in a mouthful of strong wind
And
Rain into a debunk MTV personality.

Phil Wanted A “K”

Kraut juice about the edges,
Creamed corn in the
Immaculate middle,
We
All
Go to listen for the
Lost chime of the
Merry-go-round ride.
Lost instincts,
The reaper snips a young girls
Hair in the corner of your consciousness,
How about that
Merry-go-round ride?
Would the sounds be enough
Or
Would you like to trade in your
Universal ticket for
A
Whirl into a night that had no midnight.
If you need time to make
That decision,
That grand decision—
Take your time,
For
The

Tailored suit waited with the seamstress
And
The
Mistress will wait in line for
The ride until
You take your time to
Meet the Operators time.

Pigs In Horse Hairs

Fried pork ears,
Lonely horse hairs
Flop
 Clop
About the air in the
Trailer on the trucker's route—

Set for cans
 Bottles
Tubes
 Boxes
Crates
 Packaging of plastics-cardboard-others.

Their last hours along
50HWY to the border or before.

I think back to that bag of pork rinds in Chicago
&
feeding a large horse sugar cubes.

PLUTO..EARTH..MAYBE

Stacks of cards,
The games left the room for
The patrons to fend on their own.

No chance to win anymore cash,
Or goggle their eyes with the
Entertainment of that deck that shimmers
On the lakes that were once ponds
And are now the spectacle the sun takes during the east-west
Rise and set.

Here,
With an armload of dead cards
And
More than 4 places to go,
The earth is the ground
And

The grass is pluto.

QUESTION

My heart
Beating in the fat
Of my bottom lip,
The child in a ghost suit
Hops around
Yelling,
“Questions!
 Questions! Questions!”

This,
While I look at a small
Girl reading a book on
Top of a green safe.

The key is a bookmark
&
the sky outside is pure white.

I look and notice that there
Is no answer.

No answer,
As the boy
Screams
“Question!”

RABBI & DARK, SUNNY SHADE

As cattle run over rained streets
Of Midwestern city,
A presumption as to why some U.S. coins have smooth edges
Versus ribbed ones,
The aluminum soap & gasoline in the tense London café,
A burned lighter,
This as the prophet enjoys his first martini.

Bogart in the swarming bar with one leg
Propped atop a catapult,
This with the alias and you sipping your 9th martini at the “Alibi” bar.

Then,
The Rabbi took his 1st skinny dip in the dark, sunny shapes.

REASONABLE HOUSE

In the house
Where you created reason,
The response “yes” has
A
Tone that
Brings moisture into bone joints
To make rings stick to skin.

In this shack
Created by choice,
The word “no” even has a chime
That can swell toes to fit snug into
Shoes.

In this civilization as we know it,
We build things
And tend to believe that the bricks
Stones
Wood
Glass
Panes
Ceramic
Tiling
Ceilings
Lights
Fixtures
Basements
Bathrooms
Bedrooms
Beds
And such are going to make
The place.

In the house of reason,
These
Are items at
A
Hardware store.

Just items,
Here
In the house & shack of “yes” – “no” reason.

RED BOUNTY OF CREATION

Small children
Burrowed
Above
In
The
Overpass
That is a walkway to another universe,
Yet the universe swirls
Below in moving cars,
Loud engines,
Faint litter on side road
And my honk to those little precocious
Souls above.

Yes,
With the sun setting and their planets & stars
Twisting and going
Along the flow
Of
Gravity so smooth.

Mints under your tongue,
Rubber below the ball bearings,
The radio station fund drive asking for \$750.00 from all listeners
In the next segment.

Handouts in the sweetness
As the sound of the children's laughter
Becomes the
Most
Becoming
Quasar
On the
Red bounty of creation.

SCRUB SKINS

Revisited a
Record today.

Over two days of stink trapped about and on my body,
I finally crept in for the nap of water.

Cleaning the sheath of what
Has been said
And that which is gloriously tucked into the numb of black peace that flows over my
Clothes,
Yet open eye lids like a drunk ladybug looking to arrive
Safely to the sober log.

Yes,
A personal pest,
Perhaps the next stinking damn
Time we speak
I shall have gone
3-5 days without
scrubbing my skin.

SEVEN PAGES OF GEESE

[illegible]

FLOPPING OUTSIDE OF WINDOW,
COLD ON THE DECK,
PND LIQUID LIKE SALT,
THE BIRDS

IN

EYE...

FLOPPING OUTSIDE OF WINDOW,
COLD ON THE DECK,
PND LIQUID LIKE SALT,
THE BIRDS

IN

EYE...

FLOPPING OUTSIDE OF WINDOW,
COLD ON THE DECK,
PND LIQUID LIKE SALT,
THE BIRDS

IN

EYE...

FLOPPING OUTSIDE OF WINDOW,
COLD ON THE DECK,
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THE BIRDS

IN

EYE....

FLOPPING OUTSIDE OF WINDOW,
COLD ON THE DECK,
PND LIQUID LIKE SALT,
THE BIRDS

IN

EYE....

FLOPPING OUTSIDE OF WINDOW,
COLD ON THE DECK,

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

SHE HAD A DENDELION BETWEEN HER BREASTS

Reasons
Were not of fashion—

This damn gal had 23 meters of
Pure class,
3 gallons of gumption to
keep her talking
and
no reasons for her to be bothered.

Wearing a dress
Of Midnight Green,
She had no blues
As she counted her needs of gray.

A dress—
No shoes—small blue hand bag—
No bra,
Other undergarments were
Of
No matter.

In her demeanor,
The dandelion made the
People wonder with some mad determination.

Petals away from
Being wilted,
This flower already tasted death many other
Seasons
Over.

SICKVIEW

Everybody all around is
Getting the bug of
Sick.

Shaking with
The fever,
Speaking in
French.

Everyone around us is
Coming down
With the pill of vomits,
Walking toward you with a blank
Look of wanting to be recognized and forgotten
In the next breath.

Everyone is sick.

Everyone has been sick.

Coughing,
Taking down the fluids of well,
Still speaking Italian,
They come
Looking for the strongest pharmaceuticals.

Sick, I'm trying to warn you.

Bad fucking breath.

Closed holes.

Leaking solids.

Sick.

Run.

Run anywhere.

Don't look at the sick.

SIRENS AND CHEESE HERE DOWNTOWN

Trees are sprouting,
Car doors slam,
The ground hog snickers,
The ground is hot,
Hot dogs gone bad in my refrigerator,
Cheese lasts for more months,
Comics, few, are still funny,
Copies get jammed,
The rockers had some wet stones to hone,
Crack heads still use guns,
Roads to be worked on,
I love my woman's glow,
Pasta done just right is nice,
Rains of spring are full of right on scents,
Fucks still roam . . . roam . . . roam,
Beauty has its patience a finger place away,
Marketing is publicity,
Rotten teeth are worked on by tooth fairies,
Nieces are nephews,
They still like metal fences,
Looks still turn a dazzle,
Pen ink is like a pencil scribble,
Water melts like snow,
The landlord just dropped off my neighbor's dog next door,
Church bells coming from ice cream trucks,
Hellos lead to good-byes,
Nickels have their quarter,
Shorts are better on women,
Stocking for Christmas and sexy evenings,
Chicken in a pork brigade,
Lights on colds,
Head below toes,
Squirrels are on wires crossing busy streets,
Nimble on thin means.

The cheese in the refrigerator might last months more,
Bodies look better than ashes,
The sirens of police cars
Haven't sounded for some time here downtown.

SLAPS SKIN

I open the fresh packs of new
Pictures
In their sleeves and sheaths
That uncover the images that once
Were
And
Could become again.

Sheaths of nieces,
Light poles,
A new game called “stick”,
Dark faces,
Dinosaur bones,
The dusk in a crawl
And
More that are magnetically etched on
Negatives
That
Are called positive once laid down on the glass top table.

Writing lines of words,
Blowing smoke at this screen,
Hearing “Jeff” play the tunes like no other may in
This world and lifetime in a million strings of dates and lives.

The evening
Of life,
Living now while everything seems to bend and curdle
In a
Fashion that has not been here for some time.

Blaming one thing for another
Called an abomination for the ages to
Resist,

Coming into the rain for being out of it

Would brings

Such the sensation it does

When is slaps
Slaps
Skin.

SOAKED JAZZ

Jazz slammed across the mouth
Like an angry horseshoe that hopped off the storytellers
Mouth to do some last minute justice.

Gravy tunes from the tenor sax player making
Scrapes of a wage
As
Mainstream musicians pump their trash to the masses
That
Will never even see another human like him in this world
Let alone hear his tunes.

Beautiful negress doing what you can do behind the mic as the upright
Bass make a thunderous introduction as though the body and
Conclusion had already been presented to a stunned crowd
And
Amazed eardrums that weep when the sounds aren't about any longer.

Inspected tunes of the Jazz man wildly rapping away on
Glass bottles and the animal skin top as though
The world has come to an end,
All humans extinct,
And he is the only one left to musically usher in a new
Time when other beings or the divinity will play down.

Rag time soul coming out of the radio box that
Has its wiring guts pulled and cord snapped free,
Yet the sounds cannot hold itself to having electricity as its
Reason to get out there and
Smear the glee about souls like wet soap on sandpaper.

You Jazz folks with all that improv and beauty
Make this here
Page weep with
Wet that cannot be soaked up by you.

SOME RABID ADVENTURES

Untucked shirts
And the full moon
Coming in through
The
Blinds like a wandering eye
Trying to catch
A
Gaze of something not going down
In his own quarters,
Hell,
Almost something a little on the illegal side.

More than the smell of
A
Wall of marijuana coming from
An apartment down the hall.

He was craving a thirst
For something that would
Bring most of the “normal” civilian
Population
Down
To the tips of their eye sockets and around the bend for a light talk.

Something away from the images of weak television
And
Something more than the spit and fire of an independent
Radio jock blowing off some democratic steam.

Yes,
With wide eyes
And Jupiter rotating crooked on its axis,
He
Was looking around the erect trees,
Dirty stones on the ground
And
Crazed faces of passing folks
For something a little on the illegal side.

Shit,
He thought,
If I don't see something go down soon on someone else's bones
On my watch,
I may have to invent

Some rabid

Adventures
On

My own.

STRANGE TEARY EYES

A hop
Hip
Hop
On the walk
Talk
Sidewalk,
Tight lips,
Constricted torso,
Long constipated toes,
Her angel whispered to him during dinner,
A
Toe
Tap
Tow
While a hitch broke the rider.

And
OH
In an "A"
With the curious swingle of
The
Struggle.

Hints before
The blame
As the stranger in the corner laughs
With

Teary eyes.

STRAP ON THIS MOMENT AND TAKE IT

We can tell you these
Things,
But they may never extinguish
The
Moment.

You ready to live
In the moment
For more than a moment
Or
Months?

Is this the commitment
That
You want to wage before your verbal beaten face
In
A
Mirror?

Though you have consented,
We
Have to carry out the moment.

A moment not quantified by seconds
Or even minutes.

They are the secret feelings tagged again
By human words that may very well
Turn into your dreams
And
Less in left of
100 degrees.

We'll let's give this you
You.

A nursing infant on mountain top
Next to strange home
With the winds coming through as song
Whistling
As though the
Beginning is on it's way.

You shall view the beginning
As it began on this world.

Now.

Moment.

Moments.

You going

To

Strap on this moment and take it?

SUNGLASSES IN THE CROWD

One man
With sunglasses
In the crowd.

President at
Podium,
The man shifts with
His eyes open.

Camera tilted,
His face full
And flush
With a new born look
At the centuries.

One man
In the crowd
With a bright fucking future.

TAXI GAL

Window sill,
Ledge,
Helen the cab driver
Dropped me off,
We had a grand talk,
Smoke,
Off to Corporate show.

I shall keep you posted.

THAT TENDER BOSOM

The cracking beige plaster covering the walls
Lined in brick
Below black ledge.

A cold spring day as the smoke runs
From the air as though it will
Hand it in a public assembly.

Old soldier on the wall keeps his
Countenance,
White blinds brought to
Life by laughter and a telephone ring that
Goes unanswered in
Apartments that time horizontal and
Vertical to mine.

A miracle arguing with the dream,
A couple rich in love
Giving the kiss of the century,
A couple of strangers having a hearty cup of sex
Before they head out to other stranger looks
And cat calls that won't be as
Orgasmic.

The night that is about to fall here earlier than usual
For the gray in the sky,
There's no refund or exchange for the hour we sprung forward
Some weeks ago.

Life size and life like pastas mingling on the sidewalk
Down the street,
Beauty that
Is hidden within things that are tipped off by the eyes
And further
Give way
By actions
Of the hands

Arms
Elbows
Knees

Loins
And that tender bosom.

THE BEST ONE THAT IS

ANOTHER ONE DOWN
FOR THE BOOKS,
THEY ASSUME
AS THEY

CLOSE OFF THE OTHER BOOK THAT HAD
TOO MUCH INK
AND
NOT ENOUGH LOVE OR LIFE TO
KEEP THE EYES ATTENTIVE TO WHAT
WAS BEING WRITTEN.

YES,
PROBING INTO THE CAUSE,
THE PENGINS PULL OUT THEIR RAZORS FOR
A
SHAVE AND
LATER
A
GOOD DIP IN WARM WATERS
JUST TO SEE WHAT IT FEELS LIKE ON THE OTHER SIDE
OF
THE EQUATORIAL LINE.

CLOSING AND SMASHING TOGETHER
THE
PAGES OF THE BOOK
THAT OLD LITERATURE TEACHER WOULD LOVE
TO SEE CLOSED AND PUT TO SLEEP,
FOR HE
NEVER EVER TAUGHT THIS STUDENT
TO
PRINT SUCH RIDICULOUS NONSENSE.

FOR SOMETIMES ITS
MUCH MORE OF SAVING AND HIDING THE FACE
THAN IT IS TO
BE
YOU
AS YOU
ARE
WHEN YOU ARE
AND HOW YOU ARE.

BECAUSE YOU..

AS YOU

WITH YOU

IS THE BEST
ONE THAT IS.

THE BRIGHT POOR

They complain
Enough to fill
A dictionary
Built for the largest school library,
They have zero style
And
Enough self-pity
To make
The
Teenage rap star flip into
A
mid-life crisis.

Speaking more than several
Words and my mind goes
Blank.

No inspiration,
Barely more conviction.

I'm over 25 and
Beyond the nonsense,
Writing the pages of some
Life
And pages of a book,
Taking this on
As
A
Test experiment.

The edible
Incredible
Corporate hoax,
I laugh now
And
Shall fall in hilarious
Tears
One
Bright day.

THE CHANCE TO BREATHE

Slip down
A
Chord,
Bring forth a thought from the lips
That may have been thought and said before
But
Has the indelible mark of
Your interpretation.

A subjective moon rise
As the sun pokes your face with reason
That has
Nothing but tears coming from the pores of your
Skin below your neck.

We,
My friends,
Are not only on the edge of the 21st century,
Were on the edge of ourselves.

Ourselves in the most
Beautiful forms that I have been bestowed to enjoy
Over this
Time
That
Is
Called in minutes and hours that drown the
Sea beast in the fresh
Waters.

Waters drank down in a cup,
Middle of the night,
That
Was really the day.

Only the shades were
Drawn.

Darwin in a new truck,
Vasco De Gama on a new mountain bike,
Lewis & Clark arguing over
Whether they could invent

Lemonade once they landed on the ground
And
Had

The chance to breath.

THE END – IN JAPANESE

WINDS SOFT
OVER THE WINDOW,
DEFT NOISES
IN A TRAIN WISTLE,
HERE IN MY SKIVIES,
ALONE,
THE CITY DID BLISTER BY,
WE THINKING OF NOW.

THE LIGHTS GOING
DOWN INTO THEM.

THE FRANK AND WILTED ROOM

The mad sound
Of some cats in the apartment building next
Door
Sings in a drunken stupor
Just before the official time for the bars
To come to the end of “last call”.

Their Spanish serenade comes out
And the laughter sounds as though two females
Are crying into an empty coffee tin.

Squirreling about with their pleasure,
Pushing aside the long hours of work,
They let the empty air of the
Night’s air know
They have had their time and will have more
Of their
Time.

Coming in full bi-lingual love
Here as the
Morning holds like the
Dusk that eclipsed over five hours back.

Yes the beauty of their song,
Seen as ugly by the rest of the singing world,
Come like a welcome handshake
In a cold

White and wilted room.

The Fuck Love Tale

They couldn't grow a
Home or build a garden.

All they had was
The
Chance to speak at the day,
Take their revenues earned & try
To piss it far enough to reach their debt.

Tailored from a sheath of silk robes,
Reflection in mirrors a mere drape of torn cottons
And polyesters.

They plugged the iron into the energy socket,
Thought of karma,
Poured a cup of OJ,
Scratched their shoulder blade and thought it
Wasn't all that bad not to grow or build.

There would be no loss of real property
In the end.

What burroughed within their world,
Others thought,
Was insanely unusual.

When they climbed onto the bus at the stop or
Into their cars when they started,
They though
“Fuck ‘em
Fuck ‘em—
I love this world.”

The Jackass Feast

Hunched over the
Coffee table to pull together some pieces,
Scraps,
If you will,
Of the last Donkey Dance.

A ritual in rural Blington, USA—

The animals did move,
4H groups made their hair shiny,
smoking was open to go down in the dance hall,
wild looks,
pints of swindled Whiskey in back pockets,
the night lasted longer
than others
for the
attendees
at
the
Jackass Feast.

THE MORNING I READ HER WORDS

Heart tapered up
Upon a pole.

I look at this palpitating heart
And know its source,
Where it goes,
How it does and
What it desires.

And we agree to let the misunderstandings
Slip past.

For they can be dealt with in time.

As of & for now,
It hands up there
Beating.

Pounding
 Pounding loose blood about
It into unfamiliar yet familiar patterns on
The ground.

I look at this heart and
Know—

Waiting to help it more.

I stare at this heart
Atop a pole and
Know it well.

For it is mine.

THE OTHER INSANITY

They tell you your age.

Criticize your shoes,
Applaud your eyes
And give you candy as a gift for the woman.

This,
You may wonder,
Is a part of that squeezing uncool,
Insanity you have been shown,
Yet
Not lectured on.

GOOD LUCK.

THE SILENT SIDE

The slam of the front door somewhere off
In the distance
As a car drives off further
Down
Into the distance.

Smirks beating each other up in the
Night for who
Can garner the most attention.

Love beaming to love
Across the hallway as the invisible
Bellhop flies through the ceiling down to the
Ground with a bottle of cold gin in one hand
And a package of ham in the other.

He says,
“Would anyone like to see the rest of their life
here in a bout another hour?”
said the little man as he winks and laughs in such a way as to
wake-up both babies in their infant cribs and
parents that have spent a glorious amount of time trying to squelch their
offspring’s cries and sobs.

As the bellhop saunters past the conscious part of talk,
A benign woman comes up to the peep hole in the door and
Knocks a hearty knock.

A knock that portends
she does more than work and lift small items throughout her day.

She comes up to the door and requests
That I open the door and let her in.

I inquire as to what she may want this fair and
Dry day.

She says that she has business with another little friend that I had
once had the fancy of knowing.

I tell her that I’m not ready to answer questions about hat
Individual at this particular time.

She stops her knocking,
Turns around without saying any more words and leaves obediently
As I look more and more into the black of my closed eyes that resemble night
Here in
The dawn of a day that the
Other side cannot speak
To.

The Suffix

Priest talks to
Nun,
Husband shouts
To
Wife,
Brother whispers to sister,
Dog licks other's hole,
Space above
With new stars,
Could be as little as
One blink away.
He mows his lawn,
The cat licks
Off
Bar-B-Que sauce on
Paws.
They thank me,
I do the same to them.
Do you have
Someone to thank?
Whisper or shout,
Laughter or
Others have
To
Be the suffix.

Their Squinting

Look how far
They have gone with
The sun in their eyes,
Squinting until the
Head splits like a celery stalk.

They did walk—

Caring to walk and not caring any further
Than that,
They just walked.

Wondering how many autumn dandelion spindles will
Float in the air and grant them love or such
After the yellow fades into white
& when they don't have a need to squint anymore.

THEY LEFT ON “STAGE” LEFT

Ice cream bells
In the Sunday air,
Kids running away from
Easter costumes,
The pompous figuring
Out on a trip to the restaurant
That they really are fucking assholes,
A ribbed condom coming to life across the Atlantic now
As I type,
The used trash in “commercial” malls across the land,
Yugoslavia released three American captives yesterday after the African-American reverend
Went in to restore some peace,
Thousands of Serbs and Albanians dying and America is torn to bits about three captured men,
The folly of how shallow the psyche can fall,
The humor in how life is carried and portrayed,
The magistrates saluting the princes as the princes slay the common friend of the magistrate without
A second thought,
A parent giving all their love to a child,
The beauty of 4 drunk Spanish men laughing so loud and with such pleasure
They sound like
Four young Italian women crying after discovering that
Their
Men
Had left them.

Thinking Today

Ribs fry
In
Reverse humidifier,
She sucks slow
From
Beer neck for
The
Mouth of incidences.

Jellyfish on
2nd hand recording coming
over
radio conjecture
to
talking ears.

She pushes the
Stick to
Change my gears
As
I push the clutch forward
Thinking
About
Today.

THIS CITY SHIT

Long winded gas
As a couple of people
Buzz my door phone.

I answer.

Faint response.

Again,
“He-lll-o?”

“Yes,”
they say.

“Who is this?”
I ask.

“Who are you?”
they respond.

“Joe,”
I say.

“We got the wrong apartment,”
their final words mutter.

“Yes. I presume you do,”
I answer finally.

Then,
I hang up the airphone.

I pressed stop on my tape recorder
Bringing an official close to the clutter.

I love this city shit.

This Time Of Year

Things
Go down the Trafficway,
Southwest of
Downtown city—

From Africa to
Local Penn Valley Community College
The President
Held
A
Town Hall meeting.

Denied Auto Insurance,
I drove 70 miles easy today.

Premium expires in 10 days,
Time for more miles—

I then
Swivel up Westport Rd.,
Hear the gal Jay knows
Crooning to a pop song
With the guitar faint &
Classical strings fainter.

More smokes
Aluminum pop,
The shows – interviewers
Wonder how kids
Kill,
Concede death.

It's like them having babies,
Fucking in a
Sexually repressed society.

Hard?

To be pondered into
The
Obvious?

I wonder how Africa
Is
This time of year?

THROUGH THE DOOR

A co-worked tells me,
As I reach for the candy jar,
That it's
A
"two-hand deal"
as I attempt opening the lid with one.

"Let me tell you something,
chief. The candy is your mate
whether you open it with one hand or two."

"What?" he asks.

"Well, the candy that goes into your mouth
and sticks to your teeth is the key to your mate.
The candy that sticks to your teeth in which you enjoy,
Versus thrusting out with your tongue later,
Is the mate."

"Okay. Run that one more time," he says.

"A good woman is the candy that gets stuck in your teeth
and hangs in their by your regard and her sweetness.
It's the candy that stays stuck in your teeth for minutes or hours.
It's so good you don't want it to end.
Any clearer?"

"Listen, pass me that jar." He responds.

He takes a handful of candy and
Tosses it into his mouth.

Several seconds later he smiles
As I my frame goes through the door.

Time & Barbers

Denim overalls,
Sunglasses,
Denim shirt to match,
Long gray hair,
Walking his small red dog,
Now running up the hill,
A little exercise
Or more at 12:59AM—

Ready to slip into the AM,
He is.

He doesn't care if it's going to be 1:00PM soon,
He stops to let the dog urinate,
Tips his hand low,
Lets the air take his hair.

Time nor barbers
Never held this man back.

Time To Count Chicken Eggs

He cut over 2 lanes of traffic
To
Make it onto the
Other highway onramp,
He talks to me about how the
Three-fourths of the Neighbors rosebush collection
Died a floral death,
They check my ID to cash a check in
Small town bank,
The rake separated
The
Dirt and weeds,
Morning paper comics
Have the Codfather with the
Other fishes in
The
Sea,
Unsteady behind the wheel
He lights up another
Cigarette.

They fell asleep about the sunshine miles away
From each other,
Blood coming from selected bumps
On the face,
Coffee is getting cold.

I have two lighters and no cigarettes
At hand.

Time to count the chicken eggs.

TINY SCRIPT SHORT

1. SETTING: Dubuque, Iowa. Old southern style kitchen decked in the typical suburbia manner. Copper chicken cookie molds, pigs on cookie canisters and sparkling white refrigerator. Tacky tiled floor and fly strips in the back door entrance/exit and kitchen window. Fans rearing hard in the hot summer air.

SITUATION: Two women in this kitchen. One woman, the traditional-conservative mother. The other, her daughter. An open-minded free spirit. Their preparing dinner for a family gathering. Small radio on the counter plays music.

SOUND/MUSIC: Carly Simon's "Nobody Does It Better"

Gayla (Mother): What the hell is going on with this country. Good Lord, our political process is embarrassing. Damn people there in Washington. What. You want to tell me something different, Missy? I bet it's your generation bringing us down to the depths of this impeachment trial. All these punks, drugs and counter culture crap.

Missy (Daughter): Look, mother. You can't throw someone out of office for polygamy. That's not fair. Plus, our generation had nothing to do with a blatant waste of tax dollars.

2. SETTING: Green Bay, Wisconsin. The back of a warehouse. A sink with soap and the musky smells of sweat and work permeate the air. A real blue collar, get down to work type of place.

SITUATION: Two workers talking over a cigarette during a short break. One black man in his mid-30's and a white man in his late-40's. Small radio on a shelf plays music faintly.

SOUND/MUSIC: Carly Simon's "Nobody Does It Better" (Song continues from where the previous scene left off)

Gerald (black man): Shit, baby. Back off of this man. Clinton made a mistake and that's that. I want someone in the oval office getting his shit sucked off. Cigars going up in tasty flames. Hell man. If we could gather all the folks cheatin' on their spouse in this company, there would be no one left working. Employee totals go from somethin' to nothin' real quick.

James (white guy): Hey man, I'm with you to a certain degree. Do you understand what kind of turmoil and pain has gone down by this whole lying scheme. That shit just ain't right though. It started out as cheating, then lying, and then pure bullshit and wasted money.

3. SETTING: Next to the harbor in Manhattan with the Statue of Liberty faintly shimmering in the back drop. A warm summer day in New York.

SITUATION: Two older men in their 70's playing chess. A radio sits on the edge of a park table playing music.

SOUND/MUSIC: Carly Simon's "Nobody Does It Better" (Faintly picking up where the previous scene left off)

Walt: So..we had Kennedy getting our hearts racing with his broads. Nixon escapes with little action in the Lincoln bedroom. Reagan is insane. No one cares about Bush and now we have President Clinton. Shit partner, now we have the most beautiful saga before the 21st Century. Clinton. Yes. Giving us suspense, sex, booze, and a strong economy. No one realizes how bad Carter was and how dull all the rest were. Clinton lied. Sure, but our tax money would go to another scheming, lying bastard politician if not to Clinton's defense. This is our life. That was his. I'm not here too long and not much long in life and the best thing I can look for in politics is a

saga like the Clinton one. Thank Christ he got off the hook. His life is not our life. Live and let live, partner.

Herb: Sue, sure old boy. Your move. By the way, does perjury mean anything to you or any other moron out there?

4. SETTING: A grade school black top in a small town outside of Boston, Massachusetts.

SITUATION: Two little girls, one in the first grade and the other in the third grade, are drawing a hop scotch square on the hot asphalt black top. Small radio transistor next to them and their box of colored chalk.

SOUND/MUSIC: Carly Simon's "Nobody Does It Better" (Music louder during this final scene)

Lindy: What do you want to be when you grow up?

Brittany: Not the President.

(Music gets louder, then fades away)

**Camera pans up in a jig-jag line, such as a balloon would do, and goes up into the summer sky.*

FADE..BLACK

END.

To—Get—Her (Together)

A
Do – Re – Me
&
we're gone
together to—get—her.

Do – Re – Me

La –
Together to get her,
The double positive
On
The
Negativity
To
Get together to—get—her.

How the shit
Goes together
In
The
English verse
Together to—get—her .

Ha—
La—
Do—Re—Me.

Together,
We are
To—
Go
Get—Her.

TO REMAIN TRANQUIL

Peace
On
Parkway tonight.

No dogs
Snarling with their jaws.

Women
Silent.

Men dreaming
On couches
As
Bullet chambers
Slumber away.

Children play the
Shy ones
As
Moon goes away from
Full
Banana
To
Behind clouds.

Few cars
In their silence
Come either
North
Or
South on
The
Parkway.

One note.

All this
Going down on Parkway
With the folks
As
Quiet creeping
Jazz from radio
In

The other room

Beats the vomit
Out of the

Air and gives
The

Peace more reason
To

Remain tranquil.

TO SEE HER

THE BODY OF
CHRIST,
WARMED PLANET THAT
GOES
UP
UP
IN TEMPERATURE
WHILE SUNDAY NIGHT TELEVISION SCIENTISTS
WARN
THAT THIS WASN'T PLANNED.

THE NAME OF GOD
SPELLED
OVER AND OVER
AGAIN
GOD
GOD
GOD
GOD
GOD,
TWO PARTIES OF THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT
STRUCTURE STUGGLE OVER THE FATE OF THEIR
PRESIDENT
FOR LYING TO OTHERS.

A STATUE OF BUDDA IN FAKE MARBLED LIME
IS MADE INTO A FOUNTAIN AT THE VIETNAMESE RESTAURANT,
BOTTLES OF BOOZE STACKED AGAINST THE
BAR MIRRORS IN THE SHAPE OF A LARGE
EMOTIONESS FACES PULLS THE PEOPLE IN
TO EITHER DRINK, EAT, BOTH OR NEITHER.

A FIELD OF 9,000 TOMBSTONES
AS YOU TAKE YOUR FIRST PEEK AT A NEW YORK CEMETARY,
SEEING WHAT THEY HAD THEN BY THIE DATES AND QUOTES
AND WHAT THEY ARE REMEMBERED TO NOW.

658 BIRTHS IN LESS THAT FIFTEEN MINUTES ON THIS PLANET,
A WOMAN TODAY WAS RUNNING DOWN THE
STREET IN FRONT OF CARS AND LYING IN FRONT OF THEIR VEHICLES
SCREAMING WITH HER BODY MOVEMENTS THAT SHE WAS TROUBLED
AND NEEDED TO BE DESTROYED FROM HE LIVING.

YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THIS WOMAN.

PERHAPS,
YOU WOULDN'T HAVE WANTED TO SEE HER.

TO STOP HERE

Scenarios
They plot—

No apostrophes,
A cruel wind with kind intentions,
The book fell to the ground,
We couldn't hear anything but kindness
Until the bitch entered the room.

And the walk,
Strained hair,
The confidence lying in an ashtray,
We may get better,
Though it can always get worse...

Front porches,
Open shirts,
Women who lost their inhibitions.

THE FLESH
Only to stop here.

TO YOU WHO THINK

I raise this
In your regard now.

I say toast to all
Inhabitants
That have a soul.

I drink this to all who know what free is
And that strength isn't a bartered tool on
Silver Surfer's technological swing.

I bring this your way
As my female neighbor brings rash footsteps across the
Floor shaking my raised knee.

Sending hot pieces of wax to galleries of faces
That know.

Brazen in the insanity,
Multiplying pleasure with an obtuse tape measure.

Making certain to measure this tilt upward—

For you

Who thinks.

Toast To This

Wrist tags
For
Deteriorated watches,
Keeping time on the other side
While another side
Watched with envious eyes &
No socks to show the gallery of
This world—

Hickeys on his neck,
He went on ahead and
Poured meat-lettuce-tomato-cheese into the taco shell,
Thinking how scratches left more of a sting than punching scars.

Starts in the bathtub,
Then finds a cleaner tiding in
Laundry buckets,
The birds in trees lately
Have been singing
Me tunes
Or
Towards my direction for the other feathers
To
Float fro and further.

Creeks running low,
Ponds keeping their composure,
The mistress took down a plop of Alka Seltzer before morning sausage.

Her toast on the corner plate . .
I toast to this.

TOUGH PIECE OF BARK

The impregnable shapes
That fill
The
World's eye
Early here on a morning deemed a title
By
The
Chinese.

Pieces of petrified wood
In the window,
"The Bird"
comes over the stereo system
in
clarity
only the birds outside in trees
cannot overcome
with their mating calls
and

whistles to the cars
that
come by with no mufflers
air freshener
and thoughts
of
a

beak
that
has

been lost in the side of a tough piece
of bark.

TRICK THE TICKS

So, what are the chances that they
could come on by and
rob your thunder without uttering even
the faint whisper of a silent clap
as the crowd leaning their bruised backs up
against the wall laugh and howl as though the
world shall begin over again?

What are the chances of that occurrence
coming around the barrels that lie
about by railroad tracks for the chance
to be smashed with all their invisible might
hidden inside
with
9 smiles and an empty package of balloons.

The chances?

Hell, the chances have already gone as the large gray clock
in the corner of the technological bend goes around and around
in a slow yet furiously mad dash to make it into another minute.

Minutes robbing the seconds,
what,
you say,
are the chances.

trick
trick
trickery.

UNBELIEVABLE STRUGGLE

You are a word maker,
One drawn into the poetry realm,
Yet not cognizant or accepting of that
Fact as of yet.

Weaving your stories
Rhymes
Meaning
Into ripe stories
And fresh thoughts.

Yet,
I do see those that never had further thought
Of
Truth thrust down the digestion pipe no matter
What
When
Where
Why
Or how.

Just flop,
Floating,
Listening
To voices,
Alien thought.

A tryst in the tumble,
Nary a thought
For the struggle that is unbelievable.

UNDERSTAND BOMBS

WORDS
SWORDS
OF
POLITICAL GENOCIDE
AS THE AMERICAN BOMBS
CONTINUE TO FALL
“OVER THERE”—

THE CLOSEST A RESIDENT
“COMFORT LADEN” AMERICAN
CAN GARNER FROM THIS IS
A
TICKLING ANALOGY OF AN OLD KOO-KOO CLOCK.

TICK...TOCK...
THE ARM WAVES...
SOUND
SOUND
TICK
BACK & FRO WITH MONOTONOUS PRECISION.

THEN
BAM
BOOM
IMPLODE
EXPLODE.

THE BIRD LEAPS
FORWARD & SPEAKS
IN
A LANGUAGE

MOST CANNOT UNDERSTAND.

UNEXPECTED MOMENT

I see you waiting
There with your own nasty
Recommendations
In your requiem of deceit.

Speaking from the novice
Noises out from
The side of your tongue.

Oh yes you do,
With that voice
That grates against the rocks
That have their time trying to build this
Foundation in the
Floundering sea
That moves like water
But
Much more like swift winds.

Yes,
You are there biting your nails
And wishing birth on your enemies,
Coming in the lost of
The going
Whipping around the end about
Trials
Of
Lost souls trying to squeeze a dime
Out
Of
The
Ho so long lost ago
Legal system
That
Wrapped you up light a lighter with no cigarette in sight.

Yes,
There with the twilight lights of the
Computer screens and electric radios
Sending the piano chimes over the land
With
A
Gust
And
Whirl
And other little girls that carry
Your same version of angst.

Yes,
We see you
I see you

With
The

Last swig of drink left on this side of
Town.

With this last set of sight.

With this first of the last

That comes like a joke at an unexpected moment.

UNLOCK & ENLIVEN

This time before six O'clock
Seeps into the skin as though
It was a time called to the table
For
More than one reason.

A whirling and mad arm of the sky
Shouting new time
New time
New time
For time comes forward like a car pulling the man
Up for the Hollywood kiss given to the woman
After months of separation.

Oh,
And all the sheep walking,
Not cooing as though presumed,
Watch
Listen
And talk about the events they feel they cannot
Come close to changing.

Hearing of the atrocities and the wars their homeland is
Participating in,
They just hand up their stockings and grab their naked sexual parts
As though it may all blow by with one
Great prayer.

Here we tell you that these aren't necessarily troubling times.

They're times much like millions and millions of people and dynasties
Have lived
Before
After
During and more.

These are just are times.

Set to be written in schoolbooks.

Chimed by the words of the following generation.

This is our time.

It's always pressing and needful during out time.

I'm going to capture this time like a
Magician tucking the shadows away in his pockets
To go home
And
Examine that mystery that unlocks and enlivens.

WANTON CONSTELLATIONS

Heat shot up and about the place,
Gas coming out of my flesh smelling the fragrance,
The British on the radio speaking “real” English,
The cold spring night that snowed,
Her night in Detroit awaiting a funeral,
The cans of peaches and corn holding still like a park bench as astronomers
Continue to
Discover stars, planets
Universes
 Galaxies
Without wonder or curiosity
Likely for you
Or your
Wanton constellations.

WE THE NEEDS

Speckles in freckles,
A park and the shark,
We smirk at the work
And trolley full of holly.

Instant at their stance,
Free for their fleece.

We be as this
Is
Needed,
We want as
That was forgotten.

WHAT IS NOT

*Piggy back rides
To the end of yesterday,
A calm in the words of content,
Truth in your necktie,
Beauty after you speak,
You there,
The others-all of them everywhere else
As we connect the spaces and fill time
Between what is happening
&
perhaps what is not.*

“WHAT NEXT?”

People driving down the street,
Rush hour
The amusement and
Thoughts of the coming is
In
A
Fever and steamlined pitch.

Suddenly,
My car dies.

I look around in my rear view mirror
And side mirror and in front of me.

All cars around me have died.

People open their doors and look around
In the field of stalled motorists
And
Walk around to converse with each other.

As they perplex about the coming circumstances,
They decide to head down to the nearest convenience store,
Gas station,
Video store,
School or depot of sorts for some explanation.

Inside these establishments,
All the radios and televisions are dead.

The gods have left us with no electricity and power
To ponder the “whats”

A world not moving as fast as before.

One eternal conversation
As the people ponder..”What next?”

What Was Who?

Habitual back pack
Next to the desk.

Won't you move from
The
Black of red light?

Let laughter become a
Prank on the serious.

Shoes
 Parking garages
 New suit coats—

Haste in
The laughter,
Smiles on the mouth.

What
 Who
Was
 How
Who
 Was.

WHEN YOU'RE NOT LOOKING

Stalled cars on the side of the road,
People stacked on the highway handing to make their way into
The mall,
The crying children in the back seat,
The cats of the world wagging their tail,
The green beans simmering in a seven inch pan for
A starving mouth,
The black man at the post office asking for a ride up the street,
The chaos in the swirl of a lit black hole,
The conversation that slipped through her fingers,
The sunshine shadows that drowns the houses in
A hazy smile,
The broken windows and used leather,
A Discarded purse in a thrift store for sale stuffed with 90 fresh fifties,
Time eating the earth like a fresh apple as the armored hands of
People laugh in a joyous surprise,
The band posts their web site as a new artist is introduced
On late night television,
The on light fighting the off switch for some more time,
The yellows that make the ground content in the greens,
A night for surprise,
An afternoon to caress her naked body for all the love floating around her mind,
The camera shutter closes the curtain on the stage in a flash,
The people in the courtyard waiting for the right person to ask for a jump for their
Dead car,

Reasons the Tao won't let you speak,
Fortunes the
World

Holds when you're not looking.

“..why not”

Whiskers falling off the
Cats mouth
To the floor.

Those whiskers turning into
Nuts and bolts
Of machine shop repair
As the others become
Parts and pieces
To
A
Duster.

A duster not flying over the crops,
But one that takes
The dust
Off the lamps
Tables
Televisions
Cabinets
Ornaments
And others.

Human fingernails falling
Off onto the ground,
Turning into puddles off water
For sky to look down into as an act of
Nature it didn't create.

The rest of this becomes
Set of curtains that hang in the window
And smear about like a finger
Over wet peanut putter on a piece of marble.

We lose what we
Have at times
To watch them turn into things that will
Be as equally or more or less
Of what they were before.

Should that happen?

We ask again.

Again the silent
Say
“why not..”

WHY TO SAVOUR BREATH

In the black dew of night
I realize the cupped hand of another February
In my life has left.

Fish in the tank sending their bubbles
Up into our insanity,
The rotten teeth of
A Santa Cruz junkie,
The lost cigarette in a new age,
The 27th day of US bombs in Yugoslavia
And the fluttering candle by my
Side giving some odorous scents for the air.

The air that brings meaning,
The confusion smacking me in glorious reason,
The truth in how we are and why you should savor breath.

Wow Shit

Pictures in the
Corner of
Wide ruled paper—

Who would
Have guessed?

They had him pegged
As
The
Armed man in his
Armistice.

Shaved necks with
This around
White necks.

They want
An
Agreeance
To
Affirmative Action
Action Affirmed
In
The
April rays of cold.

Losing the
Black night
On
Cool ass planks of
Wow shit.

YES & RARE WISDOM

The fortune cookie séance with two smiling faces
Here on my coffee table
As the Ethiopian eatery closes for the evening.

This little slip of paper and the wasted cookie around it
In a wet landfill for I didn't consume the sweet, yellow hardness about it.

The man or woman that wrote the fortune and the bed they sleep in.

The reality that the #'s on the back:
"18 – 19 – 26 – 27 – 9 – 10"
perhaps won in a recent Indiana lottery,
if not an Iowa lottery,
this white slip of paper
gives the world another quote tonight,
tomorrow, whenever and however it will
be eventually lost.

It says for you
And the desert of my long decomposed Chinese excursion:
"In youth and beauty, wisdom is rare."

Yes,
Rare and somewhere near tonight.

Yiddish

They speak Yiddish
Only to those that are foreigners to the land.

Lofting and looping together their
Words that will take the respondents to resplendent rights,
They
Ready for the times when others will come into their town, province or country
To speak their language and bask in the blank looks that will
Have
Their
Way of coming.

Yes,
Cooking their dishes of Yiddish excellence,
They
Speak to each other while cooking these plates
And
Laugh at the few that know English that they know
And
Toss bits and throngs of bad American pastry into the garbage disposal.

Waiting to
Speak Yiddish,
They speak Yiddish in the meantime.

Those were the Yiddish.

YOU AS THE COLOR BLUE

The 70's black man with
A musical pen,
The glamour of the junkie poster girl,
Three yours bombed on the fakery in chance,
Men rolling on a map,
19+ days bombing the little country in Europe,
Americans will again eat will with morning bacon and listen
To children ask what those funny metal horns on poles are
During the tornado signals that bleed into our peace time
Here in the states.

Love in at least three living rooms here in this apartment building with 12 units,
Beauty tucked in hidden packets and washed for pure luck of the drab,
New reasons for old worries,
Waste made into expensive wares,
Mud for shoes,
Desire for a hit song,
The night light
Is
A
Star
&
you happen to be as the color blue.

YOU CONQUER THE WORLD

FIGURING ON CONQUERING THE WORLD SOME TIME
NEXT
MONTH?

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE ABOUT YOUR WORLD
AND THE WORLD OF THOSE
AROUND YOU TODAY OR
LAST WEEK FOR THAT MATTER?

HOW YOU DOING TODAY?

IS THAT QUEST TO CONQUEER THE WORLD
NEXT MONTH MOUNTING
AND GIVING YOU A CRAZY CASE
OF THE NERVOUS SHIVERS AND LOOSE STOOLS?

WHAT GOES INTO CONQUERING THE WORLD?

THIS IS A PRETTY BIG PLACE WE LIVE ON,
LOTS OF LAND,
MUCH AIR,
MORE OF THIS AND THAT I CAN'T LIST IN A
LIMITED AMOUNT OF TIME.

SO,
SINCE YOU HAVEN'T DONE SHIT TODAY OR LAST WEEK
YOU CONQUERING THE WORLD NEXT
MONTH SHOULD MAKE UP FOR
THIS LAPSE IN TIME?

JOIN...JOIN...JOIN THE CHATTERY TALK IN THE GROUP
OF MILLIONS MAKING PLANS TO CONQUER THE WORLD
A MONTH FROM NOW OR THEN
AS
THEY MAKE PLANS NEXT MONTH THAT WILL PUSH THEIR CONQUERING
BACK ANOTHER MONTH.

ALWAYS IN A MONTH,
ALWAYS READY TO FUCKING TAKE OVER THE WORLD.

ONE QUESTION.

WHAT GOES INTO 'CONQUERING THE WORLD' ANYWAY?

3:32 p.m. – Central Standard Time – Milwaukee to Kansas City – Flight (I believe) 6
What the crew, flight attendants and passengers will miss while going about the skies on this one hour flight.

NOT THE IMPEACHMENT TRIAL
NAKEDNESS; IN ANY FORM
WARM WEATHER
CHEESE; ALL KINDS
HULA HOOPS – UNICYCLE RIDERS
SMOKING ON DOMESTIC FLIGHTS
JOHN F. KENNEDY
NOT JAI JALI
THREE'S COMPANY
A CAT OR DOG OR FISH OR MATE OR CHILD
THE DAY THE WORLD BEGAN
THE ROLLING STONES IN MILWAUKEE TO PERFORM TONIGHT
FLOURESCENT LIGHTS
BOB ROSS IN A RE-RUN
RE-RUN FROM A FAT ALBERT EPISODE
GOOD COFFEE
EASY LABOR
EVIL KENEVIL FILM CLIPS
A GOOD STEAK
BEAUTIFUL WOMEN SPEAKING IN SUCH A WAY AS TO PUT YOU ASLEEP
THE BOZO SHOW
OUR BIRTHS
WASHINGTON D.C. IN THE WINTER
DISNEY WORLD IN THE SPRING
NOTHING THEY WILL ADMIT
SOMETHING THEY SHOULDN'T ADMIT

ALL THE ABOVE

ALL THE BELOW

THIS AROUND AS THE IN-BETWEEN'S LEAVE

Birds flutter
Through
A butterfly storm of darkened sheets
Veiling a sneeze
Given up by the woman's nose loosening the
Jowls and offering mischief.

A BEETLE'S LEG

Do you suppose
They'll call?

I've smoke enough cigarettes over the last
2 days to
choke an infant,
heard enough words of lost fate
and screams to make an island the only peace
in a world
gone to war.

Insolence in a knife's hand,
The charter to another country
Was put on hold in the
Tweezers of a beetle's leg.

A CENT – YOU ALRIGHT?

specs of
people darting
with machinery
go
going,
cars swerving in,
taxi vans swerving out.

the armored vehicle
with the bonds
cash
others
is looking for a way out with
no
bullets loaded
and
more than several places to get his
deuce going.

this,
as the man in the courtyard,
microphone in hand,
small amp at his side
tells the folks about
how they may spend their death.

his voice
talking about the religion
those crossing cars
go
going
vans
people in blue shirts,
aha,
not to forego
the pigeons that dive here
and
about there
as the
American flag lops lazily
on the flagpole
50 floors off the ground.

man in the preachers suit
on K.C. street
while Yugoslavia huddles
in the
midst
of our voices,
no vices,
here in the

20th fucking century,
friends.

A Deal

Medium grade
Pencils
Scratch across
The shells of
Crab legs
And
Pink artichoke dip.

This,
As the President leaves
K.C.
To join
The forecast in Chicago.

This morning,
Before the
Seafood on the
Choppy waters,
A man yells
“Paper for sale” before
the
7:00AM alarm
listens to my whistle.

This crumbles into shampoo bubbles
And
Pulp free orange juice
In
A
Coffee mug.

The day started out
Warm and ended with the cold breaks
Of
A
Spring sun turned to spurs.

Spurs that don't knock against the
Ground from boats,
But
From the air.

The air that
Was
Kansas City day
Or
Another day on earth.

How I enjoy us human beings
And
Our hopeful adventures &
Turn at how society brings about the
Mindless.

Enough with
Any more complaints—

We should be
Content—

Our mind is
What
We deal with.

A deal to be had,
A deal it is.

A DOCUMENT

A room in disarray,
Feet crossed into a mold of fists,
The nights are becoming warmer,
The solitude is here –

-NEAR-

The unclasped hands
And
Run
Around
The
Bottom
Of
The

STOCKING TREE.

A SEAL

Mimic
Of song
As mirror lake
Swallows time.

Death of a demon
With handful of bananas
As a tulip sprouts in England.

Mockery of machinery
As the miracle of making it everyday
Becomes more than a
Dime slogan.

Laughing at chance,
Both extremes,
While the dove breaks his neck bending
To hear airplane above
Break sound barrier.

Toting a head full
Of ideas,
As the junkies of deep well city streets
Blow brains out
Daily
With needles,
Another's voice.

Thieves and murderers
Looking past you this time
As
You have no idea that you escape another twisted morning statistic.

The night sky painted yellow
For everything
Wanted to be done during the day wasn't...

As a seal coming
Above water level for oxygen

Knowing nothing better
In something worse.

About After

Forget what
You did before,
Look away from the forms
Words,
The others should be on their
Way.

What I'm saying—
To get on getting down,
The past has some
Smiles
Faces,
More is to come if the others
Shall join in.

Forget,
Or
Just push aside for
A
Time
The mixtures.

Need the more to come
Even if they of you have
Seen it before.

You damn well don't know about
The
After.

ABOUT WHY & FOR

Bathroom defeat,
Kitchen lights,
Bedroom drying the soiled paints,
Living room stealing souls,
Television is broken,
The hour glass speaks after a jug of wine,
A house away from the valleys,
The long cold winter that comes to Missouri is warm.

The house,
The moon,
The titles,
The instincts.

This in a room you won't
Know about, why or for.

all colorless

They wouldn't
Cash his check
From
The
Biomedical institute,
Donnell Edwards
Wanted his
\$16.00—

After going to
The bank like a vulture
Praying for red meat,
He came back dejected &
Miffed
That
Banks wouldn't cash his check—

Finally,
The manager of the local Rambler's Club,
Davey's,
Gave the barkeep an OK
To cash the check.

3 \$1.00 draws later
we all dispersed,
Donnell had a smile on his person
As we
All
Walked out
Colorless.

ALL THEIR OWN

They're all German—

Going to Germany,
Speaking Polish,
Rolling in American wares,
Walking Russian
As
The
Insects and animals
Speak their peace under 1 sky
With
1 language.

One pleasure that
Is
Without
A
Doubt
All their own.

AN ALL DAY 24 HOUR EVERYTHING

So, what if you could record, transcribe, watch, transcribe, listen or see all the events of one 24 hour revolution here on earth.

All the actions and events that go down in the name of names and the grace of those humans that are walking down in humanity, your shit would probably be fucking amazed.

All the events of the animal, insect and mechanized objects would also be Included in this mad test to race against the 24 hour clock.
yes, to view this fiesta and mundane of one day on earth from corner to corner, climate to climate,
face to face, action to action, fist to fist, foot to foot, transaction to transaction,
you would see a lot of shit going down.

I would be willing to bet that in the spanse of one day and all the activities that take place could realistically fill the spaces of one humans life for about 42 years.

Yes, one day.

Everywhere.
Everything.
Every breath.
Every movement.
Every city.
The astronomers to the shit suckers on the bottom of the ocean,
every swig.

Hold your pants.

Everything, folks.

Bloody everything.

And Listen To Her Smile

Hazy punks
Greasy bastards
Flowery dames
Needful plays
Hearts in a chain
No claim for they,
The group buying a pack,
The pauper adopting a sage,
A high rise exploded in eastern city at 7:14AM Mountain time,
The shirt has shrunk in dryer sheets.

Tighter necklaces,
Lost rings,
The dish soap has run low,
The orange cones look yellow,
Holes on the floor,
Creases in the ceiling,
Yard birds with no throats,
Ferrets with ID tags in zoo rocks,
The Avenger sued a comic book company,
Dollars were called genocide,
The beetles in bugs were blacker than the crickets,
Teachers had professors,
Students gave birth to Senators,
Hindrances were the rituals in France as Scandinavian blood
Drank a glass of water in my black chair,
The sane never knew their ailments outside doctor's doors
As they looked at the door and nurses fed their own mouths wooden sticks
For some secluded pleasure,
Beaten embroideries,
My taste buds can't handle either tea or olives,
The time is easier to watch than to feel when you really think about time,
A book is full of words until read,
Meats are desirable though I never smelt or lived in parts
Of Iowa or southern Kansas for too long,
This Ferdinand Celine novel is better digested in incremental chunks,
She's the one I love – tickles reds of my blood with desire & comfort
We should all be able to feel before the nights become cold,
88 cent mugs,
23 cent towels,
the price was easier than the purchase,
clumps of dust in the trash containers,
wallets wait for a sturdy blow of breath,
Aztec designs on my blanketed knee,
Old shows & sequels never die,
One billion dollars for a warehouse of fine crab legs,
Toilet paper is a gift,
Legs on me, on chairs, on tables, on insects, on mammals,
The legs do have movement,
Songs that don't die,
Those that do,
The 1990's are now 2 years from the next century of hype,

Computers can crash,
I saw a car on I-70 flipped on its top,
Jungles that rain on the Discovery channel,
Easter candy eaten before Christmas Eve,
Toads are like frogs,
Scorpions sting,
Paint on many pairs of my slacks can be worn with denim shirts,
A twenty dollar bill that extinguished a flame – went to the fifty dollar bill next,
Traffic light music had its on sort of glean,
He talked to him about her as he thought of her talking to them while she really
Thought of the others,
Bubble gum in machines & on the bottom of shoes,
The chocolate bar and coke cap ran through the dryer some time back,
I cleaned the snot out of my apartment today,
The cats will usually come back,
7-UP never had the sting of Ginger Ale,
rotten eggs rival bad meat for a king stench,
the Holy Grail was never as picture as Muhammad Ali,
they cussed as they pleased,
he asked the girl & the said please.

If I had a desire in a plummeting plane in the last minutes . . .
It would be to kiss a small black girl's forehead &
Listen to her smile.

ANONYMOUS

They'll get around
To it.

They're going to
Take care of it.

Not today,
It's much too nice to
Do anything today.

We'll take care of it,
Keep your stockings pulled up.

Don't sweat it,
The work will be done.

What was that you wanted?

"you ever so resourceful humans,
what would we do without you..."
--anonymous.

ANOTHER SHOT

One cigarette lighting the
Other extinguished butt in the ash tray as
It slips into 2:37AM.

How did it get to become this
Time here in the early morning that is really late evening?

I don't question how it gets
Before or after this time,
For I know that
Time is time
As time is known as time.

Here where the smoke tastes like too much
Salt
And
Many utopias in many minds are going
Back to
The
Drawing
Board

For another shot.

ASSEMBLE

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

AT A CAR WASH

Beer bottles &
The chances that escaped disease
Sit on off ramps
Off the highway gathering into winter's warmth.

For the DoooWop went
From the lips as
Another cigarette
Joined this band of used
Favors on the plot
Next to the
Street sign.

Another segue perhaps.

The ShooGoPleep
As the
Tires wish
Wish
 Wish
Another miracle
For those that spent their bills
And
The
Others named
WILLIAM.

AWAY FROM PARIS; ROOFTOP IN MIDTOWN

The moon
Tacked against the backdrop
Of the overhang roof in
Midtown last night.

With a wavering growth,
“Horton” the
Midwestern palm tree,
Placidly moving about the conversations
And
Insane laughter coming off the overhang.

A silver dollar continually over our left shoulder,
Random smells
Of chicken
Beef
Sex three houses down
Or
Diaper rash settling in a trash dumpster,
The
People kept piling on the roof.

People upon people as we allowed time
To slip away and
Gave the words some lathering lube of liquid love from
Luck “ladies” and old “lite” soldiers.

There away from the bass guitar with
Bloodied strings delivered by random debauchery,
There away from a war in Eastern Europe,
There away from continual reports of another high school massacre
In Colorado,
There away from writing your response on a chalk board
Over..and..over..and..over..and..over..and..over...and..over...and...over...and.....over
To one that asks
You the same questions over..and..over..and..over..and..over...and..over...and...over...and.....over.

Yet,
We were there on the rooftop in a city far from Paris

With everything we needed

And damn well wanted.

BEFORE THE END OF THE DAY

Bits and
Branches of helicopters flying through
The spring air.

Pieces of pussy willows
And magnolias
In
This Sunday day.

Scents of the woman's perfume
Next door coming from her window
Into my window.

The sidewalk that ends
Where the police siren begins.

A parrot standing on the shoulder of
A man walking by with a shy smile
And more guts in his pockets than
He wants to show the world.

The courage of a woman's shadow as she comes to
Grab her child's hand,
The guts of a man to turn off his television and mind to run
His fingers over his lovers face,

All those guts mixed with courage—

We random beings

With our random acts

Trying to figure it out

Before the end of the day.

BEFORE THIS PAGE

I just blew out the match before my close face as I give
The candle some
Heat and reasons to become some more.

The sad and gloriously upbeat voice of Sinatra scorches
The evening
As
The
Bubbles curdle on the bottom
Of the empty bathroom tub
&
a pair of lovers look into the mirror with joy
that stiffens like ever open and welcome love on the
doormat of solitude.

Yes,
Solitude here before
11:00PM and naked in clothes
before this page.

Bird Dust

The bird
Was on his windshield wiper
And
Wouldn't let go—

Even when he went into
Reverse,
Down the avenue,
He turned around with the
Bird still perched—

Back into the lot,
Got out and laid the bird
On the ground—

Didn't want to run
Over the bird,
He said,
Made it out without killing it
Instead—

That bird had devotion,
He loved Gilbert that fair
&
to be warm
Saturday morn.

The devotion
Of that creature—

She told me the
Following morning that
She heard 4 gun shots rip through
The air at
3:00AM—

Woke from her sleep.

I slept through it
All—

The birds with devotion &
Bullet dust with
Malice.

Bloody Supportive Role

The gold Mercedes station wagon
Rode my ass for a while
Coming home from work,
Housewife with limited time
I suppose—

It's a while till soccer season,
Isn't it Mrs. Sport?

Nice not to see any or many High School faces of yore,
The Medicare Commission wants to raise employees Medicare taxes
By
0.5%

By 2010 it is projected there will be no more
Medicare, Social Security according to reports
For
Me
And many others.

National Organization for Women
Won't support Republican supporters on this
Secretary's Day & Earth Day.

It's warm,
I'm eating more.

No objection
From me
For
Their
Bloody supportive role.

BOUT OF SILENCE

Time has whipped your face into
An oblivion
And you just keep sitting there
Asking me how people can “be” this way.

Your hands are withered like a 90-year-old woman waiting on a cake that won’t bake,
Again you ponder how people can have such cruel natures.

Blighted and discouraged as though you have lost
All your toes in a naughty accident,
You in a confounding mutter keep
Asking how humans can keep going on being so
Brutal to each other.

In your age old gown gathered by long dead geraniums in soiled pots,
You keep at it about how the human race
Has created so much disparity.

I ask her,
“What have you been doing?”

She ceases to talk.

The first bout of silence in some time.

BREAD & APPLIANCES

Pieces of bread crust
Burning under the winter sun
Because the pizza delivery guy got
A
Great tip and
The others of the working class
Go other tips that didn't come as though a
Glass had fallen on a solid surface.

Parts of that mountain range in Asia
Came to mind
As you forgot you were looking at the world
Map the night before.

Generators coming to life,
The firefighters changing the alarms in the home
For the lies that wouldn't admit that something
Could have happened to erase everything away as though
The worlds biggest paper towel could blot out the oceans and seas
With one dip.

Cigarettes dropped on the dirty city ground as
You reach into your pack to give a man at the bus stop a cigarette and
Partner light
In afternoon shadows.

Jazz voices that have died while you found out about their
True legacy in a week
Old paper drinking fresh coffee while
The

Toast
Comes flying out
Of that 17-year old toaster
Like you bought both the bread and appliance
That day.

Can't Hear It Anymore

Met with
The family today
For Mother's day.

Family
Nieces
The gal I love
&
Brother-in-law—

He's tactless
Foolish
And more than
Needs to be explained.

Known him for some years
As my sister's husband
And
Father
Of my two nieces.

His patriarchal
Lazy means
Were blocked out today.

I don't like him
Nor hate him,
For five years he existed somewhat
Naturally.

Now,
There is the non-existence.

As a mold of flesh,
Neither here
Nor there—

It's just Carl
With his flesh
Stares
Driver's License
And
Maybe his voice if
I could
Hear it
Anymore.

Carnival Tickets

They called it a
Crime,
Others called it
A
Carnival ground.

On the fair grounds
Within the demons mouth,
The angels flew shortly like geese in
Arrows that had silver bows.

Back to the crime—
Malice-yes
Malevolent-maybe
Timely-sure
Nifty-not nifty.

Done with a coat hanger,
The shirts were lying on the ground.

Lies in the corner,
Panty hose was draped over
The
Cousin's nose.

Now,
Where did the carnival originate?

When the cotton candy looked like blood
&
amusement rides
lost their controllers.

Tickets sold quick
To this one,
Folks.

Chagrin; Embarrassment Due To Failure

The calico fish
She bought me,
I named him Chagrin,
Died yesterday—

He lived for about a day—

Had a memory span
Of three seconds or so,
I'm sure that was enough time before
He
Passed
To
Sum all of it up.

All his
Seconds
Gone in three—

The fish didn't even have
Time
To
Realize
His name.

Cleaning Dogs or Humans

Institutions,
More shops of
Sort to clean
Dogs,
Or cats if that
Happens to be your knack.

Feeding them biscuits,
Putting collars around
Their necks.

Next,
Human depots to clean each other
Outside of homes.

Collars – Cookies –
Biscuits are extra.

CLICK.

Last message,
First message,
Words over the big electronic juke box
Called a computer.

One O'clock – Four O'clock – Seven O'clock.

CLICK.

COMODITIES

Hips around
My ankles,
The doctor knocked on the door
Looking for a cup of coffee.

I told him the landlord balked
And
We have only hot water with a hint of mint.

He smiled.

Turned on his heels and said
That tomorrow is another hour
And
That caffeine was
Just
Another commodity.

CONCRETE/LAWNS

Good luck
There for you in doing
What you want to do by the end of the day.

Yes,
Me and others shove you all the luck of the best peals jammed in
Clams on the bottom of a hunter's net.

Luck with you and
All of those that come
Between your path and eye sight.

All the best again,
Or do you need luck?

Or

Luck to us all as we walk the pavement
And drive
Through

The lawns.

content countenance

The red burns of all
Day
Outdoor
State Park shows,
Lemonade stand shadows,
Another glass of beer in
The
\$3.00 scheme,
one more chest hair I expose to the closeness
on the right of my left nipple.

Sweat that tastes more like lead
While water
Washes the neck like
A broken car getting its first wash.

She wanted me to keep my hands away
From her mouth,
While I rubbed my feet along her calves.

8 hours later
coming out of Lawrence, KS,
her mob of hair & pretty face on
my inside breast,
right side,
saddled near my new chest hair.

I gulped red fruit juice in the dark
With my knees high,
Level with my content countenance.

created images

A moped rider
Going all
Over the sky.

Spelling shapes
And
Tying the clouds into ribbons
That send down little
Humid
Water
Gifts to the children that hold their mouths
Open
On
Those days that are supposed to come
Down
From
The
Barrels of rave.

Yes,
And with the moped
Are the clowns on their stilts making crazy gestures
As though
They may fall down into the lands and oceans
With one feeble step.

This,
Is assured as smooth or rough
By the
Widows that act as the stage setters
For these beings that go about
Their
Ways in the clouds.

Hey,
Believe what you see
And
Trust in the images you can

Create.

CRISP EASTER AIR

Pull in tighter,
You can
Get
A
Better view of the scene
Going on
To your left.

Watch the dogs throw the
Morning paper to the famished cats.

Listen to the pennies
Huddle on the black marble ledge
Whispering their incidences
While going and jingling
Around many pockets over their life.

Taste the bed of oysters that feel cheated
For their early heist from the sea,
Robbed of their pearls and made to feel broke
By spending time away from their mates.

Look at the office towers quiver as though
A tree is going through the most detestable perils
Of a winter gone bad,
This as the executives beat their heads against gray piece of plywood
As the mailroom clerk high fives a co-worker and
Laughs as though this world only “exists.”

Hell folks,
Just to your right the
Jungle gyms of your childhood laugh and rant with
The Indians that have smiling countenance this world
Won't come close to robbing.

Feel the soft push of the pin into a balloon filled with
Jell-O,
Notice how the ooze comes flowing out of the
Circle like a new baby entering this world
Some
Blocks up the road in another
State.

More than this though...
Look before you and notice
That
A
Mouth full of teeth speaks
And looks at you with the force of twenty-two helicopter blades
Twisting

Through the
Crisp
Easter air.

Dan & The Semi

Ready to make
My selection from the selection of
Fine \$1.00 sandwiches
For lunch at
Local convenience store,
I ran into someone.

A person,
Old friend,
I walked with years ago.

He was somber,
Dirt on hands,
Called me Tony.

As I said,
It's been some years.

In the short exchange
He told me his boss was pissed at him
Because he
Was late to work.

Instead of setting his alarm for
5:00AM,
it was set for 5:00PM,
then he wrecked into a
semi on the way to work.

Hell,
Didn't really give
Too much of a shit.

I'm sure the
Semi probably did.

Daylight Left

Scents from
Close by
Bar
Of Monday night feasts
Going for the throat.

Of knocks against neighbor doors
For
Alarms that went off
&
the cops en route.

He comes down the steps,
I dip for the circular purple,
A couple makes-out leaning on
Her
Car—

The man plays with his dog as they both
Forget
The construction out front.

They tore apart State Line Rd.,
Told of a fable that
Never became a tale.

In the string of chains
That is Monday taking it
Into the neck region or
A
Nightly special with several
More hours
Of
Daylight left.

DESIRED TO BE CLEAN

Bedside swooning,
The pleaded fitted sheet
Comes close to my back as sounds from the apartment walls
Race closer,
Then moving away
As
A
Tone caught in a pepper shaker.

Clean blankets,
The birth of Benito,
The dirty postcards in
Something desired to be clean.

Downs – Ups

The man
Comes to lift up the trash dumpster
With his truck,
The sun lowers,
Cigarette butt falls down
To
Black top pavement,
Coffee down hatch
Picked up in my hand,
Sounds of a dog's breath go up
Above the low car horn,
Scents of a 90° day
Do lower,
Spring trees with their
Exhaust rise
In
The
Nearly bloom summer,
Birds down,
I up,
The songs are silent,
I pulled the volume down—

Down or up,
Now the air conditioner
Rattles next door.

Rattling in
The
Downs & ups.

Emergency Lights

The fire engine
Can
In reds,
Flashing whites and blues
To the scene of
A
Wednesday Twin City incident.

Heart attack?
Fire?
Spilt beer?
Burned chili?

Then,
The ambulance comes shortly
After
With the same dose &
Movement of
Lights.

Into the bar as well.

These two vehicles stopped below
The
Window—

While inside,
I pulled the blinds high
For
Some 35mm love,
How those lights whirled
In
The
6:48PM light
granted by rotation &
the spring forward of
the
Sunday clocks.

After they left
The
Bar shortly thereafter,

Empty handed,
I filled my mouth with some left over food
And
Some thoughts that have come
More than once.

Hell,
Even thoughts arrive
In the same fashion as these emergency vehicles.

Yet,
They take longer to leave
And
Something or someone is usually
Extracted in the process.

ENORMOUS TICKLE

Banking
The big coin,
Bringing in the lamb leg,
Spitting on the wind,
Betting for good karma twists,
Watching rotten eggs come alive,
Tearing leather strips off the stained walls,
We in this thought,
The hidden in theirs,
Blaming that fucking empty wine jug in the morning after they do,
I salute that bottle & toss out the beer canisters with a grin.

Building our own physical haste,
Listening to the birds at once
While the lies fade and the laughter is an enormous tickle.

**EXIT IS EXIST WITHOUT THE “S”
OTHERWISE KNOWN AS
EXIT “S”**

Violet underspan
Of the wings above,
Henry Rollins
Speaking truth on stage,
Next to the courthouse today
A
Blind man was waiting at the
Bus stop with a white cane switching
From hand-to-hand
As the colors lived a day.

I wanted to stop and ask the blind man
How he wards off thieves,
If he carries a wallet in his pocket,
Yet I knew he would think
I was going to rob him.

There a man dropped his
McDonald's sack,
McFish wrapper and napkins
With bold conviction on the crosswalk of 13th street.

And yes,
I gave the congo man across from
City Hall
60 cents and a cigarette for his play.

“Keep the beat,”
I told him.

“Peace, my man. You from around here?”
he responded.

“Yea.”
I come back.

Lit his cigarette
And headed back to the world's workshop.

It shall begin,
It has ended,
It will end,
It will begin.

This as I walk with sights ahead,
Bongos in the after air
And
More trash brewing
In cold.

Our colorful
Lovely
Mad
Incompetent
Richly intelligent
Beautiful
Corrupt

Existence.

FAMOUS DREAM

She gets on stage
Before the
Letterman crowd.

She rebels,
Speaks of anarchy and
Unified revolution.

The band stops . . . plays,
She keeps
Strumming her guitar
And singing.

The band finally
Leaves the stage.

Fans begin to filter out of the
Audience,
Letterman stops the
Show.

I came from the crowd to
Tell this young performer something.

“If you cant be beautiful all the time,
at least you have balls.”
I said.

She looked at me and
Walked away to find a vacant
Barn
Or something of the other.

I go looking for her,
Can't find her anywhere.

Then,
I leave for another place where anarchy
& unified revolution
goes down without
a
song.

FIRST OF THE MONTH

Tip

Tap the people always wondering.

What the fuck is that guy doing

Up there alone all the time in that apartment?

I wonder if that girl across the hall

Who emits the smell of molded cheese and rotten salami?

Ever masturbates?

Is that child his or is that child another "his" as she holds it?

These questions

With questions attached as the folks

Dare to realize if they think about it

That the common thread in common

With most of there people is that we're human beings

And our checks are due by the first of the month.

FLUTE'S RED NOTE

Leaving letter's
Out of words,
Writing as though they won't
Discover what is
Being transcribed.

Walking in paces,
No one can follow

Or

Imitate.

Speaking in ways
That silences
The folks or pulls them closer
To
Their
Personal definition of insanity,
Tossing used gum in the mud,
Flinging hot soup on a large plastic pair of tonsils,
Listening until I think a dog whistle has sounded,
Leaping on a metal pole
While bending it back into shape
Forgetting why I'm jumping and what
The fuck I'm jumping on.

They love imitations,
They crawl around intimidations,
A hornet in the blue,
Flutes playing red notes.

Folded Ticket Stubs

These people,
More young than
Old,
Though the old did keep up,
In such an irreverent haste to
Play hip in
The
Locks of people at outdoor
Festival.

Waiting for it to become another
Peace rally publicized as
Such,
I kissed my gal,
Ate a Sloppy Joe &
Hugged a man laughed to be my son.

Peace usually comes when
Not publicized and
Being hip takes
More than painted fingertips.

I have little to do with
The eye color,
A piercing
Or
My talked of
Long hair.

It's inside these words,
Nestled below the glitches of letters
On
My folded ticket
Stubs.

FOR PERSCRIPTIONS

New vacation days
Away from work daze,
She won't speak to him,
The phone is dead,
Eaten chips,
The sugars on old snack cake,
A bus awry with AM lights as buildings hold up their backs
With angry chiropractors saving an antelope in a bar.

Sense made from ice and salt,
The nude explosives sending another
One on earth to their purported fate.

Let's roll,
No stop
For they prescribed it in this way.

FOR THE ABOVE

Brandishing brains
Flying on through,
The clouds I ready to
Enter soon,
If you're in the squinting mode..
Look for the
Arms
Fingers
Teeth
Hair follicles
Tarter stains.

See the parts,
Look
Into the whole.

Beeps – blops over
The
Sound system
As the plane rocks slowly up
As
The
Engines soon idle.

We all will
Look on in patience,
Kind or sad eyes
Holding back noxious fumes
Of perfume
In knowing that
The day rose on the horizon in car.

Night will enter
On
Milwaukee time.

Don't forget..
Look
For the above.

For Your Bones

Muscles that have
Pains in the
Base of my neck,
Painters that
Have passed,
Sigmond Freud never stopped in
Springfield, Illinois—

Pastors dreaming of
Fornication,
A
Pastel man just bought a
Case of Hamm's Light.

Tomorrow I head for St. Louis,
Those animals rest for
Ma and those forests
Before eyes meet the marquee.

It said,
“A Drinking Establishment”
on the sign,
Julian Lennon is the son of John & Yoko,
Styled some new glasses
&
12 new songs that have
a
vibration that could be called
quality.

Satisfactory quarries,
Digging the trombone notes,
Holes on our earth,
Filled spaces for your bones.

FREE SHOUTS

Long streets
Go up the apartment row.

The residence of the lot,
Our new credit cars with Pin #'s to
Remember.

Fresh eyes,
Old faces,
The chances that may,
The faded streets
That come into our sight.

Homes that be,
Hallelujah,

We—The free.

FROM NOW TO LIGHT

The lime light of the save function
In the floppy drive
Flashes in its happy bowels
As Dylan
Comes back onto a London stage.

A stack of paper waiting in the
Que of an antique printer
As the mad sculptor rushes his
Subject into place for an idea she believes could
Leave if she waits to think out the thought
Any longer than should be give to it.

A lime light film that covers the three-quarters moon
As the people move below forgetting that the sun is
Still out there somewhere in the black
Waiting for the right time to
Come
Back
Into focus.

A lime light coming into and out
Of minds
As the dead fizzles of the MTV hero pours another drink
As the double vision becomes more profound at the thought
Of another drink.

A lime light coming to life in the grass,
Another lime light will come on
As this one goes
From now
The

Light.

GETTING USED TO THE WORLD

Behind the window of
Brick façade across my gaze,
The
Women go about with their thoughts of men
As
The men go about with their thoughts of what is
Done for the day and
How the women above thinking their thoughts
Will greet them when they wander into
Each other in the hallway
Of
The
Street's escape.

Here in the new neighborhood
That is just over 48 hours in the making,
I'm back in the
City where
The
Blood comes with a smile and
Knowledge is only a natural afterthought
To
What should be assumed.

Out of the shadows of a
Suburb,
The
Shadows now dance in a sprinkle of sunshine.

Here with
The
Columns stacking on the tab buttons,
Giving technology my
Best interpretation
That
Should be fed into a manual machine
Of
Words and
More.

We give this with the
Theology of the new millennium
And
A
Toast to the decades my children
Will
Face once
They lay eyes on this world
That
Does
Takes some getting used to.

Glorified Guts

To hold silence
Like the cupped hand of your own
Offspring.

To listen for sounds like
The
Last salvation to a course of
Cruel indignation.

Hallowed by your
Choices,
Don't run away from
An
Einstein voice.

It has been said that
Education chisels your prejudices.

Not stereotypes,
Nor racism.

Something that
Has more to do
With
Ignorance.

I would rather no
Cease the growth of knowledge,
For the disease of mind is
The focus of one hour commentaries.

Here's my joke
Prod
Laughter
To give...

I'll take the looks
My opinion
Their rejection.

When it goes down with I
Or you—

We may say as humans
That survival was survival
And
That guts were
The
Glorified.

GLORIOUS & ME

Blind
Bloody
Melody
Goin'
On
On down,
Oh and how,
Yes
A
Sweat in the scent
Of
A
Tear
As the steams of breath
Came from
The
Cookie making
Machine.

GOING ON

It was another quick set
For the band that believed
They could save the world with their salvation
They took out to the streets.

The lyrics and drum rolls
Were too much for the folks to take,
They would presume after another night of slow ticket
Sales would go by.

The sets became shorter and shorter,
While the strain indeed set into each of the band mates
As the
Make shift evenings
Stretched out like a beautiful woman
On a naked couch.

Yet you should keep this one in
Mind,
They kept on going.

Through the shorts while
They felt
The
Long
Coming in and out of focus..

They kept going on.

GOT THE NUMBER?

Denny,
Cleaning the windows,
Yes—

I got the call—

She said,
“Give this number to your
sweetheart. He cleans windows.”

“Nice. Shoot away,” I respond.

She gave me the number.

I grew up with a kid,
He was one of my best friends,
His last name was “Denny”

Yes,
Us and our times as kids
Discovering wiffle ball and whacking the fire flies
By
Night with tennis rackets.

Yes,
Old DENNY boy and me.

On the neighborhood streets
Dirtying the windows
The 2nd Denny may clean
If my sweetheart
Gets the number

??

GRAND TASTE

The rain clouds trying
To billow in
The
Low hanging sky.

Sun squirts its opinion
As
Brick building facades wait for
The
Coming comments that
Will
Give directions to
The
Next moment.

My eyes rolling down the
Sidewalk and lolling about hot coffee porridge
As
The
Day slips past noon
And
I hear silent voices give a vow
As to why they're alive.

Images blocking the confusion,
Winds coming through the lowly hanging windows
Telling
Of
A
Day that
Should have every reason
To
Be
A
Grand taste.

GREEN & GREENER

The crazies here in
The void of this urban nighttime world
Running with
Reckless abandon several blocks down the way
And more blocks away than that
As the bars observe their own
Time
And
Survey the smiles of the women alive in their world.

This as the timid tumble about
In their world ready for another
Early morning headline that will make their credit card debt
And mortgage all worth
The
While.

Here with the loons in our open air
Bin
Smacking and rummaging about as though
There is not a morsel of food left in the
Leaflets of time.

Coming off the alcohol consumed in the
Early hours of the evening,
Feeling the cold coming down into my fingers as the
Evening temperatures dip into its nightly
Low,
The birds are silent
And
The
Grass becomes

Greener

Greener
Green.

GUTS OF NEED

Steel wheeled rims
Chunked off the side
Of
The
Thief's profile,
A smashed word from the lips of the
Assassinated youngster,
Institutions murder the preacher
On the corner of the road as
A trucker wipes up his sperm job
And
Flicks a cigarette butt in a
Thrill to watch the orange embers splash on the road
Like a July firework above a
Lake in Cincinnati.

Their last dollar
On that continent,
Their last breath
In that providence,
One more night on an island for a reason,
Room service coming to
Spill the guts of need.

Haiku's

The incredible
Incrimination,
The great character,
The louse
That commits no foul,
The limo beside a fire hydrant,
Voices unheard echo
Across the hallway,
Headaches cured by a pack
Of chewing gum,
Swahili murmurs as
The murderer goes free,
Mom loves son more than the ant farm,
Haiku rules forgot meters
& adopted content.

HAVING US

Reality coming
Incrementally through
The wind,
We speak,
The food eats us
&
drinks have us.

He Caught Silver In A Copper Pocket

The man was
Of such wealth that
People naturally called him a gentleman—

More green bills than quarters
Or
Dimes,
He had this pastime of walking
The
Streets for a good talk
With the bayonet crowds,
And the hopeful chance of coming across a penny on the ground—

Laughing with the broads,
Giving a fifty to a man on the street for
An
Honest shoe shine—

He would find pennies on somedays
&
none on others—

Though,
For all the money he spent,
He had a silver plate to put
Those pennies he found.

Saved and placed there on his dresser
For more of a joke,
Less than on luck.

For he remembered the
Faces & laughs
Others would dole out—

He knew that it took
More than luck
And
Some more on truth.

Another penny in the plate.

He Skips

Orange cones
In the
Middle median
To
Pull into my parking drive,
Glass of water with no ice,
Skipping disc in
CD of radio time,
She hugged my flat body,
Slapped my hands,
The sugar coated chicks of Easter
Became stale.

The radio man is gone at
96.5,
CD of his skips to Kansas City.

Skips now for
Many minutes.

Forward
Forward
Skip.

Not stopping,
Skip to the piano player,

He skips.

HEAD IN CLOUDS

I have been told
That my head is in
The clouds.

Yeessss...yeeesssss..yes
They are indeed—

47,000 feet off the ground,
we all now walk on the shelf
of the cloud's plank
below and stretched
out
for miles.

So nice
&
damn good

here with my pals about.

HER & THE HAIL IN THE MORNING

The crisp spring air,
A
Distant shout from the humidity
That will come upon our skins
Like evil animals in the empty
Human caste,
Is going about the building light as the
Girl sits at her computer screen trying
To make sense out of her world.

Beacons by raster and pushed
Around like an egg in a frying pan,
The nightly air is soothing and
The
Hum
Of
Boulevard traffic casts a soft light from
The
Computer screen on her face.

She is possibly scribbling down some words
About a mate or a fascination that is taking
Her
Mind on down for the ride.

Doing all she can do for the images
While the faint glow of
Another season and day wait in the corner of forbidden shadows
For the telling to become a tail.

She pulls her bra strap to a loose position as the
Paper comes tearing through the printer.

She looks behind her out of the window and thinks
About how refreshing the eternal night air would feel against
The sensitive parts of her naked body.

Reveling in a fantasy,
Taking reality for all the revelry it can
Receive here in the evening.

She rocks lightly in her chair
Letting that ponytail of hers ride.

Here in a K.C. night,
Here
As
The
Brick buildings hold their secrets for a time
When the hail rains

Will

Arrive
In the morning.

here once more

WHAN YOU FEEL
YOU
HAVE LOST YOUR DIRECTION,
I'LL BRING YOU BACK.

THERE ARE THREE PEOPLE
YOU SHOULD NEVER TRUST:

1. BISEXUALS
2. THOSE WHO CAN'T STAND THE TASTE OF ALCOHOL
3. THOSE WHO HATE THE BEATLES

HOLLYWOOD & THE NEXT EVE

I met—

Shook hands with
A
Hollywood man tonight.

In more than a cameo role
In one of the most brutal films
Here in
This
1990's.

A guitar player,
Blues man more or less,
Gave his performance
And stepped off with his band mates.

Two friends & I were out in front of
The
KC bar speaking to the Mandolin and Bass player
About their next gig
In
Germany.

I asked them if they get plenty drunk and have a good cry
When their Hollywood man lead singer
Dies in this film.

The mandolin player headed back into the bar
With a swift grin
As the bass player laughed
And
Said she could give a shit about him.

At that point,
He Hollywood cat
Came out.

We shook his hand,
Wished him well
And told him that his show was
“right on”.

He said the
Show as “a gas”,
Gave us a Hollywood smile
And headed towards his extended luxury bus.

We all shared an innuendo of laughter,
Spoke of the days to come

And

Let the night be as it let us be.

Hell fucking yes..

Being there and in the next eve.

HOW THE TURNUPS TURN OUT

THE WHOLE WORLD
FILLING UP WITH
TURNUPS.

FALLING OUT OF THE SKY AND POUNDING THE
GROUND AND OTHER
TURNUPS THAT ARE GROWING OUT
OF THE GROUND.

FUCK,
THEY'RE COMING FROM EVERYWHERE.

TURNUPS,
POPPING OUT OF THE GROUND,
COMING OUT OF THE SKY,
GROWING FROM THE FINGERNAILS...TOENAILS...SCALPS OF PEOPLE.

SMALL ANIMALS AND STATIONAIRY
TURNING INTO TURNUPS.

TURNUPS
BIG AND SMALL
ALL OVER THE FUCKING GROUND
AND TAKING UP THE
BIG...BIG...BIG BLUE SKY
THAT IS SHRINKING ABOVE THE
GROUND.

TURNUPS,
FUCKING TURNUPS EVERYWHERE YOU LOOK.

A LONG
LARGE
AND STRANGE NEW WORLD
OF WHITES...REDS...DEEP PINKS...A MIXTURE OF A LITTLE GREEN.

FILLING
UP EVERY FUCKING THING IMAGINABLE.

TURNUPS...

I WONDER HOW IT WILL ALL TURN OUT?

I HAVE PURCHASED

I pull up the
World's second smallest chair
To
See how time will go
By
As
We declare time off
From the rest of the world.

As the rest of the world
Is moving,
We do some time in this chair
Making the words look somewhat correct in
Our point-of-view
As t
Family behind the way
Come outside on the first day of spring
For some talk
Or
Foods
If the sun has enough mercy for all that.

The dead lap top computers
And the clearance sale at the local pet store,
The chair and I stand in unison
Doing what the
Papers have
Done
Before

And that
Hold in a faint curiosity

In the third pocket of
The

Last package of shirts I have purchased.

I MAY HEAR SOME

New little high school
Trick done at parties
I learn yesterday . . .

Males – Females strip down
Naked,
Someone pours beer down through
The male's fucking ass split
And a female drinks
The
Shit-hop ooze that
Ensues down gravity.

Sure..sure
Pop another ecstasy pill,
Light up that joint,
(avoid the high arrest rate, though)
fall several more times on your skull,
fuck that nameless person with beer in his ass.

You ask
What may be wrong with the youth.

I'm not there..
I may hear some.

I SAY THIS

I scribe this
Down for you as you know
That nothing more can be said.

I give this in your direction
As a tossed boat with no stern,
Bowing down
With the word
Love know
And
The reality holding us in this gravity.

I write this down with you over
600 miles away as the last & first words together
ride the might air as though
that day was
a sweating messenger boy.

I again know this has to be without predicting
How it could be in the time called future.

I write this and decide it may be right for
Me to dedicate this to you.

But,
I know that wouldn't be enough,
My love.

As nothing more could
Be said.

I say all this.

I Would Assume

The twin engine
727 came over the house
about 7:20PM—

Low to the grounds & homes – businesses,
Only 400-600 feet separating us,
It was silent,
Panicked passengers assured,
Heading towards
The
Old downtown airport.

The pilot,
As seen in a rare piece of
Local breaking news,
Landed the plane on a street in the
West bottoms, just before the airport.

You know,
That silent
Piece of machinery must have had
A
Mess of scared people in their seats.

For all the fear
People have in a plane crashing,
I really don't.

Though,
That night,
The winds that pushed around the plane and over our patio
Had potential death.

More misery for the
Passengers.

As the plane went over
To land,
Maybe not.

The panic,
They all made it back to their places / residences

That night.

For a cup of coffee
A good shit
And no more news.

I would only assume.

ICED TREATS FROM MADNESS

Ice cream man
Comes slowly down the street
Playing “pop goes the weasel”
For the kids and others
Interested in
Some cold treats from
A
Stranger’s van.

The man driving the truck looks as
Though he may be on parole
And could have been born with a beard.

Slowly tinkering through the neighborhood streets,
The “pop goes the weasel” jingle carries up and through his back window
That is shot out,
The jingle bounces off the walls of the van that have been kicked in or been
Beaten with a ball bat by an ex-lover.

With no treats listed on the side of the van,
The kids and Dalmatians of the neighborhood hang around bouncing their balls and dreaming of yo-yos
A good 9 body lengths away from the van
With the back window blown out.

The man is persistent,
Coming around and around without a kid that has the balls to go up to the truck.

Yes,
The mystery behind window #7 drives a white van
As the pop got the weasel and a another weasel
Runs around in the back of the van trying to find a way out through
All the Popsicle sticks
And

Invisible wrappers.

If You Do Groups

Associations
Organizations
On
Aging
Youth
Environment
Commerce
Television Shows
Games
Tobacco
Chance
Heart Disease
Musicians
Religions
Rifles
Vegetables
Disabled Veterans
Water
Abuse
Electricity
Animals
Sobriety
Consumer Products
Dishwashers
Matches
Misses
Technology
Wine
Medicare
Welfare
History
Her-story
Comfort
Hindrance
Shoes
Clothes
Home Owners
Motel Workers
Credit
Bankruptcy
Emergency
Fire—

These groups,
Have you ever
Thought about how
Many there are?

For profits,
Working under auspices
As
Non-profit.

Working on you
To you,
Every thought of these?

Likely won't miss them
If you don't,
Maybe so if you do.

IGNORANCE AS DREAM

I see this dream
I know I have had many times before—

Of myself and many other
Adult looking figures crawling up into that 4th grade
Clubhouse in Mrs. Slaughter's & Mrs. Winter's class.

Looking through the open window down into the classroom,
Laughing at those books we've read,
Yet neglected as children.

High into this childhood nook,
Looking into a field of empty elementary seats,
Hearing the teacher shout at plagiarism,
Laughing at a crass joke against an Indian girl.

It can be presumed at times
That we dream of childhood to return to that innocence &
Absolve something stupid done in that
Eternal

Gift of ignorance.

IN A LIVING ROOM

Teetering the totter,
Rolling down the hills
On
Our bellies in 4th grade.

The marshmallows
Were almost baked and the solitude
Asked reason out on a date.

NO ANSWER.

For their doubt made nothing
But
A
Mistake.

In A Pair

The culmination
Of
Events,
Held over days.

Metal shears
Tossed into a
Whirling metal fan,
My
Teeth – gums
Bleed from pulling pieces of
Tarter – plaque
With minted – wax
Dental floss.

Pulling away the loose,
Making the tight a more
Compact collection
Of
Whites.

Winds keep pushing
The
Windows inward,
A story is
Making its stanza down the street,
Many in cremated paces
From
This residence
Of my existence.

An existence that
Witnessed one such person today
Try to pull off a piece of English
That was brought up in a pampous
Air to impress the company.

His word,
Refuse by me as fiction.

Correct I was—

Feeling sorry for his jeopardized attempt,
Making a stab at words misunderstood,
Pulling out of the air more air
As
Invisible as
All of it we breathe.

Breaths in the
Large lung that
Hands
In
A
Pair.

IN DOWNTOWN

Brick buildings
With stained dirt and the recesses of people that used to mull about
The
Property.

Now vacant,
Off the Interstate,
A real “KEEP OUT” warning
Comes in 5 spray painted letters to those that
Want to tempt abandoned real estate fate.

Up the way,
Blue shingles on green homes,
The dashing irises of corporate temps flutter
In
The
20th – 30th floors of buildings
as they see my car
in the muddle of the slug match
to
more money.

Yes,
On down where the town is
Down
In
Downtown.

IN KITCHEN

Ripples of Lake Michigan
Down
Low
Long,
Turn over greenish water,
Patches of brown.

City around the dirt
Bluff mound
That comes
To
Shore.

Jump,
Run in this
Sun through window.

Pat pat..

Snickering from engine
Miles – Armstrong

In the kitchen.

IN THE HIGH SKY

They tuckered and faded
Out before their time
Was supposedly meant
For a close.

Making a rationalization for the
Stinking rain and
Speaking of explanations that come forward
Without knowing how that internal soul of control
Was to profess of some things.

These are not stories of the old folks,
Seniors as they may be referred,
But to those that you know that have youth in their eyes
And vigor dripping off their eye lids as though
The ocean had
Been tasted and Eden was the land
That was a car ride away.

Yes,
Done and exhausted for reasons they
Had built their minds and happiness upon.

Delicately adding the colors to the rainbows
In their rooms,
Yet the tears of the weakened only smudge and make the
Colors many shade of gray.

Hey friend,
Rest is more that a good thing...

It leads to al the rest and assures enough
Energy to make that rainbow out of all the
Colors
That
Aren't necessarily depicted in the illustrated

After rain

In the high sky.

IN THEIR NOSES

The flower truck
Broke down
In the far left lane of the
Highway this evening.

The dark brown truck with an insignia
Proclaiming a business name
Passed the passengers
And sneered at the drivers that made
Their way down the
Royal highway back to
Their
Homes
Lives
Steaks
Cabbages
Needles
Matches
Losses
Glory

This,
As the man
With a truck bed full of flowers
Waits for the tow driver to get down
The rest of his personal information
So he
Can too

Go on further down
The road with his flowers
That
Will
Pull the smiles higher

And make
All
Those little sneaky
Children
Of
The
World sleep
With

A grand scent
Lodged in
Their
Noses.

INTO YOU

*FOR A DAWN OF
NEW IDEAS
HAVE COME,
THE WAIT IS NOW AND
NOW IS THE WAIT,
NO MORE TELEVISION FOR THEIR MEMORY,
LOOKING AT MOVING MOUTHS,
CANCER OF NON-MOVEMENT,
THE INCISION AS IT SAVES A SOUL,
STRENGTH IS ALL SHE IS,
VIROR FOR ALL SHE WAS,
AS FLESH PRESSES AGAINST NIGHT ROBE AND SULTRY MORNING THREADS—*

*WE BLOW A KISS UNTO YOU
WHEN
YOU ARRIVE.*

IT COULD BE YOU

A symphony of classics
With the cars
Stacked up and down the boulevard
As though there are condiments
Waiting to dress the
Immaculate eat that will go down well with
A
Stout drink of the
Next to finest in the joint.

The men and women careening their
Eyes over classics and
New novels that will do their fancies a turn for the
Tunes
In
A
Bookstore that comes in many more shades
Than yellow several blocks from the new place.

A rooster runs down the city sidewalk without
A
Head as the people laugh and snicker at the possibility that
This is a technological joke
That
Has gone awry.

A night crisp and clean,
Good enough
To
Be considered a day deep into the throngs of
A
Spring season that resembles
A
Winter.

I went by a carload of folks today that
Had the kindred sight enough to
Toss me a thought.

It was,
“Warmth is rain
and wet could be you.”

It is now 7:53 a.m. Central Time – Flight 590 – Kansas City to Milwaukee.
What likely won't be done today . . .

Shoot a turkey with a muzzle gun
Catch 19 rain drops in my gaped mouth
Write the President of the U.S.
Attend a bisque
Chop wheat down in a field with a machete
Listen to anything called "Latin Rhythms"
Walk around Stockholm naked
Meet a Congresswoman from the Western United States
Piss upside down
Hold a robin in my hand
Kick a can in the classic neighborhood game
Put on mascara
Pluck my eyebrows
High five a taxi driver
Have a cigarette with Nelson Mandella
Smoke on this flight
Fill an ice tray
Hear a thunderous waterfall gush
Purchase a hamster
Take aluminum to the "Can Bank"
Write a check over \$4,000
Play the slots
View a live giraffe

END

JUST A CHOICE

She came up on stage
Like an angel
That was given
A
Permit past
Purgatory.

Angelic in skin,
Hard in breast,
Beauty in cheeks,
Dancing like the night couldn't catch her,
Making sure every male
Knew that the chosen
Was
More
Than
A
Man
&
and less than a mere choice.

Just Chewing

Chewing on
Ice cubes,
Swallowing melted water,
Steam rises in wavy lines
From sun through window,
Time to go back
Time to get forward,
Leaving to go,
Leaving to return—

Just leaving—

JUST JUSTICE

She's in another city,
I'm in this one,
90,000 rain drops apart,
the sky rises
and
hallow of laudable insanity sits still.

Beauty in the canvass,
Love on the mark,
Vive Las Vegas

Oooohh
For them in another life,
City.

Last Voice Did Shout

Listen before
The tape
Ends
How the band hands
On
A
Note like a
Checkered box looking pale—

Plastic inlets go forward,
The sideswiper
Sweeps the last
Legos the world
Made in 1989.

Hear the
Can opener
Taking the new steel aluminum
To
The
Trash barrel,
Its all for the sliced peaches
That
Had
A
Need to grow
And
A
Better reason to be digested.

See the city bus of tourism
Bring by the outside of inside focus
Looking at the dill sauce hanging
From the chicken and tomatoes that
I
Ready to eat.

Listen,
You won't hear it
As
Before,
The tape has ended,

The
Last voice
Did
Shout.

LAUGHS

He laughs at
The request,
Forgets to buy one
Bound edition from
The miles of books—

Giddy laughter again,
He thought classical music was
Listened to by dry old fucks.

Smiles another blank look,
All he will quantify within his day
Is scoring a ticket to the sporting event.

Laughing,
With bagel crumbs falling from his lips

Chin—

Laughing at
The retort,
Laughs,
Laughing at
What is not
Comprehended.

LIQUID LIGHT

She pelted him down,
Did her damndest
To melt down his view.

Pushing and shaping this beast
That would work at time in which
He
Could dutifully look square into peace,
He would cringe.

Knowing love with the
Smiles and wringing of the tablecloth,
He felt the heat of life breathing through the mist
Of a good morning iron.

Rubbing down his dreams
Like good friends gathered
With drink in hand.

He grabbed some fruit juice,
Coffee,
Banana
And went to car to head to work.

There is more than one way
To squelch the beast
&
again breath in the liquid light.

LONG LISTENING

This blood falling through view,
We exchange air as
The
Plants develop pigment.

All the pushy words for
Pony tails to curl for,
This night of April 17
Is indeed cold
As the candles within burn
As
Though
Heat

Energy
And
You
Are in my arms at

Long last.

LUCKY HAND

Wind comes in through the
Window over
My little times,
While the
Stillness creates
The
Bigger times.

Yes,
The Beatles are “digging a pony”
While the horses
Gallop over
A
Blank universe that has come to the conclusion
That expanding would
Go
Against scientific expectations.

Eggs, mushrooms and tomatoes
For the small plates
And the other food stuff for the
Larger
Plates that
Can't comprehend “portions”.

Oh,
And with this wind and food
The
Confessor takes the oblige to
Close the wooden door on his sins
As the
Rest of the world make up for his
Mis-takings.

Watercolors over the
Soul,
A stack of papers minced with
Broken dimes.

The point is:
A penny isn't lucky because you picked it up and
Put it in your shoe.
It's lucky because the one that dropped the coin has at least a shred of
Class to pass on to another open hand.

Mace in Eyes

Horns on the radio
Mayor Cleaver renovated the 18th & Vine Jazz district
Shakespeare went to the ice cream shop for a pint of strawberries

Construction cones seem to reappear every several months out on the front lawn
The X on the piece of paper
A buried bottle was brought to the witch for a demented wish

Bowls of sugar in the alley
They ran out of salt and cried for some garlic seasoning
The panda bear wants out of the new Disney Nature theme park

Receptions at bowling alleys
Styx cover bands
Whiskey with a scotch chaser

The brakes on the vehicle went bad
People accepted their own honesty
Little Cynthia lost her first baby tooth

Reasons for them to fear
Her mom told her that what the world needed was a good clean hero
They lost the chase and began to capture

Capture whatever had the haze to become
&
chase the wolves until the mace was sprayed in eyes.

MAN ON MIDDLE OF CROSSWALK

So there's this man that is walking across the crosswalk called a street away from a neighborhood in the city as the wind blows and he notices that all the business men are being walked around by their ties with the same facial expressions and suit case like items that carry their stuff around.

He stops in the middle of the crosswalk of this street that is in the middle of this Midwestern city to get a better look at these men walking about doing their deeds with their needs as the wind blows farther and farther down the boulevard. This wind is knocking into the women as well, this all as supposed as the children run around the school yard and stay as far away from this scene and the city as possible.

So, the man stops in the middle of the crosswalk.

He lifts up is "fast food" beverage and begins pulling liquids over his tongue through the straw.

His face is wind torn and his eyes water lightly. He stands and looks at this scene.

The women, who walk beside, on and around these men who are led around by their ties walk with nameless, lolling faces that bleed of boredom and chastity.

They have these blank opaque dresses that are wind strewn showing their slips.

This is the closest degree of possible elation they may receive all day long.

Perhaps their man or rough and tumble bastard will shield the wind and take notice of their lovely flanks that go a rat tat tat as the wind goes boom boom boom on down a parkway called a boulevard in a downtown line with streets.

Rather blatant and extreme, the man in the middle of the crosswalk, a block block blocking traffic (UPS & FedEx folks) I may add, shakes his head quickly while looking down at the ground.

This fucking traffic is giving him the capital B horn over and over piling on top of each others sounds to get this loony fucker out of the way.

The man then rears his head up from the lull of faces and winds that are blowing the business people about in this lost trance that emits flavors of smells that remind him of reality.

Yes, and oh the reality of it all stuck by his own dimension there in the middle and thick of the street that is backing up now into Midtown.

And you know, no cops are around as this man stands.

The people stay in their cars for they think this man may be completely insane and ready to pull a weapon out from under his nifty coat pocket.

No, no no none of this was to go down or take place or run
around as the standstill traffic stood still.

Instead, he would pull out a cigarette from the bowels of his pocket,
dig hard for some matches and light his
cigarette.

After lit..he looks down with a loud proud fucking gallant smile that makes the temperature gauge on 12th
twinkle up a few degrees.

He gets over to the other side of the street finally after some time and waves
to the traffic that curse, spit, yell and honk
towards his way.

This as a business couple walk by him and say,
"Hey, after pulling off a stunt like that ...you should look into getting a job."

"Oh yea.." the man thinks.

And he just goes on thinking as the business couple walk on past to
their whatever destination. This as the wind picks up some more steam
and the people with their ties and slips keep on fucking sliding by.