

HOT EVENING

I look into
Her cooked skin
From days meeting
Our
Closest celestial smile,
She
Laughs with shoulders
Slumping
And the years of
Future life coming through
In all the color
Music can bring
If you believe it.

Pushing away the smoke from her
Eyes,
I click open the zippo
For a moment
As the dead satellites
Give out
Their final signal of their life above.

Taking down what should be
Said and
How it wasn't before,
The table begins losing articles of
Chance it once stacked with pride.

Soon,
The glass top can see clean to the ground
With a motioned whistle.

Continuing to wipe a strip
Of hair from the left of her face,
She looks off,
Into my eyes and
Back at the sky as laughter hits.

Hitting all over the lights
As the
Tiger Lilly fights being tied
Back for it's fourth straight day.

Her mouth talks,
While my ears talk back to her.

Doing things we have never done,
Bringing in
Things we have always desired.

Warm air does things
The cold air can do as well,

Yet tonight
We'll

Chalk another one up there
For the

Damned heat that had

At least one friend last evening.

HOW LOW TO GO

A woman smoking her last cigarette alone,
Away from home in an Alabama hotel room.

A man taking a picture of his dog
That will die of natural causes in a home during the next
Few days.

A lobbyist coming to work saying he wants to quit
On a whim.

He's now ready to live life
The way he always wanted it to be.

The world traveling at 1,000 MPH under
The invisible limbo stick in the sky.

A lovely young woman looks into the
Bathroom mirror
While blood trickles from her inner thigh down her leg
As a naked man in the other room
Bows his head in prayer.

The wicked in their cloaks,
The lightly sprinkled insane cackling over a cup of coffee.

Our times,
Your era.

Looking above our own invisible bar
Above our heads
Thinking how low do they have to go.

in a rash

Kids bouncing off
Sugar walls
In
Back seat of old Cutlass
As an old chap
Journey's into the Knob Town Liquor Store
For a pint
Of love as the young robin
Opens his mouth from a fallen nest
In the abandoned
"Last Chance" lounge.

Oh
&
the bowling prics
cruising in beaten-up
Mustangs as an alarm
Sounds early in a
Swiss movie while the July
Skies marvel
Like a

Used sex toy in a rash.

in theirs and in yours

Peeling chips
Of
Paint
And
Food off your favorite leather chair.

Wiping bits of saliva toothpaste off
The
Bathroom mirror.

Cleaning
Dried urine from around the
Toilet bowl.

Swiping away globs of dust off
Your bedside digital clock.

Giving away several trash bags
Of clothes and shoes to the nearest charity.

Waving to a person you
May never see again.

Pulling a flower out of the
Ground
For the next beautiful woman walking down the street.

Taking a swig of cold water
Out of a library drinking fountain.

Bringing your mind to an idea
You have never
Conceived of before in your life.

Ripping the middle most page out
Of your favorite book to use
As
A
Drink coaster.

Doing what you know as right
In
A
Questioning eye of a neighbor.

Doing what you will
In
Their if's and's and but's.

into my web

Alligator
Walk over
Lead
Ground
For
A
Drink of water.

Come
Over to my
Address,
Listen to
The vultures
Singing like
A
Motown combo.

Keep you
Scales
Tipped
On skin
Back and stay for
Piece of lettuce or
Pork chop.

All the while,
We'll
Muse
Of
The Everglades

And the gold records
Won
By

Bands that
Now do cameo
Appearances

On music magazine shows.

Little further,
Alligator girls,
Slither your tail

In my
Web.

INVISIBLE FROLIC

Swirling grounds
Of
Gray
Come
Onto the
Dried blood spot
Leaking from
The
White shirt
Growing
Arms from the limb holes
On
Ground.

Turning puddles of
Sand
In the carpet ground
As the woman
Laughs loud enough
Across the street
Making
Surgery extinct
And the
Birds reach down to eat
More
Gravel.

Salivated mouth
Waiting to
Dry
In
Colder night air to
Come
In
A
Minute for the
Hardened clay to
Turn back into mush and
Laugh
Mockery
At the scalpel that had
Any
Hope
In another work.

Expired time
Waiting
For
The
Neighbor

As
An alive light comes on
Above the sidewalk lining street
In
Open prospects
Of
That hardened petrified wood to
Pulp back into growth and
Shake about with mirrors reflecting

Knock
On an invisible door of your frolic.

JAPANESE ENDING

Small Japanese
Girl,
Must have been at least
Eight years old behind the liquor counter.

Flanking the backside of her father
There at the register,
She
Roved around her innocence
Laughing at those that come in for their
Goods to relish the seal
Before it was snapped.

Hopping on one foot,
Smiling with elegance and ease
As the Ginseng
Crushed potatoes in clear fluid
Hops on a march
Come through the credit card swipe
And out the door
Into
The
Banging world of new speakers
And old tapes.

The little girl just looked at all the
White and black folks coming into their
World for moments and
Paying without thought for the
Mind kick that would bring
In
A soft pat to the brain.

I went up and
Said
“hello” to this little oriental angel of the
Midwestern dust storm.

She smiled with every inch of her young face
And said,
“hi”.

I asked,
“how are you?”

She looked me straight in the eyes
And said,
“fine”
as she held her hands behind her back
and twisted to and to with all the power of
a
mongoose waiting to thump an innocent prayer.

I smiled
To keep up with hers,
Finished my transaction and
Waved "so long"
To the small wonder in
The store of bigger wonders in glass.

Loaded the liquor in
The back of the jeep,
I slapped my mate on the shoulder
And
Said
"this will be a good night."

Pulling out of the small
Liquor store lot,
Cars
Just kept streaming in
As though the endless line of celebrating
This
That
Their
Ours
Others

Now

Would never end.

joe's typer

Joe from the
Apartment below
Calls me –

“What’s going down up there?
You bouncing a basketball?”
He asks me.

“No. I’m tackling the words on a typer.
Is it too loud?”
I respond * ask.

“Yea. I just wanted to know what
was going on up there,”
he says in distant discouragement.

“Sure .. Like I said, just typing words,”
I egg him on.

Makes you wonder
Is
A
Guy can type in peace
Much longer.

joe; in the apartment below

Typewriter sending a sound into the night,
Young man below begins to lose his temples.

Doesn't he know that
This has to happen?

Should we
Tell him that mustard comes from plants?

Is there any ignorance left that the sea contains
Salt?

Or perhaps have they been led astray to believe
Everything their dreams have told them?

Is there a need to beat the ceiling above you
In vain to try sending a message to
Me here above?

Or do you still not understand that this must go on?

I will type until you begin losing
Your toe nails down below.

Your shouts and cries will only make the striking keys
Stronger.

You will have to call me or come lately banging
On my door to rid such a deed as these typing
Keys bring about on thee.

You will have to affirm
Solace in music,
The loose air conditioning vents,
Your voice,
The television box,
Or a ringing telephone.

Yes,
Young son down below in your world between walls and
The incessant tapping of my keys
May drive you to writing.

Demons may come out as angels onto paper
And you will later feel
As though you should come up and thank me.

Yet,
Know this . .
The chances of me answering the door

Is slim-to-nill,
For I will continue writing and type
Type
Typing
Until you
Do it more and become better.

Whichever shall flow first
Or if either ever
Come.

Rest assured . .
I shall keep on driving you insane up here with this
Clap .. slap .. pap .. pop
Typing on . .

These papers of mine.

just a notice

Notice
From
Landlord on doorstep

Every other day
Or week.

“Changed the locks to your building.
Please come pick up your keys.”

“Pay your rent on time.
Like .. please bee kind and rewind.”

“Pest control coming to take the bugs out of your living space.
Please plan accordingly.”

“Come down to the Post Office.
We have something waiting for you.”

Of all
Those pieces and things I notice ..

I hardly notice these.

I just notices that now.

KICK THE SOCKS OUT OF ME

PAINTED CACTI
IN WINDOW
SILL
AS
TWO SQUIRRELS
RACE OVER
ELECTRIC WIRES
PHONE LINES
TREE BRANCHES
THE COUCH
DEADENED CANDLES
A THOUGHT OF JESUS.

RUN
OVER EACH OTHER,
WAG TAILS
INTO SPECS OF EVENING SUNLIGHT
DYING A NEW LIGHT
AS
MARS HIDES FOR
NOW
AND
SCENT OF CLEAN WOMEN COME FROM ONE
APARTMENT BUILDING WINDOW
TO ANOTHER.

RACE
YOU SQUIRRELS,
RACE WITH YOUR ANIMAL
FATE
AND
A GUMPTION LOST IN THE CORPORATE HOUR.

MAKE HUMAN EYES FOLLOW
AND FEEL THEIR REAL TASTE IN
THIS WADING POOL
OF
ICE CREAM MINT.

LET CAMERAS POINT AND
THE FLYING BIRDS TRIP,
MOVE
MAKING THE BANGO MAN STOP
ON HIS CHORD.

HAIR SOAKED
ANIMALS THE SIZE OF A 9" SHOE.

KICK THE SOCKS
OUT OF ME MORE.

kneecap dream

A mistake written
In the mirror,
A
Speechless cog
Comes
Up to your kneecap
Demanding that
You take him out for ice cream.

You look down,
Wondering what the fuck
Is going down.

Then,
You look back into the mirror for an
Explanation,
But the expressionless voice
Had nothing to
Bestow upon you at this time.

So,
You load the kneecap high
Fellow
Into your car and try to remember where
The nearest ice cream ship resides.

For
Its been some time since
You have
Been an active participant in the fine
Art
Of
Ice creams.

Getting down the street a little ways
You look down at this little guy
And ask,
“How about we go and
Grab a drink. You look like you could use one
And I know I could use more than one?”

The little guy agrees.

They switch the car around in the middle of
The street and head into the opposite direction for
A
Little love on
Bar time.

Getting out of the car
And walking up the sidewalk to the bar,

The little guy tugs on the your untucked shirt
And Says,
“You sure are one hacked hunk of shit.
This is all a dream.”

“Great,
this means your paying,
I’m not married
And there’s no nasty headache in the morning,
Knee cap boy.”

-END-

LAI D FOOT IN ONE

Came out of Fort Worth steakhouse,
Feeling the Italian chicken sandwich ease down
My torso with the fulcrum of a health gin and tonic,
I notice one from the peripherals heading on the heels of my path.

Unsure of exactly where to head
In pursuit of hotel in cobblestone,
I turn and hear one,
The woman vision in peripheral
Calling for me.

I quickly glance the gal and say,
“Yes. What?”

“You have any change, man.
I need some for a bus far,”
She asks.

“No. Nothing. I’m tapped out,”
I said.

“Just a little, man. That’s all I need,”
she continues.

“I have none. Good luck,”
I tell her.

Going further down the street
With a wayward reflection of a headlight
On the front of a cop’s bicycle,
I think of all the homeless people that
Have never caught their bus or laid foot in one.

LARGER ISLANDS ON EARTH

Instants
Packed tight
With insane
On an island
Several arm lengths long.

The cigarette smoke
Begins rising,
Spilling drinks,
Popping sandwiches out
Of the wrong end,
The
Scent and laughter begins coming together.

Trapped here in
The freedom,
Needing nothing more than
Sunglasses.

A tight group of
Looped bastards soaking in
What
Will

Never be soaked in on
The
Larger
Islands on

Earth.

last hep cat

The last song
Of a long jazz set
This afternoon
As
I giver her a call while
Her mother walks around the house
In
Her underwear.

A glimpse of purchased gift
Certificates,
Lost love foolishly given away some miles away.

Yes,
And my cold milk and grapes making some music and mystery
For
More hours and days
That will go by in the
Seat off the
Tongue of
A
Stray cat.

LATINO FACTORY

A week,
This is a long week.

A week such as that is
That a week.

When it is as though it was too well off to
Be just part of a month.

For all those screaming agonies of
Local telecast
News dish,
A week of several mountains visited,
Moon rise in sunshine,
Lost an hour-gained an hour-wend to be even at day's end,
Her laughter,
The late night drinks by an Irish fiddler,
This as a train whistle speaks
Into the night
Like a sage
With a cloak
Not quite made
Of materials in
A

Latino
Factory.

LIKE A SONG OR 2 HAS SAID

He asked me
Questions I could answer,
She sobbed at her mentor's requests,
The night breathed a sigh of relief as the rains passed,
This in a calm nebulae
As we travel here in unchanging
Nature barely
Over the speed of limits in
Residential street.

Yes,
Here sipping liquid smoke with
The couch still on this
Flying mass of rock we all sit on going
And
Going
Around like a gong or two has said.

LIQUID DRY LAND

The night
Time
Came
Knocking,
Like a stray cat
On a
Porch of habit.

Time straight
And narrow
Roving around an old government building
Clock face
Laughing at
All souls
That
Were rendered helpless.

Beings as
It
Always was,
Except during the day.

For the day
Brings on
Mobs of
Angry meat mouths
That
Chime in with less than 4 cents
And
More than can be comprehended.

When this
Time came through night,
I
Took hold and

Made flight like
A
Raft with a whole floating down
Liquid dry land.

little else to say

A pot hole
Blew up in
The
City today.

Methane explosion,
One man injured,
The breath of a demon
As
2 angels huddled
above the smoldering hold
with
2 glasses of water
and
little
else
to say.

LOST HOUR FOUND

Here's to you as I turn up the air conditioning,
Here's to you as I think of coffee in morning hotel room 7 hours from now,
Here's to you as I light just one more damn cigarette,
Here's to you with an airport treat,
Here's to you with another city visited that won't catch sleep,
Here's to you with yellow paint turned brown in the parking lot,
Here's to you with empty jars stacked in innocence under my kitchen sink hundreds of miles away,
Here's to you with your smirk,
Here's to you with another photo I take through a peep hole through a hotel door,
Here's to you for you,
Here's to love in a lost hour
I have found.

LOUISIANA SECONDS

Voodoo dolls,
Itchy noses,
Witches brew split on the floor,
Abandoned altars,
Destitute brides,
A night like none other,
Gin down the mouth and on shoes,
Bar-b-cue sauces and hot sauces
Jammed into screaming pores.

Holding the gate open for the crowd to enter,
Closing the locks for those
That haven't been allowed here as
The Louisiana evening slips by

In seconds.

may not happen

Burning elves,
The Guatemalan box of “worries”
Held open
For the truth
That has
Been disposed and used.

A voodoo doll found in
A mound of mud,
The clays went to the kiln
As a small boy
Urinated in his shorts
To
Feel some relief in the hot Boston sun.

An idol finding no relief
As a
Commoner cries in
Another’s laughter
For
What has happened lately

& what may not happen.

meticulous ends

Focus,
They wonder.

I believe
It took vision,
They suppose.

This,
As the one-eyed Cyclops
Gets
Married and
All the other 2 eyed morons
Decide that flesh
Is their bounty
And
Wisdom was nothing
They ever
Earned
Through
Coin

Or meticulous ends.

MIDNIGHT ROBBERY HERE WITH LEMONADE HOOKER

Duplicitous as the next
Cat on the corner,
Chewing on the lit end of a cigar
You
Look at the score
And stare down the innocent.

In the years it has
Taken to get to this point,
It still
Astounds me how the crimes of petty greed
Still sneak
Into t
He police blotter
In
High rise numbers.

I had a young lady come knocking on my
Door several weeks ago
Weak with just the jetting breath coming out of
Her mouth
As she went down to all 7 doors on the floor knocking
For someone to save
Their
Soul and explain to her that
Satan is much more fucked up looking
Than the pimp bastards that ruined her
Evening.

As I came out of the door slowly,
Thinking a girl was raped and that the
Large 260-290 lb. Mexican man was going to barrel
My ass over
For another piece of cheated,
Cheap action.

I approach and
Notice a frantic young gal in a black top
Running towards a man with a shaved head,
Dried rivers of blood coming down the
Sides of his head.

I ask,
“What the hell happened?”

He stares at me and his woman in shock
As she yells with her hands shaking the
Disease far from her body,
“We we’re just robbed at GUNPOINT.
Call 9-1-1. GET A PHONE.”

I run into my apartment and
Lift the receiver off the line and
Come back out to make the call.

As I get dispatch,
I tell them to send someone immediately.

They want to talk to one of the robbery victims.

Fair enough.

I hand the used phone with
Splattered paint into the
Woman's hand.

She shakes so hard in the space of 3 seconds
That the phone is hung up and
Back on
With
A
Clean
Fucking dial tone.

I call dispatch again and tell them that
The couple is unable to speak their words of peace or war
No and to send someone NOW.

As I'm speaking of the location,
I notice the young woman untying the belt from behind the young mans
Back as his hands free and the fresh blood continues to trick
Down
The
Back of his neck.

As I click off from dispatch,
The woman remains frantic as I go out to shake the
Young man's hand.

I ask their names,
They tell me it "Jake and Alex",
Neighbors down the hall in this 90's living
I haven't met and spoken to until now.

As we wait,
I go grab a board from my apartment and solidify the door leading
To the
Presumed safe quarters of the 3rd floor on this midtown apartment top
During a warm
Evening in June.

Coming off a pitcher of beer
And another to top off the evening as the paints lay
On my living room floor and
The
Smell of love was once in the air,

I ask them if they
Want to have a beer.

Shit.

Clearly out in my own mantra,
Thinking that they could use a little refreshment before the
Cops come to sort out the shit.

Here was the shit.

The young man was heisted at the front door
By three men,
One had an automatic 45 and the other had a sawed off shotgun.

They took him up to his apartment where his girlfriend
And dog were waiting for a good wind down or wind up as the
New day was on us
Past the click of midnight.

Approaching the hour of hell further and
Beyond,
They began fondling the girl and
Tied the man up
Then quickly striking him over the head with the butt end
Of their 45 caliber.

Quickly,
And beyond the space of a break,
They took their keys,
Wallet,
Computer,
Stereo,
And other items.

I thought this over as I saw the bathroom light of their dance
In the hallway as the girl kept shaking her
Newly encountered disease harder and harder shouting into
My phone,
“Mom. Dad. Please PICK UP the phone. I’M AT HOME AND I’VE
JUST BEEN ROBBED AT gunpoint.
Please PICK UP the phone.”

There was no answer.

She handed me back the phone,
“I CAN’T pick up A RECEPTION. It must be low on juice,”
she said.

I click over for a dial tone and everything sounds clear.

She runs over to grab her lover again as I approach him in
The bathroom and ask him if he knew that his place,
Along with mine,
Several weeks’ back was the victim of a break-in attempt.

He point to a hole covered by a board under his sink
Secured by a
Fat, silver pad lock.

Then,
The police ring through the phone.

I hesitate to grab the dedicated line
For the finger prints and the cord that was
Nearly ripped out of the wall by the
Burly weak
Bastards that
Took their night.

I go down the steps
Hesitating to
Let them in.

Feeling the rush of adrenaline and
Other juices I haven't felt for some time
As I hear folks walk into the building.

I peer over the staircase and notice
It's the police coming
For the fire
Raging in
Another
Midtown apartment.

I offer my services
That they don't need.

They don't need my name.

No witness material.

My duty is over.

I met my neighbors and did
A
Little more with the phone and discourse.

On another wave of evening
With the
Thieves,
Robbers
And luckless
Trying to collect their coin

In a world of
Passing my neighbors until
They need your help.

The fire was put out.

I ran into them some days later

Seeing the spark of life back in their tones
As the young
Woman parted a smile
Acknowledging that she would
Defeat the disease spread over her
Mind and flesh that evening.

Jake and Alex down the hall.

They moved out the next day.

Jake and Alex alive somewhere else in the world.

As I sit here in this violent
World looking over
The fires put out
And

The others brewing

Like John Lee Hooker's voice over this glass
Of
Flavorful fucking lemonade.

mine solid

He gazed out over the park
And marveled on what
This summer day in the park
Would be like with a silent snow
In the winter.

I look over to a bench behind
In this shelter seeing lover sweltering
Higher
Than the heat.

Thinking for all the snow and heat
Has done
Enough to kill others off
And
Give more
A
Should as t
He
Season peppers my shit.

near me

Printing what
Can only
Be told in a word.

Typing what can only
Be shown in a picture.

Doing what can only
Be done
On the phone.

Bringing to my face
What can only

Be
Seen

If you,
Beautiful one,

Are near me.

NEEDLE ARMED LOVERS

The clouds are brighter
Than the seas lit by moons at night,
Flying into Denver.

Have no coat on for the 38° that will greet me below,
More of the labor by skies and ground,
The hope of altitude,
Early mornings,
A mountain awaits my eyes as the history of speed
Wars

Love

Inspired chance comes racing by the rolled-up windows,
Descending nose dive
And
All the damn privy of
Strange noises.

Needle lover.

next big memory

The old couple of 37 years of
Marriage pull up the
TV table and
Begin chopping
Their roast into bits with knives
Their children gave
Them on the 25th Wedding Anniversary.

Talking over the
Crimes
Homicides
Cop chases
And other American garb,
The little girl
Two houses down whistles to
The
Intro of
“My Three Sons.”

Brushing the bald head of a doll
Give to her on her 9th birthday,
She
Still has an imaginary friend that joins her
For some talk
A
Little after 10:00 during the week
And
Midnight on the weekends.

A lonely old woman
Sews together
A
New quilt for her grandson
That
Dreams of meeting Stevie Wonder
And
Thinks Chevy Chase is the greatest thing going in film.

The quilt
Is to be a Christmas present
In
The
Coming season of
Mistletoes and ripe egg nogg.

Lifting fingers
For
Anniversaries
Birthdays
Holidays
And

The days
That
Go on celebrated in
Between—

Ants in the dirt
Waiting
For
The
Next big memory.

nights stay as they should

Bringing this
Cigarette
To my mouth
As my shirtless chest
Sticks out into the
Computation
Of
Evening
And new neighbors on the same floor
In the building across the way.

Ready
Either solo or with a mate
To do some deeds that
Can
Be termed as non other than human.

Mouths taking in the laughter,
Ears
Bringing the
World a whole new set of jokes.

The jovial cat waiting to come through
The back door of the building
Meows for
A
Human voice to click in return.

One bowl of milk
And a plate of food away,
The new neighbors across the way
Just flipped on a lamp
For
Some time of their own.

Willing the free
In a city made of concrete,
Passing in cars
And
Walking into strangers that could be their friends

I have new neighbors
Across
The
Way

Where lights come hard through the window

And nights stay as they should.

NO BACK BEDROOM

Boy lifts
Jug of milk
Out of refrigerator.

Grandfather yelling for
Lemonade on
The porch,
Mother moaning as though
There may
Be another child due soon.

He takes the jug
And
Drains the shortly less of half a gallon
In
Few more than 9 seconds.

Grandmother begins
Barking for a magazine,
As his lips
Beg
For
More cow nipple.

There in the middle of the brown tanned
Floor
He stands with sagging underwear
As
Chickens
Turkeys
Run like dogs with balls cut off
In back yard.

To join the yelling folly of noises
Mixing with television sounds
He
Says,
“Metal Jacks and chalk.”

“METAL JACKS AND CHALK.”

The snake in a corner cage
Swirls like a hippie signal
From
The
Hazy days
As
The boy screams,
“METAL JACKS AND CHALK.”

No one hears his request
As

A
Large
Thud

Flies from his mother's back bedroom.

no charity

They still travel over
The bad lands with a shimmering
Grin
Smiling,
A toast to
All the locals for the fortune that never
Came
About their way.

Restless
With the itch for more miles
On
Used tires,
They search for what is told hidden
And find what they have already found
For a meager glass
Full of clarity

no peace for the war

Scoffers & coughers
In the
Apartment
Filling up with smoke.

Passing the wine,
Gin,
The early folks
Going to sleep after
A
Healthy dose of
Grab assing,
The little and large
Soldiers return
To their dreams
Of peace

And

No war.

no price tag

Straw statute of a
Porcupine

Drawn by

A

Small boy addicted to

Crack because his

Mommy had other ideas on

How to get fucked and

How to have a cool ride.

He has learned to blow a balloon up

Larger than his head

And tie his shoes in knots,

Speak Japanese & English,

Yet he

Kept the grin like a

Use jawbreaker

In a

New pair of

Jeans

That

Had

No price tag.

no symphony on jazz note

Rain falling in streams
Over living room window like
A
Gift from a stranger charging nothing but the price
Of a little affair
Drawn in the shorts by stars.

A rain soaked avenue of an afternoon as the International
Quartet of jazz masters make their visit to town
In order to chime their beautiful insanity of flask movement jazz,
While the kids
On the 5th floor of an apartment building bounce rubber balls to the pace of an alley cat's
Heart beat in the steam of a chase.

All the green leaves held in the eyes of a lovely woman
Passing by,
The momentum of their fingers
Fondling over a cup of coffee
That spilled through the canopy and down
Towards the eyes of the ground looking up like a caterpillar caught
In a daze.

We the folks making
Cookie dough out of used ATM receipts in the back pocket of pants
That were just thrown in
The washing machine.

We the new pieces of wood ready to be used
For the foundation of a seismic friendly building
On the drawing board to be erected next to the drug store
Down the street from a drug house.

OH and the old timber
Strewn about flush back yards used
By the unused
In an afternoon collection of words to
Replace some notes the jazz quartet may
Not get around to playing
Here in the open wide expanse
Of jokes missed by people that don't smile
And all the naked lovers having intense orgasms
As
The
Sunday triviality of rain falls like a symphony
That was long ago
Told by the city that
They couldn't play anymore
Because funding had recently

Run low.

o.k.

Last days
Of the sausage crises,
Women roving mad,
No clothing left,
A swastika left the world,
While a
Flock of cranes
Dove over the east
With
A
Spark reminiscent
Of
A
Flag in wax.

OH, ON MINE

Daughters of soil,
The sky is raining comedy,
Oh
And the gladness
As
The
Bland
Becomes
A
Sauce on my sandwich.

once freedom

A man stopped me
On the street the other day in a district
North of downtown
To
Give me the lowdown on his travels and
His hobby.

Obviously a
Homeless cat,
He had a ring of stench that would have
Made any group of children on a field
Trip run in
Fear back to their suburban mother's
Demanding a school board meeting.

He stopped me,
Used the word "brother"
As my name and
Began laying it on me.

His intro was to say,
"The machine is out of papers."

I responded,
"There's plenty of machines in the city to pick up a paper."

Then the words began.

The problems with the city of KC,
Russian language dialects,
Kosovo mistakes
City Hall corruption
Government conspiracies with the Chinese & some war plans,
The like.

Laying it down on the 90+ degree sidewalk,
He proceeded to pull out newspaper pages with weak
Sentence structure.

"Listen man,
this is just bad grammar. I don't know how they can feel right about
inventing this language. Their bringing birth to a very dangerous form
of speech and spelling that isn't good for younger generation.
Due to reading and reverberating what they see,
It's spelling ugly things in the minds of our youth."

Yes,
I began to think.

This mans being
And hobby
Was consumed with pelting the poor grammar habits of

Nation advertisements
In newspapers.

He was fed up with it.

Going into a furor,
I thought that this could perhaps
Be a
Right on act.

He's using his spare time
Or abundance of time to fight for the words.

Giving the language a good thought without
Writing much down.

Another critic in the word.

One of the few that uses newspaper advertisements
As his medium of choice
To
Make his thoughts known.

He went on to tell me that
He had written into these large corporations and companies of
Various sizes to tell
Them
"knock it off."

Hardly hearing any sort of response,
He continues.

Giving it to me,
Another stranger on the streets.

Going into the issue,
Giving it all he has

For that may be all he has.

Defender of words ... though he failed to mention the word freedom once.

one in 35

Out to grab
Another's trash as our
Indebted treasure on a Tuesday night
In the city.

The porcelain wash basins,
Bookshelves,
Screen doors,
Planks of wood,
All in the back of the truck bed,
Then Mitch came along.

He approached me
On the sidewalk wanting
One cigarette.

He went on to tell me that he had about fifty-to-sevety five cents
To shoot my way
For one.

"No man,"
I told him.
"It's on me."

He said that tonight was his birthday.

35 years on the planet.

He said that him and his buddy ran
Out of gas on the road going
To the casino,
Then his girl took over \$600.

He was dry.

Hey Mitch,
Even if your story on the first official day of summer was bullshit,
Here's to you
In the
Next 35,
Old mate.

one laughter

I told her
There was no better gig than what
We were living
Right now.

She looked at me without
Saying a word.

It was as though all dreams of death
And the taste of Eden
Was coming
Back into her mouth.

A mouth conceived away
From the tanks,
A mouth that looked better than
A
Portly fish
Hanging off a meager fishing line.

It was her look
That made the gig ticket all
It was ever presumed
To be worth
Here in this short time
Trying to ink out

One

Long letter.

one more “one evening”

A PANTRY
STUFFED WITH PASTAS,
THE LAST OF THE THICK “SAUCE” DAYS
FADED,
FOR THE MOUTH REFUSED
TO
EAT
&
HUNGER DIED
WITH

THE EVAPORATION.

ONE TIME GETTING LUNCH

Man falls into
Manhole in the street
As a man stands
Next to the fallen man
While another passes
And one more honks to a
Passing
Woman
Grinning a warm smile to the
Fallen man

Getting to his feet.

OTHER THAN ENGLISH

Written with a pen
Empty of black ink,
The flashes of sighted light
Come down large mouth of runway leading
To the Eden of
Another side where newspapers are bored with
Half truths and the scuttling feet move swift to
Outrun the wind.

As the tide of eyes turn from a fat man in vivid yellow to a skinny
Nigerian shouting for people to move out of his way.

The eyes a wondering,
The sounds in intrigue,
The birth of a sixth sense as all other faces ugly
Fade to beauty in the instance of a beautiful voice
Speaking
Something other than English.

OUT THERE

A DANCE IN
THE MIX,
REELING IN A SOUND FROM
AN UNKONWN SOURCE,
PULLING SALSY FALSETTOS AND
ALTO PIECES
UP INTO THE SHORE.

A DANCE
WITH
NO CAP,
SOUNDS SURE TO BE
PACKAGES
AND
SOLD BY SOMEONE WITH
A
BALD HEATD

OUT THERE.

PLACES IN WHITE

THE EVER WHITE
WIDENED WHITE
BEFORE THIS
WINDOW AS PLANE LEADS
HEAD FIRST INTO THE
PLANT OF CLOUDS ABOVE THE RAINED ON GROUND.

BARELY AND FAIRLY ESCAPED THE TORRENTS OF COMPLAINTS
FROM WAITING PASSENGERS GOING
TO TEXAS.

RIFFED LIKE LOST JUICE,
SEETHED
McDonald's BEANY BABY TALES
WITH A CHORUS OF HEAVING
2,000 MORE PHONES RINGING TO THE
243 DAYS UNTIL THE YEAR 2000.

THIS,
IN THE END OF THE DAY ON KC TIME
AS EARLIER I WENT TO PICK UP MY
MOUNTING MAIL AT THE POST OFFICE
AND MOTICE A WOMAN I DATED OVER 4 YEARS AGO AND FOR THE
CRAZY AIR ABOUT ME
HER FACE,
LIPS,
EYES,
BUTTOCKS,
ANKLES,
WITE PANTS,
BLUE BUTTON DOWN SHIRT
WOULDN'T BRING THE NAME
HARROWING BACK FROM THE VAULT OF CLOSED.

THIS,
AS AN OLD WIRY MAN WITH THICK TAN GLASSES
COVERING HIS FACE
CUTS IN LINE AT THE POST OFFICE AND IGNORES THE
CRAY OF A FRATERNITY BOY SAYING:
"HEY BUDDY, THE LINES ALL THE WAY BACK THERE!"

NO RESPONSE,
REPOSE OR RECOURSE.

THIS SMALL OLD BASTARD
HAD MAIL TO ATTEND TO AND BY FUCK IF THEY YOUNGERS IN THIS DETERIORATING
WORD ARE GOING TO TELL HIM HOW AND WHY HE SHOULD STAND IN LINE.

YES,
NOW I BELIEE THE PLANE IS HITTING SOME STABLE POINT.

I ROLL MY SLEEVE UP,
PEELING TIME LIKE ONIONS AT A FUNERAL,
BEKONING FORTH TO THOSE HERE IN THE WHITE
WHITE

WHITE

SKY
OF FORGOTTEN FACES IN POSTAL OFFICES
AND
THOSE FORGOTTEN IN AIRPORT TERMINAL SEATS
FROM HARRISBUR, PENNSYLVANIA
AND PLACES IN

KANSAS.

play the name

Skin

Peeling off arms

Like leaves of cabbage

Falling off the sour kraut.

Temperature

In the 102-104 degree

Range

Again today

As

The

Area

And

Others

Listen to the hum

Of

Conditioning

Coming

In

Through the vents opening holes in the walls.

Hot coffee

Still has a sting

Of rarely growing tired of

And

The heat has the same feel.

Open like

A

Broken vase,

Listening

To

Miles

Play kilometers in each

Note

As

Sunday

Plays its

Name.

pop's & nicotine

The sun rose,
Following the drinks,
Here on Father's Day
In
The
Faint light of Sunday,
I light a cigarette and

Get ready for more.

purchase

Bought
The meat loaf,
Threw out the bread.

A reason
In all the nonsense
As I pull this long
Piece
Of
Lead
Down a

Treated river of prepositions
No one knows.

RAMBLING ON FORWARD

Baton Rouge
Casino floor,
Rattling the carpets,
Lights,
Lost money falling into a plastic bucket,
Dead city streets,
Jazz away into New Orleans some drive away.

Thirsty with a grin and tonic in my hand,
Hungry with e'touffe,
Crawfish,
Jumbalaya,
The southern way coursing through a new coffee mug,
Miles from the marsh,
Next to the move of time on a craps table.

We believe to have a will
&
live with the communities
of life

ramble
 ramble
rambling on forward.

reason - meaning

Is there a reason to the way you feel?

I don't believe so.

You mean to tell me that feeling good or wondering isn't driven by a reason or just reason period?

No. It just is, friend. I can't go into any further explanation than that. It just feels right .. Or I question why it hasn't felt right as so.

All right then .. Is there a meaning to the lack of reason you feel?

That's it, friend. There's always meaning to what I feel. If I'm not finding any reason, there is indeed meaning that could be substituted for meaning in retrospect.

Doesn't that go against the law of cause and effect?

Who ever said there was a concrete law that governs human behavior?

People, experts, researchers, psychologists ... just people.

How would they have nailed that down just so. Human behavior and emotion isn't a science that can be handled on the scale of empirical weights and balances. It just is or it's thought of more as so.

I see where your coming from, though it seems rather out of place?

How so. Do you really know or understand for that matter how I feel the way I process my reality. Is it really for you to presume that my approach to life is abnormal when it's not like yours? There are a great many things that just remain subjective. That's it. The objective principles that govern life are great for certainty sakes, yet the beauty of human emotion is the subjectivity. Variety. Good.

So, you want to go out some time?

Aren't we already out?

Ha .. ho .. (laugh .. laugh) I believe I just heard reason.

No. You just witnessed meaning, sweetheart.

rounding ways of days

The last of the tape ribbon days
As the kids
Play with dolls embedded with micro-chips
Speaking back to their commands—

The pound is taking many animals off this
Planet at blinding paces
Daily as Sony releases a mechanical dog
That doesn't have to be
Fed in the roving Jetson's episode
The numb are playing and listening to.

Real plants thrown away by water neglect
As corporations
Decide to deck the halls and break rooms with artificial
Plants to save cash on paying
Small companies to water
The
Goods.

Wondering why things
Seem to be artificial?

This as I type away on a 1950's-style typer
In
The
Rounding

Ways of days.

rubber fire

The candle touched the
White page of the writer as ideas
Began mounting into something
Worthy of time
To
Get down in the bob of an arm clock.

Hardly batting an eye to put
Out the flame that quickly engulfed
The
Page,
He began typing violently
Like a fucking bitch
Running away and into
The
Heat.

Moving
 Roving fingers
Over the small keys he just
Kept
On moving for
An insane clarity heating his
Eye balls.

Moving down movement
Like nothing seen before,
He went on as the rubber wheel began
To melt his writing device.

Quicker
With sight,
He went while the keys began sticking to the hot rubber on
The
Once youthful wheel.

No aglow and dangerously
Near extinction,
He typed until his mind could place the nearest
Open page of paper or
Until all the damn keys stuck
Snug
Into the drooling rubber

Of his once dead wheel that
Did

Come back to life.

sands have no count

Escape from the
Wheat germ,
Women with nothing but
Sin lying
In the strewn clothing
Running mad in
Hypnotic nude
Circles

 Triangles
Lines
To gather the
Last days
Of
The sun.

Getting their fluids jigged
And their toes scraped,
They laugh the
Whole way
In
A jaunt
About the rocks
And
A
Journey

The sand cannot count.

seen before

Cool antidote

Chic saying

Rave talk

Needed participle

Nice look

New digs

Right-o cat

Absolute beauty

Fly beyond words

Then

Came

Her

With everything new

Yet

Seen before.

sense out of the sequence

He pulled his
Old
Story of being
Drafted into Vietnam
Into the chair
Next to my stool in
The old Irish pub.

Yes,
The old overweight man
With
No teeth to show for all the chips he
Was eating from a bag before
His
Bloodshot eyes.

He received draft car # 36.

As he put it,
"I dodged bullets for two tours of duty.
The first tour was as a mine detector in the field and
The second fucking show,
Which was pie compared to the first,
Was detecting mines in the US Embassy."

While there,
Smile a big grin telling me he lost his teeth as an
An 18-year-old kid
When a mine blew up on him.

Then,
A bullet went through his calf.

After the medic took a steel pole through the hole of a wound,
He was sent to Bangkok for some recovery time,
Booze,
Laughs,
2 whores for a cheap price and go.

Laughing and going
Back
And
From his stories of the old days,
He wobbled with a bad drunk
Offering me a hit off his bag of tasty chips that sat before
Him on the
Bar
To
Feed more than one of his desires.

Doing what he
Has,
As a subject of the American government
And a person of humanity,
I felt
Good about this man
That
Had no name
But a story on a bar
Stool
In
The
Taps of beer lining
The

Rights and wrongs

Of what has been done and what will be repeated.

Christ,
I think,
These punk fucking kids these
Days have no idea what it would feel like
Using their mommy and daddy's money
In their cars
What a draft card selection would be like.

At the same time .. neither do
I
Here
Tying together
A
Wreath of stories from
The

Real folks pulling together words
For
Strangers

In their attempt to make
More laughter

And sense out of the sequence.

she knew she had

In her small
Living space
The
Snow
Was falling just out
Of reach from her hand
As
The
Air conditioning inside
Was turned down below 60 degrees.

Loving
The cold,
She
Knew about the cold
Very well in
Centigrade and people.

Waving around fire hammers
Within,
She would
Relish every cold spot on her sheets
And
Look with admiration
At a map of Alaska
Hanging on the west wall
In her living room.

The longer she looked at
This map,
The more she would go over and check the
Thermostat for
A colder temperature.

Sterile clean
Her place would remain,
Insect bits on the face of her foot
Was just an anecdote she
Would hear
About
On the television
Or on radio shows.

There in the cold,
Afraid of
Heat,
She would
Do her thinking

And being

As
The
Cold embraced her
Like no
Barometer of
Humidity could ever
Become.

The only
Warmth that would catch her
Without any control
Was
Her tropic dreams
Where hot or cold didn't matter at all.

It was more about
The
Laughter

A freedom
She
Knew

She had.

shower a jingle

Open keys raced
By the afternoon
As squirrels tackle through the keys.

A drum roll going on with
Invisible hands a playin'
And another night bartered coolly from the other side.

Sweating candle wax next to
Smudged eye glasses,
She accidentally called up to my home looking for a Jake,
None here by that calling.

Calling and calling
As we do
Across the weeks and days that have that glorious feel
As though they lasted around thirty days.

CD's used for cup holders,
The NATO troops keep the peace
In a land far, far away.

Yes,
Yet closer than a global village
In your back pocket of those "grand" pants.

Showers scattered over the skies,
She threw a pie in his face,
Though there is plenty of water coming from the sky to
Wash away that sweet malevolence
That came so abruptly from such
Tender fingers.

Fingers too tender for her,
Yet just right enough for all the strangers that
Pass by with
A
Short whistling jingle.

sizzling process

Their impenetrable angst
As muscles swallow into
More celluloid on a mannequin.

Talking through black rings
Of undisguised smoke,
A tall man in the corner steps
Forward
For a refill of coffee and more
Tuna casserole.

All this a while
As the DJ takes leave from
His job and a lovely
Blows on a bowl of hot crab soup in the
Back of
My sizzling process.

slant of sunlight

Taking these notes
Down
In the largest blank sheet of paper I know—

The days speak to me in
Ways that
An
Interpreter couldn't know.

A young man walking down
The city street whistles to a friend in a passing car,
A
Woman on the back of a motorcycle going down
The night interstate with a dress on flashes
The world as her bare,
Yet thonged ass
Says hello
To the world
And
Brings all male shafts to a salute.

The smile of a lonely woman as you
Pass by her with a couple of pure thoughts
That
Could be taken as
Another wheel turning down
The
Big brain of purpose.

A bus driver waits
On the steps in front of my work for a bus
As I talk to the
Owners of "New York" burrito
About whether they have
A
Store in New York or not.

They tell me "no"—

Oh,
And how the ironies
Stack up with each passing day below

A beautiful slant
Of
Sunlight.

SLIGHT LOVE

One airport phone
He tells his
Respondent,
"I love you, too."

As a
Pocket full of change falls into
Plastic feet
&
a white boy trips
going up a
slight walkway incline.

solutions on a cool Saturday afternoon

Throwing stabs at the unknown,
She took off her shirt
And
Switched the thumping radio
Box onto volume 5 and began cleaning her apartment with
Tan bra straps glinting in the slanted sun
Coming through the half-cocked living room window.

Using the music as a prep for the man
She longed to meet,
She became filled with an inner source of passion
And flung her bra off,
Slowly turned the music up to 8.

Doing some more cleaning as
The images came through her mind
Faster than quick,
She tore off her black slacks before reaching under
The kitchen sink for some
Back-up solvent she just ran out of.

Then,
In the calm of loud music,
She took her panties off and began dancing with the cleaning solvent
Open to the world,
Sending juicing into air
Hitting the wooden floor and couch.

The thought then occurred ..

Why wait until tonight?

Now, she thought, is more than fine and enough.

She went to turn the stereo off,
Put down her bottle of cleaning love,
Went into the bather and reached for a towel.

After that,
She draped her lovely naked flesh and headed to her neighbor's door.

A young man lived there,
He was louder than her music and a better compliment
To her flesh than a bottle of cleaning fluids.

...solutions...on a cool
Saturday afternoon.

someone else

Mad drunks,
The game show serial killer just
Pried open a box of cereal
With an open-faced
Butcher knife.

Pouring wine over those flakes,
He missed the meaning
Somewhere
Along the road that
Caters to all.

Yet whispers
Small something's when
No one
Else is

Paying attention.

SOMETHING LOST

Bound,
 Round,
 Bounding,
Introducing family,
 Toting friends
As though strangers,
The
Hip
 Hop
 Hap
--
mop
reality of the sounds in expression,
blips
 bleeps
bop
 hop
of something lost.

SOUTHERN U.S. LAND

A world on
Wheels,
The salary bit the painter,
A kaleidoscope ring moving
Into a bubble of childhood,
Rings in mist,
The land on the ground,
Tuna fish jumping from her pockets,
The tow truck drivers yellow light sending out a warning to the death evaders,
The end of billboard death
As I leave this Baton Rouge hotel room
Into a new
 New
Fucking southern American land.

STANDING STILL

Man playing a flute
In
The back alley towards a 3rd floor window.

I tell him,
“Nice piece of metal you have.”

“Yes. Yes it is,” he responds.

Going to open my car door,
A black man is coming to his car
In the parking lot
Looking for his lost pack of cigarettes.

“You need one? I have some if you need,”
I ask him.

“Shit not. Thanks, man.
I just need to find those 20 sticks. They’re around here somewhere,”
He tells me out of breath.

Sure...sure..
The night the flute music hopped to,
The flute man played while walking between apartment buildings
As the
World hummed a tune
With burning cigarettes in the long ash tray
And
My running engine
Going down an
Avenue standing somewhat

Still.

style; fucking ingenuity

Man with dentures
Sat down,
Nothing but his gums knawing on
Live air,
And poured a bowl full of pulled teeth.

Pouring in
Milk and spitting over
His cloak,
He found reason
In his bowl of teeth.

Yet,
More meaning in
Eating the damn 1st meal
Of the day
With
Style & ingenuity.

sweet nipple

A LOOSE BLACK
DOG,
TWO GIRLS COME ALIVE SHOUTING
OVER
ERRANT FIREWORKS
CRACKING IN THE FAINT BACKDROP,
A HORSE IN A NEARBY FIELD,
ALL THE CORN MEAL
STILL AROUND IN THE WORLD,
COOL LIGHTS,
WOMEN
WITH SWEAT HANGING OFF NIPPLES IN THE
COLD OF A LITTLE COOL
IN THE NIGHT.

the apple pie

No way to fly
And
Fewer ways
To
Come
Out
And talk some more.

The severed knuckle lying
In a warm plate of whipped topping,
A
Voice came from the cabinet
That
Said,
“Cold is just another degree on the scale.”

He looked around
The
Room and felt the floor below him turn
Into water.

Quickly,
He fell off his chair and began swimming
In the waters that suddenly appeared below him.

The longer he was under,
The better he felt and
Less oxygen felt
Just
So.

He went
Up and about
Looking at the clouds
Forming in his water
For a kitchen floor.

When he was done,
He went back up to his chair
And
Pulled out a big
Strawberry pie
And
Began
Humming

America .. America ..
What have you done to the apple pie?

THE EYE IN THE "I" SEA

Words starting with "I",
You are an "I",
With another as you refer to
Yourself with that person are an "I",
The magic vowel on
A shelf of consonants,
You will be reading to "I" if you read these words,
You and I with a hundred pair of eyes looking at I as a sailor says
"Aye, aye" to a captain,
it's you as "I" as the eye builds blood vessels,
it's you as the "I" while and
"I" in

the sea become
an eye.

THE LAUGHTER ECHOS

Tall women
With red hair
Sits next to me,
Article on this “Information Age” and “The Great Disruption”,
FDR lying silent on the dime discussion,
Ripley believing it as
You are indeed not,
Another planetary solar system is discovered
Through the grand reflective mirror on the mountain,
The totes for another tandem dip,
A loud dream awakened in the silence,
A corsage next to her breast,
All the crocodiles laughing at the tigers
And you standing there
As
This
Age of ours
Becomes years
And the laughter

Echos.

E

Eec .. .

the looking world

Women mad
And crazy roving around from
Bars to streets
And back to homes
Dreaming of men stripping off their
Pants...trousers.

Sugar skin
And lumps of health
Dancing or
Prancing
Around their heads as the clocks
Hold still on the wall
To take care of
The
Raging
Eyes dancing behind their time flaps of skin
That lead down to
Their
Mystery.

Licking sweat off their
Top lip,
Ripping sheets open with the
Tops of toes as
They
Gear their flesh deeper into
Thought.

Their men
Have finally come
With nothing but the hair and
Flesh intended to
Make
The
Women feel as though they were never "little girls."

Christ,
These girls continue
To rip paint off the walls
With fingernails as
The
Men come forward
To
Swim in the wet waters.

The women try to pull their
Eyes down
Bobbing to the back of their head.

All these fucking hormones

Driving down a street with no middle line,
An exhaust pipe pulling out
Fumes
That
Were never
A
Part of the complete infrastructure.

A shout in broad daylight,
Fainter sounds in the dead of light.

Women
In their dreams,
Men finding out a little more
As the sweat tastes like water from an old Midwestern lake.

2 milk duds looking for the
movie theater,
men
never putting
their
pants on for

their women
or
the looking world.

the thereafter

the booming bangs
pat tat .. too .. tat
going down the
boulevard as
I come outside to my vehicle

And find that some unclever
Piece of nothin'
Ripped my driver's side
Mirror away from the guts
Of my car . .

An Irish folk festival with all the
Green .. orange .. white balloons
Steamed over
The
Roadway like a rainbow
As
I look to my left
To scour traffic behind me –

All I find is a dangling mirror looking

At the ground,
How it moves,
How it reflects –

So,
Here with visions a following
And the tune of human voices and bands playing with a drunken
Joviality
That perks up my shattered mirror and
Dirtied body
Feeling sweat
And
The
Sight from a mirror

In the hereafter.

the thirst fight

She slips past you
With
A
Smile as you fight for something to say
From all the words you knew several minutes ago.

Her blouse reminds
You of things that could be done naked on
A
Warm night
Below a sexy moon
If only
You could
Remember where you hit that
Jar full of change in
A
An underwear drawer.

Female in yellow
Stopping you below a green light on the intersection
Corner
Whispering
To you
Words
That could
Only sound beautiful coming from her mouth.

Madame in
The bottom of a beer bottle

The last mouthful so warm
That
Could only mean

That thirst is worth fighting for.

their sleeved fashion

Cold air
Over blankets,
British in
A
Broadcast booth
As morning blooms like boiled rice
In London.

Now,
In a dark corridor
Of sleepy American eyes,
We paw at the clouds that will bring rain,
Laugh out the puddles in the eye of our
Tap water
Waiting in the sewer.

Turning up the temptations,
They ensure,
Sipping on the chipped
End of the
Glass as smooth
Bottoms go
In
Their sleeved fashion.

their wet words

Jingle-style branches spread
Out from my view as the typer ring echoes in my hearing
And the cacti become more pointed
In the excitement of a new
Verb being mixed with all the
Prepositions.

She just disrobed one floor below me
In her lover's apartment for
Some
Gravy afternoon love
As the Mexican man two floors down across the hall
In his apartment building that once
Had hotel hums
With one PM sex
As the others outside curse
Umbrellas in the fast approaching rains that will soon have their consequence
With our days.

Mints melting under a few tongues
As the blank pieces of canvass cream
About all the paints in the
Artist's shop.

Both women right below my floor
Just screamed in unison
As I go to
Put this period down
On the first thought at
The
End of their love words.

they may forget

They pulled themselves
Across the room as though they had
A
Mission to carry out.

They slapped all the morons
In the back of the head
Behind their ears as they gave
All the women attending in the room
A
Good wink
For posterity.

Then,
They spoke of the coast
And all the reasons why they
Wouldn't be going back there any
Time soon.

Yes,
The home on the coast that
At one time treated them so
Well,
Yet now they couldn't bear
Anymore unconvincing thoughts.

So,
For now they surveyed the scene and made what is rightly theirs....

Indeed theirs
For now
And
The
Other nights

They may forget.

THOSE AFTER

He slid the frozen pizza off the hood of
His car,
Winked to the newly green spring trees
And took to a meal like many men before
With a
Question of style for those thereafter.

THOSE FRENCH

Black man trailing
Down the side of the boulevard yielding a big stick,
Ambitious of
Pulling up the roadside trash of
Cars

Trucks
RV's
Motorists times 2,000,
As he looks over a low brimmed cap
At on-coming and descending traffic.

Ready to pick to pieces the trash,
Talking some good trash as the
White people hide in the suburbs
And a beautiful black couple give
Birth
To
A
Baby nearby
While the Asians
Laugh with the mighty Mexicans
This 4 May 1999
Before the liberation celebration

From those French.

THROUGH GATES

The city,
Cities,
Putting on their pretty motifs
For Lenny's arrival,
This as my plane maneuvers around,
As the pilot put it,
"Some bad, patchy weather around Kansas City"

Yet,
We landed and the sun was shining,
Forgetful of the morning moon over a mountain,
The songs in a dusk provided by day
As the world watchers behold,
Their filming a piece in the Denver International Airport
As the beautiful women
Look away in
Hollywood "Denver"
As the security man
At the gate
Gives a thumbs up for
Another clean escape

Through the gates.

TO HANDLE

“I hope to sweet Christ
we make it there on time,”
she says.

“Yea. What if we don’t make it there at all?”
he revolves.

“We have to! Late, on time, an hour late. No other choice,”
she responds in haste.

“Horse shit. We’re distinguished by our choices.
Let’s go to a liquor store and get a bottle of wine. Then, find
A nice parking lot, have a good talk and go about it in the naked night,”
He says.

“Your fucking crazy! No way. We have to be there,”
she says in mild hysterics.

“Bullshit!” he replies. “Come on. We’ll say we had car trouble,” he grabs her hand with meaning.

She says nothing more as she reaches her
Hand to his inner thigh and the accelerator rises to speeds the night was to handle.

trash letter

Went to the post office to
Make my mail legal for transfer.

Saw the glint of handwriting
On a faint green piece of tablet paper.

It was hanging off the lip of a full trashcan for
Some passing eyes to take
More notice than the intended audience
From the hands of no doubt an older man.

His name was J.J. Rowland.

Writing Daniel that all this talk
Of the Great Depression and the END is being splattered
Over tabloid shows and more.

Though he makes it clear that form the
“time of the winds last night” .. (C.S. Lewis)
is upon us.

All religions
And faiths will join with the judges under one faith,
He said.

J.J. also said that most people
Want the good life and security ..
Though the Lord will be a better
Bet in the long run.

A long run it is,
From the trash Daniel threw away to
My looking eyes.

Surveying his alluding to
To Colossians 4:6 and Jude 3.

Yes,
Another lost letter in the
Post office talking
Of the END of the end of this age
And world.

LIVE YOUR LIVES

Folks,
Daniel – J.J.
And the
Others writing

And receiving letters.

**TWO IN THE SAME
AT A BUILDING**

Roused
From
Bed,
Woman
Stands and sees
A
Familiar
Man
Standing at bed foot.

She peers up,
With her breast hanging like
Two happy dogs on a leash
And
Says,
“Baby it’s been so long.
How did you find out where I was?”

“I’ve been here to whole time...”
he responds.

“What?”
she asks while shaking some green magic from around
her eyes.

“I have been here the whole time with you.
There was no way I could go out there into the field
Of faces and sea of sounds without you
There as a voice of reason,”
He says.

“Where have you been hiding?”
she asks.

“I’m telling you I have been here the whole time,”
he says.

“You’re not making any sense. Where have you been?”
she says with some nervous disdain in her slowly
waking mouth.

“Here sweetheart. Here in this building.
Living right below you the whole time,”
He says.

“No. Your fucking putting me on,”
she says with wider eyes.

“Not a chance. Been very elusive,
sugar rice,”

he says with a sideways glance to a pair of her fluorescent green shoes
laying on the ground.

“Why have you waited 4 months to come up
and let me know this. I thought it was completely over,”
she says.

“As did I. Though, I wanted you to get on with your life.
Though, the burden of proof is too hard to carry sometimes.
I get dizzy vision, a sick stomach and a swarm of thoughts that shouldn't be running
Through my mind. I have other thoughts I want to focus on.
Such as your happiness,”
He says.

A tear trickles down her eye.

“Get in this bed. Touch my skin and pull off those blinders on your body,”
she says.

At this,
He slowly crawls into her bed
As she reaches for the top button of his pants.

He pulls her face closer to his
As the other man in the kitchen pantry
Comes out quietly and leaves her apartment.

Closing the door lightly,
He laughs
Just loud enough to be heard.

Though,
The couple cannot hear a thing in
Her bed.

All they hear in the peripheral noises going
About the room
Is a
Running toilet
In the man's apartment below
As his
Woman at the moment
Comes out of the bathroom
Finally noticing that
This “strange” yet warm man
Has left.

Shit continues to heat up in the
Apartment above
As the woman below reaches for her
Blouse on the floor for a quick getaway
From his apartment.

Fully clothed and ready to leave,
She utters the word “FUCK” loudly while
Closing the door

As the
Couple upstairs
Hit
A
Climax

A newlywed couple
Would
Marvel at.

UGLY FICTION

Bits of broken
Mirror
Rumbling blind
Through
A
Dish washer.

Cleansing the bad years of coming
Luck for the unlucky.

Our human hand
At
Reversing
Ugly,
Fictional fate.

undue wonder

Eye's sing
With
Sting as
Lights shine
From refracting mirrors,
A peace deal is officially
Announces
After 79 days of
Bombs covered
More tax dollars
Than water on earth.

More debates on gun control
And who to blame in the
Eternal American scene
Of pointing the post to the most obvious
In a crowd.

They want "individuality, creativity,"
Yet once shown,
They act as though they have
Been robbed by an
Illegal alien
In a
Stranger's shoal.

Yes,
As the eyes sing with sting,
Bare feet hide
In cloth
Not fit for their
Undue critique.

UPSIDE DOWN LAUGHTER

OPEN WINDOWS
BEAMING THEIR
BLACK LIGHT THIS
SIDE OF THE BRICK WALL
APARTMENT UNIT,
SUMMER
COMING THROUGH THE
TREES
HERE AS SPRING SAYS
“NO MORE”

BANANAS ROTTING ON THE
DINING TABLE,
PINE TREES WELCOME
FLYING BIRDS
LIKE WHORES ENTICING THE RICH MAN
INTO THEIR MYSTERY REGION.

A FLUTE IN A DRAWING
AND
AN ANNOUNCEMENT THAT LOOKS
AT ME IN JUST THIS FASHION:

Everybody Loves to Laugh!

u.s.a. j-a-z-z

Jazz mistress
Singing
Into
The
Microphone
Used
Over
And
Over
And
Over gain
In the clairvoyance
Defined by some,
Lived by others
And
Crooned
In
One
Of the
Few beautiful
American
Means of ways.

USELESS

It hasn't ended,
When it ends
Will it really end?

Their fucking useless words,
Their eyes that dart about
What they don't believe in.

I want truth
As the tears dry and their lies become laughter.

The smile emerging is sunrise
As we
Sit down
To a thing of what is called
Debauchery or

The cure.

VEHICLE OF MOTION

I READY
FOR SLEEP HERE
AT 12:33 IN THE AM
WITH TRAINS SOUNDING
I KNOW MORE THAN LIVING OR MORTALITY,
SOUNDING THE WHISTLE OVER AND OVER
TO AVOID A COLLISION,
THEIR GIVING ME THE SOUNDS AS THOUGH
THE NIGHT IS MORE THAN
ALIVE,
IT'S THE SURVIVAL
FO
THE
LAST MOVING VEHICLE
STANDING.

vignette

An upper case memory
As
A
Uniball rolls and glides over
A
Distraught dream brought
Once more back to life by the
Vision of a guardian
Plucked from the eye
Of this universe and placed back in
The
Only luckless place that has
Enough wisdom to stand up against
The
Muck for the
Crying pace of a
Virgin trying
To
Find her
Lost
Bra
In a world
Full of heavenly thoughts
And
Panties
That indeed shrink
In

The heat of a dryer.

WAR & THE DRINKS

Buildings in
Kosovo ripped by blind bombs,
More explosions turn off a Western fate
As a Balkan war against Yugoslavia continues.

With silence here in the urban
Neighborhood show,
Laughter up the way now at 2:21AM,
With another 39 minutes of lapping in the drinks
Whores
Blind charity
A Friday evening called by the lemon rhine,
Fights-sirens go over Macedonia
Over
Over.

Ridiculous delivered in their silence,
Pentagon 'plugging' up the wholes
Of the ass with blinders
The size
Of
A
King size sheet.

We go over
And
Over,
War
Drinks,
Over
Over

Over & OUT.

watching their faces

Microwaves on the fringe
as the refrigerator ices down
the lettuce we once ate.

Toaster ovens replaced by tanning salons,
Another hint of
A
Cure to cancer came over
The news wires today.

Here in the sweat of open faced toes,
The air conditioner seeping in
Ringing bells for
Forgiven tokens,
Friday on earth
With laughter traveling your way.

All
Of
My neighbors
Have gone to watch crime on another one's television set
Instead of watching it

Happen before their faces.

week of years

She lives out there,
Pulling hangars from an
Empty closet
That hung his clothes.

She shines in a silent stare that
Could make an army ant take a vacation
As I sit naked
Under
Air-conditioned covers with
Not a loaf of
Bread
And more paints than pickles.

She smells of a fresh salt coast as
She
Pulls that second bra strap over
Her shoulder laughing at the beauty
Of the female figure and
How crazy the ball sack looks glistening with sweat
In the dark.

She's picking up little, imaginary people
Off the carpet
As the "Nutcracker Suite" plays at
Full blast over blown speakers,
Yet she hears every note as though
She is live in front of the smallest on-stage
Musician playing a violin.

She hops around the coffee maker on an
Invisible
Pogo stick
As the television falls off the meager stand in
The 2:12 a.m. night.

She knows more than the mocking bird and
Wags her bones
More gracefully than
A
Zebra's tail on the plain.

She has her
Hour strung like paper dolls
About
The
Day.

I hold those scissors
Beckoning her
Into my

Week
Of
Years.

wet lube

She stands in her
White overalls,
Sagging fashionable
for the pimp daddies and cultural
Man eaters.

Calling her boys
As the pimped boys grill up
Meats below the arches,
Fleeting beauties passing in black cars
As
The horny folks with their dashed and sprinkled innocence escape under
The porn store sign
Proclaiming where fun and fantasy meet.

Funny and fascinating characters
Pushing the line
And some more later as
The
Girl hands up the parking lot phone silently
To watch a man and woman in a car pull into the
Machine shot for
A

Healthy lube & oiling.

WHEN IT DOES

Strapped
Into seat
While upright folks
Walk
About.

Moving lips,
No response
From other end.

Nurse lifts up needle
To draw blood
As the young man
Lifts his head higher to see
The clouds
Turn into
Bright
Pennies hanging in place
Of clouds
Like lucky lovers
In the last
Hour
Of
Plans.

Later,
He walks down the street
Rubbing the tiny
Hole left
From the lab jive,
Listening to
Laughter
Coming
Out of 3rd deck in a
Familiar
Apartment compartment.

He stops
To look longer,
The takes out a nickel
And lifts it
Up
Against the pennies burning
Through
The atmosphere.

His time ahead of him
Like a clock licking an ice cream cone,
The
Day will
End

Later

Yet
He won't know it
When it does.

WHITE MAN MAGIC IN MISSOURI

He presents magic
Several blocks down the
Road at a Cajun restaurant
That laps up his show every time he
Comes through the door
With his boxed props and
Loud look
That portends displeasure.

His name is Joshua Black.

A local legend of off-hand magic
Mystery
Mind-reading
Card tricks
The like.

Every Wednesday, Friday and Saturday nite
He would
Get his gig together for the Cajun crowd of many laughs
And lewd jokes that would make Joshua fall
From his leg stools with
A roar of laughter.

He had the look in his eye,
When no one was watching,
That there was something more dreadfully evident
To him about mystery
Than the crowds could ever pretend to understand.

Night after night,
The free drinks,
Offers from the women for free massages and more
If he ever felt that lonely air begin wrapping around his neck.

Joshua was getting higher up into
His 60's and the magician gig by night
Followed by his courier job by day was
Beginning to get both dull
And taxing at once.

So,
He decided he would have to give up one his jobs.

To make this decision final
He would tell both places that he was thinking of tossing in his shoes
The top hat
Snickering
Jokes
Water glass
Happy white towel
For an easier ride

And more time to concentrate on what
He loved the most:
Playing his Mandolin.

After several weeks of letting both
Employers know that he was thinking seriously on being
Permanently on the outs,
The heard plenty about how he was going to be missed and
Why he shouldn't leave either trade.

So,
Joshua sat down one weekend off and pondered hard
To some radio, mandolin, old voodoo books,
Mind reading tales with old friends from the International Brotherhood of Magicians.

When Monday morning came around Joshua Black's phone rang.

It rang.

Rang.

More rings.

No answer.

He packed up his belongings on that Sunday evening.

Headed out of town.

For what?

Not even this writer can portend to know the whereabouts of Mr. Joshua Black.

A true man of magic does things the living and dead cannot pretend to comprehend.

Gone.

Defeating the skepticism.

Making the memorial before he left.

No ideas here...

Have you seen Joseph White?

The real man of this Kansas City tale.

WHO COULD HAVE?

A fat balloon
Filled with
Hydrogen
Goes

High
Into blues
Of
Backdrop sky.

Flutter,
Wag,
Wiggle,
Jammed up there like a sock in a used pair of shoes,
The
Sky

Screams.

Opening it's large
Mouth
In defiance.

The balloon raises higher
With
A
Life that
Tilts the mouth
Of
The sky into a stern smile

As hands

Collapse

And we

Whistle a short tune we never knew.

Never
Ever

Could have...

WITH A PEN

Shock by the Gulf,
Seafood on the coast,
A dream evaporating into mist,
She waves with a hypnotic smile,
Waving in a flight attendant uniform,
Wearing nothing in a package of beauty
You
Don't
Want
To
Open
Too
Early.

with a smile

There are things
You
Don't wish for people to disclose
To you
Throughout the day.

Tale of how
Their fed up
With all the "bullshit".

Innuendos
Of
Sexual mischief,
The lost
Stool from a childhood that had too many
Chair stacked around the kitchen table.

A numb even you were
Invited to because you
Ran into the wrong person
On the watch
That
Doesn't reside on your
Wrist.

The wire hangers that tore
Through the sleeve of her dress
And
A metal iron that gave out while he steamed
His work shirt in the
Calm morning glow.

You may not want to hear this.

Yet,
Hear this.

For if not from me,
They will tell you without a smile.

YET THROUGH TRUE

Water rolling over my
Naked chest,
The night of more Midwestern storms,
Orange paints,
The end of cancer birth,
The negligence of no self-education,
Eyes watching the mindless television dots,
Ashore away from the bay,
Nine clocks chimed in our one night life
As 2 days come to an end
And the
Lover becomes yet
Through true.

young girl's dream

Overnight at
The radio station,
They purport this
Could have been a miserable
Career choice.

They try to
Cover the world's justice,
Yet transgress law at leisure.

Guts in shoe heels,
Love in lost corners,
The air tastes like lime
As
An empty
Wine bottle
Shatters in
The

Young girl's dream.

YOUR NEW PLAN

LIGHT MUSIC,
WAYS THEY
PLANNED THEIR LIFE.

MEALS EATEN WITH PLASTIC FORKS,
WAYS
THEY COULDN'T PLAN THEIR
LIFE.

MONSTERS IN MOVIES,
ALL THE PLANS
THEY DIDN'T SEE COMING.

SILENCE WHEN YOU WANTED TO TALK,
THINGS
THAT WORK OUT WITHOUT
PLANNING.

STONES IN SIMMERING COALS,
PLANS YOU NEVER WANT
TO MAKE
ON YOUR WATCH.

ICE IN THE THIRSTY WOMAN'S BELLY,
PLANS THAT COULDN'T BE
ANY FAIRER.

BELLS SHOVED DOWN THE WHISTLE'S HOLE,
A CHILD
PLANNING THE
BEGINNING
OF YOUR

NEW WORLD.

YOUR SIGHT

I love you,
I love her,
I see her,
I smell her,
While she is now away,
Like cotton in the sweat of my loins.

Hear the near,
She is close,
Lover in this rain that falls,
We speak through the failed phone.

Good night for our omens,
Our love,
Your sight.

2 SIDES BETWEEN BREAD

Have you ever held your hand up to the light?

Wondering a thought by the faucet loudly
Pushing air about the room?

Was there ever a time that midnight felt
Like the middle of the day?

Has there been a book you have
Read recently where it seemed as though the first page was
The last one?

Have you wished upon a star or exhumed candle?

Do fables and fantasies wash and crackle with your
Tired toes at night?

How many marbles do you have in your pocket?

Is there anymore lunch meat in the
Refrigerator
Or is
It
The
Mustard that is the issue?

3rd nipple

Waking
In the morning
With your naked lover
As the first through is
To not
Make that trip into work today.

For Dylan rained on your
Car and the sun just dropped a cloth towel
The size of a large human hand
To soak in the
Filthy love.

Naked as a winter hen,
Hot coffee flowing from a ceiling fan,
Work didn't make any sense
From what you
Were really taught
By a voice that
Breathes below the breast pocket

Of your third nipple, baby.

50 cent piece

English speaking
Of
Last day of 1999 Eastern European
War
As peace resolves hammer
On the mallet
And
The next
World comes closer to the shins.

Racking a nuclear missile,
While spinning over
The
Young French girl's prized
American

50 cent piece.

1:46pm

SINISTER
AGENTS
LAUGHING WHEN YOUR NOT AROUND.

A NEW FRIEND
THAT OWNS
14 MOTORCYCLES
AND NOT ONE INCH OF
REAL ESTATE.

TWO CATS FIGHTING IN
A STRANGER'S BACK YARD
WHILE THINKING
LIFE IS THE ONLY COOL GIG
GOING DOWN.

360 FEET CROSSED

Blank slate,
Dressed
All in gray.

A dazzle
Of a day
That doesn't come
Very few in
The often.

A saw ripping
Over wood in
A
Backyard close by,
The Italian cook in the hospital
Sings over
Some
Artichoke hearts.

Motions moving
As half the world
Moves
Away down the street
And through automatic doors
To spend
Their
Spree of bi-weekly cash
For their
Work turned in under an
Auspicious name.

Anger tenderized
By the mix of subconscious,
Pleasure
Brought forth
By what
Can be deciphered
In that land that
Does little
To mask the dreams.

A conscious afternoon
As thick clouds bump into cars,
Think
Clouds play compass
In this dream work
Looking over every degree
Of this

360 foot pie.

4/27/99 & ANOTHER

Old woman in patterned flowers,
Pinks-greens-blues,
Yellow background,
Comes around again
On
Airport taxi.

Going around and around with
Taxiway pavement heating up
As the end of this
Love

Becomes another

New beginning.

A DEATH DIVE WITH HER

The plane begins
To take a slow dive towards the ground at over
19,000 nautical feet above the ground.

Shaking and slicing through walls of blue and clouds in drift,
He begins to panic some as
A
Patient, attractive female
To his left begins to giggle.

He turns to her quickly as the
Plane gains speed toward the ground.

Overhead bins ripping open,
Screams,
Shrieks,
Mild chaos as
The pilot announces,
“This isn’t good. We should be at 19,000 feet.
We’re trying to get back on course.”

At this,
The young man has one last request.

To suck the nipple and bare breast of the
Beauty seated to his left.

She has remained remarkably patient at his side.

He wipes his mouth,
Then speaks,
“Look honey, I’m a breast man. Always have been...” he started.

The chaos continues,
The plane is tilted about 60 degrees forward as things
Are flying and the woman begins taking off her shirt.
(She was never wearing a bra)

She winks,
Remains patient.

He begins sucking gently on that beautiful pink nipple
Above all that unreal
Brown flesh.

Then,
His head abruptly snaps back.

His eyes wide open in a flash
And
He looks down into his lover’s eyes

As he ejaculates in the heat of the moment
In their home.

He notices her heavily patient eyes
As he reaches his trembling hand down to touch her lips..

Letting out a loud jingle of laughter
As she squirms to feel him in her more and reaches her hand to close his eyes again.

With eyes closed,
He sees himself on another plane trip.

He rolls the dice for another death dive with her.

A LONG LEASE

Rocket memoir

As

A

Dead screen door sits in a pile of trash
On the end of a driveway block.

The sink coming to life
Ripped from its plumbing sitting
In the front of a garage door.

A hand ironing yarn
As the
Goose walks over the
Dead film reel of a flic
That had a hell of a time hitting the
London market
With a dazzle puzzle.

Confusion pocketed
In the “starter” purse
Of a little girl
Humming
The opening to
The “Barney Miller” show.

A red apple
Shooting new seeds from a rotten core
Into the
Wet ground
Called “ash”
By a politician pushing for
More money in his district.

Whipping a drama
Into a cowering smirk,
The
Humanity march asking
Who bought her those
Flowers before
They
Stop
To have a good sniff
From the fourth sense

As to
How

It could feel if the bullshit was let free

Of it's long lease.

A SEA OF SOULS

*A new article
Said
That people are using religion.*

*Using the faith for
Their own purposes in bringing together
A sense of community.*

Using the faith they proclaim.

*Now this may be the reason
Why I have no faith in these no-style
People that call themselves,
In their tepid tone,
Born again souls.*

a shoelace

Free zone
Thoughts
Go over
Room,
The warm ice cycle
Melting in a snow storm,
A man with no
Head asking
A question from a groove in his
Chest,
Spots in the sky raining
Hail,
The freckle popping a zit,
A norm going unusual,
A ham pecking a chicken
To corn mush,
Sounds becoming noises,
rent looking like a profit,
A twist becoming mobility
As
An
End becomes forever while the
Chain on the door looks

Like a shoelace.

'A WRITING

She wants
To
Take the full-time job
So
That she can write at night.

A poet.

Another career
Or paycheck
She wants to take on.

Joining the rest of the
Dogs in
A
Pack
Trickling down the
Saliva into the pools
Of
Yonder.

Bred on
Soups,
Brought in by the cracker,
Writing,
As they say,
When they can.

Do you have your shit packed about
You rightly enough to do what you want?

A job on the side?

Or writing...

When you've made that decision,
The
Job can go off wandering for the next cog in the clock
To make sure
The
Hand in the tick
Turns.

Turning until dizzy.

When coffee begins tasting like 99% water
And the
Flies look larger this year than
The
Past years
That have gone
Over the pen doing thought.

Yes,
She says she's a writer
Using the tool for all the power it can
Drip on the paper.

I write as well.

Not waiting for the day in a silent
Miracle
That has the sound of
Lush music.

Taking the day
Like freedom
Taking
What the body will turn it into?

You writers.

Writing.

ABOVE AN ARTERIAL

Air flight #1702 or something
Of that nature,
Told me were flying three-fourths the way
To the speed of sound,
At more knots that are tied
Into
A
Pretzel on
A
Shoe lace budget in a whorehouse.

With -37° below here in the sky
As the clouds
Lay like fantasy mountains
In whipped topped lofts that
Look like dogs or cats ears good enough
To rub against lips
Or
Stir that froth mix with a 9-mile stir stick
Made of green lava
From the holes
That creep
Away from the openings.

Holes that abound a flight wing
Parallel to the moon with
2° of gravity in
nasty weather on ground
and sun here
above
-above
ethereal.

across & across

You forget where they
Day
Is
Going.

You resist where the
Week
Resides on the
One calendar you don't own in
A
World
Stocked full of months.

You let the
Glaze lie over your
Eyes because
A
Clearer peek would
Take the spontaneity out of things.

You every number
As though it has
You
Pegged,
Yet feel an ease that
Is
Nothing but right.

You
Fall back on a
Plot of hot sand next to the ocean
At
6:09 p.m. on some day
during a month

knowing that this plot
is another
timeless tale told in other plots

across
&
across.

addictive breath

She holds his
Belly into place
As he
Holds his
Throat together
In
Much
The
Same fashion
For the words rang
Out
Like a call
That was never to be answered,
Yet
Received so
In
The
Sense made again and again
In the last breath of an addictive smoke.

AIRPORT CHECK #114

I came into the airport
With no cigarettes and
A
Thirst for a fucking nice, tacky posts card.

Found the soft pack of nicotine I was looking for,
Over \$3.50 to pound my body,
The postcard said "Olatta Bull"
From the
Heart of Texas.

A heart in the
Floor,
A
Temptation took the soul out for ice cream.

I headed towards the outdoors for my cigarette pleasure as the
Turnstile glass door roved in a
Winding way to
Replicate the carrying voices.

Voices of a lend,
Voices of
A
New.

This,
As I came back through
After some time with
The erect tobacco and matches,
The metal detector goes off through the security check.

This didn't happen before.

Someone must have planted me with
Something away from my eye.

I scave my cavity with my own hands,
Go through the search door again.

Another unlucky jingle.

I look towards the ethnic black man
Not of this land with arms slightly raised and ask him,
"How? I just came through and not a sound went off."

"Shit. Shit, this guy's been hit,"
he tells his staff companions and me.

"Come here. Quick!"
he yells to several of his assistants in a panic.

They come over quickly with opened eyes and terrified
Looks while searching me over cautiously.

“Remove clothing. All garments at once,”
a small Asian woman tells me.

“Shit no. You serious? Here and now?”
I ask. “At least let me go into a closed room.” I further request.

“No time. Right now. Fucking here,”
a black man says backing up his co-worker.

This going down as time becomes more than a warped
Roll of impeccably slow movement.

People are mounting around.

Teams of them drive towards the commotion and grandstand with curiosity.

Shit,
I couldn't blame them.

Yet,
The crowds keep their distance.

The lines to get through the mystical security detector continue to mount
By the second.

Security personnel begin screaming people away from me.

“LEAVE!” they scream. “Danger...GO!”

Security shouts this several times in the direction of the
Gathering folks.

I begin unbuttoning my Oxford shirt as the others begin doing the same with my pants
And begin removing my shoes, socks and undershorts.

Within seconds I'm totally nude with a world of people looking on...

The crowd of people is horrified by my sight.
Security paces around as one Sr. level man comes near me with a gun and tells me sternly to run around.

“Quick. Do it quickly,” he commands.

“Christ. You guy's better not be fucking with me. What the hell is going on?”
I shout loudly.

“No more talk,”
the man says.

The white man raises his gun
As I pass out.

The next moment I recall is wrapped-up inside a bathrobe in the back office bunker

Of the airport office space that smells of antiseptic and medications galore.

I was told that someone used me as a cog to carry out his or her plan to
Alter time.

Nothing more was told to me.

Several faceless humans then gave me a stack of crisp \$100 bills and told me to go
Change into my clothing.

As I got up to do so,
They said,
“No questions. You are a lucky lad.”

I notice my lower back is aching badly and
The airport is really a warehouse.

Then,
An ease came over me that would likely never
Be explained.

ALL FOR NOW

The smell of pot smoke
Trailing from underneath
Their apartment door,
Silent washers and dryers,
A nasty not for one that leaves
Their trash in the hallway of top steps
In apartment building,
Decree reads,
“Take out your trash – YOU LAZY FUCK!”

Yes,
dispose
Of that waste
Both for all
And all for

Now.

ALL THAT DOWN BELOW

NOON OVER
MORNING MOUNTAIN OF DENVER,
MY EYE FOLLOWS THE SHADOW
OF
THIS PLAN AS IT APPROACHES THE RUNWAY
AND
THE WINDS CURL LIKE EMPTY THOUGHTS IN A VACUUM MADE
CHEAPLY.

HERE WHERE COLD IS WARMTH,
HIGHER ALTITUDES WITH LIGHTER AIR,
I SEE THE SPOTS OF PPURPLE-GREE-RED-AMOEBAS
FLASH IN
THE WHITE OF A CLOUDED WINDOW AND EYES CLOSED IN A
TRAVEL BELOW SOUND
AND
ABOVE

ALL THAT BELOW.

all the rest in silence

A cynic and
Nihilist meet
For a cup of coffee.

Once they arrive,
They decide to start with a cup of water
And sit outside on
A couple slabs of
Steps.

Shortly thereafter,
They began rationizing the
Reasons why they should be at
A
Bar instead of a coffee shop.

They take up their feet
And plastic cups down the street
To the nearest bar.

On the way there
They begin discussing violence in the American classroom
And
The recent train wreck in India.

As they get lost in discussing the non-existence of both problems
And the existence at the same time,
They end up going to a drug store to buy
That day's newspaper
As a result of an argument over a newsworthy item
They couldn't get the facts straight on.

After getting the newspaper,
They discuss the issue,
A recent vote by the city on whether liquor sales
Should extend past 1:30 a.m.

The cynic won this argument.

An argument about nothing
As
They both

Failed to agree on whether they were really
Thirsty
Or
Just bullshitting themselves.

For this
They just kept walking and talking down
Streets here and

There arguing
And
Keeping

All the rest in silence.

all yellow

World
Transformed
By the click of her shoe
Heels
Walking down pre-Fall sidewalk.

A little girl dropping a penny
Off the top of a high building
Into the coffee cup
Of a passing man below .. the styrofoam bottom
Shattered sending coffee
To the ground.

Panda bear in
Warm afternoon zoo looking out
At all the people wondering why they are coming
By as his parents and other bear pals
Wipe
And
Tumble in their natural habitat not
Knowing what a human
Species actually looks like.

The color yellow meaning something to
Beautiful young woman
Who just underwent a surgical procedure to
Correct her vision .. no she paints pictures
Using exclusively difference shads and hues of yellow.

A stack of erasers separated from
42 pencils,
pen ink in the shadows she etches while sitting in
the sun bathed chair outside ..

in what you see,
why they do.

answers – they seek

they wield eyes as though
they would love to know
the answers,
yet have no idea about
how they will go about
finding answers.

Barely past their curfews and
Well below the bar of time,
They look around for a knowing face
Within the maddening
Chaos they create
For
Their own selves.

And now .. after all that time
That has gone by and eclipsed with the light
Of more than distant galaxies,
The answers to those
Questions are
On
Their way . .

Traveling towards
Their skinny unknown
White faces

As they get up to leave
The room or catch some more images
Off television that couldn't give
A
Care or chance

At the answers they seek.

ANY LAZY WAY

Amazing words as
Russia falls asleep,
Little vices as China seethes at the U.S. again here 99 of May, 99
A coming summer that could be called post-winter,
A lost tug boat off the port of Alaska,
Rotten sardines in the socks of all their wasted time,
Loud cows and a reason to walk.

Evolution in another city,
Erosion in any lazy way.

apartments looking

An open apartment
Window
With
No
Shades
Showing
One exposed
Piece
Of
Spilling light on the carpet.

Brick façade trying
To hold together
The
White
Lines that bring together
The
Reds into a harmony
That
Goes well with the spilling light
On
Carpeting in abandoned apartment.

Lost sounds
Of the Mexican girls running
Around the tree
3 stories
low
down
from the apartment that
has been stranded
for a better gig or
bigger
window
to look
out into the others
looking in.

APRIL COATED WONDERS

Mark your baggage and
Strap your mind back behind the fucking trench coat
Mafia blowing up malls
School s,
This as the innocence of a small blond girl in a ballerina uniform
Crossed the street before Dallas-Fort Worth airport.

The horns continue to honk and the sky continues
To fill with dreams of the folk kin walking and strolling about with temptations
Of running into a supermodel or actor.

The swirling lights of passing
Extended golf cars taking one
And other
From terminal to gate.

The mounting filth,
Broken wheelchairs,
Old women chattering
About bad health and plane delays.

Then,
I noticed the beauty of one of the more striking women I
Have seen in some time
Crossing the same ballerina street.

The back of her shirt
Said:
“FAITH IN CHAOS”

Yes and oh hell yes
With that flesh and the dreams beginning to fall from the yellow, blood sky.

I say,
“FAITH AND MORE FAITH IN SUCH CHAOS”

That was one
April coated wonder.

apt rent monies

names gliding across pages,
pretty faces
get ready
to speak ugly words.

Stuck,
Or by willing experiment
In
The creation called corporate America,
They slither over the floor
Like a human whistle
Counting down the lost years
And empty pages of potential that
Could have
Been.

Reason married to the vices,
They have to go home
And look at every night following
Their car rides,
Vacuum jokes,
If there is a sense of humor,
Then they cast their pent-up
Aggression on those
That see past
All this bullshit posted in
The CEO's joke . . .

Your check,
Or aptly termed

Rent money.

AT ONCE LOST

Sound in silence
Piercing the solids,
Beauty in a song,
Invisible as air,
Coming over wet brain as
The
Noodles of chance
Simmer on open range
And all the trickery of thieves outside the door.

Plans of seeing the world
On fire
Were put on hold
As the childish talk
Of a day-long conversation came reflecting off a mirror
In a
Pocket though to
Be
At once
Lost.

barrel roll relation

Young James goes over
To his girlfriend's house
Very late one evening for some talk,
Laughs,
Food,
Smiles and lover.

He knocks on the front door to no lights coming on
And on one on the other side.

She's with another man.

This he hardly understands or presumes.

He just lolls back towards and into his car
To take it out slow and easy on the street.

He'll never see this woman again
He agrees with the voices in his mind.

No time for the bullshit,
He assumes,
As he looks down at a Susan B. Anthony coin on the ground
Of his car
And laughs out so loud that a beautiful woman passing in a car
Next to him catches his eye and exchanges a brief casual smile telling
Him she was likely always gone in this
Barrel roll down the road for
Some food,
Talk,
Laughs,
Loving and the beautiful sanity in
The
Insane music of

This whole ride.

BEGINNING OF YOUR DAY

She's following
You
Home with mean
Eyes.

Looks that
Dig into the flesh like blade in dirt,
Turning
Wheels going
Wild
And
Mad down pavement laid
By angrier men and women.

Memorizing the
License plate,
She's going on
A
Following chase.

Making numbers up in her mind
To the sound of
Music that is more peripheral
Than real.

Racing and pulling at her
Panties sticking to her abdomen,
She has more than her eyes and bosom
Screaming for the
Followed
Road.

The followed road
Going past trees
That still grows here in July,
Dying
In
A

Calm whisper

Going over

The air pushing no fluid
From

Your windshield wipers dashing

In a flap across the end of their day
And
The beginning of yours.

Behind pronouns

Missing letters as I go
About
Getting this hand-written piece
Out to you before the mailman takes a nap.

Racing to type against the hand
Of
Guttenberg,
Our thoughts meander and forget in the
Next breath that had about
As much chance as the one before.

A salmon collecting dust in the
Farmer's box of produce,
A beautiful
Soul just
Left this world
From a
Call through the missing phone on the wall.

What I'm really trying
To
Say
In
More words than are
Unusual . .
Is that I see you

And you hide behind a pronoun.

bellied dream

Knocks on the ringer
Of the door,
Rocks planted in a garden out back,
The young woman creating visions
Of art as the world
Fuels another bloody wage of wars
As
The Congress people O.K.
More money to cover
The cause or lost,
Depending on the subjective spin
In objective loss of human life.

Giving more new and passing on
That many more rumors.

Whistlers in the Orient,
Beauty tucked away in
Sleek lips
She licks in
A
Fortnight
Lived longer than
A
Bellied dream.

BLENDING RICE

Are you ever
Going to get it down?

Will the divinity
Split into three laughing mouths?

Have the clouds walked on you lately over
22,000 feet off the feet of your ground?

Did the red wine ever taste more splendid?

60 seconds to boil the rice and annul the wedding chime,
a buck shot ripping through
the Oklahoma City tornado alley before the
calm bringing funnels down,
loose girls flirting with reason,
the superior laughing at the inequity
as we know and ever knew all along it
was
just
you and me.

BOAT WINGS

Patches of dirtied
Colorado air,
The atmosphere is crumbling
While
The
Universe laughs
At
This low flying boat
With wings.

breathe in the city

Smoke alarm
On
Wall
Tapping a scream
Every once in a while
As
The
Smoke
And
Cold air sift in their sneaking suspicions.

A tape recorder lying
Down
On the wooden top
As
A loud thunder of laughter in the floor
Below rips through someone else's sheets
And bed springs.

John Coltrane
Giving another brilliant note to the world
As a group of kids 2 buildings down
Contemplate forming a band
And
All the big exposure they could run into if
Fate
Has an extra dime to drop on the ground.

The sound of the fire alarm
Alive with 53 crickets of
One voice

Making my toes curl
And
The
Next Jazz tune the

Only thing breathing in the city.

by one's god

The lost
Barbados and all the missing bambinos ..

Here shifting through all the
Crimes of the world for an innocent
Glass
Of
Orange juice.

The beauty dazzled around
A
Glint in her eye thrown off a
Street light hidden beside the bushes of a lease he
Was about to break in order to live his life,
Laugh with a lover and
Make ends meet in an America
Or for of freedom that can't completely be planned.

Yet,
Felt all in the same instance
The rooster chord and the hamster wheel.

There was a busy signal
On the other line of a crinkled tie
That was once knotted in a fever
Billed to be a mild temperature in
A
Rising heat conceived by another
One's god.

CHOSE TO DO JUST THAT

Walked through
The gate,
Featured act just started their
First song of their first set.

Poised with instruments in hand,
The warm green air came
Wafting through the scents
And scene
Of one too many beautiful woman

And all the shy one eyed white males
That sauntered around tossing dime comments
To these women
Like a drunk trying to appease a waitress at the end of
The evening line.

All bouncy,
Forgetful for the night
As the city kidnapped the twilight
And NATO planes continued to bomb
A
Region most of these people couldn't pronounce.

Pleasure in the states,
The band slipped into their third song
As a sipped on my 5th drink of the eve.

Fluorescent colors,
Pastel ribbons in wild curls of racing whores,
The band moved into their fifth song.

I moved over to the end of the surroundings
By a Bar-B-Que joint featuring a blues act
Covering Morrison tunes.

With the people mounting
And the leftovers getting crammed into the ice box,
I chewed on a hot dog for the survivors.

The survivors who knew more about this world
And
More to those that

Just forgot because they chose to

Do just that.

CLOUD – CLOUDY – CLOUDS

Disturbance in night air,
Woman screaming,
Broken radio,
The Beatles playing as Lonely Hearts in the Sergeants band,
Dirty postcards by the recorded tape of radio transcripts,
The non-making sense in the cents absent
From my pockets now 16-20,000 feet above ground.

Above you,
A bird,
Homes,
Filth,
Trash bins,
Naked lovers,
Paints,
Words,
Wheels,
Steaks,
Rice,
Peanut butter.

Here above,
With ingredients for
A
Play,
Acted by the cloudy
Cloud
Clouds.

come a fall down

Years of rain
Going
Down
Over
Through
The gutters as the
Ground below
Tires of saturation
Right
Down to the clay it
Can't hold no
More
For
The word porous didn't have
Meaning no more.

Sun
Gone for days at a time,
The clouds would hang
In the sky
Like a group of bullies on the
Playground lot at 3:00 p.m. bell.

Brining down wet
In the shape of a solid wet umbrella,
Making the old men sleep more and
The
Young women
Take longer baths.

Oh,
And once the rains continued more
And more,
The gutters would fall apart and
All the service me would sit at home
Laughing
Over a vodka
And
Purified water.

Tales of wet
From dry frocks of
Faces speaking stories that are so
Dated that only
The
Domesticated animals in the corner could make
Any
Joyous
Noise in response.

Though looking back,

The
Wet
Was exactly
What the
People
Government
Pets
Fences
Cars
Others
Needed to make the time pass more smoothly.

A new reverence and
Fear came
As a
Result of the
Rain.

Flowers were laid down
At the base of water towers
And
Towns took showers
That
Lasted for day.

Full of
Food
Drink
Sex
Laughter
More good talk,
The
People would dream of the days
When rain wouldn't end
And

The gutters would all come a fall down.

COMEDIAN & CLOWN MIX

It's the idea
Or the newness of ideas that
Bring us into hope.

It's hope that brings the new ideas.

It's being 26,000 miles above Gage, Oklahoma.

Outside of Wichita Falls, Texas
Ready to land in Dallas.

It's walking,
Room service,
Lonely doves next to dead cigars
And the old ideas being polished
Off for use by the lint
Of the comedian and mirth of the clown.

COMES CLOSER

NO PHONE.

POLICE DEPARTMENT IS POOR.

ANOTHER 200 PEOPLE WERE LET OFF PAROLE TODAY.

WE LOOK AT EACH OTHER THROUGH MIRRORS.

SOMEONE'S GRILL OFF THE FRONT OF THEIR CAR LIES ON A HIGHWAY.

A NAKED WOMAN WAS WALKING DOWN THE CENTERLINE OF THE STREET DURING RUSH HOUR THIS MORNING.

SHE RANG UP MY COFFEE THIS MORNING ON HER DAY OFF.

I SPOKE OF RESPECT AS SHE SUCKED HARDER AND HARDER ON HER CIGARETTE.

HE QUIT HIS JOB AS THE SHADOW BEGAN LAUGHING AT THE GROUND.

BLACK BECAME DARK BLUE AS WHITE BECAME LIGHTER.

WINDOWS ROLLED OPEN AS COLD AIR HITS THE WARM AIR SQUARE IN THE THIGHS.

LOST GLASSES AS THE BOY SQUINTS AT HIS TALL FATHER APPROACHING.

GHOST PENCIL MOVING WITH A SOUND LOUDER THAN THREE BEASTS SCREAMING INTO A MICROPHONE.

HER LOVE PAWNED OFF AT THE JEWELRY STORE FOR HER LOSS.

PAINT TUBES EXPOSED FOR THE FIRST TIME.

THE BEGINNING TO A SENTENCE THAT WILL NEVER BECOME A STORY.

PAUL SIMON LAUGHING AT BOB ZIMMERMAN'S JOKE WHILE TRAVELING TO ST. LOUIS

HER MIND IN A JAR NO ONE CAN SEE.

A WORLD FULL OF LIGHT BULBS FOR FEW THAT CAN SEE.

HER BLIND EYE LOOKING OVER MY SHORT LEASE IN THIS WAR ZONE.

THE END OF MY FIRST AND LAST BEER OF THE EVENING.

A SILENT MAN LOOKING DOWN AS THE OTHER ADULTS PASS ONLY SMILING AT THE CHILDREN.

A BUILDING BEING EATEN BY TERMITES AS THE FAMILY SPEAKS OF TEEN VIOLENCE.

A LITTLE MORE OF YOU AS THEY LEAVE.

A LOT LESS OF THEM AS THE TIME COMES CLOSER.

CONTINUING ROMANCE WITH LIVING

A candle lit aflame
With character and demure,
This a red wax hides hot in
A
Night she says she's disappointed with me,
This s the living Jazz roves through
The still living mind
Of Einstein here on
Planet earth
5 billion songs from the beginning
contracting in four dimensions
at this time
in the
continuing romance
with living.

CROONING FOWL

A hot call
On
Deaf
Line.

Cold voices come over
With a life
Not
Witnessed by
Outside listeners that
Cannot hear a word.

Smooth magic
In words.

Of how the world is.

Where the clouds have gone from today.

Why the rain loves the heat so.

How your head tips back in motions
Not soon forgotten by anyone that comes across your lisp.

The pieces of cardboard that look
Like lost images from
One of your free Easter road trips.

A taste of Carp that seemed like Bass
In the mouth of Salmon
Floating down the Sword Fish fin

Over a line
Of electricity

Thinner than the love
The
Growl

Croons for.

cup of coffee alone

A long
Space
Before
They would begin talking again.

They met each other
After some years apart
And tried to survey
Eyes
 Hand motions
Shoofy feet
 Hair blowing in the wind.

Their speech was
Fluid and
They would go
Over
Who they were with
And
How
All the space between had been
Filled in the
Gap caused by their split in ideas.

Listening to the soft winds
Out on that strip of street,
They
Willingly forged new
Plans in their talking hiatus
And a cup of
Coffee that ensued.

Looking deep into the wrinkles around
Her knuckles,
He picked up her
Hand and held it to his face as
Her tongue was rendered silent.

She in turn,
Looked into the wrinkles gathering like storm clouds
On his forehead...

He then put her hand down,
Got up and said,
"I need some more sugar for my coffee...Can I get you
anything while I'm up?"

"No...but you already have,"
She said in a whisper.

He turn around to go get his

Sugar
As
She picked up her purse,
Blew a kiss to his back
And
Walked
Quickly to the front door
To make her exit.

After he fetched his sugar,
He turned around to head
Back to his seat
Where his old
Lover
And
The wrinkles around her knuckles were waiting.

Approaching the table
He figured she was
In
The
Bathroom.

Sitting down,
He pulled that new hint of sugar coffee to his lips
And whistled at
A
New taste.

Minutes went by
As he noticed other women going in and out of the small bathroom
With
One stall.

She left.

She's gone again.

Shit,
He thought,
I'm going to enjoy this cup of coffee

Alone.

DALLAS AGENT IN LOW SHADES

The Spanish agent in black leather
Sits between me,
An old white man,
The windows into the clouds & voices in faces that shimmy on the deck of flight 1806,
DALLAS-to-KANSAS CITY.

This woman in black
Did the Catholic cross before heading to flight,
Yet it was a front,
She'll outlive the bumps and turbulence here in the clouds that have
Turned to
Curved surfaces and
Sunshine long lost as companions smashed in the annals of
Old high school yearbooks.

With the black shades
Held lofty on her face,
She looks outside for either a bright future of the
Sun coming down now.

She has plans to Texas,
For she is in the investigation business,
Investigating the stink of the flight crew,
Passengers,
Various shards of hullaboo.

Not speaking,
Perhaps licking a beauty mole above
And to the right of her top lip,
A fear of flights,
The investigation goes on.

Looking into you
Her
And him
And those I cannot presuppose.

Behind veiled eyes,
With the world riding low.

Riding on ideas of radio molestation,
Another outbreak of disease and beauty she has
Been paid not to speak of or
Reveal.

daysome

Cherry
 Cho,
Chi-pai,
The smile took over
The horizon
As a crane snapped
Injuring
No one
In

On overtime moonlight.

DENVER AS RUSSIAN

A spit of black smut
From
Pipes in Downtown Denver
As
Male-female Starbucks employees
Take their
Stabs
At
Being clever,
Several Mexican cats
Selling burritos
Behind
Missouri ATM bank
As early morning workers
Rush to the hidden door for their purchase,
I whistle a lucky tune as I go to the 13th floor
And laugh at the mountains
And the cocked look
Of a Russian cab driver whistling
Away some weak city haze.

“do not disturb” Mystaya

Her name was Mystaya.

Though she
Preferred that those close to her
Call her Myst.

She lives in downtown Baltimore,
Rides the bus to work,
Loves France,
Doesn't like to receive calls on the weekend,
Has a nervous habit of habitually
Biting her nails,
Her friends and close male lovers
Agree that she has the most
Beautiful knees they
Have ever seen on another human being.

Mystaya loved pork before
She saw that special on butchering on television,
Yet she cannot give up her love
Of roast.

For roast
Brings back pleasant memories of childhood that have long ago
Left many parts of her now and changing adult life.

Her dream is to be happy,
Which she is as
A
Professional messenger girl
And semi-pro boxer on the side.

She dates some,
Yet prefers the ring of friendship over
Any messy bindings
That come along with all that sex,
Greed,
And ugliness that
Has its way of appearing in the throws
Of
A
Relationship.

You must know that Mystaya is very aware
That she has some of the finest looking knees
On the East Coast,
But who's counting?

Definetely not her.

This East Coast angel in
Another downtown high rise.

Her two biggest turn-on's in life
Are steaming hot baths with the lights
Off next to a cheap bottle of red wine
By her side.

The other is
Alfred Hitchcock films.

Dialing MMM or something from a rear window will do Mystaya
Just
Fucking so.

Her will is like nails
With the scent of light violets if you came across her path ion the roads,
Streets,
Avenues,
Other paths you can define.

Yet,
Once you get alone with her in
Secret confines,
She will reduce you to seeds that
Are hardly planted
Yet worse to be
Eaten by any mouth.

Yes,
A
Spell she churns that has the sound of two magicians whistling away
A new spell.

Mystaya wrapped up nude in
The tub looking to the side biting her nails
As a surge of adrenaline
Courses over her face as the Statue of Liberty scene
Goes through her mind in the dark.

Those beautiful nipples
Begin to extend and harden in the dream of a new
As
She appears here on the coffee table as
Myth
Fiction
Mystaya
Black and white photo
And cigarette smoke curl
In laughter around her
Brown skin

And
Popping bath bubbles.

**DREAM ON NIGHT #9,325
HERE**

A man with a large
Black head cooks me a
Specially ordered
Big Mac,
“extra sauce”.

He comes out with the
Sandwich and place it in
Front of me,
“I hope you enjoy this,”
he tells me.

I look at the burger and
Tell him,
“I cannot eat this.”

“Well, why?”
he asks.

“I can tell this mashed meat came
from a diseased and malnourished cow.”
I tell him.

“Well all our meat does, man.
That is how we make the scratch.”
He says.

“No burger for me. I just realized I can’t eat here anymore,”
I tell him.

“Well, how about a shake, partner,”
he asks.

“That milk came from the same cow,”
I inform him.

“How can you be sure?”
he retorts.

“How can you?”
I ask.

He had no chance to answer.

The throngs of hunger hung him upside down,
He had a mouthful of my sandwich looking out the front
Glass at a young piece of ass walking by.

At this I laugh lightly,
Pull a quarter out of my pocket and drop it on the ground
Breaking the attention of this

Man with a large black head.

I ask one final question,
“Must this really be just another dream I will have
while sleeping this eve?”

“Well yes, sir. Once you wake,
it will all make some sort of sense. Your subconscious part
is easier to pick apart than you think.”
He concludes.

I nod,
Give him a flip of my hand as a good-by for my
Entrance into another dream.

As I grab the handle on the door to leave,
I turn around to see this man with the large black head shoving the
Last cusp of crust of the sandwich I refused to eat
As the nice piece of ass he was looking at comes walking his way
With a sexy gait that should keep him mighty warm later.

I pick the quarter up that rolled near the door
After I dropped it,
Leave through the doors
And
Enter the next scene.

A warm urban city street
With no one around and one pay phone ringing before me.

I go over to answer
As the female voice on the other end whispers,
“Call me back at 534-9877”

She hangs up,
I push the silver slab of metal
For another dial tone.

Dropping the other dream quarter into the
Money slot,
I look down to cough and notice a pair of feet
Had suddenly appeared before me.

It's a woman draped in a wet towel
Holding a cellular phone near the nape of her neck
As the phone starts to ring.

Though,
All I could hear was a plane flying low overhead
As she
Looked square into my eyes
With a slight grin.

An ever so slight grin.

I hung up the phone.

drizzle .. whistle

A belt around the waist,
A world tied to another old dollar,
Eye lashes caught in a cowboy hat,
Your riding low about and over clouds.

Small mice talking Portugese into
My ears.

Mars just stopped momentarily as
The old woman poured a tall glass of iced tea.

Oh,
And the fireworks of another holiday.

This as the banter becomes a whistle

And your thoughts become light drizzle.

dying smoke alarm

Shall we
Say this time again before
The soft flame
Of blue melting wax?

Shall we say this again
As the beauty singulars swing into
Bars across pool tops?

Shall we dunk our heads again into
The lake as some rich king looks on as though we're
Dumping vermin into their waters they warned as virginal?

Shall we meet
Under the snap of the upright bass'
C chord?

Or,
Shall we put this off until the worlds roll
Like butter on
A warming biscuit?

I believe we shall
Go further on,
Baby.

Yes,
And so as
The June bugs
Of
Night
Thrive
Below a shower of
Lit bugs
And
Flits of a dying smoke alarm.

eat that cobbler sun, baby

Ripped innards of an old television set,
Now as the frame holds a fish aquarium
Some blocks away from here.

Unread magazines and used pieces of concrete
In this here city of ours.

Scurrying life
Fleeing past all these scenes
As another
Sun goes up in a "YES" across the eastern sky
As beauty comes kneeling to the
Stoop right before my door
In
The "KIND OF BLUE" Miles gives
To us in the Saturday afternoons that are not lost anymore in
The sense calculated by
A
Small kindergartner's mind
Riding to the thirteenth floor of a company building to
Have lunch with her overworked grandfather
Not making much sense
Of much in his days
That appear to stretch out ahead like an outdated plane
In the skies that were not
Made by humans
In
The
Sublime treasures of the mystery
that tastes like nectarines

before the cobbler sunset,

baby.

EDGE OF A PEACEFUL WORLD

Two Army men
Wait in the dark blue Chevy van on the curbside from mouth of airport
Baggage claim in Dallas, Texas.

Picking up the chosen subjects
Of their target,
They cart these male subjects off to the den of
Urban disaster and suburban hell.

Taken,
Yes these men shall be,
To other areas forced to witness,
What the served of this country shall feel and experience.

To be taken off without seat belts,
Ready to be strapped with molded currency
For an admission paid course
In what it shall be like to see horror
As Hollywood misses and re-enacts with something the salts and sugars have forgotten.

You may
Never hear from these men again,
Still harboring their respective desires,
As they are carted off into another arena
The Americans of misunderstood
Albanian-Serbian-Yugoslavian
Blood smashed so hart it turns to the dust of wet hair on listless tile
In the last bathroom on the edge
Of a peaceful world.

enough for now

She bent over tightly
Like an over-extended pair of
Pliers with nothing but
Beauty and conviction
Dripping from her flesh.

She then gave me a glance from
The side of her dilated eyes and
Blew a small kiss into the caution
As
Blood was throbbing freely,
I saw her flesh fold up into an open-faced lime puckering back to
Where it originated.

Digital lights and greens I haven't
Seen
For some time.

After folding back into her
Original Rhine
With that green skin and translucent skin,
I went over and picked up
The lime for a good sniff,
Then in honor of what she would
Have desired.

I sank my racing eyes and
Like pink teeth into that lime as
Her
Voice came back into my ear saying,
"...I will be back,"

as I muttered back,
"...Just as you are here now, my dripping lime.
My sour demoness I cannot pull my mouth or mind away from.
You are here now and that's quite good enough
For now and then."

farmer's ground

Run
Out of space on floppy disk.

Throw television screen
Back into the soup bowl.

Bring a stray cat
In from
The
Frozen milk bowl.

Light the ash try
On
Fire until the pink
Looks light green.

Pluck a hair from your eye brow,
Hold it close to your bed side lamp
And know
That this hair has seen
Everything your eyes
Have in
The
Same

Bat of
A
Moment

That comes together in
One
Large
Collection of
Minutes
That

Seem hardly gratuitous

Yet more than

Beauty
As
The

Ancient song of a warriors
Sword

Melts into a pile of liquid
Wheat

In the farmer's love of ground.

feet & legs

A screen door
Hanging snug
On the front of
His home.

He grabs his pipe
And head out the back
Door
To pollute his air about him
And
To write down his plan
For
The next invention he has been pondering over.

He has concocted a chemical product
That will make humans
Grow stronger legs,
Bigger feet,
Thighs,
Ankles,
The like.

As he sees it,
People need to move quicker.

There's uproar,
Particularly in America,
That people just don't have enough time
For everything
They want to
Squeeze into the daily coffee tin.

He purports
That is must be due to our slow pace
As we transverse between this
There
Here
And
There.

With stronger legs and larger feet,
The transit
Will be expedited,
Thus giving people more time for what
They want to do.

Yes,
This man is fuming smoke upon smoke ring
Into the air making the molecular combination
That will
Be sold and bought in

Retail outlets across the land,
Or even the world.

“GET YOUR TIME BACK.
GET IT BACK ON YOUR OWN TWO FEET!”

He has the slogan worked out
And the basis practically whipped.

Mr. Fetch,
As the world has come to know him,
Is pressing for a quick patent and approval from the
Food and Drug Administration for this one.

Sitting there with
All the smoke gathering like a shop full of kids
Petting a goat at a Zoo.

Working
Moving the hands,
Pencil over paper
Smoke down mouth.

More time....

You believe bigger feet and stronger legs will do that?

....and the folly.

female

She walks into the room with a laugh,
Moving with curves,
Grace,
Class
That could put the pornography industry back in
Your father's "birds & bees" chest.

The fingers of a benign temptress,
The lust of 9,000 midgets trapped on the moon for a day with a tall woman and the ignorance of
Possibilities you discover of her while away.

Bumbled on mirth,
Fucked by friendly wisdom.

FILL A MARSH

Missed the
Home of Elvis
In Memphis today,
Took the DC-9 into Louisiana,
Heart about Jambalaya pie.

The ruined roads,
Jazz musicians on airport postcards,
Wasted, yet beautiful humid southern air,
The black folks walking into shades darker than tar,
Their beauty beating the white folks,
New seafood shacks,
Old steakhouses,
Hungry eyes looking for pleasure,
Strips of road lined with post civil war peace
As the hum
Of
War drums,
Other odd such amenities
Fill

Air.

float

The day the world
Came floating down
Like a balloon in
My pocket
For those that see “thee”
Could only
Think
To
See.

FOOLS & THE FOND

AAAAHH—

The loose feather
On the spread of the bed,
Soft water running from you and the shower
Cleansing the germs of the day that feel alright here in Louisiana.

A though to be alive,
More that won't let me sleep,
Silent traffic making a machine cattle call outside.

A southern slumber with slight comedy,
A day to coming with a night going.

Sunshine for the fools,
Recreation for the fond.

FOR HOME

Mind over
Moon water,
A time for sun dry
As an angel
Defeats
The giraffe
Talking to a demon
Behind
The
Oil barrel.

forgotten frolic

Scented
Mercy
Coming
Out a sun burn
Smashed into your back.

Flowery incident
Arriving without
A
Knock
After you tore down your front door.

Aromatic
Meaning making
A meat loaf in the stove you
Once owned.

Late summer
Night scents sending the waif
Of
A

Trash dumpster simmering

With your

Forgotten frolic.

FROM HER IMAGE

She pops open her glove compartment
And notices her mug looking straight at her in a pocket make-up mirror.

She stops the car suddenly
On
The residential stretch of street, trees, street lights, voices, noises
Picks the mirror up next to her face,
Staring into the silver.

Now,
Several horns honk.

She still sits...
Staring, peering, looking, viewing
Staring some more
At
The
Lie
Liar
Lying
Lies
More lying
Of her living.

More horns accumulate
Behind.

She looks stone cold into her mirror now,
Not shedding a tear.

It would be by police restraint
Some many minutes later
That the woman would be torn

From her image.

fuck with shopping

You build your
World
With tables – chairs – beds –
Blankets – towels – music assemblage – speakers – end tables
As the world goes after the
Feeding lot of folly.

Folly in talk,
Love in the pulsating pink
Within both of us.

A flower dying next to
A
Grapevine crawling up a wall.

A dog wading through a fountain on Sunday
In 102 degree heat
As a small child strips naked in public
On a wonder of water
As
The rest of you
Fuck with shopping.

glorious clock

Riding
The
High hat
Straight out of Ringo's brain,
I look
Out the window
As
The world does
A
U-Turn on this
Small,
Yet long American street.

Bringing the scent of stale pop corn
And new music I haven't heard yet
On
The
Radio scorn to where music has gone lately,
I
Revel in the lights
That
Blur in my eyes unprotected by
Prescription glasses.

Here,
Where lurching forward is another movement
And
Falling back for a good sleep
Is
Well
And
Fine enough
As
My mind

Races like a rat in a wheel thinking
About all the imaginary boxes in the
World stacking on top of each other in the biggest city ever
Erected
With all
The
Hap times
Excitement

Social roles.

Here
In underwear
That
Makes this clock at 2:33 a.m.
Glorious ..

go words

Words
Strolling
Down
The
Page
Like
The
Indelible
Thunder
That
Won't
Clap
On
Yours
Chap
Window
Glass.

A
Thought
In
No
Particular
Notion
Of
Recognition
Spilling
Down
The
Page
With
An
Ease
Like
A
9
year
old
child
riding
his
bike
in
switchbacks
down
a
lazy
spring
street.

The
Words

And
Accompanying
Punctuation
That
Spill
Across
The
Pages
Like
A
Lurid
Drink
Knocked
Off
The
Counter
In
A
Cool
Distaste.

The
Well
Of
Words
Staying
In
The
Ground
Until
The
Right
Pail
Of
Wood
Comes
Down
To
Fetch
The
Liquid.

A
Worm
Out
Of
Control
As
The
Robins
Of
Wisconsin
Search
And
Check
For

Something
To
Eat
Besides
A
Load
Of
Gravel.

Going,
Yes
Young
Mate
With
The
Words
On
A
String
That
Is
Jerked
Quickly
From
The
Striking
Appendage
Of
A
Frisky
Feline.

The
Spilling
Refusing
To
Stop
As
A
Man
Runs
A
Red
Light
And
Crashes
Into
A
Load
Full
Of
Ambiguous
Pronouns.

Oh,
And

How
The
Adjectives
Sit
With
The
Verbs
Plotting
Their
Own
Agenda
To
Make
It
Into
The
English
History
Books.

As
All
This
Time
With
Word
Wordy
Words
Wording
Word
Goes
About
And
Afloat
Like
A
Liquid
Bubble
Bobbing
Back
And
Into
Your
Vision
Like
A
Ham
Sandwich
Eluding
A
Refugee.

One
Line
Of
Words

Down
The
Center
Lane
Of
The
Median
Hogging
Up
The
Road
So
That
Not
Even
A
Dove
Can
Have
A
Chance
To
Have
It's
Chance
On
The
Hot
Asphalt.

Going,
I
Tell
You
Friends,
The
Words
Are
Out
Of
Their
Paragraphs
And
Within
Their
Own
Butchering
Sequence
Sneaking
In
On
The
Nude
Woman
Wanting
To

Take
Off
More
In
The
Gross
Moonlight
That
Will
Soon
Turn
Beautiful.

One
Word
Pulling
All
The
Rest
Of
The
Words
In
As
The
Illustrations
Paints
And
Pictures
Huddle
Into
The
Café
Wonder
A
Wondering
With
The
Adjectives
And
Verbs
About
How
They
Will
Make
Their
Meaning
A
Mark.

As
The
Words
Continue
So

goods begin

She came to the door,
Sweltering Saturday afternoon,
Told me her apartment
Had been ransacked the day
Before
Through a crawl space in the
Hallway.

I was on
The
List
To be robbed,
But my space
Wouldn't give.

She stammered,
Weaved,
Telling me all the jewelry gone,
Duffel bag
And other goods
That were lifted from
Her place.

Scum
Born of the Maintenance staff
Is
In
Suspect.

A shoe lost in
The stocking store,
My car now parked out on the street,
All the thieves that pass you by
As the
Angels fail to shriek
Picking their teeth with a
Polished toothpick
As the used shit of the world
Rots.

Rotting in
A
Lurch that
Kills a laugh and
Tells us where it
Ends.

And,
How it should
Be.

heat paddle

I still love the pillows,
Yes I do,
As the grime from another's
Maelstrom knocked down the door with a dance
Billed to be the best
By a demon dressed in a zoot suit purchased
At the beauty's hut off the Interstate that
Went out of business for the season.

A random juxtaposition with a
Hard thumb pressed against the window
Of an abandoned car here off the north of
A forgotten paradise,
The mailman won't even come
To deliver my mail,
Imagine that kind of fowl fluttering and careening across
The airs of ours here.

Losing cigarettes by
The minute as time counts
Another tune lost in a juke box
At the brand "new" bar
Off the hip beat of the rancor's
Random heat

Switch.

holding sun

She walked up to him with
Her 52-year-old grin
And asked if
He was straight.

As he lifted his lips to answer her approach,
The young New Zealander came up
To me saying,
“That ugly girl with the
Smug look on her face told me to stop standing by her.

This,
In a bar of white people drinking
The previous week away,
Killing off several more memories
Of high school or before.

My neighbor learned of another break in
Into our building
From my mouth
While coming into the building
Last night.

A continent connected by bricks of sand
As the sailors put their weapons away
And
Jump into the water for a
Good swim with the fish,
A miracle wrapped in newsprint
As other continents decide
To
Build their goods with
Bricks
Made of cider block.

Yes,
As we begin in the middle
Approaching people we have never met before,
As the words travel
Forth with a clarity
Seldom seen
From windows to streets.

Here on a floral chair and a
Glass tabletop
Holding a Hemmingway novel into
The

Melting, hot sun.

HOME WITHIN THE HOME

Just moved into
This apartment
A few months back.

Everything
Was in working order
Except the
Toilet.

You need a good toilet.

The premium
Is like a warm moment
With the right woman.

I tell management to take
A look at this wondering one eyed
Water wonder looking
At
All the vermin I can throw its way,
Some paper shavings for the exclamation point.

Management comes to
Have a look.

A pink notice slip sits on my entry table
Saying,
“The toilet is designed so that you have to hold
down on the lever for a while.”

Sure.

I go on for some time,
Taking the two flush methods to get the murky jazz
Down
The septic line.

Live with this for several weeks
Then decide
“no”.

I tell management again
That this holding down for a while
And playing with luck that my
Body waste may make it down.

The third time was a charm.

I will be getting a new toilet
Here this week.

A new dream in another room
Of the apartment.

Another load of purified drinking water.

A small victory
As
I
Flip through a book
Here on one home
Within
The
Home.