Joefiles XXXXVIII Wet Swimming Trunks & Infomercial Stars

bare red feet

Middle-aged black gal, red shirt, faded blue jeans torn in more areas than Levi's would see to the little fucking hipsters trying to ink the next new fad that will fade with the 50's capri pants nightmare ...

With no shoes, this gal dances on the corner and chants syllables, strings of words that only her mind can comprehend ...

Raising her hands in a pail of fists, the day looks triumphant, yet she feels she has won that battle goes over the newspaper machine, into the vending machines and over the teeth of hungry fucks looking for a story that's going to keep their mind going over the thawing waters ..

I saw this yesterday while having a smoke with a couple of blokes ..

Today, coming through the park across the way with the water streaming bits of mist and the smell of coffee and sunshine mixing just right, several cops on bikes had parked their wheels to talk to this gal about what she knew about herself and the ground she was sitting on ..

She answered the questions, held her chin above the smell that coffee and sunshine couldn't extinguish

and

listened ..

Listened to us

walking

our ways

to

work

pleasure,

lust,

food,

drink,

talk,

others

as the conversation of

cops

and

bare footed black queens

continue

to

dance ..

Dancing like

а

sun spot

floating over the afternoon eye ball

all

delicate,

yet with

the

edge of spoiled swiss cheese

lingering in

your

cubbard at

home.

back pat

Your rust colored Cigarette Pack As you lean over to throw the Newly crushed ball away in the tiny Green waste basket in the Corner of your room .. As the Plastic paper ball Hits off the 90 degree angle in the corner Splashes down into the Mound Of wasted banana peels, Bits of dried orange, A old, used blue bic pen, Slips of paper with Exhausted numbers and long e-mail Faces, Your Back slightly aches From A Weekend of too much Smoke Countered By Enough, If not more than enough Time Outside In the world Sucking in the air Like A stranded traveler on the side of the road Syphening Gasoline From The Last tank in the world .. As you Go to pack, Peel pack the plastic

The last cigarette

Hold

On a new pack of smokes ..

Back,

And pat Yourself on the back.

as movement

Wind Coming over The Closet doors As The Jazz man Commits Murder To Ears Of Innocent In Downtown 15 and a half street Lounge Off The Regular Shot of Whiskey In the Last town To Serve gin. As the city tries To act like Recovering from the weekends 150th Anniversary gala at the now silent stadium looking like cheap purse on BMW showroom floor. As

Clarity In The Crisp June

The

Mouse

Scurrying

Across the

Floor

Of

Your afternoon nap

Trails behind the couch

With

A

Twisted,

White plastic

Tail

Of

Α

Cord connecting

Keyboard to CPU ..

Trailing with

Bits of

Electricity sparking

Off the

Dry,

Cool

Air that

Continues

To seep through

The windows

Like invited company

On

The

Worlds

6,768,789,453th day anniversary fucking movin'.

all before a P.M.



Bits of other beer

Between

Continue To digest This

Evening

I clear my throat Over the sound of Tires Raking over a divot In the road

Trying to get that one other thing Done by

11:31 in the P m.

agent of the lost

An unmarked agent of the street
Pulls me aside slow
And
Fucking sly like
Telling me he can take me into a room and show me
All the shit I have ever lost over time ..

Trying to convince me that he's The truest and most potent form of a fortune teller going.

He can lead me to a secret room in an unmarked place
In an unnamed time and
Show me all
The zippos, tapes, dog collars, pens,
Pencils, paper clips, candy bars, star wars figures,
Shoes, socks, poker chips, q-tips, rings, notes,
Photos, cigarettes, glasses of drink, bread, toe nail clippers,
Brushes, disks, papers, candles, shoes, shirts, wish bones
And
Others
That

He has them all locked away in a room .. keeping tabs on my running

Collection of things, Both boding a good vibe and junk, Locked away in a collecting chamber And

That

He will show them to me.

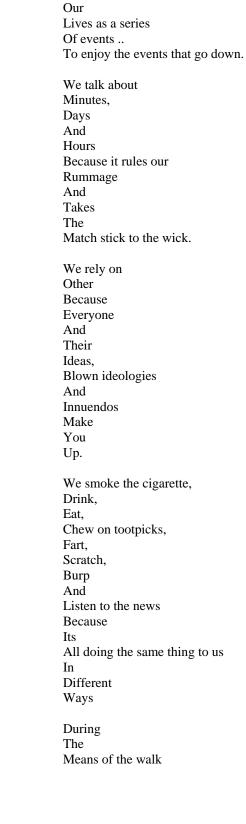
I have lost over time.

Christ,

I believe I'm going to leave now to take a look in that dark room

That pack of matches I lost last night.

a walk we run



We see

We run.

A raving introduction

As

The

Comet

Fly's like bits of ice from a used cup of coke

While

The

Sea gulls squak on CD sound

As the

White ledge holds my hands free.

Yes,

We all see the leaves grow and Drown as the canned chili waits like a prisoner On row's longest walk.

It's warm,

The cold air comes over me like a Bartered gal.

Hmm .. tonight leaves Only to come back again In All

Its flagrant colors.

a couple of cats ..

dressed in all white, scrapin' water over the windows, hollarin' into the cautious Saturday morning sunlight ..

"That's not Art!"

"Don't feed me any of your shit."

"Yea .. yea, I saw her."

"Did they ever tell him what she really thought?"

"Is the night opposite of day or does it contrast light?"

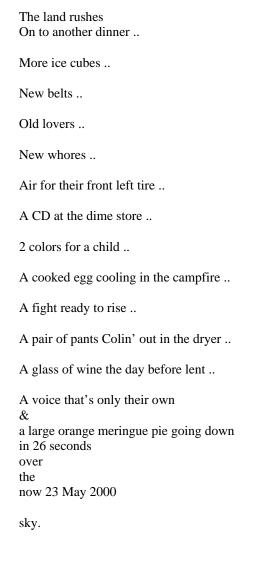
"When did the owl pop that neck bone on the evolutionary path and swivel his head around like a guilty villain?"

There were other drops and marks of novelty As the ladder holdin' the boys in place moved, Shook And Wobbled About the day

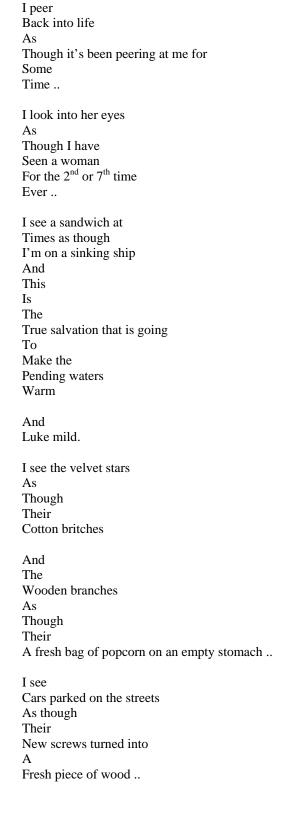
Giving jive
To the busses,
Cats,
Mice
And the drill pounding the ground
In the distance as a car horn

Lifts me out of bed.

23rd Sky



2nd card from the bottom of the deck



```
Yes,
I see
The fire alarm in the hallway now
A
Earthquake
That's
Going to jostle the California
Ground
In
A
Joke mother nature has been sketching for some time ..
Yes,
I cannot see the FBI building on the bluff anymore,
Though
I
Bet
They
Don't
Give
Α
Shit.
```

Your feelings, Emotional attachments, Transcend your concept of time .. Askew and floating in the coolest vibe goin', Baby.

**

CRAZY GUT.

That's what we used to Call the skinniest lad on the block.

**

Catchin' tad poles & talkin' slightly Polish.

You shouldn't forget shit That happened which hit Your balls like a mallet On the make .. you just shouldn't Think about it .. that's all.

**

If all the poems go untitled ..
I believe there may be more of a reason For the people to read them.

**

Nieces and Ice cream Are just fucking flat all right.

**

Hello lady ..

Where have you been this whole time?

As the laser of diamonds & leer of demons

go over the raised foot like a bent bow.

**

Touting about the sounds of a city as The leads of the scoop came falling out Like leaves From the cleaver's hunk of meat.

**

Tornado signals And still trees as the train whistles Keep going and the barley tastes Like a shaved ice cream cone.

**

The story of a big man that deliberately Hung around tiny people all the time.
—the saga—

**

You can never have Too many pens .. Mark my words, Never. As the night gown drops, The night begins and Late turns into early.

**

Her love was truth And his Lover pushed it away.

**

She would always Come in and order a bourbon on ice with

Bitters.

She had perky, Small boobs That made the quasars seem large.

She loved food, Not by the lift of her fork But

In Her Eyes.

**

Fuck it man ..

Just stamp my hand instead of the passport.

I'll remember it, punk.

**

Bright night lights and walking across
The street with the strongest of the meek
While chewing on an apple
As I let the wind beat against my ear like waves.

**

Wise women and their stubbed pinkie toes. The new drama coming to HBO 8 and a half this Fall!

**

Your inspiration comes in tiny sips of water.

**

The sea gulls of her dreams

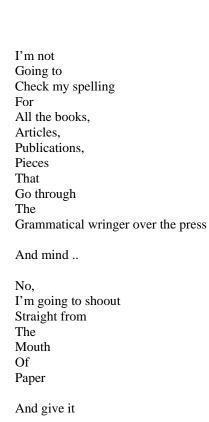
As the moths
Have gone away from the eve and were stuck
Here with what used to be wet and
What we can safely say will
Never be dry.

**

Etching your story out on a stack of used napkins As the brunette waitress with the beautiful eyes And tire gait Reaches around to ask, "You want a refill?" You know, They say Your sums Are the root Of Your soul.

I'll buy that Slice of A Quarter penny

For a dime.



In

The

Most human wayy

Possible in

Α

Concivable

Sketch situation

Of

Episodes

Going over

The

Street

Like a trailing plastic

Bag

Trying to

Find

A

Good tree

To latch on to.

Yes u.

who said when?

the clouds look like leopards fending off the lust in the dust forming around the bottom of a storm that passed last night ...

The old cat on the corner across from the Midland strains the slits of his eyes into the sun light as he peers into his reflection in the empty store front window across the street ..

In the reflection he see's a prince mused in a pauper's tale ..

He's content,
the sun is hot,
I burp some red pepper
on a pastrami sandwich ..
Coming to the intersection of the
corner,
I notice a red BMW
stalled temporarily in the middle
of the road
and
think
I never want
a

I would rather see reflections in an empty window of people walking

on their two feet, under the blues, whites, and overdue checks of

now.

BMW ..

whistlin'

&

singin' over the loud city air as my ass itches under the naked frivolity of sheets and ladders.

Yes

A wonder in a woman's eye ball As She reaches her arm over to scratch the side of Her Left breast.

It's spring in the city, Breads coolin' off as The Breeds become races And Races become seeds.

Then.

The small woman with a maroon sign comes through saying .. "There's truth in your waste."

we conclude

I walk up To the desk, She closes her magazine.

She shoots a
Look up at me from over
The top rim of her silver glasses
And
Says,
"You do have something to day, don't you?"

"Yes" I reply.

"What is it, baby?" she asks with a sugar speech.

"All new material, sweetheart," I reply low.

"Hmm. Like what?" she asks with cream.

"Like how the cat jumped into the tiger's hat to only end up flying through a portal into the panda's den that soon turned into an orangutan's cage which evaporated as I witnessed your early bed dreams last night while sipping on some stout cognac in the furthest bar from your place here in the city."

I respond a little out of breath.

"That all?" she asks with suppressed anticipation.

"For now, yes. For later, no," I conclude.

untitled #914

Ferns in open columns Looking like plants late at night, Her crooked lip Looking like a package of opened bacon Thawing on the counter

Collecting the ways of O'Keefe And All those damn flower they Grow

&

more importantly ..

fucking walk.

toughest animal in the city

Saw a possum get Smacked by a car Last night—

Flying down the 1AM street, Jug of wine, Us, Another car next to jetting down the Quiet dawn of another morning Coming about.

I slow some, Bring my eyes over The steering wheel to see the little fella Warblin' with His skeleton tail & Somewhere to go—

When some gal with

Α Green Honda, Somewhere to go, Hits this animal so hard We all heard the thud smack the night's air Like

5" thick wood paddle smacking a bag of wet cement ..

Though, The possum rolled hard And got back onto his feet.

In the battle of Possum vs. machine, That little mostly blind bastard of the night came Out with his life and the title of ..

"The strongest piece of animal flesh I have ever seen."

today is the 5th

It's the glow
Of the street lamp about
6 ft. out of my reach
from the 3 AM window
as
engines muffle into the distance
and
the train's sound like they're trapped in my closet.

It's one last smoke before Sleep Becomes my drink on the rocks.

It's the calm winds that feel Like tearing nails going over The Back of yesterday's pimp.

It's the like ness of the truth And Unquestionable reliance of chance.

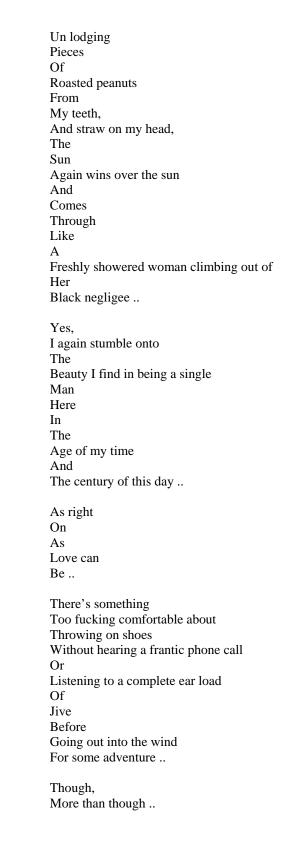
It's 9 shades of Write in the The Good minute.

It's now.

My balls are smashed against the mattress As My pops goes off dreaming In His sleeping chair

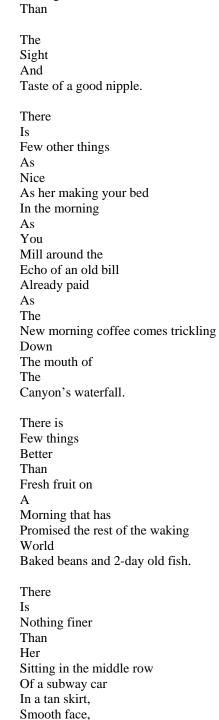
In a town north of here.

through the air



I believe There Are inherently things Humans Have To carry out or live on Before That Temptress And tempted Can dig their claws into the melted gum .. Yes, The beauty that can make mornings eternal and Down times Quintessential .. I'm See The Streak of silk going over the Skyline and I'm laughing with The Next fool At The Trolley stop As we Make Heads And Coins out of the never-ending love affair .. This, As I reach up and Catch a Piece of Lip stick Noisily flapping through the air.

things about other things



There

Few other Feelings better Slippery smile

And

The

Stink of carnal freedom

Written on her wrists

And

Woven into

The

Seams of her skirt ..

These,

As with another list of things tucked with Yesterday's old grocery list In my back pocket,

Several of the things

That

Make you Forget

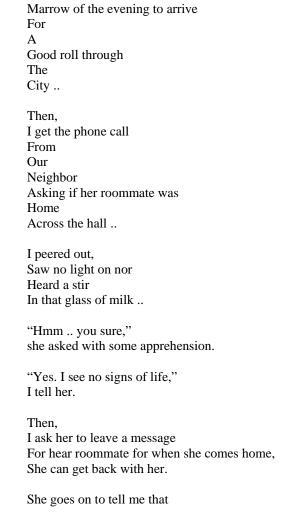
You forgot about

Those

Other

Things.

the wrong drama; a sliced tire



Dove into Some Words, Written, Printed And

Otherwise on a cool Saturday night ..

Caught an 80's flick Through the Static on Our

One antenna Tv Waiting For The She can't give out the number Where she's at.

Hmm, I think.

Well.

Come by the place and wait around for a bit.

I then tell her that I have Her duffel bag full of clothes She left at the place earlier in the week.

At this,

She asks that I leave it in front of her door.

She was to come by in about a half-hour to pick it up.

I tell her no sweat, And have a fucking nice eve.

About a half hour later,
I stir my shorts to get out the door
To meet some cats in the city for
Some
Drinks,
Kicks,
Novelty,

Various spaces betwixt.

She knocks on the door, Asks for a smoke and

Sits down to tell me her story.

She tells me that she Was holed up in a midtown apartment trying To Straighten her shit out.

Some trouble with

Drug Or

And

Some cats,

Though

It follows the course of her being more Than vague as she describes her story.

As she goes on, Every story concludes with a conclusion That is just that.

There appears to be little leeway or an outs ..

So,

I go on in the talk and I tell her

That there was an unstamped envelope On the top of the mailbox bin out in the Hallway.

She nods with a silent look of Worry
And tells me that she received one earlier
In the week that had
A
Blank guest check within.

Nothing more.

This one

Had a message from some cat on the back that Urgently requested that they speak.

Fuck

I'm start getting the feeling that she's reeling me Into some shady shit I have no business Being associated with.

I work Conscientiously to not Get wrapped up in stupid Dangerous shit such as this.

I offer her a glass of orange juice, She accepts, The story goes on and I begin delving into some Fairly potent questions.

I ask if she's scared, Is she tired of her cat and mouse game ..

She just squeezes her cheeks in, Squints her eyes And nods In Agreeance.

And as the conversation goes forth I recognize the fact that all the windows In the place are open.

Then

I hear something like a rock or a bit of wood smack Against one of the windows in the place.

At this point, I get up, Close all the windows and turn the air conditioning on.

She tells me she Had the same feeling about the windows About the same time I did.

Again,

I think what the fuck is she getting me tied up into.

As the feeling hits me again, I realize that I need to flop out of the place And head Towards midtown.

Before this happens, I tell her that I would be more than happy to Walk her out to her car.

She agrees.

Goes into her apartment to grab some Clothes And other odds and ends to make The

Trip out again.

As we walk towards her car,
I can tell she is visibly
Nervous
And
Had a crooked eye in her head
As we veer around towards her car.

We get to her car, Shake hands

And

Exchange a short hug

As

I adjust the hat on my head

And begin walking towards my car

With

Α

Whistle in my head

And

Α

Laugh under my breath

For

All the stupid shit people inevitably get themselves wrapped up in.

I soon forget the whole incident, Climb into my car and begin Heading down the road.

Had a nice eve Of drinks, Seeing some people and giving The City a good look.

Towards the early AM hours,

I climb into my car

And

Head back towards downtown for a nightcap and a good drink, Sleep

As I veer up the onramp to turn towards my Complex,

I hear a clomp .. clomp

Sound from the back of my car.

I turn the radio off, Roll down my windows And listen to what I'm thinking is my Muffler or exhaust Giving

Α

Good final heave before some repair work.

Though,

As I come to a slow stop I realize My back tire is gone.

Deflated like

A girl getting a hug instead of a kiss at the end Of a date with her long time crush.

I pull into the garage,

Park,

Get out and look at my back tire.

It looks as though
It had been sliced open well in
Two different spots.

The tire is destroyed.

I reach up to feel in the grooves of exposed rubber And burn

My

Finger the head I garnered on the several mile

Trek back to the place.

Shit,

I shrug my shoulders,

And

Pick up several cold beers from my trunk

Holding the spare

Tire safe

And

Sane under a carpeted piece of wood.

Initially I assumed

It was some vandals in the bar district that had

Some fun with my rubber.

Now,

I think that perhaps
My car was targeted for other reasons.

Did I get wrapped up in the wrong melodrama Without my knowledge of it Up to now.

Shit,

Either way

It's

All interesting

Yet

Bemusing

As I imagine the faces

Of

Several villains

Targeting my

White ass as some sort of threat

To

Their

Daily existence.

I'm the last guy

They need to concern themselves with.

Yes,

The last

Guy

Who just changed my tire

Enjoying a nice bottle of afternoon beer

Thinking about

Picking up a

Cheap

New tire

Some time this week.

the writing & the music

This writing is
The mercy and
Burden,
He says with the shadows becoming
His face.

The music gives you sound and Steals your ears, The sage mimicked over a cup of milky tea.

Yes,
The eyesight gives you
Beauty,
Yet
Your mind
Creates its own set of freedom.

the spiral took you

The phases it Took for you To escape as Your looked about And

Down the road seeing

Nothin' but some antelope dressed in heels.

Yes,

The reality called to memory Becomes a train whistle Echoing Like Glob of spit hitting the ground

From 102 feet above from a building's window.

Yes,

As the paltry leave War in the conversation Of common folk, The insane Love Of a hair grows

In The

Winding,

Growing circle of your head.

The sound

Of the early morning

Birds,

Scrabble in the open AM air, Train whistles By the seat of Your luck

And

Laughter louder than Whispering

In

A

Vacant underground tunnel.

the red seconds

Bag has been sitting on Out chair For several days now Along with The Unstamped envelope Laying on the Top of the building's post office box .. She's our crazy Italian neighbor That Has Voice that can calm And A temper That Could Fuck a room full of hardened criminals In Zero time flat. Yes, As she's out there in Her world, Pulling together her Stories That Will be told over cigarettes, Lemonade, In our apartment For Her roommate won't Her smoke in her own apartment .. I muse over the shit that Isn't being told And The Never ending malady of shit this girl can Get her shit in ..

Shit,

Her

Which to me seems

Trivial and

Can be squelched easy

If one sticks to their guns ..

Though,

It's a good pail of banter

For

If their weren't shit takers

And

Weavers of trivial events,

There wouldn't

Be

The

Good old events

Of

Picture pages that

Go down ..

We all stand like yard sticks Drying off after a torrential rain

Watching each one

Dry

And

Seeing

If science is

Going to make us taller or shorter ..

Yes.

The

Gallery of faces

And

Stage players on the streets,

In buildings,

In homes,

Drinking in cafes,

Eating a greasy forks,

And

Whistling Dixie

Before the moment of warmth comes

Looking at the

Millimeters

On

Each

And

Every person

In reality and on TV

As though

The

Face of a digital clock

Counting

Down

The red seconds.

The printer bin
Is Full of paper
As
I
Realized That
She was the best gal I have
Ever
Loved,
Yet
There
Is Something more soothing for me out
In
This
Wide expanse of land
That
Unfolds like
A
Carpet
That Won't hold back any imaginable
Mix
Of
Color possible
A good
Word,
A nice smile
A
Healthy dose
Of
Debauchery
In
A
Ride
That
Is
Mostly too

Good to be just good.

The day ate
Night
While Europe – Italia
Indeed
Bettered the American labyrinth
On the fledgling tale of a sparrow's wing
Going
Like mad
Jails in the roust.

the clouds look like leopards fending off the lust in the dust forming around the bottom of a storm that passed last night ..

The old cat on the corner across from the Midland strains the slits of his eyes into the sun light as he peers into his reflection in the empty store front window across the street ..

In the reflection he see's a prince mused in a pauper's tale ...

He's content,
the sun is hot,
I burp some red pepper
on a pastrami sandwich ..
Coming to the intersection of the
corner,
I notice a red BMW
stalled temporarily in the middle
of the road
and
think
I never want
a
BMW ..

I would rather see reflections in an empty window of people walking

on their two feet, under the blues, whites, and overdue checks of

now.

**

Middle-aged black gal, red shirt, faded blue jeans torn in more areas than Levi's would see to the little fucking hipsters trying to ink the next new fad that will fade with the 50's capri pants nightmare ...

With no shoes, this gal dances on the corner and chants syllables, strings of words that only her mind can comprehend ...

Raising her hands in a pail of fists, the day looks triumphant, yet she feels she has won that battle that goes over the newspaper machine, into the vending machines and over the teeth of hungry fucks looking for a story that's going to keep their mind going over thawing waters ..

I saw this yesterday while having a smoke with a couple of blokes ..

Today, coming through the park across the way with the water streaming bits of mist and the smell of coffee and sunshine mixing just right, several cops on bikes had parked their wheels to talk to this gal about what she knew about herself and the ground she was sitting on ..

She answered the questions, held her chin above the smell that coffee and sunshine couldn't extinguish

and listened ..

Listened to us walking our ways to work

pleasure,

lust, food, drink, talk,

others as the conversation of cops and

bare footed black queens continue

to

dance ..

Dancing like

a

sun spot

floating over the afternoon eye ball

all

delicate,

yet with

the

edge of spoiled swiss cheese

lingering in

your

cubbard at

home.

Stunned by

Her

Grin

And

Shunned with

Gin,

The

Man on the bench

Aksed me ..

"Have you ever been in love?"

I told him,

"She's wearing my shoes while I dream of her in a field of wet grass."

He asked.

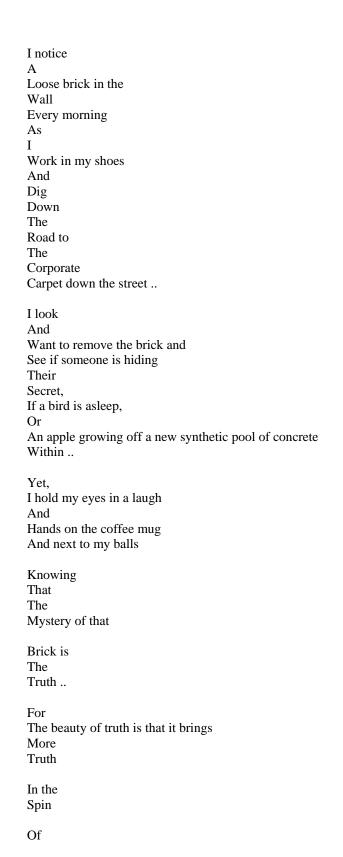
"You on your way to see this sweet lover now?"

"No,"

I said with a grin.

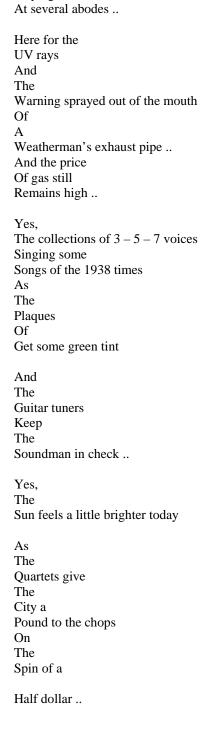
"She's on her way to see me."

spin of mystery



Mystery.

spin of a quartet



The national barber shop chorus

Staying down the street

Is In town,

some punk

He said he was Going to hit goose with his Stick By the lake today ..

I said, "No you're not."

He descended the hill towards
The geese and goslings in the humid
Lagoon on a suburban day
In the Sunday park.

Wielding his bark weapon, Going like Nuts through his 16-year old mind, I said again with a grin, "You're not going to hit that bird."

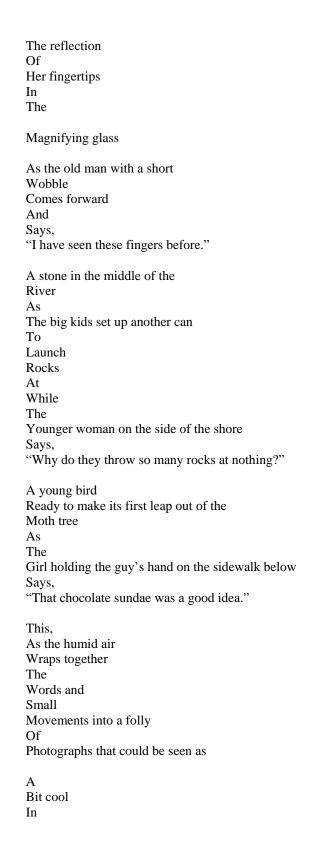
Seconds after,
He just lopped to the lake's edge,
Looked out,
Collected his history of sense
And
Echoes something other than his motive.

I knew this little bastard couldn't pull it off As I squeezed my cigarette out

&

laughed at the geese's beaks.

soft silliness



The

Softening silliness.

so, i wake up late for work today, get a call as I jump out of the show, tell them I will be in shortly and start pulling some shit out of the closet to make the 7 block walk down the street ...

a late go at it last night .. looking at the candles burning while the bears squeeze their days tighter than a can of cheese in a vacuum package machine, just because they know that winter is coming here in some months and their going to take a fucking long roll in the sack ..

Now, getting back to the work jive ..

I can't see my self being involved with this corporate mangle too much longer .. my tank is using up the reserves and i feel that solar power may soon be the liason to the next step ..

small doses, baby

The
Nap is one of those
Little gifts
In the hand
Of a child under the Christmas tree
At
5 AM of the morning.

It's shouldn't be pried,
Shook,
Torn at the edges,
Or thought over like
Some competing theory in a
A chess match from
The

No,

Talking mouth.

It's way too fucking good for that.

It should be taken as
Breath coming in and out
The thousand times throughout the day.

It can be Several minutes long, A half hour Or

It needs to have a good approach to be

Pulled off

Some hours.

The

Way

Naps should be pulled off.

It can't be thought over in the Warm afternoon sunshine

As

The

World maneuvers out in

The

Streets

And

Around

Construction barrels,

Or

In the sweaty sack during a mounting escape

Of

Fucking and sucking.

It's the head Against the pillow, Eyes shut, Dreaming of dreaming in 60 seconds of black And Letting that Rested

Body rise Like a flagpole being erected on a new Downtown building ..

Yes, I tell you this for The Coolness of the nap

And The Enjoyment

Of Sleep

In small Doses, Baby.

silent wink

Slow AM As the airplanes fly home, Runways look up like weathermen Expecting rains to Sweep away an early Spring draught.

The gas meters humming like beggars
Sipping a beer
In the newest bar
On the edge of the corner giving out free drinks
To the
First 124 people
Coming through
The
Door.

The locusts dancing with the lady bugs As my half full glass on the ledge Winks in

Silence.

shrapnel, baby

Just finished a book,

Walked over a walkway recanting Vietnam's way,

Saw a replica of the Vietnam Memorial in KC,

Ate an apple,

Took down pizza pie at the market,

Was shit in the face by an overhead bird,

Dreamed of her being back and seeing her in the patterned dress,

Went through an old train station,

Watched a plane angle 100 feet above me and

Land on the runway before me,

Saw two lovers on a fluff looking over he river .. bridges .. tracks .. roads ..

Trees .. bees .. birds & voices here in the city,

Walked a quarter mile easily,

Had a drunken man ask me what city he was in,

Had another as for a cigarette which I fisted over,

Bought a raw piece of sirloin steak,

Saw the jumbled mass of people buying meats In a Mexican meat market,

Sitting in the grass

Listening to the trains water the rocks

Through the afternoon air,

Watched the Frisbee fly in a park before the country's only WWI monument,

Burped a tune.

Gazed at a balloon over the antique building next to the Interstate proclaiming .. "Giant Sale",

Bought a cola I finished quickly,

Look at a pig's ear .. pig's snout .. tripe .. kidneys and the breakdown of meat

Cuts on a poster of a cow on the wall,

Saw a man cry before the traveling Washington D.C. Vietnam exhibit,

Listened and watched two men shake hands and talk about the war as vets,

Saw the Tv camera filming the memorial replica as I lit another smoke,

Picked up literature on Agent Orange,

Talked of an 86 mega ton hydrogen bomb that if detonated would draw a semi circle so immense

It would circle the earth 3 times in thirty-six hours,

Watching a little black boy on the corner alone in a red shirt wave and stomp

While waiting for 2 cats with him straddle up and look about,

Noticed – in comparison to Italia – how fucking overweight Americans really are,

Listened to stories I wanted to hear.

Disregarded talk I didn't want to hear,

Wrote a memoir,

Pulled out an Italian-Communist poster to show a friend,

Was myself

As

The world was themselves on a

Saturday afternoon before a big meal

More walks,

Books.

Colors

Beers

&

sights in this land of fucking livin'.

She walked up to the young man on the street, it was a Tuesday in 9th and Locust, she told the young man that she had seen him around before .. he stopped, put his hands to his head and tried to recollect a bit of rememberence of who this gal was..

"So, how have we met .. when did we meet? .. Are you sure we know each other?"

"Yes,"

she comes back with a drained smile.

"I was in your apartment about 8 months ago ..

We had some good times. You had the largest collection of Barry White albums I have ever seen in my life ..

"Well swee shit, baby. Salaki .. it's you isn't it?" he says in a verbal pop.

"Who. You tellin' me that you don't remember who I am. Is my shit not worthy of bein' remembered?" she asked with a rising intensity of anger.

"No .. no .. sweetheart. It's hard, you know.

You meet, hang with and see so many people throughout the day that it's hard to keep up with all the names, talks and faces that come and go .. Wait .. wait .. I'm starting to remember .. Did we meet at that bar on the corner of 12th and Central .. you know, that local tavern giving the world a little salt of the earth it needs with that heap of mashed potatoes."

"Fuck me, Jemon. You really tellin' me that you don't remember me. The taste of my skin you talked about, the sound of my fingers poping, the freckle on the lower end of my right ass cheek. You don't remember me?" she asked.

"Hey baby .. that's all you had to say .. I remember you now. You have changed the hell out of your look .. that's all." he stumbles out .. trying to cover his sinking, flailing cover.

She just Called me and Told me She Was waiting for My Friend at the bar ..

She wants me to come up That Way to keep her company ..

Christ, I'm happy To

Be of such A

Service ..

She called

Him early in the evening

And

Asked for a pair of socks back

That

He borrowed several months

Back during a time of detergent shortages

And

Short term memory hikes ..

Yes.

Demanding that the socks are either delivered to

Her house

Or

Lying out on his front porch

For

A

Delivery in the ensuing AM.

He

Laughed,

Told her that that striped blue set of socks

Were long gone

And

That he would buy her a new package ..

shadows of you in the flanks

People,

Counterparts,

In your corner reciting your life.

While living your life,

They know about yours

And are the immaculate orators of you walking,

Thinking,

Acting

And

Speaking.

I come to a bluff looking over the

River,

Airport,

Bridge,

Dung beetles,

And there's a guy always reciting my thoughts.

He stands beneath

The oak tree off the side of the vertical wall.

He smiles

With his eyes

As I walk by ..

Then,

I reach up and ask,

"Perhaps when you're tired,

I can take over for you."

He says,

"No. It's not in the rules.

In fact, you've never seen me before."

She's happy As I look At the scuff marks On The back of my closet Wall Glisten in Setting sun .. I know She's Still beautiful As The Bleach stains Stay on my cords Wash after wash And Laugh Over Tune .. I Can still imagine her Smell At times As I see The Clock wind down To Α New Date I will take In The evening .. I know time Is of a different hour Where she Sits Or Walk

And It Makes Me

I hope

There's still time
Shared
Here
There And
Within the light brown Marrow
Of A Tree That Will Fight For
A fraction of a millimeter To Grow
Along A Crowded,
Beautiful
Road.

Feel all right

red fender

Today I got Into

One

Of the coolest wrecks ever.

A cat smacked me from behind at

Α

Stop light.

Dropped my smoke, Looked for it, It was under the seat.

I lunged for keys,
Then pulled over into a residential neighborhood
Off the boulevard path
To talk to 'Todd'
About
The
Crush.

There was nothin' but three scratches My fucking bumper As his whole front end was pouting like A Promiscuous catholic girl.

I shook his hand, Laughed Without exchanging insurance numbers or Bringing cops in

And
Went on forgetting
How
Good a winning wreck can go.

red bus

Long black hair, Legs shooting Out of her Knee high dress Like a hot coal Leaving a wet glove ...

She has closed the World's sounds off with Her headphones, Wearing big Black sunglasses ..

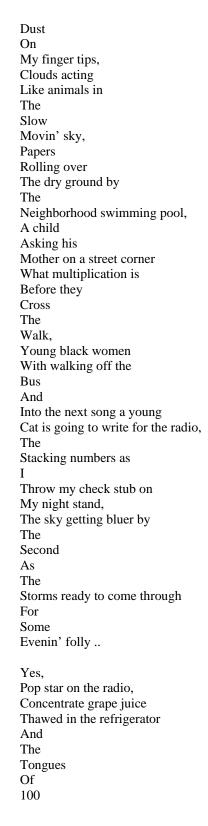
The sex of 231 straight nights pouring out Of her sideways glance

As I laugh into the Hot air Existing the Red

Doors

Of that city bus.

reasons we explain



women

licking their lips for what could be

as the

next

show deservedly goes

on

for us

in them

and for reasons we explain about

the day.

Pieces of pamphlets,

Parts of clovers, Scents of spring holding back rain as

The

Planes veer

In from the east to take the north approach

On

The

Runway.

The silence of

The

World

Moving

As the movement sounds like a small bugle blowing a typany for the

Pigeons flight.

Oh you, Stop for a minute And Laugh At your

Reflection ..

next mouth

To The Carpet next to me, Smudges of paint Lingering on the carpet Like A slug Still trying to make It Out Of a pile of salt, Cool air of The Saturday Coming over the insane Waves of Jazz, Thinking about The taste of her nipples Reminded me that after rain smell On a warm summer day, Hands going like Mad, Mouths piercing each other Though we were attacking each other Like animals in heat On Α Prairie, Feet rubbing out the cold spots, And cold Orange juice Jostling Soft, Smooth Here on The table As The Keyboard churns the yarn Of Another word quilt, The world Goes about slow outside, Giving the birds Chance to really let their Voices

Glue dried

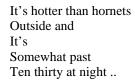
Be heard, I laugh About the audiences in Infomercials And Wonder about little

As my Feet look up At me and the ceiling

Like Tiny Vienna sausages Begging

For the next Mouth.

much ado



Yes,

The ruled out pop icon

Holds

My

Pop around the edges of

The

Cup

As

The

Strawberries enter the oven

And

The

Blueberries

Slice open the breads ..

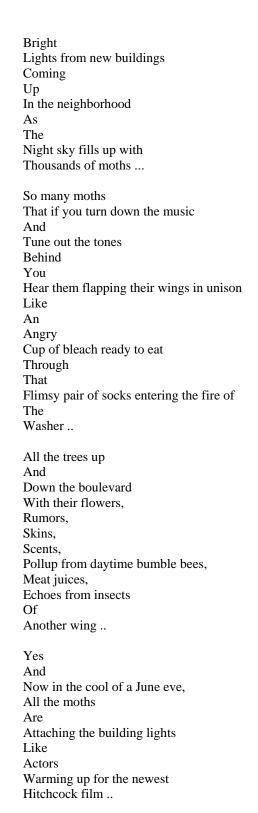
Just a hot

Summer Sunday eve

With

Plenty to do.

moth stretch



Someone just walked by below Wrapped from head to toe In a black Trench coat, Tan aviator glasses Walking swift Up The Street

While tossing Swift, Sneaky

Eyes at the Small Bats of night Attacking Nothing but Shit

Most Just take for granted

Here In this one stretch of city.

making these words worth it

I lunged A brown Paper bag with handles, An empty jug of wine Down two stories into the trash Mouth below the window ..

As the bag flew out of my hands
I noticed
An animal laying
There on top of the
Heaps of crumpled plastic withholding
The human
Waster,
Bits of raw meat,
Used tissue,
And other
Wanton pieces ...

It was a possum ..

He glanced up my way As I let the other bag of trash Sit by my foot ..

He blinked several times
With a civility
That
Kept me peering over the ledge
Into his eyes ..

Blind as a bat, Curious as a drudged cat, I let the little Guy fucking do his deed in the evening Offering of His treasure ..

As I went over to get Some smokes, I looked back down and he Had Vanished like The last scene Of a Shakespeare play ..

Then,
I hauled over and threw the white plastic
Down below
With
My

Next move towards the wine jug ..

As I now

Come back to my thirsty screen,

I hear another sort of

Rumbling down low

In

The

Gallery of missing,

Dispelled and

Otherwise

Used

Pictures of what was ..

There's a regular,

A black cat down

Rummaging through the waste

Of

Our capitalistic adventure

And

The

Deed that keep

Most people bound

During the day

As

They sleep of

The

Dust at night ..

Looking down,

I think about a talk I had with a Brazilian cat

While

Having a smoke at work today ..

He was handing out flyers about this

Cuban kid

Causing a swell in Miami

And

Bullshit in Cuba ..

This cat was handing out propaganda

Asking

People to support

This

Kid's permanent stay in the States ..

The cat told me,

"We're trying to protect this kid

from becoming another communist casualty that will labor long hours in piss conditions in a country that doesn't treat their people right."

"Well,"

I told him.

"How do you know it's that bad? Plus, this kid deserves to be with his dad. The bottom line is this .. The boy is a fucking media sensation .. For the rest of his days He's nitched into a media darling role. There's no fucking way Their going to send him anywhere but a palace Of pleasing his desires and keeping that smile wide."

The man nodded with a smooth grin, Following my hard line of English with His Eyes straining to understand.

He said

He wanted to promote this boy's stay in the states To make a point about abusive governments around the world.

Those that treat their People like third class citizens in a cramped coach seat.

Well.

I now look over a windowsill At the empty trash can below.

The possum and man have left.

Taken their 4th rate goods away To keep their Soul And Belly warm for the evening ..

I think of the justice ..

Here in America and with humans All abound On this hurtling rock Trying to find sense ..

The animals and humans
Coming together with
Any
Pangs of communism,
Capitalism,
Socialism,
Or whatever government structure going down
Is fine
And
Great ...

We need to take care of The people ..

Those going through Others waste And Those trying to peer through The night With No sight

And Enough Courage

To make these words worth it.

lincoln logs

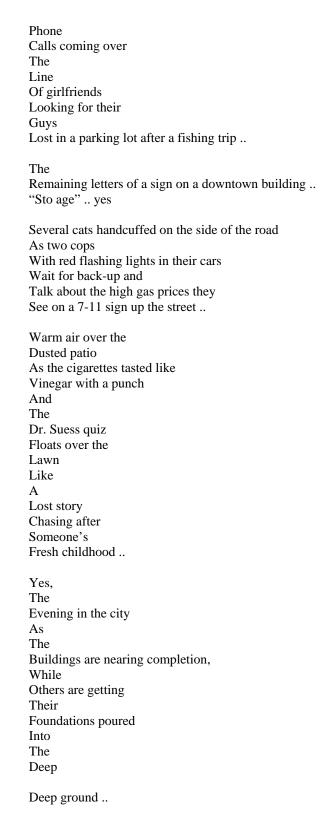
I'll tell you Somthin' ..

Arriving.

When you hear someone Has hit writer's block It's one of two things ..

They could never write in the first place Or It's a convenient term used For The fact That the ideas Just are Fuckin'

likely your story



Here With stories of Space filling with A shit load of debris

And

Wondering

How

They

Are going to contain all the space trash..

You know

What

I

Say,

Let's

Keep

The

Story going along

With

The

Candle,

Cheap wine,

Crackling jazz,

And

Another

Movement

On

The

Sidewalk

Below

That

Will

Likely be your story.

JOPLIN, MISSOURI -- FBI agents hope to determine Monday if two News/Weather trucks heisted from WJAS-Channel 6's parking lot, containing secret news/weather not intended for public disposal, we're indeed "tampered" for possible public dissemination. The vehicles disappeared from the station's gated and secured parking lot in Joplin, Missouri six weeks ago, then mysteriously reappeared last Friday behind the local "Chicken and Curls" chain restaurant that already had been searched several times prior to the confounding discovery.

The vans were then weighed, loaded, stamped and flown to Washington, D.C. on Sunday for further analysis.

With a mounting number of local citizens calling Channel 6's General Manager, Fred "Stump" Engard, to resign over such a security breach, local newspapers close to the pulse of the matter said Sunday that the FBI was focusing its investigation not only on "Stump" but the cast from the early AM, afternoon, 6PM and 10 PM newscasts. The prevailing belief that a local personality, disgruntled with their job and slumping ratings on a local TV dinosaur, was the brain child behind such a heist can't leave the public eye.

"Hell man, I've been in this city all my life," said 26-year old local Brandy Swanson. "I just thank God's lucky cloak that they didn't seep out news or weather our God fearing people, and the world for that matter, wasn't quite ready to be exposed to. It's almost like they were doing that cloning thing they pulled off with that lamb several years ago. Tampering with God's work. When they catch these punks, they're going to be sorry. Many folks in this community want to see them behind bars for a bucket load of time."

Thus far, local authorities and the FBI have administered all known suspects, employees and the General Manager, to lie-detector tests, and a few appeared to give "contradictory" answers, Spanky Williams said on NBC's "Meet the Press."

The number of employees whose answers were considered suspect has been unclear as of press time.

"I don't want to go into the exact number, because the investigation is still continuing, but there's more than four people forking us lines. And hey, they're in just another form of show business .. it's like talking to an actor. Like getting Jack Nicholson on the stand in that one moving and not necessarily getting the truth,," Alan Croupus, Joplin's beloved Sheriff, said Sunday on CNN's Show Biz Today.

"These people we are probing are continually providing contradictory statements and appear to be involved in this particular situation," Croupus further disclosed said.

In the meantime, TV personality "SCABS" have been filling in on all time slots on th4is local news channel. And the reception hasn't been friendly. Even though ratings have skyrocketed since the scandal broke, in fact the station has charted the highest ratings in the stations 47-year history. Though, the "SCABS" have been carted in security vans behind the building to a mounting group of folks tossing vile resistance to replacing the anchors. Local residents view these "SCABS" as guilty as those under question.

Many residents feel the station should play a continuos loop of "DORF", "ALF" or Walter Cronkite's collected history of television broadcasting as a morale boost. Many feel the news has been sabotoged from the inside and they are horrified.

"How could these faces, we see every night, go to their fund raising events, invite them to talk weather and broadcasting integrity to our children pull off such a scam," said one concerned parent, Josie Russelbaum of KT's Roadside Diner. "I know we don't have a guilty party or know exactly what their motive was, but I can't shake the chill that it was someone on the inside trying the demoralize news and weather we rely on in such a fashion."

Croupus characterized the investigation one of the largest criminal matter's against the media on record.

"I believe the guilty individuals are as hardened as say, a serial killer or terrorist," he said. "Whether this stunt was pulled off initially as a wake-up call to the community of Joplin or the media at large, very serious infractions were committed. Somebody will be charged and held accountable."

Local city council members and distinguished stakeholders on Sunday called on General Manager Fred "Stump" Engard to resign immediately. The station's owner, Buddy "Bud" Allen, wouldn't comment. Though, City Councilwoman Toby Thompon has "full confidence" in the community, fellow council members and the public at large that Engard will step down and media virility will be restored this small middle American town.

Sen. Richard Gephardt, R-Missouri, said on Channel 6's popular "Late Edition" that action has to be taken before the loss of confidence and sagging morale begins splitting Joplin, the good people of Missouri and the nation apart.

"Until the true guilty party comes forth, "Stump" is indeed accountable," he said. "He has not done a particularly good job in the past. I mean, look at the ratings. I think he should go."

Since the incident hit the wires with a red hot velocity, security around and in the station's quarters off 611 Plum Ave. have been at "White House" levels to ensure that no follow-up deception occurs.

In the meantime we wait in the case of the "the media vs. the media".

i'll come back

Unchoke The holds And

The

The

She Was to

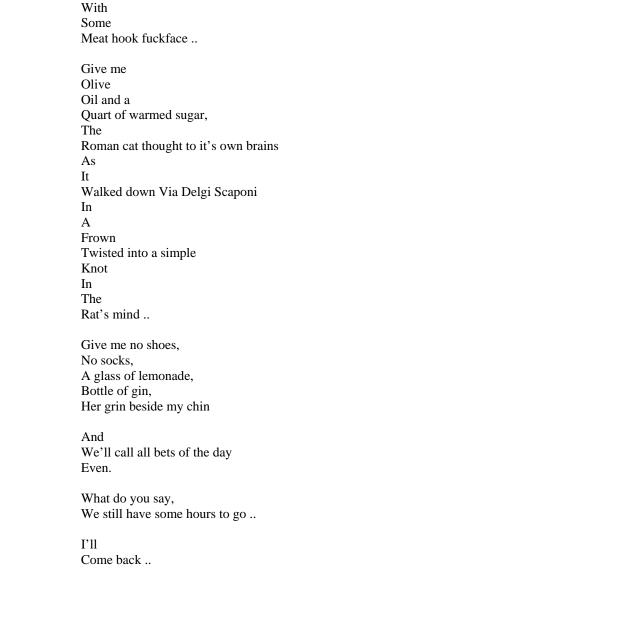
Loosen the chains,

Screamed from her window

Consummate her relationship

Young beauty

Night before



if there is anything you question, send it in to a game show and cross your fingers, you lucky little moment may be around the corner of your pants and in the back of your memory ..

Hot liquids
Of pain,
Pleasurable spurs
Going about my legs
Like globs of chewed gum,
Swallowed,
Blown out of the mouth
Of an Asian kid going down
A
Water slide.

**

Clock on the watch tower Leaning and lurching Like a Large grin On A New

**

Gal.

Twists of wind.
They snarl like vodka
And whistle like sin as the coffee flows
In sobriety's song.

**

Bugs crawling over the ledge tops.

The small enjoyment in a paradoxical clamp.

Yes,

And the names of truth sprayed over The graffiti on an empty highway billboard.

**

Trees coming to spruce Outside a nite of chilled spring air.

She began rubbing my calves as the cat's warmed up to a Cold bowl of apple juice.

**

He jerked his shit off with shaving cream And Went bald in the face.

**

A sneeze over

The eve As air conditioners wait like warriors In a heat Rubbing between an old man's hands & running wild over the socks of the school kids playground.

**

Sounds of locomotives, Barricades, Cars smashing pieces of metal covering holes in the street .. I'm almost fully into the swig of America again.

**

My legs splitting the asshole off of me As the walnut Cracks open a paper fortune and The joke goes from one mouth Into 12 empty rooms.

**

Being one in the cold Is like being 9 in the sweaty heat.

**

Who borrowed the book that taught the children How to speak?

**

hot bowl of soul

Bought
Some
Things for the family today ..
Birthdays,
Father's Day and
The like ..
Got all my stuff in a five-and-dime store
And

Though,

As the black checkers stack up against

A Latin American import place ..

My Chest,

I realize

How much shopping is

A sham ..

It still sends me into disbelief

That people

Truly

Buy

All

That

Horrible shit ..

Though,

As I was strolling the streets

And about this little section of town

For

Some goods,

I hear a wreck at the 4-way stop intersection

Close by ..

As I come out of a shop, I hear a big black gal Letting out some Chap About

What bullshit it is for people to call

The cops after an accident ..

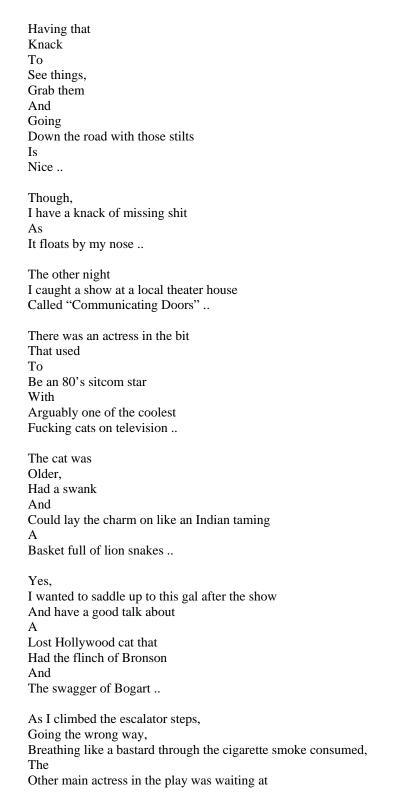
She was just a bystander, But she was letting these Old gals have it with the verbal flings ..

She was pushing her boy aside that was trying to get some Words in

And Flying about how people should trade insurance numbers And fucking get on with their Day .. I could agree more .. Yes, I love That Soul wisdom On The Fly When it Knocks Upon my ears Unexpectedly Like A Mouthful of cold ice cream after

A hot bowl of soup.

hittin' and missin' the bad ass



The top of the electronic steps giving me and A friend a hairy eye ..

She asked.

"You looking for something?"

"Yea,"

I told her.

"I want to talk to that actress opposite you tonight about Ted Knight."

"Why?"

she asked with that big city sass and charm.

"I just want to know what the fucking guy was all about. Did he knock down vodka straight from the bottle, Was he good with kids, Was he a good storyteller. Shit like that."

At this,

She let her legs take her down the descending staircase Into an after show fuck with her husband That is the director ..

She just looked up in a speechless slur.

I then

Found a guy that worked for the theater and asked If this actress I was looking for had left yet.

He said no,

In fact she was on her way out.

So,

As I waited there.

My friend went to take care of the bathroom.

Waiting there,

Peering through my blurred vision in a dark corridor, A large black woman came up next to me To punch her parking ticket for some validation.

She was complaining about having to validate her ticket This late at night.

I shot back a couple of jabs her way As I noticed several people coming down the hallway.

It didn't look like the actress, So I went on talking to this gal About Tickets, And the air around.

About 15 seconds later I hear

The bartender

Cleaning the nights leaks

And drips

While on the phone

Put the receiver down and tell me that she just walked by and was taking the elevator

Down.

Shit,

I mused as my friend was coming back from the pisser

And I whipped around the corner to see if I could catch them before

Going down the elevator.

No dice.

I missed my shot

And

Back up the

Thought

That

Sometimes you hit the bull's eye with a flaming fucking

Knife

And

At other

Times

You talk to others

While the action passes.

Christ,

It seems like a good enough

Trade off

Though

I wanted to know

A little somethin'

About

That Hollywood

Bad ass.

him and i up and down the street

Walking Past Bits Of The local theater down the street Going Through A Facelift
The construction barriers Up Like roman candles warding Off The Fucking loon kids Of Ridalyn
Then, I walk through the courtyard Between the catholic church and retirement tower And Notice an older cat Sleeping on the pavement before One of the tinted glass Side doors
Out like A Match dropped in a puddle
His hands curled Beneath his head, Bible underneath His left knee
Waiting for a Piece of salvation Or A Good word when he wakes up
Yes, The renovated theaters And The Play on the streets
I wanted to wake this cat up And

Have

Α

Good

Talk

About

Other

Ways

The city could spend money

Over

A

Stout

Drink at a

Bar down the street.

hair .. it seams

Watching her Head from behind.

A gray explosion
Of hairs
Comfortable finding no uniform direction.

This old gal just held her hand, Purse in her lap like Clay hardening in The Winter air.

Snug,

Yet inwardly a beam in her Lounge dress

Going into the steps

And

Around that block as

The

Heat,

Visions,

Sweat

And

Hair

Keep us obliged.

gladly think

Green of new
Tree lovers,
The sigh of
A pounding air hammer,
Bicycles,
Screw drivers,
Tearing concrete,
Solid earth to nothin' ...

As the train whistles, Roarin' engines And Tiny talk comes Through the Open window next to my head.

Yes, Leaving lint, Stony grit about the apartment ..

On the surface By Which I Gladly

Think.

Gal steps off the bus

With

Wisps of hair hiding several pimples ..

She has a tomato plant In her hand ..

A little somethin' for the city,

Heat,

Them,

You,

Our neighbors,

And

Those that get to crash into

Those

Yellow seeds in several months.

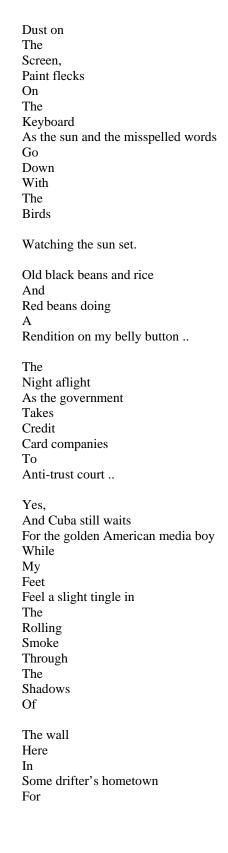
electric puddle

New faces,
Old pieces of wood as the
Carpenter congratulates
The reformed mechanic
On
A
Job well done.

Yes,
Toothless Chuck and his heirloom of
Easy broads
Gets the room
Poppin' with
Anticipation
Like an overhead wire

Split open And Hanging in a Fresh puddle on the street.

drifter's home



The night.

Deciphering
Between the continents,
Speaking
Between countries.

Rome felt different, Yet connected to Italia The whole time.

All the small cars, Vespa's, Insects, Cream, Pepperoni's, Yet it had that Enormity in a compact place.

It was like riding on top of a balloon .. Sliding about on hot Bacon grease.

dead bird; glorious city

Picked up a dead bird ..

Young, young fellow At the stoop of our building's front door And took it out to the trash dumpster.

With the sunny yearlings of day And the marveled mix of Radio over Fresh air, It seemed sad and Too real as the bird went with His few days of life into the green dumpster.

Just like that.

Yes, In a plastic sandwich bag,

He went down with the bones of a midday siesta.

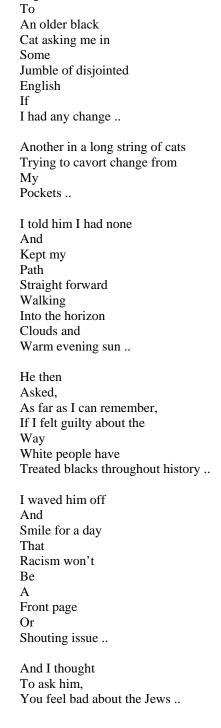
As she just came through the building's front door Coughing her way to her keys And Going into her Apartment on

Α

Glorious

Day in the city.

compassion on a bench



Came out of work

The Other Night The way they have been Treated throughout The History of the human walk ...

And I knew Somehow He Just Wouldn't get It ..

There need to

Be fucking human compassion

Period.

comic bullets

I hear people
Talk about an old gal That
Was shot at a baseball game the other night
As
I listen to a
Conversation with a friend
Watching
Television's ultimate assault on intelligence pro wrestling
recevision's artificate assault on interrigence pro wresting
I hear
Stories of missing security information
On
A
Hard drive in the wrong hands
From a top secret laboratory in California
As
The
People in neighboring cubicles
Try
To hash out lengthy conversations over
Trivial topics
That
Make me shove my headphones in
Tighter
For
Some
Comedy over
A web site's folly
I turn up the music
I turn up the music And
Churn the talk towards another venue
That
People raise an eye towards
reopie raise an eye towards
For there's nothing
Duller
That
Matriculating over what we already understand in a base reality
And
Nothing cooler that
То
Catch folks
On
The
Wrong toe
As
Topics come up that
Thou
They

Squirm to handle ..

Yes,

The

Comedy is constant

As

The

City

Still

Tries to find out

Where

The

Bullet in

The ballpark came from.

Cattle and Poultry Industries Protests Rat Meals

Industries Cry That Dining On Rodents Is Barbaric

NEW YORK -- The TV residents on "VH1's Realer World" weren't the only ones sickened by their slow-roasted rat dinner.

Representatives from the People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals found the set and marched the live feed of the show outside CBS' New York studio's on Friday to protest the network's portrayal of the real-life people eating the rodents.

Eight hundred protesters, including the star of the 70's hit "Rat Boy", chanted and stormed the set, "Rats have feelings to! Eat chicken breasts! Rats have more rights than chickens or cows! Rats are really smarter than most animals!"

"You have people who think it's fun to trap rats, cut off their legs, skin them and cook 'em up," Raul Jemon of PETA told reporters. "It's better to chase chickens, chop off their heads and roast them for good family meals. Or, it's much better to slit the throat of a cow open, let them choke on their own blood for the pure American tradition of having a burger and fries. Though, it's disgusting to do this to our rat pals."

The rodent dining experience was a part of VH1's popular follow-up to MTV's "Real World", which has been a big hit for chicken and cow eating executives. More than 23 million people watched last Wednesday night.

Hungry house guests have also requested cat meat in their Chinese food take-out orders. Jemon was angry that the cameras caught the residents laughing when the restaurant worker taking the phone-in order was heard laughing through the miced phone and saying, "That's one of our most popular dishes," as a picture of a cat hung in the open view from the open door of one of the resident's room in the background.

A network's spokesman said redsidents have been instructed to order cattle or poultry products from now on.

beneath a river

Birds competing With the airplanes As the mechanical nose Leaves the runway.

The proletariat laughing down the wallpaper in the bourgoesie Home next to the lilac fields ..

An old homeless cat on the street rifling coins About a used, white Styrofoam cup as The white people with dogs Go by as though nothing but the sky and their animals Exist.

Chalk back talking the blackboard As
The mustard squares up with the Last tube of ketchup.

One in their two
And four in their seven
As the cars do away down more pavement
On the roads

Here

Beneath the river.

Below the Pastel, Azure sky in clouds That Litter above the Atlantic Ocean ..

Patches of land lie low with mist Laughing like Faint intuition.