```
Bright night
Lights ..
Walking across the street
With the strongest
Of the meek,
While chewing
An apple
&
letting the wind
beat
against my
ears
```

like

woman in a dream.

\*\*

Wise women And Their stubbed pinky toes .. The new Drama Coming to FOX this fall, Fuck right ..

\*\*

Your inspiration Comes in tiny sips of water ..

\*\*

Gal calls tonight ..

One of the better telemarketers In some time ..

Call lasted 70 seconds ..

She was selling the NY Times ..

They could send me an apple every Sunday instead of the paper ..

I wanted a little New York fruit not the news from New York About the rest of the world besides New York.

She kept talking .. I wondered why.

\*\*

Naps in the evening Kick ass.

The sea gulls of her dreams
As
The moths have gone
Away for the eve
And
Were once stuck here with what
Used to be wet and
What can safely be said ..
Will never be dry.

\*\*

Sounds of cows at night, Women topless in A Bar.

\*\*

Young couple Picnicking with Other Things on their mind ..

\*\*

Lookin' through the back window As the mildew Turns to jelly and The city vents Laugh in A New And strange motion ..

\*\*

#### cat in wool cloth

Caught up with This homeless cat today ..

James-

Little or no teeth on the Top and bottom roof of mouth, Mexican t-shirt From Some Wisconsin fiesta ...

Started layin' down his line—

He called Social Security And his pension was bein' held back From his shit ..

He served in Vietnam
And called all these people
"Communists" for not giving him
his monies .. those bastards, he continued,
with a wobbling,
fiery look
and
gait he went with ..

Telling me of his
19 cents in his pocket
&
being ran out of the pharmacy
down the way for pleading with his pennies
for a 63 cent cup of coffee ..

Then, He told me of the various Homeless shelters in town.

How they strip you down,
Give you pajamas to wear,
Fumigate you for bugs,
5 PM curfew,
No smoking
&
how he was kicked out
when he woke
before the 7 AM bell in the morning ...

He got up at 5 AM .. Wanted to leave ..

So,

They threw him out ..

Then,

He asks me for some change.

I give him a quarter and he tells me about his College years.

About taking a marketing class, Writing about panty hose and the new mustard find.

He said
That he aced the course
And
I told him I preferred livin'
As a kid with a yellow shirt in the back of a car
Smiles on ..

Then,

He started speakin' of cords ..

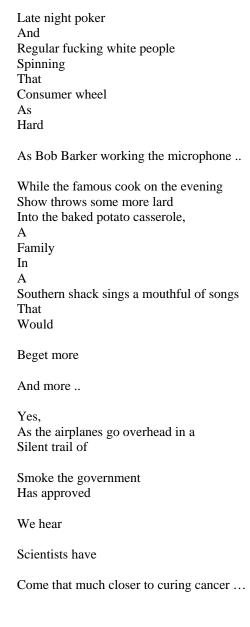
Those fuckin' beautiful pants ..

Keepin' you cool in the summer And Warm in the winter ..

Amen, Brother.

A quarter well spent.

#### close to a cure

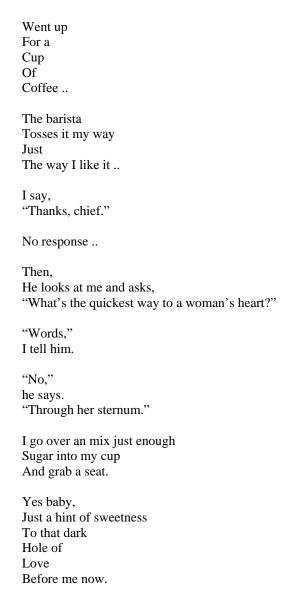


## crazed laughter

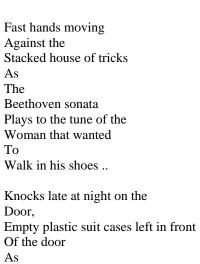
Cracked rib,
The end of a finger gorging
Their stories
Of
A
Sport gone far
As
Corporate cunts
And
Soulless business women
Push me farther away from
White faced work.

Just give me less money And Bed springs full of laughter.

### dark hole of love



#### downtown sidewalk



Stranger move into warm apartments above And

The

Carpet wipes away my dead skin

With the same brush

As it would

To

Greet the new follicles ..

I tell you ..

There's time enough to finish that 2<sup>nd</sup> drink, Hang the lamp shade sideways, Look at the sun crooked as it comes in straight as a blink, Paint that glued over canvass, String that old guitar that used to never hold a tune

Yes,

There's

Time also for the third drink

As you forget

The

Fourth

While

Running into an old friend

On the downtown sidewalk.

### flinstone man

The round
Grained sun
As
The
Homeless cat
In Flinstone's pants,
Dirtied beyond mud and nails like a nightly special,
Came to pick over the butts in the ash tray
By the corporate stack of windows.

I stopped him And gave him a smoke ..

Lit it for him as He took a drag in and asked, "Did you ever get that money back?"

Hmm .. I wondered ..

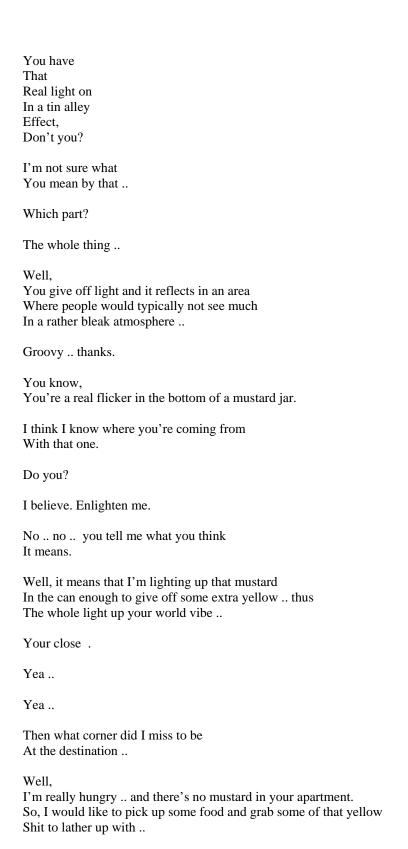
"Yes," I said.

No knowing what this cat was asking about.

I just wanted to give him A little assurance in his maze of fast thoughts.

For that man in the corna' park.

#### get in the car and go



I believe you are on to something ..

Yes, Some people need to decode their words a Little more ..

What?

Let's get in the car and go ..



Its shadow

As

The

Park Ranger

In

Yellowstone

Pulls out another cigarette on a slow night

For

The

People

And

Wild on foot.

The sirens coming from

Both the east and west as the mid-40's male

Security guard checks the room of screens

One last time

Before he goes off to do his duty with his lovely little nudie magazine.

The silence of the fountains beside me now

As the conventioneers are in town lapping in liquor,

Swimming over used appetizers

And

Ready to set their KC eve goin'.

The peaceful park benches

And

Foil streamers

Stuck in the branches of a median scaped lane.

Neon glow from the gallery above the hotel as the Old, used vacant hotels of the city echo – resonate With the days of Basie – Bird – Ellington And the boys in the drum room of The next to President's Hotel.

The click of a birds chirp, The bang of a flat bed going over the City's manhole are on 13<sup>th</sup> and Central.

Yes.

There's somethin' going' on here in KC.

Yes,

There's somethin' going on everywhere.

## have you given?

I believe He can hold his own.

As his homeless eyes Squirm for a dry flat And Refusing toothpaste, Soup, Crackers Or toilet brushes from Those with homes.

In the battle of the Have's and have not's On the city street ..

The have not's have always got me.

Their choices and chances are always much fucking Broader than all the white people that have.

When they looked tired, They look alive, When they look defeated, They have that bounce as though they're goin' to win.

Yes, The bruisers.

The true bruisers of the boulevard Keepin' the city lit and Open to a warm donut When they want it from the Cleft, Givin' hand.

### heat & colds

It's still hot, Thick air In the 9:30 PM air.

Though,

My bare feet on the wet gravel feels just so

Δç

I see the invisible platform

Of the speech our Vice President gave some weeks pat.

He just picked His running mate.

The 1<sup>st</sup> Jewish man

Ever to be in the heat of the erection.

Yes baby,

The heat is up here in KC ..

I know I would vote for a brother or sister,

A woman

Or

A

Handful of children to run this government of ours

Through

All this heat and

Occassional colds.

## her and all the more

I see Her In The Dreams at night, Early-morning And Catch her scent of A Wary imaginary eye Here From Time to time
She goes About in that all familiar way And You wonder to yourself for a splice of a minute
If she should Be next to you during those dreams At Night And early-morning And If Her Eyes should be close by giving off that Ever familiar scent
Though, What has been scratched in that sealed note Has been scratched
And The cars still race down the block And The People keep on going to the back room And The dogs run around the back yard And The Salesmen take down whiskey And The Martyr marries a pacifist And The Time listens to the waterfall And The

Flower gets sold in a coke bottle
And
The
Eagle nurtures the stork's nest
And
The
Acronym applied for a new loan of words
And
The

Lizard bought a new snake skin suit

And The

Matrimony went into the warming oven

And The

Family in the SUV went to see that world's largest frying pan on a summer vacation

And The

Thought of her doing something I can't write down

Makes me smile

All the more ..

## Hoffa just checked into Morrison hotel

And they Asked at the counter if This was true—

Sure as shit, The concierge whispered ..

He said
The train just rolled through on its last pass that night
And
Hollywood just decided yesterday to go on strike.

The people didn't quite know what to believe as They masturbated their dreams.

Yes,
Hoffa just slipped off his slippers
As the dove on the ledge
Took a shit
And
The people
Went on buying a story that
Bought them long ago.

## in for a cup

An old couple dippin' their feet In the quite fountain tonight As the convention starts pulling free a bit ..

Some youthful shouts, The cars circle this park like an orbit millions of miles Away.

I'm hungry with a belly full of food And Awake as though the bed is a friend.

Yet, The arm of the clock is our familiar.

Just as long
As
You invite it in for
A
Cup.

#### In honor oF

She came by last night, Our neighbor, After asking earlier for an umbrella And a towel for her car.

The rain was pissin' And her Car seat was hissin' with wata'

Gave her some goods, Took more than some Minutes to get the pungent seep of perfume Out of the air—

Then,
She came back
Several hours later with a bandana in her head,
Apron
&
a desperate plea
in her voice ..

"Joe, can I see that Mario Puzo book I gave you last week?"

"Yea,"
I tell her without any questions.

I come out of my room And toss her the book.

She flips through to the middle, Grabs a little pouch of Cocaine inside – wedge within the packed Mountain of tan pages.

She pulls the white pile out, Smiles And tosses the book back.

"Fuck, I've been looking for this," she tells me.

"I haven't," I respond.

Christ,

I seem to get balled up in these drug schemes Unbeknownst to me ..

Shit,

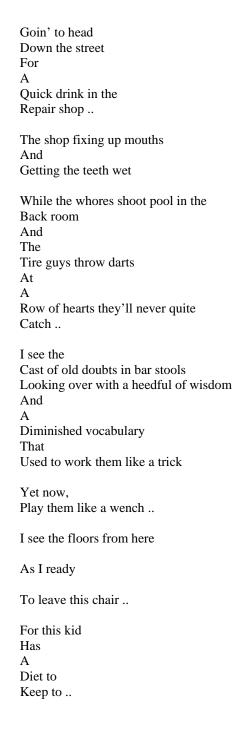
That was the first time I've seen cocaine Eye-to-eye ..

So, She leaves And I think about the title of the book That she gave me ..

It fit the scene ..

"Fools die."

## keepin' a diet



### middle of the wad

He throws Off his shoes And Looks past the couch ..

The scene outside is swimming with some New fish While the familiar one's suck down cigarette And Barter for liquor ..

Yet
The real prize lies inside a gum ball the
Crap's dealer just bit into
As
A new female face comes straight up the table
And
Asks
If she could get a fresh napkin ..

At this, He tilts his head and says, "Mam, we don't have any clocks in here."

At this, She tilts her head and Says, "Sorry to bother you."

He nods with a conciliatory smile

As
The next
Gambler comes to the table chewing a big

Wad of gum.

## minute to go

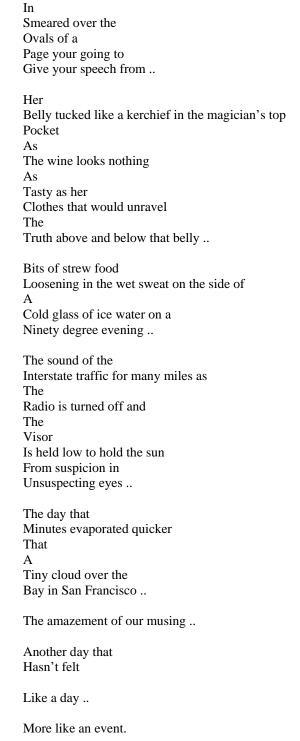
A brick of Film to go, One smoke on the ledge, Warming orange juice In a green glass as the Spanish folk singer Draws his plan to rule an evolving Musical world.

Yes,

Clothes on the chair and The sky burping pieces of lighting it forgot earlier on In the rains that whipped the scene and now the cars Rev With heat And Women slip out of their low skirts as Sounds of the tempest hold low In the high heat Of another Minute

To go.

#### more like an event



Streaks of black

### move like the breaker

Listening to the planet As An animal

Run's away successfully from a hunter's arrow ..

Talking with a new tell tale beauty with green eyes And hair that won't wilt

As the court reporter Slips into her nightly Midriff ..

A rumor that died in his mind

As

The truth came from sources the people once suspected

As

Being somewhat sketchy ..

A train traveling down the interstate

As

The

Bicyclists of the world decided to upgrade to motor cycles ..

A vowel in the consonant's nightmare With a new set of verbs

That would fucking move

Like

The breaker ..

# necessary to remember

Caterpillar Glare
As the Water rides the Smoke And The Button stays attached to the node
Yes, I have just consumed A Large Fucking burrito And
The Evening air smells like an Old home with hardwood floors Ready To Sell
The License costs a dime, Though The Mind Is More That The Chime
Yes, As you drive on down that Road This Evening And Have That smell turn from floors To A woman's scalp
Remember That
To Remember is not

The cocked roach in

His

Necessarily Necessary .. No purpose To write But to write As The dogs look like angels Walking around In a pastor's robe ..

\*\*

Why do you need so much sleep .. I ask her.

Well .. it's not that I need it so much, She says, But that it needs ME.

\*\*

Hot coffee late at night .. Some jobs are just flat overrated.

\*\*

The afternoon Your morning arrived.

\*\*

The bumper sticker stabotage artist .. Some cat that puts horrible bumper stickers on cars While the owners are in stores, work, screwin' off, etc. Horrible neon stickers of bad bands, foods and products .. Fuckin' messy to get off.

Laissez Fair, friend.

\*\*

When does 1 decide they have lost their minds .. When they don't think about it anymore ..

\*\*

The day all city busses traveled the wrong way down city streets. Just to liven shit up and let the civilian drivers know who really runs the street.

\*\*

Quick exits and slow entrances As the pasture of glances melt into reminding looks of when the Day was once lit and you came to enjoy the dusk.

\*\*

Docks by the water ..

She asked him if he believed in the world.

He asked, "Does it believe in me?"

\*\*

I hear the words you're writing as though Your sayin' what your doin' as your talkin'

\*\*

The scaffolding in the chapel As the dragon fly tried to out run the vingage bomber above the afternoon skies  $\dots$ 

## on the green board

Chalk on a green board, They're trying to get printed In another journal Made by lines And Ripped open by the lights.

Children in a coffee shop
Forgetting
The feeling of a diaper
As
The
Grocery clerk down the street
Puts another
Can of peas on the shelf.

Yes,
As the
Ambulance looks
To give another life to
Earth's water barrel,
The streets
Look to give another reason to god's meter.

Yes,
Without chalk anywhere to be found,
The words will make it
Up
On the
Green board.

#### on your feet or back

Celebration of
The revelation
As the people wrapped their arms
Around the dream
While the bus missed its stop and
The plane over shot the runway.

Yes, As an endless steam of 1-2-1 swallows came out of nowhere and flapped their wings erratically over my head ..

The celebration of a dream – nap
Where I ran into
A woman by the hotel down
The street .. she was in town for several days.

We began neckin' like thirsty alcoholics And Went back to my place as I woke up ..

Wished us well and
Went out for an evening walk
As
I ran into another woman
In town for good that worked at another hotel down the street.

We started exchangin' the mouth's last glance And went up to her comped room.

Yes, You must do for you Because it's happening to you yin the Dream You can catch on your feet or On your

Back.

### only a term or word

Wipin' up China with a Napkin from the Hong Kong Hyatt ..

Drawin' over Kansas City with A pen from the Knoxville Hilton ..

Towlin' off with a Baton Rouge bath towel In Athen's local hotel ..

Drinkin' from Chicago's Econo Lodge high ball glass In Topeka's last vacancy of the night ..

Travelin' because these pieces need to see everything it's missing ..

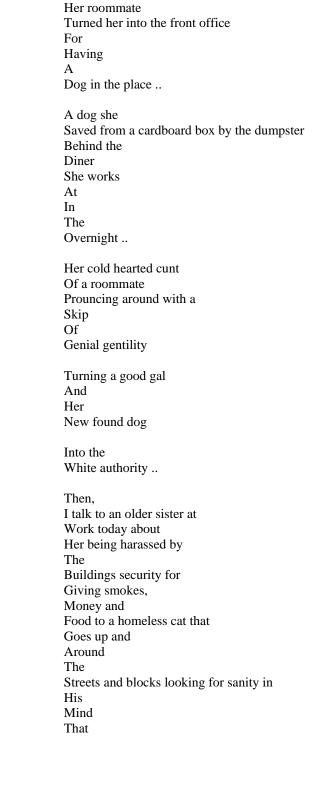
Movin' because static is only a term

Or

A

Word.

### open eyes of the dogs and homeless cats



The neighbor gal

Told Me

Has been taking for an unexpected ride
Yes, The Humanity is out there peeling away the onion skins
As the Oiled down Fucks That Have no other time but others to pick at
Do Justice an injustice
These people, The ones saving the dogs and the homeless cats Are The Truth Behind
What is hailed as heros
Yes, We see the judas complex rear Its piss
From now and there
Though, Its Weakness
That can be blighted
By the smile
Of dogs and someone looking for a good cold sandwich to Keep their eyes open
Yes, Open.

Random shouts from around The blackened corner off Broadway ..

The drunk voice breakin' the glass of a humid, Rain soaked eve where the winds kicked the piss out Of the trees and left the wood chips off the sidewalk Strewn like puzzle pieces on The recovering pavement.

Shouting loud insults to himself
To the only ear that could hear as the few cars
&
people flopped by like customers in a post office.

Yes.

Giving the night a good stromp to the chops

As

The

Drinkers drink,

Thinkers think,

Blinkers brink,

Lingerers linger,

Ringers ring

And

The sound of his voice comes still

Over the

Thick air going into his lungs and

Out

Of

Our asses.

## pets & their bones

Got several gay neighbors That have small dogs.

Dave and Armando Stringing their ambiguity for all the sharp shooters North ..

They lean back as their boy dogs hump like jail nests in A Georgian heat storm.

Laughing & jabbing about these funny bones on their pets.

Guess pets and their owners Really do start acting alike After No

Time flat.

### played again in KC

At the Blue Room The other night Off 18<sup>th</sup> & Vine With a gal seein' some live jazz ...

There's an older black gal, Louder than a tambourine & Sturdier in that dress Than a floatin' submarine.

It's a non-smokin' joint, So I have to go out every once in a time For a cigarette with some blokes ..

At one point, I go out, No one around except the silent, green 18/Vine signs And echoes of the crazy cats hittin' the scene.

The driven mad musicians in their suede pants
Goin' to KC as the relic of
The music world
Blowin' into the eve even if it's mornin'
And
As though they could wake the world with a smile if they're not
Just kept on flowin'.

As I mill over the hulls of this evacuated craft, A smoove, large black cat
Comes out the front door,
Down the plastic bubble atrium
And
Shakes his head slightly.

Pulls out a smoke, Looks to his left (I'm on the right), Lights his tobacco in the crowned outside lounge and wheels around On his feet ..

There's no "How you doin?" asked ..

He says

One of the more classic conversation entrances I have seen in some time, "I remember when my father brought me down here 42 years ago .. I was 11 at the time and this area smoked .. "

"People all over .. Miles Davis used to come down here from Seattle with his quartet .. most people don't know that he's from Seattle.

I tell him I would more than much Have liked to see this Vine block doin'

Its glory back in the day ..

He smiled, Shook his head again, Threw down his smoke with half to go and went back into the Club.

It was just too much for this cat to see what the area had become ..

Yes,
I finished off my smoke,
Went in for another drink
&
smiled with the Jazz gods and ordered another drink

as

Miles in black and white played on the  $\ensuremath{\mathrm{Tv}}$  screen above the jukebox Again

In

KC.

## pure fucking color

The blue letters
Of the
"West Leg" sign
off the highway
as
the
cars trickle along like toys
on
a
boy's basement floor ..

A dog walking in a cower, Then sitting As His human master gives Him Several verbal words ..

He now claps, Applauds the dog's obedience ..

Yet, The dog will win.

He'll get well fed ..

Then later, He'll chew on his balls And Sleep with dreams in pure

Fucking color.

#### real meal, baby

They gave me
My freedom the other day
And again confirmed that it's just a job.
As the litter flew by on the sidewalk that day
Like a child's lost bouncing ball,
The leprechaun went to the thrift shop next door
To buy another pair of curly toed shoes.

They told me things weren't working out As planned .. Yes, I thought, You have that story straight.

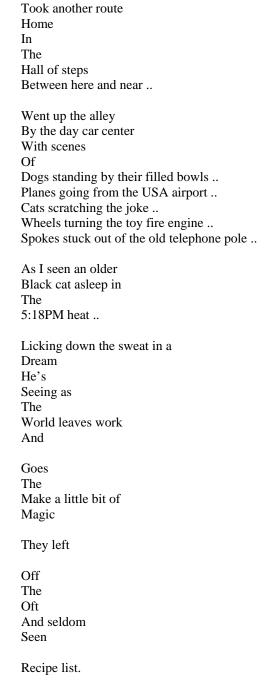
I believe they take too many hours out of my day that Can't completely be compensated by cash .. Yes, It was time for divorce court to see the anvil down and I believe I got the end of the bargain I was lookin' for.

Freedom is a reality we need to think about & they were thinkin' About it as much as I .. So, as I see the evening slip into Later PM and hear the conversation rise octaves above a "G" .. I know that things are Ok .. all right ..

For the mornings look like nicotine and tastes like caffeine As I wag my toes with the rest of the city's pets and those free Doin' what they want.

Yes, it's not about what I want to do for a livin' to get some funds .. It's about what I need to do to realize that a job is just work and Livin' the way you want is the real fuckin' deal.

## recipe list



#### reunion tour

Spiders climb over the red holes of the park bench As the church sounds its 10 PM tone.

The silence of a statue with a
Horse riding a cowboy
And
The
Hotel sign looking for a vacancy
To
Rest its bulbs.

Porters running after their first Chance at love And Call girls walking away from that Voice that says it was never love in the first place.

Sure,

&

the motorcycle man taking 12st street nice and easy as the old, rock icon decides the band should come together for a re-union tour.

#### rule 2 on the list of 5

He pointed
Towards the chalk board
In the back coffee room and
Said,
"Whatever you fucking do .. don't cross
paths with rule two."

"Yea," I said.

"What does it mean?"

"Just what the words spell – there's no hidden semantics," he came back.

We finished our smoke, Squeezed our bits of fried tobacco On the drying ground And Split our separate ways—

As I walked back
To the dryer to pull my clothes out
And stuff them into a burlap sack ..
I looked over and saw her standing close to me with
That look like she
Had the map plotted and
Was waiting for me to help her burn the whole tank.

As I pulled the last warm sock out, I stopped, Looked her in the eye And said, "Not one for adhering to even #'d rules."

At this, She pulled out a fresh cigarette And Threw me the car keys.

This meant I fucked with #2 And I never

Looked back.

They stole
My shoes
And held the truth,
Yet we knew about the
Taste of the
Color blue.

They called her a thief As She worked for the poor, While I looked into The sky's open friend and Knew what color It was.

They gave you sweet relish When you asked for a dill pickle, As Sylvester the Cat helped the hobbled woman Across the Interstate, Yet our eyes worked will in the Tenor's wake.

They baked you a hunter's pie And Gave you a piece of bread As The neon sounded yellow under the Fort Worth moon.

They charged you 7 bucks for their 6 cent show as I peer out over the planes landing in that ol' ladle Of pourin' Blue light.

### see & hear

Sirens of the city As I pick thick Pieces of skin On The Side of my foot ...

Hell, I love knowing My feet are Coated with Callused glue skin Here In a field Of Grass ...

Your feet's condition
Is a lot like
What comes out of your mouth ...

It either accentuates the truth Or Flattens the crap loud and clear For

Everyone

To hear.

## seeing her

Does she drink
To think ..

Does she have to be drunk
To be silly ..

Would she prefer
A sandwich or perhaps a bowl of chips and some cold scotch in a bottle ..

Is her breath identifiable above yours ..

Does she laugh or giggle when nothing
Is said ..

Could she race a boy and defeat
A man ..

Is the imagery in her gait ..

Could she turn the dime in the opinion ..

Bottom line ..

Are you seeing her now?

## shit with a pen

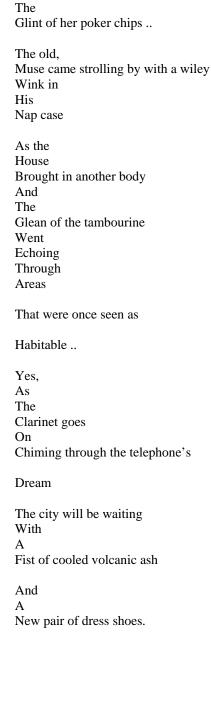
The old chalk poet And His ministry of Word followers Give the ground another handful Of Coffee grounds.

Wipin' his brow as though His eyes are his forehead And Taklin' the ground As Though it's coming up To grab him.

The healer of the
World was another in a long line
Of
Magic touches
As
The cradle raised the
Proverbial bed
And
The hand held up
The ramp while the crib raised
The next one swift of tongue and
Exploding shit
With
A

Pen.

### shoes & volcanic ash



Building the Stack of cards Against

## show's final curtain

Let that shit cool off,
Take off that black tank top,
Stick around for a while,
Listen to the candies melt together and
Taste the sugars as they fall off the table ..

Fits on that black hat, Invite the neglectors and remember The instigators.

Know that the word is only what is made of it And that a show lasts as long ass the final curtain is .. (color also has a lot to do with it)

### SHRINE OF VINE

Tight necks & new stories loose as we pulled out glasses to talk to the gals at the bar.

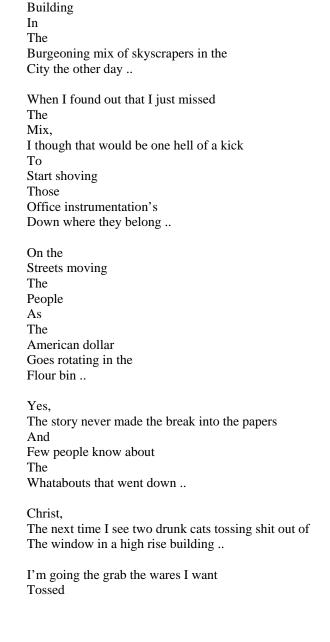
They flipped their hair and Played off puns While The night kept on whistlin' a rousing whirl.

Yes, They spoke Of cars and pastry As Animal House played in the next room.

Yet, I couldn't figure how they could build Their shrine of vine

So high.

#### small brigade



So.

And The

Looped up on

Stapler removers

Furniture, Chairs, Binders,

Two crazy fucking lawyers

Liquor started launching

Like out of the 14<sup>th</sup> floor Of a neighboring And join them

On that little

Brigade

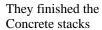
Of overtime fun.

### smilin' like heroes

Slip on
Back into the easy chair,
Switchin' channels
In the sky,
Turnin' dimes by the flick
Of a card deck,
Listenin' to the eagle in a buzzard's kill,
Speakin' to the clock as it
Hunts the wall,
Cookin' a meal shortly after noon
For the 2 PM villians
Smilin'

Like heroes.

## soap's shampoo



And

Took down the street barrier

And

Hard fences

As

The

Daylight hides now

From

The street laps that artificially take

Their place ..

Old engines

Pushing new cars

And

New oil

Ages on a broken machine ..

We suck on what the toothpaste can't

Undo

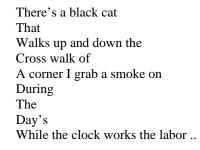
And

Laugh at

What the soap washed

Away.

### somethin' well



He's a transvestite that Has No ambiguity floating about His Actual sex ..

He's a man Dressing badly as a gal ..

Hyped up on some sort of speed or crank, This Cat

Need to do something with his look ..

Christ, If your going to look Like Somethin'

Look like Somethin' Well.

#### son's adventure

A big boxer Rattlin' by with his chains, A hat blowing over the street With invisible eyes Of Face it used to please, Silent façade Of Corporate building's That hold the Feared faces like animals, Away from the Air, Sights, Juices, Jive

Goin' on down around ..

Yes,

As the lightning bugs
Huddle here before dusk ..
Exchanging secrets
Of the best way to light the darkness,
The sun waits behind a shelf of cloud
Ready
To
Go off
Into its own dark

For an adventure we won't, Haven't and

Will likely Never see.

#### southern soul

Orson Wells in A Dog's pleasant dream ..

An old beaker laying next to the Latest genome article ripped out And sitting on the counter top ..

The tarnished goblet in the Back seat of the wine maker's car ..

Her 'cheers' To the neighbor's cooking steak ..

The growl in a bowl of rice As the Indochina couple walk to the car grabbing each other As the orchestra starts tuning the cello ..

The new kid on A storied block

As the beach moves the sand bars back into the water And the Movement

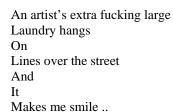
Of the slug Rolls

Along like a Sunday Baptist church

Deep in the soul With

The brotha's and sista's ...

#### still shaving



Teamsters flying banners at a rally with

A talking fish on a plaque at home

And

Some see the cameras as a slave,

Yet

The

Laundry on a wire

Makes me glad.

As I see the concentration of

Α

Street paver waxing the new black pavement,

The panties and bras

Make me proud

As

The

Trucks slows down and

The show does give more than it takes.

I see the large garments and giggle

Now

With a pen losing ink and

7 nights still glowing.

A stranger looking down on me from a hotel

Window

As

The

Rest of the city sleeps or gets off work.

## stray animals, baby

Stray dogs found in a box Behind a city dumpster ..

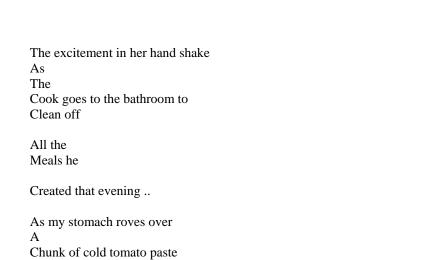
His eyes in their lack of respect, His walk on the short end of their Orange rope ..

I'm convinced that the truth is in the people that take in stray pets And
The most aggressive transgression is
In the souls of those that feel it's their duty to tease the fate of dogs.

Don't fuck with the dogs, Cats, Pets of the universe.

They know And so soon shall they, Baby.

## surprise sting



A dojo north of this street ..

Yes,

That Come from

With another cigarette at hand

And

Hardened clay looking about with confident eyes over the Place ..

We all soon decide that To drive is usually better than being driven

And That The surprise

Was

Always better than

Being stung.

#### sweet bubble gum

Airplane flying low ..

Looks as though he's kissin' the buildings As Leonard Maltin goes out for another movie And The brother sitting at the park bench Shakes his leg as though he invented soul.

Winds invented in a tenor's cheeks, Words Of their almost escape being shouted over the juke box in A Wyoming Bar.

Yes,

It's a night of the believable as The old man on his mountain bike rides across the soft gravel in front Of me within their assembly of buildings turned like an adult campus Of urban intrigue.

Yes,
As a beauty,
Which could be yours,
Unties the back string of her dress to let the mystery rest for
At least 7 hours.

The land keeps on Getting' off the buss And The Bubbles keep the gum sweet.

### TO APPLAUDE

In slow, Brown swirls Like Sap inching down the back of Beautiful woman's leg .. The green leaves of Tree tops Wagging like a beagle's ears Its head sticks out of a side car window Racing at 62 MPH. Hot air balloons .. Neon signs .. Ferns in planters .. Slowly movin' cars with people Looking around as though Something Just happened .. Yes, The crazy trick, Twirl growl of a faint breeze here looking over full landscape in the city. Knowing Hemmingway was from here And Twain wasn't, The air whispers Something more As The Weeds grow stronger And The Grass holds erect As Though A Crowd of thousands Wanting

River moving

Waiting To Applaude.

#### take a piss

Bowling shirts &

lights that don't want to work.

As the Asian girl at her table tries to light her smoke ..

No luck ..

Then,
She reaches for another choice of fire,
Looks into the lobes of her coffee mug
And
Flips through the city's newspaper magazine
For the 3<sup>rd</sup> time tonight.

I'm counting the notes in the piano's half step, Listening to feet move in a peripheral flap, Ignoring jingles from cell phones ringing & regarding the lamp for the light it emits.

Jokes in the animal's growl, Comedy in the human's naught whisper, The young Asian gal uncrosses her legs And listens to the smoker's cough get louder As the young gal in the table caddy corner tells her friend, "I'm gonna take a piss .. then we'll go."

Sure.

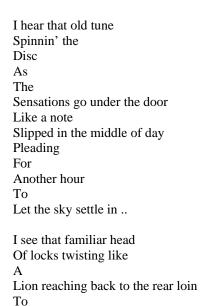
#### tame noon, bitch

Empty beer cans
On the top of trumpet cases,
Red guitar picks stuck
In a stack of half-price CD's from musicians
That are a quarter of their hype,
A burned out cigarette on the table top,
Glass with the face of Jackie O smilin' to a crowd of
Crooners as
Her smoke covers
The
Screen of today's unveiling of the 1st genome .. DNA map.

Yes,
And as a dried drop of blood or dark spittle dries on
My bed sheet,
My bean soup cools off
And the world looks one degree brighter on the
Cool,
Cool
As

A tame bitch.

### the children see



I stretch the end of my shoes

Over

The

Now

Familiar pavement

Take care of the Minute itch ..

As

The

Jets above do backflip dives

 $T_{C}$ 

Elvis girating a jailhouse

'b' side ..

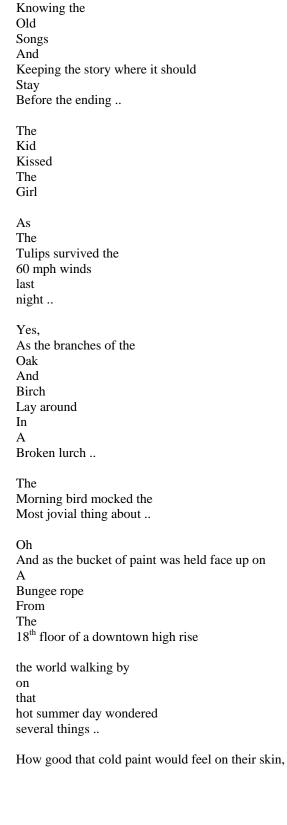
I hear the balmy erasers Going over the Meat of a old green blackboard In an abandoned elementary school

As that little Voice keeps Saying

Things

The children are seeing ..

## the hot asphalt



What sound would the paint make when it hit the ground And

What

It

Would look like when the colors would

Cool off

On

The

Once

Hot asphalt ..

# the monopoly forgot

		1 .	. •	
	10	htt	t in	10
1.	112	ht	ши	ıc
	-0			

Shadows

On

The

Wide

Open

White Wall

As

Armstrong

Looks

Up From

His

Trumpet

And

The

Flood

Lights

Give

Cheer

To

The

Loose

Bricks

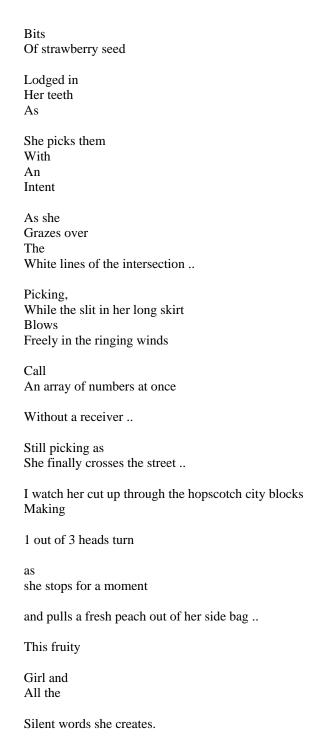
That

A

Monopoly Forgot To

Build.

### the silent words she creates



#### the superstar .. that night

Superstar

Sitting

In the middle of the large crowd,

Spilling drink over

The

Front of his overalls

As

The

Sound of the surrounding crowd

Gets louder

And

More adds more tempo ..

#### Superstar

Getting up to shake off the bits of drink and

Shavings of a good conversation with a female accomplice

As

He

Heads around the corner of the hip surroundings

To

Shake away his built up urine ..

### Superstar

Coming back down the hall to see his

New soft friend

Talking across several tables to another potential beau

As

He comes to the end of the bar to order another drink ..

Superstar turning around

With a cold, wet glass and

An evening with no plans

To see his new beauty taking down the forks of

A new man's conversation ..

Superstar takes down his drink quick as

The beauty catches his eye and gives him that,

"you're all right wink,"

as

the used ice from his quickly exhausted drink splash against

his open mouth ..

Superstar turns around

To get to the bar

For another drink ..

Yes,

He's the superstar and

This gal will decide to take off with another guy sometime ..

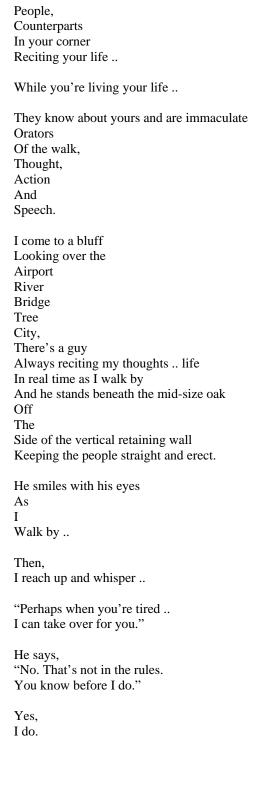
But just not

That night.

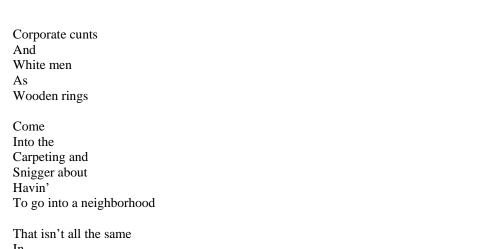
# the virgin's last defense

While the coffee shop geniuses And Recluse writers Tackle the word And
Try to decide when the world will Be Slayed by their words
The sellers buy the marketers And The Printing spool keeps on going
Yes, Get your shit out and give The Word To The People
For If your mouth can't heed your actions
Then The Pen
Will run away from the ink
And The
Truth will only be
The virgin's last defense

# them & your life



# this sweat



In

Their

Suburban stench ..

Yes,

These

Ideas

In their suits and slips going about

As though

Ideas

Are something people talk about

And

Mechanics of absolute habit

Are

The

Way to move

Their

Minds ..

Fuck,

It's a bowl of insanity

You will never Remember

If you get near it's sweat ..

Thoughts in Their space ..

The pockets
Filled with
Keys,
q-tips,
pink gum,
used bank slips,
bus transfer passes,
alligator teeth,
compasses
and
kakhi lint

are under the mattress of a bed that was once used by

president, turned libertarian

for reasons that go beyond the glove box of that new

car interior ..

\*\*

they hopped on the train because they were convinced that trolleys and cars were second rate ..

\*\*

small red barn in the middle of a grass field .. where the horses used to run and drunks used to think .. it has now been turned into some new,

```
hip dance jive
the
kids are
going to
ruin and
talk
about for some time ..
it's hot at 12:45
and
I just saw the oldest Brady kid
Riding down the street
As
Α
Part of a Elvis parade ..
I could see it in his eye ..
He was thinking about
The Brady mom
And
Firing his agent when the
Joy
Ride ended ..
**
those canadians sure
could make some
fuckin' bacon ..
seven shade of right ..
I was
Three paced away from her front door
When the
Owl hopped out of the
Tree
And
Tried to chase down the
Small red fox going
Over
The
Strewn kansas street
Defeated by
Storms and
Raised by
The
High ball ..
what are you doin' with
Your day
```

Besides

# Livin it .. ?

\*\*

there's somethin' in
that southern soul ..
you see,
the black folk keep that region
alive
while we hear about stories of
white construction workers up north getting
their story in the news because
they were driving around on a pavement layer
with
a
confederate flag wavin' around ..

\*\*

#### to a door

She knocked on my door With an urgency.

As I looked through the round hole To the hallway's outside word, She had her ear held close Hearing the residue of an AM BBC broadcast.

I held the phone loose to my ear, Opened the door and let her in.

It was our Italian neighbor.

Decked in her evening's best.

Tellin' me of her strippin' .. dominatrix dancing gig She wheels to white guys for a fee.

Then,

She pulled out her whip,

Handed it to me as I tried its truth and agreed to be

Tied up in sex's ultimate reign to let pain become a fetish game.

She hooked my hands,

Wrists,

Neck

And

Ankles in a lurch as I reached for my lit smoke.

Christ,

I thought this wouldn't boil my balls on The whole.

Yet.

If it was some saucy dish ..

I could make the jump.

Yes,

As gay or straight cats or bored stiff white cats go to lengths to Get their sperm straight

I just need a scene with traditional cuffs to make me stand up.

So,

Tie together the wreath

And

Let the neighbor tie it to a door.

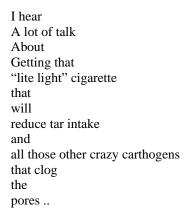
# tonight's matinee

The hot dog vendors Are done for Tonight.

Out somewhere else listening
To the temperature fall
As the
Birds cackle a
Slow tone and
The cars pulled to the curb to invite the truth.

Yes,
The low lights
Of a concrete flower pot,
While the air conditioned folks
Look down from well aglow hotel rooms
And
Briefly remember this evening's matinee.

# toning the tone



Yet,

They just wean people onto A larger Quantity of cigarette ..

You just Need to poke several holes With a needle point in each side of the Cigarette To Do this ..

Yes, Make your own blend And

Tone

Down the tone.

# treated well

There's a
Man
Down below
At the dumpster
Picking through
Our
White plastic bag of
Trash ...

Taking out the beer cans,
Smashing them on the
Ground
And
Throwing it into his
Personal bag of
Change he will exchange later ...

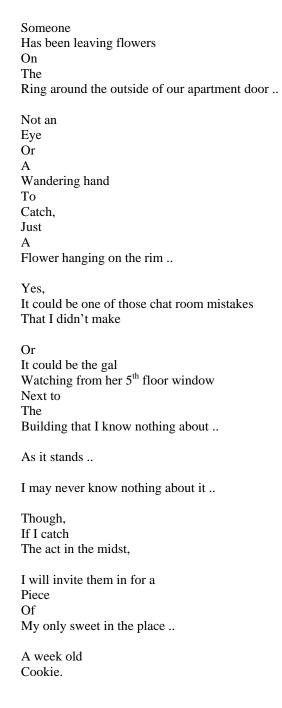
He has to be thinking, "These cat's take in a shit pot of beer."

Yes, That's our bag

And We

Treat the Guests well.

# week-old sweet



#### when you get what you want

Pounding the keys To make some sense Out of the notes ..

Coming across like a lamp in a lighter's last Try ..

The infant reared up on his knees ..
Then to the balls of his new feet to get
Over to something his fledgling mind wants to get a grasp
On
What the older legs are trying this whole time to get their
Arms around ..

It's a bowl of cold cereal in The Hot kitchen waiting to be eaten ..

It is a closed window Closed only because it Wants to let so much in ...

It's the zipper on the front of her pants that wants to Open up because
There is much more that can be told when open
Than closed ..

It's the snakes first drop of venom that means The most ..

It's the carpenter's first nail
That really has power in a house that is being built ...

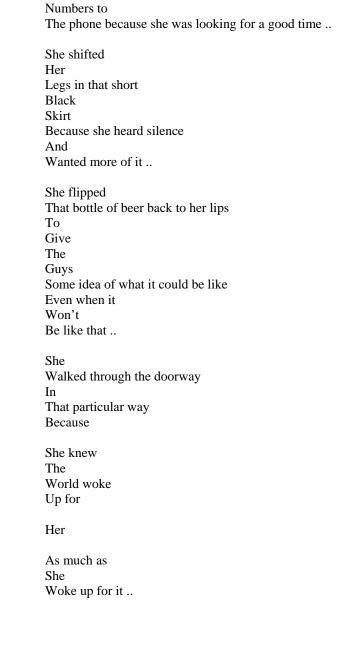
It's the first couple of words a public speech that Can set off the angels or bring Down the shit ...

It's truism in their lie ..

It's a free meal when all you wanted to do was get dressed up To pay for a little bit more ..

It's what you want When you don't think your getting what you want ..

# woke-up for it



She gave out her

# woman's man

Had some food, Walked past an older sort of man On a park bench in a ladies negligee style top Coating mascara on his face.

He poured it on for a good several minutes As I was around, Then he pulled out his compact mirror and kept Applyin' that shit on.

Christ, It's somethin' you just don't see Everyday And

Makes a good woman want to be with A Real woman.

#### women in their lives

Portrait in the lost anchors Of a picture's frame As The Pointer Sisters try to put out the Long end of the flame.

Marriages built over the Internet & guys who own a lot of land, women with dominoes in their hip pocket, a lamb in a sheep's cave as the next cup of coffee stands as the last quarter between you and the first dollar on the Denver mint's first press of the day.

As women continue to flip their hair & rodents keep hiding behind crevices in homes you never knew about ..

The world decided it was time to Get rid of decaf
And
Suck in its chest full of courage for The
Women in their lives.

#### you're doing what 1st

So.

You're going to find a new job,

Start taking some chances,

Dance with a stranger,

Invite debauchery into your shoes,

Kill the remote control,

Call an old friend,

Eat that first can of sardines,

Go to Tahiti,

Walk naked across the deck of a sparsely populated cruise liner's deck,

Read another book you haven't read before,

Drink that gin that was recommended to you from a stranger by the baci ball court,

Get a crotchless pair of pants,

Walk across three states to a named landmark to finally get you 15 minutes on the evening news corsage,

Join a band as the gourd rattler,

Give your newest niece your most prized possession,

Throw down with a former flame one last sweaty time,

Give your paycheck to a homeless woman on the street,

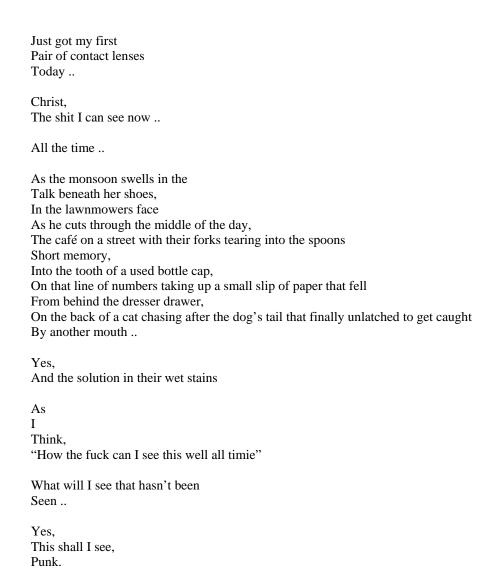
Design a shirt for senior citizens (2 breast pockets and loud floral prints),

Pop a racist's balloon ..

So,

What are you going to do first.

# you see, punk



# your I and face

An e-mail world, You settin' that Electronic transfer, Some acronym invented By a WWW site, Another marriage with 2 folk That met each other for the first time ...

Credit card security,
She didn't skin her knee outside
Because she was online,
Sure I have your IP address,
Need any support for your web ..

Yes, I believe I do.

I just want to talk with you To

Your face.

# 1 more drink

Etching your

Story Out

On

A

Stack of used napkins

As

The

Waitress peers up and asks, "You want a refill?"

Canned peaches on a Night of cool breezes As the rest of the city Runs out To get

1 more drink.

# a story you should have been told

Cats whistlin' over the night air
For a taxi to the Holiday Inn as
The dog collars rattle
And
The back windows of the
Tan Monte Carlo rolls by with the sounds of old school, bitch,
Goin' like nuts against every window pane.

This cat keeps whistlin' as
The boards of evening construction crush against the air's jaw
And
The bank clock flickers in the loudest silence going
And
The
Large articles of clothing-art
Hang over 12<sup>th</sup> street in victory
Because they're drying off,
Just so,
The rains of yesterday that ripped through like

You should have been told.

# A VICE PRESIDENT & 2 BEERS

Now
I'm sittin'
Before the
Invisible lamp post
Podium
Where the Vice President
Of the US

Gave a speech last eve.

Bearing down to become the next negotiator In

Office ..

The sweat was rollin' like
An angel on vacation,
Tempting like a fool in a Cadillac
And
Vocalizing like Dr. Sues in a megaphone ...

Yes, He was givin' it to the city And

Takin' it from the cameras.

Christ, The dirty game of politics

And

The novel ride of euphemisms

With

A

Minced coil

In the social security ear ..

With men perched On buildings,

Guns the best militia couldn't dream of ownin' ..

He crafted his sultry words

And

Packed the kids wonderin'.

You know,

I used to wonder whom

And

How

The fuck people got into

Presidential rally speeches ..

With fountains spraying like

Α

Stutterer behind me

And

2 beers before me ..

I now know.

# all of this

No one wants

To know about

The hole in your pants,

Or the true love of a couple of strangers in love talking

In the PM scaffolding,

Or the reason why the Juniper trees are just a little better off

Than the pine,

Or why the creator of Winnie the Pooh

Pulled out of making a Poor liquor,

Or why the taxi driver gave up the chance

To do some work on a Hollywood sound set,

Or why an artist selling millions of albums

Has to tour to make some scratch,

Or why Boston could be cooler than Atlanta,

Or why the chimney in an invention of luck,

Or why the wax stars above never melt,

Or why the moment can't be counted

In a minute,

Or why this hole in my pair of jeans keeps getting' bigger.

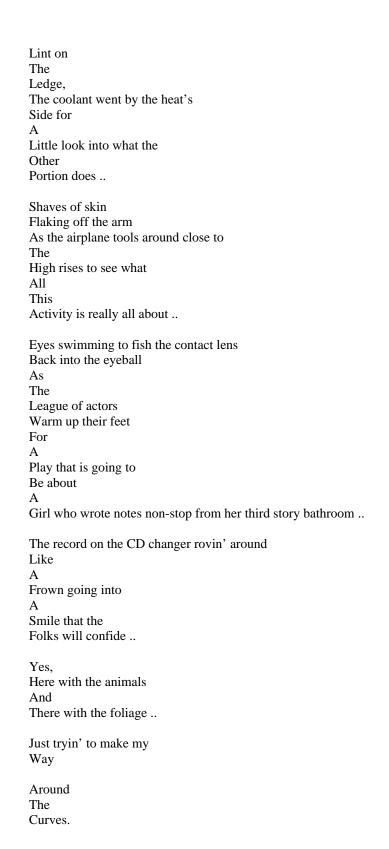
OR - maybe you

Do want to know about all of this.

# another's release

Out on the boat
What the others would refer To As A Simple dingy
They were going to catch some fish
Have a snip of liquor And Get Their Dippin' with not clothes on
Hot fucking love In the
Summer Ocean
They were going to find A Wave and Adopt it for the eve
Yes, These Crazy kids And their ideas
While the people on Ground Go On About Doing their doin'
And Being
Another's release

#### around the curves



# as it needs



Open Up For

Those that need their thirst

And

Depend on their hunger ..

Yes.

Crushed packages of old smokes

And

The numbers running over the letters

As I say over this cold can of pears ..

Let that fuckin' Heat rise

As

High as it needs ..

# **August 9 2000**

Two months behind On the phone bill ..

Though the Pizza is still hot ..

Acquired tastes and People out buying new rakes as I laugh Under the cold flow Of A Good vent on this Warm August 9 night.