JoeFiles L: your eyes are watching you

pigeon crack

```
Pigeon shit
on the ground
the crack burnouts asking
for change in a coffee-stained
Styrofoam cup
on
the
afternoon downtown street ..
Yes,
there's a liquidation sale
of old hotel furniture and fixtures ..
Do your place up if you need ..
The shit's almost like new ..
Then,
you have the conventioneers and the businessmen
holding cold cups and hot grease in bags
going back to
more
mauve,
stale
serious looks
in
a
job
by
the
window
over
a
desk ..
These fuckers need to go back
to kindergarten ..
They need to learn how to smile
and
float their
```

I hand it to the used crack peddler

through the warm afternoon wind ..

arms

and the pigeons ..

Shitting freely and smiling as though everything has been deemed all good from the

go get ..

satur day

```
smoke moving up and out of the window
quickly
as
it's 11:02 steady
in
the
morning of a Satur day ..
little more room on this floppy drive
I go on with what I have to say ..
birds are what humans want to be
dogs and cats are what humans can't be ..
while,
the engine
sputters down
the
road to another destination,
buildings hold still
until
the
next storm comes
raining through ..
yes,
as the beautiful weave and twirl
of
light
come's through making a birds nest
light string
criss-crossed over the hands
of
small girl,
the
world knows
more than
it will lead on
and
will continue
```

to learn

more

for what it doesn't already

do ...

she wears what she needs

wheels on the road, face in the rear view mirror, land behind, land before

as she pulls her dress off in the passenger seat and says 'pull over' ..

immediately the young man pulls the car over to the side of the road ..

his eyes looking over the naked flesh of his lady ..

she a free rider with dresses, particularly while traveling on the road ..

no bras and panties for this little beauty ..

she asks him,
"DO YOU WANT ME"

at this, he puts his hand on her left him and pulls her over the gear shift, on top and says,

'BABY, I HAVE A HARD TIME GOIN' THROUGH THE DAY THINKING NOTHING MORE THAN I WANT YOU."

'ARE YOU SURE? YOU NOT JUST FEEDING ME SHIT, ARE YOU?" she asks slowly, wagging her head as her spray of hair tickles his face.

he laughs as she uncorks his weapon and he quickly enters.

'WHY DO YOU WANT ME SO BAD?' as she glides up and down over the barrel and emits deep breaths with slight squeals ..

'BECAUSE YOU'RE MORE THAN I'LL EVER SEE IN ANOTHER PERSON. I CAN GUARANTEE YOU THAT,'

he says as the sun lays like a platter of American cheese on the dash board

and an 18-wheeler crests the hill from behind like a small toy shaking in the rear view mirror.

'IT'S NOT JUST MY BODY IS IT, SWEETHEART?'

she asks as a wave of climax goes though her arm as the trucker passes, honks his horn and lightly puts on the brakes .. though the red fades and he keeps on.

'LOOK BABY, WOMEN DO THINGS TO MEN THAT JUST CAN'T BE EXPLAINED. THERE ARE PLENTY OF WOMEN IN THE WORLD,

BUT A MAN KNOWS WHEN THEY'RE WITH ONE THAT HAS THE DEAL. THE REAL FUCKING DEAL AND BODY IS JUST A PART OF IT,'

he says as an old Ray Orbison tune comes to a close and the DJ says, another scorcher out there today folks .. try to keep cool.

'STAY IN ME,'

she says.

'OH DON'T WORRY. I WILL,'

he responds with a grin.

'NO. STAY IN ME FOR A WHILE. THERE'S SOME THINGS YOU JUST DON'T WANT TO END,' she says in a cheerful, almost sad note.

At this, an aardvark comes warbling over the crest before him and

he agrees ..

this

can't and won't end ..

spry man

The old black man would walk his boy down the street so he could pick up some lotto tickets and buy him a sprite ..

Every time he went in,
the Hispanic gal at the register
would
flaunt
flirt
flick
and feel around some talk
with the older cat
while the young kid had his eyes
pitched onto the bottle of clear fluid
that was
going
to
be his prize for the day ..

All this time, several middle aged white women would talk, gape and say hello to the little black boy that looked like a prince that fell out of a different era ...

The boy would cower closer to his pops as the gals kept prodding him for a hello ...

The whole time, the boy wouldn't say a thing and the

old man

kept on pulling the juice out of this gal ..

getting a little fantasy over words and thoughts

while the young prince opened his

bottle of pop

and let the day fizz open ..

stool or a pigeon

Balloons stuck in morning tree, birds whistle whistle an extra spread of jelly on this toast of now ..

Smoked too many cigarettes last night, needles are pointing towards my lung, and around my heart as the hot coffee sooth soothe soothes the lumps that go around

the burn ..

Yes, it was a good eve though .. back to an old drinkery I haven't seen in some time ..

I used to live in the apartment next to and above ..

About 10 paces from a stool or a pigeon at any point while in the place ..

taping talent

```
everybody does somethin' well ..
i know this cat that
can make a mean mixed tape ..
he made me one many months back that
i just found the other day ..
don't get me wrong,
this cat has
other talents ..
though he
can through together a tape
of mixed
melodies
and
verse ..
sure,
we all have at least one talent,
I believe
if
not
2 or 3
maybe more ..
just wanted to pass along
makin' a damn fine mixed assemblage
of
songs
is on
the list
of
talents ..
```

the best meats and cheeses

Nearin' the end of my 27's .. the fabled rock age and slippin' down the road of days ..

though,

this hype on gettin' older jive just doesn't work for me ..

I feel fine ..

I believe when people really start getting into the whole, "You're getting older" or

"You should be close to marriage and kids now, shouldn't you?" ...

I think there's a good dose of fear and conforming to the prior generations lifestyle and voice .. and a general fear that life will pass them by if they don't ingest their prescribed social pill .. Not me, baby .. the less you truly push towards all those things that people speak so much of being "fate" .. the better the chances

that the gal and eventually offspring will literally smack you square in the balls ...

and the surprise is the best price in the meat counter you can find, eddies.

THE CASES

```
they solved
the
case ..
cracked it wide open
and
went
down the street
to
get
a drink ..
while the bartender,
a pretty brunette gal in her early-30's,
was waiting while they walked into the bar
trying
to
think through the case currently going through her mind ..
This,
as a group of cats in the corner
thought over their cases
as
well ..
Out front,
there was old 'Jim Low' trying to get
beat and wrap up his case within the confines
of the weekend ..
Down the street,
at a drug store,
clothing shops,
boutiques,
book stores
and
such
everyone else was working on a case ..
they all had
crimes, felons or misdemeanors they were working on ..
This was an undercover
town
or,
if you have the badge,
```

an out in front of you town ..

keeping check on the people and more importantly, on the law enforcement in the surrounding areas ..

Yes, the FBI, CIA and other undisclosed law enforcement localities would send everyone to this area to work on their cases ..

yes, a town full of cases ..

cases are constantly

being made ..

the whore is o.k.

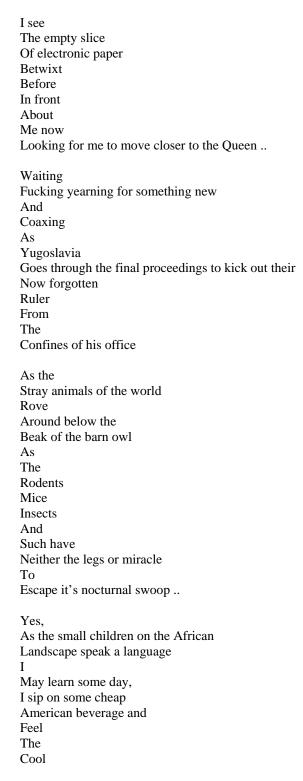
```
Old
friend, lover of sex
on
late night phone ..
how's the livin' with that flesh of yours?
gettin' around and makin'
some men
happy in this town ..
You know,
women like you give the town
extra spark that could start a car in the morning
even though it's deader than a fuckin' door bell ..
yes,
you temptress in red,
black,
yellow,
tight,
high,
heeled,
low,
cut
love
you o.k. tonight?
Goin' out to get a nip of coffee
is there a scheduled appointment coming by
to take care
of
your
feet
that long massage across you chest?
you sure
you're doin' fine tonight there,
you
with your
toes
```

curled around the riddle

and laughin' high and speakin' low ..

you out there tonight, i believe you are doin' all right ..

this free window



Cool ass

Breezes of night while

People begin stirring again ..

Yes,

There's times

And

Means about the day that will get people Outside and down

The road

Ready to see the Next souvenir

And

Perplexed while trying

To

Decide

What

The fuck

To

Purchase next

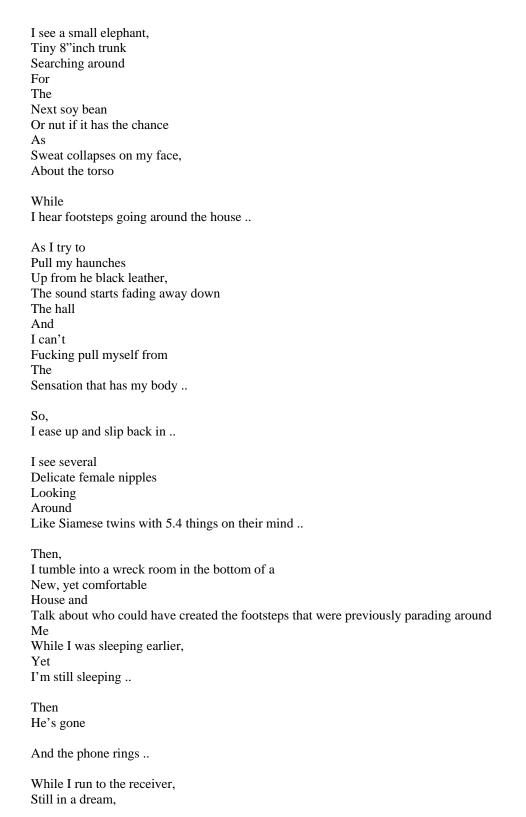
While

I look out

This

Free window.

through the desert



```
I
Hit
Talk and
Feel
The
Wave
Of
An
Incredible fucking nap
Laughter through
My body like
Stout cup of cold water being poured over a steaming Hot, bald head
Wandering
Through
The desert ..
The desert ..
```

what the hell?

And Ask along with the rest of the People Wondering, "WHAT IS THIS GENERATION COMING UP NOW, YOU KNOW, BELOW US, GOING TO COIN, SIGNIFY, STAND FOR." I wonder the same shit, Yet don't give a shit .. I see them as lackadasical .. Many people are coming out of their educational jaunt Illiterate .. Don't get me crooked here, You don't have to go to college, Get mastered Or Tack into a doctorate, But You have to have Grasp of what's going on around you .. I just don't see it .. There seems to be a void Or an overwhelming amount of pure black in the eye Balls of these kids .. No color in the pupils .. I wonder about these pupils .. Yet. Each generation will somehow come out and have Ink stamp pressed into their mark .. At the same time, We all look at the generations below us And think, "WHAT THE HELL?"

I see

The kids around, Hear their music, See their style

you know?

Morning radio show asking 'what do you know?'

do you know what you know? or do you understand what you know?

yes, that's the question ..

you can know what you know all you want as long as you know what you want to know as you know how you know ..

but, do you understand what you know?

ask yourself ..

do you understand what you know with what you know?

```
format that piece,
they ask
as the candle wax
stands upside down,
dripping in a dry mold
looking at the sand on the ground
as
the
blinds flap
to
b-side melody coming out of the speakers ..
an iron standing before me,
a little shine
and
dark around the plastic
smashing some heat over
cloth ..
yes,
the early restless crowd in the cars
start making their way
back to
suburban
dwellings
as the summer bugs and rodents
keep on drawing their blue prints
in the waning days of heat
get into a home,
shack,
apartments,
buildings
or
other
keep their shit right
through the cold ..
this,
```

while

a bear

picks a pear from a northwestern tree

and

scratches his

lower back.

afternoon game of bridge

the traffic is at a slow standstill, maybe a move here and there ...

like trying to locate and keep an eye on the night lightning bug ..

air is getting warming ..

more

cars are piling up on the stretch ..

a popular interstate loop around the city ..

the city's building two new over pass bridges over the highway to connect the north and south and by virtue ..

the east and west portions of the city ..

as the traffic completely comes to a stop ..

the head from an old Monte Carlo peers out and yells to people ahead, "THOSE ARE SOME BEAUTIFUL FUCKING BRIDGES THEY'RE BUILDING."

behind him

a gal in a ford metro screams,

'YOU GOT THAT RIGHT, WHITE-O. LOOK AT THE BEND IN THOSE GIRDERS, THE COLOR,

I CAN'T GET OVER IT. THANK CHRIST I'VE HAD THE CHANCE TO SLOW DOWN RIGHT BEFORE IT AND ADMIRE IT'S ENORMITY."

some cat in a truck in the back yells,

'FUCK BOTH OF YOU. I HAVE A FAMILY AND A LIFE TO ATTEND TO. I DON'T GIVE A SHIT IF THEY'RE BUILDING A FUCKING BRIDGE OR IF ITALIAN ROWING TEAM IS PARADING AROUND NAKED. THIS IS HORSE SHIT! I WANT TO MOVE."

an older man in a Cadillac up front gets out of his car, cups his hands around his mouth and yells to the

man that just spoke,
'GO TO HELL, YOUNGSTER. THESE ARE SOME
IMPRESSIVE DAMN STRUCTURES IN FRONT OF US.
I HAPPY TO SHARE THIS WITH
ALL YOU BASTARDS.'

After this, he climbs back into the car, pulls out a cigar ..

clicks the car lighter in ..

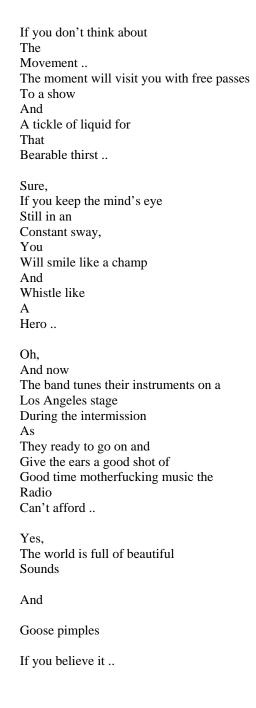
.. the traffic begins moving ..

as the cars start honking and waving at the workers

doing their

bridge.

believe in the goose



Black & Messiah

the old catholic woman wrapped in a black shawl, purple skirt, white blouse holding the hand of an older man with shoulder length hair and a light beard ..

Fighting the wind and twisting like a daisy in a hurricane, the young man smiles, as the woman holds her emotion like the final hand in a poker final ..

She comes through the tall wooden doors of the church being greeted by the bishop, sisters, and parishioners ..

she says, 'HE HAS ARRIVED .. THIS IS HIM.'

As the man smiles, the bishops steps a foot before the gathered crowd and touches the young mans face ..

As a tear comes to his eye and the others ask, 'ARE YOU THE ONE?'

The man asks, 'WHICH ONE?'

'THE ONE. HAVE YOU ALLUDED THE SCRIPTURES AND COME BACK WITHOUT A TRIUMPHANT ENTRANCE. ARE YOU THE CHOSEN ONE. GOD?'

a nun asks as the woman in the black shawl stays covered up and shakes lightly ..

'WHAT IS ALL THIS? MY NAME'S CHARLES RECTOR. I'M JUST A GUY .. I WAS TOLD THAT I WAS DOING A FAVOR BY HELPING THIS WOMAN

TO CHURCH. I HAD SOME TIME DURING LUNCH AND THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M DOING.'

he comes back.

With this.

the woman takes the shawl down and speaks in an audible, medium whisper ..

"WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ALL OF YOU? THIS IS JUST A NICE MAN THAT HELPED ME ON THE STREET."

The bishop begins,

'WELL, WE WERE ALL IN MY OFFICE WHEN SISTER PRATT COMES OVER AND SAYS

THAT YOU HAD WHAT LOOKED LIKE CHRIST WITH YOU. YOU KNOW, YOU HAVE TOLD

US THAT YOU BELIEVE YOU WILL RUN INTO GOD IN THE STREETS. OVER AND OVER,

YOU HAVE TOLD US THIS.'

"YES, I BELIEVE I HAVE. THOUGH THIS ISN'T THE ONE." she whispers back.

'IT'S OUR MISTAKE. WE COLLECTIVELY HAD A FEELING.'

At this,

the young man shakes the woman with the shoal's hand, starts walking towards the door,

looks over at a mobile podium in the corner with a bible on top, goes over,

grabs the bible and says,

'DO YOU REALLY BELIEVE YOU WILL RUN INTO HIM ON THE STREETS SOME DAY, IN THIS CITY?"

The woman looks back, 'I KNOW SO.'

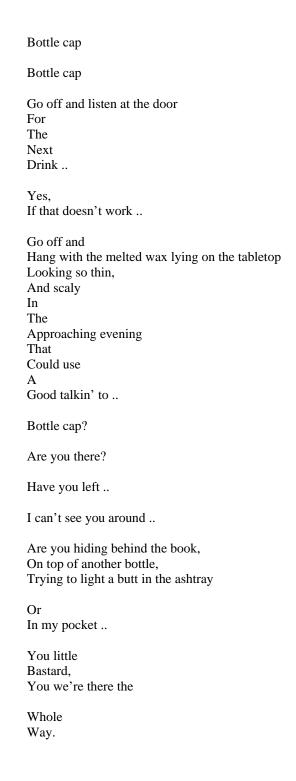
The young man leaves, veers towards the neighborhood bar and

laughs while his fingers run over the pages and word of

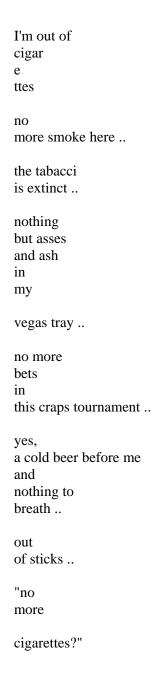
the

book in his hand.

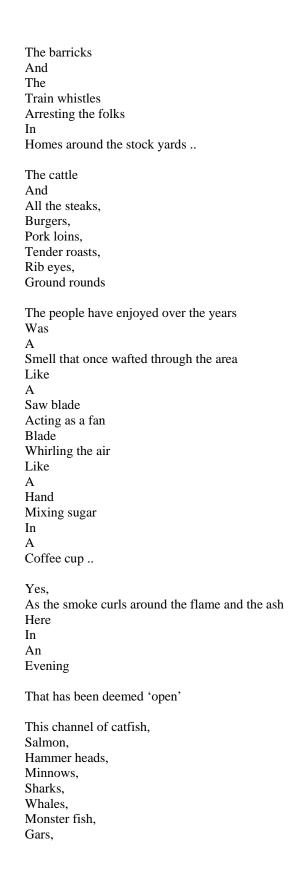
bottle cap



cigarettes?



comes to an end



Catfish

And

The

Like

Of water

And

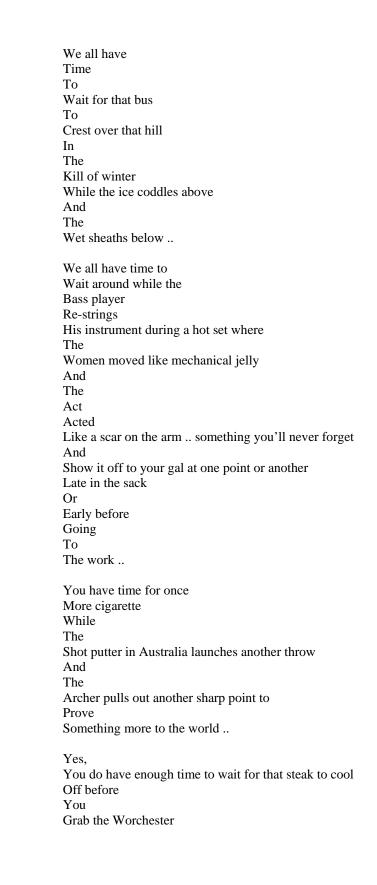
Not knowing of any land around

Comes

To

An end.

crazed amazement



То Cool shit off some .. Christ man, You have some Time To Wait around While she slips that pair of hose Over those legs you'll check for hair later on As The Schools of the world Continue to fight for some more cash To Teach the kids Little more than the next grade .. You have Enough Time То Finish reading this As The Lines And Words Lead Further and Further on Down The Electronic Key Of Time Following the blinking Colon Goin Goin Going In a mad race As Though it doesn't even have time Wait for the numbers as they try to Catch their breath From Last Night ..

Sauce

Sure,

You have just a little

More

Time

To

Let

Your eyes go

Down

The

Remainder of this page

As the blues guitarist/singer

Winks

At

The

Crowd

And

Explodes into

A small piece of candy that lies

In

The

Middle

Of

The

Stage

While the

People look on in crazed,

Wild

Amazement ..

day's rotation

Pieces of hair Growing out of the old man's scalp As the old woman trims her Ear Hair.

The whore gets a proposition
That includes no sex
As
Chicken chain restaurants
Decide to branch out into the Mexican food scene ...

Lactose for the tolerant colon While the roundabout answer walks Straight past the question.

The baby's first day Of Walking as The runner finally Caught up with The

Day's rotation.

down the hall

morning slice on
the ice hat
as
the
tip slipped comfortably into her back pocket
and
her
smile was more than the bullshit talk of her table
and
the ensuing bills,
which was nice and fat,
but hardly
worth her look ..

Burnin' the vomit out of the gallery of eyes and givin' the cats another reason to tear through the trash in search of that extra t-bone strip as the old housewife brings in a warm cup of milk to her husband that has been off work for some months ..

Bad groin ..

Now, down the hall faint echoes of television voices and static going through the flourescent lights above ..

Buzzin' and rearin' at each other to see which will be the white noise of choice ..

fold and unfold, sweetheart

Sometimes you notice When people aren't around

And then

At times you notice all too much when they are around ..

That's a fucked and curious Part of our

Being ..

We want the

Company,

Then

Feel we could use a little time to

Tackle the word

Brush

Instrument or other ..

It just hits you like

Α

Taunt whore that won't leave

Your zipper alone

No matter how

Hard your words swat her hand away ..

Yes,

It's a wacky bowl of fruit loops

How it works ..

Though,

I think you can tell your mind things

The

Rest of the lot will think is insane ..

And that's my problem ...

I don't give a shit ..

I dig folks

And being about,

Though

Moments are all we have in the minutes

And sometimes you

Need to break away to get that line down,

Talk to that gal,

Give the canvass a good push,

Get that lyrical line down

Or just

Lean back and let your head become your hair

And

Your eyes Your torso

As

You clasp back

And

Watch this

Whole

Show

Unfold

And

Fold

And

Unfold

And

Fold

And unfold

And

Fold,

Sweetheart.

gambling books

Here's my take on gambling ..

If you come out even after a good tousle with the tickets, dogs, slots, horses, roulette, blackjack ...

Just went to the convenience store and bought five lottery tickets ..

Then, went up the street to a middle school to drop some things off for my job and scratched the tickets off in the parking lot ...

I won five bucks on one ticket ..

Went back down the street to the convenience store and cashed them in for my 5 dollars back ..

Now that's a fine damn day of gamblin' in my

books

and marks.

he doesn't like to be called bob

```
an older cat
doing Public Relations
for
construction outfit in town ..
i work with him now ..
he has that east coast charm,
calls me young man,
has a wise, jaded cynicism that's refreshing,
calls me the wrong name from time to time,
talks to himself,
listens to everything
without raising his head,
happy as plum shit to have many young, plump women around him,
smiles with his eyes,
remembers the Beatles for what they were on the Sullivan show,
ponders much,
thinking little,
tying pieces of confetti
those that want a shot ..
having lived it,
he's spoken to death
and
refers to life as the other side most people only
see as the one side ..
he's always around ..
when I come back to the place
after movin' about through the day,
he's there in an old button up sweater on
87 degree day ..
we need more,
true,
tough,
gritty
old fuckers
```

to keep the world sane and the jokes full

of comedy ..

keep your mail; i want to paint the halls

```
I keep putting
paintings
above
the
mailbox
in
the
hallway
in
this
apartment
building
that
contains rooms,
bedrooms,
bathrooms,
lights,
pipes,
fixtures
and
more importantly .. people ..
Yes,
and
people are taking down these
paintings ..
I keep putting them back up ..
Yes ..
and I will keep on ..
if I run out of paint,
I will get more ..
If they get tire of looking at the
picture,
I will keep on putting
them up ..
people get jacked up over
little color
and
```

playful askew in the world ..

i'm here to help ..

so,

let's open a warm shell of sight

and

remember ..

I will win

this

particular battle,

whoever

you

happen

to be

or

are

with your

rooms,

bathrooms,

lamps,

shades ..

you person you ..

lifter

Man operating a crane next to my building, putting the pieces of another large parking structure downtown ..

Over 200 feed in the air, an air conditioned cockpit with flags and twirlin' red lights just liftin' stone to be placed where the cars will rest their brakes ..

yes, as he lifts the blocks of stone, he begins thinking that he's doing this for all the wrong reasons ..

downtown doesn't need another fucking parking struture, he rolls over and over the line of thought through his head ..

At this, he cuts the engine and looks around at the high splendid afternoon view of downtown while the birds fly at eye level and everything seems busy, but tranquil ..

All the workers below begin waving their arms, whistlin' and shouting for him to keep stacking the stones on the structure ..

At this, he snaps out of his fixed glance over downtown

```
and notices
slender, beautiful gal waltzing by in a
yellow and white cotton
dress
eating
cone of cream ..
he smiles
as
he thinks about the times
he's going to have with his
gal later
that
rollin'
roarin'
rearin'
Friday evening ..
He's going to pull all the stops,
he's goin' to romance
his gal so well she's going to forget the news,
the day
and
her
nails
in
snap of sexual debauchery ..
He revels in this for a minute or more
before
he
bursts the door
on
the
cab open and yells down to the boys
wavin'
cheerin' and waitin' ...
"I'M NOT DOING THIS ANYMORE, BOYS. END OF THE LINE.
GET THE FUCK OUT OF THE WAY. I'M SMASHING WHAT I
BUILT. THIS PARKING GARAGE REPRESENTS EVERYTHING I'M AGAINST
AS A WORKER IN THIS UNION AND ON THIS PLANET.
FIRST, WE DON'T NEED ANOTHER DAMN PARKING GARAGE DOWNTOWN.
SECOND, THIS IS GOING TO BE ERECTED SO THAT THOSE TIGHT ASS
BUSINESS FUCKS CAN PARK IN HERE, GO TO THE CONVENTION CENTER,
DRINK IT UP FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MONTHS AND FUCK A WHORE. THEN,
```

HAVE THEIR CONSCIOUSNESS AND CO-WORKERS COVER THE WHOLE THING.

I'M NOT DOING IT. MOVE OVER. I'M SMASHING THIS SITE."

At this, the boy's below begin scurrying to the edges and outside of the construction zone as the engine fires up again ..

He raises the crane arm as high as possible with the slab waving like a mother to her child descending on the morning school bus then let's the slab fall on the 3 levels already erected ..

Shit crumbles ..

a cloud of smoke raises for all those on the ground to peer and pull their eyes tighter to see through the dust as the cat in the cockpit laughs from up high seeing the demise of his previous toil ..

Laughing and laughing ..

He doesn't care a flick about the repercussions of his act ..

With this,

he crawls from the cab and begins taking the elevated chair down the trussed, vertical metal elevator ..

As he comes down, sputters of applaud and whistlin' goes about and around as he notices the construction manager flying through the crowd with a crowbar in hand and a face flushed

Though, it didn't matter ..

bright red ..

The man in the crane couldn't do it and that's all that mattered to him ..

All he couldn't think about after noticing the boss coming in a charge through the smilin', cheering crowd was that

he was going to make his wife's face as red or more in

celebration lovin'.

flurry of

lighting the candle again

Lighting the candle Because someone put It Out ..

Bringing back The flame because its Time was

Brought

To a close by the invisible breath ..

Getting the fire back where it

Should

Be

Because the smells

Are ripe

And

The

Curve more like a woman coming across a

Long hallway Leading to

You ..

Taking the sticks to the stones

Because

The

Stones wanted

To

See the sticks again ..

I'm lighting

This candle again ..

love in a napkin

floating paper napkin playing around with the airs in the middle of the highway, interstate ...

going over windshields, under tires, through front grills, under the oil pan, over the barricade separating the roads ...

down into the ditch, up over into the sky some 9 feet high ..

down into a gulch, off to a side street, through a drive through

and later that day

an older cat on the boulevard picked it up, blew his nose

and tightened his new grip on his lady's hand.

morning tar

Oh .. ahhh .. that fresh smell of road tar early in the morning ..

the boy's are below pouring that black froth into the road and applyin' the heat all thick and real this morning as the cool airs waft that scent up this way ..

yes, it smells of livin' and

truth this morning ..

fuck yes, keep on pouring and melt that into the afternoon ..

MOVIN' THE SHAFT

had a dream the other night I was in a car with Shaft ...

Driving down the street, we go past several movie posters promoting the new film that just came out and when to look for the sequel ..

the sequel is to come out in '2049' ...

Shaft was telling me that the movie company was trying to squeeze him out of the sequel, he went on ...

"Shit man .. I won't even be around for the sequel .. Why do they want to wait 49 years to release a sequel to a movie .. "

"Probably because they waited over 20 years to have the first big Hollywood release of your jive, friend," I tell him.

"Shit man, that still doesn't make no sense. It took too long for them to release the initial film. Now, they want to double the time period," he says looking straight forward. Keeping his eye on the action. The actor still has the role in his blood and tends to lead the real life of Shaft now in his off time ..

"Well, have you talked to production about what their mind set is behind waiting so long to release the next film?"

I ask.

"Damn man, they won't be tellin' me a god damn thing about nothin'. While we were makin' the original, they treated me like a plump gooseberry pie .. Now, they seem to have turned away and just forgotten the agreement we had. I signed it in my contract that I would play the lead in any subsequent films that would go down," he said .. still lookin' forward .. lookin' for action.

"Sorry chief. It just doesn't seem right," I tell him.

"Yea man, that's why I be doin' the Shaft off camera .. They can put off the film, but that intercede the duties of a man tryin' to keep the shit safe for others .. "
he continues ..

Then, at the same time,

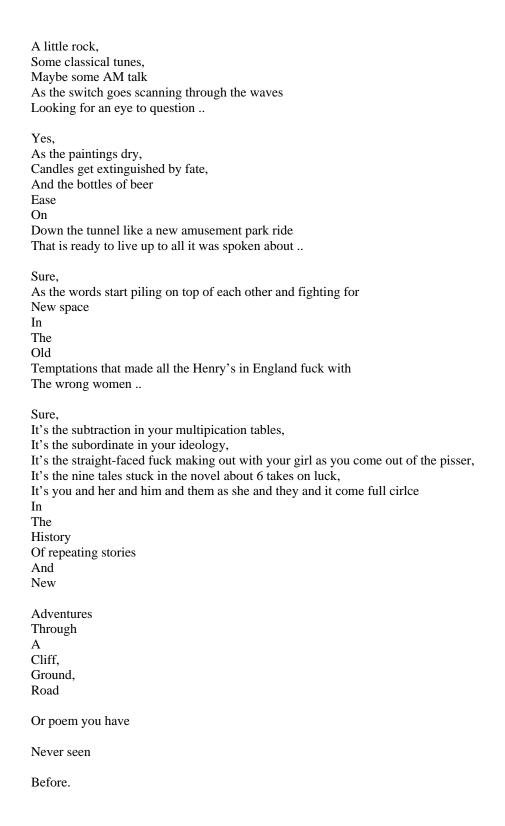
we say, "FUCK YEA".

moving little

```
moving vans,
trailers,
hitches
goin'
on
down the way
get somewhere's else
with all that shit stuffed in the back ..
it continually
gets me
how
much
shit
people pile,
collect,
gather,
keep,
hoard,
insulate
and
such
all
stuck in the back of a trailer
or
hitch
that will be moved
tucked away in a new dwelling ..
the best thing about
moving
throwing out
all
the
shit that has collected ..
give it away to the blind
or
other ..
```

do you really need that much shit?

never seen before?



no more cookin' love



(she does it)

shit. where did you get this? i never knew it was in there.

all right, open the bottom left drawer below the utensil drawer.

precisely. how would you know? it's by the pots and pans. you never use that shit .. therefore you wouldn't have any idea it was there the whole time.

well .. it was still fucked to cut the cord on a perfectly functioning microwave oven.

that's your opinion. go ahead, plug the other one in and cook away.

hey baby.
what?
i love you.
what?
you heard me. now help me move this severed mute of a microwave