can you read that bottom line?

Amplitude and Men with rainbow handbags ..

Yes,

The 90's ended and the 60's are your wall art.

You talk of inventions, While you fail to create ..

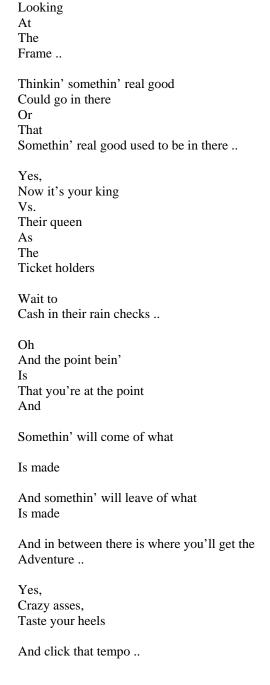
Talkin' of what you want to be And how you're going to do it ..

Only the crazy fucks Have the real licenses ..

You can talk of your Class F's – E's, Liquor license ..

Though it's the crazy motherfuckers That hold a real liability To The truth.

click that tempo



So, Your

Standin' at the point

cooler evening, baby

Goin By The Sound That Carry Noise

As The

People Frolic

About

The Streets

In The

Coolin'

Coolin'

Weather,

Baby ..

So,

Grab

A Piece

Of

Fruit And

Join Me

On

The

Sidewalk's

Tarmac And

Don't

Bother Trying

To

Decipher

The

Words

About The

Ba

Bas

Bass

Basss

Beat

Baby ..

Just

Grab

Your

Shit

And

Forget

The

Bra,

We

Have Plenty

Of

Support

Out

Here

For

Your

Eye

Lids

To

Stay

Wide ..

Yes,

The

Fuckers

In

Their

Floods

And

The

Wise

With

Their

Cuffed, Open

Buttons

Puffin'

Cigarettes

Like

Fools

As

The

Tobacco

Kings

Raise Your

Glass

Of

Beer

And

The

Evening

Gets

Cooler, Baby.

corner of the line

Grinding machines And Flyers on the bulletin board of risin' stars ..

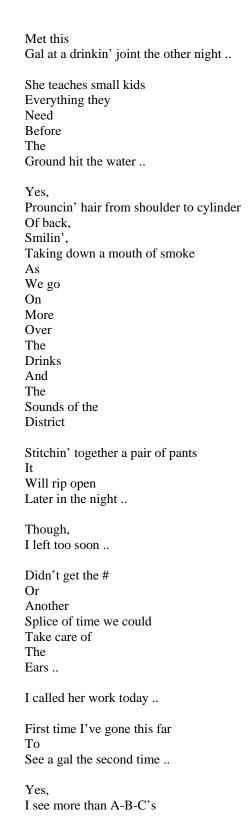
Men walkin' around confident With divets in their face as the Women exude truth in their head tilted Over a blank piece of paper, Pen in hand.

Feature articles
On 'where are they now?'
As
The
Star forgot exactly what
He was doing
Before he got there.

Tales in a peacock's mouth As The small dog refuses To calm down for the winds travelling Like a bastard towards Your

Corner of the line.

countin' with the gals



And That

It wasn't a loopy leap ..

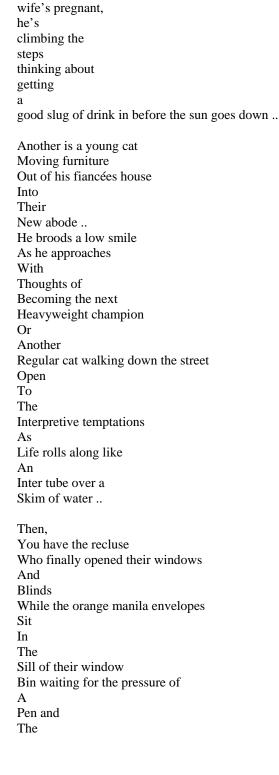
We're too short sometimes
With the time allotted
And
Have
To step back into the light
To hear what the crowd was cheerin' about
That
Whole
Bloody time ..

Lookin' forward To Countin' To 10 or more with

this

gal.

downtown mixin' machine

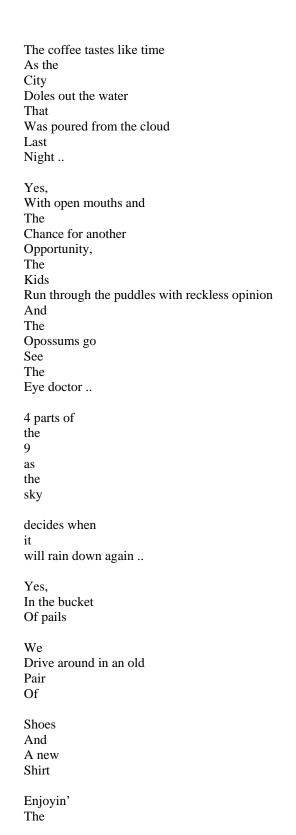


He's a

21-year-old kid,

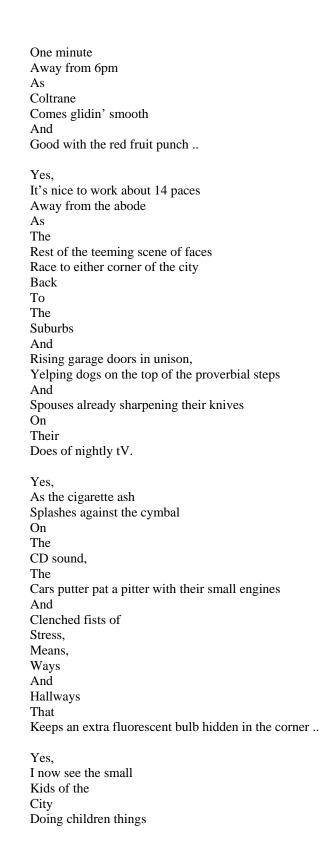
Good scratch of a woman over His Back .. The other is a she .. She's an old guard from the Italian northeast front Keeping it Straight and fucking Narrow For the Cats That Think they have the answers And For The Jackasses That Forgot Which way the Hot dog vendor Went .. Yes, Some kids In The Buildings around Leading And Weaving their existence With Α Look A Smell Α Frame Slice of wood in the folds And Some Downtown juice For This Mixin' machine ..

dryness of now



Dryness Of Now.

fading sun



As the

World laughs

On

The

Last

Round

About

The

Sun

Fade

Fade

Fading.

fancy bark on your linoleum tree

Chasing the coat tailed brim of a din In the master's rim ..

Matching your rhyme for the count that took over the Master ..

You never had it As the words spill vertical in A Horizontal dream ..

Grabbing the paper as though it never knew you, Inspiring the pen for al it didn't do for you ..

Yes,
You tame,
Low tuned
Bastard
Trying to write
Because the evening proved
That
It
Was only
You.

forgotten market

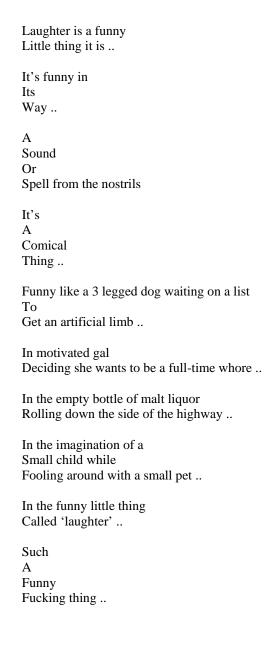
Pen ink seepin'
Through
To the other side
Of the page as
She refuses to discard her bra ...

The sting in a cup of salt And The piss in a grocery store check out Magazine rack ..

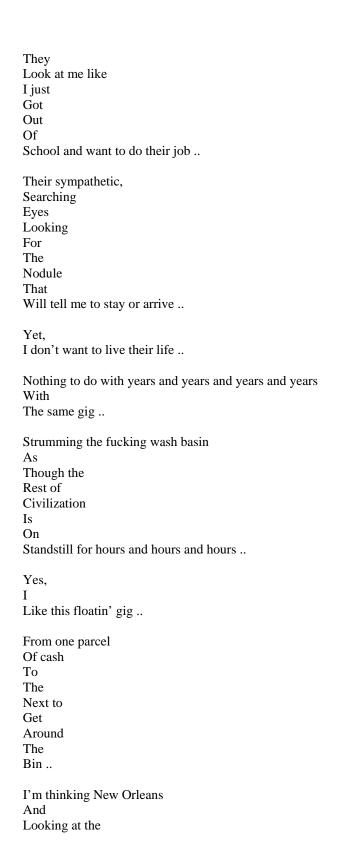
I hear the stock market Out my window now Within a dog's bark ..

It's erratic and something I Will soon forget ..

fuckin' funny



fucking sweet



Boston

Skyscraper

As

The

Man looking at me like I need a memo

And

My first job ..

I smile

A

Sigh

And

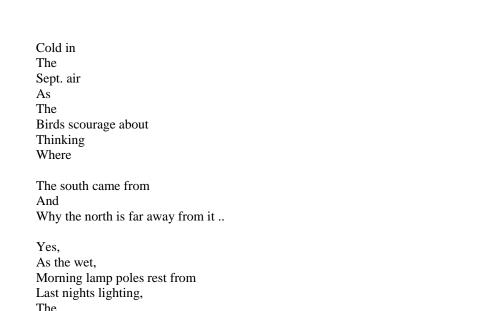
Know

How

Fucking sweet it

Can be ..

gal's show



Their figure

Women of the city

To

Figure

Wake With

How they rule the world ..

Yes,

Girls

Run the show,

You crazy fucks.

Their

Making

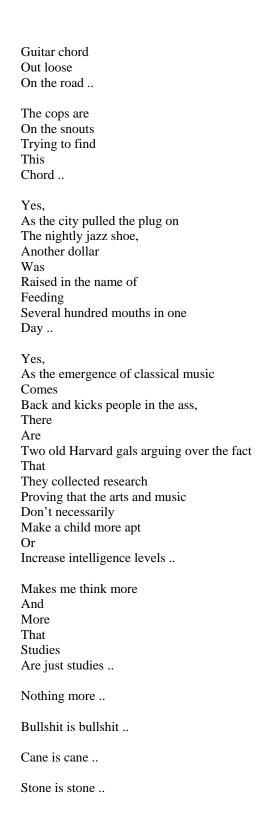
A cup of coffee

Now

As

The cereal cools off ..

give it to them



And The People need Arts and music ..

For an inherently subjective medium. To strap a realm of subjectivity

On Top

Of This

Is crap.

happen next

Crow
On top of afternoon
Street light
By the creek,
Mouth open,
Neck erect,
Bending and fighting for more to see ...

Yet, Just enough was coming through his eyes Over that flittering colony of land ..

Yes, In the moments that would Pass And those about to follow ..

The bird fellow looked About as though he knew what Was To Happen next.

heat that shit up



Nearly in

Moccasins of evening

Get their

Warm on,

The

Cold hearts will work

On

An

Evening of

Love at it's best

And

Some thawing

The

Way it was intended to be ..

As the world in on the make For the taking In the giving, A

Person grabs a can of cold corn

To

Heat that

Shit up.

her smiles

The truck flew
Over the overpass
With a group of white faces
And the saying .. "a smile in every aisle"
As the driver was just laughin'
And laughin'
While he fondles his gigglin'
Wife
With no pants on

In the passenger's seat.

his medicine

I had Good slugs of wine in My gut And Wash polishin' off a late film .. He came in, Sat down on the ground. "I just don't know what to make of it," he tells me. This is about his new fiancée and her child. From what he said, They were going to rent some films When She stops by a diner she used to work at .. The gal and the kid take off as he waits in the front For some time and Finally makes his way outside .. Some minutes later, The kid comes flying out the door and towards the rental store, Past this cat And without her mom. He looks around for his fiancée to come out and Get her kid .. No signs .. So, He goes over to the video store and Hangs out with the kid while she picks her video out .. His gal finally makes it over .. By this point he's dismayed .. They pick out their goods And head to the counter .. There are late fees ..

The gal begins getting angry and making a scene ..

He came

Over late last night ..

Another episode of her blowing up in public And It's wearing down on this man's soul ..

Shit man,
I just tried to talk to this
Cat and give his some laughs ...

He had that look of fear in his eyes ..

Like he's not sure the sort of union and such He's getting ready to get into ..

At this, I couldn't give him the truth ..

I'm too good with the both of them to do that to him ..

My advice is that he Gives it some time And then makes his way on down the road ..

He had the fear in his eye and that's Why this cat needs to go on Down the chow line ..

You have to realize ..

The hardest swallow of truth In the surest dose of wisdom ..

Mark your make And Live with the stake ..

I noticed this morning
A necklace by where he was exhausted and hanging out on the floor
A
Medical bracelet ..

I will have to give him this medicine the next Time I run into him ..

Hula Boticelli

Morning sun over Boticelli as the hula girl Holds her ukulele Closer with a Smile ..

Because when eyes aren't around And the night Turns into morning .. She looks for action ..

Things others Haven't seen and spoken scenes that Can't be Recited ...

if you listen, click

One more time for the Jet setter As the yellow light stands in the middle.

Deciding on a child As the yellow gets ready to move up to green.

No more gin, sweetheart As the yellow inches Down towards red.

The signal box Just hums ..

Then, if you listen close, It clicks.

into focus

Smells like baby powder As I reach my arm up And Scratch my neck.

Looks like a windy vent as
The
Candle flame
Moves and darts
Like a ping pong ball on a roulette wheel.

Seems as though science will clone More than a human being some day.

Appears as though all creditors Get together and talk about Their immense debt.

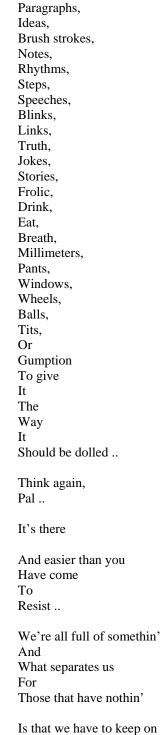
You see the crow diving into the falcon's coup As the old maid in a Catholic school uniform Applies to be a truck driver.

Yes,

As the asphalt turns into black jelly,
The clouds remain vapors reaching down a
Large hand that cannot grab onto a feather
Yet
Brings all the presumptions .. assumptions .. predictions ..
Prescriptions .. inscriptions ..

Into focus.

it's gonna be all right



When you believe You don't have any more

Words,

Pushin'

And Knowin'

As One counselor Told me while I was leavin' his school Today ..

"IT'S GONNA BE ALL RIGHT, NOW."

jaunt about

Piles of spent
Hub caps,
Fenders,
Grills,
Various pieces of car bodies
Molded into a mound reminiscent of
A
NY landfill
As the KC side
Of the sunset squirmed into the eyes of the

With hell heat of over a hundred degrees, I felt grand
As I winced while
Grabbing the wheel after letting my car
Sit for several hours in
The
Open.

You know,
The heat make you feel soul
&
the trash looks back at what it created.

Several Things

On this Sunday about.

Westbound drivers.

just bullshit

The bugs 'squeet' outside as the young boxer and his gal leave the place.

She's emotional And he's just complacent with His feelings.

As a single man, I feel sorry for These cats.

The complexity of a woman And the simplicity of a man ..

Or is it both
For the two of them
Or
Just bullshit?

keep on'

Haven't Found A Job Yet ..

Talking
To the phone,
Writing to the computer screen,
e-mailing servers for a response ...

I'm just sittin'
Back a little,
Letting the smoke curl,
The drink sweat out of the pores,
Runnin' like a stream ..

Livin' a little Time That Was held back on Their Clock ..

Yes, I'll keep on looking While

They keep on searchin'

KENNEDY & CASTRO

Echoin' record And skippin' disc As the Band broke their drum sticks And sold their Used strings to the highest bidder ...

Sure,

Your hands are good But how are your toes?

You see well, But when's the last time you really Used your eyes?

Captive in a captor's seat ..

The night turns
Into ice water as the tempo
Drives a Ford to pieces and
The instance went on to involve the moment ..

Oh, Calico woman With your mutt hands .. Let's talk about Kennedy and Castro.

know about

Beautiful kindergarten Teachers And News of China Having words with the Pope ...

Old black inner city teacher Ready to retire After 38 years as I miss the green light while the beautiful girl crosses the road with thoughts of truth even if her clothes lie ..

Yes,
As the woman in the leopard print top
Asks me to help work on her computer ..

I agree Because she may have 1 secret I don't know about ..

laying down a toothbrush

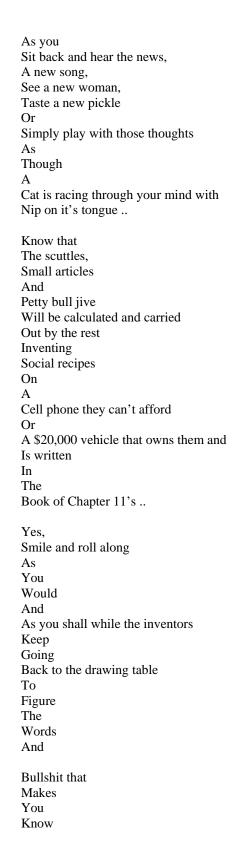
The girl
Who always brushed her teeth
Married the podiatrist
As the proctologist gave the chiropractor
A good look over ..

Strings in the boy's lentil soup As the bread rolls were sold off to the corner Jeweler ..

Oh and blowing off the steam
Off the top of a standard stream in a dream ..

I have your cusp And sip your milk As you lay that toothbrush Down in The Mornin', Darlin'.

leanin' back, baby



That

Leanin' back

In

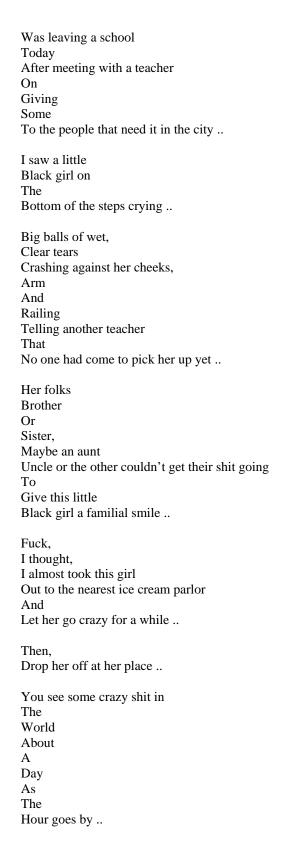
The

Place

To

Be at times ..

lottery child



If anything and when Anything,
Take care

Of

The

Kids ..

It kicks the shit

Out

Of

That

Purchased

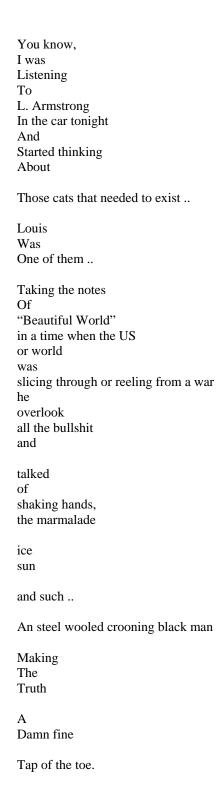
Lottery

Ticket

Waiting for the state

Shoot out the numbers ..

louis' toe



lovin' and a brick wall

These boy's aren't going
To hurt
Nothin'
As the young Mexican cat
With a shaved head goes around the wall around the city
To give his gale some oral pleasure ..

They can't hurt nothin',
They're on probation,
They assume
As the friend of the man givin' oral pleasure
Sides out to have the gal give him oral pleasure as
The other walks off with a wet smile around the brim of his mouth ...

These boys weren't taught to hurt anyone As the next man comes up to the guy getting his shit squeezed And says, "If you don't walk away .. I'll hurt you."

The man getting' it responds, "Ain't none of you cats ready to hurt anything."

Mend the Dr.



5 W C C

Like

Amber

Down

The

Titanium

Pole

As

The cowboy's stretch their

Plastic ropes

To

Raise the cattle ..

Melting like

A rubber raft

In Iowa

As the wordsmith

In the wood shop

Fashions letters

On a lathe and throws

His scraps

Out to the kids building rocket ships ..

Yes,

As the air boils and

The water evaporates,

The sink comes to a head

As though the operation

Cut

The

Doctor ..

my groove

Dogs sniffing

Out chipmunks in the bushes ..

No time to stop

For a good pat on the point ..

He stops me at the crosswalk for some bullshit as I take a piece

Of

Cold pasta from his plastic bag ..

Yes,

As the molecular biologist contemplates

A break

In

Experimenting

To think

About

The

Big cells,

He can't because he

Has

No time.

As the small kid

Stops on the playground

To tie his shoes ..

I hear a soprano singer

Deep in her apartment above the Blue Room on Vine sing Faintly ..

"Will you stop and listen to my groove?"

new(s)

She knows more Than she'll Talk about & talks less about what she knows about ..

As her toes tense and curl Against the end of the mattress, Her Name makes sense and The

News Is Just

News.

nice dream, man

Midgets

Are always good subjects to have in dreams ..

Yes,

When the shit starts mounting

And

The

Landscape begins bubblin' over like

Froth

On the top of a cup ..

It's a good time for a midget to appear ..

You know what else is good ..

A clown on stilts,

A woman with no back teeth,

A used Tempo on training wheels,

Pudding bars with legs,

Buddha with a head of long, dark hair,

Candle wax melting upside down,

A lake of water turning into an enormous red wood tree,

A woman blowing bubbles from the tip of her index finger,

A monkey eating a bowl of cereal,

An DJ spinning the hits on a brand new 8-track player,

A retired tax man dealing the deck in a game of 21,

Turkeys barking like a dog,

Loose overalls on the skin of a naked body of a woman ..

Yes.

It's a damn fine time for a dream ..

night watchman left his keys in the lock

He had the chicken cordon blue For lunch, Talked to that fine young Woman that comes across the swirilin' carpet every Tuesday.

Yet this time,

He boiled his grapes and asked her out.

They would go out for some chicken together.

As the scenes played over the clavichord, The rest of the band was packin' up.

He kept on playin'.

Fiddlin' like a fool beside the Front door As the lights dimmed and he forgot he had shoes on.

As the last cashier asked what he was doin' that night .. He just smiled, winked her way and threw his keys later To a friend sayin' he has some business to attend to ..

The next mornin' he heard the news.

The keys were stuck in the lock on the outside of the door Overnight ..

Cops were real concerned.

Now, He's out of a job, Pickin' the chicken out of his teeth While his new gal in the other room of his apartment slips off his robe And asked who was on the phone.

"An angel," he replied in a coo.

"The sweetest voice this pair of ears has ever heard."

no pepper

Coming

To the hill on the chill ..

Yes,

As the brotha' and his gal do Some squeezin' at the top of the short stairwell ..

The boy's in their cars
Crankin' the jive as the juice stays cold
And
The man shouts his trash from the speakers in the hoop-t.

"DRINK 40'S TILL YOU THROW UP."

I keep wonderin' ..

How huggin' and fuckin' gets misread as Love and music As bad as what is circulating around ever grabbed its Mass appeal ..

Nothin' but mashed potatoes With no salt And Not a hint of pepper ..

now and around

The Olympics,
A bottle of beer,
Processed corn under fire,
A stick of cinnamon gum,
The mayor wants to pass another bill,
The fruit juice melting in the cooling eve,
A gas strike in Europe,
The papers folder like a triangle untwine before me,
Presidential candidates talking of Medicare, social security, education,
The taste of candle wax sticks to my tongue after my last inhale of smoke,

Milosevic was overthrow for a new government in Yugoslavia,

As the fast food burgers settle in the pit of my belly ..

Just
A little update
On a piece of
What's
Going
On
Now
And

Around ..

old bird in a hen's world

In the post office yesterday, Sending Off some Papers to an editor Of A Local magazine ..

I was about 4 back in

The

Huddled line

As

The

Older black gal doin' her business

Counted out 'one .. two .. three .. four ..' up to seven

Dollars

For

Her transaction ..

The gal behind the counter was laughin' As the old gal says, "You know the reason why you like me is because I ain't right in the head."

Then,

She said, "I don't want to get married to

"I don't want to get married to a man. I pray to the good lord that he doesn't send me a good man. Cause if her does, I'll just whoop his ass."

The only people laugin' we're me and Several other older black gals Pennin' their information on Express delivery labels ..

Yes,

Comedy all around you

And

Few

That

Constantly through out

Their

Truth ..

one cold beer a bit past 1 PM

"Little early for a beer, dontcha think?" she asks while lazily walking by.

"Depends on what you mean by the term 'early' sweetheart," I reply.

"Shouldn't you wail till a little later in the evening," she comes back.

"Who made up that rule? The advertisers, politicians, your folks? Where does it say you can have a drink either early or late? I ask.

"It just doesn't seem normal," she says.

"Looks as though you just answered your own question and lost the debate. Cause your question is crazy," I tell her with a grin.

At this ..

She looked down, then up to the bar And said, "We'll talk two of whatever he's havin'."

I tell her,

"I like the way you're starting to think."

open a book

No more work for the laborers Because the bosses finally figured and Forgot Their capitalistic bone and Opted for some fun.

Enjoyment stretched like puddy all silly In a smudge of black newsprint Telling of used lottery numbers And Inner city girls finally getting their education.

Yes, In the weaves between labor and education ..

Just open a book.

open it up and laugh

Don't let It hold you back or Keep you away ..

Open up the Door And Poke at it, Talk to it, Give it a piece of ginger root, Tell it a story of Paris, Wipe peanut butter on its walls

Give it A good lookin' through your eyes And Send it a post card by hand ..

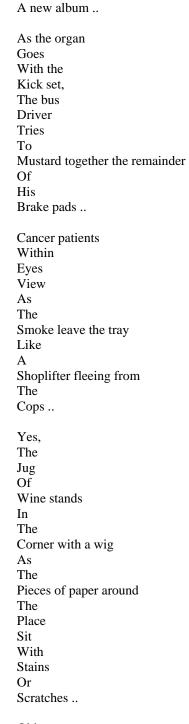
You know what this is ..

It's the thing you Think you can't put your hands on ..

That Epoch of space

You need to open up And Laugh at ..

other cars begin



Old Rocker Came out with

Old

Rocker

Is

Half way through

His

Midway Point

As

The

Other

Cars

Passing down Below

Begin.

others have said enough

People
Are always
Looking to strip the layers
The story beneath the Story, The tendons behind the facemask, The scared mouse listening to a cricket symphony behind the wall, The light finding a sale on 'dark accessories', The Finger Going Forward, Around
The
Corner
Curving like A Precipice, Laughing like a blind woman Going like mad happy down the sidewalk to buy a Snapple and play
The new Braille version of their instant win sweepstakes
Yes, Whether it's people talking down the street, In a building Or On a platter of television fed raw to cooked and poached eyes, People Are Lookin Lookin Lookin
For a way to peel through the paint,
Melt the varnish
And Beckon the groundhog before the sun rises
Yes, I would Say More
But I believe Others
Have said enough, Friends.

Stoppin' because the Train runs
In front of me ..

Listenin' to the cat walk Because the dog's were put inside for the eve ..

Talkin' to here in a lisp Because I bit my tongue while taking down a Hot plate of tortelini ..

Movin' because there's Never any traffic on this street While nimble Women decide to take on An immigrant's post on painter's row ...

Yes

While the variables do speed as though it's standing still, I see an infant with a cloth towel sitting up in her crib Rubbing the scratches out of your record ..

Play it doll, Play it ..

random act of day

I vaguely know .. Strainin' to get the vehicle horizontal Over the hill Before the engine turns over .. Yes, Pushin' like a woman givin' another soul to the world The Maternity ward bed, Giving a piece of sweat for the pounds of blood pumping through the cat Needs his car to go pick up his gal .. He's already late, You don't know him from shit, Though You Know what The Situation is all about .. Sendin' that car To the flank of the hill as you hear the key turn, The stick shift And Daydream while a dragonfly floats up and down over the center Of the top of the car .. As you drift away, The man behind the wheel yells, "Fuck, it's rolling back." You forget the dragonfly and imagine Woman dashing About your mind with sweat, Naked neck and the car flings back to the top of the hill .. As it moves over the hump And begins rolling down, The man behind the wheel starts the car, Farts,

Pushin'

Honks, Waves

The car up the hill With several strangers

As the three strangers on the top of the hill Watch the dragon fly floating back and around higher in the sky Before them And Collectively smile ..

They missed his Wave, Yet know he's gone and on his way ..

Standing there in a line, Middle of the street

Just Watchin' The Bug

Weave About A random act of day ..

reachin' for junk

Went into

Α

Bar tonight

With a friend to see

Another friend ..

Having some cola and cocktails,

A gal from Baton Rouge .. a Mexican-American

Drunk on a seldom given furlough from the office life

Comes

Over

Cooin' about our faces

And how we look.

Squeezin' our cheeks

And

Pulls our hands into hers

For a

Walk over to

Α

Table of

Middle-aged women

Smokin'

And

Hittin' the drink hard.

While I'm telling a gal

That I'm older than her youngest kid,

The Baton Rouge gal

Reaches her hands

Straight back towards my junk ..

As I dodge and

Re-lodge back to my seat,

We

Laugh about the bar

Whore over another fresh drink.

As they flick the lights

For last sips,

She comes back by,

I catch her eye by chance

As

The

Female waitress we know

Grabs the Louisiana gal with a glimmer in her eye

And

Takes her out to the sidewalk.

Yes,

Sometimes sweet justice doesn't arrive

Until you Either go to sleep Or Wake-up Or

Realize that

Sobriety is the great equalizer.

said more

It's been Over 5 months since I have heard her voice, though it feels like 3 years ..

Yet,

You need to let the feather go

See how it will float

And

Land ..

I see her eye And

Still find

Her

On

My

Ankles ..

I know

Reason has

Said

Much more ..

SINATRA NIGHTS

Older cat in a wide brimmed hat
Sips down hot, house coffee
As his 'escort' for the night sits silent,
Goes outside for a smoke,
Averts the eyes of other men that know
As
Her

Customer on that eve just keeps on readin' the magazine In front of him,

Covering her face.

He wanted no sex that eve,
Just her company as he tore through
Cup after cup of black, sugarless coffee
While
She
Looked round,

Fought to hop

And

Thought of her former days as a real classy Busy whore workin' the streets Dover, DE.

Yes, he opened a bag of cheese puffs And Shoved them down his mouth While lookin' at His magazine.

Phone rings.

She looks towards the back of the coffee shop, Then down to the pad of paper before he That

He

Brought.

She grabbed an uncapped pen and began Scribbling the cash she could have mad if This Morose cat didn't render her stationary And fuckless on the verge of a rainy Eve

Where she could easily have spread,

Guzzled good booze,

Laughed plenty

And made some healthy cash

As

The

Man interrupts the room by snorting

Like a retired captain walkin' over the deck of a cruise ship.

Yes,

She thinks to herself, "Sinatra never had nights like these."

Sippin' soup

Meandering over a pot of soup As the Staggering group of Mexican cats Wait for the Acura to pass So they can See their babies in the house ..

Yes, Up the street Dogs barking at the fence While Another coat of plaster goes Over the home's siding ..

This, As the traffic hoards the train line Below The City ..

Night cools Like a woman's leg against The ice cream truck's chest ..

Oh
And how they invent games while
The
Kids
Sip
Their
Soup ..

still workin'

Here in America
People doing
Tai-Bo – Tai Che
On the steps of the art gallery by night,
Plump cats walking along towards their owners
As skinny kids walk away from
Their
Parents.

Yes, Clapping hands And whistlin' mouths As The Girl asks me what my story is ..

I told her,

"You shouldn't interrupt someone while they're still writing."

the former

The BBC is in London as The Winds Blow over KC trees ..

Bells and train sounds in the Distance as the Word has turned into a breeze ..

In that, You can dip you head and Torso down to enjoy or pull away And Question the source of wind ..

I see The Former is chosen ..

the hot & the heat

Oh.

You with your on and on talk Of the humidity ..

Let me tell you A little somethin' about the hot & the heat.

The hot is when your lady comes out of the shower, Nothin' on, Towel wrapped in a turban on head, Bottle of lotion in hand Askin' you for a little application help.

The heat ..

That's just walkin' down a warm city street, Sweatin', Laughin' Cause you recognized somethin' you'd never Seen on that path you walked more than Many times over.

Again,

The hot is when you buy a train ticket for no particular Reason and board for a city you've never seen .. The whole time you's just laughin' at the prairie rollin' By as the waitress asks if you need another one.

All right,

The heat again .. on the other hand .. Is knowin' that your dreams are your mornings While your vision is the evenings.

To recap ..

Your hots are a little rarer than your heats.

You should be care not to mix the two .. But if they do .. it's all up to chance anyway.

Such as the events that transpire in the heats & the hots themselves And

That's an all right,

Marvelin' event that needs no explainin'.

He went to bed with the sound of the BBC going low over the summer nocturnal embers and flipped open Zhivago for one last go. As the sounds of the BBC went over the details of a sunken submarine in the ocean, the book started wearing on unprotected eyes. Sleep was the next thing as the lights went down low and the shadows on the wall danced around like living manequins scurrying for one last drink before last call closes down the front doors.

In the morning, he rolled off the foam and thought about the corporate world as he reached for a towel and started whistling a tune as the bathroom door went shut. Cleansing before having to fend off the suits sitting around the growling coffee maker and flourescent lights sending the people to the eye doctor on their newly received vision insurance cards. As the water came down in a welcome array, soap went over the body and made complete sense. Cleaning the body .. for it was dirtied by the previous day and evening. Giving the people a sense of good smells. Though, the corporate flow didn't seem to make any sense at all. It was after about two years of labor on their clock. Taking a good portion of the day, while he would make it a point to stay up late into the AM to rectify the time that the corporate faces weren't giving. So, the mornings would sometimes fall into the red zone as he would tie on his shoes and head towards the gleaming glass doors holding the people in from the downtown bustle of the outside world. Shit, he thought, particularly that day as he reached for the navy blue button-up he hasn't seen for months, it felt different that day.

Going up the elevator, he started thinking over ideas from the previous minutes that came like a surprise in a child's game of hide and go seek. Getting off the elevator, he headed towards the chair that would give him his electronic in's into the word that would take him through the day. Ironically, he was having a good day getting shit out the door and ready to get out the door in the near future. Feeling good about the flow, the boss comes over around 3:30 PM and asks if he has a minute to meet him in the big bosses office. "Sure," he says with a grin. As he was led back into the confines of the chamber, the head of Human Resources for the company was sitting with an empty pad of paper opened up and a pen standing erect in her right hand. At this point, he had a good feeling what was going to happen next. The anvil was getting ready to fall down and the sure chance of getting his clearance from the chambers was imminent. Then, the stream of words started coming out of the mouth of his boss. Most words were heard, but not listened to until he said .. "As of 5:00 PM today, your employment will be terminated." He resisted putting out a large, minced smile as his approving acquisence to the decision that came down. As the words continued, he heard the buzzing of the lights more clearly that the words that were being spoken to him. Something about continuing insurance coverage and a severance check.

Following the news, he asked the HR gal if he could have a minute with his boss. She gave an apprehensive look over to the boss for an agreement. He nodded his head in a 'yes' motion and she got up for her final exit on my clock. As the door closed, he looked out the window and admitted that he had a feeling this was going to happen. His bosses face dropped a bit as he went on to tell him that it would take no longer that several minutes to clean up his hard drive and work area. The 5 PM cut off wasn't needed. He was ready to go then. The boss nodded and followed the young man out the door towards his work space. As the started rifling through his things, the trash can began filling up quickly. In a little over 3 minutes, the cleaning whip had been extended and it was time to take the final elevator ride down the chute. The whole time, the young man's boss and the HR gal followed close behind as escorts in some prison documentary you would see on a late night PBS special. The young man said "Sianora" as the doors closed for the final time on that corporate scene. It was pure freedom from that point on. As he went through the shimmering glass doors into the city head of late afternoon, he pulled out a smoke and began laughing at the folly that just took place.

He didn't just lose a job .. he was given his freedom. That pocket of truth you have to keep holding on to everyday.

the world

Job offers,
Holes in 7 month old skivies,
The radio sounds like porch chimes
As
The trees hold up like a 96-year-old black gal in
A
Nursing home ..

Another shot of German liquor
For
The
World as
The
Beauty in wine sips

Yes

And the rich folks

Cup of coffee Before going to bed ..

Pawned a case of underarm deodorant

То

The highest bidder

As

The sirens just cut loose,

Racing tires,

The silence returning

To

Night ears

As

The woman sipping

Tea

Gets her son a glass of hot milk

Before

Making love

То

The whole fucking world.

Been Driving around the eastern streets of this city Much lately .. Yes, Getting a good swill Of the scene while running Around To schools for a charity drive I'm helping with .. Yes, I see that segregation runs High and hard in this city .. I never realized it As much as now My white face peers through the open glass to find Addresses smeared, Scribbled Or Penned on a piece of withered paper .. Yes, When people talk and make it their plight to Eradicate racial barriers, They need to go to the other side to see how it rolls .. Whether it's on the white side or the black Side, It Should be viewed and taken in .. Though, The eastern portion of the gate Has Α Good fucking look to it .. Though, You can see a real kick back to the day when shit used to really swing and There was More Of Α Mix going down, There Indeed a barrier that still separates cities from people

And folks

In the urban scene ..

Christ, I would like to see a good melting of faces ..

This separation Doesn't

Seem

To fit.

treatin' all animals

A flyer on the wall-

"There's a better way to deal with animal cruelty."

Sure.

As I remember a friend telling me that the cost of one stealth bomber In front of us

Could feed every homeless person in the US comfortably for one year.

People talking of Prime Time TV portraying cruelty to rats As

Throngs of people are stranded, hungry ..

There's a fuckin' better way to treat all animals.

up and down the steps

She pulled up to the Front of the house With her friend in the passenger seat ..

The girl ran out of the car and Towards the house ..

Her beau was inside and A young man, around 18 was hanging out on the porch ..

She walked straight into the house and up the stairs For her rendezvous as
The girl waited in front of the house,
Engine killed,
Looking all around except towards the young
Cat hanging out on the porch ..

The young cat looked around, Went inside, Came out about 20 seconds later with 2 cold beers In hand And headed down towards the car ..

Approaching the car, He asked the gal if she wanted a beer ..

She said 'yes' ..

He nodded, Handed her the beer, Smiled as he careened around to the other side of the car, Opened the passenger door, Climbed in ..

"You know, I love the feeling of drinking in a parked car," he said looking straight forward.

She laughed.

"I've always noticed you from the street either through the front window or on the porch every once in a while. Though, I didn't have the nerves to come up and talk," she said.

"Hmm. This is the first time I've noticed you and just came down. You the designated escort while she's inside?" he continued.

"Yea. She really likes this guy. I wait out here as a precaution. Just in case the ex-boyfriend starts prowling around," she said.

"Yea. That's pretty fucked. Why doesn't she just take a taxi or walk. She doesn't live that far away," he said. "Yea. That's easy to assume. Though, I need to be here to soothe him down if he comes though this way. He's a crazy fuck and there's no telling what he would do if he assumed they were in there knocking shit out the old flesh way," she said. "Yea. Does he come through that much?" he asked. "More than you think," she replied. "So, what are you to do if you see him?" he asked. "Honk to prepare them and stall him in case he tries to climb the steps," she said. The beers went down quick. "You want another?" he asked. "Better not. We have to work tonight. I need to honk and get her back down here. Hey, can you shout upstairs for me? We really need to get on down the road," She said. "Sure. We'll see you next time," he said. "Maybe more. Come by work some time," she said as she grabbed his free hand and moved in to kiss him on the cheek. "Yes. Yes I shall. By the by, you have a great grip," he said as he left the car. As he headed up the steps .. the gal was coming out of the house. As they passed, He said, "You may have to be dropping her off here soon." "What," she came back in a disoriented glance. "Come back whenever,"

he said as he

laughed and headed back up the steps.

without a joke

He tells me of friends He Knew That Could make a shit load of counterfeit bills
Money for Zero And Taxes for fools
Yea, He said he would give them the piss about what they were Doing But They Knew otherwise
Literally in the business of making money
It kills Me at the amount and variety of criminals That exist here In USA
How many people are looking for the ride Without the fare, A pair of shoes without the laces, A meal without the cooking time, A ride without the waiting time, A dollar without the packaging, A job without hours, A sweet without a need
The story without the conclusion
And Laughter Without
A joke.

women as men in Florence

A bottle on a frame

As

Α

Kid gets a high chair for the day when she Will actually be tall.

Yes,

The children spend their days
Wanting to be an adult as

Age knocks on their toe nails like a leaking gutter.

Then,

As the whatever becomes moreover, The violin string tightens the lancer's bow

And

Makes the horse rear like a bastard

As

Α

Group of old ladies parade down the KC block Like older men strolling, bullshitting about auto racing In Florence.

workin' class whore

He tied his shoes And skipped past The gum machine.

Late again for work.

He crawls the elevator Singin' Norwegian Wood.

Gets off the connector And walks past his boss.

The boss asks, "Who are you?"

"What?" the young cat asks.

"Do you work here?" the boss asks.

"Still sleepin' boss,' the young man comes back.

"We'll see," he says as he walks over to the phone and calls security.

As the part-time musician and artist
As security badges take him to the front door,
He slowly forgets
He was ever a full-time whore as he gets on the phone and
Calls the airport ticket counter.

The whole time .. realizin' We have to keep on securin' our freedom Every day.

"writers on film"

He traded in a small piece of his Vocabulary For a nice day's pay ..

He typed for hours straight without knowing

That a thousand eyes would watch his words being formed some day ..

Yes.

In the new, web, multimedia cast world on now Readers had their wishes come true.

Hidden cameras or those in the open now Film contemporary poets, writers, novelists, etc. Writing their pieces.

Fans and non-fans start sucking these Images in like nothin'.

Even people that don't read the authors Or at all swallow up these videocassettes of authors in the throws

Of the process.

(Watch for the new Miramax release – "What are they doing while you go to work?")

The writers at the computer,

Typer,

Ledger,

Stack of pages,

Roaming around speaking a story into an audio recorder.

People are fixed to the process authors take.

It's a new fad and authors are having a hard time understanding the fascination.

Yet.

Some or a good thrown give in ..

Though,

There are a decent number of authors that won't let their process be filmed Because it inherently goes against the grain of what they do ..

As one said.

"Why the fuck would someone want to watch this?"

"Well."

says another author that has signed on to a multi-tape video deal, which is one of the top sellers in the US. "It's just a phase. People are silly and fickle that way. It's like this new wave of reality TV going on right now. Status quo has a tendency to burn out sooner or later. They will eventually realize that their time is much better spent reading the material than watching how it's being constructed."

Another author, responding in opposition,

"That's what I'm talking about. This whole 'behind the scenes' voyeurism is not only inane, but it contradicts our creative flow. It's just not right. We weren't meant to be filmed and watched. We are intended to be read."

So.

As the American idolization of a new fad goes .. it will fade and the writers will collectively laugh.

Though,

It was a nice thing.

Writers finally got paid well for their craft even if people weren't reading their shit. In fact, many authors made more money in this one period on video sales and rentals than the actual assemblage of words they were putting between covers.

Yes,

It is a comic irony.

What people will buy into.

Misinterpreting the final product of the literary process.

Taking the first for the last.

Looking backwards through binoculars.

Getting a scene they have never seen before.

People love what they don't see on a regular basis .. that's why the opposite of the regular is preferred and It swept through one of the last veins of the creative process.

I believe I am being film right now.

yawn in another cage

Blackjack on a backgammon table As the Triple 7's laugh at the Triple 5's lookin' To set the lights afire.

Yes,

As the kids play pool on the marble counter top While the star 6-pocket hustler finally decided To court his favorite girl.

Chalk over a typical neighborhood sidewalk As the slate reflected the dim, Swimmin' reflection of the popular computer screen.

A CD playing in an 8-track player as the old woman At the microphone decides that music will Always keep the world fresh.

Yes, Your eyes in a cat While searchin' for a new bone As the tiger yawns In The Marsupial's cage.

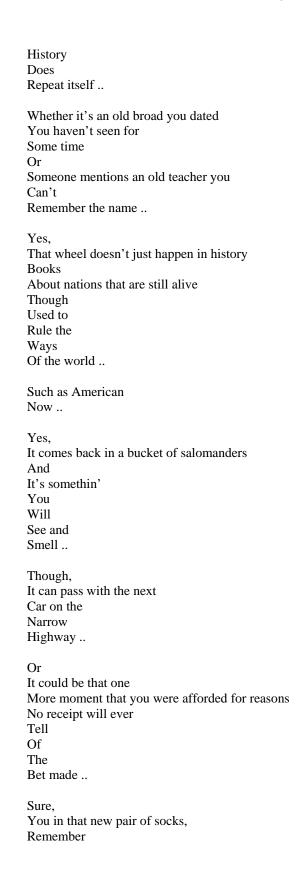
yellow green

Night time drivin' in a storm,
Daytime heat sippin' a hot cup of coffee,
Loose curtains flowin' as she comes to 'air dry' naked in the breeze,
Zero's supporting a prime number as the integers
Look for a good couch to talk with their babies.

Kids and crayons,
Scientists in the vacuum of a kaleidoscope
As the words get large,
Inflate,
Resonate
While the fable in an emptied and clean mustard jar
Hops out
To
Buy some
Of

That new green ketchup.

your history



The old socks You threw away could come back

And There

You have the roundabout

Cycle Of

Your history.

Lovers
On the retaining wall row
As the white limousine pulls away
And the cop's search light
Glares out
One bright eye
For those
That
See
With

Two.

Lawn fodder
In the grass
As
The
Evening bugs
Unfold like drying paper
On a hot sidewalk ...

The sound of keys

&

a dog collar behind me

as

the

young girl

asks

for another bed time story

during

the

middle of the day ..

Yes,

Anytime is

A

Good

Time

Forastory.

a video game

The Mexican cats and pimp cats
Come to the bluff to smoke over their bitch stories
And
Get more than a few laughs
To drown out their work day ..

Wobblin' side to writst, Talkin' of fightin' and maybe the race's struggle For equality as the old hotel stands vacant and the corporate Whore shops stand guilty ..

Yes, With night moths flying blindly into my bare ankle While I hear footsteps approachin' ..

Walkin' without shoes As the population tries to fight literacy With a video game ..

and such

Where do all these people come from?

I wonder.

I see them,
Talk with them,
Walk next to them,
Listen to them,
Smell them,
Jump next to them,
Skip around them,
Drink with them,
Smoke by them,
Read about them,
Write about them,
Wander next to them,
Instigate a laugh with them.

Yet, Where do they all really come from?

animals like humans

A fiery solo Through The Strained and Dulled speakers .. Though, He painting everything in glass And Giving the air exactly what it called for this cooling, Autumn evening .. And now, As the solo starts rising to its apex, The birds begin gathering on poles, The window sill, Trees, Protruding bricks on the neighboring building, The roofs To Hear the remainder of the song .. They are swooping in Steady, Heavy numbers .. Some are squeezing through the open screen and window In my room To sit on top of the radio with cocked head Figure out the sound .. Feel the vibrations through their stick legs .. **FUCK** They keep mounting .. THERE HAS TO BE At least 70 or more birds all over the scene As The Horn lowers and the drummer flops into his Solo .. With this, The birds begin

Not

Flying away in a slow, Melodic pace ..

Coltrane hits

Leaving like hell is on their wing tips as you would expect With a person so close ..

No,

They are taking their time ..

Going on to Their nests and other areas Of They sky

Knowing

They heard the best ..

The mark of a bad ass ..

To pull in the animals like humans ..

auction talk

Holding the book down With a block of metal While The sprinklers Run the pouring Rain ..

The marriage procession

Over

The

Radio

As

My friend looks quietly,

With the fear of his pending

Matrimony ..

Ducks eating

Α

Chinese man's rice

As

The

Next fashion

Item

Goes

Past the

Auction talk ..

before me, honey

I'm not Going to take My fingers Off of you My darling harlequin Sitting in rows and hunks Of Shapes ..

Looking up at me

While

I look into the other light

Or

Hole

Of sorts ..

Yes,

Pounding,

Careening,

Sending signals,

Lisping with fingertips,

Listening to wounds heal,

Relaying the message if the messenger has a voice,

Delivering the letter if the coal feels the fire,

Dialing up the number if the coordinates match,

Cooking up the meat if the package is around,

Making the ice if the tap works,

Defining the color if the 'black and white' group has gone,

Looking around 2-D as the 4 dimensions help the wombat up the tree,

Making it 100% if the people see 20/20,

Raising a foundation if the ground is dry,

Smoking the match if the cigarette looks tasty,

Giving a word if the interest is interesting,

Walking around the square if the hole is funny,

Keeping the lines straight if the narrow is even,

Touching

You

More

If

The

Handle

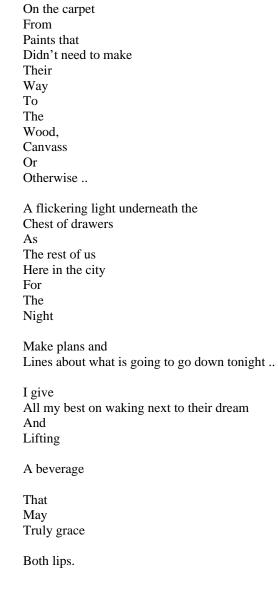
Is

Before

Me,

Honey.

both lips



Stains

boxer cars

Funny car Race tracks & Boxers that underestimate Their power.

Someone's eating a Popsicle in a high rise apartment elevator As a small kid loses his fear of dogs and pats a chow's head While the young man in a wheel chair wakes up with feeling in his toes .. Stands up a little unsteady as a small trickle of excited urine goes Down his leg .. the doctor's can't explain it.

The next Houdini .. a 9-year-old boy from Upstate New York buys a unicycle and 3 juggling balls, One pair of hand cuffs

As the cream melts in the microwave,

The tea stays warm and the yams gather more flavor in their plastic bag ..

It's almost a quarter past the half tone
As the pigeons dive from another dwelling in the city's roof
As
The horn of the train welcomes racing carts,
While the funny cars laugh around the mud pit course and
The boxer
Decides he doesn't want to
Hit another
Person

Again.

bring it all closer

Sometimes

You need to shout

Sing

Write

Talk

Shout

Whisper

Walk

Move

Nap

Check the time

Get a snick of a snack

Pull the tab off the top of a can

Listen to the numbers speak

Figure out why you don't talk to her anymore

Play chess

Open up the chessboard

Stop in the middle of the street and watch an airplane streak over

Paint the blue square yellow

Part with the rainbow and head for the street light

Make a fire on the end of a stick you pull towards your mouth

Ask for answers at the end of a speech instead of asking if the crowd has questions

Eat an olive instead of a pickle even though you don't live olives

Wear a shirt that doesn't fit

Put on a pair of shoes that don't match

Drive you car to a park to read because it beats a chair in air conditioning

Invent instead of contemplate

Give instead of taking

Pull instead of sitting

Listen instead of talking

Talking instead of hearing

Trotting instead of walking

Loving instead of going out with friends

Singing a song instead of listening to one

Trying to catch the locust flying crazy and lopsided

Across

The sky

While hearing that symphony of bugs

Brining

The

Night closer.