

**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  
Looking  
At  
The  
Frame ..

Thinkin' somethin' real good  
Could go in there  
Or  
That  
Somethin' real good used to be in there ..

Yes,  
Now it's your king  
Vs.  
Their queen  
As  
The  
Ticket holders

Wait to  
Cash in their rain checks ..

Oh  
And the point bein'  
Is  
That you're at the point  
And

Somethin' will come of what

Is made

And somethin' will leave of what  
Is made

And in between there is where you'll get the  
Adventure ..

Yes,  
Crazy asses,  
Taste your heels

And click that tempo ..

**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

Met this  
Gal at a drinkin' joint the other night ..

She teaches small kids  
Everything they  
Need  
Before  
The  
Ground hit the water ..

Yes,  
Prouncin' hair from shoulder to cylinder  
Of back,  
Smilin',  
Taking down a mouth of smoke  
As  
We go  
On  
More  
Over  
The  
Drinks  
And  
The  
Sounds of the  
District

Stitchin' together a pair of pants  
It  
Will rip open  
Later in the night ..

Though,  
I left too soon ..

Didn't get the #  
Or  
Another  
Splice of time we could  
Take care of  
The  
Ears ..

I called her work today ..

First time I've gone this far  
To  
See a gal the second time ..

Yes,  
I see more than A-B-C's

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,  
his  
wife's pregnant,  
he's  
climbing the  
steps  
thinking about  
getting  
a  
good slug of drink in before the sun goes down ..

Another is a young cat  
Moving furniture  
Out of his fiancée's house  
Into  
Their  
New abode ..  
He broods a low smile  
As he approaches  
With  
Thoughts of  
Becoming the next  
Heavyweight champion  
Or  
Another  
Regular cat walking down the street  
Open  
To  
The  
Interpretive temptations  
As  
Life rolls along like  
An  
Inter tube over a  
Skim of water ..

Then,  
You have the recluse  
Who finally opened their windows  
And  
Blinds  
While the orange manila envelopes  
Sit  
In  
The  
Sill of their window  
Bin waiting for the pressure of  
A  
Pen and  
The

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

A  
Look  
A  
Smell  
A  
Frame  
A  
Slice of wood in the folds  
And

Some

Downtown juice  
For  
This  
Mixin' machine ..

## **dryness of now**

The coffee tastes like time  
As the  
City  
Doles out the water  
That  
Was poured from the cloud  
Last  
Night ..

Yes,  
With open mouths and  
The  
Chance for another  
Opportunity,  
The  
Kids  
Run through the puddles with reckless opinion  
And  
The  
Opossums go  
See  
The  
Eye doctor ..

4 parts of  
the  
9  
as  
the  
sky

decides when  
it  
will rain down again ..

Yes,  
In the bucket  
Of pails

We  
Drive around in an old  
Pair  
Of

Shoes  
And  
A new  
Shirt

Enjoyin'  
The

Dryness  
Of  
Now.

*fading sun*

One minute  
Away from 6pm  
As  
Coltrane  
Comes glidin' smooth  
And  
Good with the red fruit punch ..

Yes,  
It's nice to work about 14 paces  
Away from the abode  
As  
The  
Rest of the teeming scene of faces  
Race to either corner of the city  
Back  
To  
The  
Suburbs  
And  
Rising garage doors in unison,  
Yelping dogs on the top of the proverbial steps  
And  
Spouses already sharpening their knives  
On  
Their  
Does of nightly tV.

Yes,  
As the cigarette ash  
Splashes against the cymbal  
On  
The  
CD sound,  
The  
Cars putter pat a pitter with their small engines  
And  
Clenched fists of  
Stress,  
Means,  
Ways  
And  
Hallways  
That  
Keeps an extra fluorescent bulb hidden in the corner ..

Yes,  
I now see the small  
Kids of the  
City  
Doing children things

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**

Laughter is a funny  
Little thing it is ..

It's funny in  
Its  
Way ..

A  
Sound  
Or  
Spell from the nostrils

It's  
A  
Comical  
Thing ..

Funny like a 3 legged dog waiting on a list  
To  
Get an artificial limb ..

In motivated gal  
Deciding she wants to be a full-time whore ..

In the empty bottle of malt liquor  
Rolling down the side of the highway ..

In the imagination of a  
Small child while  
Fooling around with a small pet ..

In the funny little thing  
Called 'laughter' ..

Such  
A  
Funny  
Fucking thing ..

**fucking sweet**

They  
Look at me like  
I just  
Got  
Out  
Of  
School and want to do their job ..

Their sympathetic,  
Searching  
Eyes  
Looking  
For  
The  
Nodule  
That  
Will tell me to stay or arrive ..

Yet,  
I don't want to live their life ..

Nothing to do with years and years and years and years  
With  
The same gig ..

Strumming the fucking wash basin  
As  
Though the  
Rest of  
Civilization  
Is  
On  
Standstill for hours and hours and hours ..

Yes,  
I  
Like this floatin' gig ..

From one parcel  
Of cash  
To  
The  
Next to  
Get  
Around  
The  
Bin ..

I'm thinking New Orleans  
And  
Looking at the

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

Cold in  
The  
Sept. air  
As  
The  
Birds scourage about  
Thinking  
Where

The south came from  
And  
Why the north is far away from it ..

Yes,  
As the wet,  
Morning lamp poles rest from  
Last nights lighting,  
The  
Women of the city  
Wake  
With

Their figure  
To  
Figure

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**

Guitar chord  
Out loose  
On the road ..

The cops are  
On the snouts  
Trying to find  
This  
Chord ..

Yes,  
As the city pulled the plug on  
The nightly jazz shoe,  
Another dollar  
Was  
Raised in the name of  
Feeding  
Several hundred mouths in one  
Day ..

Yes,  
As the emergence of classical music  
Comes  
Back and kicks people in the ass,  
There  
Are  
Two old Harvard gals arguing over the fact  
That  
They collected research  
Proving that the arts and music  
Don't necessarily  
Make a child more apt  
Or  
Increase intelligence levels ..

Makes me think more  
And  
More  
That  
Studies  
Are just studies ..

Nothing more ..

Bullshit is bullshit ..

Cane is cane ..

Stone is stone ..

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 fluttering 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  
The dark ..

One last cigarette  
Before these feet  
Go  
On

Movin ..

Yes,  
As  
The  
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

He came  
Over late last night ..

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 ..

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 him 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,  
Paragraphs,  
Ideas,  
Brush strokes,  
Notes,  
Rhythms,  
Steps,  
Speeches,  
Blinks,  
Links,  
Truth,  
Jokes,  
Stories,  
Frolic,  
Drink,  
Eat,  
Breath,  
Millimeters,  
Pants,  
Windows,  
Wheels,  
Balls,  
Tits,  
Or  
Gumption  
To give  
It  
The  
Way  
It  
Should be dolled ..

Think again,  
Pal ..

It's there

And easier than you  
Have come  
To  
Resist ..

We're all full of somethin'  
And  
What separates us  
For  
Those that have nothin'

Is that we have to keep on

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  
Westbound drivers.

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.

## **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

As you  
Sit back and hear the news,  
A new song,  
See a new woman,  
Taste a new pickle  
Or  
Simply play with those thoughts  
As  
Though  
A  
Cat is racing through your mind with  
Nip on it's tongue ..

Know that  
The scuttles,  
Small articles  
And  
Petty bull jive  
Will be calculated and carried  
Out by the rest  
Inventing  
Social recipes  
On  
A  
Cell phone they can't afford  
Or  
A \$20,000 vehicle that owns them and  
Is written  
In  
The  
Book of Chapter 11's ..

Yes,  
Smile and roll along  
As  
You  
Would  
And  
As you shall while the inventors  
Keep  
Going  
Back to the drawing table  
To  
Figure  
The  
Words  
And

Bullshit that  
Makes  
You  
Know

That  
Leanin' back  
In  
The  
Place  
To  
Be at times ..



## lottery child

Was leaving a school  
Today  
After meeting with a teacher  
On  
Giving  
Some  
To the people that need it in the city ..

I saw a little  
Black girl on  
The  
Bottom of the steps crying ..

Big balls of wet,  
Clear tears  
Crashing against her cheeks,  
Arm  
And  
Railing  
Telling another teacher  
That  
No one had come to pick her up yet ..

Her folks  
Brother  
Or  
Sister,  
Maybe an aunt  
Uncle or the other couldn't get their shit going  
To  
Give this little  
Black girl a familial smile ..

Fuck,  
I thought,  
I almost took this girl  
Out to the nearest ice cream parlor  
And  
Let her go crazy for a while ..

Then,  
Drop her off at her place ..

You see some crazy shit in  
The  
World  
About  
A  
Day  
As  
The  
Hour goes by ..

If anything and when  
Anything,  
Take care  
Of  
The  
Kids ..

It kicks the shit  
Out  
Of  
That  
Purchased  
Lottery  
Ticket

Waiting for the state  
To  
Shoot out the numbers ..

## **louis' toe**

You know,  
I was  
Listening  
To  
L. Armstrong  
In the car tonight  
And  
Started thinking  
About

Those cats that needed to exist ..

Louis  
Was  
One of them ..

Taking the notes  
Of  
“Beautiful World”  
in a time when the US  
or world  
was  
slicing through or reeling from a war  
he  
overlook  
all the bullshit  
and

talked  
of  
shaking hands,  
the marmalade

ice  
sun

and such ..

An steel wooled crooning black man

Making  
The  
Truth

A  
Damn fine

Tap of the 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.*

Molten  
Sweet  
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 swirlin' 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 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 laughin' 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 wait 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  
A new album ..

As the organ  
Goes  
With the  
Kick set,  
The bus  
Driver  
Tries  
To  
Mustard together the remainder  
Of  
His  
Brake pads ..

Cancer patients  
Within  
Eyes  
View  
As  
The  
Smoke leave the tray  
Like  
A  
Shoplifter fleeing from  
The  
Cops ..

Yes,  
The  
Jug  
Of  
Wine stands  
In  
The  
Corner with a wig  
As  
The  
Pieces of paper around  
The  
Place  
Sit  
With  
Stains  
Or  
Scratches ..

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.

**\* play \***

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 tortellini ..

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

Pushin'  
The car up the hill  
With several strangers  
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  
On  
The  
Maternity ward bed,  
Giving a piece of sweat for the pounds of blood pumping through the cat  
That  
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  
A  
Woman dashing  
About your mind with sweat,  
Curls,  
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,  
Honks,  
Waves

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  
A  
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  
A  
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  
To  
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 made 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 fluorescent 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 acquiescence 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  
A  
Cup of coffee  
Before going to bed ..

Yes  
And the rich folks  
Pawned a case of underarm deodorant  
To  
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  
To

The whole fucking world.



to fit

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  
As  
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  
A  
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  
A  
Mix going down,  
There  
Is  
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

A

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

A

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**

History  
Does  
Repeat itself ..

Whether it's an old broad you dated  
You haven't seen for  
Some time  
Or  
Someone mentions an old teacher you  
Can't  
Remember the name ..

Yes,  
That wheel doesn't just happen in history  
Books  
About nations that are still alive  
Though  
Used to  
Rule the  
Ways  
Of the world ..

Such as American  
Now ..

Yes,  
It comes back in a bucket of salamanders  
And  
It's somethin'  
You  
Will  
See and  
Smell ..

Though,  
It can pass with the next  
Car on the  
Narrow  
Highway ..

Or  
It could be that one  
More moment that you were afforded for reasons  
No receipt will ever  
Tell  
Of  
The  
Bet made ..

Sure,  
You in that new pair of socks,  
Remember

The old socks  
You threw away could come back

And  
There

You have the roundabout

Cycle  
Of

Your history.

**Z** (two)

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.

*a story*

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

Coltrane hits  
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  
To  
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  
Flying away in a slow,  
Melodic pace ..

Not

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  
A  
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  
On the carpet  
From  
Paints that  
Didn't need to make  
Their  
Way  
To  
The  
Wood,  
Canvass  
Or  
Otherwise ..

A flickering light underneath the  
Chest of drawers  
As  
The rest of us  
Here in the city  
For  
The  
Night

Make plans and  
Lines about what is going to go down tonight ..

I give  
All my best on waking next to their dream  
And  
Lifting

A beverage

That  
May  
Truly grace

Both lips.

## 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 snack 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 your 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.