

Joe Files LII

DOWN
CENTER ..
DOWN
MORE ..
OFF
TO
THE
EAST.

statements, the regular and red punch

all my red fruit
punch
didn't quite make it into the
glass

as the flags stand at
half mast
for
the
Missouri governor killed last
night
in
a
plane crash ..

Politicians all
over the
scene
making
'statements' ..

what's this statement bullshit ..

i hear statements
made
over
and
over
in the media ..

just say,
'SO AND SO SAID THIS' ..

Also,
I'm not a heartless bastard,
but
what about
all
the
other
regular folk and hidden heroes
beneath
the
cloak of political clout
that
take the dive,
plunge,
bullet
or
sleep on a daily basis ..

I'm for honoring the honored,
though

people that didn't know a thing
about this man,
that he existed in any capacity
or
was the governor of this state
will

talk of their sadness
and
grief

when
plane loads of people overseas
and
on
domestic soil
find
the
same

fate

in news stories throughout the year ..

my point,

tender the deserved
and
remember the
what
the

media doesn't cover ..

taste a piece

Fading harvest moon
as the black neighbor gal
from Atlanta
takes her small white dog
out to piss & shit if lucky ..

While Farakhan
tries to straighten
bent media truths
and
young 7 year old prodigies
as seniors in high school
think about each string on a bow
and how it interacts with each string on a violin's
body ..

Blinkin' yellow light
of sky,
far away from the steady silver
over
factory

splice the truth out for us all to

taste a piece ..

the kids know

solved by the love
riddle
and

led
by
the
lust
principle ..

the kids
go
to
school,
get out

and

are
sure
they have the riddles
and
principles

figured

for
good ..

THE MAIN THING

Been some time
now
since I banged my shoulder
up
in
a
human sized plastic bubble ..

The pain still smoothes over like
running water on a face,
though
it
doesn't matter ..

Insurance won't have to swoop in as the plane glides
to a landing and the other one writing now feels
fine ..

Now that,
my friends,
is the main

damn thing ..

the way it turns about

Yesterday
I spoke
to
the
most beautiful crowd I've
seen in my life ..

A crowd of 400 small black children ..

Talking about charity,
giving
a
little back to their city ..

They listened,
yelled towards me on cue

and
later the gymnasium turned to
sweet mayhem ..

At the end of the speech,
the Principal of the school and I started giving out balloons
to these little people ..

Several balloons popped under pressure
and the kids roared with laughter ..

then,
they started letting the balloons go .. floating towards the ceiling ..
several intentionally popped their balloons and let them go
as I handed them out ..

the Principal
was
laughing

like a kid

as the kids stood up and roared at the folly ..

yes,
seems as though
even
when I try not to cause mayhem ..

it comes after
me ..

shit baby,
I

love how things

have

a

way

of

turning .. out ..

this morning, sweetheart

bit
cold
this

morning

as
Germany
celebrates
unity

and
a
small Georgia town
wants
to
salvage a railroad bridge

for
a
rock band ..

the space shuttle
is
ready
to
pop again

in
Florida
sun

as
the
city
holds
it's
stitching together

in
an
elliptical line

while
the
sliced moon

pops up out
of
your

toaster

this morning ..
sweetheart ..

today in time

Chronicle
Of the journal,
I woke this morning
Instead of it waking me
Because
I took an offer the
Night
Couldn't resist ..

Yes,
2 cups
from doors in the hallway
holding in
names of people dreaming
up
new
porn plot lines ..

toothless sun

the windmill
signals
the
ground
as
the
toothless
man
walks
down
the
brick drive way
to
put out his old bottles
of
milk ..

yes,
that
calcium
came

a little

too late

as the sky
laughed
with
the

sand

and
the
tress
just stood
there
guilty

against
the
orange, red

lights
laughin' around the sun ..

turning together

trees
are turning
into
orange
brandy
bright browns
and
such as the weather holds
on
to it's gape of warm ..

while the
babies
grip their toes
and
know they
are
on
the
same plane as apes
and
as

the news of another merger floats over 'hearing' ears
the
black
folk
on
the
corner

slay
me
with their walk,
huggin'
and
talkin'
at the bus stop
or
before 'PAPA LEW'S BAR-B-QUE AND SOUL FOOD'

Yes,
the shining
princes
and
paupers

doin'
their
face
in

the
societal

light
as
the
secret to
true
comin' togetha' ..

vegas paint

i gave her a painting
today,
for their new place ..

a paint bubble smashed,
got all over her
hand
and
the counter ..

we laughed ..

later,
before she had all her shit out of her place,
she
came by and gave me a lapel ..

"This was from my first trip to Vegas,"
she told me.

"I didn't do for shit in the Gin tournament I was in. Lost it all.

So, I went to a shop down the street and got the cheapest thing I could find.

It was just a dollar-six. About all I could fuckin' afford. Use it in a piece or something."

Yea,
thanks
baby,

I'll be usin' it for somethin'.

village stick

Village head
with
a big stick

walking
and
wielding like a traffic stop
helping
47 kids across the street ..

Looking at the
bits
of
technology standing by the dumpster,
waiting to run into the right
banana

in
a
restaurant ..

yes,
filing your teeth like they're
knives,
holding
your
woman

like a canary playing with a piece of seed
in it's mouth ..

you with that big stick,
listening and wondering what this Internet,
information superhighway
shit is all about ..

looking on maps,
trying
to
figure
where
this

information superhighway is at ..

Perhaps,
he thinks,
I could take the highway

and
learn a little

as
he
digs his stick
into
the

ground
a
little further and
thinks,

"I'm the head of the village with one helluva stick. Technology isn't going to get
me anywhere."

wait your turn

Emmit Ray
and
his new guitar found
by the burned boxcar ..

Another modern president bowing out
with controversy
in
his wrinkles ..

Young,
curly dancer in black tights
going home to
take it all off
making the world a cleaner place
for all men ..

Greta Garbo
on a video rental rack
as
a
new devouress comes through the mega phone like
hot tea over an Englishwoman's lips ..

The lisp from the pretty lips of
a
good lookin' young friend
as
the
train whistle wins
and
you wait for your turn again ..

walkin' clowns

I go to these interviews
for
jobs
in
a
somewhat or full on professional scene ..

It makes
my
toes ache
and

my hearing goes towards the birds ..

I don't hear
much,
yet I have good hearing ..

You can only ingest so much
common,
dull,
technical,
regular
talk

before it makes you never want to touch foot
on
processed carpet,
a hydraulic chair
or
look at an automatic coffee maker ..

yes,
i was asked if I could be a clown and visit
a
school out south yesterday for a local charity in town ..

shit baby,
I may have found my calling ..

i'm going to be a
fucking
clown ..

as the
rest of the professional clowns
forget their
make-up and
lace of
their

expensive
clown outfits ..

WE PHOTOGRAPH

In a park ..

reading some words,
hearing the geese flop over me in a loopy,
syncopated
mass
toward
the
pond to my

side ..

on the benches
and
in the grass by the pond,
a photographer
is
out
there taking pictures of a small child
and
what looks like a mother and a father
as
the
oldest girl on the bench focuses
on
me
sitting under the tree on the bluff ..

I see
the flashes of the bulb go off,
and
hear
the
parents yelling,
"THAT'S IT .. RUN TOWARDS MOMA .. "

While the father claps ..

Christ,
there's a much better way to set up some
photos on a walk in the park ..

Bring a camera with you ..

Have a little spontaneity and guts ..

Just
aim
and
fire ..

NOW,
good luck out there ..

**where's the new in the old
as
the new bought the old?**

paint chips,
pigeon shit,
old rains,
the
rest of the divine

on the window
sill

as
the
new
sills
try to get that used look
like
the
new pair of jeans kids are buying intentionally with
holes,
bleach stains
and
weak stitching ..

yes,
people are looking for that worn
look ..

i tell them to keep
on
without thinking about it and it will hit them sooner or later ..

shit,
it used to be that the cornerstone of the industrial/mass age
was getting
the
newest shit possible ..

yes,
it's Shirley McLaine
and

Robin Leech

in pair of shoes ..

you know all that shit?

high
speed
internet
porn
prom
queen
guzzlin'
the
last
of
the
return's
booze
as
the
JPEG's
went
off
to
look over
the
new
DVD jive
mother
tweaking
the
new
drum
machine
to
level
9

as
the
kid with
one
loud
cellular
gold
chain
comes
over
the
vinyl
and
says,
'YEA ..
YEA ..
I

KNOW
ALL
THAT
SHIT

YOU
SAY' ..

**you're the
elton john
of
your
generation ..**

*you know that,
don't you?*

*FUCK NO, MAN. I'M NOT THE ELTON JOHN. I TRY TO
REPRESENT ELO WHEN I'M OUT THERE. THERE'S NO PINBALL WIZARD
JIVE GOIN' DOWN HERE.*

Ok. Then you're the Jeff Lynne of your generation. How's that?

*STILL NO GOOD. I'M NONE OF THAT. I'M NOT ELTON JOHN, BECAUSE MY SOUND IS
DIFFERENT.
I'M NOT JEFF LYNNE, OR FOR THAT MATTER ANYONE IN ELO. I'M ME, MAN. THEY'RE GOING
TO COMPARE ME TO OTHER ACTS THAT HAVE GONE DOWN IN THE PAST, BUT I DON'T WANT
ANY OF THAT.
I'M ME AND THE MUSIC I PLAY.
ONE SOUND LEADS TO ANOTHER .. ONE CREATION LEADS TO ANOTHER .. LEAP FROGGING
OUR WAY INTO A NEW FAD ..*

you're what?

Went into the
store
the
other night to pick up some drinks ..

We grab
30 cans of
ladies in luck,
go to the register,
laughing

and shooting
around
playful shit ..

Get to the register
and
the
gal

says she doesn't want to sell
us the drink
because she
thinks
were too drunk ..

Christ,
we were 9 blocks from the faintest
memory of
drunk ..

So,
she calls over the manager
to
settle the issue ..

He looks at both of us as
my friend says,
"I'VE BEEN ON THE ROAD FOR 14 HOURS .. SO, IF I'M A LITTLE
WACKED IN THE EYE, FORGIVE ME."

The older,
grocery cat
who
wished he
was
drunk at the time pulled

the suitcase of ladies through
and
smile

some resignation

for
excitement ..

Realizin' the whole time
that

we were being accused of being happy ..

Coming in with some
laughs

instead of being
as
stale,
straight toed

jack ..

yes,
i get the 'you're drunk'
quite often

when i'm quite

sober ..

zebra's neck

the books,
the paper
and
stack of words toppled by Godzilla
standing in the corner
drinking a lollipop
and
thinking about the newest Japanese star of the big screen
leering into
the
left thinking the center is off
and
that the ashes are nothing but flesh in
the
center as
the
yellows
blur into the green and the tens
sound like fives ..

It's bullshit and truth wrapped up into
the
next moment that
had the chance to listen to the
last piano line ..

Yes,
as the arrows
hit the grass where the arrow just wanted
to be left along
the
ands
and
these
try to get the percentages to
stay even ..

Oh,
and
how stark the point
is
as
the
breakers
beat
the
eggs and the
flour
looks into the
v11.0 tool box

and
says
it's the same thing as before ..

yet,
there's more things
that bend ..

sure

as
the
metal keeps it's rigid nature

until the hummingbird

flies towards the
zebra's back ..

2 rhymes

the metal clamp and the raw champ had a duke
out
one night to see who was the real
rhymers with reason ..

this was all to go down
before the
crowd that was protesting the banning of hemp

as the gal
named clamp came down
to
the
scene and
said,
'THIS ISN'T WORTH IT. ONE OF YOU WILL GET HURT!'

They didn't buy it
and told her so,
because they were just going to have a duel
in words
and that wouldn't hurt nothing ..

'NO. NO. NO.'
she said.
'IT'S NOT ABOUT GETTING INTO A FIST FIGHT OR THE PHYSICAL NATURE OF YOUR
BATTLE. IT'S THE EMOTIONS.'

They collectively said they could handle it
as
they
started tossing out the words and rhymes ..

amazing a gathering crowd,
sweating,
it
was as though they stepped into the 30's and were doing a battle
of the horns ..

back and forth ..

rhyme after rhyme .. the crowd began to gather ..

then,
as
the
night progressed .. the crowd wouldn't leave ..

they started falling off into a nod ..

then,
one rhymmer looked to the other poet rhymmer and
said ..

you about ready to get some sleep?

the other said,
NO ..

the other prodded,
saying,
'PUT YOUR FUCKING PRIDE ASIDE. THIS SHIT IS BORING THE CHRIST OUT OF THE CROWD,
MY GAL IS GONE FOR THE EVE AND I'M STARTING TO REALIZE THAT I CAN'T STAND
ANYMORE.'

'MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT,'
The other admitted ..

As they both shook hands and agreed to call the event off,
they walked off and
questioned

the
whole rhyming thing

Mr. lime ..

10-5-2000

open windows
on a cold,
autumn morning
as
the
glorious rain
comes down
like
an
old album on ears
haven't
heard

for years ..

yes,
as
the
kids kick the can
and
listen to what Simon said,
the roses plan their attack
for
the
next budding season ..

short legs
and
long looks,
as
the
man
on
stilts

comes by

with a bouquet
of
daisies
for
his

short girlfriend ..

yes,
and as the juggler
follows his girlfriend around the event
instead of the other way around,
an
old Russian leader

goes out on a new spy mission .. never heard in the news again ..

Sure,
as the baker whips together the flour, eggs and sugar
on the newest creation for an old customer ..

the
original reason
never quite added up to
the
new thought ..

10-13-2000; end of the rock year

I
wake up this morning

seeing very well ..

shit,
I'm freshly 28 and
have
escaped the rock age ..

it's friday the 13th and I can
see
everything clearly ..

christ,
did things straighten out ..

is it some kind of gift
i'm
not
supposed to know about ..

as shadows of birds
go
over
the
sunshine hitting this lime green desk and
over the vapors above this cup of coffee ..

i
find

out
i
didn't take out my contacts
last
eve ..

shit,
it's

still nice
and
rare to see

this
well

on a morning following

the

rock year ..

baby ..

all the living this morning

The neopreen
Smile of a cold,
Wet
Sunday,
Residue
Of ho-down
Blue grass musac
With
The
Scent of coffee
And
Naked body against sheets ..
They sing of
'John Henry'
being gone ..

He went on strike,
Loved his gal
And
Made a porterhouse
That could
Choke a cow ..

But they say now
That he's dead
As
I get up to
See all

The livin' this morning ..

america tonight

sounds like
sprinklers are dousing the
pavement outside
tonight

as the initial spray of coffee smell
comes
trickling towards this portion
of
the
city
from the overnight Folgers staff ..

as the sound
of
the
ocean goes through the
radio
box,
the
smoke
curls over the keyboard
and
hovers
like
morning fog on the face of a lake ..

sleep has been welcome
and
nice lately ...

more
of
the
nap ..

yes,
as
the
Australians and Chinese
trade in tickets
for
stubs to wrestling
and
rowing events

the
smell of coffee here
in
the
Midwest

and
the
stereo sound of sea gulls
squawking

is
pure pleasure

as
America

goes
to

sleep ..

artificial police

Thumbing through
a computing, electronics
magazine
in
a
office supply store
the
other day ..

running low on paper
for
this
printer
speaking
to
the
floor
and
sending
some sparks into the
airs about
the
air ..

i find an crazy article
on how
technology,
coupled with artificial intelligence and robotics
could
potentially replace
human beings
some day ..

shit,
the arguments,
quotes
and
facts that were being thrown out,
coupled with human being's potential
to
replace
other humans ..

it
made complete sense ..

as the 21st century marches forward
we're
going
to have
to

tell our kids
to
keep their

integrity
vs.
becoming the President or
a politician ..

yes,
just as long as we
keep
humans
where humans
belong ..

that's what it
all comes

to,
baby ..

fighting
for
the
people ..

BASTA

Basta on the boil
as
the
sauerkraut
hangs
around

waiting for the next
mouth

with
some
gumption ..

the evening
is
going
by
with
clouds
that
were drawn for another evening

as
the
echoes
of
sounds
and

tympanis
of

music

hear
your

jaw
and
tug on your pockets ..

before you know it

reflections
of
the
apartment above ..

one living room lamp light
reflection
with
what
isn't left from her day ..

cutting
a
coupon
from the paper,
a
cold beer beside the strips of
unneeded paper,
she
cuts
and
cuts

while the light
reflects the same volume

as it did before ..

yes,
she

doesn't think about the man ..

the man thinks about her
as

what she knows makes
sense

and what she

doesn't

will

before you

know it ..

()

Bending pages
&
trivia questions ..

The trains hold back
And
I hear the morning utter ..

“WHEN
DID
THE
NIGHT
GET
TO
BE
MORE
POPULAR
THAN
I?”

BLOODY CUNT ..

yes,
that's what this broad is ..

She's a neighbor
who's a roommate of a friend of mine ..

A good Italian gal,
just got engaged,
has cute little girl,
trying to find a little love
and
keeps the
world
goin' with
he
laughs ..

Yes,
her roommate is a real fucking white girl ..

Sells Amway,
barter with the devil on the side,
talks of christian civility,
again
a
real
fucking
WASP in the
truest
sense
of
an American

suburban spouting pure jive ..

I'm surprised she's lasted in the city ..

Though,
this is what happens last night ..

This gal doesn't like pets
and
my neighbor friend has a new pup she was keeping in
her room
overnight,
because she was moving out the next day ..

So,
as a recourse and proving this gal has no
blood going through her veins,
she hog ties the dogs front and back feet together
and

gags it with its flea and tick collar ..

They say the dog is real sick now
and
may not make it ..

Let me tell you,
whatever you do,
don't fuck with pets or children ..

This gal is obviously beyond a moron

and
#1 on a the BLOODY CUNT list ..

blue's fool

full moon
sitting
like
an
arse
in

the
Egyptian hand basket

all throughout this October sun ..

you crazy
fucking moon,
do
this
more often ..

live each dozen
in
the

eye of the city,
people

instead of just one ..

yes,
come on out and throw the towel
over
the
streets
and

mock the
moniker ..

take
out
a
50 and cash it in for 51 ..

drive a
car to the
edge of a cliff

and
laugh
about
a

mountain
some
wank couldn't
climb ..

yes,
go about
and
stay around ..

because
they
say

it's good when

you
fool with the blues ..

boris yeltsin

I can hardly type with two hands,
banged
the
shoulder up last night ..

so,
here with one good hand
and
another
that
has
agreed to

lean
over
the
paper and watch ..

then,
we
have
the
cold
sunshine looking for the

milk
to
put into the White Russian ..

broker love

City night
as
the
late shift at Folgers
pumps
coffee love
into the sky
as
the
tiny black car
honks
at the attendant
lookin' over the vacant parking garage ..

The man behind the wheel
is a new broker,
the attendant lets him through
as
the
radio man speaks of growing middle east tension
while his
wife laughs
with another man
over
white wine at an overpriced,
plastic
bristro ..

His 2 kids at home
cut into their 3rd pumpkin as the
young, built
babysitter counts
the
time till
her
broker lover
comes
back

home.

CAR WRECKS & MIRACLES

two car
pile ups
and
fender
benders,
while
the
boys hang out across the street
in
the
hood
as
someone's
station wagon hangs
deader than it was
when the engine
turned,
they look
on
as
down the road
a
school of paraplegic children
create miracles
in
a
pound of potted plant dirt ..

yes,
guessing the number of cheese puffs
in a jar
and
blowing invisible bubbles through their minds
that
likely work better than all the others
that
can move and amble with care and ease ..

sure,
saw
another
wreck this evening downtown,
in front of a tall hotel high rise

as
the
miracle
children
dip the
forks

into a hot

chicken potpie,
laughin'

with a smile
that
already guessed
the
number of jellybeans
in
the
jar

before it was put out on the

front counter

for the raffle ..

chicken feed

As the 4th Amendment
Wraps
Around the drug dealer's 'bag',
The city goes through another dose
Of
Legal caffeine ..

Leaning the chair back,
Just laughing
About
A
Story
A
Gal just told me
About
A
Zoo keeper
That was fired cause he
Used to take chickens home
And eat them ..

Hell,
If your hungry ..

Go to the store ..

chicks

Sunday morning,
two meat
heads
below
the
window

talk somewhat audibly,
yet

nothing is being said ..

this,
as the eternal smell of coffee
and
moist exhaust
opens

my eyes,
I touch my
balls
and
smile

in morning that
is
early afternoon ..

no headache,
just

the sound
of

the meat heads saying to each other ..

'YEA, WE'LL HAVE TO DO THIS AGAIN SOON. OR, WE'LL JUST GET TOGETHER
AND TALK ABOUT CHICKS.'

Bottom line,
when
you
hit

a certain age,
say after junior high school,
you
shouldn't refer
to
women

as
fucking chicks ..

that's it chicken tender ..

cold nipples

I see some shooting stars,
though
it looks
foggy on this clear night ..

As a world of babies
take to the warm nipple,
while men take to the warm nipple pre-conception ..

Yes,
I hope all your women are satisfied,
though I have
other thoughts that your are bored as
my
nipples grow comfortably
cold now ..

come back to life

I think people
have to have
a
problem with happiness
as
I discard this used cigarette ..

Me and others I know like me get the,
'YOU HAVE TO BE DRUNK' much
when
sobriety is the bullet by which we bear
and
keep lodged in our skin ..

Drinks accentuate,
though
many people
want other people to share
in
their
misery ..

For happiness
takes too much effort
and
a
for one-sided laziness seems
to
be
a
good enough
fairy tale for most to accept ..

So,
if I toss out an anecdote
or
skip by with something you have never seen beofre

it's nothing new to
me as
you
slip over the old like
it
just
may

come back to life ..

down hemmingway

frozen entrees late in the evening,
we
can be lazy when it
comes to preparing a
good
stitch of food ..

as the woman
lays in the bed and
watches
a
glass of juice
cool on the night stand ..

I come back into the room
and
ask her
if

she
ever

really thought of Hemmingway and the bulls ..

she said,
I always thought he had
much more to say ..

yes,
I agree,
yet what more did she feel he had to say ..

about the women,
she goes on,
as she turns the sheets
back to let the air play with her parts
and
open the conversation wider,
so to speak ..

shit,
sweetheart,
the juice
is
frying there on the table ..

he could have really written a good autobiographical tale
about
how

women collectively
made
him
write
the
way he wrote ..

you know,
I told her,
you
women have a way of
making men do the craziest
shit
when

particularly when not writing ..

like
making a pear taste
like a steak in mid-afternoon
and
pasta taste like a cutlet ..

well,
you men have a way
of
getting out shit
movin' in the opposite direction of our natural
feminine flow ..

yea,
I ask,
well I guess we should
relish the unintended squib ..

I still think he
could have made
a
crazy, rich novel
about
how

women really provided the backbone to his balls
in
the
body of work he put out ..

Perhaps it was the women that made him pull the trigger,
I tell her ..

Doubtful,
though
they
did have one hell of a pull on him ..

(AFTER THIS,
HE PUTS OUT HIS CIGARETTE,
CLIMBS OFF THE FLOOR AND INTO THE BED TOWARDS HER
WAVING INDEX FINGER .. AS HE THOUGHT, I KNOW EXACTLY WHY
HEMMINGWAY WENT MAD).

east side buying

just got done going to a couple
of Parochial schools around the city
to drop off
some
stuff to the schools ..

noticed on the east side
that
all
these little retail shops
are
there to prey upon the
absence of cash ..

and the
kids,
adults
and
such
are
cashing in like
everyone is guaranteed to win the lottery tonight ..

Cash advances,
pagers,
phones,
fried gizzards,
dollar shops
and
loan-lease-get a license today
shops

keeping
the
cash
or
coupons flowin' ..

I know you have to live,
but
the
price
for
much of this shit is high ..

even high
for
the
more
stable areas in town ..

on the east side,
i wonder if they have thought about this?

getting fooled

you and
your
special appointments
written
in

invisible
tube
ink ..

goin'
like a tramp
and
sucking

it in for
all
that
used to be around ..

yes,
you probably don't have
time
to read
over
this
with

the wallow in the grass
and
the
wombat in the lurch,
though

go
on
and take on that appointment ..

yes,
try
to

find new
ink

if
it

doesn't fool you first ..

have one now

I could sit here all day
or
move around all day ..

I could listen to the rains about
rantin' outside,
or walk around in the
rain
with
open palms and thoughts
of
the elephant ..

I could weave a quilt,
though I prefer
to
sleep under one ..

I could search for the coffee can,
or start
pouring the water ..

I could pick up the guitar
or
let the sounds of thousands
on
a
disc

do my ears a favor ..

Sure,
I could sit here all day
and
go
through
what
is
done
or
can be done ..

I have found a pack of
tobacco

I
think
I'm going to

have one now ..

her water hole

she climbed out of the shower first,
toweled off
and
started talking about having
a hot cup of clam chowder for lunch ..

as I pulled myself from the shower,
I took a cotton towel with a map of Isoal D'Elba
as I reached down to
get the legs free of water,
I noticed
a
droplet
of
water
hanging in her bellybutton
like
a
little pool
for
the
kids out back
on
a
hell hot
afternoon ..

yes,
she wanted plenty of crackers
and
bread with her chowder

as
I laughed

and
couldn't stop to explain
why ..

the origin of life
from
that
button,
as
the
water glistened in the light
of
the

vanity

while she
said
she
wanted to
have

a spicy
cold

bloody mary

with
that
bowl

of soup ..

how to fuck

Little kids
Drawing
In
A
Pad of paper
As
The trash man finishes
His
Last street
And
Goes to get his jive on with his wife
As
Their
Son
Stands on a playground listening
To another kid
Explaining how to fuck

Because they won't
Tell him anything

About
How the
Insects and water fowl

Come together ..

it began

I had a thought
until

the little midget came through
the
door

and
said

there was something big out on the streets
that
had

to be looked into further ..

and I said,
"THAT CAN'T BE RIGHT .. THE TALL RENOUNCED
THE
RIG
THAT
WAS CALLED BIG IN A LITTLE JAR."

At that point,
the conversation

ended ..

it's true in electricity and voice

Went into
a
K-Mart today ..

Stopped by the
toy
section
and
notices
a
globe ..

on the pedestal of the globe was an on/off button
and
a
pen type apparatus ..

So,
i press the button
and
begin
pointing the pen on the map ..

An automated voice came out and
would
say,
"ITALY - CAPITAL IS ROME - LAND AREA IN SQUARE MILES - 102,000"

This went on for every region,
patch,
country,
city
on
the
map around the world ..

You could also get population stats
and
play games ..

Shit man,
the
kids
don't even have to second guess their eyes ..

They're being led along by an
electronic voice ..

Parents don't have to interact with
them

while studying the world ..

It's all done for them through a voice ..

Now

I

see

why

people

have

said

you

tend

to

get

old

fashioned

whoever

you

are

and

at

whatever age ..

Honesty,

it's

cool

but

too

much

subsidizing ..

JERKY

field of black faces
as
the
clown

comes
through
towards the stage with
white make-up around the face
and
a
red,
painted grin

waiting for the elephant

to come
out
of
his front pocket

while
an
alert
boy in the back

bites into a piece of

venison jerky.

keep waiting

Can never
make it into any job
on time in the morning ..

sure,
i have some decent streaks
where
the
clock and the feet step together on the dance floor in unison,
though usually
i
don't get up and
let the eyes close and chase
the last sheep into that closing,
triangle V ..

My view on mornings
is that most people
have the evenings,
and as much as I enjoy the nights,
people,
myself,
don't get enough times in a week,
year,
month,
to take

the
morning for the ride it should be ..

laying around for
minutes,
or hours extra with that woman
or
listening to the traffic go by
as
you
finish the chapter you fell asleep on last eve

or
just peer the ears closer to the faint radio sound
to
hear
about

the thief that bought a lottery ticket
that was
heisted by the priestess ..

Yes,

light that smoke
and
listen to the coffee drip or oranges grow,
it's going to
be
all right

even if the
boss
or
others on the 'clock'
don't
understand

that
you
need to grab the morning

and look at his longer,
closer ..

kid – father – water

peninsula
by
the bay
as the uneven kid
looked up
to
his
dad and
asked,
"will I ever get to see Paris?"

the dad responded,
" the way things are goin' .. you'll be able
to
see anything you want."

'have you ever seen Paris?'
the kid asks.

'no. the chess pieces moved against me early on
and
I just got complacent looking down the king
from here on out."
the father responded while looking out over the water.

'what?'
the kid was confused.

'in other words,
i got involved with things that wouldn't permit me to travel.
though, you have everything ahead of you.'
he said.

'you mean, like this big drink of water before us?'
he asked.

'exactly'
he said.

as he took off his glasses
and
watched
a pelican scoop his large bill through the top of the
water
and
grab a fish
or

two ..

lady with legs and the meat heads buying a new watch ..

i have noticed
and
heard people mention that the beautiful,
able,
intelligent gals
are
attracted to guys
that
are
average in every means possible ..

little laughter,
less sex,
mediocre talk
and
the like ..

Christ,
it's enough
to

kick some men's
souls around ..

in a world

looking for a good make ..

it's the women with legs
and
the
men buying that car or watch to pull in the broads

that
provide

average
mediocre

shots
at

what a fucking ride it could be ..

less shit and more dog

Saw something
Breathtaking
Today
As
I
Was
Smashing
Over the road
And
Tip toeing
Through
The
Rest of the concrete ..

As I was heading east
Up a slight hill,
Plenty of road,
Side shops,
Tuning outfits,
And such
Up the way ..

I notice
A
Large
White,
Tan dog
Cross the street
During
A
Momentary lapse
In
Traffic ..

Across the street
Was
A
Temple,
Monastery,
And
The
Dog
Was
Wagging his tail the whole time ..

Went to the middle of
The
Grass
On
A
Tall perch,
Leaned

Down

And

Took a good shit

While

The

Traffic picked up ..

As I went

Parallel to

The

Boy,

I saw his ass and tail

Wag over the hill ..

Then,

Gone ..

Yes,

Less breath and more life ..

lover two

The sunshine
tends to bother
her ..

though,
when the clouds
hold back the yellow ..
or better yet,
when it starts to rain or snow ..

she gets up on her feet,
throws on clothes
and
runs outside
as
though she's 9 again
and
her
'big birthday gift'
is
in the front yard ..

yes,
she started cheatin' around on the sun
and
foolin' around with the
head
within the moon
and
for now ..

she can't stand the sight
of the sun
she
couldn't

treat fine ..

so,
as she spins
about in the street before
her home

arms spread open,
letting the rain crash into her face
like a lazy strip of ripped cloth hitting a car
in the automatic car wash

she laughs ..

she'll be back with the sun soon ..

in fact,
it's coming through a cloud
behind her
in the east,
winking like a crook

and
stabbing forward like

a
lover ..

lover.

marriage mug

*proposed to
a
young waitress today
in
the
Denny's ..*

*told her I wanted to
hop on a flight to
Vegas and
get married
on
my
birthday ..*

*she laughed,
said she couldn't
do
it
now*

*but
would*

give me a free

*coffee mug
I
had*

*earlier
requested ..*

MORE GALS

Men looking
For their women ..

They have left for now,
Giving them time
To
Butter up after leaving the powder room ..

Yea,
They took off for other patches of social discourse .. better booze ..
& more action ..

Leavin' all their men behind ..

They laugh as the collision
Of
Fiction and bullshit
Makes truth 9/10 of the story ..

morning plankton

deep root
of
sun
come
through
window ..

grow these
sprouts
on
the
ground,
counter,
on floor
and
some spores going through
the
air ..

see,
the
page

may grow
too ..

many small
spores,
seeds,
and
such

hanging around ..

come back later,
we'll
put
parsley

in
your
hands ..
or

more ..

my talkin' money

Saw a sign on a car lot
today
that
said,
'MONEY TALKS' ..

Sure,
they've heard all the stories
and
they're going to tell you one more ..

pull out your cash and shut the fuck up ..

in fact,
the
money
in
my pockets,
wallet,
on the dresser

speak so much
and
so loud,
I can't
nap and hardly sleep ..

yes,
you bold sellers of used autos,
my
money talks ..

I may just give it to you for new currency
and

have
it

keep you awake ..

yes .. i won't lose any sleep over cash ..

night with the plastic ball

I go out to a soccer game
last night to give the boys
a
little
hand sweat for a
big playoff game ..

As we climb
out of the car
and
make our way towards the stadium,
a cute girl
stops us and asks if we
want to be a part of the halftime show ..

I tell her,
"FUCK YES."

She takes down my name,
tells me where to meet her
and
what I'm going to do ..

She tells me I'm going to race
another
random face in the crowd the 50-yard line
in a big fucking plastic bubble .. the human bubble

This is how it works ..

They stuff
me
and
another person in our own bubble .. about
six-and-a-half feet tall and four feet wide ..

So,
I meet this cute girl ..

have some laughs
and
start getting the attraction,
a nice lookin' gal that had
a
nice laugh,
rough, sexy voice
quick words
and

a look ..

So,
I get down to the field,
the
boys are running off to
halftime,
the crowd behind is yelling
and

cooing at
the cold air ..

Then, they load me up into the bubble ball,
I walk out to mid-field ..

the way the race works ..

you go between 5 cones at 40 degree angles,
in a sort of obstacle course and towards
the goal, which is the finish line ..

So,
we start the race,
to get the crowd goin',
I take a good fucking tumble,
get up .. run .. run .. laughin'
at the
absurdity .. hear the crowd cheer loud ..

I'm being filmed on the
JumboTron screen in the stadium during the
race .. the eye in Warhol's shoes ..

then,
dive into the end zone,
with the camera
focused on my face,
I'm haunched over
thinking there's something really wrong with my
shoulder ..

The cute young gal
helps me out of the bubble
as
I tell her I
probably fucked up my shoulder ..

So,
we go back down into
an interior tunnel
and
up an elevator ..

I ask her
for a bar of soap
and
a

cup of coffee ..

"YOU MEAN YOU DON'T WANT TO GO TO FIRST AID FIRST AND GET
THAT SHOULDER CHECKED OUT?"

I tell her,
IT CAN WAIT. THESE KINDS OF THINGS HAPPEN TO ME MORE
THAN PEOPLE WILL BELIEVE.'

So,
she takes me back,
gives me two bars of soap,
and a
hot cup of coffee ..

yes,
I just stood there
and
marveled at the cup of coffee
as
I moved
my
shoulder around
and
thought,
'this shit doesn't feel right.'

So,
as the zoo's still run,
licoriche still gets devoured
and
the roads still travel ..

I make it over to First Aid tent ..

the medic gal running the shop hardly
knows the difference between a tooth and a toe nail ..

she gives me
an ice pack and flashes a look as though
she
can't figure out

why she's in medicine ..

The whole time,
the cute girl is asking the trainer for the home team
to take a look at my shoulder .. he wanted me to come down to the field ..

The game's going full steam
as the guy has me take my coat off,
puts me through some exercises
and
tells me ..

'YOU HAVE A PT FRACTURE .. WHICH MEANS, YOUR BONES HAVE SEPARATED SLIGHTLY

AND THERE IS INTENSE SWELLING. YOU NEED PILLS AND REST.'

I shake his hand and
tell him to take care of the boys
on the field ..

So,
I go back up the elevator and continue
talking to this cute gal,
knowing the whole time
I'm slightly jittering like
a
small Chinese girl waiting for
the
fish to come out for the rice ..

We get upstairs,
part ways,
I head back to the seat,
she
heads off to
be
cute for the rest of the faces
she'll run into ..

When I get back to the seat,
I watch
the ball go back and forth on the field
like the arm of an old grandfather clock ..

the time's ticking down,
I know I need to get back and ask this girl out ..

So,
I grab a friend,
head up to the concourse,
leaping
2-3 steps at a time ..

Light a smoke,
take it down
to
the
middle
and

tell him I have some things
to
do ..

So,
I go back to the security area,
ask to have her paged through

her CB receiver clipped to her shirt ..

I wait
for
a
minute or more ..

She comes towards me,
cute,
smelling good,
wide eyed

asking,
'WHAT'S GOING ON?'

I stop her,
tell her,
'I WOULD BE A COMPLETE FOOL IF I DIDN'T ASK YOU OUT.
YOU WANNA GO OUT SOMETIME? I HAVE A GIFT CERTIFICATE
I WON TONIGHT. PERHAPS SOME DRINKS AND CALAMARI?'

She looks
square into my eyes ..

Doesn't say a word ..

I ask,
'SO .. YOU HAVE A BOYFRIEND?'

She says,
'LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT. YOU JUST PAGED ME
TO ASK ME OUT?'

'YES I DID.'
I respond.

She tells me
hell yes .. she's surprised by the whole event ..

She gives me her number,
I shake
her
hand ..

Fuck friend,
sometimes
you
have
to really get injured bad

to get
the

girl ..

out ..

no green

they won't let the most qualified
presidential candidate
debate
tonight
in
the first republican - democratic
square down ..

yes,
a real telling tale of
how
politics
has
a
way of working ..

the process,
institution
is
collectively scared of this cat
because he
knows

a little too much ..

he knows
that
if
there was any way he became the President,
the
truth

and
some fucking integrity
would

be an awfully
strange
concept

in
the
office
called
'oval'
in

a square circle ..

old men and young women

the old Mexican cat
leaning his head far out of his beat-up,
slightly rusted Ford truck
to
wave at a white girl
standing in the doorway
of
an apartment building
as
the young Mexican and black gals
struggle to
keep the stroller straight while crossing the street ..

yes,
a world of women and babies ..

goin' to the store for a new
bottle of milk
or
out
for some kicks

as
the
old men

wave
at
the young
woman
in
bus stops,
doorways,
an alley behind your place
or
in the grocery store next to your place ..

**one sober arm out the window,
one leg asleep ..**

as
her

drunk arm
waves through the 20 pounds of air
floating over
the
hood
and
into her open mouth ..

as my
glasses fall off my face,
a pack
of
geese
fly overhead

as she starts talking loudly ..

I can't hear anything ..

like a phone going out without the other person knowing
and
they just
keep
on
talking ..

when the line comes back,
and she pulls her head back in
and
asks ..

'you know what i'm saying?'
she asks
with
a
surely smile.

'yea. i hear you baby,'
i tell her ..

as

my leg comes back from the dead
and

she wants to pull
over

soon for another drink ..

Orleans

Want to go on a late night flight?
he asks his gal.

yea,
where do you want to go?
she asks.

Orleans,
you in?
he comes back as he squeezes above her knee cap.

(SHE LAUGHS, THROWING HER LONG BROWN HAIR BACK LIKE
A SACK OF ONIONS HITTING THE COUNTER ON HER SHOULDERS)

They leave together

whilstlin'

as
the
morning paper

goes flying towards the front
door of an apartment
building

across
the
street ..

OUR CURIOUS GEORGE

Curious George
stole

the key to the ape
cage

and
drank the last of his owner's gin ..

yes,
that's what he did ..

when
the
pages stop turning
that
curious

little monkey
starts getting
his
wrenches out
to
clean the freight,
so to speak ..

yes,
george and the cats
pounce
around
like it's 3AM in Albuquerque
and
they
have somewhere to go
in
the
nowhere landscape ..

sure,
keep your eyes
out
for
the
red bike,
bell
and
cloth newspaper bag strewn
over

his should ..

he
has
one
helluva bag
of

monkey tricks,
bitch.

personalized signature

writing a song
or penning a poem, etc.
has
to reveal something personal ..

'no,' the young proclaimed artist says.
'I don't believe I have to bring out anything too personal about
myself to have my creativity be construed as art.'

'wrong,' we tell him. 'the reason why people have been intrigued and moved by
the flow of art is because it's personal .. the stories of Van Gogh slicing his own insane ear off,
or Dali holding a spoon in his hand while he painted .. so that when he fell asleep before his love,
the sound of the spoon smashing against the floor would pull him back to be.'

'yea .. well I can see it worked for some .. though, that's not the business for me.
I just don't want to reveal that much about myself. It's either too personal or not interesting enough.'

'ok,' we ask. 'why too personal and how do you know it may not be interesting to someone out there
that is boring or uninteresting.'

'you make good points .. though, I believe my shit will work without
having to get too personal. I have the opposite 'Woody Allen' affliction. I just don't want too
much of it to get out.'
he says.

'well, you may want to reconsider .. people are going to pick it up real quick that your
throwing out tons of ambiguous work that can go one way or another. you have to pin point it .. get to the
heart of the view,
strike that onion and let the eye sweat flow, baby.'

'look .. i'm comfortable with what I do .. I don't need to tailor it around the audience,'
he comes back defiantly ..

'sure you don't .. you have to .. yet, you should tailor it around yourself,'
he says.

'we'll see,'
we come back.

LATER .. Comes to find out .. this young man was only thinking about painting and writing as a passion ..
yet, he
hadn't done much of it. he only showed us a smattering of what he had while he described himself
as a tireless writer and painter .. this is why it wasn't personal and that he
was truly chomping on some pure bullshit ..

he
may find the way ..

yet,
you have to have the pinch of creating ..

it's the line

between two definitions ..

sane - insane ..

he may go insane some day,
yet

he will learn to
personalize that flowered stamp ..

presidential love before a debate

the company whores
lusting
after the
ball players

as
the
books
continue to be read

and the hypotenuses
are
figured
out

by
more
kids
than adults ..

yes,
as
the red wheel
scoops through yellow water
the
brown water

looks a little green
for
all the plankton floating about ..

yes,
the boys
going
for
another girlfriend

as
the
President readies to get out of office ..

sure,
they gave Clinton a lot of shit
for foolin' around with
the
intern,
though
he
gave
this
country some excitement in politics

that

was needed for some time ..

as much as Clinton
wanted to be Kennedy,
he
was ..

the only difference
is
that
he got caught ..

shit,
there's millions of people
evading the capture ..

doesn't justify the truth,
though
it's
the
once that are running from the business end
of
the
brunt

that flick

polygamists and such
shit ..

PUNK JUNK

Saw
a
documentary
on
the
life,
grime,
filth
and
chaos
of
an
old
70's - 80's
punk
act ..

Sure,
the
bloody,
rampart
cunts
tore
through
the
needle
like
it
was
a
wet
page
in
a
good
book ..

It
beats
the
shit
out
of
boy
bands ..

Demolishing
contracts
in
a

bat's
wink
and
destroying
items
like teeth
moving
over
hard
candy ..

They
kick
the
piss
out
of
flailing,
lip
syncing
evening
divas ..

Sure,
each
band
bloke
couldn't
stand
the
next,
were
open
to
it
and
went
quickly
on
the
English
black
list ..

They
made
a
much
better
story
line
than
the
music
you
may

be
listening
to

now.

right before you, techno

fading keys,
the melting face of the color man

as the bells ring on the hills
and
the
scrolling came to a lock
as
the
caps
started
asking
the
numbers for a little

hand
to
insert a home

to
their perpetual paging up and down

while the screen was printing

there
was
a
pause in the bullshit

for

a
backspace ..

she's before you

Crisp
cold air,
as
she walked faster down the street ..

turning around
some,
and quickly with her neck

as
the

world

moved

slower

next
to
her legs,
lips,
thighs,
flat and curved

items ..

SHE MADE HIM DO IT

where did the time go
as
the
old man was digging a trench
across the street
from
where the old restaurant used to stand ..

as he goes further into the dirt,
he
hoping that
he
will
hit an oil spring ..

though,
he knows that he digs his wife
and
can't get his kids out of his mind ..

it's a shame they got rid of the restaurant,
though

it
was better for the farm,
he thought

as he went digging more and more through the dirt
thining
he never thought
anything more than being a
farmer ..

never having thoughts of being a rock star
or
going
off to Vegas to be a magician
or
gambling
king ..

no,
he just wanted to take care of the earth ..

as
an old fling before his wife came into his
mind

and he started digging harder
and
harder into the earth ..

then,
he stopped ..

dropped the shovel ..

saw her bare chest before him

and

followed the vision from the field to the living room ..

several moments later he thought ..

'MAYBE IT WAS A QUICK DECISION TO KNOCK THE RESTAURANT DOWN AND WHAT A
DAMN FINE BEER.'

she's craving what he wants

Mail room clerk,
going through a box of letters from
rhombuses,
women,
squares
and

slices ..

Stamping each for the mail man coming
by
later in the morning ..

As the young cat
leans over the automatic stamping machine

thinking about having a hot roast beef sandwich ..

why wait till lunch,
he presumes,
it
has taken about his mind

along
with
the
woman on the floor above him ..

he was wondering,
is she a bath or shower girl,
does she like the natural smell or perfumes,
can she take down a good steak and still finish off the bread ..

He ponders
this
gal

he's been eyeing for some time ..

Going through the box of parcels,
he hears the door to the mailroom open ..

"Hello dear,"
the voice begins.
"I have several more pieces that need some postal hands on them."

It's her.

He turns to her,
"You have a way of breaking the silence."

"What?"

she asks, leaned over slightly letting some of her
bald boys above play with the lights and his eyes ..

"I'll take care of them. How you doin' today?"

he asks.

"Do you ever think about having me as much as I think about having you?"

she asks.

Shit,

he thinks.

It's laid out on a platter for his disposal.

"You want to go out for a Roast Beef sandwich now,"

he asks.

"What about work?"

she comes back in a teasing notion .. shaking her hips and not blinking an eye.

"It'll always be here,"

he says flatly.

"Was waiting for the invitation. Let's go."

she says.

Christ he thought ..

today

is

going to be damn different ..

silent day

Talkin' to a cat
in
the
mail room the other day at a job
I'm working
on ..

while
we talk some about bullshit
and
the youth today ..

I hear a small
black gal
with
a
new wig that holds
a
constrained face
all the time
with
a silent mouth

pipe in with the only,
true
comment
I have heard out of her and
may

while our discussion was goin'
on ..

she said,
'THE'S YOUTH TODAY IS SCARED' ..

In essence
she was saying they
had no guts ..

she nailed it into place ..

grabbed that seldom used
hammer and

took it through the shingle ..

Yes,
sometimes the truth comes
when you
aren't listening
for

it ..

so,
keep the ears
cleaned

and
chime in when you

have it ..

punk.

sleepin' man

I see
the
cop pulling up the parkway
slowly ..

Lights on,
no sound ..

I'm heading north,
while they're heading south ..

As they come to a stop,
I look up towards the 'vision center' building
and
notice
a
middle-aged black man lying
on his back,
left arm over his face ..

He looked like he's unconscious

as
I pull on farther north ..

.. should have let
him
finish
off

the nap ..

.. yes ..

that's what I suppose ..

small white stick

Saw a black
woman standing
at
the
bus stop today
out
east ..

Waiting
in
her
purple tank top ..

one arm holding to the strap
of
her
purse and the other
flicking
a
white,
bright
white cigarette

against her beautiful

black arm ..

small .. tiny .. little

a bug smaller
than
a
spec of
dirt,
little
like
a
morsel that fell off the cake,
menial
like
the
politician
trying
to
shake the
small child's hand,
an afterthought
as
the
plane
plunges into the cloud,
disappears,
and
reappears,
at the end of
your
name,
like a suffix
you're not willing to repeat,
in the discovery
a
teenager makes
when
he
finally turns the fucking television off,
in the
discovery that
only fool's
buy
the
magic at
home
gold kit
to
surface
their own little
fortune
while
watching a

show
about a stream
that only
exists
on
some
small studio lot
in
Provo, Utah,
tiny
like
the
tattoo of a small
insect

that
was
around
my
head ..

starch white and crisp

The birds are looking
in here at me
while
clinging to the
brick exterior across
the
window length

as
a
young
brunette
nurse
get's buzzed into the cancer lodge
across the street ..

one
hand weighed down by a white container
and
the
other with
her

many,
many
keys

on a circle ..

she walks
inside and disappears from sight ..

helping the helpers
and
others you have blindly passed on the street ..

they
call
her
the
night avenger

with her black sweater
and

the sweet honey drag
when

she
leaves

in
cloth, starch
white ..