



JoeFiles LIII

pawning off arrows for bread crumbs

the exhausted pen

Letters you wrote
And the diseases you fear and believe
Are heading for the
Next warm body
Close by you ..

Hey,
There under the shade biting
On the inside of your lower lip till it's raw,
Sore
Thinking,
"What if all angels live in Norway?"

How about you there making
A kite thinking
About also making
The invisible girl the best pot of tea you could cook ..

Yes,
How about you there flipping the page as the man walking
Out of the shade
Throws away his exhausted pen ..

the never .. always

What do
You never do?

I'm sure you've done
It before ..

Maybe take a window out
With a BB gun,
Cheat on a girl in the early throws of the go
Even though you knew she was a cool ass border miracle,
Chew on a toe nail thinking it was a sliver
Of jack cheese that just fell off your sandwich,
Retract on a promise you knew as real as that cold cup of water before you,
Go to an opening of a picture show with a woman that gives a solid blow job
Or
Something you want to do,
But say you never will?

The question is ..

When do you make
Never an always option
And
When does yield mean a flat,
Green 'go'?

their winning hands

The pint-styled
Little guy
Playing
Cards at the round table
With his face towards
The door ..

&
for good reason ..

He's known
For his number & suit prowess in the
Game of luck as
He lolls
A gum cigar from one side of his mouth to the other ..

(his mom picked up the cigar for him at a convenience store down the street.
It was the blue Al Gore victory cigar as the country awaits the erections Supreme Court battle)

Though nothing matters to the kid but
The think chunks of fructose stinging his playing cheeks ..

He lays his cards down on the table
With the two women babysitting him in the coffee shop off 42nd street ..

As he leans back in his chair
With a smile ..

His four Aces again stuns the
Two slightly angered women
&
much to the joy of the gallery crowding around him ..

This as several recruiting agents from Vegas
In the crowd
Wait for the gaming conclusion
To snare in this shark genius
Jostling the slick, colorful cardboard on the next deal
In his palms ..

The Bobby Fisher of his trade,
The drunk sobriety
Of history books ..

The little man
With a talent that won't land him a woman for some years ..

Yet,
As he play's the table for all they got
In the last hand before he pops out to se
The Nutcracker production downtown ..

He's again the winner
In a world of child winners ..

All of them

With their
Winning hands ..

time became louder

Had a slug
of
Nietzsche - McCullers
in
a
readery

on this
halloween night

as the city
looked tame through
the
tiger's jaw ..

had
a
good walk,
some coffee,
grilled cheese and onion rings
over
some more words ..

words spilling
like
thunder from a cloud that won't rain ..

sure,
i made my way to an evening park bench
and
continued reading
by
the
lamp light ..

still dark,
knowing that Lincoln,
Allen
and
the others likely went blind by letting the dark
seem light
as

they had to get on
with what was going on ..

so,
as
the
words go

and the dialogue keeps sucking me further
by the silence of the convention clock
flashing the corrected time and temperature

I hear
the
collision of metal,
glass
and
plastic ..

Leaping from the bench .. I walk quickly,
then begin running

as one of the cars continues to skid
into
a
barricade of city barrels
guilty
by
the

orange flash of the light ..

I get to the scene,
two white, suburban girls
ran a green light

and smashed into a young black couple
hard ..

the girl in the car hit harder
is on the ground crying
as
the
young black kid in the passenger seat
sits
dazed

as though
he heard
that
his girl was going to break it off with him ..

I ask if they're all O.K. .. the white
girl who was driving the car is apologizing over and over
through
broken sobs
as
her
other friend asks if she should call her folks or 911 ..

I tell her,
'dispatch' ..

one of the white girls has

an orange tint from contacts in her eyes,
they came
or
were on their way to a city halloween party
as
the
other
verdict came

out
through the night
like
a
theif stealing the homeless man's blanket ..

I ask the white girls
for something to prop the black girl's head on
as
she lies face down sobbing ..

they give me a bright silver,
windshield sun screen ..

I put it under the black girl's head and tell her not
to move .. it's all going to be Ok .. it seems
that it's providing some silence in the racing sounds around ..

then,
I tell the white girl that was driving,
everything is going to be Ok.

she retorts hard at me saying,
'NO IT'S NOT! I JUST HURT THESE PEOPLE BADLY,
SMASHED UP TWO CARS. IT'S NOT ALL RIGHT.'

I ignore it,
looking down 13th
at the fire engine on the way ..

then,
as
one that just heard sounds,
and not witenssing with the eyes,
I leave

up the street,
tell a black cat and two gals with him in another car
that witnessed the scene

'have a good night' ..

from there,
I slipped back into the silence of the holiday city around me ..

then,
the clock above the wreck flashed .. '8:38'

louder
than

an
accident ..

trailing pigs

lightning
and
sun rays

while
the
hippos

look like
gray molds of clay
with

bugs nipping
about
like
preachers swaying the pulpit ..

yes,
i hear the silent explosions
like
bean crackling in
an
old
used
sauce pan ..

sure,
i hear the
crash
as
the

pigs stand hind to hind in the highway
18-wheeler
taking

them

off
to

make breakfast complete.

twenty-one .. twenty-two .. twenty-three .. tw.....

soon
we're going to officially
head into
the
21st Century
and

I haven't heard a
word
of
hype about it ..

last year,
with the 2K jive barreling over the wires,
you couldn't escape it ..

Now,
when the real deal
is
about
to
transpire ..

Not a word ..

Just news of a Presidential recount
we'll
all forget shortly
after
the
final

decision is made ..

Underwater Hiccups

It will get you before you know it ..

It already has you ..

It said it won't let go ..

It may visit you sometime ..

It's like a dried leaf crunched and stuck
to the bottom of your sock ..

Yes,
you may just come to know it at some point ..

It sits as soot in the bottom of your water glass
before taking it down .. It will be in you ..

Though,
the truth is you
have a shot at getting it sometime ..

Remember ..

holding your breath is only good
with hiccups
and

while under water ..

Urban Hill

Slammed doors,
the bell works better than
it ever did
as the bow turns the room of women wet
and
the laughter
of a black man echoes and ricochets 9 blocks
up the street,
through my open window and
over the prics
of
my friend .. the cactus plant.

As the glass table collects more
rings
the buildings
take on more squares in the
mansion of time ticking
through
my
small
dwelling on the

urban hill.

voter finger

a land driven on litigation
and a cat
bred to
claw through
the litter ..

we can't

decide on which candidate
will be President ..

that's why I
voted for the one .. the third
one

I knew
wouldn't
get
into

office ..

sure,
as
the
singer
fucks
the

department store manager,
the
world

pawns off another
used bicycle
for a motorcycle ..

yes,
they're recounting
votes down in Florida

and recounting
the time
when

landslides
were
much
easier

politics ..

so,

if
you
didn't

vote ..

don't
worry about
it ..

walk while they run with it

Sometimes,
If not more than many times,
You see the thing,
Person or
Event unfold ..

You see it,
Yet not technically
A
Part of the flying leaf coming towards your cold windshield ..

I saw the events
And was a part of one last eve
As a young
Cat I knew from some time back
Stopped by for
Some drinks and
Really wanted to get his hands on
Some of my stuff ..

That's the cream of being an unpublished self-publisher
Trying to take it to the folk ..

When others notice,
Want to talk about it,
Have another drink over talking about more ..

It validates,
Yet doesn't change the process that moves like
A
Baby in a padded stroller down warm Vermont pavement ..

It brings some closure to what you're doing as
A
Creator
&
that's something we should ask for not by words or force ..

We should do this knowing
That we're pounding the page as
It pounds at us ..

It's the walk
As
Another
Bloke
Runs with it ..

Wise / Brave

When
There's nothing more
To write about ..

That's when the ideas will truly come ..

For to admit
That it's been
Written or pondered
Is wise ..

Though,
To believe you have a new way of words
That will
Smash the tits
Off of people ..

Now that's
Just
Plain

Brave.

With Coltrane

Beers,
Casinos,
Sandwiches,
Coffee,
The death of one more cigarette
As she wakes
And joins us for a conversation by the old TV aquarium
As
My smashed body
Lights
Up to sleep

With Coltrane.

world remains in sun

a man comes across the street
to the rain stained park bench on the other side of the road
for
a
sea ..

he sits ..

looks down at his watch
and
smiles,
pulls up the bill of his hat,
listens
to
the
warmth of Oct. 30

as
three dogs
run across the street
towards a black truck
going

to
another place ..

the light then
turns
green

as
the
world remains

in
sun ..

you want to know what the truth is ..

not just
one
correct answer
or
the
opinion of opinion that would be considered
true
or
right ..

the truth is
a
group of 2nd grade kids sitting around
a
circle reading stories about
spiders,
their folks,
halloween,
rats,
snakes,
webs,
milk,
ice cream
and
other things that come to mind ..

all these shining, squirming
little beings
reading,
poking,
laughing

and
getting into the process of writing ..

that's the truth ..

there's the stamp you've
been looking for to send off
that

long ago
forgotten

87 page letter ..

your pupil's child

They don't look the same
In Rome
&
they don't talk the same in Nepal ..

They don't run the same in Rio
Or
Fuck the same in Bermuda ..

They don't eat the same
In Brazil
Or
Spin a tapestry the same in Nigeria ..

They don't dress the same in Paris
Or build a bridge the same in Malaysia ..

They don't toss a pie the same in the Bronx
Or
Lather up their dirty hands the same in Prague ..

They don't watch the same boat in Vancouver or
Write the same plays in
The
UK ..

They don't swim the same in Ireland
Or
Slug a bottle of suds the same in Siberia ..

Yes,
The do none of it the same way in any of these spots or others that couldn't fit in the
Rest of the 5 continents ..

It all just
Appears
The same
The longer your pupil's open

Up ..

8 more

Climbed from
Car,
Through parking garage,
To exit,
On the way,
See a white with black & gray
Spotted cat
Dead ..

In a pool of blood behind a car ..

Looks like someone hit
It.

Went on their way.

The owner may see.

That's the one thing you don't want
To do ..

Take out a pet ..

Man,
50 dogs
could outdo any auto I know of ..

Though,
The feline
Does have eight more times around ..

a poop

Between the
Hotel
And
Building ..

I see commerce in bold white, lit letters ..

Just had a good poop
In the
Hotel and
Don't want to get a job in another
Office
High rise ..

You
Know
It's between the poop and shit ..

I think
I'll take the poop ..

been doing?

the air is
cold,
but its warm ..

i have been watching the leaves
fall like
soldiers
in
a
televised war
few people know the reasons behind it
here

on American soil ..

yes,
the
oranges,
yellows
and
reds

going like soviets,
japs
and
poles ..

sure,
streaking across the
screen like
a
mad red lollipop going
in
and
out
of the small child's mouth ..

sure,
i've
been watching the
leaves?

what have
you

been

do
ing?

between 4 and 5 AM

*Old mania
In a
New
Cup
Of reason
As
The
Brothers
Pimped
Down the boulevard
In
A
Pick-up
That
Had
A
Bumper sticker
Reading ..*

“NO ONE IS UGLY AT 2am”

True ..

And they look better between 4 and 5 am ..

BRILLIANT QUEEN

Red haired girl,
Smiling profile,
Talking to a man that will always
Be
'a friend' ..

Taking large gulps
Of
Banana Fantasia,
Knowing that the evening
Has her
By the crotch
&
the world has nothing to chain on her ..

There in
Her
See-through,
Light black mesh top,
Black bra holding up puberty's
Good work,
Talks
And thinks in the left of her mind about her newest chess move
She tried successfully
Over the holiday's as her boyfriend whispered into her ear ..

"DID YOU KNOW THAT YODA WASN'T TECHNICALLY
CLASSIFIED AS A MIDGET OR DWARF ON HIS HOME PLANET?"

At this,
She leaned back,
Her adam's apple jostling like 'Brown Eyed Girl'
On a seedy bar's juke box,
Knowing that her positioning
Of the Queen
On
The
Board was brilliant ..

CANTALOUPE BABY

His last request
was
for a bunch of wet, fresh
grapes
as
the warden shut the door,
turned on a Mozart piece
and
pulled out a large, sharp
knife
to
cut open
a
fresh, sweet
cantaloupe ..

CATHOLIC SCHOOL ..

THE
GIRLS

SQUIRM
WHEN

CIVILIANS WALK IN .. LIKE AGING MINUTES SEEKING THE
NEWEST LOTION THAT'S GOING
TO
CLEAR THEIR SHIT UP ALL NICE AND NEAT ..

PRICE IS NO CONSIDERATION AS THE PRANCE
TO THE COUNTER ..

ALL THE WHILE THE CREDIT COMPANY IS LEAVING A MESSAGE ON THEIR HOME
MACHINE ..

YES .. THE BUTTERFLY DANCE
IS FALLING DOWN AS THE YELLOW, ORANGE LEAVES
LAUGH WITH THE SOUND
OF THE HORNY SQUIRREL TWITCHING, BUZZING AND WALKING ABOUT
TRYING TO FIND HIS NEXT MAKE ON THE MIX ..

SURE,
THE SUN BEATS THE RAIN

BUT THE RAIN

WINS
IN THE FALL ..

clean bob

hearing
people
throw away trash down
below

as
the

words
of
Bob

slice
through

making
it

fine &
clean ..

comfortably comfortable

Iceberg lettuce
Meting
On
The
Ground

As
Cosmetic scientists try to devise
A
Chemical method by which
To
Make
A continuous burning candle
Last
For
Months
Instead of days or hours ..

Yes,
As
He
And his assistant plow away at the casing and chemical compounds

The
Man
Down
The
Street asks me for a simple sandwich
And
Perhaps a ride to the bar about 11 blocks away ..

I tell him,
“Sure, hop in.”

Then,
I tell him about the scientist making the
New candle that could be lit on large stretches of time
And
Last for unheard of amounts of time .. months.

He
Looks at me,
Grins
And
Says ..
“Why would anyone want a candle to last that long. The charm behind a candle on a stand
it to let the wax drip. Forming lines and shapes that make the owner want to refill the candle
when needed.”

I laughed at his truth
And
The

Absurdity behind

A world starving as a
Company allocates large
Sums of money
To
Make
The
Comfortable

More comfortable.

confidence isn't money

His name
Was
Tony
Or
Anthony in
Certain company ..

He hung
His
Large head
Over
The
Railing of the blackjack table
Between
Hands

While
The
Noise
Steadied,
Rose
And

Would
Fall
As
He
Sipped his long neck bottle ..

The
Table
Was

The best Janice, the dealer,
Had
Been

Throwing the cards
At
For
Over a month ..

Each time
The
Double
Down
Option
Or
A
Fucking 13, 14 or 15
Was

On
The
Table .. Tony would nod,
Talk

Or
Make
His
Queues

Known ..

At one point,
He
Got
Up

To get two out of town
Texans

Several beers apiece during the middle of play ..

For myself,
I was
Waiting for a waitress
And

Riding
My
\$5
bet

like
a
fresh curve
at
the
end of a good date ..

yes,
it was my second night in a row
at
the
casino boat ..

presumably
the
worst one in town .. going through renovation

and
trying to shake
the
mark
of
being the ugliest boat
in

the
city for over 6 years ..

I kept

Riding the tail

Like the animal in the front
Knew

Where he was running ..

Guys
Were
Slapping Tony on the shoulder for
Good advice,
Giving him chips when the drink hit right
With the bet

And
Letting him take
A
Long look up when
His

Advice
Was
Sent to deaf ears through
A
Cave's
Air ..

At one point,
Someone asked Tony if they could
Sit
At the full table,
Knowing he wasn't playing ..

He looked straight into the eyes
Of
Sarah the dealer hand
And
Said,
"I'm going to get a check. Save my seat. I'll be right back,"

Sarah, the dealer hand,
Laughed at this and said
That
Tony should instead go upstairs and call 1-800-BETS OFF ..

Further flicking him shit,
He nodded a chagrined 'yes' .. stayed at the table
While the person over his shoulder tossed a chip into his long empty white
Circle
Before him ..

Yes,
Even though Anthony wasn't playing ..
It was his table

And
Most of
The
Dealer's
There

Wanted everything
Tony didn't have ..

Namely money

And
Some

Confidence ..

for the good of the fiddler

Sander
As himself
Goes home dreaming of
No more mortgage's
And his wife
Pulling the drive with a used RV,
No job,
Enough to eat and fuel for months.

Just wanting to fly.

Yes,
It's the tune in the cerebral cortex
That makes you speak like a studderer ..

It's the dream in the roofer's,
Carpenter's
Or stock broker's
Belt sander that moves the course surface to a smooth
Motherfuckin' ride that can only be truer
By not letting it be lodged out of your mind

For good.

getting into it

So,
You're
Going to get
To
It
Later?

Littering excuses on the bar top like used napkins from
The
Alcoholic's whiskey & sours ..

Oh,
So you're going to get into it,
You say?

As the stringer types your former flame
A set of words
About how the Orient tastes and how Vietnam
Could have been a silent
Battleground ..

Sure,
While you look for the sock ..
We'll be tying the shoe ..

gun shots

In the cold,
Distant
Air as
A
White car races
Over the wet, frosted road
Into the silence ..

Away from someone else's violence ..

hard in the street

Talkin' in the
Middle of the street tonight
With a friend ..

A brotha' rolls up
In a dread lock weave ..

Asks me for a smoke ..

"Sure," I tell him.
"I always give out just 1 smoke."

He asks two time what we we're doing ..

I say,
"Just talking. You?"

Doesn't hear me ..

Then he says,
"You guy's get high?"

As he pulls off
My friend says,
"I'm surprised you gave him a smoke."

"Looks like he needed it,"
I come back.

As the car
Pulls off
And
The leaves keep falling
Down

Hard to the street.

how they got it

towards the east
portion of town ..

he locked the doors,
said,
'YOU ARE IN THE HOOD NOW!'

'I KNOW THAT. IT'S COOL,'
I told him.

He looked over the rim of his glasses and
said,
'I KNOW IT'S COOL. BUT YOU. YOU HAVE TO WATCH YOUR ASS
AS A WHITE MAN COMING THROUGH THESE PARTS.'

This came from a
black man ..

After that last comment,
we
went on talking
about

how
women rule

the herd ..

humanity waiting

waiting
in
the
cellar of a YMCA the other morning ..

it was a gray morning,
with patches of sun coming down with
drops of rain ..

as I stood in this white painted wall
enclosed by slabs of rock,
I
looked out over the
'all american city' here in Kansas ..

the other Kansas City ..

I noticed the pigeons
diving
up and down in flocks,
which
looked odd ..

then,
I saw the antagonist ..

a giant blimp that films sports events from overhead
came careening over the sky ..

as I watched on,
the birds became more active and
fluttering
as

the blimp

began turning it's nose from south to north ..

then,
it began

dipping

lower ..

and
lower ..

until
a

wall of buildings in the 'all american city'
blocked
my
view of what

really happened to the blimp ..

oh ..
i thought ..

oh the humanity ..

I got to
Hand it to cities,
Downtown areas that is,
Which
Don't necessarily have a large influx of people
Though

Fill their buildings .. good for you people ..

**

she
packed her bags again
for
another city,
maybe to go back home,
maybe to meet a new man,
maybe
to come over here,
maybe to go nowhere but across her home ..

the
main
term
is

'maybe' ..

**

the goose
with his neck
and
the

wrench with its ..

both

twisting
through

the
plumber's dream

of
a
duck

as a woodpecker
knocking on the pipes
carrying

your piss away ..

**

the Caribbean crusade
came
through
town
like
a
dry
towel
going
around

her
warm
wet body
coming

out
of
the
sink ..

yes,
it flew in talking of the snow geese
hanging out
with
the
bald eagles
in
an
artificial lake set up by
the
state ..

sure,
with
their
claws,
beaks

and
places south
to
go ..

america
readies to decide
on
a
meal

called thanksgiving
while

washington
continues

to
talk
from

the side of their shins ..

yes,
it's

thanksgiving
here
in
america

and
I nearly forgot

That
As
I got a plate of bacon at a Denny's
That
Looked
Like
Limp pieces of uncooked lamb fat ..

Though,
I dug
In
Thinking

That management doesn't
Know
How
To

Cook when the
Head
Chef

If off

For
The
First time in a month ..

**

floating around in mosquito shorts
as
the
is within sight,
naked
in
the
bathroom
putting swipes of deodorant under her arm ..

I ask her
If
She
Would
Take in a stray great dane
As
A
Pet ..

She
Laughed,
Turned towards me
And
Asked,
“What would make you think up such a question?”

I tell her,
“Because all the others bore me .. “

at this,
she picks up the toothbrush
and
says in the mirror as I watch the reflection ..

“I know what I want now .. “

as
I get up out
Of
The
Seat and

Head towards the calling ..

**

swerving to miss
a
hit dog in the middle of the off ramp
late at night

I thought
To myself
As
I went directly over the
Carcass,
I have never
Cooked
A
Thanksgiving dinner in
27 years ..

I think
I may want to do that next year ..

Shit,
I may
Even

Ask my pops if he'll shoot
Me

A
Good,
Plump
Turkey ..

**

as the song slips into another,
I

Look at the drip of coffee

Come down nice
And
Easy

Like
One
Song

That
Has decided not to end ..

**

“If you have to push yourself that much .. relax, man .. at least relax while you do that .. “

**

who's fooling who?
I haven't
Talked to her
For
About 7 months
And
It

Feels as
Though
I have had teeth pulled ..

Even though
We
Were jerking off our time
Trying to convince one and the other
Everything was going to
End up
As
It should ..

This doesn't feel as
It
Should

As I go into other thoughts
And
Realize

In
A
Hard glow that she was right on several points ..

(women see shit coming down the railroad track before the caboose has been loaded and started)

she told me much
you
have
probably heard before ..

but I will refute one point ..

she told me that she would be just another gal in her life .. nothing memorable ..

yes,
as the clock of time looks down on us like a verdict ready jury,
I know
That

She isn't just another and not the one .. just one I'll never forget or surrender to ..

And that's
Enough

In
A
String of used love
And
Memorable
Smells ..

**

as the spine
curves
over
the wheel,
the trucker
knows

there
are many a better thing out there
than

the sure thing ..

i killed a gerbil

She rented a boat
For the day
&
called it a car with
bad steering ..

I bought tuna fish sandwiches
And
Called them albacore with no
Direction ..

It was hot ..

I took off my shirt,
Told her
She might want to consider the same ..

She laughed and
Said she would if we were
In a tub ..

As we swerved upstream,
She said going down was much better ..

I agreed ..

Going up could only hold so much ..

As we spotted a floating dock to park our
Small ship,
She said,
“I killed my sister’s gerbil when I was eleven.”

I said,
“That’s better than killing a dog at any age.”

**it doesn't take a
marvel to
have**

a miracle ..

sometimes

it could be a patch of hair on her fore arm
that
bounces off the living room lamp just right ..

make it sing

*Unchosen splatter
Of paints around and in the black outline of the
Woman
As
The
Coffee man does the same with the brown water as
It hits the bottom of the white paper to-go cup ..*

*Giving the opportunity to
Let
Chance meet form
Is the silent orchestration of like that makes
Shit
Sing ..*

Yes ..

many bullets

one stray bullet down
and
another live one heading towards your shoulder ..

one dead bullet lying
like bits of toe nail shavings on the ground,
as the
active bullet comes straight for the watermelon lying on the
smiling girl's head ..

one defeated bullet flying towards the open mouth of a
gray trash can,
as the active bullet comes from a white kid's hand .. throwing it to a friend in a
leisurely game of 'catch' ..

oh,
and there's another bullet that has no life .. it's lying on the counter top as one small girl
talks to the other about a variety show that's ready to come on TV,
while another live bullet goes through the fluid bag lying in refrigeration on the emergency floor of hospital
..

yes,
there goes talk of getting rid of guns on television

as the BIG CHANNEL 5 logo
gets
ready to come
up

with a
caster telling us something different

as
the
live bullet comes
gliding towards

you
now.

medium you like

The fast walking woman
Maneuvering
Like a lazy balloon
Rising
Through the air of a village
As
The
Green apple sits tilted on the orange's nipple ..

The slow walking Florentine man
Pondering American politics
As
He talks about
His wife's Tiramisu
Around the unfolding sun ..

The fast's and slow's
Coming into contact
Make the medium

By which you live ..

morning

so,
this is morning ..

this is what they have been
talking about ..

a good,
cold,
sun filled
poke in the eye as
the
neighbor's conversations
concentrate on the evening before and look square into
noon of the same day ..

yes,
as the harlequin
goes in for a new set of dentures,
the
other '49 states'
drive furiously
through the streets of their town to find
a
good batch of donuts .. not just another
chain link restaurant of
donut makers .. but the donut maker that
knows each mouth his donut will go into and
has a raspy laugh of discontent,
though
he's

the happiest motherfucker of all ..

you know why?

he's making the food of morning ..

morning ..

i've heard all about morning ..

people talking about it,
reminiscing about it,
tales of what happens during that time,
the city paper,
coffee machines spitting steam and smacking the
hair off a pretty girl's thigh ..

this
is
morning ..

perhaps I have seen morning before
and
was told it was otherwise ..

though,
this is morning ..

good fuckin' mornin' to all of yous ..

my side

My body
Feels
Like the piss
Has been wiped out
Of
It ..

Yet,
The city
Air feels like a cold
Bath
Still running
As her towel drops
And
Their fantasy comes to my
Side of thinkin' ..

night frisbee

Mixing colors
with clean hands
as
the
bruises
fade from the child's knee caps ..

Laughin' over
sitcom trivia
as
the
young bum
rides his grocery cart full of
things
down the parkway ..

Other people stop - drive-by
telling me
and
others

that we're old enough
to
know that we shouldn't
play frisbee past dark in
the
street ..

That's it ..

It's a shame how age makes people lose
their sense of adventure ..

period.

no more time

you want to know what the
time is
as
the
car passes
and
the
wipers lose their power ..

then,
the
speedometer
goes

towards the east as
kilometers rear up and
speak
in

tongues
that
lick

the
lint off the dash ..

then,
they

forget they asked about the time
as
temperatures

becomes the focal
in
the

spots
that corrected
the
word
that

was
misspelled on purpose ..

sure,
once the temperature
and
time hold steady,
they're figure,

though may still rise and
fall ..

they
as

how
the
chicken salad
is ..

the small Korean gal says,
'WE DON'T HAVE ANY OF THAT LEFT. THE LUNCH RUSH WIPED IT OUT. BUT THE SMOKED
TURKEY OR
ROAST BEEF IS A VERY, VERY GOOD SANDWICH.'

You agree,
as

the temperature
rose several degrees
before you came out
through the doors,
the
cars filled in the parking lot,
new people on the corner,
different streaks of light over the eagle
in the gap of the red building

and

time

becomes
a
non-matter ..

not fried

Waiting for
Some
Fries ..

Yes,
I tell you ..

Just looking at
The line as it paints
The wanderers gray ..

The boy's in the east
Waiting for
Some
Fries,
As well ..

Tell you,
Since I've waited some time
Can
You toss
Me a pickle
Or
Two
Or something else
Cleaved,
Not fried ..

Getting ready
To go to schools for the charity
In
Their dimes ..

Listenin' and seein'
The condition and
Hew of these schools ..

I say all the teachers across the US get
Together,
Go on strike,
Burn a couple of busses,
Drink,
Screw around
Some on the way to DC

And fuck the whole educational show up
For a short period
In
Leui of what they're
Going
To

Salvage ..

For the kids,
A little education

And some
Fucking security,

Kids.

October 22 – 00

the surroundings
oh .. as the car goes
by
and
bits of rain come down onto her teeth
as
the
windshield acts
as
the
chain
holding the
port
to
anchor
and
the
china girl
to the
home
with
new glass windows ..

yes going down the highway
as the streets looked
neglected
by tiny strips of suburban sidewalks
looking on with dogs
wondering where the action is ..

they think,
shit .. we could starve some to just get a little action around here ..

as the faces of new winners sit on
the
billboards,
the
other faces go out and spend their cash
in
the
facade banks by the city ..

sure,
people think these casino boats
are all elaborate and neat .. HOW DO THEY KEEP SUCH AN OPERATION RUNNING SO CLEAN,
BRIGHT AND NICE?

Well, 99.9% pay out on the slots and that many repeat losers that come
in and out of that elaborate, gold rotating door .. appropriate the motion and direction of the door ..
in and out .. it's all the same .. go in with some .. leave with none .. go in with none .. leave with some ..

though
the
gauntlet will come down in favor of the owner in this case ..

one and their own ..

Ripped open
Tops
Of
Letter

Lying
On the floor
Beneath his table
As

He
Mixes sugar
In
A
New
Cup of coffee ..

The cats
Are
Restless
As
Day
Rears

It's head
And

Decides
It's
Going
To
Take
The
Initiative
To
Get things rolling ..

Yes,
They're a rather
Lazy
Group of cats
That

Expect the
Invisible trip cord
Is
Going to get them on their
Feet
And

Out
The

Doors ..

Though,
As
The
Lungs continue to heave
Air
In
And
Out

Tokyo, Japan
Readies

To go to sleep
As
The

Young Chinese
Girls
Frets over being pregnant with
Her
Second child with
Her
New
Husband ..

Sure,
As
The
Battle between private and government
Interests

Strangle the
Faucet's handle

They decide

To get up
And

Let
The
Day

Become
One
And their own ..

one in a sea of miracles

The group recorded
their first song
as
I sat on stage
and
talked to the kids about charity ..

One kid slows as I sit in
a
sturdy, tan chair waiting to speak to about 150 kids
through a boom mic on a stand ..

Another kid points to a gap in his teeth .. his
fairy tale folks may give him some change for that tooth ..

All the while,
I'm throwing out math problems to about 15-20 kids
off to my left ..

The kids are bursting .. raising their hands .. hopping up
out of their seats .. smiling .. talking over one another ..
it gets louder .. the teacher puts up her hand to stop .. it gets quiet ..
I answer another math question .. the riot of mouths and movement begin again ..

Questions like ..

8×7
 9×2
 $2,000 + 2,200$
 4×6
 $9 + 20$
 $100 - 10$..

On down the numbered avenue ..

Then,
a small black kids on the end .. his name was Derrick ..
he asks me if my name is 'Rodolpho' or some name along those lines ..

I say, 'no' ..

The small black kid,
fidgeting like a pilot ready to land on a carrier,
hits a little Italian kid next to him in the shoulder and says,
'told you so.'

I ask,
'told him what?'

The black child says,
'He thought you might be his dad.'

'no' .. I told him. 'I'm not'.

Though,
I told the child we looked a lot alike ..
he smiled ..

So did I
as I looked down
and thought 'i'm goin' to give these kids a little somethin''

Then,
I stood,
gripped the microphone
and

said 'hey kids' to the
sea
of

miracles
before me ..

one solid toss

Who says
A good
One night throw
Isn't worth making up for
A
Month of sub par conversations or worse ..

A line of bad women
That snarl out complaints like a struggling drain
&
want to meet the man of their desire
based on the weight of his pockets divided by the price
of a chicken's head?

I say if the one night throw is going to find you smiling without
Abandon
While she walks to the kitchen naked for a cup of water ..

Do it,
Remember it
And don't let the overthrowers
Come
Close to
Clocking you

In the nog ..

our ballot claw

news voice
on
fire

while
the
water
turns
to

rust
in
the
lubricant's breath ..

yes,
our
new US president
is
in question

and
they haven't even
been
given
the
seat yet ..

so,
as
florida
and
others
dissect
their
own

opinions,
the

people
are
making
their own prejudices

about
the

weather ..

while
the
weather
around here dips
into
single
numbers,
the

heat
is
more

than

appalled at
the
negligence

and

words ..

**

pigs .. cuba .. crumbs

auxiliary,
defense,
attack

air craft on the flight deck ..
my pops
tells me

about as he looked onto the runways
at
an
air force base before Kennedy made his decision
on
the
Cuban missile
crisis ..

you could hear a pin drop,
he
said ..

shit,
as the 2000 presidents toss out their

verbal
jargon

of bits
and
used takes

i could her

a
crumb from a cracker fall

to the carpet ..

political cuticles

reporters talking
about
the
presidential candidates
running across states
and
lands
to
get several extra votes
eight days before
their
verdict falls

as
the
splice of moon looks like
a
piece of fruit

left in the bottom of
a
bowl

that used to be fruit cocktail ..

another
actor
signs
a
huge deal to

depict

the
small ..

as
the

meanwhile

becomes

quite

a while

in

her

cuticles ..

Reflexes

He couldn't remember names
And it took him
20 minutes
to tie his shoes,
but he had great reflexes ..

He hated heights &
Couldn't win a game of solitaire
Even if all aces
Were showing from the start,
But he had great reflexes ..

He couldn't climb a regular rope
Even if a penguin was preening his
Big toe nail open,
Yet
His reflexes couldn't fail ..

No luck with the gals
&
couldn't open a corked bottle,
but he sure had the reflex ..

Once,
While looking over the valley
In Utah from a 47 foot lookout perch
On a family vacation,
He reached up
And
Plucked a live sparrow out of the air ..

The point is ..

It doesn't take talent to have the Reflex ..

Research

the
site and
tell me what you
think
in
the
morning ..

sure ..
I say ..
How about
just giving it a look over
and
telling you what I think now?

he says,
that's not what the manual tells us to do ..

I say,
fuck
the
regulation,
for
now ..

he says,
son,
you had better be right ..

I conclude,
I will be accurate ..

rough growth

Got a rejection letter
For several poems
I sent into an old professor,
Now teacher ..

Just to see what
Kind of shit he was
Still hailing ..

Same story ..

He said my shit
Was 'rough around the edges' ..

I love rejection letters ..

They're banal,
Non-cleaver way
Of approaching a rejection is
A
Good
Barometer as to if you
Wanted to be in the publication or not ..

My luck to them all ..

It's nice to know
My shit's still rough

&
I won't grow up ..

school lunch

rain in my
soiled
bone
joints,
dryness
in
the
corners of my mouth
as
a

gray,
warm

autumn day goes forward ..

yes,
I had a school lunch in the teacher's
lounge
today ..

sometimes
you
win,

sometimes you get to eat
a
fucking piece of strawberry icing white cake ..

SCRABBLE RAIN

Feverish scribbles
on a boyhood scramble
as
parts
and
pieces melt into the
leopard's tongue,
dreams of the centipede,
the woman in my dream last night ..

She was slightly Korean, more Asian
demanding
that I pay
\$4.44 for one, 5-ounce styrofoam cup of bad coffee ..

I refused
as
the photographer
in the rain forest
made a new list
of
words he would use in
scrabble when he

would get back to the states ..

smoke on the mountain

too much
smoke
and
less on the fig leaf ..

leaping over the vegetable path
and under the
apricot tree

to grab the tobacco leaf ..

fuck,
if I could go one week without touching
the
crushed leaves

i
would
fucking

climb a mountain ..

literally leave town
a week or some amount of days,
but a pair of old boots
with the money I save from not pounding the fuck out of my lungs,
go to Southern Utah
or
Colorado,
park the car in front of the first mountain I see,
have a compass and an available map
on
hand

and climb that fucker like
it's a
sugar pop and
we're
on
our last
days

of sweet candy ..

if
you

see me,
don't

give me a cigarette on the top of that mountain..

give me a cigar .. i

need

to

ease back into the nicotine slowly ..

sunday morning conspiracy

sunday morning conspiracy ..

they
come to this conclusion

as the cold air from
rains during the night before

make thin metal strips of the blinds
wiggle like a refracted wave
going on
a
walk through the prism ..

yes,
they talk of the movie actor that
won't make it back to the set,
the hoax of the current US election process,
why the jolly green giant doesn't own the
canned vegetable company,
why peeps are making a mounting comeback in the minds and mouths
of millions of sweet toothed fucks ..

sure,
they go pour themselves
another cup
of
Sunday morning conspiracy

as the people on the street below
parallel park
within view of my 2nd story window,
walk below my window and
shout up to me ..

*excuse me,
can you help us out with some directions?*

sure,
I tell them,
as soon as I'm done writing this piece ..

how long will it take?
they ask.
we really need to be at this location very soon ..
in fact,
we're already late ..

Ok .. Ok .. do you want to make it there with clear, concise directions
or continue driving around the neighborhood looking

for the place ..
I ask them.

we just want to be there,
they tell me ..

good .. that was my line of thinking ..
hold on so I can finish this piece I'm typing ..
if I don't get it out now, it will never go out ..

haven't you wasted enough time explaining this to us
that the idea could already be gone?
they come back ..

(the 'they' is a young white guy and a vietemese gal .. they are unmistakably a couple.)

no .. no.. no .. I still have it in my fingertips ..
i'm a tiger after the elephant in the calm of night,
i'm that drink of carbonation in the cold refrigerator during the middle of the night
after a good rendezvous with gin,
i'm the warm cotton in your panties down there, sweetheart,
i'm a piece of candle wax stuck to your keyboard .. that you smile at, wonder when it got there, how long it
has been there, yet you won't remove it because it opens wonder ..
yes, I still have the idea .. so you may want to wait .. it shouldn't take long ..

so, what are you writing about?
they ask.

the idea. no .. no .. no .. i can't talk about it now .. i need to write it out ..
by the way, where do you want to go?
I ask.

i thought you were going to give us the light after you got your idea out ..
they say.

well .. i think it can wait ..
I say.

you sure .. we can come back .. go and get a cup of coffee for us and you ..
do you take it black, sugar, cream?
they ask.

No coffee .. have plenty up here .. tell you what, grab me one of those dollar breakfast sandwiches down
at the convenience store on the bottom of the viaduct and come up to the door here in front
and press the button below '105' .. I will let you in ..
I tell them.

Sure .. we'll be back soon .. very soon ..

as I duck away from the window ..
the girl screams up in wonder ..
you still have the idea?

I NEED A SANDWICH!
I yell loud, out of view.

their car starts,
they move on ..

I sit down .. looking into the white void of the story
I haven't began and the idea that had me gripped by the balls several minutes before ..

pulling my hunches into the chair .. closing the blinds and any potential for serious disturbances ..
and begin typing ..

THE SUNDAY MORNING CONSPIRACY ..

techno cheer

Skaters
Jumping cracks
As
Pieces of yellow
Leaf come down
On me,
The bench
And
The fires the President laughed about ..

Yes,
As the technological road widens,
We from the early days
Of Atari
And
Space Invaders
Laugh
At the road on the shoulder while the kids ..

Or
Younger generations
Get weaned on the 3D nipple
And
Virtual vagina ..

Yes,
As things
Get more powerful,
Smaller .. the simple
And
Large
Will
Still

Emit a cheer in this kid ..

THE CHARISMA

He would give the landlord a good old
bottle of French Merlot or Italian red wine
as
a
rent payment ..

The took it ..

He has lived there for almost 14 months ..

The landlord never asked any questions about
money and he was the only one who knew ..

plus .. he enjoyed the wine so much .. he just
didn't want to disrupt the flow coming in each month ..

He just couldn't turn his back on
the man no one knew about ..

Yet,
he wondered all the time as this man went to the
bank twice a week to deposit healthy checks ..

Laughin' the whole time
at
the
charisma of it all ..

of all,
except in them.

the chosen light

One more cup
For the road
And
Another for the home
She
Presumes
As
The
Symphony
Of silent lynching
Crosses her mind and
Rarely passes over her lips ..

She's a happy girl
With
Something more to give the people ..

A break from the headline
And
A moment in the
Chosen light ..

the crepes on

the ground
and
the blue
glimmer in the
colors
that aren't out in
the air,
ground
or
otherwise today ..

while
the musician screams from the electronic
box
in
the
other room,
other
musicians
are
silenced

by their own voice

as the day still holds the void of no
vivid color

coming through the airs about ..

sure,
as the piece of hair hangs in a circle tightly
to the side of
the
computer screen,
a
farmer

lights a match to a stack of scythes because
of
a
fucked up dream he had the night before ..

now,
he's going to invest in a larger piece
of
machinery to
do

his
pride ..

while the world recovers
and
huddles
following

the day
of
spending most everything you don't
actually own ..

and
eating
like
a
county of blood-lust
lucky

harvesters
in
the
dactsun's dream of

eating a whole buffalo all by his
own self ..