

## evening sunrise

It's the little  
Sunssets  
That  
Will pull you  
Thru to the comedy ..

As the locked lip man  
Waits behind  
The  
Serpent's fog screen  
With the newly made  
Golden key ..

The time will  
Have its  
Make as the funeral evaporates

While you  
Watch  
The  
Sunrise in the evening ..

## **fifth idle hour**

I tilted my head  
Towards her  
In  
The  
Bed ..

We had been frolicking for  
Over 4 hours  
In  
Bed ..

Snowing outside ..

Sometimes heading towards the  
Ground,  
Sometimes heading  
Back up towards the sky ..

I told her  
As  
My elbow and arm was folded so  
That

In it's particular position it  
Looked like  
A  
Nice,  
Flush ass ..

She laughed,  
Grabbed the camera  
Off  
The  
Stained ledge before  
Us and

Crawled onto my back to grab  
A  
Snapshot of out optical illusion

At  
Hand ..

As she peered the camera forward,  
Her breasts brushed my back  
As

I laughed  
And  
She said ..

“IT’S TOO CLOSE AND BLURRY. I’M NOT GOING TO GET ANYTHING.”

So,  
I thought later I would just write it out ..

It would last longer that day

As I  
Got up to take my time  
In the bathroom like a grandchild  
Playing with  
A  
New toy ..

Then,  
Stopped by the coffee maker to make  
Another

Pot of  
What we kept drinking ..

Shit,  
The smell of that morning bacon  
And grease  
Was hanging in the air like a  
Bowl of  
Rotten eggs smoldering  
Beside  
The

Old chicken bones  
Clean  
Good and fine  
By  
The  
Dog lapping up some more water  
Out  
Of  
The  
Whipped topping bowl ..

As I started heading back to the bedroom  
I thought  
It  
Would make it easier  
For  
All  
At hand to move the coffee maker  
To the bed stand beside us  
For

Drive-thru convenience ..

As I plugged it in  
And  
Her beautiful face

Came leering my way again

She  
Just

Laughed ..

Laughed again

In out day in the  
Bed

While

The snow kept

Trying to make it's  
Mind up much like us ..

Should  
We go up  
Or  
Down ..

Stay or leave ..

Or  
Just keep on laughing ..

Our  
Choice

Was easy & obvious  
In  
This 5<sup>th</sup> idle hour ..

**get the right pen, jack**

Hot dogs  
&  
paradigms

as  
the  
young man  
with the look  
of

many weathered years  
climbs the street towards the bottom of the viaduct  
looking for the pop cycle stick that  
will  
get him entrance  
into the soup kitchen  
on  
the  
edge of the prairie

where they sever healthy porterhouse steaks with  
sides of  
mashed potatoes,  
vegetables  
and

any stout liquor on the menu ..

So,  
As he fights  
Against himself and  
The  
Hill that works in his favor

He wonders if he  
Could just  
Buy  
Or find a Willie Wonka  
Chocolate bar  
Wrapper  
And  
Trade that in for the  
Pop cycle stick,  
Which unknown to him,  
Has

Already been  
Picked-up and redeemed  
For

It's worth  
By  
Another

That is now eating his steak and  
Drinking

His ale ..

But this  
Home

Of give aways isn't on

The edge of  
Shit ..

It's in this man's  
Home

While

His wife looks

For  
Him

And the other  
Wife  
Tops

Off his meal

With  
A  
Meal of her own  
Beneath  
The  
Table  
Cloth

Between  
His  
Knees ..

Oh,  
It  
Can

Be a beautifully crazy

World

If you choose the right pen ..

## **hard on the ground**

One flat  
Tire,  
Badly flat  
Tire

From another visit

To the tire

Shop down the street from me on twelfth ..

I've  
Had

Tires  
Go like

Heffner's whores

From his  
74<sup>th</sup> room in the mansion ..

Which brings up another point ..

I run the rubber  
And  
Soles out of my shoes quicker  
Than  
The  
Italian man pounding away a new pair ..

I  
Just fucking hard  
On  
Anything that roves  
Around  
On

The ground

And it's good  
In  
That way ..

I have  
No  
Real way  
Or  
Reason to be hard

On the sky

Or

Air for that matter, baby ..



*i got 'em while they chased me*

just  
got  
in  
from

the outside  
world ..

i thought  
they  
were going to get me ..

tie me  
up in a licorice  
rope  
and  
make me

watch  
a  
boy band marathon ..

shit,  
i really escaped  
it

this time ..

sure,  
they  
could  
have

blindfolded me and taken me  
around the town  
on  
some drooling shopping adventure  
hearing

the  
hippedy hoppedy  
hit

bop

of  
the  
world out there ..

yes,

they almost  
got  
me ..

though,  
over

the bottled water  
i  
got  
free

and the cheap cigarette  
rolling  
over

the screen ..

i just  
wanted

you  
to

know that i  
was

the one that got the outside world ..

**in the diner .. with her .. in the morning**

sitting  
in  
the  
afternoon

diner

with the girl

that's  
running with my fancy ..

ordering  
breakfast,  
watching

all the afternoon people  
making left turns,  
carrying plastic bags full of stuff,  
walking dogs,  
getting money out of machines,  
selling books  
and  
religion to the highest bidder

as  
we give  
the  
waitress our order ..

she asks how

my lady lover's doing

as  
she tells us some  
stories about how her  
is caught between  
two fashion movements  
and

17 different ways  
to think ..

as she takes our menu  
away,  
I grab  
the  
cigarette from

her hand

and smiling

face ..

waiting

for  
food with the girl

of

my  
fancy

and the earth  
movin'  
the way it should

as we all go on breathing

in

the figurehead  
of

getting  
towards

our own end  
with each other ..

**it's o.k to be late, human**

I walked  
Into  
The  
Coffee-snack bar

Late Sunday morning  
With

The quiche that should have been  
Delivered  
The night before ..

My lover friend  
Cooks  
These pans  
Of  
Love

For the  
Kids off the boulevard ..

So,  
As I pull up to my place

And take a final look  
Over the  
Back seat ..

The pie pans are looking at me  
Like  
A  
Camera taking the first snap shot of  
The  
Crook ..

I release the stick into reverse and

Head towards the breakfast eaters

Wanting their  
Quiche ..

Holding the conch of their morning delight,  
I come through  
The  
Doors

As a guy in a table near the front counter  
Says

With a chagrin ..

“OH .. THERE’S THE QUICHE.”

I tell him he’s correct ..

As I lay them on the front counter,  
The man  
Cooking the food  
Shakes his head  
With back facing me

Like a parental unit scolding a kid  
For doing something wrong,  
Yet

The kid knows no better ..

It’s too early  
To  
Be pinned to a crime I didn’t commit ..

So,  
I left the quiche

And walked out  
Towards my bag of food  
I’m going to  
Cook this

Early and  
Lustful

Sunday morning ..

Enjoy

Your  
Quiche

Wherever the fuck you are ..

And

thank you,

I  
Confirm  
Again

That late is  
Late  
And

Human is o.k. ..

***IT WAS A REAL  
THINKING DAY FOR HER***

She came back to her  
Home,  
Let the dog out,  
Checked the machine,  
Took off her soles,  
And  
Started contemplating Monk's lasting legacy  
As  
A person  
Aside from the music

While  
The  
People kept talking through  
The  
Machine ..

Then,  
She got up,  
Cracked open a can of peas to heat up  
As

The tuna fish came out  
For  
A  
Dance with the dolphin plate ..

Then,  
He called up on the phone ..

She answered ..

He said,  
"I WAS EXPECTING THE MACHINE. I DIDN'T THINK YOU WOULD BE HOME, SO I WAS  
GOING TO LEAVE A GROOVY LITTLE STEAM OF VOICE."

"Well,"  
she began.  
"I was expecting you. So for now, that 's good enough for me."

She went on ..

"I'm wondering. Do you think Thelonius ate tuna fish?"

He said,  
"I DON'T SEE WHY NOT."

"I do,"  
she came back.

Further,  
She told him that she would have to call him back.

There was a sandwich to each  
In other truths  
Of  
Christ,  
Cream cheese  
And  
Cataclysms

She

Had to think more about ..



**it's either mustard or ketchup for this cowboy**

Mustard in the sky .. and a tale of ketchup hangs with  
Ease on  
The  
End of the  
Curled napkin

As she lays out her  
Story  
About

How I would break her heart

If I didn't marry her ..

I burned

A  
Eye hole through

That red  
And  
Thought

This is one fucking sad tale ..

## level roundness

Birds  
Molting,  
She's  
A beauty

That  
Could scare the

Piss pile out of most men ..

The elephant  
Playing

Feet with  
The  
Other trunks in the zoo yard  
As

The  
Lightly tosses  
Her  
Hair around  
And

Makes a wily joke  
About  
The  
Morning

That could make  
The  
Discriminate  
Equal ..

Sure,  
As  
The  
Small girl evens chocolate spread  
Over  
He hot morning toast

She  
Levels  
The

Field with  
A  
Wave of her  
Blue scyth ..

So,  
As

You

Climb into your  
Daily  
Doing,

Know that

The  
World is indeed flat

In most places

You reside

And with only be  
Round  
When

You meet this

Woman,  
In

Her beautiful curves ..

‘why would  
you write about such a small moment?’

‘BECAUSE ALL THE BIG MOMENTS DON’T SEEM AS EXCITING.’

‘but no one wants to read about the small moments.’

‘WELL.. MAYBE I DO. PEOPLE ALWAYS WRITE ABOUT THE BIG MAGNANIMOUS MOMENTS.  
I ENJOY THE SMALL, SIMPLE MOMENTS THAT BRING AN INDELLIBLE PLEASURE TO THE  
FACE.’

‘I think there’s something wrong with you.’

‘I THINK WE JUST HAD A SMALL MOMENT. AND GIVE ME A MOMENT .. I NEED TO FIND A  
PEN AND PAPER. THIS IS JUST WHAT WE WERE TALKING ABOUT.’

‘I don’t want to be a part of this moment. I’m waiting for something bigger.’

‘TOO LATE. YOU’RE IN. KEEP ON TALKING, THOUGH. BECAUSE ONCE WE GET CLOSER TO  
A BIG MOMENT I WILL BE DONE WRITING IT DOWN. AND FOR NOW, I NEED TO WRITE THIS  
DOWN.’

‘I’m out. You contemplate these things on your own.’

‘YOU’RE THE ONE THAT ASKED THE QUESTION.’

‘Did I? I can’t remember.’

‘YOU WILL NOW.’

## lovely head

walked by a beautiful  
negress  
several minutes ago  
that

smelled of fresh powder  
and  
jasmine,  
she

asked me a question  
with  
her high forehead and tall,  
sparkling afro ..

i  
now

hardly recollect what  
she  
asked me ..

she looked like an African queen  
from

a day i can only read about  
in  
free time ..

and  
now

marvel

in  
the  
free time

she  
gives

to all of

us needing  
a  
beautiful kick in the ass ..

## **make good music**

I may have said this before ..

but  
there's no excuse for bad music ..

bad love,  
bad art,  
bad writing,  
bad jokes,  
bad toast,  
bad liquor,  
bad tonic water,  
bad hats,  
bad blood,  
bad ass,  
bad

all around ..

though,  
the period stops on  
the  
quarter's

grimace

when someone has

to hear bad music ..

## **more cod for you tonight?**

Came  
Home tonight  
Listening  
To

A Canadian  
News,  
Magazine show ..

They were  
Interviewing a Norwegian marine biologist  
About  
A

Super cod

They were trying to revive back to health ..

As the line goes ..

Some  
Cat,  
Blind in one eye and partially blind in the other  
Had  
Been catching and letting this  
Cod go for the last  
25 years ..

Finally,  
He caught the fish for  
The  
Final time  
And  
Contacted

The proper authorities  
On

Reviving the

Pre-baked delight back to health ..

The fish  
Has now been named 'balder'  
After  
An  
Old  
Norwegian god ..

These are  
Reasons

Why I continue  
Having  
Faith in reporting

And  
Listening to  
News on the radio ..

This  
Nearly blind man  
Did

More over the last 25 years  
Than people  
Do

In a whole

Lifetime ..

I'm  
Pulling

For  
This  
Fucking cod

And

More  
Of  
The  
Same,  
Yea.



## *Morning 'V'*

They woke early  
To  
Take a walk,  
But the walk came to take  
Them as the goose  
Formation  
Froze in an Antarctica ice monolith  
And  
The  
Fire storm knocked on Dr. Friendly's stoop for a piece of buttered/jellied  
Toast ..

The two youngsters  
Finally made their walk for a talk with  
Bloody Mary  
&  
the ice ball melted in the lap of the minister  
waiting for the world to warm up to  
his words ..

&

on the other end of his  
spectrum,  
we have someone called you with  
your roving eyes  
&  
fresh intents  
&  
me here ..

Thinking about  
The  
Blackbird on the side of the road today  
Talking to the  
Flower  
Which ate  
The  
Snake and  
Apologized for the frozen geese  
As  
I passed  
At

Nearly 70 miles a our ..

(they're still in formation)

**never sleeping again**

Dining  
at  
11PM  
as

the remainder of the  
folks  
around  
the  
block  
dust off their alarm  
clocks

and ready to call it an end

of  
their  
adventure ..

this,  
as

the ex  
remembers  
the  
others  
ex's  
birthday

and  
runs over a large  
stick on the side  
of  
the  
road,

just large enough  
to  
get him back on his  
train

a  
go  
go ..

So,  
as he  
pulls the fork  
of  
beans to his mouth,

cracks the corn  
bread

and waits  
for  
the  
thunder to hiss  
around  
the  
sky again ..

he  
grins

because  
he  
may  
never,  
ever sleep  
again ..

not  
in  
this  
city ..

## **no more lights**

All the lights  
Were out on  
The  
Highway  
As the cars  
Continued  
To merge in the laughing chaos  
Called  
Speed, metal & rubber  
Behind two eyes ..

So,  
As the hair  
Tickles your upper arms  
And  
The  
World opens  
Up  
Its last can of vienna sausages  
For  
The  
Starving pigs ..

Know that the  
Lights  
Won't  
Be  
Needed tomorrow

During  
The  
Daylight ..

**no news for the turnpike .. is no news for the turnpike**

the day  
the  
Jersey Turnpike  
was

shut down for repairs ..

No one  
reported on the incident ..

A car dangling off the  
Golden Gate Bridge  
courtesy  
of  
some college prank necks  
trying to get an

engineering school on the school map  
got

press all over the joint ..

But the Jersey  
turnpike,  
all the lost money,  
horns honking,  
death threats,  
mounting graffiti

couldn't

get a mention  
from  
anyone ..

not even  
a  
belated,  
beaten

woman in a Jersey corporate cubicle  
would  
mention  
it

over a cigarette

with  
a  
bishop

who stopped  
in  
his car  
on  
the

corner

heading

towards

the pike ..

**no script for the dust ..**

Dried out contacts  
On  
The

Spit,  
Hair covered  
Counter top

As  
Thoughts  
Of  
A cure to cataracts came and went swiftly ..

The buzzer on the dryer went off  
As

The  
Popcorn starting falling from the  
Hypnotists mouth

That was finally  
Taking hold  
Of

A  
Solid smile ..

Yes,  
As the

Dust started falling more and  
More

He felt  
As  
Though

He was rising

Like

An old epic spelled out in  
A  
Marquez novel ..

So,  
As he dripped a couple of drops  
Into  
His  
Dry,  
Red

Eyes ..

The  
World was going to become  
Clearer

Even

If  
The  
Dust wasn't ready to cooperate ..



**oh computer, why art thou in a lurch?**

This computer

Wanted to  
Steal my document,  
Take  
The poem

And  
Give it away to the birds  
Circling the  
Compost  
Of  
Documents

That once  
Had a lick in their flavor,  
Flame in their shrinking groin,  
Mandolin in the dark cloud,  
Nutmeg in the child's last cup of apple cider,  
Renoir on the moon,  
Rapture in the morning infomercial,  
The Olympics in Betelgeuse's lazy throw,

Red ribbon  
In the exhausted typer looking to lick  
The

Next wound  
On  
The dogs tangled collar ..

Yes,  
The  
Computer is fighting right

About now  
As  
The  
Words tattoo its arm that

It too old  
And meek for a 'paper graph' ..

Shit,  
It's just bloodied  
My

Lip  
As  
Double – elbuob

Vision

Keeps me standing on  
This sturdy peg  
Leg ..

Fuck,  
Another  
Jab to  
The  
Ribs

But I'll finish  
This

Up before the fish hits the pan ..

It won't

Take  
It

Away to the pile  
Where the birds

Pick  
And  
Peck

As  
Though  
They have somewhere to be in

The

Pile  
Of

Words

That will  
Make

It through

The temperamental

'save' ..

## OH SHOW IT

I'll show  
You  
Mine if you show me yours,  
He tells her ..

She doesn't buy it ..

She wants him to show her his  
Before she'll show hers to him ..

He  
Thinks on this ..

Then  
Says  
He'll only show his if she shows hers first ..

She thinks on this ..

It doesn't pan out ..

Usually the man relents early  
And often when it comes down to showing it to have some more shown ..

So,  
She sticks to her lurch and says she won't show him hers  
Until he shows his to her ..

FUCK,  
He presumes,  
This is tough ..

He just doesn't want to give in ..

He knows if he sticks it out that the reward  
Will be grander than the acquiescence ..

So,  
He tells her softly,  
Trying to use all the charm his thumbs couldn't hold,  
"I will only show you mine if you show me yours."

She gives in ..

Which is odd not only for her,  
But for him as well ..

As she  
Pulls down  
Her pants,  
He stops her and says that he's already seen it before ..

THIS STORY'S GOING  
TO TURN OUT  
FINE.

## on the dip

Her phone was off the hook  
all night  
long as he  
decided to load the saddle  
and  
get on with other things ..

she  
caught word of this after  
she  
found out her phone was kicked on its  
side  
and  
she called to the sounds of an answering machine

and  
somewhere else to be  
on  
the  
where are you going to be game ..

when they talked  
the  
next day ..

she was gold

as  
he  
just

poured another cup of hot coffee,  
laughing

with

the gales  
that  
do

things they just have  
to  
do

no  
matter how brief or

long

in this human

strive

for permanence ..

## Otherwise Mr. Wise

Was

Talking to the executive director/maintenance

Guy

At

The

Place I work

At

The other day ..

He said

There was a shit pot of ideas

Making

Millions

Out

There and that

He

Had

Plenty himself ..

I asked him what one of

Them were ..

He wouldn't tell me ..

It was proprietary ..

He gave me that look like I may

Go out and

Actually capitalize

And

Rape his idea

For

The

Interests of my own pocketbook ..

I told him he had the wrong idea ..

I use my own ideas

And

Not

For

Exorbitant cash and daunting parting prizes ..

His idea was safe with me,

I didn't

Need

A

Lot of cash ..

He wouldn't buy it ..

As

He  
Thought

Of

Much  
Of

Nothing that was ever

Going to end up  
In  
Your  
Car,  
Home

Or otherwise

Wise

Wise

Wise

Wise

Wise

otherwise.



*passin' the match*

Blowing

Out yet  
Another  
Match

As you  
Try in vain to get your  
Outfit  
Coordinated  
Before

Going out  
Into  
The  
Air

Open

Space

Of  
That

While

I  
Think about the  
Next  
Match I may light

Though,  
In  
Your

Case

I  
Will

Probably pass it up ..

## pieces of talk

brushing  
bits  
of  
teeth off the breakfast  
table,  
there

was a lot of talking  
going  
down

about  
Kuwait's 10 year  
anniversary

and  
the  
girl  
down the street  
entering her red flow  
of  
woman hood ..

as  
the  
housewife  
takes the dust pan  
full of teeth over to the

trash  
to  
empty  
them out,  
she instead  
lays the pan  
on the counter  
and  
pulls out  
an old pasta sauce  
jar

to save  
these

teeth

in case

she

needs something  
better

to say ..

## **prank tip #twelve**

Saw a big sign

on a  
department store  
attached to a dying mall  
in  
a  
county next to here ..

It said ..

"GOING OUT OF BUSINESS"

in big black letters ..

this is where a good  
dose of  
urban pranking could come in handy ..

Someone should either spray paint  
or  
tack up a new sign  
that

said,  
"NOW HIRING."

Just a tip  
for

you  
up  
and

coming

pranks

waiting

between  
magazine covers  
and

the  
breeze's

first  
girl ..

## quitting option

It's  
Crisp,  
Clear

And fucking cold ..

A good  
Pretense  
To  
The  
Eve

As  
I take  
My  
First  
Good slug  
Off

A  
Crisp,  
Clean

Beer,

Here  
This  
Day above  
January

And  
Several shots from May ..

Sure,  
Adding  
To  
The social commentary  
Of America

As  
The  
Rhetoric  
Builds  
Like a cheap phone call  
About  
Why the  
Wall

Didn't come down before it did in Germany ..

Yes,

As the brewer's brew a woman's excuse  
And  
The  
Wine press squeezes out the man's next mistake

I pause for

Sip

Three  
In  
This  
Commonly  
Cold,  
Cool  
American

Eve  
That

Will take  
More

Of what I have

Because

That

Quitting  
Is  
Taught

To be

Not an option ..

she came in with a

&



left with my

As he worked out the idea he had floating around his mind all day long .. she laid down in her bed .. turned off the lights .. reached her hand down her unbuttoned pants and started taking care of the idea that was in her head all day long ..

\*\*

You know sometimes it's only as good as your mind can draw it ..

\*\*

Throwing shadows on your page because all you ever knew was dark lighting ..

\*\*

With a wooden branch leaning on your window .. have you ever known something so well that it could possibly be disproved?

\*\*

They all know each other without knowing a thing about each other ..

\*\*

Irregardless of who you are .. hospitals absolutely force you to think about and consider your own mortality ..

\*\*

As the lines .. arrows .. and boxes come down into an egg-shaped blender .. the crowd waits in hopeful anticipation with a fork in one hand and a good piece of toast in the other ..

\*\*

Watch where you walk as the valley of props come firing out of the ground like a gallery of puppets .. fast, alive and waiting for some muscle tendons of their own ..

\*\*

So, she's having a shit day, she says .. so, he says, would you object to me trying to make you have a good day?

Yes, she says, I want to keep on having a shit day. It feels right, plus people talk to me more because they want to sympathize with me for having a shit day.

That's completely weak. You drowning in your own weakness. You need a good laugh. To drone on and throw your day in the 'I'm not going to try pile' is beyond weakness.

No it's not, she says. It works every time for me. It's like getting pulled over by the cops and being able to talk my way out because I'm a woman. It just works.

Even weaker and a terrible analogy. Get something better, or I'm going to have to make you happy in spite of your theory.

\*\*



They fell  
A  
Step

Ahead

Because  
The  
Clocks

Were

Moving  
Slowly ..

\*\*

I don't believe we have met before .. but, I am your lemon dream ..

\*\*

*"Judgement arrests understanding .. " quote from a bartender, KCMO, the other night during 2001 ..*

\*\*

One good anecdote is better than all of them getting blue in the face talking about the god damn weather ..

\*\*

Their blood is thicker than yours ..

\*\*

Adrenaline thirsty vixens in a bitch's sweet tooth ..

\*\*

*THE COLLECTED WORKS OF THE DOG .. by one cat—*

\*\*

Making the old enchanted & just drawing circles around splashes of pasta sauce on this page ..

\*\*

Looking at all the algebra as the geometry folded into a physics exam on the ledge of a long-winded pendulum theorem that blew inside the child's over-inflated, aluminum balloon ..

\*\*

I may be able to add home to your question for an extra fifty cents ..

\*\*

They're not going to wonder where you went if you only went where you were going ..

\*\*

The laughter made her gag .. She was now waiting to choke in a good, good way, man ..

\*\*

It's good how things work out .. I think over another 9PM cup of coffee ..

\*\*

I made the call.

No answer.

The phone wouldn't spit me my money back.

So ..

I decided I wouldn't give it its receiver back.

*How do you like me now?*

\*\*

So much time to fill here on the bottom of this small, small page ..

\*\*

The composer wanted to put together bits and pieces of parts for the whole composition .. though, the director wouldn't have it ..

\*\*

Love in a telephone booth is a lot like love in the cabin of a boat ..

\*\*

Now .. when people have trouble not creating .. it's like those you have a problem with because they don't create in any way at all ..

\*\*

When you

Get wrapped up

Into a circle

You

Don't

Want to run around ..

Draw a square and squirm

As

Though

It's

Not

A

Shape ..

\*\*

They all know each other without knowing each other ..

\*\*

40 times your toes is 9 times your fingers ..

\*\*

Reading the Wednesday Magazine on a Tuesday night .. A day early and a magazine away ..

\*\*

I was living in an apartment complex I didn't recognize .. it was like I was living out west somewhere . warm .. tropical trees .. a nice nip of warmth in the air .. walking across the second level patio-style runway towards the ice machine or the maintenance shop, an old friend from high school swiftly stopped me in my tracks and started handing over gifts for me and my family from the Christmas that had just passed .. I thanked him as he offered a warm, laughing welcome into his abode .. I was obliged and flattered that he remembered me and my kin during the holiday season that passed .. as I walked in and sat down on some Rent-a-Center furniture and looked around the place .. he was asking me questions about what has been going on lately .. I gave him some thoughtful responses as I asked him how his wife and kids were .. at this question prompt .. his wife came roving out of a back room in the apartment with a smile, eye wear halfway down her sweating nose, light pink robe and worn, brown slippers .. she said "hello" .. grabbed some milk out of the refrigerator and went back to her activities and room in the back of the apartment .. it left a tinge of mystery in my bones as to what activities she was up to .. I just assumed she was nursing their new kid .. we went on talking briefly as I slipped into the next dream on the sleeping agenda for the eve ..

I still don't know what he got me for Christmas .. though for the purposes at hand, the thought was really all that mattered .. and really should be all that matters ..

\*\*

wisdom  
comes when  
you  
do what you want

when you want  
and  
how  
you wanted to do it ..

period ..

\*\*

You've got to know the economy is doing well .. even the pigeons pecking away on the ground are plump, smiling and flappin' .. your measuring stick for the day ..

\*\*

There was a guy that used to refer to everything in candy bar terms ..

"You know, I used to date this real butterfinger. She couldn't do anything right."

"All I ever really wanted was a good bit. Just a good bit of honey."

"Just had a child you know. She's a real Baby Ruth."

"Shit that broad had the Mounds."

"Had a moment on the toilet this morning. It was a real Almond Joy."

"Man I would love to win that lottery. It would be a sure ten thousand dollar moment."  
"Yea, that animal was a real butter cup until it ran away from us."  
"That cat was cooler than a pepper mint patty."

I haven't talked to this cat for years .. I'm sure I'm not missing too much of his sweet fucking metaphors.

\*\*

when  
you  
really think its  
them ..

when the thought

won't get out of your mind ..

its likely been you  
the  
whole time ..

\*\*

this cat told me  
"I CAN SAVE YOUR WORLD."

"Yea,"  
I came back with one eye open.  
"Save yours .. I believe mines already been looked after."

\*\*

If we took all the Tv's off earth .. things would either really improve or the whole show would blow up into  
a big mountain of hot vomit ..

\*\*

I can't get the smell of bacon out of the place .. it hangs in the wall .. it comes out of my breath after  
scrubbing the fuck out of my molars with flouride .. it hangs like a cob web waiting to bring in the next fly  
.. it just won't leave .. and I love it that way .. it keeps away all those low talkin' little vegans as vegetarians  
..

\*\*

They stole  
my  
fingertips

and  
paid  
me

in  
stolen  
silver dollars ..

\*\*

When you  
Have  
All

You have ..

Is that  
Really all you have ..

\*\*

I'm  
Not  
Going to ask you why  
You  
Asked me that  
Question  
There  
Over your busy  
Pushy eye brows ..

I'm just going to give you an answer ..

\*\*

people  
etching

around

for a good deal  
on  
a  
car,

while  
i  
look for a good  
deal

on a pepperoni sandwich ..

\*\*

smile upon me  
or  
frown upon me ..

come on me ..

i  
may  
come onto you ..

\*\*

Open the whole world to yourself & take off your clothes ..

\*\*

Went by the Ford Plant .. a car in a Ford security/police car pulled me over and ticketed me for having a Toyota .. This happened to everyone that day coming by with a foreign car or something other than a Ford ..

\*\*

Man who put up highway guard rails all day long .. Though, didn't believe in putting a fence up around his yard .. Just wanted to protect his road .. not enclose his home .. That's all .. not much more to it ..

\*\*

The ultimate form of public patience .. the separation between the first and lasts .. the interior and anterior .. waiting in line .. when you get into a 15 – 30 – 70 person hole .. you look to the front and think the group of 1-2-3 are bad asses .. then, you make your way through the line without thinking much about it and look back when your time in the front is up and think .. “Fuck, if all else fails today .. I'm in the fucking pole position in this line here at the post office.”

\*\*

The trophy maker was an odd sort .. he would model, chisel and mold together trophies all day long for the city's winners .. yet, the man himself had never won one trophy his entire life .. but he's the winner by which all the other winners prove their winning .. yes ..

\*\*

I'll give you this page, if you give me your page .. but if you take my page I may want another one of your pages to compensate for the fact that I'll never see my page again .. so, go ahead and take my page .. I'll have your book before you know it ..

\*\*

The spite of those numb in the mind is like someone spitting on the ground .. you just don't think about it much after the glob smacks and won't think about it any much more if another clod comes from another person's mouth ..

\*\*

The waterfall is my tongue as the sugars turn into saliva and the world's sky went red ..

\*\*

Oh yellow dream .. why is it that you always run behind that black and white mountain? Is it the color that intimidates you? You're yellow after all .. And you goin' on hidin' behind that black and white mountain .. try to find the greens while I lay you down to wake in a blue blanket ..

\*\*

A baby's pacifier goes about sucking itself as though the old man held the secret to the old woman's entire life .. just sucking, sucking and sucking more .. the old man smiled from the slits of his eyes .. he has it .. and the old woman will be the last one to figure it out ..

\*\*

A violin bow is only as good as the hairs .. the violin is only as good as it's wood .. the player .. well the play is only good if the hairs, wood and mind have something more than everyone else in the world ..

\*\*

Genius is a definition .. so is catastrophe .. you know what separates them from the page of explanation? One simple IDEA.

\*\*

Open doors are like open windows .. they can see me from both .. but won't leave if they get near me ..

\*\*

The port of his wine call .. the wood in his bourbon burp .. the berry in his gin kiss .. the hop in her scotch .. the world tied to a rope going around the kid's skating rink on three wheels .. we the dreamers are planning to make a visit to your home ..  
BUY EXTRA COFFEE, DOLL.

\*\*

Ohdoledaboodooleeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee .. lafosederay .. yea ..

\*\*

Shatter the China, kiss the Japanese doll, take a jab at the resting Nazi .. give your kiss to a Brit, read about America .. and dive into the lagoon if you get near .. hear me there?

\*\*

Old commune in the pea field that grew it .. an old bean in a penal colony as the blades sharpen the used nails of the serf trying to change his address just enough to never ever get postage mail again ..

\*\*

Blinds in my left hand, used eyes in the right .. 20/20 vision comes from the rest, baby bitch .. all right?

\*\*

Oh oooh Oh oooh .. I could just go on and on like this .. so .. Oh oooh Oh oooh (once again)

\*\*

The tiring chronicles of the man with one face, two hands, four toes .. a missing neck and enough salsa to dip all yo cheeps en ..

\*\*

You in your calm casual way as the Parrot repeat the thought that kept coming and leaving without your lips moving .. once ..

\*\*

As the usual criminal does something wholly unusual .. the witch leaves her home to do something for the kids ..

\*\*

The raining rainbow cutting into the razor like a cloud made for the mad Egyptian that never got fully recognized for his pyramid arts ..

\*\*

One hand tied behind the other while I try to bring you the honesty .. all it wants to bring is vile jive that can be spread all even and slow like caviar over a woman's belly ..

\*\*

So instead of going out and spending more money .. why don't you just sit there and answer the question as to how the money bought you and is only selling you off to the nicest broker as you flip out your coins and cash during the next purchase ..

\*\*

They took his shoe polish and cursed his shoes .. he just stood there stolid, straight faced taking all of it in as though his feet were all that he really needed on the particular journey he was going to take ..

\*\*

I haven't written anything but this today .. does it count?  
Do you know how to count?  
They taught me one day that such in school .. I've been practicing every since ..

Looks like the question may have been answered ..

\*\*

He glamorized the world while the world glamorized him ..

\*\*

Coughing up the tickets while the cheaters sneak backstage to feed the whores the scraps that were left over from the previous evening's feast ..

\*\*

Fast and bestial like the way it was prescribed .. but it just didn't seem right in the right handed chime that stole the seconds from the clock like a Russian running loose down the street with the last of Poland's bakery goods ..

\*\*

Everyone has written a song .. even if the instrument mocked the accuser in the soft play of love's little light that gave birth to a praying manthis ..

\*\*

There's only two ways you're going to get out of this fork .. and it has nothing to do with silverware, bucky.



\*\*

I'm good with letting that ride, Clyde .. Yea, I'm good with lettin' it go ..

\*\*

Things just sound better in an old set of headphones ..

\*\*

The dog licked the woman's scab .. front ankle .. as she finished the score to a pilot that will one day be aired in your home ..

\*\*

They couldn't see the rainbow for those movin' in thunderheads ..

\*\*

Waiting for the cow bell to hit the chime as the piano player looks over his swirl of cigarette smoke .. nods to the drummer to get the bass player out of the woman in the turquoise dress for the solo ..

\*\*

I don't need to be released .. but I do have a list of those that should be released as soon as can be possible ..

\*\*

If you think your doing everything but trying .. then you should probably do it .. again ..

\*\*

She knocked on the fog glass .. I approached .. put my ear to the window .. told her to speak up .. she said her car died but it didn't matter .. I said many things die everyday .. so lets go buy a good record album & give each other some life ..

\*\*

If you really think about it with head tilted back .. looking up into a huge Arizona sky at night .. you realize that nothing down here is really serious ..

\*\*

If you have a good line or a joke to flick .. I may have a drink or a meaty pork chop waiting for you ..

\*\*

THE NEW SITCOM TO TAKE THE RATINGS ON A WHIRLING BOIL .. A MAN AND WOMAN .. WITHIN A ONE HOUR SEGMENT .. RUNNING FOR ABOUT 12 WEEKS .. TRY OUT THE FULL GAMUT OF LIFESTYLES AND CAREER OPPORTUNITIES ..

1. MUSICIAN
2. STRIPPER
3. ACCOUNTANT
4. MEAT CUTTER

5. INVESTMENT BANKER
6. BAKER
7. CAR THIEF
8. HOMELESS PERSON
9. GARDENER
10. NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER
11. WRITER
12. BOOKIE

WITH THESE 12 DIFFERENT LINES, THE MAN AND WOMAN GET IMMERSED IN THE WORK AND AT THE END OF THE EPISODE, THEY HAVE A CONFESSIONAL AND TALK ABOUT WHAT THEY LIKED ABOUT THE STYLE AND WHAT THEY DIDN'T LIKE .. SO, THE NATION HAS TO TRY TO GUESS WHAT PROFESSION THEY LIKE THE BEST .. IT'S THE FINAL SHOW FINALE OF WHAT IS THE BEST THING GOING .. PEOPLE ARE BETTING LARGE BILLS IN OFFICE POTS AND OTHERS ARE JUST WAITING OVER A DRINK TO SEE IF THEY WIN, LOSE OR IF THEY FIGURE OUT THAT MOST OF WHAT IS GLAMORIZED IS JUST BULLSHIT ..

SO, THE FINAL SHOW ARRIVES ..

THE WINNER?

HOMELESS PERSON .. NO SCHEDULE TO KEEP .. NO BILLS .. GET MUCH FOR FREE .. CAN USUALLY GET MONEY WITH A CLEVER STORY OR GOOD TWIST OF THE LIPS .. IT'S NOT ALL CRACKED OPEN INTO A STORY OF FLOWERS AND SOLIDITY .. ALWAYS ON OPTION TO BUY WITH THIS LEASE PLAN .. BUT THE TRUTH IS WHAT THE SHOW IS ABOUT .. SO THERE ..

\*\*

Late night penmanship and the new memories that come rearing around the corner like a flank of teeth you have seen before, but forgot in a dream ..

\*\*

When n someone states the obvious .. throw out the bizarre with all fingers, saliva, instance, pomp, primary colors & fibers ..

\*\*

The history is the past, but I say it's a flair for the future, baby ..

\*\*

Some would say that I'm just waiting here .. spending my time in the way while the wean goes on by with 2 fingers in its mouth and 9 months ahead of schedule .. though, I'm not waiting .. I'm doing a little jig saw puzzle while balancing a pair of chop sticks in the other .. so, are you waiting?

\*\*

Watching individual droplets of water coming from the tops of buildings to the ground is best done in a downtown district .. where the backdrop is layered in pure color and the winds kick like a bitch .. just watch the drops .. they're coming for you .. they have already found me ..

\*\*

So, what do you want to write?

Nothing big ..

Why?

No one will read it ..

So, the smaller the better, as a matter of speech?

That's all up to opinion .. I'm just saying that too many try to grab the golden ring when they reach for the novel .. as a sort of childhood dream fulfilled .. something a psychiatrist recommended to a patient .. a way for someone to become the next 'big thing' ..

What's your advice then?

There's too much advice going around about how to write .. I'm just telling you that personally I want to write something small .. If it explodes from there .. I have goggles .. If not .. it's small and that's just damn right with this astronaut ..

Thanks for your time ..

Any time ..

\*\*

Every dream I had last night was set against, with and inside a McDonald's .. At one point, I made it back into the private suite that was tailored with an open bar, dark oak wood fixtures, cabinets, etc., an easy to cook grilling station .. some cleaning men came back and started cleaning the fuck out of the place .. I looked down at a newspaper and noticed that a Ronald McDonald was apprehended for stealing a car .. there was a mug shot and a lengthy story on the matter .. In this paper and in the McDonald's world of news .. everyone was either a Ronald McDonald, Hamburgler, Grimace, Fry Guy or the other .. It was that faction of people split open that was either African American, Italian, Asian, etc. .. in another dream sequence .. I was hungry for breakfast .. an Egg McMuffin and Hash Browns .. while waiting in line, I heard the attendant tell a customer that they didn't take credit cards .. so, in a trough of water we were all waiting in .. I reached back in the water to check my wallet for cash .. as I reached, a black woman behind me was fondling me .. I laughed at her and found that I had cash .. before I could get my food .. I looked back towards the street .. it was an open air restaurant over a parkway .. I saw a small Honda smash into the back of my parked car that was on the right side of the road .. I went over and looked in mild amazement as the car did a 180 turn towards the other side of the street .. smashing into other cars .. then, the driver's side door opens and a limp body is thrown out into the road .. people start scampering about .. I look back and ask in the crowded restaurant if anyone has a cellular phone I can use .. No one responds .. I yell, "THERE'S A CRAZY FUCK DOWN THERE AHNILLATING PEOPLE. SOMEONE HAS TO HAVE A PHONE! I NEED TO CALL FOR HELP." At this point, cops arrive on the scene and apprehend this wacky woman ..

The whole dream .. I had not an ounce of food .. and I'm hungry now ..

\*\*

She said  
she  
would

love to see me ..

I told  
her

I would  
enjoy her  
company ..

We came  
to

a  
miraculous impasse ..

just then ..

**something more in the trash**

Playing  
An  
Instrument  
Of  
Your  
Choice

When all else fails,  
Throwing  
On  
A  
Can of corn  
When  
The  
Belly starts sagging like  
A  
Wet  
Bag in the hand of an old woman,

Tossing  
Around the word  
Like it's never been spoken before  
Because

People somehow inevitably lost  
Their

Flair for a language they've been speaking their whole lives,

Balancing  
The  
Check book  
Just

To make sure that next drink  
Will land  
Either squarely on your tab  
Or  
The next bloke that has  
Some  
Kinship and libations he's willing to dispense with ..

So,  
Your

Throwing the trash  
Out of  
The  
Place

Because

It's trash

And

Not

Something

More ..

## store talk

on  
the  
informal toss  
there

are things you figure out ..

and let others know about ..

it's  
those tiny things that don't hinge  
on  
your

survival day by day ..

yet,  
they tug on your nuts  
like  
an

itch or sweat that  
won't go away ..

such as,  
a  
gal at the art supply store  
stopped  
me  
while  
ringing up my  
PROducts,  
if i knew  
what  
those eight pieces of triangular plastic  
attached  
to  
the  
back of every canvass were all about ..

so,  
I  
threw out my toss,  
they  
were  
an option to put on the back  
of  
each corner to keep spaced from the wall  
or  
protect the corners in  
case

the painting or piece falls ..

she  
nodded her head and said that made sense ..

she went  
on to tell me about a curator  
friend that  
could  
never

figure out what they were all about ..

during all his time  
collecting,  
hanging  
and

roaming around the pieces

he had  
a  
faint idea ..

so,  
i further ripped open  
the  
back of the painting and  
placed  
them

on each corner using basic geometry ..

she smiled

and  
i thought  
it  
was a lot like  
using a condom ..

but  
not quite as important ..



**takin' their boats home**

having a pint  
at

5:55 in the p.m.

while the dwellers  
come down  
to  
the  
town

for a little thing  
called

the boat show ..

cold  
as  
cold

and  
not an inch of heat in sight,  
they drive  
around and look at the city  
between green lights  
as  
though  
it's  
a  
miraculous  
European city  
they

will only  
see

now

and never

again

as they finish poking  
their eyes about a  
floor  
of  
boats,  
sails,  
motors

and  
pools with busty broads handing  
out

literature they will throw away later  
when  
they  
discover it underneath their seat

after

they go back  
to  
the  
planet

called

the suburbs ..

*the answer is below their hair*

She's  
Laying  
In bed

Watching pro wresting  
On  
Tv

While  
He

Moves his head  
To and fro  
With  
The  
Basketball game  
On

The Tv in the living room ..

Every once in a while  
They  
Emit  
Moans  
Or  
Cheers for their respective sport

Entertainment ..

They do this  
For several hours ..

Not into each others  
Form  
Of

Tv pleasure

They ask each other questions every once  
In  
A  
While ..

Like ..

“DID YOU EAT ALL THE BEAN DIP?”

or

“YOU KNOW, BASKETBALL IS A REAL SPORT. THAT WRESTLING IS ALL LIGHTS, MAKE-UP  
AND SCRIPTED ACTION.”

or

“YOU DAD CALLED YESTERDAY. I FORGOT TO TELL YOU.”

As they slip  
Through the minutes

Only connected by  
A  
Voice ..

It's another  
Human separation

Maneuver ..

Then the  
Gal  
Recommends after the 2 hour, 30 minute  
Mark ..

“WHY DON'T WE TURN OFF THE TV'S AND PLAY SOME CHESS OR TALK.”

The man  
Says,  
“WHY?”

That's my general question about their actions  
To  
The both  
Of them ..

Why?

**the balls of this kid**

Sure are  
A  
Lot  
Of

Birds on the side  
Of  
The  
Highway

As the tape  
Gets jammed  
In  
The

Tooth of  
A  
Semi-cold

Tape deck on a warming  
Winter day  
That

Went with  
The

Fools  
Behind the side of the building to put one more card  
On

That  
Stack of cards that wasn't  
Supposed

To have anymore gel

In its

Hair ..

Sure,  
There's a  
Whole  
Helluva lot of birds on the side of the road pecking at the  
Tire's

Residue

While

The rest of the world skips

Their

CD

And  
The  
Colder

Coffee

Gets colder

Sitting here in  
This

9 day old

styrofoam

cup  
that used to

hold the

balls  
of  
this  
kid ..

*the beginning and end of his simplicity*

My lover  
Friend an I were

Sitting at our favorite bar  
Venue

Having some sips

With a stranger last evening ..

He couldn't look  
At my lady friend all evening without  
Getting

A grin that kept  
His  
Slumbering mouth  
From

Telling us a story ..

He was a half black, half Italian  
Man  
That

Had a real penchant for a good sandwich, pickle  
And being  
A  
Full boar Italian ..

I told him that was funny,  
I always wanted  
To  
Be a full boar black man ..

As the time went on,  
He kept addressing me by my first name  
And  
Was the first one out of his stool  
When  
On older drunk bird  
Clocked  
Some young kid so hard in the face  
That  
He fell over  
Backwards,  
Chair and all ..

When he came back to his stool  
He  
Told me and my lady lover  
Several profound pieces of advice

His  
Father had given him over the years  
During some  
Informal,  
Conversation dinners and drinks he had had  
With  
Him ..

First,  
Be with someone you can  
Have a good laugh  
With  
And  
His father also  
Told he should never be  
Alone with his mother ..

This cat  
Had  
Some issues with his mother ..

Never really got along with the full  
Blooded  
Italian woman ..

As the eve went on he  
Kept telling me  
He  
Loved  
Poems  
And  
That his favorite was one called 'simplicity'  
That  
Someone had given  
To  
Him ..

It was a short poem  
And  
He wanted to go home to get the  
Piece for me ..

Obviously two coals away  
From a warm fire,  
We told him that  
He could climb in my car,  
While my lover friend drove his

So we could get  
Him

Home to the  
Beat  
Of  
Something other  
Than



His  
Tipping heart ..

We took  
Him  
To his place ..

He was a tall man  
And  
As  
He leaned in for a good hug  
On

My lady friend,

I  
Saw a simple piece

Of simplicity

In  
This  
Tall

Man

Hugging this  
Small

Woman

In  
The  
Beginning of

Our  
Simple  
Night ..

&  
the end of his ..

## **the courage of the page**

Only  
One more  
Page to  
Go

In this trail of pages

That  
Rides over  
The  
Trail and  
Holds

The carriage hostage ..

Yes,  
I'm almost there on  
The  
End of the row

As  
The  
Team decided to put down  
Their

Oars for a better

Cause that came  
Across the blip of their life  
That  
Assumed itself

As  
A  
Flash

And felt like thunder ..

So,  
As I finish off  
This

Page ..

The first of the last ..

The middle  
Of  
The second man's march ..

The 2<sup>nd</sup> to the last

In the cough of a marsupial trying

To make it over to the spring for

A

Cup of

Vodka ..

Again,

This

Will

Be another page in a line of pages

As

The young hipsters

Wave

Their

Heads and hands over

The

Cooling

Lava

That looks a lot like a candy

The

Company

Will try to market

And

Promote

In the months to come ..

Oh yes,

I

Think you know

There will be another

Page

After this page

In

A

Page of pages

Going

Into

Another leaflet of pages

That

Had

The

Courage

To become a page ..

**the fat man with the funny face ..**

stopped me on the  
sidewalk  
the

other day as I was making  
my  
way

to  
"Mississippi Grace"

for some lunch ..

he said,  
"I love basketball and look at the caricature  
on the lemonhead package to have a good peaceful laugh."

I looked back  
and  
said,  
"JAM ONE HOME FOR ME AND PISS YOURSELF LAUGHING  
THE NEXT SIGHT OF THAT LEMONY LITTLE LOVER."

He shook  
my  
hand

as

I stopped before 'grace's' and looked

over the  
chalk  
scrawled

sidewalk specials ..

## the next show

Swimmy

Soupy drum

Sticks

As

The traffic

On the Tv in the commercial

In the other room

Honks and removes

The

Center line

While the

Rookie traffic cop down the street

Waves

People through the four way juggernaut of traffic

Flowing to

And

Away from the

Afternoon

Event

At

The

City's arena ..

He has that austiere look as

Though

He

Has the wrong job for the day and if you fuck with him

He will get

You with a heavy whistle

And

Equally

Strong gloves

Covering the sun

And

Cold from his hands ..

I pull up towards my turn and

Wait to go

As he looks at me wondering why I'm

Not moving ..

I give him the

"WHEELS STUCK IN ICE, WATER AND SNOW ON AN INCLINE"

motion

as he ignores me and continues to  
wave traffic on ..

I was wondering  
If

The wood I  
Just  
Fetched would thaw out

Before

The next show

Or  
If

I would be stuck throwing fire on  
Some  
Porous water

That  
Had other plans

For  
This  
Afternoon

When people are going to see  
Another

Show

While

I was thinking about

The next one,  
Sweetfucks.

*the piss tale*

Had  
several beers  
before  
calling

it time for  
the  
pen

and  
covers

for  
the end of the eve ..

As I threw all the clothes  
to  
the  
ground  
and  
pulled  
the

notebook to my chest,  
the  
urge to piss  
held  
me in a lurch ..

with my roommate and another friend  
ricocheting  
through  
a  
match of chess,  
I didn't  
have  
the stamina to slip  
on my robe

and get to the pisser ..

Instead,  
pulled my body  
to the side of the bed,  
emptied an old 'decaf' coffee tin (which i don't know how it got into the place)  
and  
shoved my friend  
down

to  
empty



the

venom ..

I laid the can down,  
felt  
so  
relieve

that I was ready to dream ..

Three days later,  
my lady friend noticed  
the  
can,  
which I meant to empty the next  
morning ..

so,  
while she  
jaunted off  
for

the other  
way to take a piss in the bathroom ..

I raised the window

and  
hurled the  
tin  
without looking at the  
volume of trash in the  
dumpster below ..

it was packed to the tits ..

the can  
bounced,  
piss  
strewn  
all over the sidewalk

and  
that sad,  
defeated  
green decaf tin

went

rolling

on down the inclined sidewalk  
south

while

the  
sun  
brewed stronger  
and  
I went

into the bathroom  
after

her doing

what  
only  
i  
know how ..

## **the presidents, time and temperature .. now**

it's 6:04 PM and  
thirty degrees  
in

midtown  
right  
now

as  
the  
theater cast  
rehearses once again  
their

parts .. lines .. gestures .. entrances on stage

..

sure and  
the  
critics  
now rank JFK as the 18th best President ever,  
as

Ronald gets the #8 pole slot ..

sure,  
as

people forget about  
Somalia  
and

that we ever had a struggle in their  
land

for a little solace,  
the  
new

President  
bombs  
Iraq

again  
on  
strategic spots that  
are  
to  
spare civilian lives

and give America some more solidity ..

the temperature  
is  
still 30 degrees ..

though,  
it's

now 6:06 PM  
as

we  
all  
keep on movin' on ..

**things I do and don't have**

The man  
Slides  
Over

With a blue stocking cap  
And eyes

Sticking out like  
Kernels on  
A  
Cooked,  
Wet ear ..

He says,  
“DAMN MAN .. THESE LINES. I HAVE A CAB AND SHIT OUT THERE.”

Not directly talking  
To me,  
Yet  
Giving me the chaw  
In

The only non-verbal directive  
He  
Knows of ..

I look  
Down at his six of the blue bull

And  
Say,

“IS THAT YOUR CAB OUT THERE ON THE CORNER?”

“YEA, MAN.”  
He comes back.

“SHIT, YOU CAN HAVE MY SPOT.”  
I tell him.

He looked like a man  
Scraping his scruples together for the eve  
And

Had no where to put them ..

So,  
We play the musical lines  
As

The teems of cars wait along the street and in a

Pot hole ridden,  
Abandoned  
Parking lot

While we take our last  
Shot  
At  
The  
City's

Night supply of liquor ..

It was the  
Least I could

Do ..

Not only for him,  
Nor  
The  
Cabby

But  
In the name another person

That didn't come up to

Me wanting

Change

I just don't fucking have ..

## **time was being kind**

He had  
Done

So much  
During the day that

It felt good  
To

Throw off the exterior  
And

Dip  
Into some more  
Words of paragraphs

Printed long ago on  
Fresh  
Pages from  
A

New York City printing house ..

He looked over  
And

Noticed the blue alarm clock said “4:32”

As he plodded forward in the book,  
He went back to an idea  
He

Had been thinking about  
Before he turned the key into the lock of his place ..

Then,  
Almost instinctively looked over  
At the  
Clock ..

The time read “4:18” ..

Which made him wonder ..

So,  
He picked up the  
Phone,  
Called the always reliable time and  
Temperature hot line ..

The computerized,  
Semi-human voice talked of ATM convenience all over

The city  
And  
World for that matter ..

Then,  
The time .. “4:17” ..

Shit,  
Time was falling backwards ..

He was wondering when it  
Would  
Start going back forward again ..

If he going to leave the place again ..

If he was going to see  
A picture of  
That

Magnifying glass,  
Kiss those lips  
Or  
Pat the dog on the head as  
He did earlier in the day ..

Or,  
If time was in his favor and for a while  
He was going to get to  
Do more of  
What he wanted to do while knowing he  
Did  
Exactly what he had already set out to do during the day ..

It was  
All be all right  
If he didn't have to  
Work  
More ..

If time would stay moving forward when  
He punched in on the work clock ..

So,  
As he kept going through the book  
He had in hand,

He thought  
He  
May be able to  
Take down another

If  
Time

Was going



To  
Continue being so kind ..

**together for a talk while the music  
played in the background**

She said, "You have quite a way about you."

"Yea," he began. "We'll you do have to have direction."

"Good point," she came back. "But it's more about finesse than direction."

"Listen doll, direction takes much finesse and practice at luck."

"How would one get that," she came forward.

"That's one question you shouldn't ask or worry about, doll." He concluded.

## **tough man & a musketeer**

I would  
Have believed you  
If you would  
Have told me  
&  
believed it yourself ..

On the other half  
Of the tortise,  
I would  
Expect you to believe me if  
I  
Told  
You  
My facts were mixed up ..

So,  
As the engine  
Rides by in a cloud,  
Trimming the cumulonimbus  
To  
A  
Brief shower  
&  
when the Harlem  
trio climbs onto  
the Apollo stage  
for the last tribute concert  
to the  
“Musketeers of the Southern Shack”  
&  
as the red cord  
pulls the blue light  
into the yellow home  
where  
the  
single girl  
lives  
with  
her  
single dad ..

Know that  
To be right  
Isn't  
Precisely correct  
By all  
And  
In all intents of the purpose ..

The real aim is that we can all talk ..

Talking

Like

Communicating fools ..

## weather façade

Always  
Somethin' about  
Bad weather ..

Rainin',  
Snowin',  
Fog  
Or otherwise  
That  
Causes people  
To drive  
Like they're halfway from Chapter 11  
&  
closer to their 15 minutes ..

Saw a wreck tonight  
Fresh  
After it went down ..

A car  
Perched over a curb,  
Black man tears  
From the  
Twisted car  
Holding his left wrist,  
Shouting  
At  
An  
Alert,  
Scared  
White guy  
In a small red car still  
Clutching both hands  
On  
The  
Black wheel ..

The charging man looked  
Like a vigilante from  
An  
Old  
War film ..

Still shouting ..

Sometimes you  
Hit,  
Sometimes you mess  
And  
Sometimes you miss

While most  
Of  
The  
Time

The weather is just something behind the

Real façade ..

## what do you do naked?

Took  
A  
Painting  
Class  
Last  
Night ..

The first  
Class  
For

Me  
Since high school some 10 years ago ..

It's a new,  
Somewhat rigid deal for me ..

Classic, French realism  
With  
Nude models ..

This first night  
There  
Were two models ..

One male,  
One female ..

So,  
We  
All  
Go through our  
Motion ..

The female nude  
Kept  
Looking  
Better and  
Better  
As

The night  
Wore away ..

Once finished,  
The teacher  
Went around to each easel and critiqued  
The  
Piece,  
With  
Class input ..

Teacher  
Gave me the wide eyes  
And  
Asked me things like,  
“Have you ever painted before?”

With questions like  
This

It's obvious  
This  
Man  
Wasn't into what I was doing ..

Mine

Was head over fists

Different from  
All the  
Others in there ..

So,  
A  
Girl  
In class that  
Was  
Just getting into painting  
Was

Telling me she really  
Wanted to drink  
While  
She painted ..

Fuck right ..

There were already naked  
People in the room,  
We  
Should have thrown in Kind of Blue,  
Pulled out the  
Gin and juice

And went  
Like mad motherfuckers ..

Most  
Couples and people  
Go  
Out  
In their clothes  
To  
Get out of their clothes by  
The end of the night ..



These kids,  
The models  
Were already naked ..

They  
Had done what everyone  
Else in the class  
Likely

Wanted to  
Do ..

## what does plastic feel like?

went  
to buy  
some art supplies  
for a class a gal friend of mine  
has  
arranged for me ..

it was a 2 for 1 deal  
at  
the  
known art institute here  
in  
town  
here ..

the only stipulation  
was  
to  
pick out my own supplies ..

things  
such as  
premium paints,  
linseed oil,  
palettes,  
large canvass  
and  
such ..

poking and throwing things  
in  
my little blue basket,  
i  
thought

I had a couple more than several bucks

in  
that  
basket to show for ..

but  
the  
total was nearly \$200 ..

I've  
been painting for a time now

and  
I've never bought anywhere near or over  
one hundred

for  
supplies ..

i felt like  
i was  
paying

for a war that was going to wound me,  
digging a hole  
that

my dog was going to be thrown in ..

well,  
it's not that bad

or  
really bad at all ..

it's just

crazy how  
much  
money

the starving artist

apparently

has ..

i  
know  
this starving kid in the wallet

needs to eat,

so the cheap  
shit

works

out like  
a  
sandwich i made for myself

and  
will later eat ..

## **when did it start?**

The bottle  
Exploded

And  
The  
Remainder of the  
Pieces

Just found their way

Back together again

As the morning phone and stand

Fell on my foot

As she laughed

And I stuck the stubbed toes against  
The heat

Vent  
Putting

Back  
Together

What wasn't broke

And  
Can

Only find

Itself back

To where it didn't start ..

## who's flame?

Little yellow flame,  
grabbing the wick  
like  
a

prayer  
around a convict's crime ..

sitting next to  
the  
bottle  
cap

that let loose

all three wishes  
into the

asking for one more degree of warmth,  
and

another  
way  
to

Tuscalooska, USA ..

Again,  
I say  
little yellow flame  
pushing wax  
against the side  
of

small window panes

rearing  
foward like a moment  
the old  
woman  
can't remember

though  
her  
children

will speak of for years to come ..

pulsing,  
pushing

flame

of your  
yellow

as  
the

China man  
sneezes away  
the  
stereotypes

and  
any other sound  
from that turntable

that  
is  
all together

odd

in

that

damn dowry of flicker ..

**you can count this**

if you count  
the  
words you have in a document,  
you have the wrong idea ..

if you count your toes while your bored,  
your  
just havin' a time with the memory  
chutes ..

If you build a cage around an  
animal that should run,  
walk over to the gates with a pair of clippers  
and  
cut the fucker down ..

If you find yourself  
running around in a warm, fenced in yard,  
listen

to the birds ..

If  
there's  
anything I forgot  
on

this list ..

don't  
hesitate  
to

write me,  
bastage.

*you slow poke*

It's

A

Slo

Slo

Friday evening

As

The

Fires pump some more head

Into

The

Mouths

Of the urbanites ..

It's

A

Slower evening than usual

As

The

AM resonance comes and

Goes

Throughout the room like an Emergency Broadcast Signal

That

Just won't

Make

It's way out of sonata soon ..

It's

A

Fast eve of leisure

As

The

Alliteration comes looking

For

The dangling prepositions

The drunk

Girl

Will use as real speech

Later

After she leaves the club of choice ..

Sure,

As my



Lover

Friend touches

Her world

And others

The only way she knows how ..

I know

It's

Going

To be

Just tidy right

Here

In the 9 degree

Tundra

Of an evaporating winter solstice

And

The

Continuation

Of

A

Slappy,

Slow

Eve ..

**your cop ways**

Morning  
Cops

On the corner

Escorting  
The

Large,  
Mobile

Homes

Going down the hill  
As

I wait in the far right  
For

The smoke,  
Nails,  
Shingles,  
Plastic,  
Wood

And whistles

Pass ..

Yes,  
Dreaming of another cup of coffee  
And

About  
The  
Pin up girl that fucked you good

In the storied

Night

That  
Brought  
You

This morning  
And

Day  
As your lights refuse to work

And  
The  
City of drivers

Break all the laws you can't  
Catch

As  
You  
Wait there on the corner

With

Your

Cop ways ..

## 1 glorious artifact

Damp  
Streets

In  
A  
Town

Once known for jazz ..

It's traded the claim  
In  
For  
A  
Bottle of Bar-B-Que sauce

And one pig rib drying on  
My

Rooms window ledge ..

So,  
As  
The  
People drive by the museums  
Of what used to  
Be around

The  
Country ..

Of old president's homes,  
Halls of fame,  
Galleries of varieties

And  
The  
Such,

Know that

One  
Day or the other

It's  
Going to have  
To  
Dry out all the wet laughter  
That

Used to make

It  
Drip

During  
It's  
Day

Of  
Shimmerin'  
Shimmerin'

Shimmerin'  
Motherfucka

In  
That

Rolled  
And  
Glorious light ..

2-17-2001

cold branches,  
warm  
yellow  
hues  
from street  
lamps

that look pink  
in  
her

leg that raises,  
hikes

rises

like a bascule bridge

eyeing the next ship

looking for port ..

gray street  
looking  
green  
like

the  
spinach  
she's shifting around  
with her  
fork  
while her gal friends laugh  
about

their newest exploits in  
bed  
and

think aloud  
about the newest debate over human  
cloning

that will soon hit the streets  
with

word of new  
zygotes  
walking

walking

walking

to the edge of a canyon their non-existent  
grandparents  
never had  
the  
chance to enjoy together ..

oh,  
the light gray/blue sky  
bringing  
down

bits  
of  
red  
or  
more red

as  
the

black lamppost without  
a  
bulb

sits

cold  
like  
a  
branch

but  
so

sooo

hot  
now

as  
the  
radio  
voice

wishes individual

Americans  
happy birthday

&  
other assorted

greetings ..

**a good one during the art party**

Went  
To a valentine  
Art  
Party

The other night ..

I saw  
Several portraits  
Of

The girl artist who  
Owned the home,  
She  
Had

Some saggin',  
Waverin' tits

Looking for a garden to plant  
For

The eve ..

As,  
I talked to my lovely lady friend  
Curling her legs  
On

The sink

While

I  
Saw  
A  
Box  
Of

Pads  
On the shelf

Next to me

I thought  
About  
A  
Funny comment  
My lady friend's son

Said to her the  
Other day



When he found one of her tampons  
On  
The  
Floor ..

“MOM, ONE OF YOUR BUTT PLUGS ARE  
OUT HERE ON THE  
FLOOR.”

Good  
One,  
Little guy.

**a little somethin' in your chorus**

Requesting  
Something,  
Maybe a piece of candy  
From

Someone that's not accustomed  
To  
Giving out too much

On  
The  
Coal train that runs  
On

Gasoline ..

Sure,  
I'm going to give it a shot  
As

The  
Charlatan

Shot  
The  
Witches  
Nose

In the evening talent show ..

Yea,  
There's more

Than

1 way  
to

get something from someone  
who

gets nothing for nothing

and something  
from

someone that  
needs

a little somethin'

**a real storm, sweettail**

the bombardier  
and  
me

as the city  
gears  
for

what could be the last  
or  
next to first  
winter  
storm

to hit  
the  
streets

in  
sometime

while the sidewalks  
harden  
from

the pouring hands  
of

last  
March ..

Yes,  
as I decide weather or not to  
shave the  
hair  
off my  
face

this evening,  
there's  
a  
flock of birds  
diving  
after the stray cat

holding the  
secret  
to  
where the  
water is buried  
and

the gold  
looks yellow ..

Sure,  
as the smell of crayons  
waft throughout  
the  
city,  
there

are no reports  
of

backtalking or  
crime

in the  
dungeons ..

And  
while

the people swill down  
expensive  
bottled

water,  
a  
young

beauty  
in  
her  
torn  
red,  
silk  
robe,  
pours

some  
of the city's finest  
tap

water into  
a  
bowl of hot chicken

broth ..

she  
doesn't know  
a storm is  
on

it's

way,  
yet

she's prepared for the real  
storm

that's ready to go  
down ..

## another ruler in a minute

Miles

and miles

more

in the afternoon

as

I should again be

into

work

yet

I have other ideas

as the

cop goes business to business

talking to each

business

in

the

bar district

about increased weekend traffic

and the choking

of modern

art

by the elitists

that

forgot all they're doing

is

creating work that someone is going

to

enjoy on their

wall

for days,

weeks,

years and months to come ..

that's

what it really comes down to,

he explains to the bar

and business owners

as  
they tilt their head in  
concentration ..

trying to figure out

if he's fooling or

joking

while  
the  
elitists turn their backs  
and  
go

into the back room to pull out their

microwave meals

and  
contemplate their greatness

the  
rest of us will  
forget

here ..

momentarily ..

for greatness' sake ..

## **board of dart flesh**

A dog  
Chained in the front yard  
As  
The  
Harvesters  
Kill the weeds &  
The  
Morning procrastinators  
Create  
What  
The  
World  
Needs  
At night ..

I open a tin of tiny corns  
&  
think of all the ointments  
gone to good use  
and  
waste in your first throw  
at  
the  
flesh dart board ..



**brush for only a short time**

As the other  
Continent,  
Say Africa or Asia,  
Brush their teeth of another  
Law or international  
Somethin'  
That  
Was hard to see passed ..

Realize this ..

If only fleeting and temporal  
Like  
The clean tingle of  
A  
New mouth ..

History  
Is the carousel  
That visits and revisits like  
Credit applications

And

Our time here  
Is  
Short, baby ..

*comic mischief*

I see you  
Hiding

There behind  
The chicken  
Wire

As the Turkey eaters

Head east  
For  
A  
Little recreation

Today on a thawing  
Day

In KC ..

And

I saw you move into your hiding place  
As  
You  
Snickered to yourself

Thinking

You were damn clever  
For  
Getting

Where you were going ..

So,  
As  
You stand there in your hiding place  
Believing

It's your secret against  
The  
World

And in your favor ..

I have

One eye open

And the other  
Laughing at

The

Kaleidoscope

Of

Your

Comic

Mis-

Chief.

**cuttin' through the sights**

Old beer  
On

Ledge leaning  
Against

The  
Smudged glass

That  
Used to prance around in  
Clean

Wear ..

Just  
Hanging out there on the clear,  
White

Ledge

As  
The  
Ministers of pleasure

Come up with another plan  
For

A  
\$276 million dollar

theme park ..

Oh  
And  
What a park its supposed to be

As  
The  
Misery crew

Comes up with another  
Way to  
Take  
Blow

Up their nose ..

Now,  
With  
Thrown punches going in reverse

And  
The  
Knife blade making it's fold  
Back to where  
It's  
Safe

And  
Warm

I'll

Be here cutting through

The  
Sights ..

*do you know penguin pong?*

Heard a report  
the  
other day  
on  
a  
radio quiz show that

researchers  
have figured out that  
penguins  
indeed  
don't

fall on their backs while  
watching planes fly overhead ..

Some Canadian fleet of planes

flew over a pack  
of  
the  
the cold noses

and their ambled on their feet to watch the  
flock  
fly overhead ..

standing on their feet,  
ready to retreat to the cold waters,  
they

were

the victor's  
in  
this

little experiment

if

you wanted to know ..

(i know i did)

## **dreaming maids**

Could probably  
Use  
And

Early evening of sleep

As  
The  
Ghosts make off with my  
Socks

And  
The  
Maids

Take my pillows back to their  
Home  
For  
The  
Evening ..

I'm still thinking  
An early night  
Of

Sleep would  
Probably bode  
This

Body more than well

As  
The  
Last pack of cigarettes in the  
IRS'

Man  
Gets

Heisted  
For  
All the debt

The government is trying to recoup ..

Sure,  
I'll tuck away a dream  
Of

More

If my body doesn't leave  
Away

With  
The  
Maids

And

Their dreams ..



## **drinking water during the alcoholic's vacation with the bottle**

swilling  
down  
another

good  
gut of water

as

the night  
of  
real drinking

gets into second gear ..

while  
the whiskey drinkers  
forget where their dicks are  
and

women  
try  
to hide their vaginas some more ..

the  
boys  
and

girls ready to play the adult game  
of  
how  
much

does it cost

to get drunk

and

how much have you lost when you puke ..

I won't pull any punches ..

I love the drink,  
but  
you have to know how to drink ..

that involves a delicate  
equation of knowing

people that serve drinks,  
splitting the tab with  
a  
good gal  
or  
friend,  
walking the tow  
when

the truck is being

evicted

and  
laughing

when  
it's

funny ..

there.