



JOEFILES VII
SHAVED DYNASTY IN A CHINA CUP

their half was my other half

Had a real itch
for
half and half
the other
night

as
the
third
and last miracle ingredient
for

some white russians
me
and
my lover friend

wanted to sip on

as
a
night cap
or
a
venture into the further of the evening ..

going down
12th street near my abode,
over the viaduct
to
the
shady station down the road ..

we pull up,
notice a black man in pimp gear
yelling and tossing hands and words
about with a
whore that wanted nothing more
with
the

evening in her
blasted narcotic adventure ..

I pull up,
lock the car
as
my gal friend waits in the car ..

keeping my eyes averted from the
AM spectacle

for
a
simple dollar twelve
carton of half and half ..

yes,
as the other half and half
next to me get into a fever pitch in the
verbal throws ..

keeping my eyes averted
as I get to the door,
I give the door
a
good tug ..

nothing ..

locked up like a winter zoo
in the middle of the night
while the lion
eats ticks from the orangutans nuts ..

after the sound of the door
clicking against the lock,
I hear what sounds like loud
footsteps
next to me ..

louder and louder,
yet they don't come closer ..

keeping my eyes away
from the bomb
going off,
I go back to the car ..

my lover friend tells me that
the
man

pummeled the shit out of the back
of his
whore's head ..

I rear up,
see him heading back to a red new model cutlass
while
she's yelling some slang
about

getting the cops
and
taking his black ass in ..

the car pulls up

with
a
bigger man driving and the pimp
pleading and cursing his gal
with

ratted red hair,
white mesh top,
black bra shining
like
a
cougar's eyes in a dark field before the pounce ..

It's on,
as I decide to pull away
and

get my half and half elsewhere ..

we laugh at the crazy
drugged spectacle
within an inner joke that has nothing to do with the scene
as
our
aversion

turns to a sadness for humanity ..

when does it become commonplace
for
a
man to so comfortably punch a woman around in public ..

it's the
heartless
cruelty that makes me firmly believe
this
man
should be locked nude in a dead winter zoo
for an evening for
failing as a human ..

while pulling to the lip
of
the station parking lot,
the
two men in their new red car
drive off slowly,
dumping
the

material existence of this woman's
out on the road as they go
off

giving her

more of what the drug
and
broken humanity didn't ask for ..

i finally
got

my half and half

in
a
truly
evening

half and half

matinee ..

thirteen on the first

So,
I'm over at my lover friends
place

the other night ..

she has a nice slug of drink,
i'm
sober (had a go at it myself the eve prior)

as
we slip off into
the

land of unconscious touching ..

hours
that
I cannot see
her

but
feel as close to my existence
as

anything
while

walking,
driving,
talking,
laughing,
eating,
writing,
or
the
others
in

the course
of
the
daily earth march ..

she wakes,
wobbles nude
with

her
form
towards the jamb of the door

opening ..

stops,
and

exclaims in
a
dry awe at what she is looking
at

in the other room ..

I don't
think too much of it

as
I
look towards her,
laugh

and ask
if

the woolly mammoth
finally
took a valid picture of the lockness monster ..

she
tells me to get up and take a look
at

what she's
seeing ..

I come out,
notice my wallet on the coffee table
next
to
the keys I threw out there the night before ..

but
my wallet is in a peculiar position,
it's
splayed open
with pictures on the floor,
other items strewn
and
all my bills (every last lucky one of the lucky 13)
lying

there like a naked child finally
figuring out that
all
adults
have

to walk around in clothes
and
to be naked in public would be instant humiliation ..

I peer at the wallet,
look at her,
we're silent

while trying to decode if a crime scene is
being

deconstructed in the early seconds of innocence ..

we see the
door is ajar,
she
forgot to lock it from the night before ..

though,
nothing is missing ..

she had money,
a
nice guitar
and
my money was all still in tack ..

all
13 glorious dollars ..

so,
we look about
and
ask
if either of us could have picked the wallet
up violently before going to bed
the
evening before ..

yet,
the inside seam holding the money together is
ripped out and missing ..

we laugh
and
come up with various scenarios both knowing

that an intruder,
past lover
or
other

was likely the culprit ..

it drifts

several days past ..

we forget it ..

barely mention the incident ..

then last eve,
she shows me the inside portion of my wallet ..

obviously ripped,
not gingerly tore from the cowhide
of

what was a worn
and
comfortable ass companion
for
nearly 8 years ..

I ask where she found the inseam
to
holding my liquidity together for all those
times

and
keeping the photos of
folks
in check ..

she shows me ..

it was lying on the floor
next to her nightstand on her side of the bed ..

she
seems a little jaded by
this turn of events
and

re-opening of the
mystery ..

she thinks she could have sleep walked

and what the implications could
have

been if she were to do something more than
just go through my wallet ..

like come
after me in a violent subconscious throw or other ..

I laugh about
it,
dismiss it

and

say it was likely some other person ..

though,
I believe it could have been her ..

and now,
a
day later ..

i realize the mystery is
the
tick

that keeps the blood red

and
whatever comes in the future

comes ..

door
locked

unlocked,
her
doing something

more than a wallet would

hold

and

something

much more than those 13 glorious,
unharmed dollars

would buy ..

three fourteen two-thousand one morning

Stuck
between the
invisible walls ..

The three-year-old boy
was in his room banging on the drums
while my lady friend
was sitting on a bed across from
him grinning,
the dog in the front yard with back haunches extended
in
the
warm March sun

as the stand withered to
throw off
the
electricity

and
the
cars just stood there
silent

like there was another plan
in
the

list of
plans

gone
from
pencil to pen ..

two pears in an apple orchard

Geniuses gather around
a
video game
as

the novices
try
to figure out
how

to master chinese checker's

in the
well-lit
room
of

a
newly funded elementary school ..

Yes,
the
miracle worker
mingling with the brilliant
one's
at

lunch break

as
the
broken

cook the breakfasts

several
shades from

the edge of the sun ..

Sure,
the

brains
driven
by
their

stomach's

while

the
benign
in

their ignorance

go hungry
because

there was nothing but
a
stale
piece of tofu on
the

shelves of their ice box ..

walks

a
walk
out
of
the
room
because
there was somewhere
else to be ..

a
walk
to
the store
because
there
was somewhere else
to
not be ..

a walk
into
your
shadow
because
your
reflection
was
catching a
dark
glare ..

a walk
over
boulder
because the valley
of rocks
were taking
a
vacation away
from the trees,
water
and
humans
for
a little time ..

a
walk into
this
because

it wasn't
as convenient to walk
into that ..

just
a
walk,

we don't
get into
running
much

around here ..

wishing the genie away

spotted the
dull gold
of the genie lantern
off
the
side of a busy
construction addled highway yesterday ..

tore slightly on the side
with a lamp shade strewn about
to conceal its identity ..

assuredly the genie found
his/her way to higher
ground

and away from the possible wishes of the
human mouth ..

the genie
has witnessed too many
good intentions gone awry ..

usually
it's young politicians that make
the wishes from
the
genie
to
change public life
forever and become a
private power bomb
fucking the most available whore
in
the
shadiest of cities ..

this isn't a communist manifesto,
i
just wonder
who veered
or
crawled carefully over the darting traffic on
that small stretch of highway road
to
fetch that genie
lamp and

see if there was anything worth

holding

to get
a wish ..

my bet ..

the genie
grabbed a flight on a plane
at the nearby airport and headed
out

of town

as fast
as
he could ..

because
that's exactly what the first
wisher would

do

if they

could
wish

at all ..

your clothes in my era

I close
this
window

to Coltrane,
cold,
damp

wet

and
a
warm woman tomorrow night ..

I crack open
this

small,
tiny,
wet drink

to
the
young
punk kid
who
will turn in his knives
for

one of the world's many
stray dogs ..

I itch the remainder
of the scab
off the front of my
wrist

for the women
that
will never forgive

me

and
those

I have never forgotten ..

&
soon I will open
the

window

to Coleman Hawkins
and

all his battles on the bandstand

here
in

a
pre-cursor
to

a
waltz in
a
21st Century
pair

of jeans ..

your line becomes a stranger's line

The girl
repeats your big
idea

in a film
you see
at
the
cinema ..

It's been a while
since you
went

out to see a film
in
a
gallery of comfortable seats
with
large arm rests ..

You settle through
the
previews
and

find yourself
sucked through the portal
of
pleasure

as
she
spits out your idea
like
it

was an extra line the screenwriter
could
have

either
kept in or
left
out

due to time constraints ..

You simply
get up
at the end of the film,

stay resigned
in

the
common bug
that
has

many of us by the balls

and
try

to conjure
up
one
idea
of
your

own
that

won't

be anywhere
in
any

script ..

1 more time about cigarettes ..

my cigarette
keeps going out,
the
ash tray is filling up
quickly with
used match sticks

while many
other
regions
here

today in the world
rage with fire ..

fire
fueled from
an errant toss out the window
or
calculated toss from the lips ..

regions
with rocks to throw
and
stones to bury,
going

like
mad

while this cigarette of mine keeps going out ..

I guess
that's
fine with me,
I want to start kicking

the habit

and no
better

way than
this

and now

with already enough
fire

fueled around

to compensate

for
my little flicker
of
fire

I'm
trying to extinguish
between

my sucking lips ..

3 beers, 1 floor up & her

“Are we going to split this third one. Or, will your
thirst outdo mine?”
She asked.

“LOOK BABY, WE HAVE
ONE FLOOR TO GO AN ONE NIGHT AHEAD. YOU TELL ME.”
He came back without looking at her.

“What does history tell us?”
She asked while looking at his left face cheek.

“IT’S CYCLICAL, DOLL. WERE ALMOST TO OUR FLOOR,”
he said looking ahead.

“So, I may get the 3rd drink, meaning,”
she asked.

“MEANING THAT HISTORY COULD GIVE IT TO YOU OR ME. BIT I DEAL WITH THE NOW. SO,
LISTEN CLOSE .. I DON’T GIVE A FUCK ABOUT THE THIRD BEER, “
HE SAID NOT LOOKING AT HER.

“What do you care about then?”
She asked.

“HOW ABOUT I TELL YOU AFTER THE FIRST ONE?”
He says.

At this,
The
Scene,
Set,
Theme
And plot
Fades to black as the lights come back up ..

The woman’s face rears forward from the bed later
Next to him
Yelling,
“Another”

FADE TO BLACK .. (AGAIN)

Never
been
one much
such

to keep
up
with
the
hills
and
villas of the stock market ..

Driving home
the
other eve

I heard the
down
punched it's
final
capitalistic call
at
'1972' ..

The years
I was

born and
many points
away
from

investments I don't have and will
likely not
have

here in the near future ..

So,
28 years into the financial
gain

my
year

of birth is about
the
only novelty

or

such

nonsense
from
the
boys

on the ledges
and

the untied shoes on
the
floor

I can get

out of the game ..

a call from friends late at night

The twisted bottle caps
and
crushed cans
from

the day call me
in
the
middle of the night
with
a
sound like a bag of glass bottles
hitting the ground
from 8 floors up ..

'WHAT'S THE IDEA HERE .. ARE WE JUST TEMPORARY VESSELS FOR YOUR ENJOYMENT?'

What,
I says ..

'GIVE US SOME CREDIT HERE. WITHOUT US YOU WOULDN'T BE ENJOYING THAT HOTLY
MARKETING PRODUCT
YOU TAKE DOWN SO QUICK. USE US SOME MORE. KEEP UP IN THE OPEN AROUND THE
PLACE OR USE
US IN ONE OF THOSE GOOFY ART PIECES YOU THROW TOGETHER SO OFTEN.'

Who is this,
I come back.

'LOOK BUDDY, YOU WERE FONDLING ALL OF US THIS WEEK LIKE A TWO DOLLAR
WHORE. YOU KNOW GOOD AND FUCKING WELL
WHO THIS IS ON THE OTHER END, SO DON'T PLAY HANDSY PANSY WITH OUR LIPS AND
BOTTOMS.'

All right .. all right .. how about I look into it,
I tell them with a smile.

'WE WON'T MERELY EXCEPT THE LOOKING. DO IT OR WE WILL HAVE OUR DAY WITH
YOU.'
the line goes dead.

I throw the phone on the floor,
get up

and go in
for
another battle with an
AM can ..

I stayed up for another 30 minutes
talking to the empty vessel

in
my
hands

about

recycling issues
and

how the trash men of day would have no job
if
i didn't dispose of the trash ..

It just looked at me like a dumb
car porter
as
I laid it on my
room's ledge to

decide
in
the
morning

what I would
do

with those carriers for

here on
out ..

**a found zippo
is a sound zippo**

Found
my long
lost

zippo lighter ..

The one I have had
for
some years now
given to
me
from my pops
as

an acceptance
and
acquittal from the self
poking I give
myself

as

a daily
nicotine
inhaler ..

Sure,
sitting in the top drawer
of
my desk
below
and
amid the accumulating
junk

that
piles
recedes
and
ebbs

like a
ghost trying to go
through
the closed
door

to inspect your sleeping mouth ..

Sure,

here next
to me

with all that slick,
sleek

silvery slip

going

all round ..

Going to have to dispense
of

some accumulating
trash soon

just
so

as
to not replace
something

that
needs no replacing ..

a little something for you & you

*They
send flyers
telling
you that*

*you have
an opportunity
to
save a life,
while*

*you save your own
life*

minute to day ..

*Sure,
I'm all about
the
non-profit*

*charity ventures
giving*

*what would
likely be wasted
on*

*another consumer
ad
to*

*those that really need the food,
medicine,
health &
human
services ..*

*but
save*

yourself ..

*get the baton
whirlin'
and*

*go into the fan
as
though
it's*

still

while still slicing

the

air

*like a mad
swordman*

*looking for his lady
with the
last sandwich on
the
continent
and*

*a
special surprise
beneath her
tan line ..*

*a
little
help*

*for both is
all*

we're asking ..

a note to hyden's paris

Before the
advertised snow and
after

the
rains had driven
down

hard like
a
fork
poking

simmering sausage in a hot pan ..

It's
a
Hyden
suite written
for
the

Parisians

as
a
Spaniard

wakes from his afternoon
siesta
to

see

the
headline in the papers ..

They're thinking about
remodeling
the
Louve
and

it won't cost taxpayers
a
dime

while

the new composers of the world

write songs about
America

and
the
new conquests that
will
be

sweet
victories

for

someone
37 years
from

now
to
enjoy in the
flat of
B

on
a
straight A ..

a several months ago letter

and
I
write
this
to you here

in
the
time

that

i have
the
words

within which
to
write to you ..

something new,
something you
haven't read before,
some things
you

may have heard before ..

I write to you
about
the
spring that is
about ready to come ..

I will treat this
page

with linseed oil so it
spreads

and
with some lacquer

because it
may

last a little longer in
material form ..

i'll spread the hair follicles
of

my

head back

to
keep
the
wombats
away

and
plod forward in
this

piece
i'm writing to you now ..

if i
wrote to you in computer code ..

```
'00101000110101101010110101000101001110010101000010100001010010010101111000100101010101  
0111010100100010010010001000010100100100100101010010010000000011111111110000000111101  
0100000010101111110101010000000101001010000000010101001001111111000001101010'
```

you wouldn't understand
because
it's

just a line of numbers
that
this computer now
can

figure ..

but means little to you ..

so,
i'll use characters recognizable by
the
human eye .. letters ..

so,
here

we go on with this letter
i
have to write to you ..

had
a
dream last night

that
our city had an above ground
monorail system that was

more

than convenient ..

I would drive my car to work
3-6 minutes away from my home
over

the bridge
and
river,
then

take the monorail home ..

it would stop right
before my building ..

oh,
it was grand and convenient ..

I
enjoyed it so much
that
I would forget
i left my car at work
and
would need to drive shortly after I arrived ..

so,
as
my family and friends began gathering and arriving
at
my
home ..

I called a friend and asked him for a ride
back
to
work
so
that I could fetch my car
because
the
monorail made me silly

and
I would

lose
my
way
on

the
clear path ..

So,
I told my neighbor to find out a way that I could
find a happy medium
between driving
and

taking the new monorail ..

he said,
'o.k.' ..

that
was

my dream adventure,
later

there were flowers
and
a
slight hit and run ..

my boss
told me to take pictures of the aftermath
with a digital camera
so
that when the cops
arrived

I had concrete evidence
to
assist my neighbor in need ..

yes,
they're reading poetry over
the
radio now
in
my
room from a national show held in Minnesota ..

what do you think of that ..

I actually
heard several
lines
from

Whitman that had
punch,
vigor

and
truth
which

made me smile
as
i veered my car into the garage ..

sure,
and

I wanted to also
let
you
know if
i haven't
yet

that i would do anything for you ..

saying

that i love
and
care about
one

isn't a regular trait,
so
i
paint the image in my eyes when i'm around
you

because
non-verbal communication
is
usually more powerful
than
verbal cues ..

oh,
just about a year
ago
i was getting ready for my trip to Italy
as

another cigarette gets lit
and
I remember
the

Volterrani family,
their

gratitude
and

speech
as

the old woman in the castle on the bluff of San Giormano
autographs
another

collection of her poems

only
the
Italians will enjoy
unless an American
knows where to go ..

the paints
go dry in their plastic lids

as
the
music
starts
slow,
low

and
escalates
like
an
elevator

going to forbidden
floor
just
beneath the
top
floor ..

yes also,
I have
talked for some time about how ecstatic
I would be to
be in the classroom again
to
take a quiz,
write a paper

and
generally swim through the gallows
of
formal education again ..

well,
I have a split I would like to write to you about ..

I'm teaching now,
giving quizzes and viewing the educational process
from

the
pulpit so to speak ..

teaching computer skills
to
inner city you
is
a
gas ..

gave my first set of tests/quizzes this week ..

these kids are learning ..

also,
I'm on the other side of the line for the first time
in some time ..

taking a painting course
at
the
art institute for free ..

got on with a voucher
from
a
friend that had a limited
2-for-1 gig ..

i snapped it up-up-up ..

and am
now in this class,
though
I have been there 3 times out of five,
I don't
believe I'll be able to go no more because
my
teaching
is
interrupting
my
chance at learning ..

scheduling conflict,
I know
you

know how that goes ..

this teacher
in
the
painting class
would

walk around critiquing
and
teaching us how to paint in the style of Matisse
and
other

French realists ..

we
would come to class
and
paint either one or two nude models in a 3 hour period ..

I really didn't need that much time,
but
it
was cute while it lasted ..

hand over fist,
my stuff
was starkly contrasting the others in the class ..

They strove to get the essence of the true color,
while I
mixed and threw colors around that
felt

just fine ..

when you
have

a way of doing something you only bullshit yourself
if
you try to deviate from that
known path .. though I enjoy change
and

new views,
so

it was new enough and
charismatic enough
to
bend me in a different bow
under
the
same arrow,
so to speak ..

still reading?

good!

I'm going to keep going ..

the construction continues to
move
at
a
fever pitch here in the neighborhood
as

we all continue to work on ourselves
with
what
exists and with what could exist
if
we

open our eyes
and

listen
to
the
new

new
new
fangled sound, baby girl ..

oh,
and if you have
the
chance to get out to the grocery store soon ..

pick up some grape juice concentrate ..

make it and drink it when you want
a
new,
good pop to the chops ..

have to admit it,
sometimes
I
wonder

what new film Lynch is working on now ..

do you
ever wonder about things?

I think I'll end now
to

let you do just that ..

and remember
when you write
your

letter back

that

this

(0010100011010110101011010100010100111001010100001010000101001001010111100010010101010
1011110100100010010010001000010100100101010010101001001000000000111111111000000011110
10100000010101111110101010000000101001010000000010101001001111111000001101010)

will not be understood ..

only a computer,

such as the one I type into now, will understand ..

so,

keep on

with

that dream

and remember ..

my eyes

are

wander

wander

wondering

aboutchou ..

<arvederci>

a surmise on needed accidents

Pulled in
the
garage
the

other day ..

Cadillac to my right
and

another evening
of
events
behind
me ..

Veering into the
mirth of
new March sunlight,
I scraped

a
large
cement pillar
with
the

front
of my car ..

Had

to
smile about it ..

It
actually tied
together

all the pieces
and
ends of my
front end nicely ..

I have
no
time
for claims adjusters

and enough

time

to admire
and
accidental aesthetic
to

a
damn
good friend of me ..

after your song

I've read
About you in the paper,
Saw you hiding
Your toes behind the sheet in the
Corner,
Spoke to you
While you were asleep,
Spent your money before
You went away,
Gave you my
Food when you
Weren't aware,
Covered your chest
When the dress shop was out
Of loan money,
Gave you a shadow
When yours ran away,
Made Ramen noodles in your rented kitchen
&
then
you saw me ..

We never
Spoke
The
Same way

After that night ..

art phone

The phone
system
at
that

art institute
is
down ..

Been trying for
some
time

this morning
because
my
teaching

is getting
in
the
way of being taught ..

Taking in the flesh of
nude models down
on
cavass
has

been nice ..

The plump
color laden
blues

mixed with
the
browns

of a theoretical construct
the
teacher wants
the

class to adhere
to

and rediscover
like
an

old sitcom star making
his
comedic stage debut again
at
a
local comedy club ..

So,
as
the

phone
stays busy,
I'm

going to do
the

same

while

the day uses my tissue

and
I

go
on

being

sold to

the farthest bidder ..

*before the morning &
after the noon*

barrel past
sunday morning
as
the
neighbor above

holds the door open for me,
gives
me
a
resigned smile
as

I clutch a
harder onto
my
hard
earned bag of white sugar

for that
remaining pot of coffee in the place ..

more like,
past noon
as
the
people flock downtown
to
see new concept cars
and
athletes in shorts
run

back and fro
on
a
hard wood court ..

sure,
the Academy of St. Martin's in the Field
could
lay waste to the collected
works
of
Billboard's Top 200 list
I
just looked
over

while taking

some
time out on the pot ..

somewhat officially between
morning and
afternoon

waiting on the girl

as
the
temperature stays
steady

and
we
have
more to tell each other

while our ideals
lead

our mind

while
the
feet
words
cars
boobs
and
games
here in
the
in-between

lead us

into evening ..

capacity's captivity

one
last
piece
of tissue
paper
tied into a knot,
and
replaced
as
a
lace

on my shoe

while the whales
walk around
like stray gods
in
the
city across
the
shining
pearl of water that looks like a water chestnut
that

fell off her fork
into
the
prince's salad

he
pushed aside
because
he
thought

he saw

a
hair

as the shoe salesman
goes
to

the
store to make his own
lunch
the baboon

can only

dream
about

in his captivity
and

my wet,
breaking
shoe

laces

that cannot be replaced ..

chucking my holes in a pot of broth

Had a
winter here with
the
holes
in
the
road ..

Hit one so hard a while
back
from
that I popped one tire,
bent
a
rim

and flattened another
in
a
split flat ..

Like
some
cartoon
dog
on
these streets always going after the wrong
fire hydrant for a drink
or

good piss ..

So,
I catch wind that I
can write the City to reimburse
me
for
the
damages
rendered to the vehicle ..

I did this ..

Got this response ..

"YOU HAVE REPORTED DAMAGE TO YOUR AUTOMOBILE FROM STRIKING A CHUCK (POT) HOLE. EXTREME WINTER WEATHER IN OUR AREA HAS CAUSED REPEATED FREEZING AND THAWING OF CITY STREET PAVEMENTS RESULTING IN THE FRAGMENTATION OF STREET SURFACES DUE TO THE POUNDING OF TRAFFIC. THE CITY ATTEMPTS TO KEEP THE STREETS IN REASONABLY GOOD CONDITION, BUT CHUCKHOLES DO DEVELOP VERY

RAPIDLY AND UNTIL THEY ARE OBSERVED OR REPORTED TO US, WE ARE NOT AWARE THAT REPAIRS ARE REQUIRED. THEREFORE, THE CITY DOES NOT ACCEPT RESPONSIBILITY FOR DAMAGES RESULTING FROM SUCH CHUCKHOLES UNLESS THE STREET CREW HAS BEEN NEGLIGENT IN NOT MAKING REPAIRS WITHIN A REASONABLE TIME AFTER SPECIFIC DEFECTS ARE MADE KNOWN TO US.

IN THIS INSTANCE OF YOUR AUTOMOBILE DAMAGE, NATURAL ELEMENTS APPEAR TO BE THE DIRECT CAUSE, SO WE MUST RESPECTFULLY DENY YOUR CLAIM IN THE ABSENCE OF THE FINDING THAT THE CITY COMMITTED ANY NEGLIGENT ACTS OR OMISSIONS IN REGARD TO ITS DUTIES TO MAKE REPAIRS WITHIN A REASONABLE TIME AFTER THE REPORT OF THE DEFECT IS RECEIVED BY US."

Guess
I

had
better

keep my
eyes

open

more or
perhaps

get on the phone more frequently ..

I'm just glad
that

the City of ours
has

enough stamp money
to

cover

these street ..

**do this
before you heal**

Went
to a benefit/silent auction last
night
for

a Midtown woman,
Tera,
who burned
her arms to the bone
in
a
bad grease fire ..

she was taking out a pan of hot grease
out of the kitchen to cool
off in the cold
of outside
when the pan
burst into flames ..

she laid the pan
down as
her
arms went through 3rd degree burns ..

later that evening,
he boyfriend
found her at
the
computer
trying to find holistic methods
to
squelch the burning and heal the wounds ..

In
a
deep state of shock,
hunks of flesh were hanging and falling
from her forearms
down onto the keyboard

as
the man
plucked her up and took her
to
the
hospital ..

there were bands
and

a
packed house rallied
to give this woman
some

money to help with the bills ..

a respectable woman
getting the support of a
Midtown thron

as
the
rest of the folks
oblivious to the story
root

on the basketball boys
and
contemplate a new loan
on
a
newer car ..

these events
give

me hope
in

the humanity

that exists in all ..

So Tera,
as your
wounds

come to healing

I
think

it's safe to say

that most
people are

usually
in
a
state
of
shock

due

to
nothing
more

than a safe,
leisurely cooked
meal

and
regularities ..

hang in there,
doll ..

this tip
is
to
you

on
the
first
of

the final drum rolls ..

early march march

Man
spraying
down

the cold asphalt
on
a

temporal spring morning
as
I walk
about the city ..

This,
as the hot asphalt on
the
other side
sits

like
a
victory
for the jester of test politics ..

So,
as the hobos
make their way across the
streets
to
paradise

the rest of
the
commotion
is
indeed

moving farther and
closer to

eden

as
we
write

the songs and books
without

knowing it

as

a

small girl in the library

gives

me

a

twirl of her head

and

a

smile from her

scalp

as

I drop my newly fresh

library card

into the

bowls

of my destroyed wallet ..

end of the dancing path

at the end of the
chalet
all
they want to do is dance ..

taking off knit stockings,
rolling
up their
hair,
walking over
the
mirrors of liquefied reflections,
they

have no time
for
talk that is small,
they

want to dance
and
that's all they do is dance ..

tucked
in
the nook of a children's novel,
they dance
like
maniacs
for
the
price of a loaf of bread,
for a head a broccoli,
to keep the boredom beneath the hailing rain,
to keep the heart red,
to make sure the sun rises again
and
to make sure the moon
doesn't come crashing through the roof of their
living room ..

sure,
at the end of that
path

the dancing
is like

a
new, wooden box
loosely covered

and full of gyrating sweat ..

you think
they may be beans
or
mice jumping to taste the nitrogen,

it's
just

the dancers

dancing
like

mad ..

dancing
for
you

if you look at the end of the path hard enough ..

extra page

can you
get enough
of

the road,
cafes,
paints,
words,
conversations,
bacon,
orange juice,
flowers,
hemlocks,
rutabagas,
linseed oil,
picture images,
soiled towels,

the
birth of cool

and
the end of
a drought ..

can you
get enough
of
the
cat eating an open-faced can of tuna,
stories about Europe,
the new fund established to restore a dying city's monument,
another walk around the block,
a
visit with

the traveling

salesmen selling you something you don't need ..

can you
get enough,
or

should I just keep on

going

down this

page?

funny english folk

the turban
knights
&

their mid-day
chants . .

waking

up
the
charity givers
and
receivers

going out
for
a
good
heaping
bowl of rice ..

oh &
the

stand-by journeymen
polishing their
trumpets for
a
dusk rendition of 'take five'

to get
the
clear polymer

muddied
and

to turn
the
heads around

like a scratch in the owl's throat ..

Sure,
&
the tight rope walker

doing circles

around his room
trying
to
figure out a way

to live
without
any walls

and
a
thin coating of ceiling
to
keep
from

having debris
falling directly on his person ..

He belts
out

a
falsetto to the neighbors
as

they leave
their place
to

face another bawdy brand of music ..

&
you have a
local jazz band
on

CD playing

loud behind
you

to
drown out the before noon
BBC

reports in the other room

that

make you laugh

even
when

they're reporting on

serious issues,
man.

**her next
lovely blanket**

A little
pre-work

journal entry of sorts

as
her
perfume

hangs and clings like an old warrior to battle memories

and
wafts through
the
breeze coming about
one cracked window ..

Sure,
she's here
and
I can't here her ..

Her mighty,
textured voice
talking

of
a new guitar
pick or

her
several loves
accumulated
over

the long walk she
has

already been through ..

So,
as

the journal winds down into a sojourn
for

the brave ..

I give
her

the Indian head nod

and
ask

her

the blanket
with her scent
what
she

will

love next?

here at 10:02 PM .. not one cigarette all day long

the Pez dispenser
is
spitting out colored teeth,
all planes
look like UFO's
as I drive down the road
and look at the different aliens
scurrying over the ground,
lighting candle wicks that are
really skinny twigs
looking for a better gimmick in their nature hike,
thinking
pipes in the parking garage are spies
bent low to the ground trying to liquefy insects
that didn't build enough traps during the day,
chewing on nails that feel
like globs of tape that came loose from a sign
you spent all day taping to the wall,
listening to the music
as though it's people really shouting out a novel
I was supposed to read some years back in grade school,
putting on an old black silk robe
in place of a coat
because that coat never had the guts to face the cold alone,
skipping past
the
liquor store with a smile because I will save money
for once here in this
month that demands warmth and one more explanation TV won't provide,
sure
and the full moon looks like a pancake that dripped from the needle's end
attached to the top of a syrup bottle
on the bottom of a mercury laden lake,
as the leper's limp
across the street like streaming gaiters in king's cloth
the
rest of the book
is being grinded into tiny bits
for a cat nip mix that will
drive the pussy wild
while
the dicks of the world try to solve some more 'fucking' mysteries,
sure
as the celery and vegetable dip become the comedians next
tag line while the oils on the canvass evaporate
in the joke that was
emitted by the comedians lips .. something about
how there was only one way to grow and one way to manufacture ..
while
the burn holes in the carpeting appear on lampshades

and she waits for him on the other side of town with cooling
eggs and a pocket full of cheese that could be construed as lawlessness
in certain portions of the world,

so

as I imagine the screen flicker on and off in a fit
of nervous electricity,

the goose

finds the V

and

the north talks to the south about the east ..

yes

and the sugar coated rabbits in sullophane on the kitchen
counter sit their

in an austere white glow as though

some pawnbroker in tan chino's just discovered

he's the new minority from this year's census report ..

oh

and

as all the cents begin to make no sense,

I spend my last dollar on a pack of

gum

because

I haven't smoked a fucking cigarette all

Daylong ..

brother ..

i'm a dog

My lover friend's
boy

asked the
other day if I was a dog ..

Her mom
told him that
I was

a person ..

He said 'huh' ..

She thought about
it for a moment

while I rolled through waking
in

bed

getting the itch of laughter
as
to
not disquiet the boy
when

she came back with
her
question ..

"Why would you think he's a dog?"

He said,
"Well, I had a dream that he was."

He laughing
got
me

out of the hot potato
and
on the floor ..

Thinking ..

There must
be a concrete reason why
I like dogs so

much

and this kid
has always shown that he has the shine ..

Perhaps
I
was

a dog in
a
previous go
at
the
world ..

If
not,
he's
seeing

something

he won't tell us ..

Another good
one

from the kid
in
a
line of color on the wall ..

in the group of 'dumpster collectors'

When the weather
warms
up,

the men
of

dumpster diving come
out
in
full force ..

I'm a part of the same
group ..

I tear through the
remains
of

wood from a carpentry outfit
down
in
the
bottoms near to here ..

The cheapest
canvass
is

that which
cannot be used
in
your cabinets,
tables,
door frames,
chairs,
counters,

frames ..

So,
as the man
down below me now looks
for trash of a different nature ..

I salute him in the same pursuit ..

With his semi-rag tag
dog

smitten on a 2 foot leash,
hairs blowing a ginger like
way in the slight NW breeze ..

I relic
at
the
return of the 'survivors'
coming

for
their
post-winter
tax return ..

Then,
to chime in the new season
I heard

the man
with
the
immaculate head of hair
like
the
dogs (matching for security reasons)

yell .. 'NOTHING' ..

Not from
up here pal ..

I see
plenty more than the dumpster is going to approve ..

Investigate: Go

*When the magic
Comes to you,
Don't
Lay down or sit down for one
More smoke ..*

*Get up
And
Bend the ice,
Take your juice out the door,
Cross the armored street,
Swing from a branch like a fool,
Bet on that sure keno line,
Ride the hour like a bronco,
Breath like it's the first of the seconds,
Invent a new polygraph test,
Make the carpet worn that much more,
Burn your pants,
Investigate a lesion
And*

Go.

is it so?

What's your
Code of ethics on a thing like that?

Well,
I haven't seen it in that light yet .. I respond as I see it ..

Seems to be cerebral .. almost visceral when I take it in
And I try to strip away the judgement and
Petty thoughts that could otherwise anile an event ..

Is that so?

Yes .. as I see it before it happens ..

Yes it is so ..

**is it there when you
don't notice?**

the
first
day

of
spring
went

by the other day

like
st. patrick's day ..

someone
had

to tell me throughout
the
day
what was going down ..

there are
those

that keep up with
events or holidays,
some that
run into it ..

i like
the
running
into these days ..

it's
like

finding a quarter on the ground ..

they're all around ..

you could even have
a
fat pocketful,
but

it's still

good ..

it rises again & it's late february

It's not
Another lyric ..

It's a new story
About
How the child became
A
Man
&
the man became the child ..

How we all make sure our good times
Are
The eternal straight line,
For when
It starts to bend
It
Will inevitably
Go into a circle
&
the sweet will become
the end of the jawbreaker's sour touch ..

Some would say that's sad ..

I say that's the way
It goes
&
the sooner you get
used to it ..

Forget it
And live like a king in the face of livin' ..

Then,
You can just
Draw lines
In the sand
And have the ocean breaking
Be
The
Joke
In the sky's forgotten,
Yet coined line ..

“WHAT DROPS ALSO RISES.”
Sweet heart ..

line gone to the toes

There's

a
foot and mouth disease going down
with cattle
in
England now ..

Thousands
of

cows
are being slaughtered so
that

our
disease won't seem
as

clear ..

Sure,
we're all going to contract
the
flitting filth
of
living

interaction

but

that's

what I call

a real foot in the mouth,
folks ..

lost diamond mine

rubber thumbs
in plastic
boxes

as the virtuoso
forgot
how
to

tighten his bow
the
eve
before his big show ..

oh
and the hot orange juice
in the chilled
mug

as
the
professional body builder
pulled
a
pectoral muscle
lifting his cat off the morning counter ..

don't
forget the emptied stack of
4 oz. japanese
beers that were knocked over by the wind
just
so ..

the mouth of one of those cans landed
just right
over the top of a diamond
ring that was
never

seen
again from that day forward ..

back
to the mines
we go .. kids.

magnetic monies

Taxes

oh
taxes

your going to send me
back

to Europe ..

Another
jaunt

into Eurotrash land

and

those taxes they
take
away here at home ..

The necessary
evil

which
needs no
more

explanation ..

I'm
going

to
get the
IRS
a

magnet

in Paris ..

March 5, 2000 and one

again
we
walk the line
together
as

the
courts decide on nuclear weapons
and
Chinese fishing vessels ..

yes,
we pour a coffee
and

reel in the sunshine
like
were

giving winter the thumb ..

so,
as
the
remainder of the storms
go

over
the
jet stream

and
the
monkey's turn into Chihuahuas,
the

blood

starts looking green
in
a
pine cone

falling
off the ground
to

where?

i'll
tell

you where,
into
your
throat

talking

to
the
child

about

where the box
went

inside the line's shadow ..

march park

a
dog lapping it's tongue
in

joy
as

he watches the frisbee
fly again

over

the
mounds of fresh grass

as
the Saturday afternoon
heads
shake the bourbon off
their
breaths
and

the clowns finally wake up to
scrape away the hardened
make up
that

worked so well,
as
they say,
8 hours prior ..

so,
as the jug
of loose change keeps
this
door propped
for

the air to breeze through,
stick
out

your tongue and give

your teeth
something

to grin

about ..

maybe it was just a flag

Came out
of
the
bar the other night
with

two twists in my barrel
and

a
shell
for
the
turtle that came
to my
door with

a
lost
key

I was looking for ..

As I walked out onto the sidewalk,
a
friend of mine went back in to
find another friend
that
was snared in by the dress
and

tempted again by the drink ..

I noticed an alley to my
left,
went to the black, metal
bars separating me from

the bar
and
an

image down the way ..

It was an
apartment lit to
the
tits
with bright light
and

an
american flag hanging upside down ..

thought
about this young generation ..

the neighborhood I speak of,
which is the one I reside in,
is littered
with
the 20's working class
going

to the desk
and
ordering take-out when it's all done ..

man,
we're grabbing
at the ends of our match sticks to grab
the
flame

and
we're undoubtedly grabbing the wrong end ..

there's no igniter ..

no red juice ..

just a
stem
to light off
an
already existing flame ..

and

that
flag

hanging upside down ..

me there
licking the
watery rain

coming
down

like Cagney
in
his
father's

first
beverage at
a

pre-war bar ..

middle of an AM trafficway

I dropped her off
in
the
busy Saturday evening
bar district
to
pick up a couple of gyros
for

our talking
stomachs

as I veered the car to a nearby
grocery store
to

buy some suds
to
wash down
the

tasty hero's ..

the plan was to intercede her walking
towards the busy AM boulevard,
pick

her up and head back
to
her
place for a tasty nightcap ..

As I reared the car
around the vicinity ..

I saw nothing ..

Thinking there's no way enough
time
we by for her to
be that far along to
be
as
far as she could have been on the walk ..

Well,
she was farther than I thought ..

At the node
of the intersection on a green light ..

I went through,
honked and whipped around to pick her up ..

As I approached the corner,
she was standing in
the middle of the road
as I pulled up,
clicked open the door and she flew in ..

Looked like
I was picking up a whore
off the streets
as
the
light turned green
and
I took a left ..

Sitting at the light
ready to move,
I noticed that my car
was
facing on coming traffic ..

Looking down the barrel
of
bad events,
I turned quickly as the light turned
while

we laughed for 5 blocks
about the event ..

Proof,
that confusion
and
daydreaming
can

prove
well ..

I accelerated faster towards
her
home

in case the cops were out
for
blood ..

As we pulled up in front of her place,
safe as
larks ..

Realizing

that
there's always proof,
if you recognize it,
that
there are some
people

you should be around ..

It's all right
in
a
sound

light ..

no more soccer mom jokes, fucker

Many stories
out
there,
folks ..

I'm guilty
of
spreading the stories
and
turning
the
turntable over the wax knobs
from

time
to
day ..

But,
I heard one the other day
that

hopped on my grapes
and
made me

wonder about

what
some of us are doing

down here
in
the
game

that lost the chessboard
at
time ..

There was a famous English soccer player
playing
in
a
soccer match ..

He's a high profile player
for a good team ..

In one particular game,

he scores the winning goal towards the end of the game ..

Maybe 3 minutes or less left in the game ..

So,
this cat scores a goal and takes his jersey off in a moment
of exhuberation
and
underneath his shirt is a white T-shirt with
the name of his son scrawled across his chest
in a thick, black marker ..

At this,
the refs throw him out of the game immediately
and suspend him
for
nearly 2 weeks from league play with no pay ..

The shirt had the name of his son on it
in honor of the first game he was able to attend due to medical conditions ..

This guy's son was 17-months old and had
finally kicked his sickness in the tits and the old man wanted to
document the moment ..

No .. his day was the refs slap
at

whatever fly wasn't buzzin' around ..

When I hear about shit like
this
going down,
I
have
to

wonder at
to

why we marvel
at
the
empire
from the bay

when

we
will likely be disappointed in one way
or

the other at the
miserable motherfuckers
that

finance
or
build such a structure ..

This isn't a 2-bit lesson in cynicism ..

Just
me
calling
the

appropriate
fucker

a
fucker ..

amen ..

nude male

My neighbors
have

assuredly seen
me
naked many times
up to now ..

Stretching,
pulling
down towels

with my lover and I ..

Along with keeping the blinds open over night
and
crawling
around
for
my

shorts in the plane view of civilians
to
my right and
working
sorts

behind me ..

I hope it has been good for
you ..

Do you
think I need more stage make-up?

Or,
are my blemishes

the
sort of
glimpse

you want to catch me in ..

If you have any comments
or
have the grapes
to

comment further ..

I'm ready to
set up the 'NUDITY P.O. BOX'

for your
comments ..

Stay tuned for
more
details

on
the
voyeur mail line ..

old man music

Old man of this
Former town
Looking to the other side of town
As 50 years later the
River smells like old ribs
&
the thorn bush grows proud behind
your statue ..

Yes,
The city still drinks,
Fills pot holes,
Goes to homes of holy sanctuary
&
the jitters still make their way around
&
to the spine of time ..

Though,
You sit there looking
Over the other side of the city as children
Read about the birth of music ..

Supposedly,
The god of wind went to the god of sun and stole his musicians and brought them
Back down to earth ..

Maybe you have heard that one
Old man,
Though
The way you sit there
With that stone grin ..

Likely not ..

So,
We'll bring you some
Of

This
Initial
Music
Now ..

one back against her lips

lint in screws,
spent film
ready for
the
next renewal,
she
kissed my back
before
going
to

work

as
I looked up into
that

beautiful
face

and knew
beyond

a
doubt

that

we're both
flat alive ..

a candle tottering
in
a
teetering fashion atop
a
mound of old melted
wax

as
someone
sends out
a
broadcast e-mail to thousands

of
strangers

about
a

trash pick-up
day

open to the public
on
the
side of a highway ..

Can't make it ..

I'll
be

living
with
a

beauty by my
side

doing
other

activities ..

one item may lead to another thing

the lock
in
the
woods

broken
by
weather,
weathering
withering
tempered time punching through the
sides
of
a
sturdy glass jar ..

yet,
to
unlock this
lock

would take much more
knowledge than
the

weather
of
weathering time
trying

to
have

it say in a room of white noise
muffled
slightly

by the

wry surprise

of
a

small tempest in the
mirrored make-up
case

of the girl warlock

looking

for
the
bobby pin

lost
in

the grass ..

laying next to the lock ..

red motel

He couldn't get the idea
That had him ..

A stick of butter
Between tow hot slices of bread
With
No
Cheese ..

He decided to walk down to the water
To
Watch the real air scavenger's plunge and dive into
True thievery ..

As the gulls squawked and
Dove about
The air above and
Below,
He just couldn't figure
Why the ideas wouldn't come ..

As though the warrior looked at his sword like it was a mistaken
Shape
In a geometrical figure
He
Couldn't figure ..

As the sunset &
The birds continued their mount
Of useless shit in a treasure mound,
It finally hit ..

The idea is
Easier to discover inside .. within .. the motel with no name ..

Well
Just
Call it

The red motel
For
Now ..

(until we think of something better)

reverb lightning

Stretch of
pavement
before me
like
a
plate of food
I'll
barely
finish
before

the waitress comes
by
asking
me
if I want to box it
up
for

the go ..

I look,
thinking 'no'
as
the
rain drives harder and
harder,
flashes of electricity
clearly

going around the horizon
and
over
my
car ..

THEN ..

The flash comes ..

Looked like some cosmic
portal that
was

eyeing
me
to come on in
and

call
the relatives

with a non-address,
yet
descript location ..

The flash
took up the whole
windshield with rims of pink and yellow
from the
reflection of smudges on the interior of
the
window ..

Shit,
I thought

the electricity

had me

or
something

more ..

It was
so
bright

and
large

I named it ..

Called
it

"REVERB"

see you .. see me

I see you there
With that kiwi
Colored boa
Around your neck
Grinnin' like a house on stilts
Near the ocean
Before the breakers ..

I'm before the window
As
You talk on the
Phone to a mechanical voice
That knows how to answer and what to say
At the
Right times ..

I see you there building
A plan through
Chinese checkers
To
Pay off your debt
&
become the girl your woman always refused ..

I see you there scraping the
Burnt, blackened crumbs off the tops of that piece of toast
Into a jar of new
Grape jelly for that special feel ..

I see you there with a porcupine tail
And
Razor sharp jowls ..

Just waiting to see me ..

small ones

the great thing about really
small people ..

those little ones about 6-10 inches tall
is
that they could fish for minnows
and

the minnows would be huge
fish ..

this would make the little people
content
little bastards

with all those fat minnows
to
chew on and
freeze for

the future ..

some ..

talkin'
to
you like a sword fish
jabbing
into
the
side

of
a
red submarine

and
no
where else to go ..

giving
you
the
lip like you know what's going down ..

you out there laughing over a red drink
with Chad
while
I
thought you were talking about
the
country this whole time ..

giving you
the
verbal business
as

the small shop owner decides
he's
going to move

his downtown shop into the suburbs
because
there's
a
better chance there for stocks,
options

something along those
rails ..

sure,
showing some teeth here during
the

last days of cold

while

the kids
run around the halls
spelling their names out
in

scuff marks

I read,
erase

and

talk some more about ..

some after the big melt

a
thaw
again
here in the final
days in
the
throws of
cold

with
the refreshment of seeing
several sparse
patches of snow still lurking
like Garfunkel after an awards show ..

sitting there in it's
dirty white
like
an

old WASP waiting to sting
the next
pillar of innocence ..

sure,
those mounds
are

nice

because you can always ball up one
more
snowball in all that wet heavy

ease
and

let it fly

towards

the side of a wall
or

your favorite

winter person

target,
baby ..

somewhere kansas

the bombadeers
of
morning
are coming after you ..

kids in
small convertible cars
veering
weaving

spinning between traffic moving at
speed limit
or a little
over speeds
shaking their head
as
bits of
cold latee
fly from the
lip of
their

'to-go' drink ..

& you
have the redeemers
in
their
yellow cloaks
and

scuffed shoes
talking about
things

like how to
get a bird to land on your
shoulder
and

letting people know
that the Russians
are going to detonate
a
16-year old space station
this
Thursday

and
that people are buying window seats on a plane
circling the South Pacific by the Australian rim

for nearly \$10,000
to

watch the bits of debris
smack
into the ocean ..

Tell you,
we

can
make an event out of
anything ..

Whether you make a tape
to
be a candidate on a Tv show

or
walking down the street
past a parking garage with a camera
rigged .. you give it a big wave ..

sure,
the events

are around

and

we want
you

to wave to us

to keep

the
bombadeers and redeemers at bay ..

the clue in the snow

He came in the other day
And
Asked me if I wanted to help him
Push cars up the snow ridden
Hill
On
12th Street ..

It was a screaming blizzard.
Ice on the roads,
Weak tires,
Impossible car frames and
No where to go in the city that day ..

I agreed ..

We spent two hours up and
Down
The
Street pushing,
Pulling
And
Shouting with the people
And
Let some spin for what the day
Had
Done ..

All in all,
We believe our helpers
In times of dire need are all experts ..

But I'm only getting the clue like you ..

The dogs of Saturday morning

Saturday morning dwellers
Runnin'
And
Dusting away
The Friday night footprints
As
The orthodontist
Makes a visit to the shoe repair shop
&
a skinny Buddha
looking cat drinks the rest of my milk
I was waiting to pour over a bowl of sugar oats ..

Sure
And the liquid invisible air fabric softener comes to my nose like
Tissue stopping the down pour ..

They're cleaning the vermin of a Thursday evening
Storm that left her dizzy
And
Him mistakenly bragging ..

And as the old man
Cuts his grass and stacks
Some chopped wood for next year's heat drought,
I rub
My fingers over scabs from a puppy's mouth
And
Know if there's any being that deserves free reign to bite,
Romp,
Chew
And
Destroy ..

It's a small
Dog

And
That's just
All

Fine
And
Right

Right now ..

the fruits and my pops

My pops
Tells me tonight
About a run in he had with
An old friend
&
co-worker last week—

Mad him walk off the job
&
take the clock that came with it—

I ask,
“Weren’t you tight with this cat?”

He tells me,
“MY FATHER USED TO TELL ME THE ONLY TRUE FRIENDS
YOU HAVE ARE YOUR FAMILY.”

He went further,
“I’M HAPPIER ALONE. YOU’LL FIND OUT SOONER OR LATER THAT YOUR FRIENDS
ARE OUT FOR THEMSELVES. THEY DON’T CARE ABOUT YOU. THUS, I’M HAPPY ALONE.”

This
Has always been a dividing
Line
Between us ..

I try to explain
That he needs to confide in the right people
In
The proper tone ..

He says
That I’m young &
He doesn’t want to preach to me no more ..

Though,
As I hear the choir slip into the speech,
I resume with my
Confidence
In
Friendships ..

It’s a lot like buying and
Operating
An
Unfamiliar can of
Fruits or
Vegetables ..

You could cut yourself

On the lid
And/or
Discover you don't
Like what's inside ..

But for me,
Up to this point,
I pick out the fruit I like
And
Know how to hand a lid
With
A
Laugh

And
Avoid

The band aids ..

the long fought writer's voice

When your
voice
is
starting to sound
like
the
voice
of

a writer or
two your
reading
or
have

read for some time,
you need to realize
this ..

We're creatures of
behavioral conditioning
and
the fabric
by which we lay over our bodies
during the day and
night
yearn

for a certain degree,
more or less of greatness,
so

go with it and
don't let them go with you ..

&
if
all else fails
in

you endeavor to be
individually creative ..

Tilt your head back
wide and far ..

Dream of things your
subconscious could only
marvel at,
lay the hands down on the keys

and
fly like a wild
ex-con on a stolen bike across the sand flats
of Utah

and
bite your
teeth down on the residue flying
into your

mouth

and
start recording

the missing pepper ..
baby ..

the theory of their conspiracy

It came down
To this point
When the knife
Was nothing more
Than a wet knuckle ..

Several researchers/scientists
And
Of the like mind
Took a pound of ground beef
&
tried to turn it into a breathing,
lactating cow ..

As they plunged their electrodes
And spoke their hymns,
The miracle ducked away for a sip with the zebra painted whore ..

As the electrons fired and the preservatives went to red liquid,
The night seemed like
A
Joke in the magician's cough ..

Following electricity,
Some tendering
And
Time,
The scientists collectively flopped
Into the chicken coup
Of
A
Good idea
Gone awry ..

It all came to light
From the lips of a Nicaraguan
Child in a hotel lobby
Some years later who said on a whim,
"WE'RE ALL PART OF
A THEORY IN THEIR CONSPIRACY."

the three truths

regenerating
the

generations
with
a
wistful
shake
of
her

hand

she takes over the heat on the stove
as
the
rest of the people looking
on try
to
warm
their toes in socks that
were
purchased from
the

old soldier on the
fly ..

sure,
trying to tune the reasons
as

the
wisdom

comes slow
if
you think

about
it too much

and
comes

about
just
right

if you believe

there's

only

3
truths

to go by ..