

an album by me

If I
were to make
a
record
album ..

what would
it

sound like,
I
ask

myself the other day ..

Shit man,
I doubt
it
would sound like music ..

I would hire someone
to
fill
in
some

music behind the words ..

I
deal
in
words,
I thought
to myself

after
thinking what my
album would sound like ..

Shit,
you never know what
could

come hurling out of the clouds
towards
you

hands

but

for now I'll stick
with the word

like the cafling sucking
towards the
udder ..

Though
if

I ever release

that
shit ..

You'll

probably
be
the last to know

with
all

your other
music

and
a

sheet of words ..

anchors
away

as the people
and
their
boats
pull

into the Port of Main
to
find
the

claw
that
stole
their food at sea ..

another believable story

Had an old
neighbor

that left a message on my
machine
that she had amazing news
for my roommate and me ..

Though,
she could only
dispel the news
face-to-face ..

Well,
I just got the call ..

She told me that she was
on
the
biggest fucking tabloid talk show on television ..

Now,
you have to know that she is a big girl
and
she
does 'fatty grams' for a living ..

Stripping
and
shaking her shit full time
in
jest and for the closet lovers of full boar
women ..

Well,
she got careened onto the show for a taping
and
stripped to nothing
and
they rolled her up into a human burrito ..

From there,
the production company has requested that she do
more television spots to
showcase her

body ..

Ecstatic,
ready to roll onto Jamaica,

it's just another
evening

of
phone calls
her

in apartment 105 ..

another way to learn a language

Everyone,
or most everyone,
could use a good course in urbonics ..

I'm with
the
urban kin
on
a
daily basis ..

In fact,
If I see more than 2 white people at work
on
any given day,
it's
almost 2 many ..

I'm not saying that only the black folk have
urbonics down,
they

just do it real well ..

&
my reason for being around
the
urbonics is simply because it's
some

slippin' groovin' tight right ass jive

and
that's just the
vibe
I'm trying to
throw your
way homie ..

april ninth, 21st century (first year)

Carrying voices
&
muffled echoes

as

the
master
composes a piece

and
the cop sirens
render
a

release on the leak ..

Twirlin' lights
goin'
by

now
as

the city rests at 8:13 in the PM
and

the
city

runs

at
8:13 in the AM ..

Oh
and
I hear the refrigeration

being pumped between closed quarters
around

now

as
the

hot air comes

out of the echoes down

on the street ..

Talkin' about things

I can
decide on and
drifting

away in zero

coherence

as

the
dog
chases

his

tail

until

nap time ..

bachelor bull

the knuckle-headed
bravado
of

men
wanting
to
take

their future groom out to
get
them
filled,
liquored
and
smitten
with
naked broads on their last supposed night
of
'freedom' ..

So,
as
the
nightlamp flickers next to the pine
outside
while
I
flip
over

a
Burrough's tale ..

Giving him
another try

because I heard this read
isn't
so

fragmented in a haste of esoteric non-sequirters ..

So,
back
to the front ..

A good friend of mine from years
ago asked me
recently if I would
be

a
groom's man in his wedding ..

I agreed ..

Shortly before I was assuming I wasn't going to
be anywhere near the wedding party
when
I told him a story
about how I was going to
smash an empty, plastic champagne bottle
over his head following a toast
at
the
reception,
thus
causing a mock malay of people flailing in good humor ..

He laughed
and
asked me the question ..

So,
his best man just called me after
the
streetlamp quit flickering
and

led the path
of
future feet down
the
walk tonight ..

This man tells me that
he's contacting
the
groom's man
for
the
bachelor party ..

The fucking red flag went up bright ..

Having distinct
feelings
as
to where this rendezvous was
going to go ..

He said we were going to start out the night
in some tit and eat joint
popular with
the
chronic
penis jerkers ..

Then,
we would roll over
to the future groom's place
where
two women would
await

for
the
evening to go ..

How the
child's mary do I get careened into
this
jive

at
times?

I wonder ..

So,
I was looking for a pen to take down this
guy's number as he
yelled
at
his dog and apologized ..

I thought,
"IT'S O.K. .. I'M SURE THERE
WILL BE MORE REASON AND PLENTY OF TIME TO BE SORRY LATER."

bird butter

Took an idea
from a friend

some weeks back

to take a toilet paper tube,
peanut butter,
string
and
bird seed

to make a little sanctuary

where the birds come in
groves to nip and

eat
until they fly

wrong ..

I took to the idea,
made
the

feeder
and hung it in a pine
next to our apartment complex ..

I milled around the joint
picking some shit up,
throwing some shit around

and

went every once in a while to check on
the feeder ..

Nothing ..

Not one bird ..

Just echoes of birds
about
the

hood

doing their
bird things ..

So,
I had a friend fly by and pick me up shortly there after ..

I came back shortly before
dusk thinking
there would be a shit grove
of

birds

eating, breathing
and

pooping around
the

tree ..

I looked to the branch
and
the feeder was gone ..

Not on the ground,
not on the steps below ..

No where around ..

Some sucker punk
took off with my feeder
or

a
big

fucking bird took it with his
beak

to his
nest ..

I sure hope it was the
latter, folks ..

China stocked with your liquor of choice

Seen scrawled across

a
sticker
in
a
small

town
outside of Manhattan, KS ..

The sticker read ..

"IMAGINE A STOCKED BAR IN CHINA RIGHT NOW."

I
can imagine a stocked
bar
and
taste the tinge of Tsing Tao
on

my

upper tooth

as

the
old girls I have seen throughout my
life
somehow

run into strangers

I vaguely know

and tell me about

how they're doing ..

Yes,
as

we roll along here on
a

flowing liquor cabinet in China ..

It makes me

think
about
a
US Spy Plane that's docked
over

there now with 24 American cats
waiting

for an American apology ..

As it happened,
a
US Spy plane collided with a Chinese plane
and

the US won't admit fault for the incident ..

Let me

shed a small, small glimmer of light
on
the
manner ..

Like a small China man
that's just a number
typing
a
translation to the Dao in a
dark
room

on the
edge of a lake next to an enormous row boat ..

China is the
last
country on the face
of
the
earth that the US should fuck with ..

Plain and simple,
we're increasingly raising

generations of
people that
think books are old floppy disks

and
have
a
President who has trouble spelling
the

phrase 'CROSSWORD PUZZLE' ..

The Chinese
outnumber the fuck out of US and the rest of
the
countries in the world
and

are a fuck load smarter

&
finally
carry the key to technological breakthroughs
in
the
world ..

Thus,
an

apology

seems
as
though it's a non-issue ..

Yet,
we

humans find a way
of

making the simple

increasingly
complex ..

clocks that don't work

I'm never
making
it on time to the job
in
the
morning

and can always
depend
on the hot coffee
like a dependable woman ..

I don't have to be into work
until around 11 AM in the morning
and

it
still

seems as though the AM has
me
hexed in the nuts ..

My
time

to drive is in the PM
and

that's

good now ..

Color

there's
something different
about
the
young
girls
these
days ..

they don't look anything
like

what the did when I was in school ..

these
women
are
more stylish,
taller,
bigger
parts
for the male eyes to gauk

and
a
cup of adult grace
flowing through
their

bones ..

yes,
the trick is in the
image
and
the

gimmick
is
only as good
as
one's
ignorance
of

situations ..

It's
yellow #5,
red #9,
blue #7

and

any numbered orange
in
all the foods
and
food stuff
these
kids
are

eating these days

that
wasn't around in
the

foods
and

food stuff
of

fellow girls
while
I was in

school ..

While
the
girls
scramble to look and act more like
women

it
will
come to them soon
that

they
will spend a lot
of
time

later on down
the
road

thinking

that
looking like a girl
when
they
should look like girls

will

win ..

for the
rest of their
lives

they will be women ..

beating the men off
their
mane,
paying
the bill

and
doing

things

girls

only
giggle about ..

community money for the rich .. or poor

My lover friend and I had
some early AM folly

in the bed next to the window
sill

looking over several sidewalks and a busy street the other day ..

She asked,
'HOW MANY PEOPLE DO YOU THINK WOULD PICK UP SILVER CHANGE OFF THE GROUND?'

I hopped to my
loo,
grabbed a tube of super glue
and

three quarters ..

Ran out the front door,
to the sidewalk across from us and
glued all three in a row
so

that we could watch people walk by and try to pick
up

the tricky glued change ..

The
next morning we perched with our coffee
and
watched the people stroll over the change ..

Both knowing that 9 out of 10 people would
pick up a quarter off the ground ..

For our comedy,
we saw
few stop,
gawk
or
pick at the change,

yet the next day

one was pried out of the ground ..

Several weeks later,
the other two were gone ..

So,
not only will people pick up silver change off
the
ground,

they'll go to

no nails
to get several from the grips of trick glue ..

We have a sequel in the works ..

We're going to line the entire fucking
sidewalk with change ..

It's just our way
of

saying

thanks to all those that

live and work around us ..

Yes,
our

small piece

of civil community duty ..

cops won't touch you on the 7th day

Do cops
give out tickets on Sunday?

It's the day of
rest ..

Wouldn't that go
against the recognized law
of

the land ..

Shouldn't they let the roads
become

a trail free

auto bahn for one day?

6
days

of tickets

seems time enough

for
me

to work on our

driving speed ..

criminal and the crook

Walking down
the street with the criminal while
the
police just
glare and snicker ..

Yes,
they don't know the criminal the way I do ..

It's just a
name his friends gave him
and
the
clothes are nothing but a torn
alibi for
what isn't there ..

So,
as
we make our way down the street
having
a
smoke and shaking through the winds
trying to become breezes,
I
think
it's a funny
business of false allegations
and
quick

pretenses ..

In fact,
he has nicknamed me the 'crook' ..

We're either going
to
get more glaring looks
or

be hauled in soon
for

the crime of innocence ..

I say
let's
take
a
nap

in
the
cell ..

current news line

Oh
and
Macedonia is in another
International hoax

while

the Italians

cork another bottle
of
oil

and

my pork chop eating neighbor

down
the
hall

turns off the Newscast ..

did you smell it?

Stains that won't evaporate
and

smelling the room up like a rose ..

Oh,
sweet turpentine
twist a colorful
branch around the olive
twig
and
let me sleep in Rome again

as
the
kids snarl
and
turn away from the smell in my home
and
all I smell is
roses ..

Oh
yes,
the
sweet damned smell
of

roses as

the
daffodils

grow
yellower

outside on the doorway sidewalk ..

**

Many
times

more than none it's
probably
better to be educated by an ignorant
person
into
a
smart person

than
by
an

stupid man

into a genius ..

do what you need to do

I was waiting behind
a
Cutlass the other day to
get some cash out of an ATM ..

It was taking a while
and
I noticed

a
'SAY NO TO DRUGS'
sticker

on the back hood ..

I waited .. waited and waited
for

this cat to finish his
time at the
machine ..

I ended up putting the car into reverse
to hit another ATM ..

This cat

could have

used a good slug of
speed

and
kept

the sticker at home ..

dreamy song

The radio in
your head and the record in your dreams ..

As the wax facsimile skips
and

the
raccoon under your bed
screams for you to play something new ..

It's good to
have many tunes to mix
to ..

Just

choose wisely,
young children

with your rap-rhythm-blues
and

rock-and-roll socks ..

drivin' around

Stinkin' socks
and
all the windows,
blinds
open

in the apartment windows
around ..

Really stacking
up
to
be a Reiner Hollywood momento

as
the
van
chugs it's flailing engine
past
the
full Metro bus up
the
incline

of
another

scattered night
on
the

streets ..

Sure,
a
fresh glass of water
as

the gas company
calculates
enormous

profits
now that the heat
is

in the air ..

Yes,
my

cup is fine in the weather
and

the birds

are back to nipping the ground
at
things

we
will roll our eyes over
and
think
it's
squat ..

Yes and a rat
to
tat .. rat

as
the
drummer

accidentally hits the side of the rides
casing

and
comes up with a sound that was better
than
the

middle of the beat's flesh ..

A boom
bang

bing

as
the van

beats
the Metro up the hill
and

a
bird
shit's on

it's hood as it
screams into

a
victory lap ..

everyone lived through this war

Drivin'
down the American roadway ..

Clips of the new presidency,
wars
my father and father's father lived
through

and
only now
hear
more clips about ..

I just
peered over the industry and river
of
adjoining city to this one
and
saw

the napalm bomb
drop ..

Everyone survived ..

In fact,
everyone appears to be stronger ..

That
could

be the end note
or

summation to many
war history

books floating through the

youthful
hands

in
the country now ..

forms

Limericks
in
the
dark,
as

the
pale
beauty sneezed
on the porch light ..

Yes,
haiku's
in
the
shorts
of a former prom princess
calling

her
mother from the middle of
class

to say she missed this month

and
that her potential beau

was
going to some real successful sort of man ..

Yes,
patterned pentameter
in
the
back of some West coast
coffee
shop

as
the
government
gives

away another VIP pass to
the

Capitol building

and

leaves the coffee on the burner
in
case the tax payer is paying attention ..

and
the
9,000 line
novel
the

young man
won't
get around to writing until he retires
or
gets

fired

comes
barreling through his mind
only

when he has no
access

to a pen and paper ..

Yet,
there's always a pencil
and
a
green chalk board,
though

he's afraid that may hurt the ears
of

his enchanted crowd still hanging around ..

found the time in a piece

Played
the
smallest
chess set
with
a
white kid
in
a
predominantly
all
black and hispanic
school
the
other day ..

As my
finger tip nubs
rolled over
the
difference
between
a
pawn,
queen
and
bishop,
we

finally placed the pieces
in the right
grooves
on

the tiny

battleship style board

and
began moving about ..

I had his
queen early,
as

he
worked
on

towards my back line ..

I was looking towards
on

of his knights

as
the

horsemen with
large
heads

were riding around the hallways
ignoring our small game
between
lunch
sessions ..

With voices
streaming,
shoes
screeching about the
old

waxed floor ..

My
rook
was looking towards a little

time
with the king

as

the bell rang ..

Sending the
game
into a standstill

while the boy
packed up ..

I shook
his
hand

he
headed off ..

I looked
around after he left

thinking about
how

I could
capture
more
queens

and
check

in
my

light
coat

with the king ..

gender candy

Two
nice

philosophies
coming

together

like some
candy coated candy bar
for
the

hungry,
wide
wet

mouths to
engage in ..

Yes,
they work
well together

but the combination
and
after effects
could

cause
confusion,
laughter,
nausea,
disorientation,
bliss,
arguments,
elation,
remorse,
love,

longitude ..

It's
the

new fancy packaged
candy coated candy

that you
can

only get if you
have
your eyes open
and

are willing to deal with the effects

and
(side effects) ..

it's the
'male-female'
treat ..

the candy coated candy wonder ..

givin' what i take

We
take
more

and
throw away more everyday ..

But,
are we evening out
our

inventory

or
does
it just appear that way ..

Of all the old shoes
and
clothes thrown out in a day,
are
the
assembly lines

churning out more?

Just a quick
thought now
cause
it

seems as though

I see more shit
everyday ..

As the new containers of milk
stand in the grocer stand
like
a
row
of
criminals in a
case that

wrapped up before the jury heard a word ..

I'll
ponder this
just

a bit

more as I take this bag
of
trash

and
throw
it

out the window

into 1
old

trash can below ..

goin' to shop for nothin'

The truth in
9 fresh, orange colored carrots
and

nothing to buy ..

That's all he could think
about

as he walked by
a
box in the local grocery store
recording bits
for a local
'reality' TV show and video
clips on the local news cast ..

He
wants nothing more
with

any fruits and vegetables ..

In fact,
he's in the store for nothing
to

buy

because

it
was

never
there
to be sold ..

green air

Nodded
off with my lover
friend

recently after taking in a belly of bar-b-que
pork

in the park ..

Peering through our spectacles to sun
the
shade,
we

laughed over a smoke
and

let the sun poke our closed eyes
so hard
that

everything was green

when we stood to stretch and resume

a
life

others rely on in another place
as
they
rely on their

others about ..

So,
as
we grabbed each others
hands and headed

up those

concrete steps
to
the
car,
I squeezed her

as

and
thought
about

more than 1 route
to
a
mid-afternoon delight ..

holiday lane

The
parades .. politics

and
trash of

thousands of strangers getting together

to cheer on floats ..

Middle-aged men
drunk as kids
and

young kids
as

adults while
the

warm and cold swillin'
folk

take in the new found warmth
and
parade route

as
the
early travelers would take

in a
new patch of land ..

Sure,
I was down
watching the spectacle of so long

that I walked the parade route
post-parade

back to my car

watching the enormous trucks with trash bins

working the trash into nice,
compact

little piles to be disposed of ..

And fuck
can these folk drink ..

It's amusing
how
St. Patrick's Day
and
many other national holidays

brings the feeding
frenzy of folks using
an
occasion to bomb
the
cells
off

with pure abandon

on booze ..

Shit,
come around
here on some

nameless
evening

and
we'll celebrate
(or create)
a

holiday

of our own ..

**I have no more ink,
many plastic leaves**

and more trash can bags than I know what to do with ..

So,
I either look through the place
or

use all the paints
and
printable instruments
in the place
to

get the
thing down ..

Words and
words scrawled over
the
canvass

boards
and

old sheets
I thought I might use some day
but
won't ..

Yea,
as far as the plastic leaves
and
trash bags are concerned ..

I may use those all some time

here in the near future ..

To beautify the window sills
and

throw out
all

that hasn't been written yet ..

i still have it

Oh .. oh ..
I had
it
while leaning my forehead into
my palms on the bar ..

I had it,
though it left ..

A simple premise to the story ..

Shit,
a confounding event went down around and I
thought that I had
it right in the fist of
my
palms,
when it just left me without a warning
or
a
vice

at
all ..

Then,
gone ..

Though,
you must know,
I had

the story
pinned from
the
beginning ..

Seamless,
the story was start
to finish
fucking complete ..

END

ideas in a long sentence

Wait .. wait,
I have
no time now
for

long sentences ..

I only have time for ideas ..

So,
what's your idea ..

You have to limit it to several words at most ..

But
catch me at another time when
you

can stretch out your
ideas
to

an
actual page or
more ..

Sure .. sure,
I know it's good ..

I can tell by the idea,
but

I only have time for that ..

Wait .. wait,
you said
you have another idea?

Wait ..

Gone ..

Seems as though an
idea

isn't
enough

any more ..

Look folks,

at certain times

that's all I need ..

life without television

Heard a story
that the state of Florida
is
going to lock away a 16-year-old kid
for life
for
killing a 9-year old girl ..

He beat her to death
and
used the,
"I GOT IT FROM TV" excuse ..

Look people .. there are two wrongs here ..

Simply put ..

The shit,
vermin,
excuses,
escapism,
neglect,
and such don't come from people ..

They come from us walking
the
row and talking the lines ..

And locking away such a young kid
for life without parole is going to do nothing for anyone ..

Yes,
he fucked the
pin wheel
hard,
though

he's going to be a hard,
void motherfucker
when
the

time comes up on the clock for him to leave ..

With conflicting stories on rehab,
something
more needs to be done
than having the state of Florida keep this kid
alive behind bars for at least 50 years ..

If they continue
with the sentence,
he
shouldn't

ever watch TV again

for
the
supposed fear

that
he

will

do it

again ..

liner notes

If you have
some time on your hands
or
want to give your ears a good
smack

in the lobes,
read

the liner notes

while listening
to
a
great album
where the singer
just doesn't come through
as

well as you thought ..

It's fucking night and day ..

I did it recently to
a
classic stand-by
and

think
it

stands

to reason why
clear crooners

like
Sinatra and Elvis

had

us
all
understandin' ..

People
would be much
better

set
if

they listened to
Miles

once
everyday ..

If it's
one
song,
one snippet of a song
or

perhaps
a
whole album ..

made it in the mob in her dreams

She called me at work and
told me about a dream

she had ..

My lovely lover friend
was
taking to the sleep for several more hours
as
I headed into work ..

She called,
told me that she had a dream while I was gone
that
I was in an intense shoot out in a Mafia gang
with
the
po .. po .. lice ..

she said it was fast and
ugly

while the cold air in the
area around

my phone warmed

and
I thought,
there's some nice

shit that
can be lived out in a dream,
even

if it's not your own ..

I asked her if I had a clean get away ..

She said
she
woke

too soon ..

I almost

told her I was going
to
take
a

nap and finish the dream for her ..

I sure could have used a clean get away
and
a
pipin' cold

beer as
a
celebration

to her

dream's heist ..

middle of the old west

Here in
the middle of the middle west

we see
the churches,
broken glass
and

casino cards that work ..

Yes,
redeem that card in for
a new
set of stained glass

and anything else novel the
dealer has

the chance

to throw his way ..

Sure,
this is

just a smidge of a note

to let you know

that

were all safe and dandy until

the churches go out of business,
the glass or choppy ponds come back to their original form

and
the
cards

decide that

they're just

painted novelties

and
not

really

bearers of luck

for

the

lot ..

more of everything

A friend of
my lover friend
recently checked himself
into

a
full rehab program
for a nasty drug habit ..

He just disappeared for the day
and

called very few to let them know
that
the bumps, hits and depravation
was

coming to an end ..

He couldn't apologize to
any
for

his decision,
he
held the mild expectation
that

they would
only
say,
'RIGHT THE FUCK ON MAN.'

Well,
he got out recently and
we
all went out for some
food and beverage ..

As I sat there with beer in hand
and
he sipped on a water,

he peered at me from passionate eyes

as
I explained that we're all creatures
of getting that high
in
whatever we do ..

Whether someone takes down some drink
or
picks up a drug
or

does something that gives them that charge ..

We're constantly in need of that high ..

Whether it's sky diving,
sipping the coffee,
going to a park,
jumping off a 5 story rock into a lake of water
or
giving a good suck on a gal,
it's

the high,
baby ..

and there's so many ways
to
get the high
we're always looking for ..

So,
as I thought about the two factions of people
that either drink or use drugs ..

There's are those that get addicted into a
train ride that won't stop an inch
to take a snap shot of the scenery,
then
there's those that can make the stop,
get off,
wander around for a bit ..

I thought about this
and
knew that this man couldn't ever fall into the latter ..

His body
chemistry won't allow it ..

So,
as

a celebration for sobriety and
my
first solid conversation with him
in
months
without his eyes being
drooped like an old war soldier hiding back the memory,
we

gave a toast ..

Me with my amber beverage

and him
with
that

clean,
clear

glass
of

new cold water ..

poem if not potential album title

Joe Leonard
&
the Abuse Factory ..

They're going to change
their ways
and be evicted from their lease ..

They're tired of the abusin',
they're

going
for
the
kinder,
more gentler route with the people ..

Just proves
that
good
clean

abuse
is
still

tops
in
the
American
media
hungry mind ..

power notes

The slow,
amicable
power pop band
is in
mid
Friday stream

as
the
eyes of the crowd peer
forward
to

discern the sounds

that are being
tuned into their drums ..

The girls
are
slightly bouncy
and

the men are taking back drinks
as though

thirst

has
been on their mind all day long ..

Lights
bright,
ready to hit that bridge
the
band is,
as
the

band stops
and
asks

the crowd ..

'YOU GETTIN' ALL OF THIS?'

The crowd ties
together a loose
collection of cheers
as

the band

hits back into the stride
that

was once riding

over the stage like
a
donkey

in horse's clothing ..

Sure,
the

melodies

are

like
brown sugar

as
the gallery of white

faces
visibly try

to figure

this
next

band phenomenon
out ..

right/wrong

I'm going to be brief
with this ..

So,
there's this person
I
know through another person
that

got the shit kicked out of him
late in the AM
one night
after taking
the
drug in through the nose ..

One of the cats he was running with
thought he
had an eye out for his gal ..

So,
this big motherfucker left his home,
only to come back several hours later ..

He busted him up
pretty good ..

Threw him through a window in his
home,
layed some cherries on
the
face,
etc ..

The guy that got busted up
said
that
things would turn around when
everything was in place in his life ..

Things were too fragmented ..

I hear this from people and
it
makes little
sense ..

Look,
we're all putting things into perspective
and

our
own personal place
every second we
walk,
breathe,
talk,
create,
fuck,
eat,
shit,
etc.

So,
we're continually putting together a mosaic
with a
solid idea in our mid-20's of what gets
us going
and
what doesn't ..

So,
when I hear that people lay blame on
bad events
or
incidents
down

to the fact that 'EVERYTHING ISN'T IN PLACE' ..

I say,
join most of the walking
population ..

Our fight is
the
walk
and
our
truth is the question ..

The sooner
you realize
that it's usually you
vs. a constant cosmic mystery,
the

sooner you're

going
to

live

as
you should

and
do ..

road treasure

A couch cushion

went flopping,
tumbling
and

landing lazily against a concrete barricade on
the
highway

today

as
the
lamp shade,
bed

and

blender
were tied snug in the
back of his
68 Pick-up ..

Yes,
while the birds dove
and
swooped like dare devils between
cars,
overpasses
and
roads

the
cushion

now sits there for their
nap

time

unless

another

trades in trash
for

valuable cash and prizes ..

runway model artist dreams

As the runway
models
tear
through their further problem
of
weight gain and loss,
the

used steak on the bottom shelf
of
the
freezer
waits
for
the next passing dog mouth ..

Sure,
as
the
painter boyfriends
lusts
after

the next
big

divulge onto the canvass,
she

sips pear juice
and
doctors her toes up like
it's

delicate surgery
for
a

valiant old man ..

Yes,
the world of model's
problems

as
the milk company
readies to unleash
another pubic campaign
to

take down more CALCIUM ..

Yes,
and

the painter would

paint
with

milk if he didn't have
to
hear about weight

no more ..

several listeners

The guitar player
and
the whisperer
had

a way of getting along great ..

Gently sweeping
like

the old man

after the big arena rock show ..

Just
teetering and teetering
like

a couple of champs

as
the
scientific community
shouted

into the old tin can
that

would bring about the next

telecommunications breakthrough ..

But
this would do anything
for the guitar player and his whisperer ..

There

were
many
& a many
other

things they were playing and listening out for ..

shakespeare in the door

Open windows
and

closed doors ..

I've
had
the Yale collected works of Shakespeare
for

about 5 years now ..

I have used
the anthology more
as

a door stopper
than

a
reader ..

Nothing
against the man that has
quoted and written
more

printable and visual
pieces
than any author ever ..

There's just others out there
that
have
taken my
shit by the pant leg ..

Guess
on of the
factors
that

play into this whole
'book as door stop'
scenario

is that
he has lent his pen
to

many other bad asses as good

or

nearly equivalent to spend
the

time plodding through ..

So Shakespeare,
this

one's for you ..

stage on a stage

Hey
baller,
midnight rocker

where you going
with their women
they worked so hard
to
convince

and
entangle ..

You came
in with your invisible cloak
and

now
the
men that once courted them
wonder
as

the women wait for years of debt to pay off their own
pair of pants ..

Yes,
you with your twirlin' drum stick
and
flickin' stage picks,
they

ask
me to ask you to keep your
hands

on their women ..

There's plenty of
them out there for you
in
your scavenger hunts ..

There's more than one sapphire in the
diamond mines ..

I just tell you
personally that

if you keep on chasing these girls,

treat 'em well
and
send
them

back to their men ..

Have
a
little
tip,
or
short
story of sorts

about
morning ..

It all
begins

officially
after
that
1st,
tiny

wash over
the
ivory

sip
of
coffee ..

take the robe

let me
lend you this robe
of

mine ..

you'll feel
warmer and
more apt

to want a cigarette ..

it just
has

that effect ..

let
me
guess
how

much loose
change is
on

the streets
and
sidewalks
of
New York
City
right
now ..

about \$219 dollars ..

just
enough

to pay
an
eighth of
rent

in
the big city ..

so,
you like the robe?

yes,
the smoke
curling through

the
streaked air looks

good,
and
better with that robe ..

you feel warmer?

no?

well,
come over here ..

that
robe can only do
so

much ..

i have some socks
and

warm blankets ..

what do you say
we
go

to the back room
and

I get
that

cold
out of you quick?

Oh,
you want one more cigarette?

well,
I think after the warm up
you

will
feel

more like you'll want a cigarette ..

&
you

can
wear

the robe while
you

smoke ..

talkin' over a wind

Steeped into
spring,
the

winds here today

and
tonight

are like
a
whip against

the innocent ..

Where have you gone
calm

warm breeze that used to keep
the

reasons
flying with the buzzard
or
black bird

nipping at the newly
killed animal

in the circular
food chain

that was etched into the side of the children's shoe?

Yes,
we
have

been looking
for
you

all over the place ..

Under boulders,
beneath sheets,
in sandwich slice mold,
within the spit of a cigarette,
on
the
lumps of grape jelly

tell me my age ..

Kids
ask me,
'HOW OLD ARE YOU?'

Shit man,
I think I have forgotten
how
old
I
really am ..

Though about putting
some ads
in the want ads
to

see how old I am
because

many have wanted to know how old I am ..

Realistically,
I should

think about placing
the

notice in the classified ..

Seems like more
classified information
than

anything ..

Yet,
if

any of you
know how old I am ..

Find an
old post card
or

a small slip of paper

and
write it down,
with your name,

and

mail it promptly to my home ..

&

thank

you all ..

they will sell--but never buy

I was driving
down the road the other day
listening to
a
local band

on my radio ..

Without me knowing,
they pulled up next to me at the light,
shaking their heads ..

They turned down their music
and
yelled over ..

'HEY, THAT'S US ON YOUR RADIO. THANKS.'

Sure,
I nod.

Then I ask,
'HEY, YOU GUYS WANT TO BUY A COUPLE OF CANDY BARS I HAVE
HERE FOR A GOOD CAUSE.'

They declined and
drove off quickly
at
the

green prompt ..

I shrugged,
kept the tape going,

and drove a smidge behind and
next to them ..

Shit it was
still a good tape ..

this evening with the room across from me

Room across
the
window from me

with the tiny blue bottle waiting there
for
a
b-b gun or
another means

of
forced
entry to take the

poison
off the shelf

and
spill it over the floor ..

Sure
as

the
long awaited warm
gale winds of now come

flopping through
like

a
line
from a
piece of media you forgot,
yet someone repeats clean
as a sliver of fresh paper,

it
is

and
can be seen

as
a
solid
evening

where the world

will continue to tangle

the tango
into a ticket
you

want to buy
and
if
not ..

will take it for
free 'cause there's no other show
in

town that will afford
the

same entertainment for

that new-found dollar

in the back
pocket

of
a
lent pair of pants ..

Yes,
as

the bottle sits there untouched

and the silhouettes

flop by in a host
of

friendly hour glasses
on
the
sidewalks ..

We

take

this
evening
in

like

a
drug

on a drug absent binge,
bingo ..

this particular Sunday evening

It's a night where there were
other thoughts that could be elongated
onto
paper,
but instead
there

are other pressing thoughts
that
need to have their time to go
through

the squeezing press ..

Sure,
like the memorization of keys on a keyboard,
or
the
reading a book
from

an old junkie
that's

now a reformed
Insurance agent

trying to rip your parents blind

on
an
earthquake that will never

happen down their tornado alley ..

Or perhaps

there are other segways
about how the woodpecker
opened the hole

in the eternal fountain of youth that no one would
walk by or
acknowledge

as

all the water flew to the top of the ground

and evaporated

in
the
flailing

final note of a Sinatra tune ..

Sure,
the evening can give me more than
a
sugar cube

and
takes
enough away

to make recycling sound like a sound measure that all
people should consider

before they go get their tags
renewed

or visit the doctor for
a
routine check ..

Yes,
as
the

again

warm,
yet cool breezes come over the

stone coated trees,
the

ground

stands as the wettest

thing

that
will happen in this neighborhood ..

So,
as I take down this last
line quickly
to

get my shoes on
and

fetch a big film release on cocaine ..

I ask

that you keep your kids

away

from

the
Poison Control Center

and
if you have to ..

Let your kids decide

if they want to grow up and marry a cowboy ..

thoughts vs. ideas

For some days
now I have only
had time to write down
some

random thoughts

and

a
full transcript on
a
vivid dream I had one night during
the
latter part of last month ..

So,
as the time as found me
and
I'm courting my new beauty,
I

resume to thinking
that

it's not only all right,
it's
fucking dandy ..

Sometimes
you only have
time

for
thoughts

as

the
dreams
tie them all together

into
one ..

tuning the editors

Seems
as though
I
don't have enough
time to submit
my pieces to
editors lately ..

Though,
I think if that's the case
then you're indeed doing
something right ..

The time will come ..

The pen and
thought

is all that matters ..

If you can only make time
for
one thing
in
between all the other things ..

It should be
to
writing
the

right
words,
laying down
the right riffs
and

painting the
perfect square
around

the deal ..

two heroes

*Saw
a*

*thing a beauty
the
other day
going down*

the warm afternoon highway ..

The first of such a spring jaunt in some time ..

*I looked into my rear view mirror
and*

*saw on the front grill of a big 18-wheeler
that*

*a
stuffed bear was splayed wide open ..*

*As it sped by,
I saw some old timer
behind the wheel*

bouncing

like a champ

*with
that*

*bear
ready*

*for whatever
was*

next ..

we have found the mat

Now
that
I
have
the
chance
to
talk
to
you
page,
I'm
going
to
make
your
blank
spaces
blue

&
wet.

what are you doin'?

When you've
done
enough

or so much
in
a
day

that
you forget

what you did during a day ..

You did
right
by
me ..

So,
when you go by that bluff of ground
or
by
that
shop for the second
time in a day and get a
comfortable dose
of
deja vu,

chalk
it
over

across the
lines

as a solid

time

in
the
repetition

of
your

busy,
flyin'
balls ..

who are those women kin?

Tight shorts
and

the parts that were hidden
for

months as the men gape forward
at

all the women
wondering
if
they grew those beautiful
new
parts over the winter months
or

if they were there the
whole
damn
time ..

I see them
come by,
say hello

walk on my way

and
decide
that

it had to have grown recently ..

I wasn't seein'
anytin' like that
over

the cold,
bare fisted months

that had

the
people huddling around the Tv sets for warmth ..

Yes,
much
like the dogwoods and magnolias
sprouting their
wares

overnight ..

It's a new
phenomena

and

to
pay attention

is
to merely have your eyes

wide
fuckin'

open ..

who's reality?

Have
some kids
I'm
teaching a little computer
to

in
a

cesspool of a city West of here ..

These kids
are

for the whole
good ..

They come into the lab
for

a
little skillin',
and
immediately start playing
a
computer game that simulates
real life ..

They
make a family
all

chalk full of traits and characteristics
they

decide to pick ..

Then,
they pick a plot,
dig some

ground,
lay the foundation

and
start living life ..

The people in the house
squash bugs,
swim,
interact,

fuck,
shower,
shit

and
do all the other things
that
people would do in real life ..

These kids
are
enamored with the game ..

It's like they get to live
the life
they haven't had the chance
to
as

urban
kids

from hard streets in
a
hard city

or it's
the current fascination
that

our media has spun
with
reality-based shows
that

keep people

churned to their Tv's like

cogs
in
a
timepiece ..

With these kids
I think

go out there and get and do
what you want on this game,
then

the other side of me recognizes
that many other people out there

are simulating
real life

while the world spins

like an enormous,
intricate

unpredictable,
yet
calculated top

in the
hand of a child genius ..

And,
I wonder

why they don't just use the forty bucks
that

went into buying the game
to
crawl their lonely ass out
on
a
good date
with
a
mate

or
get
a

book

or a tube

of
toothpaste

they need ..

you blank

you
blinking
cursor

you ..

I have

seen
you

much today ..

with you
winkin' slash,
all
I want now

is
a
smoke

and
some

Coltrane

as
the
fingers
slide

like
a
spoon full of cough syrup
to

the
back of the

old man's

coughin' throat ..

you
blinkin'

cursor

and

all your fucking cursing

has

me by the

lurch of my pant legs

while

the
small band
burns
another

hit single

and
the

tomotoe
vine
decides
to
grow

a
small cucumber
in

the name of sour packaging ..

So,
I

have another
line

for you cursor

and
it's this ..

'KEEP ON BLINKIN' WHILE I'M AWAY.'

1 and a half riot

Your lost
horoscope
and

that bag of oyster crackers for
a

cold bowl of soup ..

Got yourself in
something a little new now,
huh?

How about you
try out a fortune
from another source

and
a hot frothy bowl of french onion
soup
that

doesn't need any crackers?

4-11-01

Can I have
a
word or 2 with you before you go to bed?

I just wanted
to see how you would react

if you knew that I'm not as good as I thought

at
this relationship bit ..

I try,
pull,

and
salivate the only way I know

how
but
it seems that there's several
stalemate

courses of conversation that come up
during the course of
the discourse ..

I feel good with the whole thing,
it

just seems as though
it
could either be the classic gender reflector
or

I'm just not doing something key
in
this

ingredient list that's going to
make the chef
sing or sneeze ..

I don't want you to let me now know,
just think it over ..

For now,
I
just wanted to have

this word or two with you
before we went to bed ..

LIGHTS SLOWLY FADE ON SET AS A PERSON LAUGHS NEXT DOOR
AND THE BLOND GIRL IN THE BACK ROW SNEEZES ..

a basket of hot catfish strips before 3PM

is

about as

good as a full body rub down ..

It gets better ..

There's a whole case of cold
frog legs,
gar,
more catfish
and

cod slinked out over ice
for
the

passing eyes to feast on at
a
local

fish eatery ..

In a world
of

meat,
it

was sure
tasty to have

those pieces of
fish

lightly
before

3 PM
last Tuesday afternoon ..

a run .. runnin' .. run .. down

The quiet
of a loud mouth is
the
silence in the ocean ..

The
peace in an explosion

is the civility
in
the
creator ..

The patch of ice in the flame
is
nothing more than compressed water
that

sounds better being crunched between
her
sound, white beautiful teeth ..

The wind through a duck's mane
is

nothing more than the
swan song we hear when we try to listen ..

The
last word

is the

first thought ..

a wind you can see

It's windy out
today

and that's fine with me ..

As the piles
of
debris on the corner,
flowering buds in the trees,
errant wrappers,
flags

and
such

flap,
breeze and blow
as

though they just came from somewhere's
and

have somewhere's new to go,

I say

good to you wind
which
we
can't see ..

Though,
if you

show yourself to us,
wind,
we

wouldn't watch
these
other things flow about ..

So,
with cheeks
huffed back

and

the
sun
as

your

ally,
blow

like a wild

coon

and
we'll

take it
in

through
our lungs

and

give you
a
treat

if you comply ..

add the humidity, bitch

The damp
cool cloth of night
tonight
as

it pretends it
wants to rain once
more ..

Sure,
it's not finished
as

the

lucky ladies
jump from the cans
into

the child's
swimming pool in the back lawn ..

Yea,
there has to be more as
the
sunflowers barely budding
whisper with their petal fists
that

they want more action,
more
action!

The sweat on the side of my
can
reflects

like the streets

as
the
cars driving around
arm
themselves

for
another night

on the road

and
the
overborne traveler

just
pours
through a magazine in a
friends
house

as
though
everything that needs to be
said

has
already been said ..

alive and disease free

I was recanting
a
short tale about
a
crazy girl I was dating about
4 or 5 years ago ..

We once
got booted from a gay bar
because she couldn't keep her shirt on ..

Well,
as the story went ..

This crazy broad I was seeing
told me that
she had a nasty case of ovarian cancer
and
had
report after follow-up
tell her that she had about 2 more years to live ..

So,
time goes by ..

About a year ago,
I went into her,
what I thought former place of employment,
for
some downtown evenin' love
when

I noticed her pouring and serving behind the bar ..

Wait .. wait,
great news,
she's made it through the weather of the disease,
I thought ..

Then,
I really thought about
the
secrets
and

scant lies
that could have been the real case

and
felt somewhat sad for people

if
they
have to make up stories
to

get people to walk the tight rope ..

Yea,
I remember sipping my drinks

that night

just
smiling

the
"I know and don't know"

look

as
my lover friend last
night

just
laughed

and laughed ..