



## **JoeFiles LIX**

### **Giving Directions to a Tall Midget**

## keeping the shits above the stool

Have  
A couple of kids  
In  
An  
After school program  
At  
A  
Job  
Now ..

One  
Came in yesterday  
Complaining of having the shits  
The  
Day before ..

Guess his mom  
Pumped the meal full of jalopenos  
Without telling the kid ..

Yea,  
A pretty sheltered lad  
He is ..

There's more than  
One way to keep him at bay ..

Then today,  
I hear  
That  
His two brothers were home with the shits ..

From what the shitter 1 tells me ..

His brothers caught wind of a late night  
Cake and took  
It  
Down like  
A  
Couple of brave galleons in battle ..

So,  
As it goes ..

Their mommie dearest  
Pumped a cake full of Mylanta  
As  
A  
Prank for their Uncles ..

The cake was to be delivered the next morning  
And

The mother never told the kids  
What was going down  
On the ingredient list ..

So,  
As  
They tip toed across the linoleum shine,  
They

Took down  
The  
Treat

And

Shit the whole  
Way  
To

The  
Bank ..

Yea,  
There's  
More

Than one way to keep a couple of shits at home ..

**lube your lips, baby**

I've  
Had chapped,  
Shit lips  
For the past  
3  
days ..

Went to a small DC drug store behind  
The White House,  
An old  
Black gal called me 'baby' ..

I gave her the 'doll' in return,  
Picked up some chap stick,  
Rubbed them all over my sore, white lips,  
Smiled while  
She laughed  
&  
again laughed ..

I knew  
All was  
Going to glide on smoothly  
From

Here on out ..

## **MAD baby**

Listening to a table next to  
Me while  
I eat a “HAIL CEASAR”  
Burrito ..

Talking about environmental issues  
While  
The girl talker uses words like  
‘COMICAL’  
‘LIKE’  
‘GOOD’  
‘LOTTA’  
and  
the  
such ..

A bunch of white people  
Trying to empathize for a cause  
As they dry fuck each other’s ears  
With no chance  
For  
An  
Orgasm ..

Recollecting Presidential blunders  
And  
More words like  
‘OH’  
‘AMAZING’  
‘UNBELIEVABLE’  
the  
such & ‘THE SUCH’ ..

As I dream of a good, long blight  
Of insanity  
And  
My beautiful mad baby back home ..

## marching snap

Birds floating  
Like a dollar bill,  
If something happens here,  
They will ship  
This  
Pile  
Of  
Marble below me  
To  
The  
Smithsonian  
As  
The  
Engravers  
Steal from the mint  
&  
the IRS takes from you ..

Wile the justices  
Take off lunch  
As  
The  
Cops  
Accidentally  
Ticket their car  
While  
The  
President remains  
Non-existent

In  
The  
Marching band's  
Afternoon

Sleep ..

**mark it on the cover**

Took a picture of an  
Apollo 15 space suit,  
Had a bowl of hot & sour soup,  
Drank two Tsing Tao's,  
Wiped my running nose,  
And burped so loud that vomit came up ..

It was good  
To use those tax dollars so  
Damn well ..

The convicted bomber runs away like a broken tombstone, as the word watches knowing that the only bluff left is on a hilltop or flapping like an eppiglotis in the back of a mouth ..

\*\*

Courage in a child is like a frisbee disk thrown well and hard .. speeding gradually upward .. wobbling for a better grip on the air and lightly smacking against the slightly wet, green grass ..

\*\*

The commentary of the commentary is like whipping a thoroughly broken egg to see what it's like ..

\*\*

He talked to me about a documentary he saw the evening before. It was about recently released convicts that were put back out into the world to fend for a job, food, life and the such. As he explained the heroin addictions and the drug pilfering of an inmate that made \$982.00 over 10 years as a laborer in the system. He further spoke of how these convicts love it on the inside. There's warm food, internet access, TV, books, education, weights and the such. Then, he looked about and told me of a security guard post he was going to do at a strip club in Lawrence. He tells me the women are all over him. Afraid that at some point they're going to slip a little of the potent green cough syrup in one of his drinks. Shit, he tells me, there's some women that have titties to die for. Sure, he goes on, there are several blonds that obviously have tit jobs, but solid gold natural from the waist down. So, as we rounded off the interstate and towards his dojo, he told me to drop him off in front of his mail slot so that he could finally check it. Tells me he hasn't checked his mail in a week. Just before this, I tell him about my one shot using a hard drug. He asks what it was. I tell him. He's a purely straight man. With the booze, cigarettes, pot and drugs that he almost used the same drug one night. Two beautiful women in a club wanted to take him back to their place. Pop the potion and have a full on fuck fest. He said that he bailed about 10 minutes before they were going to hop into the car for other surroundings. Sure, I told him, the initial wave of feeling was nice. But it was a lack of control and evaluating the true worth of your mindful life that counts. I was more than content with mine and told him I didn't need to get involved with such bullets in the future. Shit, it's a tale I can lay down on my kids when they start questioning the path of their old man. So, as I shook his hand before pulling the car in reverse, I thought this was one solid talk with my boss to cap the day.

\*\*



## **maybe on may day**

It was May day yesterday  
as  
the  
April guessers shout  
Mayday to the captain  
and

this  
may  
be the  
truth

or it may  
be

a  
fabrication ..

But it  
is  
the  
second day of may  
and  
I still have half a slice  
of  
mind

to maybe

yell Mayday right at this screen  
and

delete the  
text clean off it's technological grin

or  
move  
on  
to

the next thing

that  
needs

some  
space

to

be  
said ..

## **my baby back in KC**

no more games as  
my feet  
rest  
after a solid day of getting  
the RA - RAH market  
bullshit  
chigger talk out of my ears ..

It's gone  
to my feet in their warm  
pressed condition ..

Feel like I'm walking  
on olives  
as  
the dark lava snickers ..

I think of my baby  
at home  
for many more than a singular reason(s)  
as  
the  
dull girls  
now go  
to  
sleep  
in the TV filled hotel rooms ..

## **NIXON MEMIOR**

Another fleck  
of film  
&  
all the capitols  
in the nationals  
while  
a  
presidential joker  
fly's over the lincoln memorial  
with a rubber nixon costume  
yelling,  
'WHERE CAN I CATCH THE YELLOW LINE, YOU  
CRAZY AMERICAN BASTARDS?'

## Oh, Mr. Man ..

mr. man  
you

gave  
us  
more than you said you would give us ..

are you  
o.k.  
with that?

we can spread this gift  
out  
to

more than just us,  
or  
did you mean  
for us to keep all of it?

we don't  
want to get into the offending  
business,  
but

we know a lot of people that  
could

use  
some of this ..

please

write or call  
to  
tell us  
what you want us  
to

do with all of this .. ground beef ..

you  
left

before we  
could

decide it was

too

much

mean .. mean ass meat ..

*one more nose*

When  
There's no more  
Room for jokes ..

Then,  
There's time and room  
For

More laughter ..

Can't figure those that  
Have little or

No time for the former ..

So,  
That tired  
Shoe insole  
Makes its way into the can  
Of  
Trash  
For

The final time on the first tempo,  
There

Will

Be one

More joke waiting for sock you square in the  
Fucking

Nose ..

**one .. two .. four bitter rhines**

One drink up  
On the rest of  
The  
Eaters  
And

One  
Mile  
Below the newest  
Runner,  
Its  
A  
Battle of

Above and below

When all I want to do is  
Stay  
Either just away from it ..

So,  
As you gear up the competition  
To  
See when  
Where

And  
How  
It will be when it goes up or  
Down

I will  
Be in the other room  
Squeezing together  
A  
Cold, pulpy class of  
Fresh

Watermelon rhines ..



**our ass laugh**

The last page of the symphony  
&  
The first page of the race  
As the limping priest  
Hails the closing doors of the bus ..

--To no Avail—

They're laundering rocket ships  
&  
The poor have a hard time buying  
A  
Mobile ..

Hey,  
Ride the train,  
Or buy a pretzel stand ..

Just don't blame me or  
Someone else  
You don't know ..

We all either make or follow  
Our own reasons to laugh ..

Laugh hard or  
Soft—

Choose the same air  
To fart  
From your asses ..

## **our names**

Shaved ham,  
Pork shoulders,  
Pig skin,  
Top sirloin,  
Cow tongue,  
Ground chuck,  
Veal,  
Liver,  
Grilled lamb,  
Fresh chicken planks ..

The difference  
Between the mammals  
Is  
That  
Humans  
Have  
Actual names ..

*pimp juice*

Found the title  
page to a book  
some young 8th grader wants to  
write ..

It was on a computer  
in the lab  
I  
teach by day ..

It was a title  
that

gave me a good fit  
of the laughs

but could  
work well ..

Shit,  
very well  
for a young attractive  
girl

from  
the  
inner city ..

It goes out to you  
and  
and  
the  
brothers in  
the  
land

of the land ..

Called 'PIMP JUICE' ..

I thought,  
these kids  
are  
learning

well ..

Maybe  
I have

seen the writer  
over

the ravine

without  
crossing  
the  
bluff ..

You pimps, you ..

and  
all  
that

fucking juice ..

## **Pink DC**

My final night  
In DC is here ..

Should I take a good slug  
Of drink &  
Piss on the FBI sign  
Or  
Is there a way I could make a big pasted  
Sign  
Saying  
'KOALA BEAR'S FOR CONGRESS'  
and  
parade before the White House ..

Christ,  
It's hard to tell,  
This woman in a pink pair of pants keeps walkin'  
By

Railin' my train of thought ..

## plants, plans and meats

They turned  
Down the music  
And  
Pulled the knob up  
On  
The air ..

Yes,  
As  
The  
Muscle tendons formed around  
The  
Gaza Pyramid  
And

Took the other  
Pyramids off  
For  
A

Long awaited smoke,  
The  
Rest of the world  
Roved around

Punching arms,  
Pinching ass  
And  
Adding

Limes to the next  
Plan

In  
A  
Succession of new 'projects' ..

So,  
While the microwave  
Finishes off that polish dog  
In  
Heat ..

The mustard  
Plant  
Stands  
As  
The  
First in line

In the next thing to be done ..

*pleasure smoke at your own pump*

Drove by  
a  
gas station today  
with  
my

needle brushing close  
against the  
white

letter 'E' ..

As I passed,  
or well before,  
I saw a young old gal  
in a old dirty sport team jacket talking  
to a mullet driven cat in a coat he got from one of the cigarette companies ..

She was just puffing away on the smoke  
nearly a foot away from  
9 explosions and 4 full tanks of gas ..

I thought  
at  
this point in the day,  
it was better to not have

a  
fucking

war explosion go off near me,  
so  
I didn't stop to  
pump ..

I just  
kept  
on

driving ..

Getting  
closer  
and  
closer

to empty ..

## **saturday afternoon snack**

Come on birds,  
I have

a  
little treat for you ..

I shit enough  
this

week  
to

lube up some towel rolls  
for

you're starving beaks ..

Ok,  
come here

you little denizens of the air ..

I'm waiting here with  
my  
afternoon unfolding

like a fresh starch shirt  
with

the  
kiss of  
acronyms

and  
more seed

than you or your friends  
would know where  
to  
store ..

Don't make  
me  
start shouting for you birds ..

But,  
dinner

has



been served ..

*scraped what was willed*

They kept  
Their stools warm all afternoon  
As

The drinks kept rolling like  
Thunder  
In  
A  
Man's missing bowling ball ..

As the kids  
Of  
The  
World typed a new message  
And  
Slid their fingers  
Over

The  
Crochet kit  
That  
Was

To stitch together the missing  
Pieces of  
A  
Lost civilization's new government policy ..

And,  
A  
Many tires  
Gained willful heat  
As

The road  
Growled back in its own  
Blend of folly  
While

The traveling show packed and left town ..

Yes,  
It was a day of events all over  
That  
Could fill the annals of a slow year's final  
Volume  
Of  
Almanac livin' ..

So,  
As  
I sit here before

The  
Typer to make  
Sense of several slices  
In  
An

Enormous  
Pie

Smashing its will  
In  
Our face ..

I gain  
Just a morsel  
Of whipped  
Topping

On  
My  
Lower chin ..

Rub my finger over the creamed goodness  
And

Know  
That

I  
Have

Barely scraped the sweetness ..

## shitty creation

*the click of high heels going  
down the concrete steps below,  
as  
two computers now  
talk to each other in  
sound blips*

*and bites*

*off the egg/tuna croissant ..*

*so,  
as  
the world catches another deadline  
and  
the*

*mouse gives back the cheese,  
the*

*breeze over the flower heads  
feels  
like an*

*all together  
needed thing this morning ..*

*after waking to her  
kiss,  
and wandering in for a good poop,  
I reached up for the toilet roll  
and  
burned my hand on her heating  
hair curler  
and*

*just laughed at the hot stove  
principle  
with  
a  
child*

*and  
kept on  
pulling off*

*sheet after shit*

*to*

*wipe*

*up after my first creation*

*today ..*

**shoved, blended and hor dourved**

They shoved  
The hero  
Into a blender,  
Mixed it with some motor oil,  
Cheese sauce  
&  
sprinkles for the kids (the silver balls) ..

Hit the puree option  
And  
Served it to those that haven't  
Seen all of too  
Much

Lately ..

## **sleeping nap**

Rings from her cup on  
the  
ledge as

my old glass stays above  
that

warm line ..

Creases in my shirt  
as

he walks straighter  
and  
enters a room of feasting pregnant women ..

Sure,  
I may need  
a  
nap,  
I  
could really

use some sleep ..

**slowly swillin' down his hollywood momento**

On the porch  
the other night  
with

my lover friend ..

Having some swills, tugs  
and

general frolic

when a small red/orange convertible rather old,  
yet in good shape  
pulls into the middle of  
the  
street before

my lover friend's place ..

He yells  
her  
name,  
she  
sends

a  
salutation back ..

He was asking if her friend,  
a  
girl he has his eye out for,  
was home ..

She said she didn't think so ..

So,  
he looks forward in several second of a Hollywood pause,  
reaches between his legs,  
pulls up a pint of liquor,  
takes

a  
deep tug ..

Looks forward again,  
then towards us and

says,

"O.K. THEN. WE'LL SEE YOU."



Sure,  
she comes back ..

He sat for several more seconds,  
then gunned the  
car

forward

down the street ..

It all seemed so

.. well,  
delayed ..

I'm sure

he  
heard me laugh

at

his Hollywood moment

as

he  
tore

over  
that

warm Kansas City strip of pavement ahead of his

heart ..

**sold cash**

It's tax  
day for everyone  
as

my federal check  
gathers interest  
in  
a

newly opened savings account ..

&  
further  
a  
day to pull out  
that  
coat

packed away weeks  
ago

because  
the  
weather has again  
been

the  
decision  
in  
a  
swarm of

questions ..

Yes,  
as

I just  
got off the phone  
with a girl  
interested in buying  
some paintings from me,  
I  
hear the silence  
of  
her  
11:32 AM office space  
I used to toil in

knowing

that  
the  
hum  
drum

buzz  
has  
to be that it's Monday ..

For this  
kid,  
it's a greater day

than that  
because

I'm  
young,  
broke,  
living,  
and

it  
all  
still  
takes

a back  
seat

to  
what  
it

all looks like ..

**some of the unsaid residue**

As the sub lights flash,  
The Smithsonian packs another space suit,  
A small girl on the elevator  
Kisses a panda bear &  
The world  
Smells of human perfume & cinnamon dipped pop corn ..

A train coming,  
Another one going ..

All I have is a soda  
In my bag to drink ..

Need to find a solid  
Salt of the earth joint for a good start of suds  
Or someone could go down with words ..

Must  
Filter out their tourist  
Voices  
In  
My head ..

## some things thought about

the  
taciturn  
politics

of  
a handshake,  
the tropics,  
a medium-sized cat,  
ground turkey,  
old books in good condition,  
music that muses,  
cupid shooting an arrow  
at the man on death row,  
the eyelet in her earring hole,  
returning a phone call,  
a note from a small kid all in crayon,  
the spy forgetting his gun at home,  
the coffee getting cold on the warm counter,  
the science fiction blockbuster getting the man off his couch,  
a joke about foreign politics,  
a slip from A to C to B minor to F flat,  
a cartoon on the wall of a meat cutter's market making a hero out of an elder,  
fat birds looking for more to eat at 7 AM,  
renaming a color wheel to "ROB V. GIY",  
a joker on the front of a new brand of cigarette of choice,  
the lights going out for the first time in a building of calamity,  
anything that could be considered illegal in a land driven straight by the law  
bound  
loon getting his  
kicks  
on

a unicylce going

for  
the  
peach in a  
bare  
pear tree

on the ledge of a hedge in  
a

desert that  
didn't make the cut

on the new edition of Rand McNally's map ..

## somewhere in May

Nestled  
Between the point  
Where the crowds  
Are  
Pointing in all directions  
&  
The popular sports bar  
Closes  
Due  
To  
Several professional sports going on strike ..

The playwrights and actors guild  
Have  
Also  
Gone on strike ..

Hell,  
Maybe the kids will boycott  
School  
Because their teachers  
Told them they were actually paid shit ..

All we  
Have left in the sugar milk  
Is a group of unemployed/waiting folk  
Wanting more money  
And  
Cops  
Out thinking the thief  
&  
making it safe  
to  
first base ..

**standard for time**

BAM – BAM – BAM – BAM

BAM  
BAM ..

I hear  
As  
I  
Take my ears  
Into  
The

Sleep ride  
Out  
The  
Window

From the

Ugly side of town ..

Told  
Myself  
That  
It

Could have been someone hammering  
Nails

In  
At  
12:34 central standard time ..

## stay away and IN

When  
the  
winds come through and the sun  
comes  
by  
as

it is today,  
I believe  
we

should all take the day off from work ..

Increasingly,  
as  
the  
weather warms

and  
our young  
bones burn,  
we

should take more days off for  
all the other days  
worked

and the days that will be worked ..

We're not lab  
mice  
being drugged up for  
the next cure,  
or  
are we?

I see the sagging  
office  
faces  
and

pouty postures,  
gaits

waltzes  
and

wonder if that's  
the



herding that has  
gone down  
behind

closed doors

and  
fake,  
half-smiles ..

## tail eggs

The spring birds  
and  
the passing of winter beaks as  
the  
summer fowl shiver in  
a  
crocodiles egg  
beneath  
the  
cold hay ..

Warm sickle  
of  
the cackle  
&  
call of the blue jay's packed egg  
and  
the  
robin's warm tail ..

*taming a punch*

Sheltered boys  
Walking home ..

Punching each other so much  
And  
So hard on the side of the road  
I almost drive  
Towards their direction to either break them up  
Or get my hand in it ..

As the children we raise for the future  
Raise our brows

The  
Catastrophe  
Turns into another  
Tango someone  
Will make into  
A worth melody ..

& the symphony  
With their whores  
& the sluts with their newly washed linens  
Of white ..

We have only one more minute left in a  
Phone call that could have lasted easily over  
An hour or more ..

But all I have to say is  
This ..

When you throw that punch ..

Make it land in the right  
Spot  
&  
be sure it goes to the right person ..

## **the fictor**

The manuscripts,  
wasted sugar packets,  
discarded watches,  
tornadoes in a jar,  
trash in the young girl's hood,  
the hooks in a boxer's shoes,  
a moment in the resistor's temptation  
as

the author deletes the story  
&  
lives his own

fictory ..

## **the real Baltimore man**

The man  
who picked me up from BWI airport about midnight  
to take me to my hotel room  
was a good natured black man ..

From the time I hopped in his van  
to about 10 minutes into our 30 minute drive  
he was talking to some cat on his cell phone  
about a woman  
that had an attitude problem ..

"Yea, everyone was just a laughin' and she was mad,"  
he started.  
"How could you be serious when everyone around you is just laughin'. It doesn't make any damn sense.  
Somethin's just  
wrong with that blasted gal."

Going on about his raving over this gal  
who was mad at some kids at a birthday party that broke a chair  
and messed her place up,  
he just couldn't figure why she was so damn uptight ..

He was probably fucking this gal  
or  
wanted to to invest so much interest ..

So,  
as  
the  
conversation over the mobile waves  
came to a close,  
he clicked 'END' on the phone,  
put the phone back in it's charger between the seats in the console  
and  
gripped the wheel while looking down that stretch of Maryland road ..

I looked over his shoulder to the rear mirror and  
asked how he was ..

"Good fella, how about you?"  
he came back.

As we started talking about the area,  
he telling me that he had lived in the Baltimore area  
for over 50 years ..

Said that him and most of the people he went  
to school with still live in the area ..

"Quality, baby. Quality. We also have the best seafood in the country,"

he said.

Then,  
went on to give me an oral history down the barrel of Baltimore's past ..

Baltimore is ..  
the home of EDGAR ALLEN POE  
the BALTIMORE ORIOLES  
the WORLD CHAMPION BALTIMORE RAVENS  
the birthplace of the song AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL  
and  
the like ..

So,  
as he slowed down and ended his talk on  
Baltimore,  
the gal I was traveling with to go to a computer seminar,  
tugged on my shirt and asked me  
who

EDGAR ALLEN POE was ..

I put up a finger and told her later  
as

the man pulled us  
into the hotel driveway

and  
I  
readied myself with a good  
tip

for  
this

lifelong

easterner

with  
a  
taximan flair ..

*the right accessories*

I let the woman  
with the sparkling hat  
dart  
in front of me through  
the  
traffic medium ..

Dashing  
And  
Daunting in the same breath,  
This  
African queen  
Just  
Careened like she knew where she was going ..

Going  
For  
Some pork ribs  
Or  
A  
Good slug of that 'NEW'  
Expensive  
Gas  
They keep talking about at the pump ..

Sure,  
As I watched that sparkling hat  
Gleam by in  
A  
Hazy  
Dream,  
I scratched my newly shaven chin  
And  
Readjusted  
My

Balls  
For  
All

The queens out there  
Perfectly accessorised  
Behind

The  
Wheels of their autos ..

**the smilin' Koreans  
&  
their new sandwich hut**

Drivin' through  
downtown tonight ..

Came to 11th & Baltimore,  
while at a red light,  
I thought about running the light,  
then my  
eyes caught the handlebars  
of  
a little deli  
run by some smilin' Koreans ..

I used to stop in  
here and there,  
grab a sandwich,  
make the woman  
laugh  
while the husband and small boy  
watched  
some abomination of American talk shows ..

I'd talk to her about how business  
was and  
again she would laugh,  
shrug  
and  
tell me something somewhat optimistic about  
business coming around ..

Well,  
from what I saw toning the show  
and  
dream ended ..

There was a  
brunette American woman  
and  
a  
man with long pony tail  
cleaning the windows  
and  
taking down existing shelving ..

I'm sure  
she's still smilin' ..

Maybe she wanted better access  
to a highway,



which she didn't have at her location ..

Maybe  
she  
just

needed other folk than  
white business people at noon ..

Maybe  
she doesn't need anything

by her smile ..

If you're  
out

there  
getting another spot  
dusted off to sell a damn fine fucking sandwich ..

Squeeze them all by the ball  
and

tell them  
how

good it all really  
is ..

## **the vet had a super plan**

Late  
at night ..

DC ..

Feet plenty sore  
from the day of  
tourist hiking ..

Stopped at  
a  
POW/MIA souvenir booth  
run by an old Vietnam cat selling pins and patches ..

On the steps below the Lincoln Memorial ..

Long beard,  
looked like he had more than several fists of  
wisdom to impart  
on life,  
living and the pursuit of freedom ..

Asked him where the Vietnam Memorial was ..

It was dark,  
the wall is black,  
throbbing feet,  
the end of a venture,  
perfect set-up before catching the sub home ..

He tells me,  
"NO MAN, YOU DON'T WANT TO SEE THE VIETNAM MEMORIAL FIRST. KNOWING THIS IS  
YOU FIRST TRIP TO WASHINGTON. GO OVER HERE TO YOUR LEFT ABOUT 100 YARDS AND  
SEE THE KOREAN WAR. IT'S CRONOLOGICAL AND THEY JUST WRAPPED UP A 2 MILLION  
DOLLAR RENOVATION ON IT.'

I nodded and  
asked him where  
the  
L'Enfant Metro station was ..

'NO .. NO .. MAN .. THERE'S A STATION CLOSER THAN THAT. SEE THAT SWITCH IN THE  
ROAD UP THERE WHERE THE CARS ARE MOVIN"  
he says while pointing ahead and to the left.

Yes, I tell him.

Go up that way about 6 or 7 blocks .. you'll run right into it ..

He just didn't want to give me any information

I asked for,  
which is all fine ..

He wanted to get to the quick of the evening  
and I can respect that ..

So,  
I went over to the  
Vietnam Wall ..

Had my ass blown out of the water ..

Then  
went over to the Einstein statue in front of the National Museum of Science ..

Smoked a cigarette ..

Hailed a cab ..

Made it to my train station of choice ..

Wanted to tell the man with a name I didn't know ..

Appreciate  
the

ad - vice ..

**there within a time of frame**

We all lift  
Our lids  
So that you can

Keep yours closed,  
So

If you have  
To  
Fill

It up  
With vegetable  
Or  
Cold tonic,

Keep it abreast for now

And  
Wait for our signal ..

If it doesn't come  
Within a reasonable time,  
Then

Wait for an unreasonable  
Time

To  
Make  
It  
Such ..

So,  
With your silver  
Strapped teeth and missing belt loop,  
We'll be there with a pound  
Of  
Gold and a new pair of jeans ..

We hope  
You show ..

**they were sold out**

they're selling  
prom tickets to any lucky couples,  
as we  
sit to the side of them in an inner city school's lunch room  
trying to recruit kids

for a post-school activity program ..

but  
these prom tickets ..

if you buy one now for you and your honey,  
there's a good chance that you could win,  
or be registered to win with the rest  
of the prom feet,  
a  
trip to the Sears Tower,  
or better,  
the Empire State Room in NYC ..

So,  
come get your tickets today,  
buy a new canvass  
bag for the trip and

ask that girl out,  
boys ..

*they're perfect pieces of shit*

My dad's shoving  
shit samples  
in his refrigerator ..

Sure,  
Spacing out the shit  
And  
The  
Days

For the doctor ..

Yes,  
Some wonder if  
My  
Folks are going insane  
As  
Age creeps in  
And

Shoving shit in the refrigerator  
And  
Smiling like it's  
A  
New scientific discovery  
Could qualify ..

He looks at me as  
Though

I'm two steps away from  
Falling over the cliff,  
But  
I haven't  
Shoved  
Any of my waste  
Into

A  
Cold chamber lately ..

Yes pops,  
Keep

On shitting those quality

Pieces  
Of  
You ..

## toes & slippers

Pull on your  
Slippers  
And

Don't  
Miss  
A  
Single fucking toe ..

They all fit in  
There

Too well

And one cold

Toe

Means

May other

Jealous toes

That

Will  
Or

By  
Chance

Not understand ..

## **train stop**

Of all the solid  
Rides  
Logged on the DC sub,  
I'm now  
Locked in a standstill boat ..

The lights flashed,  
I kept reading a book,  
Paying little attention,  
Except for the heartbeat in my beaten  
Tourist feet,  
When a brother guiding the civilian missile comes through ..

“HEY MAN, HOW YOU DOIN’? NEED TO HIP TO THE PLATFORM ON THE NEXT STOP. THIS IS  
THE YELLOW LINE’S END.”

“YEA, MUST HAVE BEEN SLEEPING,”  
I tell him.

He shook his head in a cool man glide  
And  
Said we would start the engines in about another 10 minutes ..

Went back to the book  
As I forgot some thoughts about an earlier tour  
Of the Library of Congress ..

They have said the opposite of congress is progress ..



## under DC

Waiting for the last  
sub train  
this Thurs. night  
at the Fed. Triangle stop ..

Nothing but cold gin  
&  
cold, cold pizza  
for this scout's tummy  
back at the hotel room ..

You know,  
a security guard game me the stiff word  
and pointed me directions after simply  
asking her twice where  
the nearest train station was ..

Bend on crime  
&  
rifled by a relationship,  
her glare added heat to the Blue "M"  
as  
I whistled an American tune  
while  
the  
security man from the national mint  
gave me  
the  
sly eye ..

So,  
as I wait like a duck on the Tidal Basin  
for the next big thing to happen ..

I cough up the last cigarette as my  
sub  
pulls up to my part in the script--

*underground travel*

Bald headed,  
Good natured,  
Gold on front tooth,  
Driving the hotel shuttle  
Takes  
Me  
Around  
Today to another hotel &  
The subway station ..

Tells me his  
Wife is 24 years younger than him as he gives me  
The sideways smirk  
And  
Tells me the Philippines is the place  
To  
Go ..

Told him that the Beatles  
Would never go back there after snubbing the queen ..

He just looked  
Ahead,  
Silent,  
As I said that I'm not in a band,  
Likely won't have an invitation to meet the Philippines highest in the food chain  
And  
I may have to look into

Another  
Route  
To

The Philippines  
As

We  
Shook  
And

I walked  
To  
Another underground ride ..

## velvet talk

Had  
a  
little meeting today  
with  
a  
guy named Gary  
and  
Velvet ..

Gary  
talked  
about

top of the line,  
best in business,  
a  
line of shit like that ..

You know,  
just let me know what you  
have ..

I don't give  
a  
jive  
about

Fortune 500 or  
top  
of

whatever business bullshit ..

A bunch of  
suits  
jacking off  
the

best phrases  
using  
the  
best phrases in the loop and on the plate ..

Though,  
the woman  
Velvet had  
a  
great name ..

I told her

to  
get some bar-b-que  
in

a  
local  
joint

before she made her flight ..

She smiled  
and

said  
'sure' ..

That  
made

it  
all worth it ..

A little  
velvety return

as the cliché  
terminology

took  
a  
fucking

break,  
baby ..

## walking artifact

Went  
Through the Smithsonian  
Today  
&  
there were actually people  
watching TV videos  
while the real shit  
was around them—

1<sup>st</sup> ladies dresses,  
Presidential debate chairs,  
Dressers,  
Swords,  
Guns,  
And such—

They just watched  
&  
watched

as  
I  
Went on ahead  
Walkin'  
And

Walkin'

**want soup or salad with your meal?**

Rocks in gravel ice,  
Temps sucking nipples toes,  
Recess for all the new inductees,  
Blocked tidal flow,  
Enough chicken for turkey gobblers,  
Strippers for Jeremy,  
Sweet tooth for the first soup fiend in line,  
Claps for the recovering sexaholic,  
Residents in Renee's apartment,  
Cold candy canes for good kids,  
Roofing for ceiling tilers,  
Mis-spelled or new words for the word wranglers,  
Respite for the guest with one coat,  
No quotes for the talker still conversing,  
One more tune for the veteran sax player,  
Open cities for the blockaded finger player,  
Female croons for the old aged rockers,  
New plastic ware for the China woman washing all the dishes,  
Many EKA'S rounding out the name of a new Brooklyn whore,  
Dirtying laundry for the seamstress looking for something else to do,  
No more management classes because all we do is manage all day long,  
Fresh fried rice for those looking for MORE,  
A resignation in their invitation,  
She stubbed her toe after thinking about him for too long for no good reason,  
High chord changes for the low ballers out there tonight,  
No more bullets because knives won't work and grenades are just too obvious ..

How  
Are you doing?

## WASPS are kind when they rewind

eating candies  
spokes  
and

circulating  
around

the  
way

the  
boats make  
it

so far out to sea

and  
come home much quicker  
than

the voyage out ..

the trip to where you're going  
is  
always the longest ..

and  
the  
trip home seems like  
a  
short  
ginger bread hike  
up

the  
walkway ..

suppose  
that's  
the

way it should  
go

if you  
don't

play this one backwards ..

## **weapons of the gun**

He had  
a  
dream  
that I asked her to marry me ..

I told him  
that  
he  
may have jumped the gun ..

Then,  
he told me that I had obviously  
went  
over  
the  
gun and down the barrel ..

I told  
him  
that I didn't have the dream  
he  
speaks of ..

At this,  
he

put the  
weapon  
down

and  
said

I walked  
down the staircase with her  
after she accepted ..

Now,  
we both wonder  
if

we have  
our collective  
ammunition

drawn ..



## wet bench

wet  
end of  
rolled cigarette

with spindles  
from  
a  
used dandelion  
floats  
by

with the wishes of  
32 able  
child minds ..

stomach  
ready  
for  
more  
than

liquid,  
as

the  
statues  
bend a little

like clay  
and

the  
President  
moves

a  
little more  
like  
a Disney cartoon ..

Yet,  
the

beauty is really  
all

dolled up and  
wrapped  
into

the woman

on  
the bench seat  
tilting

her head  
to  
scratch that  
clean,  
shiny

forehead of hers ..

*what do you have to do with it?*

A stack  
Of  
Empty pages  
And

A  
Pile  
Of

White canvasses

And  
The  
Phone rings ..

'HELLO,'  
I ask.

'YEA,  
HEY .. WE'RE GOING TO GRAB  
SOME DRINKS AT THIS PLACE  
DOWN THE ROAD. YOU IN?'

'LOOK MAN .. IF WILLFUL COMMENTARY OR ERRATIC HAND  
DOESN'T TAKE PLACE SOON .. YOU WILL NEVER FORGET YOUR NEXT DRINK.'

'YEA .. WHAT EXACTLY DO YOU MEAN?'  
they ask.

'I MEAN THAT I HAVE A DRINK FOR FREE IN FRONT OF ME  
AND IF I DON'T TO WHAT NEEDS TO BE DONE,  
YOU WILL KNOW ABOUT IT.'  
I say.

As the conversation  
Dwindles to an end,  
I laugh  
Into the cold breeze coughing through the window  
And  
Sneeze  
Into the raise,  
I realize  
That

I may have to call into work tomorrow  
And

That

Those pages  
And canvasses

Will be filled

Soon ..

If

My

Hands

And

Hand

Have

Anything to do

Withit ..

*what I remember*

the streets  
of DC remind me of what  
Camelot was  
without having  
been there  
before ..

so,  
as

I sit here now in a knot  
of

pure  
street talk,

DC  
hums  
with it's usual old english blend ..

*what place was the group trying to find?*

Alluded  
By  
The  
Illusion

As

We all sit down to paint  
A  
Picture

Of the  
Frame,

The  
Fresh squeeze of  
Time

Comes over the hands  
Of

A used clock

That  
Was thrown up from  
The  
Kind  
Girl's mouth ..

Oh,  
Hope this isn't losing  
You

Because  
I know how to drive  
And  
The  
Wheel feels like a freshly  
Dried and cooled sheet  
That

Rubs over the skin  
Like a good dab of Neosporin ..

Yes,  
I think you're still there  
And

I believe

That  
Montreal is still  
Registering temperatures  
And  
Mailing letters ..

Yea,  
So before you leave  
I want you to know that  
Washington State  
Continues  
To

Pick apples

As  
The  
Muzzled kid  
In  
The  
Corner that never talks,  
But

Thinks out loud with his beady eyes  
Is

Going to blow  
Up  
Your  
Little apricot  
Tree

That  
Never grew in the first place ..

*what remains isn't the issue*

Another full  
Drink down  
As  
Document 15 will soon take on a  
New

And  
Assumed different name

While  
The  
Jazz recording gets stamped into

Another  
Newer form of digital release ..

Yes,  
If we could all only understand

Why  
The  
Spinning persists  
And

Stay in the room a little  
Longer for the sake of the price  
We  
Pay for  
The  
Electric socket ..

Yes,  
Cold quiche and the rumors  
That surround the hot eggs on the morning plate

It

All

Just as well becomes just another small issue  
In  
What isn't the

Issue ..



## what's being thought about

horns honking,  
the birth of a thought  
as  
the  
man in front of me this afternoon  
reaches around  
to  
get a good, solid long look  
at  
an  
older aged black woman  
is pushing an  
older woman across the street  
to the court house ..

The woman in the wheel chair  
has no legs and  
a  
bright pink  
shirt on ..

Just smilin'  
and  
looking about as  
the  
man in front of me cricks his head  
and  
looks in his side mirror ..

I'm looking forward out of  
some respect  
for  
the  
many she runs into  
on  
a  
daily basis giving the look ..

So,  
as I fish for one more cigarette  
before going into the non-smoke zone,  
another thought ends for now  
and  
another

one  
is  
already there  
in

the birth

canal ..

and it's somewhat canary yellow ..

**while they're at it ..**

There  
Are some times when  
All you want to do is get involved  
With  
A  
Solid,  
Classic  
Lester Young  
Or

Coleman Hawkins  
Album  
When the curtain has dropped and it's  
Being

Thought about  
The  
Hoist again ..

But  
There are never times  
When it's thinking about having you ..

That's why  
When the hand  
Slaps  
And  
You have to come up with a sneaky,  
Solid decision  
On where  
You're choice of music  
And  
Beverage is going to go,  
They  
Really

Only  
Want  
To

Fuck another woman

And  
Entertain you while they're at it ..

4-24-2001

the day  
already  
coming,  
reflecting through  
the  
brushes

in my glass jar ..

children's tattoo's  
lying  
around for the  
lowest bidder

and  
the registration  
of

the color wheel  
is only as good  
as  
the

eye that  
is

looking

into

that  
com .. com .. comb .. nation .. nat .. ion .. combination ..

**4-26-2001**

With faces of Italians,  
Arabs  
and other Asians and Europeans  
peppered within the  
monolith of the Jefferson Memorial ..

The words around the circle of  
Thomas' statue said ..

I HAVE SWORN UPON THE ALTAR OF GOD ETERNAL HOSTILITY AGAINST EVERY FORM  
OF TYRRANY OVER THE MIND OF MAN.'

I concur Tom ..

4-27-01

Walkin' in  
The DuPont Circle  
Now  
And  
It's apparently  
A  
Thriving gay town outside of DC ..

Now,  
I wonder about the  
Way some of  
The  
Seamen walk .. ?

There's always  
An upright push  
With  
A  
Sugar effluent vibe ..

Do straights usually  
Have  
A  
Way  
They walk?

Or  
Do we all  
Just

Walk ..

#### 4 x 4 timing & a 4/4/01 dream

Looked through the  
front door of  
some home I was in ..

Saw very clearly in the bright night  
sky  
all visible planets in the sky ..

Not as spots of colored light,  
but as large spheres where I could look at the contour,  
see the sputtering,  
movements  
and

the clouds dissipate ..

Saw Mercury, Venus, Mars, Saturn, Jupiter and Neptune  
clearly ..

In varying sizes, intense colors  
that kicked me in the balls ..

So,  
as I disappeared from the chamber of that  
dream,  
I was taking my lover  
friend into a field to see the same  
thing ..

Though,  
all I saw was time elapsed movements of the  
moon rising swift  
in  
the  
sky

with an Indian summer glow about ..

Then,  
a  
hunk of the moon fell  
from the sky  
hard

about 3 feet away from me ..

I picked up the spiked  
rock of the moon

and  
gave it to my lover friend ..

I didn't get far enough  
into  
the  
dream vestibule to  
get

her response ..

I'm sure  
it  
was

fair,  
to

warm  
from

this visible approach now ..



5-2-2001

the  
edible  
portion  
of  
the  
orange,  
took

off it's  
robe

and  
went for a little  
dip in the skinny  
of  
the  
apple's thin  
rhine

while  
the  
petite woman  
in  
the

soft, blue chair  
glared down the  
woman

draped in extra fat  
while

she  
gave  
her

sheik  
boyfriend  
the

best blowjob of his life ..

Man with  
the  
bright  
red face  
sitting  
on  
the  
park bench

in front of the library ..

I've noticed  
Him around time  
On  
A  
Time & again  
With his dog  
And  
That bag between his legs ..

It's the brightest red I've ever  
Seen on another person's face ..

It's not the burn  
Of  
The  
Sun,  
It's something within ..

As he flips the  
Lid over on  
Another magazine  
In print,  
His dog hangs his tongue out further  
And  
Lazier ..

As he paroozes through the  
Magazine print,  
The  
Day

Just gets

Warmer

And  
His  
Face

Remains the same ..

\*\*\*

I let the woman

with the sparkling hat  
dart  
in front of me through  
the  
traffic medium ..

Dashing  
And  
Daunting in the same breath,  
This  
African queen  
Just  
Careened like she knew where she was going ..

Going  
For  
Some pork ribs  
Or  
A  
Good slug of that 'NEW'  
Expensive  
Gas  
They keep talking about at the pump ..

Sure,  
As I watched that sparkling hat  
Gleam by in  
A  
Hazy  
Dream,  
I scratched my newly shaven chin  
And  
Readjusted  
My

Balls  
For  
All

The queens out there  
Perfectly accessorised  
Behind

The  
Wheels of their autos ..

\*\*

A side without mirrors  
and  
a  
reflection without  
a  
top  
or

bottom ..

\*\*

Breath of  
the  
early,  
I had nearly remembered ..

while  
my  
contacts still sit in my eyes with  
circles of fog about,  
it  
feels

good to see the way I should

even  
though

it's not accurate ..

guess  
it

makes sense

as  
the  
boy limps across the intersection with his bike  
and

the sound of keys moving

over  
the  
board

before

me  
just

feel like  
something  
all

to-gether right  
without having to view much

at  
all ..

\*\*

he drank so hard ..  
he  
fell sideways on his face ..

\*\*

My dad's shoving  
shit samples  
in his refrigerator ..

Sure,  
Spacing out the shit  
And  
The  
Days

For the doctor ..

Yes,  
Some wonder if  
My  
Folks are going insane  
As  
Age creeps in  
And

Shoving shit in the refrigerator  
And  
Smiling like it's  
A  
New scientific discovery  
Could qualify ..

He looks at me as  
Though

I'm two steps away from  
Falling over the cliff,  
But  
I haven't  
Shoved  
Any of my waste  
Into

A  
Cold chamber lately ..

Yes pops,  
Keep

On shitting those quality

Pieces  
Of

You ..

\*\*

7%

On the bottom of my feet ..

Crack .. cra .. crack, crack,  
The tops of the bottle flew,  
The tops of the bottles flew,  
Saw some  
Bad,  
Nasty hotel television  
&  
now board flight 215 from BWI to KCI ..

A white, white suburban couple  
Tousle with their  
Kids  
While the big black woman innocently caught between  
Laughs & laughs  
As  
Do I  
While the echoes of a  
White  
Kid's crying fades ..

0 - 1 - 2 - 3 -

[illegible]

a  
1 .. two .. 3 ..

```
.. out ..
```



### 9:30 PM flight - KC to Baltimore/Washington International ..

Here's a complete list of names & occupations for all the chill-dren that will be birthed during my 2 hour flight ..

Javis  
Anthony  
Adolpho  
Bobby  
Ed  
Jack  
Radius  
Jim  
Axis  
Monday  
Julie  
Somerset  
Lust  
Legion  
Guiseppe  
Roundabout  
Rowanlove  
Butchbull  
Reelingbobber  
Incidentalswim  
The fast fry with no cook  
A spinach leaf in the sailor's coat pocket  
Love notes from Lori  
Lust in the money clip of a brilliant homeless cat  
The cedar in your tooth's filling  
A resident of Venus  
Hope in Bob; Bob in Hope  
The fire which born Vegas' New Orleans baby  
Hair in her new concoction  
Coffee gumbo  
The dog's tail in the cat's last alibi  
A wrecked car in the picture of a new car dealership's ad  
The incidents of reason in murder's one prowl  
A good fuck for a great girl  
Bow jobs from the next available representative  
Happy, married homosexual men with cold drinks in head & umbrellas up their asses  
Uncomfortable tourists in gaudy, expensive clothes  
Uptight fighters in a world of booze made just for them  
The enema viewed on the evening news  
A Chihuahua doll in the mouth of a passing cougar  
A jackass reaping havoc in the donkey's jerky ass dreams  
Jawbreakers & lickable tits  
The last of her famous suck jobs before the midnight resolution  
Restitution for the dead  
Institutions for the living  
A whole land of crossword puzzles and all the healthy, capable heads,  
eyes,  
minds that get confuses when they try to think too much or too hard

Boring people with a lot of issues need to find a loophole in the interesting groups and jump right in  
For if there was anything tighter than a frog's asshole, we could safely call it a black hole on earth  
Waiting for orange juice, while the nude woman in the bathroom on this flight now is eating an apple after  
fucking an apple  
The reflecting screens of lap tops  
flicker  
flicker  
floundering like a piece of wood ..

peck  
peck  
pecker  
whack  
whack  
whacking  
on the e-mail  
bizety bop  
web  
mail .. e-transfer ..

blue light in a dot  
to a  
doo do  
dot  
dee deeee  
over the seat of translucent screens  
that beg for  
a name and  
never get one ..

So,  
tighten your grip  
&  
listen to the ride as it a go-go  
goes  
a smidge like  
a  
rap - tat - too  
over the  
peck  
peck  
pecking ..

(As you can tell, I dropped the name/occupation idea. It would have probably bored the piss out of you - the reader. For, I forgot the names often & don't give a serious fuck usually what occupation most people hold.)

## a deposition

it  
was my turn on the stand ..

the lawyer  
asked me where I was  
at  
the  
night in question ..

I told  
him I was in the same place  
he  
was ..

the judge  
yelled sustained,  
I thought  
it  
would be over-ruled ..

so,  
as  
I dipped my lips into a  
glass  
of

water,  
the lawyer continued ..

who were you  
with  
during this night  
in  
question ..

I said,  
asking  
those in question  
for  
some answers ..

he  
stopped,  
came up to me close  
and  
said I wasn't helping much ..

I told  
him  
he

wasn't either  
for  
to ask questions about a night in  
question  
was  
light

giving an answer twice ..

he  
told  
me

he would talk to me after the court  
was out of session  
and

ceased my  
time

on the stand ..

as I rose,  
the

judge heard my  
logic

and  
just smile  
while

a juror  
sneezed

loudly ..

very loudly ..

## **a miracle**

For all the  
squeezing that goes into a  
pinch,  
there's more force  
that goes into a push  
&  
exponentially  
more  
into one small,  
short kiss

with a miracle ..

*a white song*

A one .. two –

A tap

Boom

Mother fuckin’

Bomb ..

The rap

Of

A

Mo – mon – modern

White man

In

The

DC hood bringin’ it down

For more than

Th .. the .. th .. the

Colors

&

jive

mother fuck ..

So,

Catch this crazy verse

As

A slide

Ba .. ba .. bafore

The

Train

Takes

My mic

&

the night steals my caf .. caf .. caffiene ..

But that’s all ga .. ga .. good

&

right

motherfuck ..

Because

None of it can hit my

Wind

Or

Fa ..fa .. fool

With me

N – shit

Now ..

**about & around in here**

fake tattoos  
&  
a quarter tin of wet tobacco  
as  
the  
crane operator  
shifts  
and swivels  
his

way closer to a break that's been  
on  
his mind for several hours ..

yes,  
as  
the  
non-stop train express out cools the motorists  
high on the  
flying highway,  
we

open another package of  
treats

for  
our personal disposal

and  
turn the music up just a little

to let our  
ears

know  
that  
indeed the world is now alive ..



## African Shampoo

He screamed  
While

Two women washed  
His  
Hair

While another man & I talked to her  
About

Her sojourn to Mali, Africa ..

Yes,  
As the continent  
Melted into another land  
Of  
Choice  
And

The  
TV tubes and magazine covers  
Burned in neglect,  
It

Was OK as  
The  
Wine stayed room temperature  
And  
The

Only reason

In their vice  
Was  
That there was no reason ..

Sure,  
The crying finally ended  
And

The  
Talking kept on  
Going hot .. heavy .. and loud  
Like there was nothing going on in the other room ..

Though,  
I couldn't stop thinking  
If

Getting your hair washed  
As

A  
2-3 year old kid  
is

a fucking sore pain in the grapes ..

From  
What I remember ..

Getting my hair washed has always been fine  
For me except  
That I never use the right quantity of shampoo  
Going

In for the take ..

Oh,  
And I hear  
That

Villagers and

Temperatures

Over there in Mali

Is  
Fucking

GREAT.

*all in the salt shakers*

Breath of  
the  
early,  
I had nearly remembered ..

while  
my  
contacts still sit in my eyes with  
circles of fog about,  
it  
feels

good to see the way I should

even  
though

it's not accurate ..

guess  
it

makes sense

as  
the  
boy limps across the intersection with his bike  
and

the sound of keys moving

over  
the  
board

before

me  
just

feel like  
something  
all

to-gether right  
without having to view much

at  
all ..

## American Viewers

Another wry  
Ride  
On the *Utopia Tours*  
As we go around the pin head  
& drive the skewer right into the fire  
that got  
fascinated with ice ..

Doors closed,  
Motor under my ass,  
The pope has asked to spare the life of a US man up for  
A May 16<sup>th</sup> execution  
For killing 168 people with a bomb ..

The White House,  
From a reporter's list,  
Said they respectfully declined his request ..

Bullshit ..

They closed the windows,  
Opened the doors,  
And yelled to Rome ..

"FUCK NO! THIS MAN'S GONNA FRY!"

Yea,  
People even purchased tickets  
In America to watch the execution ..

Perhaps we  
Could fly YOU in to watch the excitement on closed circuit, big screened lights ..

Oh,  
GOD bless

america ..

## april nineteenth

Crossing the great continental divide of our personal quest  
to fully discover how Teutonic plates  
connect and how other rust crusts of land  
connect and shift ..  
sure, our generational generation of faces  
going in and out  
of the technological screen saver  
with scrolling locks and number junked lovers  
come and float in and out of the iris's eye ..  
yea, as we crawl for the photo opportunity  
in from of the continental divide,  
we first pull out a smoke for posterity sakes ..  
it makes the picture come out so much better  
with a solid white stream of smoke  
to break up the darks going down  
around the New Mexican background around ..  
so, as she climbs out of the jeep, doesn't say much,  
I think about one more solid cup of coffee that morning,  
for the coffee I already had was a little stale ..  
also, I wonder if Richard Pryor  
is still hitting the comedy like a genius bad ass  
that he is with all that hair and fire ..  
fire going about the microphone like a swarm of  
flying fleas looking for all the blood they could  
muster from the groovy crowd about ..  
Oh, so we go back to this continental divide scene  
and wonder after taking the picture if it would look  
better in Polaroid, 4" x 5" prints or digital images ..  
realistically they all have their perks while an  
invisible missile sends a shoot of wind through our  
collective hairs .. so, with all this unity around  
the continental divide .. where to go from here ..  
probably a solid Mexican Restaurant ..

## **Bastards in Baltimore**

He took me to the liquor store,  
I paid him well,  
Talked about my blisters,  
Got off the final train last eve,  
Hailed a green cab,  
Climbed in,  
Had a smiling Palestine  
Giving me his words  
On  
A  
Decent  
Evening he was  
Getting ready to have ..

*bird flap in the hip and even morning*

Just  
Picked up a  
Tin of coffee and some saline solution for my eyes ..

Thinking about  
Her  
Hips  
And

Dropping off her famous  
Local quiche at a posh, hip  
Coffee shop  
In

The downtown quadrant ..

Shit,  
People absolutely go to outward lengths  
To either be  
Hip

Or hermits,  
I suppose ..

This,  
As  
The  
Simplicity

Grabs me by the hair

About  
My

Sack and skins ..

I pull to the red light ..

Just an average  
Traffic  
Obedience ..

Turn down the music a little,  
And  
Watch a bird  
Tousle  
With a butterfly/moth ..

He can't quite get his beak around  
The  
Prize

As

I watch

And  
Cheer  
For

This little

Fluttering creature  
Of

Morning

And  
The  
Delicious

Food

He's  
Fighting for ..



## bit of DC in my stockings

took  
the  
subway system  
all the fuck over DC ..

living off  
hot dogs  
and

a  
decent continental breakfast  
when I found that  
little  
poorly decorated room  
in  
the hotel ..

tell you,  
the  
Mall .. that walk of national monuments  
was a good poke  
down  
some  
solid

American history ..

it gave me a good sense of being  
a  
citizen and knowing exactly where the fuck  
some of my money is going ..

all the major monuments are in one solid  
parallel line ..

from Iwo Jima  
to  
the  
White House the shit  
just stacks up like a big set of dominoes ..

it was  
so tranquil,  
yet  
it

had the same sense that if shit  
where to start on an international or domestic  
level  
in

violent modes,  
that

the everyone and their friend  
would  
jump out of the bushes and  
start firing away ..

it was like a lone firing squad post  
with

no one around,  
but  
once

the guilty verdict came through ..

the battalion,  
army,  
congressman,  
dignitaries and  
the  
such

would be out with their guns,  
swords  
and

midnight oils of gallantry

to restore

our paid for republic ..

Blinking platform,  
The cute girl in the headphones went by fast  
As  
The  
Chronicle of the quandary  
Was released to the deaf wise man ..

When later caught for an interview ..

He had absolutely  
No  
Comment ..

*bright red and well read*

Man with  
the  
bright  
red face  
sitting  
on  
the  
park bench

in front of the library ..

I've noticed  
Him around time  
On  
A  
Time & again  
With his dog  
And  
That bag between his legs ..

It's the brightest red I've ever  
Seen on another person's face ..

It's not the burn  
Of  
The  
Sun,  
It's something within ..

As he flips the  
Lid over on  
Another magazine  
In print,  
His dog hangs his tongue out further  
And  
Lazier ..

As he paroozes through the  
Magazine print,  
The  
Day

Just gets

Warmer

And  
His  
Face

Remains the same ..



*car chalk*

In pursuit  
of  
the  
falcon ..

I'm his wingman  
this morning  
as  
the  
Integra watches  
my  
back ..

The millennia .. we'll the millennia  
and  
the  
talon can fend for their own  
they  
have  
the  
decade and foot to make it  
through a clawing match ..

As I keep my eye on the  
Falcon  
in the Paseo,  
the  
Altima  
and

Focus

blur by my  
ass  
in

a mere spot  
as

the explorer  
weaves  
out of the reckless ways  
of

the Altima  
trying to make a switch in the middle  
of

a  
heated

interchange with the king of this universe .. the 18-wheeled rig ..

Then,  
the Fiesta smuts and puts on by  
with it  
Spanish innuendoes  
that  
are

working on nil ..

Cute,  
but  
nothing to take seriously on  
a  
stretch of life that  
offers  
respect

to a name  
that  
most people  
either

cannot pronounce or understand ..

So,  
as  
the Falcon veers off my radar  
and  
down to another flank person's view,

I take

my paseo  
over  
the  
paseo

bridge

to  
explore

a tad  
more ..

## conversation with money

side steppin'  
around the accountant  
only

to run clean into the  
I  
R  
S  
broker  
looking for a new hobby  
in  
a  
trail of failed marriages  
and

too .. two .. too much money  
out there floating  
around in  
ignorant hands ..

Sure,  
I evade the  
IRS man  
also,  
only

to get the credit companies  
sending me more  
more

7.2% .. 5.1% .. APR .. APR .. APR  
CASH  
ADVANCE ..

SHIT,  
ANYTHING YOU NEED ..

I continue side steppin',  
but  
I don't believe that  
kind of walkin' is going to  
get these  
fuckers

with money tattooed on their heads and shorts  
out  
of

my mail box or running into me on the streets ..



Starting  
to  
think

the walk forward

is going to work ..

A little zag  
in the rig,  
and  
zip in the flag  
perhaps

as  
the  
shoes move on down ..

yes,  
I'm

going to fini\$h now ..

## **cop business**

A bunch  
of  
10:30 a.m.  
motorcycle cops huddled  
around  
a  
palette of Pepsi

while  
the  
mailman,  
woman with a blanket of tattoos on each arm,  
the smooth rollin' cat,  
an early morning drinker,  
a blond aerobics instructor getting a pop  
and the pimp  
with a new  
do

looks over the shoulders,  
through their legs  
and  
about the scene  
to see what the cops are up to ..

One has  
the  
perpetual stare down at a pad  
of tickets filling one out  
as

the other 4 drink their coffee,  
eat refreshments  
and donuts

while  
all the people wait for  
the  
President to roll out in his motorcade ..

Still gets  
me how many people will look  
with that endangered fear look  
as  
they see a group of cops  
huddled  
at  
a  
convenience store

or a diner ..

they're technically off duty,  
no need to arrest  
or  
give out another  
ticket ..

while  
folks

wander  
wonder  
a  
wander  
about with their guilty eye

balls

thinking about the coziest spot in the slammer

or a  
place

as  
far

away from

them as possible ..

*cow trap map*

This little  
More helpless than someone  
Asking directions ..

In DC now,  
As in other major cities,  
When I'm around  
Train or sub stations,  
People invariably  
Ask me where something is at  
In the city ..

I have a 70% success and 30% failure rate  
With giving directions ..

For piss sake,  
I'm usually in some boat  
And  
We all look pathetic ..

Especially those with  
The biggest maps from the bottom  
Of the cereal boxes  
And  
Loony motherfuckin' cartoon shirts ..

Enjoy your trip,  
Kids ..

## **cumin' and goin'**

Lazy  
Shuttle driver  
Won't take  
Me to the train station ..

Needs time  
To  
Rest his toes & masturbate  
With the basement  
Denizens ..

Full of road signs,  
It was just a 7-minute ride ..

Now,  
I wait for a taxi in Maryland  
As  
My glorious coffee grows a bit cold ..

Like tiger in a cat carrier  
Trying to escape  
And  
Let the people pet me  
Instead of sinking teeth ..

Hope you  
Cum,  
Shuttle man,  
Cause I'm going soon ..

**day one stolen from the capitol**

*1st  
full day back  
from*

*D.C.  
and  
I  
get two rejection notices  
from*

*editors  
in  
the  
mail ..*

*Sure,  
critics  
have*

*a  
tendency of  
falling  
in love  
with the new novice  
versus*

*the old soldiers  
that  
release one more lick for the public  
to  
smell ..*

*Also,  
I keep forgetting my keys,  
bags,  
and  
other articles  
in*

*places around and about ..*

*Sometimes  
your*

*gone so long you forget the menial  
shit ..*

*I sure  
hope*

*it*  
*lasts ..*

## DC Paradise

Havin' a cigarette in front  
Of the capitol,  
Oh  
As the kites take my lip balm  
&  
last sip of cola ..

Having a tip before  
The  
Statue of Abe  
As honesty  
Comes from a  
Child's glazed  
Tourist eyes ..

Ashes on  
My nails,  
Pastel chips in my nails ..

You know,  
In DC  
They do call it another day  
In

U  
S paradise ..



## **deliverable roof**

Bent nails  
in the cabinet  
of  
the clown as  
a  
ventriloquist  
does 1 more  
fortune in the cookie  
that  
wasn't  
melting in milk ..

We say  
that water  
is glass because we  
believe too much in the mirror as  
our  
reflection resembles  
a  
chariot race kicking a  
cloud of dust over the ropes  
&  
into  
what the  
nails  
on  
the  
roof  
now believe  
to  
be  
  
a ceiling ..

*dreamin' in asian*

Commuting' back  
on the DC Metro,  
punchy in the balls  
of my feet,  
stinkin' from the mouth  
for lack of food ..

Before me is an  
Asian woman sleeping ..

Head lifting, hitting the metal rows  
on the seats behind,  
then lowering again into sleep ..

Looks as though she's in pain in the small reflection  
from the Plexiglas in the front of the sub ..

Is she having a bad dream?

In a bad position?

Or do we all have that face  
when there's not a dream  
goin'  
on?

**either way you answer ..**

I see her as  
The  
Lover  
Walks  
Out the door and down the  
Hallway  
To  
Another lovers  
Door ..

Could there really be that much errant love in the world ..

I believe so ..

So,  
As  
She  
Waddles her way  
Down to the newest

Insert,  
I exit  
Down

And  
Ask the guy why ..

He says,  
'WHY NOT. WOULDN'T YOU WANT MORE.'

So I think on this ..

It all depends what the bend of more entails ..

For if more means

Shit  
That  
I will eventually throw away ..

Have it ..

If more means  
Something that you will hold onto for some time,  
Then good ..

But  
I didn't receive a reply ..

I think I'm to assume that it  
Has to  
Be  
Something that will eventually be  
Thrown out ..

Oh  
The  
Disposable

Fills of trash

And  
The  
Whore that come calling like cats  
After

That

Last  
Hunk of flesh ..

## Evening Jazz Woman

it's good  
to be back  
with  
Miles,  
Hawkins  
and

the jet setters

as  
my lover coos over the phone  
and

the last slug of lemonade from the pitcher  
has

that glorious grit,  
pulp  
in your fucking mouth punch ..

congratulating  
the  
last one picked for the kick ball game  
and  
hanging a medal around the neck  
of  
the

most courageous  
that  
will have a hard time  
getting an  
interview by the local press because  
the  
big stories around here are  
child abductions and  
firing school superintendents ..

So,  
as  
the  
helicopter or ghetto bird of  
dusk comes veering in low,  
you can  
bet

your ass another craft of the sky is  
flying

higher ..

serving them cold  
and

for those of you without gloves

serving them  
rightly  
fucking hot ..

## **fallin' in**

Cold  
snaps  
in  
the  
warm  
season

as  
the  
young kid officially  
broke  
the  
comic barrier ..

Snorkeling  
for  
horse shoes  
and  
a  
way to get  
a stretch  
of  
good luck  
without  
trying,  
it's

the curse of the serpent  
and  
the  
desire going  
around

about

over  
and  
over

in human minds ..

Mining  
for oil in a field brimming  
with water wells,  
I think  
you

know we need water  
more than

oil ..

&  
pulling pieces of straw  
from the shadow hand

to  
see

who  
will  
go  
first

and  
how

the rest will  
stack  
in

behind ..



*Fictitious Fantasy*

1 stiff  
conservative man  
makes sideways glances,  
no smilin' –

While  
The young black woman  
In braids  
&  
pursed lips  
looks about  
at  
the  
people pilin' in  
with Star Wars garb ..

There's  
Han and Luke,  
A  
Gay couple in front of me ..

&  
OB-1 – Lea Rip off  
As  
The  
Force  
Of  
This sub ruminates  
With

Pure  
Fantasy fiction ..

*give or take?*

it's not so much  
how  
you

give it when you have it ..

it's how  
you can take it when  
you don't have it ..

when you  
lace up those shoes,  
dry your balls  
or  
rub those  
cheeks just  
so  
till their dry,

look away  
from

the  
mirror

and  
towards

the outer edge  
of  
the  
sky and

believe

if not  
for  
only a

lifetime ..

in  
one,  
small

thing ..

(you'll have to figure this one out) ..

*go on julianne*

run along julianne,  
he thought  
as  
the cold shower came trickling over the small  
of his back,  
down to slightly frost bitten toes ..

don't stick around,  
julianne,  
if you don't want to ..

for the antacids are a sham  
&  
the only thing  
holding  
the sushi together  
is what the sea  
has no use for anymore ..

so,  
julianne,  
go on ahead and make a break  
for  
it ..

go to the coast,  
move into the back of a feed store,  
join a nudist colony,  
rent a boat  
&  
sail to the tip of a new continent  
in

pluto's wake ..

yes julianne  
it's probably going to be better  
for us all ..

fly a balloon across Europe  
& while  
I forget my feet  
are drying off on the own  
after coming out of the shower,  
you will be gone,  
julianne ..

gone if you read this,  
gone if the world went on strike for  
your cause,  
baby ..

## **Grounded**

In the last gasp  
before  
she  
took off her shoes,  
went  
out & cut the grass,

the land burped up an aftershock  
to make sure  
the  
people  
stay in proper respects of  
the ground ..

before  
the villagers went to fish in the pond,  
they fed their  
tank of guppies  
and  
kissed their kids like they  
would never see them again ..

sure,  
as the pot-bellied man in a bright red shirt  
lifted the claw to dig a hole  
for a side stepping well,  
a hungover mother in a home down  
the street  
tips back a cold, clean, refreshing cup  
of water ..

so, pay attention to  
the ground,  
but

don't look at it for that long ..

## haven't you a home dream

I have  
some amazing  
dreams sleeping next to  
her

&  
hear sounds with no images  
when I'm not  
lying next to her

at night ..

She told me that other  
day  
I  
was talking,  
moving non-stop,  
holding up the walls and  
at  
I point ..

I pointed towards the sky ..

I think the point is  
that I have build  
a  
world in my dreams ..

Haven't you?

## hearin' the sound

Just talked to  
A  
Black cat from South Carolina ..

Splotchy beard,  
Smell of bourbon when laughing,  
Shades,  
Hat,  
Again .. he talks to me as though I'm from the area ..

Asks me where the stop for the National Aquarium is ..

I tell him,  
'FEDERAL TRIANGLE.'

He gets off one stop early  
As I add,  
'I DIG SWIMMING'

As we talk the were's,  
He tells me about a cultural movement called  
'Plato' ..

Told him  
I didn't know about it ..

He gave me  
The side glance  
From his shades  
And said,  
'EVERYONE KNOWS ABOUT IT.'

'NOT ME, BRO,'  
I tell him.

Then,  
I ask ..

'YOU MEAN THE PHILOSPHER PLATO?'

Nods his head sideways,  
Looks to me and gives me a crazy glance ..

As he pops off the train,  
I give him the sign  
And pull out  
My box of smokes,  
Map,  
Keys I found on a newspaper stand

&  
watch  
the  
movement of sounds  
and  
the between that never get sounded ..

*her message lopping around a tank of fuel*

Reared  
My  
Car into the gas  
Lot

To get some of  
That

Expensive O-line  
I've

Been hearing about

All over the news ..

You know,  
They  
Say it will be nearing 2 whole dollars a gallon  
By  
The

Beginning of summer ..

So,  
As

The campers ready for vacation  
And  
The  
Birds nip at the strong moths ..

I continue  
My  
Pull through into the gas  
Station to get some  
Of  
That

Thirsty liquid ..

As I pull the nozzle,  
Lift the lever and  
Begin pulling  
Her  
Towards me ..

I hear a woman yelling,  
'THEY'RE CLOSED .. THEY'RE CLOSED.'

As I finally acknowledge  
Her  
Yell,



I say 'ALL RIGHT' ..

Looking around  
Tot  
The  
Silver tanked man  
Pumping in a new rig of fabled fluid,  
I see  
That  
The  
Place is indeed closed ..

So,  
As  
I put the nozzle back in it's 6-shot holster,  
The woman  
Who  
Was yelling at me

Angrily pulls her car into reverse ..

Send the car  
Quickly backwards ..

BUT,  
She forgot that  
The  
Nozzle was still jammed into her car's love socket ..

The cord,  
Nozzle and such  
Flop .. fly and rip from the tanks ..

Bits of gasoline  
Flop  
Against my face  
And  
Shirt ..

I look,  
Laugh

As  
She  
Gets out of her car

To put the nozzle  
Back into place ..

Telling no one .. because no one is around ..

She leaves  
As  
Do I ..

Oh,

The sweet venom of justice  
When you mess  
With  
One's

Transport ..

## human tube

You don't need a  
set-up,  
you just need a  
stage made  
of  
something  
more  
than wax ..

So,  
as  
she barter his toes  
for a new pair of shoes,  
don't buy a stereotype of  
any kind for  
a  
cute cliché ..

Only take it  
for  
what it's worth  
because it was presented  
to  
you with a human  
print ..

I-9 ..  
*they never sink your battleship*

Empty,  
dark apartments  
and  
the  
blocky shapes that form  
around spits of light  
that  
come from the window pane  
have  
a  
sure

and  
like fire  
that tells  
us all a little something  
about

the activities that  
go  
down

without our  
murmur ..

and as the case has it  
and  
the  
case was presented,  
that's O.K.  
with me ..

will that  
be

o.k. with you

as  
your

home  
casts that same blocky eye?

**imaginary friend around her  
dining room table**

swords drawn  
next to the lip  
of  
soldered fan blades  
as  
the  
small, indigenous boy reasons for the rusted  
spray paint can ..

yet,  
it won't move anywheres  
because  
it has been cast  
against the wall as a mirage  
in  
casting resin ..

while  
the  
birds nip on reverent windowsill seeds  
and  
the

air conditioning  
unit takes precedence over the  
morning  
sounds  
from

the silicon lubricated window  
ledge

that  
has  
the  
cement pouring,  
concrete workers  
of  
morning

wondering

if there  
will be a break today  
or

if they  
are already on break

while the concrete

hard

hard

hardens ..

**in or out at the end of scene 3**

they told  
me I was officially on the outs ..

Yea,  
I thought and asked,  
was I ever really on the in's?

Sure,  
they told me,  
we always assumed you  
were on the inside of what was going down around here ..

Hmm,  
I never wanted to be .. So, I'm flattered slightly that you counted me on  
the in's at one point, but I never wanted it. So, now that I'm on the out's,  
you all can be rest assured that comfort has been restored in you group.

Hey man,  
they ask me,  
you want back in. The more I think about it and I think I speak for  
the rest of us, we want you in, man.

Yea .. Yes,  
I come back,  
give me a little time to think about it, huh?

I'd like to,  
but we need an answer now,  
they tell me.

Can't do it .. I'm out ..  
I tell them.

That's too bad .. we really are fun,  
they say.

Yea,  
so is a slinky and a box of pop rocks. Good luck boys  
and try not to electrocute each other,  
I conclude.

END OF SCENE 3.

**in the near presence**

A

Medium sized  
Glass of

Gin,  
Tonic

On the rocks

As the lights  
From the apartment across  
And  
Below  
Dim  
The  
Shadows  
And

The beasts decide to take the evening off ..

For,  
There's enough  
Crime,  
Voyeurism,  
Plagiarism,  
Originality,  
Instance,  
Pomp,  
Circumstances

And  
The  
Interior  
Of  
A

Jet  
Plane  
Coming off the mirror of  
A  
Car

Going over the bridge  
To

The river

Landing  
And  
Leading to the same



Side  
Of  
The

Different  
Road

That  
Mortgaged  
The

Rig for the dog

And  
Bridged the

Staples  
Tooth

In the

Raw

Rearing summer

Jostling

Going on ..

Not in the window  
Of  
The  
Apartment below,  
But  
In

The construction  
Of  
The  
New building

That

Won't  
And  
Doesn't

Want to replace

What won't  
Be

Built  
Anytime

In

The  
Near

Presence ..