

a day of lower case letters

Spent the day
doing simple things like ..

Eating a banana,
changing a toilet paper roll,
smoking a smoke,
watching a dog leap into a pond,
reading a book,
writing a note,
driving a car,
pulling on a shirt,
farting,
flushing the toilet,
locking the door,
dropping a home video in a metal box,
watched a bird snatch a moth in its jaws,
made a right turn,
picked up pieces of an acorn ..

Thinking about
doing something big and complex ..

Though,
it
may
just

seem simple to you ..

huh?

a fault line in the stroke of your key

Telepathy stuck
in a bottle,
the
name came over rather
jumbled
over
the
loud speaker ..

"Ms. Who to aisle 7 1/2"

We all looked
about as though it was a joke,
though
the
only one laughing
was
a
small
kid in the front of
a
cart
sucking all over
a
pinwheelarama of colors
and
flavors
the

pretty women
of
Hawaii
know
well ..

So,
as
we

leaned
on our caps
and
listened through
the

tin
of
a
voice

that

we

thought
would

come on back for a repeat
phrase ..

There
was
nothing ..

As
we failed to make it on
time

and
again

the
excuse
was
on us ..

a girl from San Francisco

Fresh
and
glowing like a tangerine
cut in half
on
a
sun stroked counter,
the
girl
from San Francisco
plays with

men's emotions
like
the

concert guitarist
with

the
patterned pit .. pat
of
the

listening audience ..

Oh,
and this girl from San Francisco
can

cut open
and
wet,
fresh
fruit

with whatever
knife
of

her

choice ..

Because it's
not the

fruit or weapon

that matters in this little tale ..

It's

about
the

warm girl

waking up in cold San Francisco ..

a great word

I remember back in the
first grade ..

About the second week of school,
I came into the room
and recognized the word 'something'
printed in neat, thick black letters
leaning against a wall ..

I thought,
I'm ahead here ..

I remember the word,
can spell it ..

Such a long and complex word,
I presumed
until the third week of class
our
teacher went through a battery of words
for us to memorize ..

The word 'something' was already child's play ..

We should have picked that up at
home
or
in Kindergarten ..

Shit,
I thought
for
several weeks
as
a
fucking crazy terror
that

I was
really onto something
in
this whole

word
game ..

a kid's dump truck

Wakin'
Next to her in the
Morning ..

She left a stick of
Her
Hair
In
My nostrils
Like a
Pine tree on the car window ..

As she went to lay the kettle on the stove,
Her
Son jumped from bed
And
Asked if her mom
If he could show me
His
New set of construction/dump trucks he picked
Up
The
Day before ..

As this flew down my
Hypnogogic portal,
I
Smiled
Some

For
The
Kid ..

Before I could reach to scratch my
Morning ankle,
He
Had a row of yellow plastic trucks on the flank
Of
Bed
That
Rolled down to the floor ..

We talked the line,
Pushed the cat aside to
Make more room ..

Shit man,
Many
Times the most
Important jive
Is

A
Dump
Truck in
The

Hands of a child ..

an eviction tale

Found out where the city's impound
lot is
at
this morning ..

Took a friend to get
his
Jeep
that
was stolen the other night ..

Fifty bucks out,
I just
tooled
around the lot
as
a
city attendant took him to his car ..

There were charred remains of lincons,
Broncos with the back window obliterated
and
rusting camaros that would
still
make
the
mullet crowd marvel ..

Shit,
it's

a
good place to know about
and
those

cats
have
a
lucrative
deal going down ..

It's like
a
valet,
park your car at the airport

though
the
last thing you want to do
is

get your
car
from this lot ..

As the
nip
settles on
the
cats
nose,
the

cars

pile

in
a
lot

that's

good to
know
about,
for
now ..

**

Incidents,
lost radio play,
as
the
speakers roll the CD in the other room ..

Rising gas prices,
the price of his pawn
and
a
chauffeur
that

is only going to drive around his retired ass
by
week's
end ..

Used lemon rhines,
a fresh glass of grape juice,
the end of the story

and
the
start

of

a
new
man's

old,
old

ass
joke ..

at their home & @ mine

Hot plates
and
cold forks,
my pops is
losing his mind
sitting
in the
chair
giving his thumb cramps ..

Cold salads
&
warm tongues,
Jerusalem sends out amateur video
of a building collapsing that could
make a nun swallow her
fakes ..

New bracelets
&
old Elvis recordings,
the bus plods up the street on Mercury Gasoline
because
the standard fare shit
is just too hard to swallow with a regular checking account ..

Hairy coconuts
&
bald female parts
as
she invites me out to take down
some suds
while she cooks for an early morning feast ..

Numb nails
&
resurfaced wrinkles,
the message machine blinks it's red light
as

I go ..

Going
out
to join the rest of you
crazy necked animals ..

away from the home

You know,
I've been traveling for about 5 straight days ..

I've seen a whole lot of strangers and
people ..

Bold,
weak,
beautiful,
ugly,
small,
slovenly,
glamorous,
want to be's,
tools,
sheep,
instigators,
rousing,
luscious,
inviting
&
the such ..

I know,
or should say,
have been compounded by earlier ideas that people
are (just adults -- kids & animals excluded)
boring, drab
motherfuckers for the most part ..

Unexciting .. complaining,
MORE COMPLAINING,
when they're done complaining ..

(I know I'm complaining .. but I'm writing this and it works now)

No wonder
psychological and diet pills are on the rise ..

bawdy topless broad

The tattooed
topless gal
rides around the city for
cheap thrills ..

Tossing mores,
clothing codes
& her bra
back to the state ..

She gives the men
exactly what they're looking for
&
can scratch her nipple with a calm shrug
&
a
laugh ..

A tattoo of a eucalyptus on one shoulder blade
& coiled snake on the other ..

People do nothing but whistle
when she drives by ..

Worn in the face
by bad liquor
and worse lies,
her tits glisten like a prize a boy gets after
a
victorious soapbox derby ..

Yes,
if you catch those
lopping lobes of skin scoot by,
give her
a
wave or a shout ..

She'll be smilin'
even if you don't catch her reflection

fast enough ..

beat .. beat .. ?

Man sitting
In the park against
A
Tree
Beating a bongo drum ..

Same beat,
Tempo,
Velocity ..

Just lookin' around
And beating while the progressive kids
Several trees away climb
The
Hunk of wood coming from earth ..

One is up the tree
Yelling that he's reached his limit as
The
Drummer now takes on another tempo & beat,
While the ovulating woman
Spread a little wider
As
She headed towards the water pond ..

Oh
And the cracked/whole acorns
Fluttering on the ground like small chicks coming to
Life
From hardened nail polish ..

Shit man,
I have the day off ..

I'm in the park as
The
Bongo
Man

Just
Stopped
Beating
His

Skins ..

been walking again

Had problems
walking lately--

Sprained my foot
or
gave it a lasting jolt several weeks back
w/my lover friend
while
jumping on the base of a construction sign light on the ground ..

Then,
scraped my hand good
after falling up some concrete steps I was climbin' ..

&
I almost tripped in a dresser yesterday trying to avoid
the fan
cord and switch on a TV set ..

Thought
I either need more drinks
or
a
good talking to about
coordination while
walkin' ..

before a big fire

just had a firework
show
going off over the
rooftops
here ..

smoke clearing now,
the flutist
tightens his lips
and
hits the high C
as

his wife strains the
hot pasta
at
home

waiting for
the
next
instrument
to

come calling over ..

yes,
every color of the wheel turned in the sky
as
the
neighbors clamored
and

the
strangers on the street
applauded towards the sky
once
the
show was over ..

sure,
I'm
about ready
to
put
on

my
shoes

now

and get this show started ..

beginning of america

sore in the throat,
the phone
rings to
wake either of us up,
the coffee is still grounded cold in the refrigerator,
the low
music meanders through the air like
a
chicken trying to find
its way out of the nearest window,
only 2,000 miles away from Santa Cruz
and I have no trip planned here in
the
near,
just one ocean away from London
and I plan on getting
there in the
next several months,
bass player inherited the land area of Louisiana Purchase
and gave it to the drummer of the band
because he couldn't fucking stand the south,
the Vice President just received his income tax return in the mail
as I stub my toe on an old wine bottle filled with pennies,
TV dinners all around for the young and old
as they polish their knives and sharpen their forks for the evening radio show,
Internet scams as the e-mail divide widens a little to
tell you about
a
contest
with
cash .. money .. trips
if

you
just
click
here

and forget about
all the rest ..

can't silence the minority

Coming back from the sandwich
Shop some
Months back

In the urban war zone across the
River from here ..

Notices
A
Note scrawled on the wall in black magic marker
On
The
White pane of cement before me ..

It was an ode from a younger black woman
Talking about
The
Ills of the Clinton Administration
And
How
She had to moonlight as a crack whore
To
Keep her kids alive as a single black woman ..

She was sending a
Sarcastic thank you to any government head
Passing
Or
Democratic
Eye that
Would

Take a
Moment in a chance with a sandwich to look ..

Then,
The other day I noticed
That
They ripped the wall down
And
Replaced it with newly cut and placed
Light brown timber ..

The angle of a wall
Meeting a new building they were building
To
Revitalize
The
Downtown area of this ailing urban
Dwell ..

Though,
Sister,
Wherever you are out there ..

I caught the note
Before

The
Excavation team had
Their
Time
To

Move
Past
Another political issue

For
The
Silence
Of
A
Major
Minority ..

carnival crowd

walked into the
club last night
with my lover friend ..

our cap to the
eve
that

rolled along
through

some faces
and
likely stories ..

met a bass player
on 18/Vine .. talked about Parker
as

he
quickly finished his smoke
and
heard the last seconds of his
break
crash
against the ears of the outsiders

taking in the rest of his cigarette on
the
corner ..

so,
the lady and I go into this
'Cigar Box' joint
and
flop into a whole
different way

people roll,
rumble,
drink
and

look to get fucked ..

there's
on old Italian cat on stage
belting over
some tunes in
a
rhinestone black shirt ..

belting
Sinatra,
Neil Diamond
and
other swoopy crooners
of

the older
M. Puzo days ..

as he sang,
several blond whores
were teasing the balls off all
the
guys around ..

they were groping on
each other and
pulling their
sexual punches with all the others around ..

probably a couple of soccer moms
out for the fattest
dick or wallet ..

just lousing in
a
stream of liquor,
laughs,
song
and

blow if they could get their hands
cupped just right ..

there were some other tough guys
and
busting women
watching the action
wanting
to
be
nowhere but there ..

I felt like
I was on a cruise line
with
overpriced silk
and
all

the
guys
in
gold

vying for that one whore
they were hoping to fuck every way but Tuesday,
yet
they

wouldn't get there shot ..

Me and the lady
watched it all
as
though
it
was
a
free movie ..

no cover,
deep
drinks

and
another laugh
over
a

drama that will
hit
a
mall
near you ..



JoeFiles LX
they borrowed my conclusion

dog voices

1st full morning
back in town in some time,
green in the used leaves,
sweat on my feet balls,
a cool breeze about ..

Then,
up the street about a block,
there's a little yapping
dog motherfucker,
yelping,
yelping ..

When it's done
hittin' the tin pan with it's jive &
I start back into
sleep as the violin and cello hit the High C at the same time and the low faded radio,
the dog starts up again ..

Has to be some
little poodle,
shiatsu
fucker ..

I bet within just one week,
if not more,
someone around in this neighborhood
will see to it that the dog voice comes
to
an

end ..

don't stop my swingin' foot

Picking back up where
she said I was leaving off ..

Again,
the chronicle of the repeating voice
comes ricocheting through my
head ..

You hear
something once
in comment about yourself
and
the
likelihood of it happening again is high ..

So,
I'm walking down the street
and
I
kick a small pebble without thinking about it much ..

She says,
"Why did you do that?"

I tell her,
"Not sure exactly, except that it seemed like the right thing to do once I crossed tracks with it .. And I feel a
bit better about myself now."

"Well,"
she begins.
"What if that was a precious rock to me and I didn't want someone to just kick it around on the ground?"

"What,"
I say.

"You heard me,"
she begins.
"That rock could have mean the world to me."

So,
I'm thinking ..

This isn't the first time that a woman has posed the exact
same question my way ..

All I can think is 'fuck' ..

'FUCK' ..

I just kicked a rock .. and it's
turned

into

a
real emotional well spring of altruism faced towards a small pebble
or the metaphor hanging behind the clouds ..

So,
I'll wait,
not anticipate,
the next pebble question while
I
melt
this

pile of sand
under
my
foot ..

eggs/pig

Eyes and women
peering through
the
shades of
drawn
eye brows

as
the
division
of
a
cross-cut street
brings
the

hooker to
her
next

score so the screaming mouth
at
home
has
some
other quiet sound to make ..

sure,
as
the
other parts get mixed
into
this
cake we are going to present soon,
we

believe
that
there are going
to
be a shortage
of
eggs ..

for it seems tonight
and
from

here on through ..

the
eggs are hatching into chicks
and

that's
damn
fine
well

with me for now

because
i was thinking
about

eating something new in the morning ..

say,
bacon
and
a
cinnamon roll ..

doubt the pig or wheat
will
hatch anytime soon ..

even the air ..

Crying kids
&
The fanatical wheel of change ..

They'll calm down
Soon & things will regulate,
They preserve ..

Screaming teens
& the new brand
Of change ..

Oh sure,
It has to subside ..

We'll get the time back when things are
Normal?

Shouting adults
& premature ejaculation
As fall slips into spring and people
Start giving their kids new, clever names
Like 'CHANGE'
As
Little regulates
&
the air even
takes
on a new,
clearer sight ..

girl constellation

Heard a report
on
TV news tonight about a 6 year old kid that
was found locked in the closet of
a
mobile home down south ..

Malnourished,
30-40 pounds,
dilapidated,
feared ..

When the cops asked her routine questions--

She said
she didn't know what the
sun or TV was ..

I say you keep that
TV thing a mystery &
have a good talk with her
about Orion,
Perseus,
Antlia The Pump,
Taurus,
Betelgeuse
or any of
the
other twirlin' constellations ..

go on ahead

Bug guy,
I don't want to kill you ..

I just want you to go outside ..

Understand,
I'm not going to drown you in a puddle of booze
or
lopped spit,
I just want
you to walk elsewhere ..

So baby,
when I need some time alone,
know the step hasn't gone back a page ..

It's just a line
were all trying to work on ..

gold in a silver thermometer

New laws
and forgotten phone numbers
as
the

beautiful teenage girl
sets up her
own

Internet account
to
talk to all
the
boys of the world ..

Sure,
as
the
parking tickets
of
rainy days
whither in the coming heat,
we

flip through our remaining bills
deciding
if

fun or
frolic
will be the direction
of
this

accidental lump found in
a
stolid pair of pants
found

on the ground ..

So,
as
the Church of the Immaculate Conception
shows
off its new gold dome
to all
Interstate travelers,
I

collect
more

green

and
more
green
on
this

old
silver

ring
clutching to my
bones

like
an
old
joke

you remember over
and
over

because

the new one's

just find
a
way

of
getting

forgotten ..

hassock/cassock

Recovering from
burnt fingertips
and

finding out that
no one around me is keeping up
with the stock market
is
just
fine

as the 21st Century teachers
open the newspapers wide
in the "HELP WANTED" section
because
they feel their has
to
be
a
better way to earn plane fare to Las Vegas ..

Oh
and I met a cat the other night
who lives and works in Vegas ..

Fucking loves it,
was his quote on the area
as

his laugh over the tall water in his hand
drowned out the prostitutes proposition
on
this

warm, humid
KC evening where a
cold beer
is
just a half jive jump
step
away from frozen lemonade ..

sure,
while

her
eyes
flutter

the wick is

lit
again

while
the
2 fresh glasses of water
on
the
ledge
get

a
slight

ripple affect ..

her look never made it in the book

We get her snide side look
as the rest of
the
room smiles

like a bunch of people ready to board the port
to
an
island destination,
yet no one is thinking
about the plot
or
theme of the newest book
that is a part of the wild
amazement of
the rich and poor sociological slice of society ..

sure,
they're just thinking
about the book title while the pages wail in white
as
the
circus launches pinwheels
&
the funerals blow a large pinwheel round ..

so,
is that all you had
or the snide side look in the room of laughs?

yea,
or did you try to trade your yesterday
with the cashier for
another tomorrow ..

it doesn't work like that ..

for the pen keeps poking at
the plastic blades of
the
whi .. whir .. whirlin' fan
going
around your mouth like
wind makin' teeth smilin'
in
a
snow storm
throwing sun and such
all
over

the
place ..

yes,
keep it down back there in the kitchen,
we know there's a snide look
or
two
going
around ..

but,
we're
trying to get the

story out

HERE ..

her wires

wires
dangling
from underneath
her
out-dated
vehicle
as
it
burns down the
highway
like
oil
in
a
engine block
that
turned
over

over
and
over again ..

racing
towards the
signs
ahead
ignoring
the
sun
and

cursing the
stars
because
the
wires
are
loopy,
dilapidated

glorious
as
the
blurs
by
the
competition
on
the
road

which
are
really just other people
with
wires
that
aren't dangling
from the
bottom
of
their
cars ..

faster,
faster
she
picks up
speed
as
her
wires
start
scraping
the ground hard enough
to bring
a
tail of sparks,
bits of fire,
flying
bits
of unrecognized
car

going
down
the
tail
end of the center line strip ..

fucking car
keeps gaining
speed
as
the
girl
looks over the wheel
as
though
she's staring down the teacher
before
a
big exam
she knows
she will fucking
win on ..

By now,
the wires have been
yanked along the cement
so
much
and
with such velocity that there's nothing
visible
left ..

in fact,
the 'she' in this
car
gained so much

fucking
torque
that

she has disappeared ..

(maybe those wires dangled for a reason ..)

i'd eat more if I had to ..

Eating so much
that I can't walk straight now ..

Nearly 5PM in the eve
and
I was hungry from the evening before
as
the
squirrel jumps
from a line to the next branch,
Mable looks out onto the porch for a word with her aging husband,
while the group of good lookin' black gals to a
dance rendition on their porch waiting for the white woman to pick
them up across the street from the Y,
as the lazy, energetic 6 month old dog lops about loopy
like he's trying to get a handle on friction and trying to master balance,
all in the cooling off of a soft cherry pie
sitting

within the open
window

looking out over
the
coyote
leaned on it's haunches,
smoking a smoke
and

speaking about
where

modern consumerism is really going
to
an

elephant
that long ago lost interest in the conversation
as
his
ears
lazily lop about in a cool, low
breeze ..

in a bird

Blue bird
on the perch waiting for the moon
to bleed piss and send cosmic avowal that a human actually
did walk on the ashy overtones of history books
and
museum shares ..

Hell,
give me a cardinal or even a canary,
any bird of any color will work now about 39,000 feet above Ohio
or worse,
as
I hear the city I'm going back home to
has
people on it's ground ..

Though,
you bird bastards,
I would still like to speak
to you about all this ..

in the machine

bugs crawlin'
over my white walls
as my pits gain stink
&
the 80's hero looks over my flat tire and broken axle ..

Givin' it a good glare
as the sun
falls like shingles
&
the black children make me
laugh as though somethin' is
to
be
said ..

The heat doesn't
mean that much even ..

Cause the fan works like a
quarter in the
50 cent
charm machine ..

Intergenerationelectrictalk

she was on the phone so much,
this young
gal,
she had to be pissing the person off on the other end ..

though,
it looked as though neither of them were saying much to
each other ..

what the shit is
it with there inner city teenage youth that
think having a fucking
cellular phone or pager,
let alone being on the fuckers in front of people is so damn hip ..

shit man,
they gave me one of those pager beeper bitches for work
and nothing would give me more pleasure than to
toss it up in front of a thick wooden ball bat
and watch the pieces go back into the puzzle box ..

so,
this gal walks around on a pink phone,
eyeing me out of the corner of her eye,
ducking around the corner,
walking past me ..

i finally ask her to give me the phone,
i want to know if there is really someone on the other end ..

she says to the person on the other end,
say hello to 'joe' ..

i grab the
phone and hear 'hello joe' ..

shit,
foiled outright ..

though,
they weren't talking much at all ..

do people just call each other,
say hello and sit in silence over the phone
just so
people can see them talking on the phone ..

christ,
these are the same people who are amazed
at
60 story skyscrapers,

350 page books
and
anything

else
that

may require

something more than
wait

wait
waiting ..

it was never my money

Left

A

Bag with a laptop inside

In

A

Building

The other day

Where I was

Chaperoning a group of inner city kids

For a computer class ..

It was the last day of class ..

Loading computers into

The

Van,

So

The

Kids can get their technological weekend on ..

As I head 5 minutes

Up the road to help the kids unload their ware,

I notice that

The

Laptop is gone ..

Not in my car,

The

Van

Or anywhere within sight ..

So,

I call the warehouse to located the \$2,000 bag ..

The lady tells me she hasn't

Found shit ..

So,

I tear to the car

8 minutes before 5 oclock and

the

end of the day

and

the possible loss of several thousand dollars in personal
equipment ..

As I fly through the front door

And

Ask a familiar face

Where my bag is,
He
Give me a wry look and says
“SHIT, WE MAY HAVE A PROBLEM.”

As we mount the steps,
I
See the
Black bag staring
Staring at my like a guilty
Pet on
A
Worn chair on the back dock ..

I stop the
Guy I know climbing the steps,
Telling
Him I found my wares ..

The first thing
He tells me
Is that I should play the lottery ..

I'm the luckiest guy
Going
For
Getting the bag back
And
Not leaving empty handed ..

As I start walking out with the bag,
All the
Employees look at me like
An
Insane stranger because I found my bag ..

Again
Reiterating that I'm the luckiest
Cat in the joint ..

So,
As the story goes ..

Some young cat won
The
Lottery
A
Day after I was told to play the lottery ..

Around \$19.5 million ..

Some younger
Cat that
Poured me a drink or two in Midtown ..

Fucking good for him ..

I was just never good enough
To
Try

My luck in the lottery ..

just resonate, baby

parts of
potent
metal
simmer
on

the cutting block
with

chopping
moon
wading about in
a
silver
tea set ..

while
the
jazz dj
speaks low
after
L. Armstrong and Billie
belted
their
duet,
the

warmed
grape
juice
still has
a
bite
as

the
neighbors
and
friend

from across the building
call
me
out

to tell me
about
a
new
cause
that

is
gaining

steam

as
all
i
care about
is
a
woody allen movie
one
of

them is going
to
watch
now ..

it's
an
evening beginning
with
a
cymbal crash ..

the phone
hasn't
rang much ..

old friends
are

doing some new
shit

and
here

we
take the invention
out of the
garbage
disposal
to

present
it

to
the
old
invention

that

intended to
resonate
instead

of
rhyme ..

liquid spider

The spider on my hand,
pant,
nuts
& such
won't fucking leave me ..

You say you won't bite
& even if you do,
it won't hurt ..

Don't know how much longer
that I can believe you .. ?

Though,
as I flick your shit into the grass,
I'll try not to trample
over

your harmless teeth ..

listening to starvation

Shadows
Of neighbors

Walking from room to room
With
The
Lights off ..

A flicker of
A
TV screen in another room
As
The
Reflection from a street lamp
Vies for
One
More
Affordable moment in
Glorified water ..

So,
As
The
Smoke curls
Around my nose,
Beans turn in the boil,
She pours one more drink before the
Neon explodes,
He tightens his eye on Mars' clean view of earth,
They spend another dollar in her newfound quarter
And
As
The
Married man tries to find
A
Job
That
Won't

Dig at his nuts during the day ..

The
Shadow
Stops

For
A
Moment
In the other room

And
I

Keep working
At
This
Cigarette

As
Though

The
Next

New
Idea

Will

Be
A saltine in
A
Small pocket of starvation ..

lover stories

It was around 2PM and my brother
pulls me into the dining room
to
tell me a story that wouldn't
work out
for
the
kid ears in the other room ..

Tells me about a
soft, black briefcase with two cell phones,
cars,
a salesman's papers
and
love notes ..

Innards of the case
full of roly pollies,
he tells me of love letters
one man in KC is writing to a man in Denver ..

Sexual innuendoes of hot balls
and
fire dicks,
the
man
in Denver is in love
with a married man in KC ..

My brother tries to construct
how the case
ended up in a pile of brush several blocks from his home
and
many blocks away from this man's house ..

Shit man,
it's the
hot vixen of love
that threw the case away and
now

stranger eyes reads something
a
court case will have to
rear up and decide about
likely in the
future ..

So,
when you think the adventure

or
tangle as it is,
has passed you up ..

No ..

It could be tucked away
in
a
tiny
bush
around the corner from
your home ..

needed and not

Drunk,
talking to a kid
from the International Trade Union
as
another person sells the shirt on your back
and
yet
another gives you a dime for a nickel
as
the game hits melodrama,
the tune on your flared skin will soon soak in
&
the fade
will come in where
it
needs
to
follow
it's cue ..

new consecration

In a wedding,
off a plane,
the crook accidentally picked up my bag ..

On the fringe,
in a church,
roses tasted like holly,
it seems as though
the panda could outrun the polar bear ..

Chickens stuffed in a can,
lobsters in a small pond,
the wake is alive
and the nuptials are consecrated ..

one for bernie

Bread baskets for
Bernie
leaning over the counter ..

Enough glasses on his face
for
3 ..

Low ridin' down the cooled blvd. in his yellow
truck ..

He's seen plenty of action ..

Wants a little more
if it fits with his age ..

Oh,
banana bread
for such a chap
&
the saluting statue checking for
vitals
or

just a pulse ..

park fart

Books
& dog,
Cats
&
rats
in a magazine,
the clock in the baker's batter,
the other dogs
&
books while the people
all look well
in the park ..

pat her ass

I saw
her shiny,
sweating forehead
and
saw her smilin' while
perched over a plate of warm
food she was cooking up ..

yes,
this lover friend of mine
can cook like there's no other gig
going down out there ..

tossing,
heating,
slicing,
giving it to the people ..

and it hit me
then,
there's
never
some grand magnanimous moment
when 'love' hits your ass ..

it
comes to

when
you

think it should
have already arrived ..

patterns & quotes

Here we go
on

into the next piece ..

What one
poet called 'prison',
another writer calls 'hell'
and

the passer by seeing the squirm of a field of words
calls
'ransom' for a higher call,
I

call
it
the
next natural spring in the sprung
coming
from

the drinking fountain
that

gives

nothing but the same
liquid,
yet

as
the
fingerprints in a patrol's basement cellar,
there's

always a different fucking
pattern

and
you

can
cash
that check with false ID,
folks ..

probably is now

birds pecking
the labor
of
my
nectar
as
10:45AM passes,
the corpses plan for lunch
and the pubescent children beg
while stirring the mix
that will
make a full # ..

If there was a better time than now,
would it have
then
or is it
later

in
your estimation?

rectangling the rounds

Left my lover friend's home
last eve
after
throwing some fireworks
with her son
and
some other's about ..

Burned my finger tips,
took
down several beverages
as
though
the
heat was going to gain and gain
throughout the evening ..

Left to
get back
for
some time with myself
and
the
word if the time
hit
my

wrist like it should ..

Got back,
fixed up some macaroni and cold cottage cheese ..

Went down to the
bar around the block
to
catch up with some blokes ..

Then,
I just had to get out ..

Rounding out of the door jamb from
the bar,
I heard
a
continuous honk
sounding through the air with a 3-4 second interval between
each honk ..

'BOINK .. BONK .. HONK .. BLONK .. HOINGK .. HONINGK ..'

Couldn't place where it was at ..

Like
a
phone ringing in the other room,
yet
you

look all about you thinking it's right next to
you the whole time ..

Came through the door,
jumped in front of the paper
ready
for
the
dance
or

a
little war
where the pages
would get slightly bloody ..

Though,
all I
could do was
crawl out of my clothes,
get into bed,
ignore
the
ringing phone

and
read about
Mars ..

Sometimes
morning and
coffee

will

redeem

the evening words
that
wanted

but
didn't want
anything more

than a
closed fucking eyeball ..

small pop act

The man in the band that's on the brink
calls me
on
a
small phone
to get a little direction
to the place ..

He's a good friend of
my roommate's and
a
friendly sort of chap ..

He needs a
place to stay for several days ..

In from Queens,
here to hang with his favorite gal
who
he
finds after landing that
she's fucking
another guy ..

As I go out to meet him
on the curb,
we
shake
and
he stops to give me his story on the steps ..

Half a warm beer in a small glass,
I think
of another cold
one
and

sitting down for some time on the typer ..

He talks on as I notice a man
behind the wheel of a blue caravan that just dropped him off
and
a
woman crying on the curb,
his luggage strewn on the sidewalk ..

As we talk about the incident
in this unexpected trip's accident,
I get
closer
to

how
small

we
and
our
toil

really is ..

smoke for me, lover

the low tone of the radio voice over and
over
while i sleep and try
to light
that
1 cigarette,
waking up with the
phlegm
of

the
decayed lung ..

been coughing up
some

snakes lately ..

kicked the cigarette smoke
about 7 days ago
and
now
my lungs are just starting to see the
light
of

oxygen again ..

though,
i still want
to
get back to about a couple a day
sometime
real soon ..

so,
have one for
me and
i'll cough
a
fucking

live one up for
your
jive lit ass ..

sometime at the end of yesterday

the crack addict from the health foundation in the dorms
above where I work
was trying to feign his own suicide yesterday afternoon..

this,
as I was down in the computer lab
trying to get through to a group of kids
the point
of
learning ..

they wouldn't listen
or
they couldn't retain what was going down ..

So,
it brings me to this ..

I know that there is a certain endemic
that runs through each generational strand ..

Though,
these kids of the 21st Century that are teens
have
some jive
to
shift through ..

Their attention span is about
as
long as a spider's burp ..

These Internet-E-Mailing-Trailer Watchin'-Play Station hoardin' kids
can't
hold a thought in their minds any longer
than
McDonald's can hold on to a commercial campaign ..

You tell many of these inner city youth one thing,
reiterate it,
thinking it sunk in
and
it floats away down the flow
of
water

goin' into the river
that's waiting for
something longer,

stronger
and
more vital with vittles and virtue ..

Yes,
I don't mind these punks running the country
some day ..

I just hope
they
remember how ..

stayin' wet

I rained
& destroyed
on old pad of paper w/
phone numbers,
an ode to my ailing father,
my girl in the shower & other thoughts
that hadn't
gotten in yet ..

So,
With the globs
Of lint I pulled from the dyer bin
I
Would say that shit doesn't stay
Fresh & wet long ..

stick with this piece

A can of Polyprep 86
sits on

the
bartered ledge ..

Given to me from a railroad worker
to
glue together

those
parts
that

need to be together ..

Though,
all the other parts
of

my
flit/flop away without
any

hope
for
an
adhesive
of any sorts to bring it together ..

So,
as
the

white horse on the Elmer's bottle laughs
at
the

limit of it's stick,
I

laugh

back
because
I want
it

to
float ..

FLOAT
& a floatin'
all

the way

to
the

next poem ..

straight shot to where you're standing

lights out
for Saturday night lovin' ..

Moths
staking out the trees
lined
about
the
lazy block ..

So,
the woodpecker
sits
as
the
guilty party
as
my brother is served his paper work
to
go on jury duty ..

Shit,
I'd almost get into a nasty bike wreck
to be served
papers
for
that
civic seat ..

Yes,
a
paycheck for free
and

some
legal logistics
wrapped in an opening defense's dollar bill ..

Sure,
if you're out there
-- counties and cities--

I'm ready
&
I hear fucking well ..

strange friend

My roommate was
Throwing rocks
At
The

3AM window
as
I was

Tearing towards
The
Last

Exit to dream ..

As
My
Eyes leapt to see the window,
He
Was yelling to a paramedic across the street
By
The
Cancer lodge
In a sea
Of
Swirling lights ..

The most action I have seen from these
Windows in the early AM
For
Some
Time ..

So,
As
The
Glued quarters and
Warming gin
Slips from the fingers of
Love

In
The
Cracked face of the watch clock,
I jump
To
Open the door
To
A
Friend

And

Listen for
One
More

Piece of advice,
Or
A
Good story

From
A
Flat stranger ..

talking to me?

All the kids
wanting
to
be

wanna be gangsters
and
money rollin' rollers
have

some time to figure
out
how

this hot wheel of motion turns ..

Driven
by the videos
and
bellowed
by
the

album covers,
they

pluck,
prod
and
shoot in their games
&
shift around like
timid

wanna be aristocrats
as
their
parents buy
their

lunch
and
they

whisper
to
me
a

low,
soft

'how you doin' today?'

**

You know,
those
black
folk really know how to tone
down
and
have
themselves
a
fine

fine
fucking time ..

**

thaw it good

Recovering shoulder,
the knees are hanging in there,
dirty ledge,
the rumor of job checks that haven't come through,
the night on ice
and the morning in water,
there's more
than one way to thaw
a
thick,
frozen
pie ..

the best of water

With burned fingertips
they're still
going
to
get a print on your person,
without
ever watching the dow or stock dives,
they're still going to trade cards of money back and fro,
when all the milk runs out of the cow
there will always be an orange or lemon tree for your tongue to try,
even when the tourist loses their ass in Vegas
there will always be someone that works in one of the Casinos who doesn't bet
and always wins,
for every drilled screw you can bet that someone just
had a good fuck,
when the bed springs get shot
the ground will always be there smiling like a dog waiting for the invite to a full food bowl
&
as hair grows back on a bald
head

I'll be in the
bathroom shaving
her

legs
while the
murky water
she
just bathed in about her body
smells better
than anything I've ever sniffed before ..

the danger finally left

OOh .. oh,
she was there for a day
and out in a minute ..

that's how the boy's remember her ..

coming in
with a lovely shade of red,
sauntering up with powder/baby blue
and
leaving

nothing but a streak of green
like
a
pair of northern lights
that decided to take a bad dip
south because
the
water was warm
enough

and
the
fool didn't have enough time
to
deliver
the
punch line to the masked man ..

OOOo .. she
was almost avoiding familiarity in a
crowd of strangers
as
her
shoes rattled her out
and

her panties were nothing but
a
sweet
reminder of why
all

good boys
start
growing pubic hairs
one
fine

glorious

day

when

she

again

walked out that door ..

toes & hands

Moths
will be here soon for
my
Windowsill tree ..

Flies will arrive for my bedside
beers,
4 tentacled bugs will die if
they sniff my glues,
roaches stay on the streets,
crickets in my song,
locusts on the candle that just went out
and
a
grasshopper for the skin of a
nervous butterfly
that hasn't but
2 toes
&
no hands around ..

trapped between glass & fire

Scientific quotes
of philosophical equations,
the
dog spent hours
chasing the wax squirrel
and
tarrying around
for
a shadow
of
his
tale

as
the
retired Naval man
ate
a
bowl
of
wheat fortified dentures
with

his wife of
37 years in
the
other room
mumbling about more and MORE
cookie
molds

while
the
coupon cutters of the world
gather for the big Thursday
evening
meeting
over
salad
and

bread sticks
that were new products picked up cheap
with colorful cut outs ..

& on
as
the
skater decides to get a snow board
and

go towards the Colorado or Idaho
snow
to test out the women
and
sport if time
allows
in
the
line of bubbles teasing a drunks eye on the side of a
full beer glass ..

Yes,
adults sneaking cigarettes away from the kids
as
the
kids ponder oral sex
and
the
newest law suit on tobacco trespassing is settled
after

months of
deliberate deliberation ..

So,
as
the
spring bugs
accidentally get trapped in my window panes
of

accidental cold,
the

fire

looks inviting
and
the
lamp shade
looks

like an oasis
for

winged
things

trying

to make
their
way

on the inside ..

Tuesday Evenin' Talk

Two overweight,
mid-40'd
security officers
patrol the open,
empty cubicles of the office building here
by the bluff ..

Looking out the window,
one says--

"LOOK AT ALL THOSE THINGS OUTT THERE GETTING LIQUORED UP AND READY TO BUG
ANOTHER GHETTO BROAD WITH THE PLANTING SEED."

"Shit man," the other starts. "Have some decency. that's probably what all the corp people are doing as well. Yet, it's more spotless, unrecognized and accepted."

"IT'S NOT AS BAD AS THOSE MUSIC THUMPIN' THUGS OUT THERE," the other comes back.
"THEY HAVE NO RESPECT. THOSE THRILL SEEKING LITTLE ANIMALS MAKE ME FUCKING
ILL."

"Come on," the other starts with a stern stance. "Isn't that a rather strong generalization? Sure, they're getting their kicks. So do these wealthy, middle class folk and they are probably committing more expensive crime than those kids out there on the bluff. When did enjoying the cool air of night with drink and women constitute such hatred?"

"LOOK," begins #1 guard. "I WAS ON THE BEAT FOR SOME TIME IN THE CITY AND MIDTOWN.
I KNOW HOW THESE GUYS OPERATE!"

"Yea," comes back #2 guard. "I'm sure you do. But the nature of our social herding dictates the direction of the young and the direction of the comfortable middle class. They're doing the same fucking shit. It just comes across differently. Though, the anomaly lies in between both. You can't just day down and accept injustice over and over as though it's a voiceless cry wolf scenario. but, fuck man, social groups hand out differently, yet spread the same joy and distrust. Just work your beat according to how humanity should operate."

"LOOK," #1 starts. "I DON'T NEED A DISSERTATION ON YOUR IDEALISM. I WAS JUST
MAKING A HARMLESS OBSERVATION FROM THIS WINDOW."

"As was I," #2 smiles. "Yet it came from a whole different set of windows, Jack."

wasteland of poems

Ruined poems
call for more ruined poems

or a
stop to the poem
all together because the industry is so saturated
and
it's much too pleasurable to get more than one
rejection notice in the mail
from
these people ..

the more you put
your
finger over the pulse
of
what gives your corpse a charge,
the more your going to
find

ruined poems ..

and
it's
OK ..

because from the ruined comes
the brilliant
and
from
the
ignorance
comes the genius
and
between those polars
you
have
the
middle ground
answer
that

most
strive,
try
and
revive

after
they
cut through the bullshit that doesn't

stick in the memory bank ..

so,
go ahead and read, distribute and write
your
ruined
shards
of

talk
onto

pages ..

there
will be someone out there to read them if
have
enough

postage to mail to editors ..

even
if

it is
a
fat,
fucking
rejection

letter in reply ..

RELISH
that

motherfucker

with
your

stack of ruined

POEMS.

what have you done?

what's been
done during
your
nap
is

a lot like
going
over
what has been done
while

you weren't
napping ..

though,
lets
see what could have been done ..

- The President of the Dominican Republic kissed his bleeding whore good-bye
- A new pancake syrup was marketed as "Coffee Maple Almond Bliss Baby" (Aunt Jemima ain't got nothin' on this SHIT)
- A cancer patient whipped their disease and moved out of the lodge across the street
- A little girl planted a Japanese Maple and a boy lit a purple smoke bomb
- The city sparrows ate the last of my sunflower seeds off my window ledge
- Bells slipped into minutes and the minutes moved into a subsidized hour
- The horses mane was sacrificed for another painting in a urban gallery
- The band burned another set of trend setting CD's all perfectly shaped like ears
- The spoon melted into the table after 12 cups of coffee
- The old rail car was transformed into a twin engine plane and further morphed into a new, hip restaurant
- My white tennis shoes were spray painted black as a gag during a gathering, meeting of friends
- The last cigarette of that pack was the first cigarette of another one
- A trash truck blew a tire on the street below as the boys pulled out a jack and laughed because they were still on the clock
- The computer refused to run anymore because doctors said it was healthier to walk
- New TV's start getting a sticker affixed on their screen that say .. "THIS PRODUCT IS KNOWN TO CAUSE HEART DISEASE IN CALIFORNIA STUDIES"
- The statue of a white maid would come to life during sleep and pick up the place .. people would ask me how my place got so clean ..

&

I would tell them with a smile
that

I
have
an
agreement with the statues
while

I
sleep

and
that was that ..

what this kid's thinking about

Small kid
skipping down the awakened sidewalk
like there's nothin' but him
&
what's ahead of him ..
Movin' more in the car,
wonderin' about a girl named July,
while
summer waits in the orange grill
for meat juice ..

Sure,
we crack open the top to see what's
inside,
though we drink to the bottom
because we want to make sure
what's on top
is
not
on
the
bottom ..

When the evenin' begins ..

We a go-go
down
the grand march into a new
hour

as
the
hurricane builds and builds
more in
the
ocean by the
bay
while
the
suits
remember the
stock quotes

and
i
remember how that city sparrow
hopped
around a lawn
chair while I
poured
a
cold beer
down
my
neck

while in a pool
talking
to

a good friend
about

where windows
used
to
be in the side
of
a
YMCA ..

sure,
while the
clowns fuck the
runway models
and

your enemy thinks of everything but YOU,
remember

that
the
trials
of
a
fictitious
band

is
much

like the trials of a
real band,

you
nut jobs ..

**When the film ends;
What there is to read**

Looking
for something to read
while the movie
comes down
with
a
curtain of end
credits ..

Sifting through
bills that haven't been paid
for
a
month or two,
old receipts
the
catalogs and coupons
of things
people
will
buy

at least one of ..

Going over
the
paper,
and pamphlets
like
braille in a dark room ..

Just lookin'
for somethin'
to

get my
hands on ..

The film
didn't do anything
for me
and
now

I
have

to do
something

a
bit

more ..

If you
find
anything
out there

in all
your
floating paper
and
such,

mail
it
to
me ..

You will find
my
address
at
the
end of
the
credit

line
to

the
film ..

Small
print,
rewind

pause ..

(call if you don't)

white jumper

After
a
full boat
of playing
some street ball inside with
the
inner city youth,
this
kid
is

ready for an early eve-late afternoon nap ..

They took
the
smoke from my cuticles
and
punched the old liquor from my tongue ..

Up and down,
trying to steal some shots,
my
white
face
was one of the few in
the
gallery

taking the ball to the pistons ..

You know,
it
takes

these chances
of
time to realize
how differently each side
really does
play ..

I like being around
the
black folk
better when they start having
a
time ..

I mean
really laying down the scratch to
have

some good times ..

There's little pretension
and

the
clock

just
fades
away
like

an
image

ducking
around
the
corner

that was never
ever
spotted
for

it's color
or
handling skills ..

who made the weather come today?

Oh,
someone did it now ..

Early throws of July 4
and
the
tornado sirens are flashing,
yelling .. sounding
through
the
alleys
and
bunkers of
11:00AM downtown ..

Someone stirred the water too forcefully
or
the city picked this particular day
to
flash their loud teeth
because
by
now people are already used to
sound
going bang .. BAM .. all about
them
for
the
last week ..

i'll tell you,
this whole July 4 event
seems like a direct flush down the
shitter ..

i'm all for shooting off a bag of fireworks
or getting into a solid fireworks war with friend/foe,
though
i
have a hard time paying for the fireworks ..

you're just blowing up all your goods
in
a
matter of seconds ..

yet,
i do the same thing with cigarettes ..

so,
the real question is

whether you're addicted or not ..

with fireworks or cigarettes,
woman,
fudge,
coffee,
sunsets,
pot,
meat loaf,
or
other ..

so go out
there and
get addicted to something
you

like ..

right now ..

& back home ..

He comes
over tired,
overdone
by the process ..

A new
child,
wife starting a job
and
he
can't wait for school to start
to
get out
and

do something ..

I see the
streaked look of craziness
for
being in the house
a bit
much ..

He comes in for a cigarette,
we crack open
a
beer
and
look at a newly emptied apartment downstairs
that
he
is looking into renting ..

Tired,
he
takes several video cassettes and
tells me he

wants me to
give him a call later if anything exciting
is
going
down ..

Sure,
he

leaves with a wave
and

goes
back into his
house,
again ..

1 quarter & the tango

Hot & red
in the face
from the day,
dry chops,
static station,
the cars won't stop,
my eyes melt into stinging
and
I still feel awake enough to laugh or sneeze ..

The dirty counter tops,
trash from a good solid trip,
my bag lies empty as the barons talk again to the mysterious sluts of evening ..

Tree branches
full of some kind of moth nectar
and
this air tastes
like mint breath ..

I have the last quarter on
the tango
while you hold a tub of pennies
one
ticket
to
subterranean territory ..

2 languages & 2 people

My lady
friend

called
work
today

somewhat
goggle
by

a
fuck
that
came
to
her
house and
started
laying
some
patriarchal
male

bullshit down
her
pipeline
on

her
day off ..

It was a cat from Acapulco
coming to see some friends
that
were
recently evicted from their
spread ..

So,
as
my
lady friend
lugged
dirt and rock around her garden,
this
guy
started
speaking in fragmented English,
teaching her words
as

she did the same for him ..

After offering
her some coke,
pot,
crack
or
other ..

She said Cola would
be
fine ..

He went up the street,
grabbed some cerveva
and
a
coke ..

Supplanted his person on her back steps
&
went on talking ..

Though,
as
she was getting ready to leave
he
began grabbing,
groping
and
suggesting the sexual route ..

She
had a shovel in her
hands

and
almost stuck it up his fucking
ass ..

Instead,
she left,
called

and
now
I

remember why I
can't
tolerate

those fuckers out there that
have
it
woven in the

pieces of their flesh that
pushy victimization
is
OK ..

Bullshit ..

As J. Baldwin
once put it .. "Innocence constitutes the crime."

So,
as
this cat roves
around for his next my ..

My lady friend is en route
to
my
place
so we can go ride go-karts ..

Somehow the simple shit sticks
and
the
bullshit lingers ..

Though,
she's going to
have
the
last
laugh

as
this
cat's tongue
wags
dry

in
a
yellow

glow
around now ..

5-13-2001

Flicker on blue screen
from lodge window
as
the
donkey's tongue goes in for another morsel ..

Yes,
board games
in the open air
&
old apple sauce
for
the
executioner ..

We're all hummin' with
the fan blade tonight
as
we get tossed out in pieces of warm air
that
is done
with

the heat ..

7pm insanity note

His writing career
came down to a big novel called the "7PM INSANITY NOTE" ..

People,
14 years after the fact,
were buying and reading this novel for the first .. fifth or 9th time ..

A widely revered novel
that was just deemed acceptable by academia
about
a
former war prisoner that wrote a 1,348 page letter
to his
mother from a
mental hospital in Amherst, MA ..

The mother kept the note tucked away for years ..

She knew
how amazing it was,
yet
kept it hidden for all these years due to the sensitive,
personal nature of such
a
confession and
explosion of thought onto pulp ..

Though,
a younger daughter in college caught wind of this secret note ..

She tucked it away in her
pack,
made some copies and sent them out to editors ..

There were several publishing houses that immediately got back with her in a matter
of days and offered her a fat fucking deal to send the book to press immediately ..

The girl wondered if she should get the consent of her mother or brother on the deal ..

After a week of deliberation,
she decided that it wasn't worth asking for their approval ..

She picked the more lucrative deal and gave the nod for it's publication ..

To ensure validity and authenticity,
she side that her brother was beyond a sane level to say "yea or nea" to such a deal
and that her
mom had since disappeared and that she found
the note
by accident in

articles that were left behind in her former residence ..

So,
the publishers gladly rushed her signature on the paper work
and
that was that ..

The girl took the money,
dropped out of school and ran ..

She made enough
and continued to make enough to
live in a small hut on the Hawaiian island of Kauai ..

For the past 14 years
on one could
be reached for interview or further commentary
on
this brilliant novel
about
survival,
sanity,
and
the
slow ride into

RIGHT now ..

1,000's of miles from travel

Got in from DC ..

Beautiful trip through
the tongs
of
a
hot flash/flesh
of
our
brief history ..

Friend picked me up at the
airport ..

Went for several drinks in the afternoon
to rap
about the travel and talk
of
passed events ..

At the newsroom bar,
one of the few open on Sunday in this town ..

A gal that knew me as a child
stopped by ..

I remembered talking to her
as
a
waitress in a bar
around the corner from my place ..

she talked,
thought that she knew the both of us
from somewhere else
in
some other frame ..

She asked my name ..

I told her ..

At this she lost her shoes ..

Went to the bar immediately
for several shots of tequila ..

Came back,
grabbed my hand and pulled it to her forehead ..

She went on in
between breaths
to tell me about what I did as a child while
she was
around my brother and sister growing up ..

So,
as the world turned and Maryland's airport was a recent memory ..

Virginia and DC also went back to their own universe ..

I laughed at how close we all are
after
thousands of miles

of

travel ..