# a day of lower case letters

Spent the day doing simple things like ..

Eating a banana, changing a toilet paper role, 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 ..

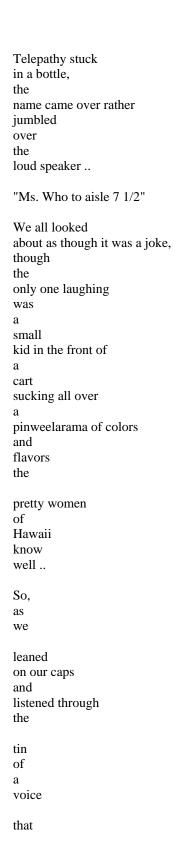
Thinking about doing something big and complex ..

Though, it may just

seem simple to you ..

huh?

# a fault line in the stroke of your key



thought would

come on back for a repeat phrase ..

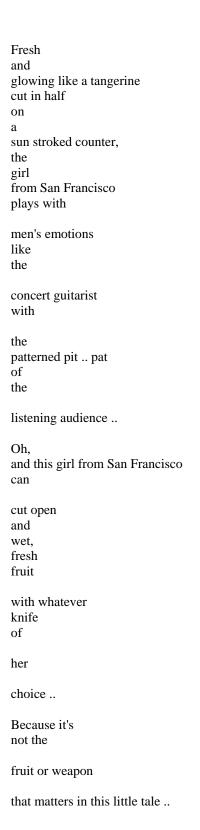
There was nothing ..

As we failed to make it on time

and again

the excuse was on us ..

# a girl from San Francisco



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 ..

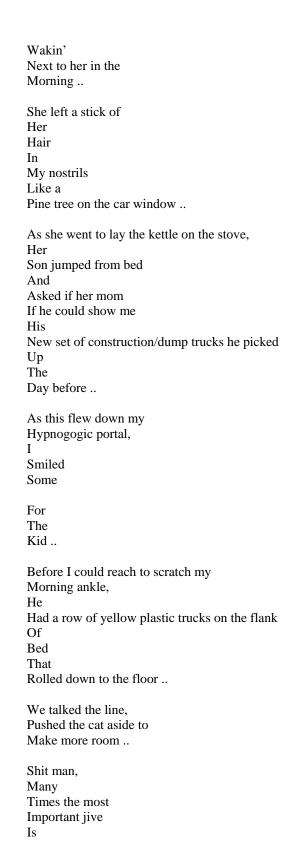
We should have picked that up at home or in Kindergarten ..

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



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
city attendant took him to his car ..
There were charred remains of lincons,
Broncos with the back window obliterated
rusting camaros that would
still
make
the
mullet crowd marvel ..
Shit,
it's
good place to know about
and
those
cats
have
lucrative
deal going down ..
It's like
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
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
to join the rest of you
crazy necked animals ..
```

#### away from the home

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 ..

You know,

#### 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 ..

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

Same beat, Tempo, Velocity ..

Just lookin' around And beating while the progressive kids Several trees away climb 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 From hardened nail polish ..

Shit man, I have the day off ..

I'm in the park as The Bongo

Just Stopped Beating His

Man

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
his wife strains the
hot pasta
at
home
waiting for
the
next
instrument
come calling over ..
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
```

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,
music meanders through the air like
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

Notices Α 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 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 Replaced it with newly cut and placed Light brown timber .. The angle of a wall Meeting a new building they were building To Revitalize Downtown area of this ailing urban Dwell ..

Coming back from the sandwich

In the urban war zone across the

Shop some Months back

River from here ..

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

Α

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 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
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
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 ..
"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

under my foot ..

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

## eggs/pig

```
Eyes and women
peering through
the
shades of
drawn
eye brows
as
the
division
of
cross-cut street
brings
the
hooker to
her
next
score so the screaming mouth
home
has
some
other quiet sound to make ..
sure,
as
the
other parts get mixed
into
this
cake we are going to present soon,
believe
that
there are going
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
```

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 ..

clearer sight ..

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,

# 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 ..

Malnutritioned, 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
talk to all
the
boys of the world ..
Sure,
as
the
parking tickets
of
rainy days
whither in the coming heat,
flip through our remaining bills
deciding
if
fun or
frolic
will be the direction
of
this
accidental lump found in
stolid pair of pants
found
on the ground ..
So,
the Church of the Immaculate Conception
shows
off it's 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 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
just a half jive jump
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
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 laughers?
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
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
```

but, we're trying to get the

story out

around ..

HERE  $\dots$ 

# her wires

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

racing towards the signs ahead ignoring the sun and

over again ..

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
though
she's staring down the teacher
before
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 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 ..
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
people can see them talking on the phone ..
christ,
these are the same people who are amazed
60 story skyscrapers,
```

350 page books and anything

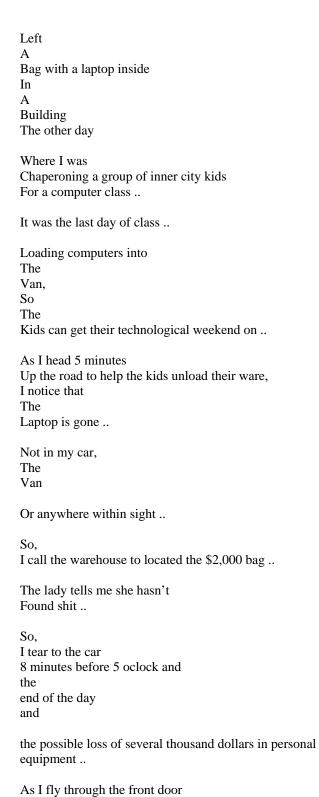
else that

may require

something more than wait

wait waiting ..

# it was never my money



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,
See the
Black bag staring
Staring at my like a guilty
Pet on
Α
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
Not leaving empty handed ..
As I start walking out with the bag,
All the
Employees look at me like
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
Day after I was told to play the lottery ..
Around $19.5 million ..
```

Some younger Cat that

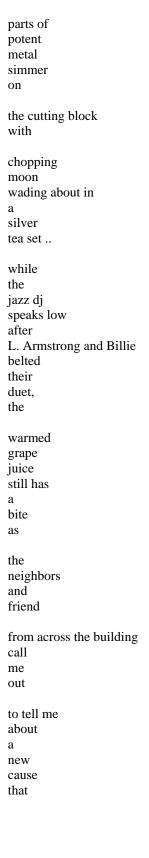
Poured me a drink or two in Midtown ..

Fucking good for him ..

I was just never good enough To Try

My luck in the lottery ..

# just resonate, baby



```
is
gaining
steam
as
all
i
care about
is
woody allen movie
one
of
them is going
watch
now ..
it's
evening beginning
with
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 ..

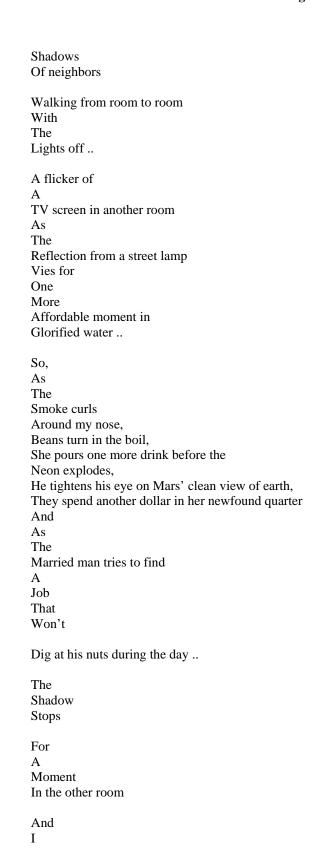
You say you won't bite & even if you do, it won't hurt ..

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



Keep working
At
This
Cigarette
As
Though
The
Next
New
Idea

Will

Be A saltine in

Α

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 rolly 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'
the passer by seeing the squirm of a field of words
'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,
down several beverages
though
the
heat was going to gain and gain
throughout the evening ..
Left to
get back
for
some time with myself
the
word if the time
hit
my
wrist like it should ..
fixed up some macaroni and cold cottage cheese ..
Went down to the
bar around the block
catch up with some blokes ..
Then,
I just had to get out ..
Rounding out of the door jamb from
the bar.
I heard
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

```
on
small phone
to get a little direction
to the place ..
He's a good friend of
my roommate's and
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
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
```

The man in the band that's on the brink

calls me

how small

we and

our

toil

really is ..

# smoke for me, lover

```
the low tone of the radio voice over and
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
my lungs are just starting to see the
light
of
oxygen again ..
though,
i still want
get back to about a couple a day
sometime
real soon ..
so,
have one for
me and
i'll cough
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 ..

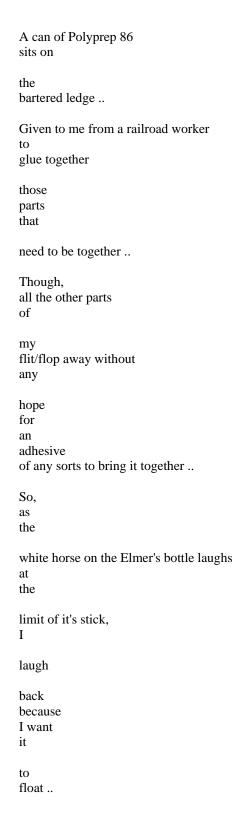
I just hope they remember how ..

## 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



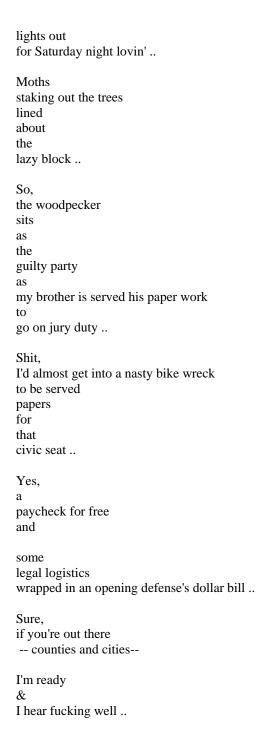
FLOAT & a floatin' all

the way

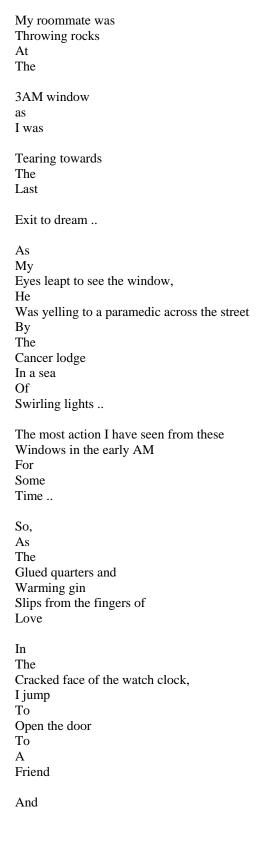
to the

next poem ..

## straight shot to where you're standing



## strange friend



Listen for

One

More

Piece of advice,

Or

A

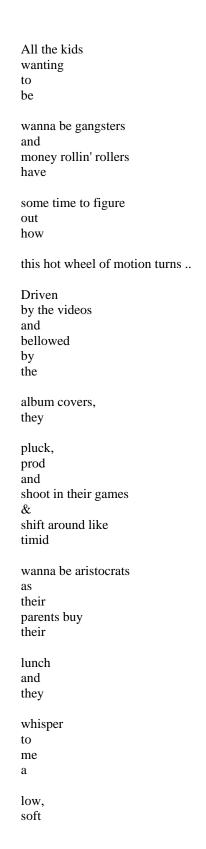
Good story

From

A

Flat stranger ..

## talking to me?



## '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
pair of northern lights
that decided to take a bad dip
south because
the
water was warm
enough
and
fool didn't have enough time
to
deliver
punch line to the masked man ..
OOOh .. she
was almost avoiding familiarity in a
crowd of strangers
as
her
shoes ratted 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 ..

no hands around ..

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
&

#### trapped between glass & fire

```
Scientific quotes
of philosophical equations,
the
dog spent hours
chasing the wax squirrel
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
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
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 it's much too pleasurable to get more than one rejection notice in the mail from these people .. the more you put finger over the pulse 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

```
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.
```

stick in the memory bank ..

#### 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
```

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, summer waits in the orange grill for meat juice ..

#### Sure,

bottom ..

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

## 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
remember how that city sparrow
hopped
around a lawn
chair while I
poured
cold beer
down
my
neck
while in a pool
talking
to
a good friend
about
where windows
used
to
be in the side
of
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 ..

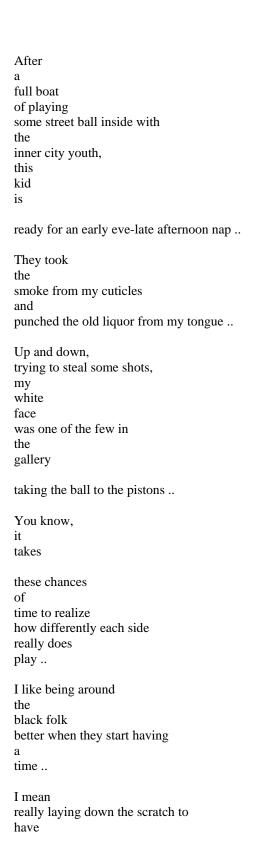
### When the film ends; What there is to read

Looking for something to read while the movie comes down with 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 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



## some good times ..

There's little pretension

the clock

just

fades

away

like

an

image

ducking around

the

corner

that was never

ever

spotted

for

it's color

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
the city picked this particular day
flash their loud teeth
because
now people are already used to
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
matter of seconds ..
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 being in the house a bit much .. He comes in for a cigarette, we crack open a beer look at a newly emptied apartment downstairs that he is looking into renting .. Tired, 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

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

My lady friend

called

```
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,
she was getting ready to leave
began grabbing,
groping
and
suggesting the sexual route ..
She
had a shovel in her
hands
\quad \text{and} \quad
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
yellow
glow
around now ..
```

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,

to his

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

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  $\ensuremath{\boldsymbol{.}}$ 

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 hot flash/flesh of our brief history .. Friend picked me up at the airport .. Went for several drinks in the afternoon about the travel and talk 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 waitress in a bar around the corner from my place .. she talked, thought that she knew the both of us from somewhere else 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 ..