

JoeFiles LXI No Magazines & One Book in the Safe

the make-up

Heroin addicts Cleaning up their own vomit As The Child pisses the arm of A snowman off ..

We live like fire and
Exist as water,
But the truth is that
More people wear make-up at any one time on earth than
Those who
Don't

&

that's the point ..

the rapper & a white guy

```
helped
cat layout
out his
album
art tonite
at
work ..
a producer
of music
who
branched off on his
own
and
is now spinnin'
his own shit ..
'YOU KNOW,'
he told me'
'YOU CAN ONLY WAIT IN SOMEONE ELSE'S SHADOW FOR SO LONG.'
'In charge of your own destiny, huh guy?'
I asked.
'POSITIVELY.'
he said ..
His label
called 'NUTTIN' NICE' ..
for
some reason
other i see
somethin' nice in it ..
thinkin' the whole time that
i'll never buy any of his
'cause i don't listen to that groove ..
but
there
is
somethin'
nice
```

about

this producer

producin'

about on his own ..

the ride

Pinioned here in the heap .. Just shaved the months of growth off my face, soaking up small pimples of blood as my corn below the complex grows in the Sunday sun .. She just dropped me off asked me a favor I answered a question told her what she was looking for sat beside her the whole ride over .. Yes, as the teeth of relationships razor their claws, the nieces and nephews in the neighborhood suck down more juice and wait the phone call that will set their face a

flight ..

So, as we go towards more of the natural in

the
bitch goddess that has
us by the balls,
we'll
take the artificial
if it
tastes

good enough and if the key fits ..

the shipwreckers

Knew a couple of things About water, Both bottled & the type Christ walked over ..

So,
Don't fuck with the boys
Who come from now town
&
don't need any ties to nothin' ...

Listen here, They don't build nothin' but stories ..

These motherfuckers are the reason why people watched Dragnet, Hitchcock & The Fall Guy ..

So, Don't go askin' 'em about Fire neither ..

The know it smells like sulfur And
If you leave it long enough Without tending,
It's going to burn you & your collectibles down ..

So,

Don't be botherin' the shipwreckers ..

They're like entertainers, They'll be in your town extra soon lookin' for a car ..

the zoos

Unscrewing the canopy From the anchor, How we fight against Sleep & wake fights against us ..

Using what was taught to us

&

giving what was taken from us,

I wonder

If we're all rally

The

Zoo

&

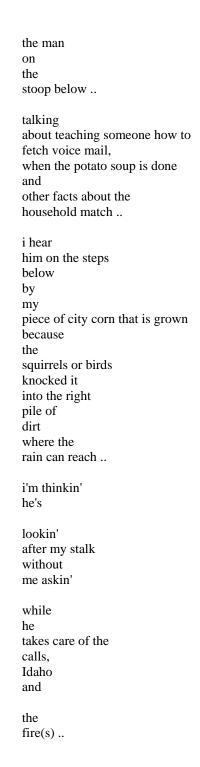
All the animals

Are having

The

Final belly shout ..

there's brilliance everywhere



time on a bench

```
Even plan with sparrows pecking
Whatever they can find on the ground
From human food
While ducks
Flap & flail wings
In the middle of the
Shim - shim -
Shimmering lake reflecting warped
Grass,
Greens,
Trees-
Here on a bench
Donated to the park
By
Sadrina Joan Stern Scott
In memory of her folks
Ferdinand & Belle Stern
As
Black, squatty
Dog with big ears smell my toes
the older folks who own the small miracle smile at
as though they're sitting down to their first drink of the day
&
shortly after a boy on a stand-up motor scooter flops by loud
quick
&
content
as the ducks finish cleaning
hop about
like they have a place to go—
Oh,
The couple on their second honeymoon round
Around the lake's edge,
Cut through a quartet of trees
Towards me
While the audible black man sitting on a bench donated by someone else
In someone's honor is coughin'
&
```

Here I sit In time, Tempo,

```
yellin' over to his wife
pieces of conversation he forgot to have with the boys
as their baby girl in pink looks
around in question
as
a
tourist in Paris tries to get a bearing on all this
new shit-
Sure,
Taking in time now as
Lungs exasperate fresh oxygen ..
New in,
Monoxide out
As I fix
My eyes on this midwestern scene
Knowing full well that
I'll be 6 hours ahead
several thousand miles away in Paris
80 hours from now ..
Up & over,
Venice will be next
&
Thomas Mann will be breathing death as the sleeping
Hilltop cities of Cinque Terra inhale another gust of gusto
T. Jefferson's last gulp of gin-
Sure,
The ducks come by every
Once
&
now to see if I have my bread ready to throw ..
Many big humans have thrown them bread all week,
He's looking at my empty
Bench &
Saying,
"Why? All the rest have something to give."
--Sorry fella .. maybe I'll get you some bread, egg, tofu or cheese in Paris
and bring it
back to this bench
several weeks ..
Though,
I'm sure it will be much colder
you will be much older ..
```

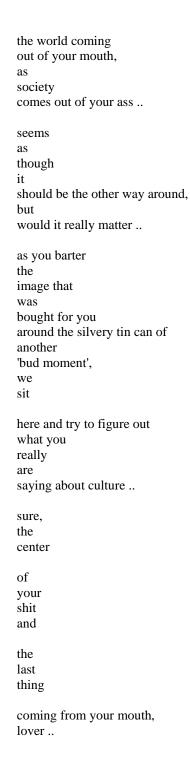
So,

We'll just keep

It
At
That
In time
For

Right now ..

today is just today



up with what?

```
She threw out
Terms & questions like ..
"emotionally aloof"
"why"
"do you really need a woman around all the time"
"stop the game"
"what is it"
On &
Down
The list with these women
As
I sink further
Into the seat
And
Closer to laughing more ..
People say
I take things too lightly,
I'm vague about serious shit
that I reduce much to a joke ..
OK,
I' live and will continue to do so
Like this ..
So,
One you have all your serious shit
With your talk & looks figured,
Come
Get me
&
tell me
what you've come
up
with ..
(we can laugh about it)
```

USADAY

```
over a week since
i've been
back in the states
and the Vernazza coffee mug's design
of plastic sticker
has already melted well onto the side
of the mug
the rest of everything here in America
cools
off
while
the 767's take to
the air
and
people are
slashing jobs
like farmers
bludgeoning weeds
in
a
patch of land that will soon grow carrots ..
it's 9-27,
divisible of 3
with
things happening
in
3's
and
I sit
on
number two
as
```

 $i \ have \ counted \ up \ to \ thus \ far \ ..$

Vanishing Point

Then a sudden,
I lay
On my stomach to tell you
A tale about
A
Kid that lost his penis
After a harmless bet ..

This kid just got the tickle in The little fella ..

Not even enough time to get out And give it a go ..

This is how it worked—

The kids

Was a 13-year-old punk named Jared ..

He talks back and Acts like a true rough ass thug When he's really More scared than the rest of the kids around him ..

So,

He runs into a bum he gives shit to on a regular Basis Along the wall/alley between Walgreen's & Sam's Drink ..

He flick the old bum shit &

the old bum gives the kid chaw about him not knowing a damn thing about anything ...

To prove it,

The bum makes a bet with the kid

That he can find a job before the kid could earn one hundred dollars ..

The kids agreed ..

The bet was on ..

The old man would get fifty bucks if he won, While the kid Would get to keep his future ..

The kid looked perplexed And asked, "FUTURE? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?"

"Yes,"

the old man came back with a wink.

"You get to keep your future."

The summer wore on through

And the old bum didn't see much of the kid ..

About 2-and-a-half months later (just before school was to begin; end of betting at the window)

The kid approached the bum wearing

A worn pair of kaki pants,

Bright shirt Hawaiian shirt,

And a nice, beige cowboy hat ..

He was coming out of the sandwich shop down the street ..

The kid stops

And says,

"HEY OLD MAN. GOT TO BE HONEST OR MY FOLKS SAID THEY WOULD SKIN ME. I ONLY MADE ABOUT SEVENTY BUCKS."

At this,

The old man squashed down his left eye quickly,

Said he was sorry about that

And handed the kid a twenty and a ten

Letting him know he lost

The bet

And

Proving who the bum was ..

As the old man patted the chagrined youth,

The kid turned,

Made his way back towards town square ..

Along the way

He passed a cute classmate,

Sharissa ..

He's had more than one eye on her,

Vet

The other eye wasn't responding ..

As he reached down

After passing with a 'hello, sweetheart',

He reached down to touch his boys ..

Nothing was there ..

The kid went pale,

Quickly turning to see if

The old man was still around ..

-GONE-

Nothing around ..

Sharissa turned

And

Began calling Jared's name over and over ..

He didn't hear a fucking word ..

Wallowing down an avenue of shock

And

Looking

Down the

Empty street Where

His

Future

Just

Vanished away ..

vernazza, it

Nighttime fishermen & daytime boaters coming together at another chance trying the first thing in Italia, while America hunts down its next dire enemy and it's Paris for this kid before America will be America again ..

Noble Italian shouts, The sounds of splashing waves, Erase your memory and put on your slippers once more ..

We're going to take a walk .. a long walk around
The pebbles embedded in the sidewalks
And come up with new messages never used on post cards
And try to throw fresh Italian grapes in our glasses
Of rosso vino hanging on the ledge of the sea on the ocean
As the masked mystery of Venezian drama comes tapping
On my shoulder asking
If I could give him the rest of my fresh cigarettes (Gauloises)
As I nod,

I catch the hand of a potential pickpocket, Point to the warning sign posted on the wall and Tell him that I'll let him go just this one time ..

"Cause I have a sunrise to catch in the morning and I would like to see the Italian men put away the dishes instead of the women all the time"

as the rocks on the coast erode and here in Vernazza .. good flat fucking graciousness is still alive and well and

that kindles my hope for humans after an Egyptian in Venice tried to fork us over

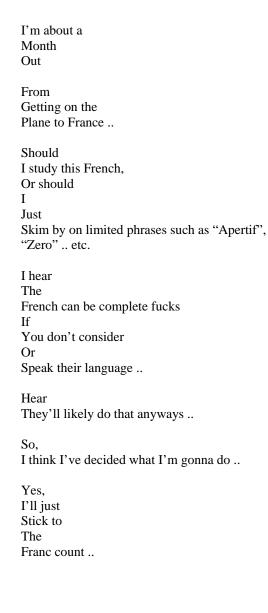
a whole carte blanche plate of 'brotherhood' to get some drink out of our American asses &

that was the day before terrorists decided to annihilate the United States ..

So,

As we stand in the walk to walk and See the walk and figure out the walk, We know ultimately that we are the walk and That's walk enough ..

vive francois



voice message

```
girls
on the stoop
below
talkin' e-mail,
advertisin' they would do if they could do it,
and
the
state of a cold coffee
cup
ready for
anotha' warmer ..
sure,
Erroll Garner
types
away at
the
piano "she's funny that way"
in the foggy
lamp light
of
another
warm
September eve
ready
to
slip into stardust
and
moon pebbles
by
the
way
his hand is reaching down
the
cleft
chord ..
& sure as
the excitement of
the
conversation
down
```

there on the concrete

winds down, there

is smacking of lips and blowing smoke as though the ship has found port but to

the surprise of the people that had

the wrong ticket for

the ride ..

yes, Erroll G.

has taken

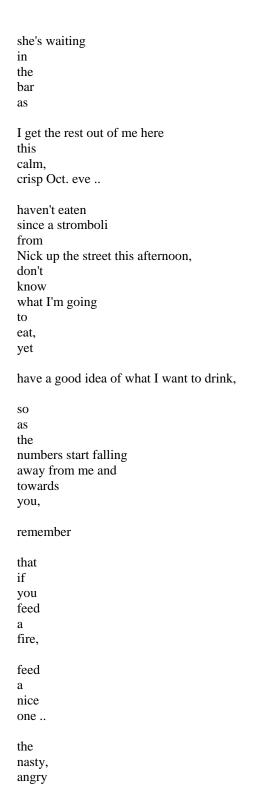
a pause as

the girls below yell 'bye'

and I move on

to the next verse ..

waiting for later



fires

only run

for

water later ..

we .. the thirsty

```
had a good tug
with
the
bottle lately
and
came back into the
smokin' circle
earlier than I thought ..
yet,
we come back because
sometimes
we're farther away from it than
we originally intended to
and
we
leave it because
it
just too fucking good to begin with,
so
as I take down
this glass of water
and
listen to the smokers
smack about the fall air,
need
nothin' now but
good meal with
the
gal
and
all
the
justice
```

would like to give to

the Red Cross in NY, baby ..

WELL, we gave it back

```
Branched off,
yet not
alone
as
the
small, migrant
worker
calls
over
to me and asks if i might be
ready for a coffee break ..
soon,
i respond,
must
get
this
water out of the well first ..
as he saunters over
to
the
shelter,
the
hot new Mexico sun
scorches my neck
as
i look
into
the
well ..
seeing
all the black of a hole
space
doesn't even know about,
there's something more
need to find ..
about
pass out ..
i'm not going to get any coffee
until
i
```

```
find
it
in
this hole ..
then,
the
bucket
comes
up ..
there's
package in the bucket ..
it's soggy,
with a soupy puddle of water
in the bottom
of
the bucket ..
i pull out the package
make my way back to the break room ..
my friend is
there
as the table sipping through the hot
streams of vapor coming from the top of
person
mug
that
says,
'#1 DAD' on the sides ..
flipping through the
want ads,
as usual,
he looks up at me ..
i tell thrust the package
onto the table before him ..
'this is all the water i found.'
'shit, mijo,
what the fuck is it,'
he asks.
'i don't know,'
i tell him.
'your guess is as good as my theory.'
```

i motion for him to open the pack ..

he reaches for it, almost knocking over his mug of love

as
I approach the sink,
clean my hands
and
pour a big glass of cold water ...

he begins peeling back the tough, tan paper about this pack that's about 12" x 12" ...

a small cube ..

beneath the paper is a tarnished, baby blue box with mildew stains and amoebae swirls of dirty water going about the box ..

he picks up the box, which sags gingerly at the bottom and shakes the box ..

at this, the prize falls onto the table ..

it's an old pair of early century binoculars ..

the sort you would run into at an opera or balcony seating theater event ..

i lunge to pick it up off the table, as my friend reaches in before me to take a gaven at 'em ..

as he peers through, telling me that the vision is crystal clear ..

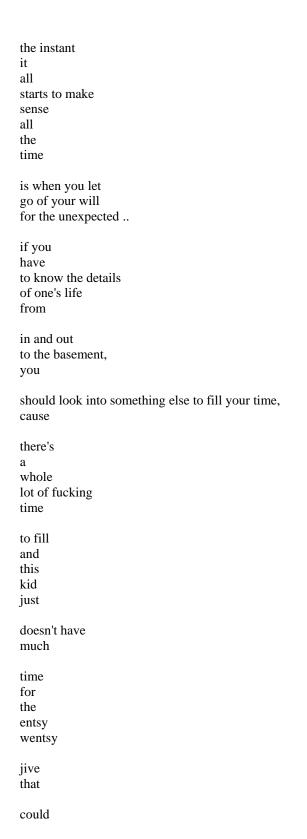
he hands them over ..

i look through them and see the crystal vision myself ..

then, my friend knocks me in the arm and says,



what are you lookin' for?



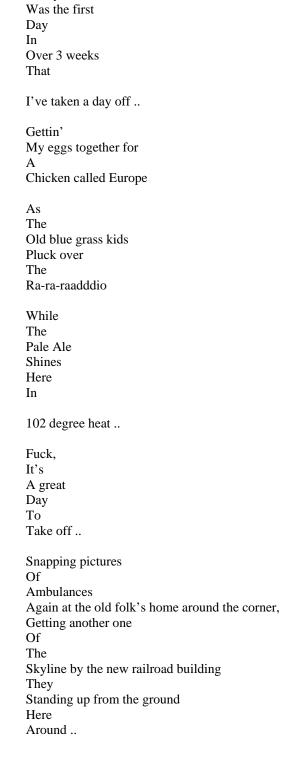
make

a

horse

cry ..

What to do on this Day off



Today

Oh, As Jimmy cracks His corn, Picking the pieces

Of

Cob From

My

Teeth As The Heat rises ..

It's one of Those Days That's

So hot Its

Hard to Decide

Just

What to Do..

When in October

```
Tomorrow is
October first
and
I'm still living in
my
apartment ..
October one is always
that
time that my
shit hits a new place
the rest of the neighbors
city
feed the flowers
and
take
the
meat from the pan ..
So,
as I sit here a day out from 10-1,
it's
nice
to have a solid
roof
and
the temperature is still warm,
there's something
than magical about autum's hand
coming down
over the sun
and
giving
some cold and shorter days for a time ..
it's like getting to the middle
of
a
ripe,
```

wet light green pear, there's

a number of seeds in the middle, but

there's just no where else to go ..

when you

```
start a new page,
the
other pages
begin switching pens
all you have are a lot of pages looking
blank and empty
as
the
jealous
pens
go
on
fighting
about
ink ..
just
ink
while
the
pencils
ride
down
the
center
stripe
and
all the used
pages
serve lay on
diner tops in Hollywood
in
hopes of the
next casting call ..
```

who's following who?

```
having a stromboli
Nick's Pizza
ир
the
street from the
work joint ..
picking over the bread
sucking down the best fucking red sauce in town,
the
Italian man behind the counter rarely smiles
and
looks
about
in gratitude
when you simply buy his shit without word
or comment ..
.. the purchase is enough for his native ..
well,
i finish the fight with the cashier
and
sit
for
moment
with
my edible
loaf of love ..
as
I get about mid-way through
the
bread roll,
homeless cat I noticed
some months back
downtown on the other side of town
comes ambling by on bad feet
longer finger nails ..
he comes
as
```

though dizzy through the front door, mumbles the menu to the subway shop in the food court to himself the attendant looks ир like there was something intended for her condiment selection .. he shifts through a handful of envelopes, mail and such .. sits down at the table across from me andstares around though someone dropped him off like an imported alien waiting for immigration to approve .. I continue eating, talking some with a friend and flipping through the paper thinking how tightly woven we humans are in our interaction .. am I looking over him or is he looking over me .. I used to give him cigarettes, talksome to him as he stared and grabbed what I gave him .. he was low on words, but he had that vibe that he knew what everyone was thinking and

that

```
he was one move ahead
in
the
match ..
as I met the marrow of my stromboli,
Ι
also
wondered if
was waiting to say something to
me
or approach me with a plan
hijack a bus
or
get him a free meal ..
though,
with a man that portends to have the
look of
foretelling one move ahead,
I waited for his cue ..
moving further through the sandwich,
dipping
into the last of my
glorious Styrofoam sauce bucket,
he
got up ..
came close to he table,
moved again towards the counter of the sub store,
looked back
as
cop came through the door ..
this he fidgeted,
I woded up my aluminum foil
threw it in the complementary bag
waited for this cat's next move ..
it was a quick one ..
out the door ..
```

```
guess he can't read
the
future of
the
PO-lice in the area ..
again,
as we met many times down the line,
it will happen again ..
thus
as
the human strand winds tighter and tighter
around the mantle's core,
look below each other's noses and
above the eye brows
to figure
out
who's
watching
after who ..
my guess
```

it's 60 / 40 .. (him/me)

before the next meeting,

now

is that

you need it

Unbalanced checkbooks,

The waste of US Mint making more paper money,

The fold in her thighs,

The miracle in her brain,

A burp of tabasco as the heat races up &

Down the pre-Midnight street

Like a fucking naked maniac trying to get the time

From a stranger it can't & won't find,

Cracks in the tarnished-white painted wall

As the can of rust paint molts longer inside like a bad French wine,

OH and the stage rehearsal behind

The bean plants & sub plots

Of more dramas that Hollywood or Broadway won't have the pleasure of viewing,

The night of 1,002 out of control candles as the Russians

Launch another rocket of men

Into space to shrink our human perception of spaces,

The bamboo & Chinese parables

As

Tibet remains Tibet

And the jesters try to find another cause to

Fight for,

YES as

We make a decade a century & jerk off

The last of our minutes

Inside the mayonnaise jar with just enough left to

Baste the tuna and

Make the bread into a meal ..

In CLOSING,

We give you

What we have

Because we know we

Still want it,

YET

You need

It

Just

Α

Bit more

Than

We ..

you see?

There's this guy

That works with me, You see— He helps me out in a Computer lab I run, You see— A volunteer-like cat, You see-Good, middle-aged black man Who brings his son, Xavier, to work, You see— Friendly, Something larger behind the eyes, Tall, beat-up voice, You see-Well, He pulls me aside today to tell me about a poem he started, You see— Something he did during a lesson I was teaching in class, You see— So, I sat at his computer to open the file & we got interrupted, You see-I thought, Grand, Dodged that bullet, You see— The man's a real gloater & I didn't want to wince at bad word arrangements, You see-Well. Later on he got me, You see— Yelled & yelled my name until I came over to see his piece, You see— Somethin' about kissin', jasmine, he's the man, all his love, cummin' & more about lovin',

You see—
Then, I sit at another computer to get something done before leaving, You see—
All the while, This man with the son named Xavier is writing and verbally reciting this poem, You see—
Spell checking, Telling me about bridges & how poetry works,
You see—
I just nodded & acted aloof About poetry, You see—
You should remember this, You see—
Always write your shit In your mind or alone on a paper/manual typer/computer, You see—
Don't work it on the fly and shout it to another for a response, You see—
Fight some things in the open, But keep the poems to yourself until they're fucking done, You see—
& if they are horrible or you're not sure if they're good, don't show 'em off at all, You see—
Does this make sense?
You see, Cause bad poems Don't make sense to me, You see—

They are going to take Your valuables

pick your vegetables

you don't pay

attention

to

the

bottom

hand

of

the clock

goin' round

round

round ..

Hock the hostage off, We got what we wanted ..

Return the ransom, We lied in our note ..

Bring back the bounty, Our short time got out of hand ..

Tie up the livestock Because we're going to let them free tonight ..

Destroy the cigarette & call the girl 'cause these are your only options now after the fleece is flocked & the beginning of the list is gone ..

I believe It is possible to be good at love, But unsuccessful at relationships ..

I believe Walter Cronkite could Knock out a horse & Tom Brokaw With One punch. The sound
Of a train horn,
I hear KC
Again .. again .. &
over
again
as the mountain ranges
caw
&
the hotel attendants was
their hairs ..

Tomorrow is now Today & I must go to wash The Musk away .. Prop planes
Don' back flips,
The edge of her 'hello'
Tumblin' towards the telephone like
Salt in the sunny eye of an egg ..

It's always good To leave town & it's always good to come back ..

The important shit Lies in the Action done Between Home & away, Baby .. Sometimes Disoriented with a 'Q' ..

Because the Quiet Made it loud & the quake made it silent again .. A night of thunder
For
An evening
Of rain
As the roof leaks
&
the bucket stands
as the last chance between
here

&

the end ..

A proton
Chasing a magnet
As the heave throws the whore
&
all we have are our hands
&
the dust that created our nails ...

are we really reduced to dropping bombs on other human beings or are we exalted after the fact due to success or failure?

```
jim rode the
jackass across the
pass
and
looked at her amazin' ass shiver and shake
as
the
radishes took
another nap
in
the
```

warm, damp dirt ..

the anecdote

told

a

joke

about

a

hoax

the

block

choked on while

eating

fried goat

with a

cat

named

jack

who

built

a

car out

of

slats of granite

in

a

town

by

the

hill

that

looked over

a

mountain ..

1 small reason to give or go

When is it really a
Good time
To call off
A
Good thing?
Like smoking cigarettes ..

I'm done now ..

Been one month, Went through bad withdraw, Now I suck in on a cigar, Not bringin' it in, Just coddling this old lover Wondering..

When do you Pull the plug on something?

Before – during – or after it Has killed you ..

That's the question ..

You need to go find the answer

While

I

Put

The

Smoke

Out

On

This

Small

Reason

In

My

Hands.

SO .. relaxing With eyes Closed

Before Going Into

Sleep ..

Thinking some things -

See a gondola off a Venezian port

Lopping

In

The

European moon light

As

A

Young boy on the deck throws a handful

Of marbles

Towards the bottom of the water

Where a group of

Sea fish begin playing marbles—

This.

As an octupus squirts

A stream of black ink over the game—

This ink flows backwards into the magician's swami ball He just threw on the ground in his disappearing Trick at a carnival down the road (THE REST OF THIS FLOWS BACKWARDS)

- the smoke goes into the glass bulb
- magician reverses cutting girl in half
- girl climbs out of box
- kisses boyfriend before entering stage
- follow boyfriend home (BACKWARDS, OF COURSE)
- pulling cereal out of his mouth
- yelling for his son
- picture of boy's eyes opening in bed (same boy on Venezian dock)

I open my Eyes briefly ..

Close 'em ..

Don't remember anything after that .. (MUST HAVE FALLEN ASLEEP)

the bitch is going get mad like a hot anchor at any moment .. Trains screaming Like whores in Straight jacket watching porn films As The electronic's blimp Plods & bops Around the 5pm sky Shielding its eyes As though they were shut for 8 hrs In A Locker .. Sure, The birds are hogging The air, The bugs are just bugs & it's a wall that separates me from this brightly lit green ground now & I like it here with All the Pimps, Bugs, Blimps, Tricks evacuating folks going back to places like Liberty, Kearny, the sticks, the stones, The woods, dirt

5pm,

like

downtown evacuating

Mud & the thud.

a full name

Laid against
The easy &
Squashed against the moment,
She
Wants to know your last name when
She never knew
Her own middle name ..

Throwing the boys out of the bar With a fist & sucking blood from a busted lip with intent glare ..

she shadows the world while the mime's mimic the moon's lost gold ..

Sure,
In-between theory & suspicion
I would
Rather be charged with the crime and be kept in peace with my
Full name ..

a generation a day

generation of young kids and teens that don't want to wait it out to read several paragraphs or more ..

makes me tend to think that

books will really go out of business \dots

shit,
what's
going to go down when people
don't
have
time to listen
to
music?

do we then just start wars, polish bombs, buy vomit and re-sell the

books and music some day

as gag, vintage retro IDems of

past's past ..

America 9-26-01

the story making America stronger as third world nations still don't know that the country was attacked .. the sword that will eventually send the warrior into history books is the same book that chronicles the black man stumbling across the "Quick Stop" lot or the man walking towards oncoming traffic in the urban hood as the world honks their horn and another airline cuts more jobs because a handful of fucks with box cutters have the country wondering with the cloth of Betsy R. waving for something to happen ..

something big

get

retribution

as

Nostrodomus

leaves

the

auditorium

for

the

next

play

in

a

series

of

interlocking rotunda's ..

any color will work

I won't go away Till this Pen runs out of ink ..

Turn your eyes, Rip the pages in fifths, Burn each sheet with your cigarettes ..

THIS ISN'T GOING TO END SOON ..

Grab someone that wants to read in Your place ..

I'm going to need a new pen soon

&

you're just

the

one

I want

To get

It

For

Me.

are you serious?

Had a kid threaten to Cap me the other Day At work For tryin' to give him A Quiz ..

As a teacher now,
I always wondered what that would have to be like
To
Get a death threat ..

A punk calling a mock execution proclamation for Giving him smarts ..

Well,

It feels like many other moments through the day, 'cept for the thought that this kid may be seious as a mud puddle ..

Shit baby, I'm going to go on & about my way, A punk is a punk & a way is a way ..

These kids win if you switch it up ..

I may have to keep that cigarette tin over My heart If I could Take much of anything too seriously ..

before it ends

it starts when the bug bite you and continues when the blood runs from the bottom to the top and the side to the other side .. sure it continues also when the dogs, zebras, coyotes, pigeons, and marmots bite you as well .. taking a good bite out of what you knew what you may never know .. go on about and sharpen your teeth ..

BITE THE FUCK BACK ..

books & stones

Oooh .. you little booga', where you goin' with such a large sack of stones?

Yea .. where the fuck do you think you're heading with those stones?

LOOK .. I DON'T HAVE TIME TO EXPLAIN RIGHT NOW. I'LL TELL YOU BOTH LATER.

Look good lookin', you may not have lata' .. you's not gonna hurt folk with dem stones, are ya?

Yea .. don't let me find out that you're going out to cause trouble in the neighborhood ..

BYE .. DON'T HAVE TIME NOW ..

As the boy tore through the night with his sack of stones, the older folks thought it was some crazy generational fad the boy was going through ..

Eye for an eye .. tooth for a tooth .. stone for a stone ..

They really didn't know what this boy was going to do with his stones ..

He was going to plant those stones and make more stones ..

The way he has it figured, he can do more

by planting and

replicating the stones

then

throw them around

and

hurt folks ..

'Cept for one stone in each bag ..

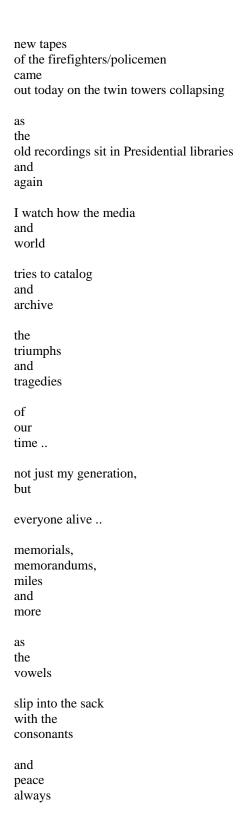
```
He always made it
point to swing by the local
pond ..
This night he
threw his
customary 1 stone
and
hit
a
goose ..
The sound of the buzzing
wheezing echoed through
empty night ..
It
was from
that
point on that
the
kid
found something
new
to
plant ..
He would plant
books,
to bring
about
more
books
and
would
place
warning within each ..
To not
throw books at
each other
and
be
```

nice

to all water

fowl ..

bumper sticker



```
will
come at the expense
of

unspeakable
horror

and

that's
a
rite
of
passage
no matter how many bumper stickers
you
slap
on

your rear,
lovely ..
```

burn the ad's

```
he came
through the front
door,
leaped to the bed
while i sipped on coffee
and
again
tried
to
figure the French language ..
he was pawing,
scraping his arm about
like
a
dog
looking for a scrap ..
we laughed,
and
he
laughed more ..
went out into the morning sunshine
play with some toy tractors
as
the gal brought me out a tasty egg sandwich ..
i was thinking,
some
people
mope
and
mop about how
and
when
they will be content ..
fuck baby,
it's
a
morning
in
the
dirt
```

by

```
the
egg path
and
the
girl
and
the
kids
that set it apart ..
fuck the check
and
burn the money ..
you'll be no closer
than
how far you were behind ..
take
a look
into the cuticle
of
your
eye shadow
and
mop back the hair
itching your
bunghole ..
reasons are right in front of you
if they're not,
they
could be ..
so,
before
you
mention how
shit
isn't
working
out
right
straight
or
skinny
or
```

how it should,

itch your

ass

and

it's

your

world .. PAINT IT

ANY

FUCKING

COLOR

you like ..

clammy love

Why has
The clam wandered so
Far away from its shell when
All we really wanted out of it was
A
Jewel or
To watch it float to the ground?

Could it have ran off on land & purchased a hut of its own or perhaps got a new suit for it's naked clam body or finally had a stiff drink or a good roll with a loud roving salamander or grunion?

Yes,
You escaped clam
Off the coast,
Run your body
And
Don't stop until you
Find
Good land
Or
Another shell ..

come here, pussy neck

Some people, Men, Go on about Warm pussy as though They know a thing or two About such A Wide, beautiful hole ...

Let me tell you what,
The hole
Is funky,
Cool and fun,
But the toes,
Fingers,
Ear lobes,
Ankles,
Ass arch,
Small of belly,
The neck,
Skin on eye lids,
The rim of lips
&
such are just

fucking cool-

Sure,
We all love
That beautiful bearded hole,
Though
It wouldn't
Quite
Be what it would be
Without

The Rest ..

commercial poetry

In the fight to forget anything too soon, we bring you another 'poem commercial' ...

savory women, beef bullion, high-fives, glasses of Southern Comfort,

ELO shortly after midnight, the rat-tailed swift out running the government's new issue low hovering aircraft,

Buddha coming back as Morrison in red suede shoes,

the shadows fighting in the dark to find the light switch and

the wod of cash they stuffed in pair of brown shoes,

a rotten itch in the crotch as the hollywood beauty gets another airbrush over and just above her 2nd nipple,

the courage of an armless child making his cousin a tuna fish/pickle sandwich,

the disaster of a typhoon riddled town trying to find the note from the governor confirming Federal aid for disaster relief,

the plane from St. Louis to Paris is pumped with the smell of bad tofu and new cheeses to ready American nostrils for another

way of smelling the planet,

a junkie volunteering his time at an addiction shelter simply to play cards with the silent guy in the sun room that kicks the shit out of everyone he

plays .. it's the underground challenge of the city,

slurping soft soap through a straw for all the shit I hear,

a water damaged map of a town I stayed in for 2 months and not a map to be found of the town I grew up in,

.. RESUME PROGRAMMING ..

cool fall

the fresh flavor of fall as she stands up, straightens her back and runs her hand over the creases in her dress .. $it \\ 's$ the sound or echo of a voice you can't make out but they're making out all right as you count how long the cold wind whistles through your panes as the pain runs for it's life from the knife .. yes, is

the

```
pumpkin
seed
in
the
oven
while
the
squinty
old
woman
knits
together a pair
of
socks that she'll send to
fire house
in
Brooklyn
because
they
deserve
it
and
it can never be
too warm
to slide
on
an
all
put together comfortable pair of
stockins ..
```

dead downtown

Evening .. Why won't they give you another Chance? People get 2nd, 3rd, 5th - 8th chances to make the same mistake, but you downtown now .. How is it That the echo doesn't Know where to go & not only do you not know what to do when the music starts ..

Dead downtown

Friday

Lost the ability too ..

You

Though,

They just don't give Downtown the Credit They used too ..

I'm still going
To sit around on
Your plastic
As
The
Metal waits for its arrival ...

Doodabe

```
oooblo ble
bla
blo .. as the lancor
his mark in the back
of
the
elephant's den
while the cooked hen
describes the thawing of the great
antelope
on
the
tip of the continent of least resistance ..
ooooohbloblada
come on over
for
a
dish of left over firsts
we smoke the last
of
the
good \\
things
they
wouldn't
give you
or
```

tell us about ..

flat fucking fresh

```
if there's
anything fresher than
brightly lit
gessoed
canvass
it's
probably the duck's wing before it hits the water first thing in the morning,
a woman's nipple right after she gets out of the shower,
a grape coming down the California production line into the crate,
a new ticket from the Parisian attendant laid gingerly into your paid hands,
a bottle of soap in the hands of a construction worker looking for a bottle of cold suds,
a philosophy that doesn't have to prove anything but the non-existence of proof,
a jazz tom being hit over and over and over and over and over,
the first cough in a subway packed with people going to Picadilly Circus,
when your body begins the hard lean after leaping up off the airport runway,
a drink of water when all you wanted was a drink of water,
that first bite into a pork chop when all you've been eating lately is cereal,
the sound of a rock hitting the windshield as the
river
moves
another large
rock
and
the canvass
gets
filled
the
fuck up
with
```

paint ..

fuckin' neighbors

```
staring
down
time
as though
it's
staring me down ..
plugging
into this late
evening cup,
sending
heat
from
the
evening ..
THEN,
the phone calls ..
It's my neighbor cramming
shit down
my
ear about
he respects the fact that I write and such,
but that
he
wants to go shoot a game of pool ..
I tell him
to cram it straight to his fucking ASS ..
He says 'GOOD',
i'll just call you back ..
I hang up ..
I get back to what I was doing,
but
not this piece
I was working on ..
Neighbors,
phones,
fires,
earthquakes,
and
the such
have a way of getting in
fucking way of a piece
```

```
or
idea
going down
the
royal path to fruition ..
SO,
he calls back ..
I answer .. expecting him ..
He asks again ..
I tell him
I'll be
out
front
in approximately one minute ..
Again,
he says 'GOOD' ..
That's that ..
```

END NOTE: HE KNOWS NOT TO FUCKING CALL HERE DURING THOSE TIMES EVER AGAIN.

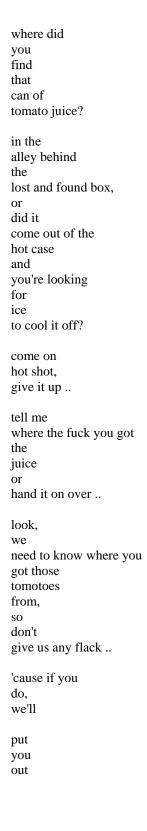
fucking warm night in august

```
clear
morning
following
the
fog
of
drink ..
she rolls
over
and
asks,
'how did i get out of my clothes
last night?'
she asks ..
'well,' I begin.
'you took them off yourself.'
after this,
i start cooking some eggs,
trimming bits of red onion
pull the cottage cheese out of the refrigerator ..
thinking about how many
pages a standard
encyclopedia is
supposed to have ..
and,
can you
really
call social security
retirement fund?
she then
asks me,
how
did the race car driver
get the
bike
from off the top of
his car?
i told her
honked his horn ..
```

this, she shut the door

and reached for another roll of toilet paper ...

give up the juice, you



with the wheat and

it won't

look good for anyone ..

just hand

over the juice, baby ..

give up the juice, you

here in the heap .. Just shaved the months of growth off my face, soaking up small pimples of blood as my corn below the complex grows in the Sunday sun .. She just dropped me off asked me a favor I answered a question told her what she was looking for sat beside her the whole ride over .. Yes, as the teeth of relationships razor their claws, the nieces and nephews in the neighborhood suck down more juice and wait the phone call that will set their face a

Pinioned

flight ..

So, as we go towards more of the natural in

the
bitch goddess that has
us by the balls,
we'll
take the artificial
if it
tastes

good enough and if the key fits ..

here

I've Destroyed my carpet, Ripped paint off the walls, Smeared & smudged my closet doors, Drilled holes Through the covered floors ..

Shit,

I need to live in a Concrete bunker ..

Not

Here

On

The 2nd

floor

of

carpeted

dwelling ..

Hidehobaby

Super Star

Pop Artist
Playing with novice shadows,
Stopping in for
The last couple sips
Of lost drink the
ICONs used to burn

On altars

Made of invisible wood—

Hey ROCK lore, Where did you go with all of Those stories They used TO Tell us about?

How is it That you have forgotten it ALREADY?

Do us a favor ..

Make something up With All Of you Magazine/Radio Articles

And Such?

HOW TO MAKE A LIFETIME GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEE

Here name is Luvbie, but I don't believe it .. She's a girl in the youth program I work at in Kansas .. When I first saw her, it was as though she literally was dropped from a hot air balloon fell from a storm cloud because had it's time with her .. So. I notice this girl .. She had slightly crossed eyes, a black girl of 16-years-old, always in a hat and colorful, badly matched clothing, high socks, hairy legs, long shoe laces, always looks like she's going to summer camp, smiles when prompted, stares when not .. She hides quite a bit too and plays foosball by herself .. (there's always a winner there for Luvbie) .. Yes, so she hides .. I catch her peering into the computer lab I run in the basement of this Kansas Y

hiding in the fetal position under the foosball table,

various other roomy crevices in the building ..

I presumed the girl was either mildly retarded

in vacant halls

and

So,

or

of another

psychological/mental condition

that

I was too premature to

gaven at ..

Well,

as time has gone on,

I have caught Luvbie's bluff ..

In fact,

I doubt this is her given birth name ..

I believe she has been a product of the state for some time, her favorite fruit is strawberries,

she sometimes reads,

writes poetry,

likes punk rock music,

is friendly until pissed off

lunged for a wooden baseball bat

I had in my hand one day ..

Yes.

on that same day,

some of the kids were flicking me some

playful shit before leaving the lab ...

As I ushered them out,

Luvbie was one of the

last standing ..

She was leaning against a pillar in the center of the room,

peering into

and at my face

saying, 'DON'T LET THOSE BOYS DRIVE YOU CRAZY.'

'DON'T WORRY LUVBIE,'

I began.

I'LL DRIVE THEM CRAZY WAY BEFORE THEY EVEN FIGURE OUT WHAT INSANE IS.'

At this she laughed,

ducked over to turn her computer off quickly

before ducking out she turned

like a light switch in action

and

said,

WELL, I'M JUST TELLING YOU. I WENT CRAZY ONCE. THEY HAD ME LOCKED UP FOR SIX MONTHS. WELL, BYE.'

At this,

she tore out of the center,

up the stairs,

out the front

```
door
and
```

vanished ..

gone ..

the only thing lying on the ground was a deep blue jean pocket she dropped from the side of her skirt ..

A friend of mine picked it up, placed it on my dashboard ..

Yes, this isn't the

end ..

I'm going to find out

something more about

this kid ..

how we're goin' about it

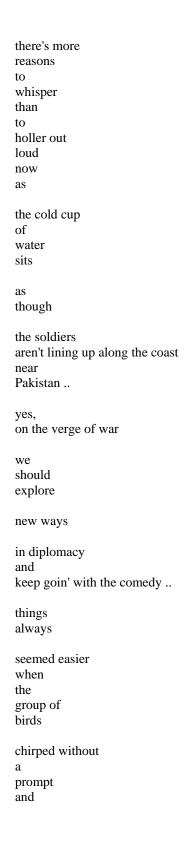
```
I love her,
though
I don't think it's
going
to go
as long
as
I originally thought ..
can't get her
out
of
my thoughts many times
about my day,
yet
I'm just not
ready to go completely nuts
yet ..
closer than the cloth around my ass now,
may
have
to continue her quest for a 'good one'
as
I continue to count past one ..
she's a beast,
as am I
as
we whittle away
the
stick of wood to
a
fine
point
and
hold it up next to the blue sky,
because
we'll both
strike ..
we
both
```

have

welts to prove it

so ..

how we're honky tonkin' in the US



```
every other animal can walk about
naked
as
our covered
bodies
try
to
uncover
the
truth
as
October 1, 2001
America
is
in the war
against
an idea
and
a
militant group of Islams
that hate
us all in
America
because
we
have
the
Social Security number
a different patch of grass to water ..
look,
the most
gruesome battles ever waged have been in the name of a deity,
battle is nothing
new ..
though,
the human fallacy is that
whatever deity you subscribe
that taking out thousands of innocent
because of
an
evil
```

idea

in the name of a deity doesn't shake the salt ..

it's walking the salt and

having some civility ..

all about letting it down for insanity to squeeze through, though

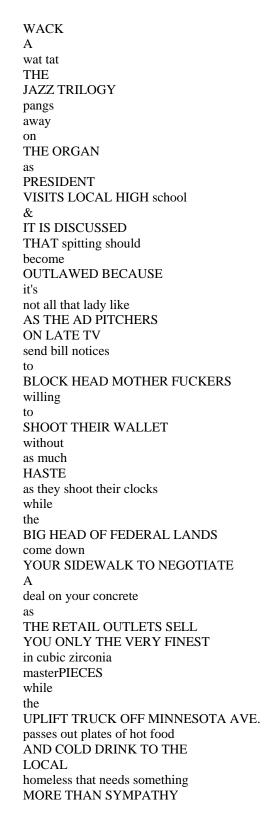
Dr. King, Gandhi and that man in Tieneman square back in '89 would have

to shake their neck muscles at this

war

going down now in America ..

in-between the cut through



AND

something less than an ear

OF SHIT

so

AS YOU CLIMB INTO YOUR BED

as mechanically

AS YOU WOULD CLIMB INTO THE FRONT SEAT OF YOUR CAR

remember

TO CHERISH SOUP WHEN YOU HAVE

ΙT

and pay for a meter once a month

THAT ISN'T YOURS

BECAUSE

Frisbees and kites

look cool in the flying sky when you

GO BY

and it's given to your

EYES BY SOMEONE YOU

WILL NEVER SEE

oh

and

the camel and stagecoach clouds

forming above Kanorado, KS

LOOK LIKE THEY WERE DRAWN WITH THE EXHAUST OF

A VERY LARGE AIRPLANE

that has since

exploded into

a

big mess of sky marshmallow

fluff

FOR ALL THE

WHITMAN RIP OFFS

OT

wipe

off the hairless brows,

sweetheart.

italian sweat bee

Waiting for
The beach bee
To
Sting me
As I roast my back in the Italian sun,
Trains passing,
Topless tits roasting
And
I see flecks of dried Ligurian salt water gathering in the marrow of the bee's sting ..
The little guy has me
Outnumbered and
He knows the terrain
Much
Better ..

Not even the sea gull or Strangers or My lover Can help me now ..

Listening and smelling the salt and Wine from last night, The be moves And Moves more ..

I hear it & blink at its shadow ...

It has my number And Is mocking my pile of skin In Poor man's Rivera ..

All right You tiny fuck, Lick my blood if you may, But It's much too blue and wet Out here for me to kill you ...

So, Get your point ready, Pal ..

I've made mine already ..

jazz bitch

I don't
Need anymore of
Your Jazz,
Seems
As
Though I've heard it all
Before—

Give me some Benny G. or Lester Y., Let's finish The rest of that cigar, Burn the wine & pull the candle back together—

Because all that really matters Is all that Fucking jazz—

Don't pump me with That already played to tired rhines, Give me something That Sings—

Singin' like a bitch—

KANSAS KOOL

```
Driving
around Kansas with a friend,
who's
a
co-worker now ..
It's 3PM,
we haven't eaten all day ..
So hungry,
out chatting asses
can hardly string together a decent
collection of words ..
Go into one place ..
An Italian Joint on Minnesota Ave.,
while
the
KCK gospel poet asks for a smoke
from my friend,
asking
for
sheet of his poetry back from
another man walking up the street ..
We go in,
don't find much of what were looking for ..
One more Stromboli left,
the lasagna could use another try ..
We go on ..
Running down Minnesota Ave. west,
we look around
and
finally hit
spot
that
has
train's as a motif ..
Shit,
we
hit
our oasis ..
```

Once inside ..

```
You pick up a phone to speak to the cook in the back,
while
a
fucking toy train drops your food
on your table ..
Low
personal contact with people
a
day
like
today
when
all
I was
looking for
was
a bit
of
style
```

with my glass of cold, cold water ..

late august; the heat is gone

```
Unmoved reels
of high-eight film,
old Celtic performers
cleaning my carpet,
the Milky Way in the Kansas sky
leading to the next rest stop,
leaping bass in the sunset coming from
the Wasp's nest,
anxious echoes from
the window washer's greetings,
the day incest died,
another day for all diet plans to have a heart attack,
slow molasses coming down
the bark of this
machine
and
smearing the pages of a book that's taken me over
year to fill-in
&
the regard
for your plaintive
'hello'
i passed your window
and
threw a pear seed
your
front porch ..
there's
magnanimous message
in
that
seed,
i'm
waiting for you
to
find
any
```

message at all ..

low insulin & a green light

```
Coming
back from getting
fitted for
a
tuxedo
and
some vodka & rum
with
a
friend ..
as I take
the shortcut through the city,
to
13th & Main ..
the light is red,
I nod to an older black cat that has
something shoved into the fist of
his hand ..
he starts approaching me
like were
old
friends
that
have unjustly been separated
by
time ..
as
he
veers over to the side of my car
the light
turns
green ..
'LOOK MAN,' with hands slightly raised. 'DON'T SHOOT ME. I JUST WANT TO ASK YOU A
QUESTION. YOU KNOW, I'M NOT A BUM OR ANYTHING .. '
I squint back to the light,
towards him,
the
light
as he
continues ..
```

'SEE HERE PARTNER,' as I notice several needles clenched around a plastic baggie in his right hand. 'I'M DIABETIC AND I NEED THREE DOLLARS TO GET SOME FOOD AND BACK ON MY FEET.'

```
I nod and let the car roll back some ..
"Sorry man,"
I start .. He cuts in.
'PLEASE MAN,'
he begins to continue.
'Gotta go partner.'
I conclude.
I take the last of that green sunlight in front of me
and
rush towards Baltimore
and
towards a nightcap in the place ..
Christ man,
they
can
concoct the stories
on the streets ..
I'm noticing my patience for the stories dwindling
they
should know that there's thousands of other ears
and
wallets
that is willing
give to these
evening hustlers
all whittling away
at
a
better
story
in
better times
for
good god damn dollar ..
```

man who defeated arms

some days you see things you have never seen before, some days you see things you never want to see again .. cases in point .. recent terrorist attacks in the United States, never again the following is what I could see again .. was in fast food restaurant in Midtown facing my boss when he nods his head, opens his mouth in slight awe as says, 'he has no arms at all.' I turn to look, there is a man behind at the counter with no arms, paying for his food with his feet and picking up his tray to go to a table to dig the fuck in .. We go on about our food as the man with no arms sits down facing me about 15 feet

I peer in

ahead on the left ..

without staring to see how this cat is going to go about eating his food ..

First

he picks up his straw with one foot, takes it down to the ground to get the wrapper off, with the other foot he stabs it through the plastic lid ..

Going back to my world,
I look up some minutes later to see him eating a baked potato with fork with one foot and a burger with the other ..

it was one of the more amazing daily events I have

seen ever ..

in light of the dark and the headlines that say thing or not anything, the human endurance and adaptation

is what makes the chart a chart in

my book ..

money & cloth

Black man in
Bleach white clothing
Crossing 12th/Baltimore
As
A group of Abdulah Shriners
Wait with
Tall, sparkling red hat
& waving tassels to cross
as I turn in my care and listen
to my stomach ..

Sure,

Looks like I'm in a happy hurry To slap stamps on a stack of sealed bills ..

The man has robbed my checking account & I watched and let every penny go ..

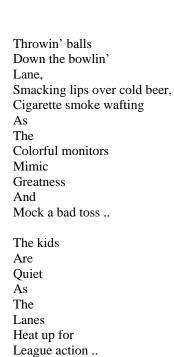
In fact,

I signed it with my own name ..

So,

As the black man in bright white limps
By
& the old women with the Abdulah men grab their arms
a little tighter for the cross,
I burn my gas tank for the next fill and
Drain my last dime for no more money
Ever
Again ..

never met before



I sit

There amazed

At

What people

Do When

I'm

Out doing my shit ..

So much shit Going down, The Scene Around

Me is a gallery of folly And

That one girl or guy you Never thought You Would meet ..

newscaster whore

the old KCK woman sits on the slab of concrete off Minnesota looking for action ..

while the local newscaster, the most famous in town, reports on the President dipping into Social Security to flog a flailing surplus projection,

watches with particular attention as the Cadillac fuckers come stompin' and a-strollin' by all nice and easy, smooth-like ..

as the newscaster moves into the next news segment about a bizarre kidnapping in Oregon, she leans over into the Fifth Ave. and shouts her price as she keeps a heady eye out for the cops ..

the newscaster ends his piece and tells the huge TV crowd what's next in the last segment of the news

the door of the car closes and races towards an alley several blocks up the street ..

40 bucks for a blow job, you have to be kidding ..

but the woman isn't as the prescription drug commercial plays on TV and the newscaster talks to himself during break because it's much more entertaining than his sidekick which looks so damn amused on camera ..

the 5th Avenue stops by a fresh puddle in the alley, the whore asks to see the money before the lowers ..

2 Andrew Jackson's flashed, the news resumes with

a weather recap and the lottery numbers

as he head lowers and

TV news producer in the booth

shouts.

'GODDAMN COCKSUCKERS. WE NEVER HAVE A SMOOTH TRANSITION INTO THE LOTTERY SEGMENT. DIRTY FUCKING COCK SUCKERS. SOMETHING'S GOT TO GIVE.'

The main news anchor lays on the butter in the 'GOOD EVENING AND JOIN US TOMORRO .. ' bit as the

whore

goes

in for the kill

and

the

boom mike accidentally falls to

the floor

and

the kitten

walks slow across

the wet

balcony ..

```
It's been about
two weeks now ..
No smoke at all ..
Not one ..
Not even a match ..
Maybe flicked a bic,
nothing more than that ..
Did take several drags off a cigar
to see
what smoke
tasted like ..
Had seven years to taste it over and over again,
now
I
just want one moment to know
where I'm trying to go ..
So,
it's Friday
and my body's aching like a motherfucker ..
Almost seems
easier to get a pack of smokes and go again ..
Aching to the touch
and
floating in and out of
my head,
this
wheening off the nicotine and chemical
ride
is
something I wasn't warned about ..
did this shit cold turkey ..
Now,
I'm waiting around
the
```

next person on the street to ask me for a smoke ..

Maybe then, the pain

will

be

completely fucking gone ..

no cleaning

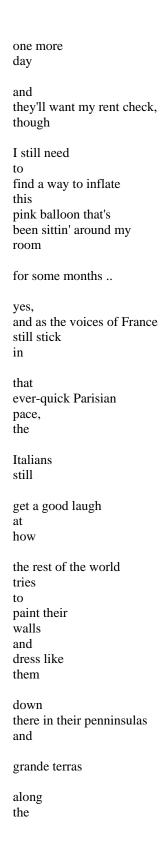
Chewing on The cellophane wrapped cigar As The Newest Jazz diva signs the next Big contract as The Boys record in LA & the sea gull digs through the millionaire's trash for pauper's latest excuse .. So, While the World goes On Getting twisted literally In An Elliptical twist, The Lights Go off in the janitorial closet As The Beasts of This nocturnal calendar rise To Make a mess Out Of What Shouldn't be cleaned Again ..

not one in the park

Came to The park, Walked to the Johnny on the Spot, Grazed the back of a hot, vomit stinkin' Trash truck .. Look at the bright-faced negroes In baby blue shirts hopping Around the pic-nic shelter .. Wondered the whole time Why there was so few people in the park .. Still moving, Hopping over the flowers and wondering whether Seattle will name a street After Hendrix Or Cobain 1st, If not already .. Sure, People are tilling their lawns around the park, There's one dog ahead lapping His tongue about like an Antenna searching for a good radio signal in this town .. Then, I stop .. Sit, Sweat, take off my top shirt run with the thought sweat bullets squirm down my chest .. This is Just The

Way I like it ..

on the country, now



```
ocean's
froth ..
sure,
and
the English
look
over
America
as
the teenager
that
needs a nickel
when they've spent their nickel and
a
dime
top of that ..
it's been about 2 full weeks now that I've
been back in America
after
the terrorist
fall out
and
the
European
days
that lasted
longer and stronger
than
a
mop head
in
meat shack ..
sure,
the flags
are
still wavin'
and
the
people
```

are settlin'

into

their 'reg' mode

of

converse

as

we

all

secretly

crave

the

new

sting

that

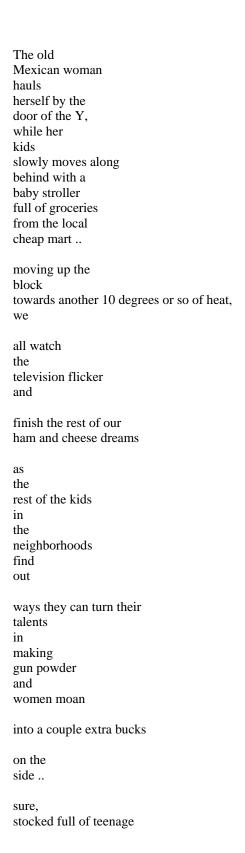
will

wash

away

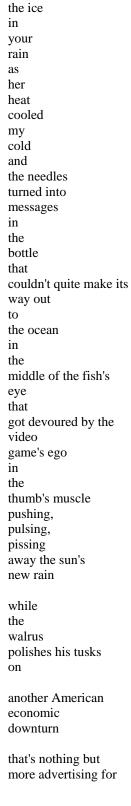
the mouse's maze ..

pausin' the film



```
dreams
and
childhood
bed sheets,
the world
of
community
comes
twisting on by
on
the
sidewalk
like a piece of licorice
that
was
intended
for
the
first
Pope
in
a
long
line of
disciples
buying
groceries
and
making
their
way
to
whatever home
looks
inviting ..
```

rain clouds passed over downtown



newspaper journals

and

another thing

for

the

poor to

forget and chalk

up

as

a

defeat

for

the

rich ..

seasonal herd

The social herding Of the order ..

It's been a day of seeing Several cars all dolled up with "Just Married" –

Shit,

When summer starts looking down into autumn, People marry, When it hits 32 degrees or lower, Divorce ..

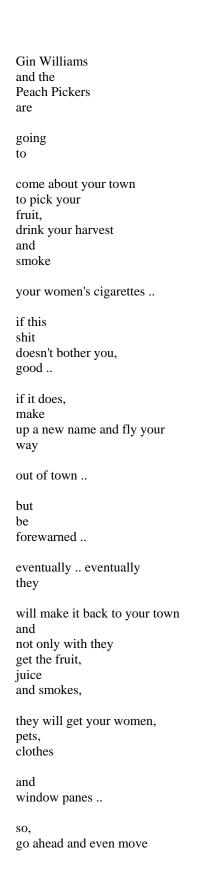
Sure,

Tie on the cameras,
Fly to the Bahamas,
Fuck like the plane's going down,
Eat like doctors went on strike,
Laugh like a group of 3rd graders in unison,
Listen more than you talk,
Throw a cantaloupe off a hotel balcony
And

Keep On Doing this shit ..

Because money
Can only get you as
Far as good advice
&
the truth is that
your gut is the only
true thermometer
you'll have
season after fucking season ...

several on the note



to Canada or

the Orient ..

Gin Williams and the Peach Pickers

have

a periscope on your

bend ..

she just kept laughin'

```
Came out
of
the 'cities',
a local
drink
in
town,
she threw me the keys ..
i grabbed the key,
stuck it in,
turned
and
watched the car
lurch forward
and smash
the
grill and plate
of the Oldsmobile in front of us ..
she
just laughed ..
if she had another drink,
it would have
been all over her
face
and
she would have been laughing harder ..
so,
i pull away
and
notice
that
the owner of the car is
going to know
someone fucked
the
front end of their car ..
as we
continue down the street,
she's
laughing like
comedian is screaming jokes into her ear
over and over ..
```

i crest a hill, fart a bit, forget about stopping for a late night

sandwich

and wait

for the next moment to happen ..

she ordered a kettle one

She wasn't a short girl, But she had muscular thighs ..

She wasn't a shy girl,

'cause she sure could shake her chops ..

She wasn't a tasteless sort,

For she play Bitch's Brew on the way back from the pisser ..

She wasn't quick,

Because she was slow enough to grab my gist ..

She wasn't too linear,

'cause she had a queer theory on tongue rings ..

Her hair wasn't too short,

Yet it was long enough for several to fight over lighting her cigarette ..

He,

What am I goin' on about?

I forgot all the ingredients that popped this cookie out of

The oven pan

'cept for one detail

as

the

band broke from stage &

the bicycle pub-crawlers lit their cigars ..

She ordered a ketttle one ..

The only on I poured that

Night

For

Only thing I knew about

The

Girl ..

sober in the drunk box

the small black kid tells me about the Mexican girl in the back of the class he had his eye on ..

guess they sat in the same seat, exchanged a short peck and were thinking about more ..

So, as I was working the other night in the lab as their teacher, he comes in after hours telling me about

calling her the wrong
name
and
how he has exclusive clearance
to call her
on the phone without her father hanging up on him ...

the girl is a well-endowed woman looking creature that is full of modern genes none of the girls in my generation inhabited ..

she's 12 years old and looks like she's easily 16-18 years old ..

so this cool black boy tells me about a date he wants to take her on to the movies ..

ready to ogle her goods and take the limit to the end,

he

smirks as though

he's getting ready

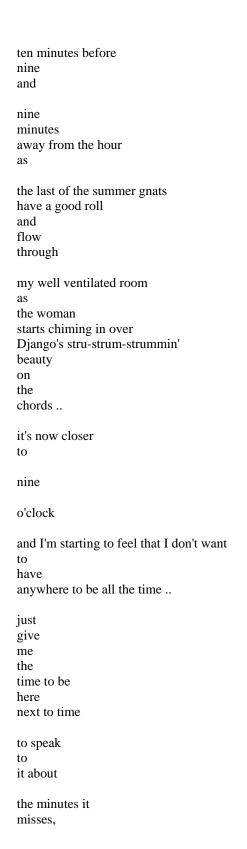
to

crack the magazine open

and do the only thing at this point

he knows how ..

somewhere around 9



```
instead
of running
about
on flat tires
and
thick
oil
that could
ignite at anytime ..
sure,
pick up the receiver
tell them I'm not going to be
able to make it by
today,
perhaps tomorrow,
maybe next week if I feel so ..
there's
only so much love out there
and
I
believe
there
can be
more
if
we
want more ..
though,
I don't want
any more of this
all
about
runnin' around
now ..
I just
want
nothin'
to do
with wantin'
and
you can
take that pride too - it's much
```

much

much too glorified and

that's just

that

at about 6 minutes out from nine, lovers ..

soon enough

Her name is woman And she doesn't give A Shit about the size of your cock ...

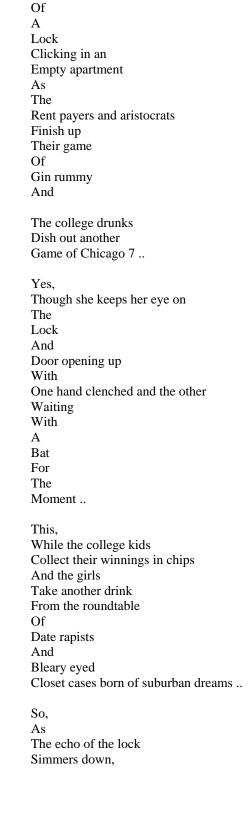
Her name is simple & if you give her something to think about She'll spit it in the other direction ..

Her name is on the floor, Though you look at her with a upward turned head ..

Her name is one you won't guess Because she gets around ..

Further, You'll meet her soon enough On Your Own ..

sound of a lock



The sound

She Watches the Face Come Through the door .. Door closing, She Wipes her upper Lip And Raises her body .. Coming towards The Body That Just came through the door, She reaches Her Arm Out As The poker game gets out of Hand And Α Girl Forces her arms out The Big winner in the poker games Believes he's The Big winner in bed .. Wrong ..

THE SOUND OF THE DOOR LOCK GOES click .. click .. click ..

-end-

spit, son

Boy getting off
Work,
Going out with the company whore to
The park on the bluff to work off some gruff
As the kid of the fuckers waits by the school
Entrance door
Just peepin' about,
Waiting ..

This,
As the company whore hits her climax & All I can do
Now is spit
And
Look
Further into the sun ..

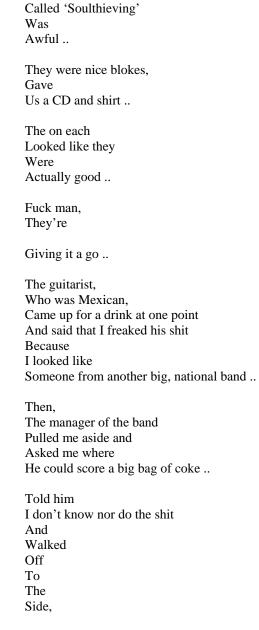
stamp the page

```
a magazine
in Houston
sent me an acceptance
letter for
some poems
in
the mail
today,
as
did an Italian
journal
several weeks ago ..
as nice
as it is to get in,
the Houston
mag
wants to chop several pieces out
of each
piece ..
that's the piss of it ..
and I think
whenever and whatever you do the compromise
is the glory
and the hinderance in the process ..
you fight
to get to the peak to see the panorama,
then
gardner decides to put a tree
in front because
will add to the ecosystem ..
i'm not sure
if i'm ready
to say yes to the ecosystem
and
turn away from
what
the view I helped plant ..
though,
enough of this ..
we
must
```

go on to the next and

make certain that the clouds don't collect too large in the sky ..

tendin' the drink



First

Bar

Last Weekend With

Time tending

My lady friend ..

The band from Denver,

For Α Good Crunch .. Thinking, A Fella Could get used to A Gig Like This with Free drink, Hot popcorn And People Tryin' To Do It All around you ..

Slipping my Hand in the popcorn machine

the 'ball' kid

```
the curse of the clear bouncing rubber ball with
bits of colorful stars rotating,
rotating
as
ground moves
up and down
with
the
small kid
muttering .. "WE WEEBLE WOBBLE WOMEN WON'T WIN WITHOUT ONE."
working his hands
over
the
curse
as
the bass player
caresses
the
frets as
though
their going to
leave
his
board
in the next set,
yes
this
kid
sure has a grip on shit
as
the
ball starts moving quicker and quicker from his flailing wrist
and disappearing fingers,
moving
that ball up and a-back
as
though
still frame shot
```

```
gone
completely out of whack ..
muttering faster .. "WE WEEBLE WOBBLE WOMEN WON'T WIN WITHOUT ONE."
people walking
by
just
look at the ball moving ..
admiring the control,
finesse and
quick flicks of this
little
star
coming to
be
in
the
dark shadows
of
the
bark's last toss at nature ..
this
kid
moving
moving
until
he evaporates
&
the crowd moves on
down the street
to
the
next show
without asking
why the WE WEEBLE WOBBLE WOMEN WON'T WIN WITHOUT ONE-kid
went
away.
```