



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
a
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
is
called 'NUTTIN' NICE' ..

for
some reason
or
other i see
somethin' nice in it ..

thinkin' the whole time that
i'll never buy any of his
shit
'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
and
asked me a favor
as
I answered a question
and
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
for
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

the man
on
the
stoop below ..

talking
about teaching someone how to
fetch voice mail,
when the potato soup is done
and
other facts about the
household match ..

i hear
him on the steps
below
by
my
piece of city corn that is grown
because
the
squirrels or birds
knocked it
into the right
pile of
dirt
where the
rain can reach ..

i'm thinkin'
he's

lookin'
after my stalk
without
me askin'

while
he
takes care of the
calls,
Idaho
and

the
fire(s) ..

time on a bench

Here I sit
In time,
Tempo,
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
A
Black, squatty
Dog with big ears smell my toes
&
the older folks who own the small miracle smile at
me
as though they're sitting down to their first drink of the day
&
yes,
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'
&

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
Into
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
in
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

the world coming
out of your mouth,
as
society
comes out of your ass ..

seems
as
though
it
should be the other way around,
but
would it really matter ..

as you barter
the
image that
was
bought for you
around the silvery tin can of
another
'bud moment',
we
sit

here and try to figure out
what you
really
are
saying about culture ..

sure,
the
center

of
your
shit
and

the
last
thing

coming from your mouth,
lover ..

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)

Joe Dimino
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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
as
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,
a
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,
Yet
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

I'm about a
Month
Out

From
Getting on the
Plane to France ..

Should
I study this French,
Or should
I
Just
Skim by on limited phrases such as "Apertif",
"Zero" .. etc.

I hear
The
French can be complete fucks
If
You don't consider
Or
Speak their language ..

Hear
They'll likely do that anyways ..

So,
I think I've decided what I'm gonna do ..

Yes,
I'll just
Stick to
The
Franc count ..

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

she's waiting
in
the
bar
as

I get the rest out of me here
this
calm,
crisp Oct. eve ..

haven't eaten
since a stromboli
from
Nick up the street this afternoon,
don't
know
what I'm going
to
eat,
yet

have a good idea of what I want to drink,

so
as
the
numbers start falling
away from me and
towards
you,

remember

that
if
you
feed
a
fire,

feed
a
nice
one ..

the
nasty,
angry

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
was
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,
I

need

nothin' now but
a
good meal with
the
gal

and
all
the

justice
I

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,
yet

there's something more
i
need to find ..

about
to
pass out ..

i'm not going to get any coffee
until
i

find
it
in

this hole ..

then,
the
bucket
comes
up ..

there's
a
package in the bucket ..

it's soggy,
with a soupy puddle of water
in the bottom
of

the bucket ..

i pull out the package
and
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
his
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,

'read this note. it was in the bottom of the box.'

his voice went terse ..

i grab the note ..

This is what i read ..

7 June 1924

My love:

Must we go on like this? These binoculars will serve as a reminder that I cannot see you anymore. Just can't bear the thought that our unborn child may have to visit you in prison through their formative years.

Please don't get in touch with me.

I will appear to you when I wish.

--Joan McCallister

following this,
my friend picked up the binoculars,
note
and packed them into the box ..

he said he was going to put it back to the ground
where it belonged ..

i agreed ..

so,
we went out
and
threw it back where it came from ..

like giving the fish back to the waters ..

from
that
day forward,
we

never talked
about
our find

ever

again ..

what are you lookin' for?

the instant
it
all
starts to make
sense
all
the
time

is when you let
go of your will
for the unexpected ..

if you
have
to know the details
of one's life
from

in and out
to the basement,
you

should look into something else to fill your time,
cause

there's
a
whole
lot of fucking
time

to fill
and
this
kid
just

doesn't have
much

time
for
the
entsy
wentsy

jive
that

could

make

a
horse
cry ..

*What to do on this
Day off*

Today
Was the first
Day
In
Over 3 weeks
That

I've taken a day off ..

Gettin'
My eggs together for
A
Chicken called Europe

As
The
Old blue grass kids
Pluck over
The
Ra-ra-raadddio

While
The
Pale Ale
Shines
Here
In

102 degree heat ..

Fuck,
It's
A great
Day
To
Take off ..

Snapping pictures
Of
Ambulances
Again at the old folk's home around the corner,
Getting another one
Of
The
Skyline by the new railroad building
They
Standing up from the ground
Here
Around ..

Oh,
As
Jimmy cracks
His corn,
I'm
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
and

the rest of the neighbors
and
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,
yet

there's something
more
than magical about autumn'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
at
Nick's Pizza
up
the
street from the
work joint ..*

*picking over the bread
and
sucking down the best fucking red sauce in town,
the
old
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
a
moment
with
my edible*

loaf of love ..

*as
I get about mid-way through
the
bread roll,
a
homeless cat I noticed
some months back
downtown on the other side of town
comes ambling by on bad feet
and
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
as
the attendant looks
up*

*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
and
stares around
as
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,
talk
some 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 ..*

*so,
as I met the marrow of my stromboli,
I
also*

*wondered if
he
was waiting to say something to
me*

*or approach me with a plan
to
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
a
cop came through the door ..*

*at
this he fidgeted,
I woded up my aluminum foil
and
threw it in the complementary bag
and*

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,
we*

*look below each other's noses and
above the eye brows*

*to figure
out*

*who's
watching
after who ..*

*my guess
now
before the next meeting,
is
that*

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

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
A
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—

#1

They are going to take
Your valuables
&
pick your vegetables
if
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 ..

#2.2

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 ..

#4

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 ..

#5

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 ..

#6^{1/8}

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

#7

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
1
Small
Reason
In
My
Hands.

7-23-2001

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 octopus 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)

8-9-01

5pm,
downtown evacuating
like
the
bitch is going
to
get mad
like a hot
anchor
at
any moment ..

Trains screaming
Like whores in
A
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

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 ..

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"
parking
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

to

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,
cats,
zebras,
coyotes,
pigeons,
and marmots
bite
you as well ..

taking a good bite
out of what you knew
and
what you may never know ..

so
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
a
point to swing by the local
pond ..

This night he
threw his
customary 1 stone
and
hit
a
goose ..

The sound of the buzzing
and
wheezing echoed through
the
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
a
warning within each ..

To not
throw books at
each other

and
be
nice

to all water

fowl ..

bumper sticker

new tapes
of the firefighters/policemen
came
out today on the twin towers collapsing

as
the
old recordings sit in Presidential libraries
and
again

I watch how the media
and
world

tries to catalog
and
archive

the
triumphs
and
tragedies

of
our
time ..

not just my generation,
but

everyone alive ..

memorials,
memorandums,
miles
and
more

as
the
vowels

slip into the sack
with the
consonants

and
peace
always

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 ..

we
went out into the morning sunshine
to
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 ..

the
reasons are right in front of you
and
if they're not,
they

could be ..

so,
before
you

mention how
shit
isn't
working
out

right
or
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
as
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 wad 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
a
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
stockings ..

dead downtown

Dead downtown
Friday
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 ..

You
Lost the ability too ..

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

Though,
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
hits
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
as
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
a
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 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
how
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
the
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
and
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
a
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
he
honked his horn ..

as

this,
she
shut the door

and
reached for another
roll
of
toilet
paper ..

give up the juice, you

where did
you
find
that
can of
tomato juice?

in the
alley behind
the
lost and found box,
or
did it
come out of the
hot case
and
you're looking
for
ice
to cool it off?

come on
hot shot,
give it up ..

tell me
where the fuck you got
the
juice
or
hand it on over ..

look,
we
need to know where you
got those
tomatoes
from,
so
don't
give us any flack ..

'cause if you
do,
we'll

put
you
out

with the wheat
and

it
won't

look good for anyone ..

just
hand

over the
juice,
baby ..

give up the juice, you

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
and
asked me a favor
as
I answered a question
and
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
for
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 ..

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
a
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
or
fell from a storm cloud because
it
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,
in vacant halls
and
various other roomy crevices in the building ..

So,
I presumed the girl was either mildly retarded

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
and
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
and
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,
she
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

there's more
reasons
to
whisper
than
to
holler out
loud
now
as

the cold cup
of
water
sits

as
though

the soldiers
aren't lining up along the coast
near
Pakistan ..

yes,
on the verge of war

we
should
explore

new ways

in diplomacy
and
keep goin' with the comedy ..

things
always

seemed easier
when
the
group of
birds

chirped without
a
prompt
and

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
and

a different patch of grass to water ..

look,
the most
gruesome battles ever waged have been in the name of a deity,
this
battle is nothing
new ..

though,
the human fallacy is that
whatever deity you subscribe
to,
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

WACK
A
wat tat
THE
JAZZ TRILOGY
pangs
away
on
THE ORGAN
as
PRESIDENT
VISITS LOCAL HIGH school
&
IT IS DISCUSSED
THAT spitting should
become
OUTLAWED BECAUSE
it's
not all that lady like
AS THE AD PITCHERS
ON LATE TV
send bill notices
to
BLOCK HEAD MOTHER FUCKERS
willing
to
SHOOT THEIR WALLET
without
as much
HASTE
as they shoot their clocks
while
the
BIG HEAD OF FEDERAL LANDS
come down
YOUR SIDEWALK TO NEGOTIATE
A
deal on your concrete
as
THE RETAIL OUTLETS SELL
YOU ONLY THE VERY FINEST
in cubic zirconia
masterPIECES
while
the
UPLIFT TRUCK OFF MINNESOTA AVE.
passes out plates of hot food
AND COLD DRINK TO THE
LOCAL
homeless that needs something
MORE THAN SYMPATHY

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
IT
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
TO
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 bee 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
a
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
a
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
on
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
a
year to fill-in
&
the regard
for your plaintive
'hello'
as
i passed your window
and
threw a pear seed
on
your
front porch ..

there's
no
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,
get
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 ..

he says,
'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
but

they
should know that there's thousands of other ears
and
wallets

that is willing
to
give to these

evening hustlers

all whittling away
at
a
better

story
in
better times

for
a
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
a
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
ahead on the left ..

I peer in

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

Throwin' balls
Down the bowlin'
Lane,
Smacking lips over cold beer,
Cigarette smoke wafting
As
The
Colorful monitors
Mimic
Greatness
And
Mock a bad toss ..

The kids
Are
Quiet
As
The
Lanes
Heat up for
League action ..

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,
she

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
as

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 ..

Next 2?

It's been about
two weeks now ..

No smoke at all ..

Not one ..

Not even a match ..

Maybe flicked a bic,
but
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 ..

Just
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
the
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
as
sweat bullets
squirm down my chest ..

This is
Just
The
Way I like it ..

on the country, now

one more
day

and
they'll want my rent check,
though

I still need
to
find a way to inflate
this
pink balloon that's
been sittin' around my
room

for some months ..

yes,
and as the voices of France
still stick
in

that
ever-quick Parisian
pace,
the

Italians
still

get a good laugh
at
how

the rest of the world
tries
to
paint their
walls
and
dress like
them

down
there in their penninsulas
and

grande terras

along
the

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
on
top of that ..

shit,
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
a
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

The old
Mexican woman
hauls
herself by the
door of the Y,
while her
kids
slowly moves along
behind with a
baby stroller
full of groceries
from the local
cheap mart ..

moving up the
block
towards another 10 degrees or so of heat,
we

all watch
the
television flicker
and

finish the rest of our
ham and cheese dreams

as
the
rest of the kids
in
the
neighborhoods
find
out

ways they can turn their
talents
in
making
gun powder
and
women moan

into a couple extra bucks

on the
side ..

sure,
stocked full of teenage

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

the ice
in
your
rain
as
her
heat
cooled
my
cold
and
the needles
turned into
messages
in
the
bottle
that
couldn't quite make its
way out
to
the ocean
in
the
middle of the fish's
eye
that
got devoured by the
video
game's ego
in
the
thumb's muscle
pushing,
pulsing,
pissing
away the sun's
new rain

while
the
walrus
polishes his tusks
on

another American
economic
downturn

that's nothing but
more advertising for

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

Gin Williams
and the
Peach Pickers
are

going
to

come about your town
to pick your
fruit,
drink your harvest
and
smoke

your women's cigarettes ..

if this
shit
doesn't bother you,
good ..

if it does,
make
up a new name and fly your
way

out of town ..

but
be
forewarned ..

eventually .. eventually
they

will make it back to your town
and
not only with they
get the fruit,
juice
and smokes,

they will get your women,
pets,
clothes

and
window panes ..

so,
go ahead and even move

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
a
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
The
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

ten minutes before
nine
and

nine
minutes
away from the hour
as

the last of the summer gnats
have a good roll
and
flow
through

my well ventilated room
as
the woman
starts chiming in over
Django's stru-strum-strummin'
beauty
on
the
chords ..

it's now closer
to

nine

o'clock

and I'm starting to feel that I don't want
to
have
anywhere to be all the time ..

just
give
me
the
time to be
here
next to time

to speak
to
it about

the minutes it
misses,

instead

of running
about

on flat tires
and
thick
oil

that could
ignite at anytime ..

sure,
pick up the receiver
and
tell them I'm not going to be
able to make it by
today,
perhaps tomorrow,
but
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
Of
A
Lock
Clicking in an
Empty apartment
As
The
Rent payers and aristocrats
Finish up
Their game
Of
Gin rummy
And

The college drunks
Dish out another
Game of Chicago 7 ..

Yes,
Though she keeps her eye on
The
Lock
And
Door opening up
With
One hand clenched and the other
Waiting
With
A
Bat
For
The
Moment ..

This,
While the college kids
Collect their winnings in chips
And the girls
Take another drink
From the roundtable
Of
Date rapists
And
Bleary eyed
Closet cases born of suburban dreams ..

So,
As
The echo of the lock
Simmers down,

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

A
Girl
Forces her arms out
As
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
the
gardner decides to put a tree
in front because
it
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
Time tending
Bar

Last
Weekend
With

My lady friend ..

The band from
Denver,
Called 'Soulthieving'
Was
Awful ..

They were nice blokes,
Gave
Us a CD and shirt ..

The on each
Looked like they
Were
Actually good ..

Fuck man,
They're

Giving it a go ..

The guitarist,
Who was Mexican,
Came up for a drink at one point
And said that I freaked his shit
Because
I looked like
Someone from another big, national band ..

Then,
The manager of the band
Pulled me aside and
Asked me where
He could score a big bag of coke ..

Told him
I don't know nor do the shit
And
Walked
Off
To
The
Side,

Slipping my
Hand in the popcorn machine

For
A
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 ..

the 'ball' kid

the curse of the clear bouncing rubber ball with
bits of colorful stars rotating,
rotating
as

the
ground moves
it
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
a
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.