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un-forgettable colors

the man
in brightly colored
clothes
sits out
front
of
the
Public Utilities
building
as
the
insane,
lunch getters,
stray dogs
and
new
Christmas decorations
dangle
about

like
they had
been there for the past 24 years without interruption ..

sure,
while
my
car thinks about
forgetting the parking brake through the green,
I
try
to

grab on to the
red

because
it's
a
color

I can't
forget ..

unforgettable crash

the muslims
in the
west
vs.
east battle
as
Gandhi
warms
his
hands
now
over

the
hot, hot coals ..

warm winter warm

for
all the near dreams,
rim shots,
country singer songs,
old tubes of crusted paint,
lovers that still get the point hard,
horns without a mouth to appreciate,
fathers without bubble gum to chew,
rotweilers with too much meat to look at,
hovercrafts without water,
chopsticks looking at cheeseburgers on paper plates,
cat's in a mousetrap,
liquid leaving Kelvin's laugh,
jokes without an audience,
razors with dried tufts of hair,
windows with too many spider cracks,
sunrises without early eyes to watch,
wires that have never seen a light bulb,
so many pants in your closet without a grass stain,
more nieces without an uncle to ride around on a bike with 'em,
pilgrim's searching for a new holiday in old clothes,
fables looking for parables,
rocks throwing stones,
a cure to a rare disease,
straw hats marked up in a vacant thrift shop,
another masterpiece for people to appreciate in another half-century,
a whole room of salt when the fleck of pepper made her sneeze,
the factory waiting to become a post-production porn outlet,
sheep nawing at the lamb's coat,
father's wondering about their son's daughter,
an instant in a long line of boredom,
being an American as you ceaselessly explain you're an international human being,
starch marble going through the dry cycle at 9PM,
Rodin' riding a unicorn across the wiseman's nightmare,
shards of cut hair forming into another person's perfect haircut,
dry cleaners spraying water all over the ground at the end of the night,
the
funny circles of
squash you
noticed for the first time in the produce
section
and

a
lazy
foot
swinging
over
another
way
to

describe
this
situation ..

what you can't see

Bottle caps about
to mystery bottles
I faintly remember,
empty matchbooks,
rotting squash in the ice box,
over-frozen cheap pot pies in the ice box,
the heat has left for good here in November,
books read
that look at me with their perfectly straight spine
while
others
that are unread
lay next to the video tapes under the television
box
that
doesn't have the courage to lie ..

so,
as I stumble over
a
piece
of
old
cheese or
metal shaving driven deep into
the carpets fiber,
the hum
of
a
low flying airplane
comes

ripping
through
the
thick
11:23PM
sky ..

where time?

*A bit
of the sanity
is
insanity*

*while
the
clock dings*

*another hour
we couldn't find
in the
witch hunt on a lawyer's clock to find
out
what
happened on
some
day
during
some hour
in
some minute
trapped in
a
second*

way, way back in the past ..

*we
relish the past
because
the
future may not be all cracked up to
what
it's
supposed
to*

be

*so
with
this*

minute

*I
say*

'ciao'

you your second ..

which world is at war?

Having
a
group
of
kids
write
the
President of US
a
letter
about
the war against Terrorism and the Taliban ..

&
at
the
same
time,
a
bank
up
the
street
is
getting
robbed ..

I poke
my
head out
for
a
splash of the newly
cold
November
air
several days before
the
Thanks-giving
feast
is
about

to unravel
and
I see

cop
after
cop on the corner

trying
to
corner
the
bad guys ..

likely on
foot
and
making their way around,
I look
around

the
streets of America
and
wonder

where
exactly
the
war
is
being

waged ..

here,
there
or

here and
there
and
what

justifies
a
legitimate

fight
as
the

kids
type
their
'take care'
and
'sincerely'
tag line ..

why not when?

broken lamp,
something lodged in left eyeball,
throw on the record
empty the grinds
and
let a screw be a screw
and
let
a
moment
be
a
good lookin' monster,
if you will ..

with
poor vision now
and
another cup of coffee waiting for me,
the
ears
are
taking in the right note
and
the

mother
is
the
father ..

winter's cold harvest

No need to plant
anymore seeds,
the branches are bare,
the birds aren't even here up north any more ..

sure,
keep that packet of mum,
pumpkin,
radish,
morning glory
seed for next
spring ..

though,
it you think you'll forget or
misplace them over
the
coming winter months,

ask
someone who has
a
safety
vault
to
hold
them

or sprinkle
into
your

hot soup

to
see what happens ..

with or without the light

Night
writing is like
day
writing
'cept
for
the
fact
that you have
to
have

on the lights
if

you don't
want

to
write

in the
dark,
luv ..

**writin' himself
a new way of light**

the kid
in our program
wrote a story
about how he was adopted
into a rich Asian family
after his
folks
got in
a
car accident ..

like he
had a choice
in the courtroom
and
pulled the appeal of
the
deciders ..

sure,
I know this
kid's home life
is rough ..

he sits in my lab
for hours dabbing through role playing games,
writing code
and
getting the ink
hot ..

sure,
you just don't know
much
about

a kid
until they have to write a
paper for english class ..

it is when the
truth arrives
&
the bullshit just
keeps on
going ..

fruit logic

waitin' as
the plastic melts
& the last day of air conditioning
gurgles like an 8-month-old
in the high chair
with
smashed stringed carrots
in
mouth,
the paper comes out of
the machine like a new movie
in a war
evolving over the printed word ..

No matter how much
you move forward,
you always go back ..

Newton had it right in more
ways
than one when
that fruit
smacked
the old, wet
ground ..

gasoline alley is closed

Wide fucking away,
the coffee isn't even working
as
the cough drops
sneeze on the counter
and the beer
belches in
the
freezer,
while

the
Volkswagen beetle passing by outside
sounds like a group of hornets looking
for
a
shoulder blade to sting,
sure
as
the
tenor pulls a shot of whiskey to his lips,
the
single woman home alone again
pulls he wet hand away from her panties
as he hips shake and the thighs quiver,
the
relief
is felt in the halftime show
as
the
cougar wakes from the third straight restless night
in the
cage
and
the

baby
finally
outgrows that
posh
crib
given

as
a
shower gift ..

gender drivin'

Drivin'
with no shoes
and

singing
to
a
loud
Gypsy Kings
solo

as
the
fast
traffic

gets faster
and

the
small
girls

gets
groomed
in

her
headband
of

pink
you

blue
fuckers ..

gritty, gritty pink coats

holding together
the statue
for
the
price payer
to
come by with their change
and paper bills,
unraveling the toilet
paper for the clogged
nose
that
sniffed
out a couple of raw clues,
tipping the prophet
for his silence
because sometimes it's hard to believe
all the
big words that a novice has to offer,
sending
a feather off the chicken wing
because the doctor said it wasn't good for the digestive tract,
throwing away that 3 week old rock
because that raw smell was too much for the plants
to hold in,
sharpening the already
sharp ass pencil
because

you
just
never know
when you may
have
to
pick a lock ..

hasn't snowed yet

cold rain
like
London
today

as
I
head into
another
warm
mug

and
the
sound
of
Miles
is
only feet
away ..

a day of blown advances,
sneaking up from behind,
new faces,
old hands,
reports of that day in September
the
media

comes with us to remember ..

sure,
and
the
other
stories
this
news junkie
of
late

will
leave
to
you
to
forget ..

his and her mind

he came in with a
gun
a
wavin'
and she laughed ..

he laid he gun down
and poured a
cup of tap water
while
she slipped off her panties
as
the cold rain turned to ice outside ..

he finished the glass,
she was wet inside
as well
as
all the windows
in the place
went
a
ping--
 ping--
ring--
 ping--
and her
slip
was the
last
thing on his mind ..

**his mid-section gone
he felt so good**

Gettin'
the
love back
into
his
mind,
he
started yankin'
and
pullin'
on
his junk
that week ..

He would
pull,
tug,
coddle
and
fantasize
over
his
boys
and
it would work ..

the
junk would swell
through his jewels
and

he would
wait for the moment of relaxation
to arrive ..

nothing
would come out ..

the bucket
would come up
dry ..

one eye looking
at his pair
of
eyes like
several people
expecting a message that
was to never arrive ..

so,

his nuts
just gathered
juice
over the weeks of his new love
affair ..

during the day
they would pulsate
&
at night,
his
messaging hands would only
bring
temporary
relief ..

leading towards the
end of his plank,
a
moment
of

self-love
culminated ..

he
exploded
so

unexpectedly
&
with
such force
that

he couldn't feel his waist,
stomach
or
mid-section ..

he didn't know
if
it
was a dream
or
if
his
dread

was
a
doctor's visit

that he didn't want
to make ..

the bottom
line was that
he erupted and
he had his cock and nuts,
so

he
decided
to
jerk again

to make
his
clarity on the decision
that
much more ..

how big god or allah could get

Private
Christians
are building churches
as
though they are skyscrapers downtown ..

Huge gothic
looking structures
with stained glass,
concrete,
steel rods
and
such
with
a
tiny cross propped on time ..

The true Western
message in a holy war
just beginning its brew in
the
west
while

laughter
goes
over
the
tiny Mosque's on the
ground
at
home ..

Sure
the
new skyscraper shrines are keeping
the
East
at
bay here in the West

as
centers of commerce
are
blurring
into centers of worship ..

The new battle of religion
is taking shape
in an architectural
plan

in
a
new time

as
the
term,
"GOD HELP US ALL"
becomes

all
new
and
special
in
the
sun setting
on

land upon land bordering each other ..

how far away and near?

tightened security,
new dead bolt locks,
ransom for a lost set of keys,
old shoes losing the new brown polish,
holy green sweater
keepin' the stink back
&
the poet laureate fucking
another admirer in words or cock ..

oh yes,
the abandoned buildings,
trucks with rolling ads on the highway,
landing airplanes,
driving people,
old helicopters
&
London's terror coming
to life in America
as
the
Israelites
spit on a Jew
&
the Jewish read another
good book on
temperance ..

It's 2001
&
at times
I
wonder
how
far
this
blimp has flown?

how tall can you be high?

*In actuality,
the lower
half
was*

*the top
that
didn't
want
to
be so high up anymore ..*

hungry window

the sunshine
is eating
my
candle wick,
while
the
Persian tail
knocks
the
clock back
and to shape ..

another
needle in the haystack
American
day as I looked
at
an
airplane
going on a low descent with a 16 story high-rise in the
foreground
while

several of us just watched its
approach to the nearby
downtown

airport
and
kept
on
talking
as

though
the
sun was going to finally give me my fire back ..

hyper-boyle

people are axing
through the fog,
kids are slicing through the air
as
the rock anthem winds
down
and
we all
assume the
yo-yo position ..

imagine the other night

Night sounds of piano,
singers,
singed smoke
and swabs of paint in the window's way
won't keep the late night
jazz set from
smoozin' into the next chord or
knocking off my drink
if
i'm not paying attention ..

The only thing that could knock
shit out of kilter
is an errant rock thrown from the clutch of a sharpshooter ..

in light of the feast; no famine

In this moment
I have to write you,
don't let it
slay you ..

we have a war now
and there's enough slaying
in the world
already ..

so,
go as you may
and be as it is,
but don't let it make
your knees evaporate ..

for the knees keep the body upright
& straight ..

sure,
I found you when you were already found ..

don't think about your being lost,
just think about
you
letting that head
of
yours
get the best of you ..

get the best of your head
and
pull out of
the hells of that dungeon
with
clay claws
& rubber legs ..

in the game of ‘what you know & what you don’t?’

Inventing
new ways to make
a
new
sandwich

and
mixing
a
white Caucasian
that

wanted
to
be
mixed
many days before ..

I just
don't
need
that
many

reasons

to
make

something

old ..

sure,
as

familiar
neighbors
and
old
friends
come ringing
on my door,
I'm

trying to find new ways
to
crack

open a drink

or
get a rope
around

the
word ..

Just
wanted you to know

that

the
President
will
remain the President

and

the CIA

will continue
to
be a
mix

of
mysteries

I don't
want to know about ..

They
say
that
over 80% of those
that has worked in
the poultry business
will
never

eat

chicken

again ..

in those times when you are 'not'

*There comes
a
time to create
then,
there comes
a
time
for some freedom*

*all
the
rest of
it
should
be some
sort
of
fun*

*if
you happen to get stuck
around
a
certain
assemblage of people ..*

insane kansas home

the ripped wing of a pigeon
on the driveway leading to her house ..

exhausted enough by what time
couldn't do for it anymore
and
her
boy
traipsing down the front
steps talking in 4-year-old gibberish about
his
sore 'froap' ..

no need for syrups or at-home remedies,
he was
ready to see the insane
man in Kansas that did up his home
to
a fucking 't' for the Christmas holiday ..

some crazy man with a flair for holiday hobbies
turned his house into an amusement park ..

a viable American smorgasbord
and novelty
that had people lined up and down the block to
partake in the
holiday ..

sure,
people were throwing nickels,
quarters,
ones
and
fives
through an open window to support the cause

where I think a simple pigeon
wing
would
have
meant more
for the holiday man ..

Jelly Measure

Man in
Line at
The grocery store ..

Peering
With paranoid eyes,
Reflexes,
Here & about
When one
Would look his way
Or
Towards
The two items
Of
His on the motionless
Black conveyor belt ..

When his time came,
Items swiped,
No where to go but toward his wallet,
He dug for a Jackson
&
paid for his two objects of pleasure ..

Clad in a brown leather jacket,
Likely leaving the 'practice' for lunch,
Toddlin' a plastic tub of coke from a steak/potato joint ..

Based on what
Was bought,
Looked like he
Lost a big bet with the boys
Or
Was making sure his lunch escort in the car
Would be satisfied ..

He bought a tube of KY Jelly and a tape measure ..

Don't worry pal,
It's in a sack now ..

just a lookin'

Most
people spend
time staring because
there
isn't
a
mirror
right in front of them ..

just a workin'

Workin'
out the kinks
in the chain
link
as
the
old suburban folk
rear
and
peer over the tall planks of cedar wood into
each
others
world ..

Running my underwrists over
a
piece of Braille paper
I pulled from the trash dumpster
last
week
as
the
man
in the blind woman's apartment
was just
yelling and shouting some evil
shit in her apartment tonight as I came in,
I almost gave the golden retriever
a
whistle to break up the scene ..

Sure,
untanglin' the rope
for the next on in
line to clunk it up for the fuck of it,
as
the
string sets a bright glow of fire in the crystalline ashtray
and

the floating smoke
gets stuck
in

my nostril
and
the

quartet
just
stops ..

just catch it

They say the early bird catches the worm,
I say
If you're up late
enough,
you
can catch worms
before
morning
arrives ..

just over the Kansas slope

The wavin' and weavin'
glass reflectin'
all
the
folk gettin'
across the street for the big
#4
or
medium #3 on McDonald
way ..

I'm slippin' into the next song
and
going back down to 3rd gear,
so

don't
start waving your
reflection in the pavement
'cause
I may look over it
or
worse .. drive
over that spot

where people are clamoring for Loretta's lunch special

of
the
week
or
day ..

Sure,
I'm going
to

just
pull that next tug of drink
to
my
morning lips

and
remember
the
fucking Alamo ..

just went from green to blue

Flying from one point of events
To the next point of events as
The United States,
3 countries later,
went from a place to ignore for some time
to a home calling me back
as the terrorists bitch about small cocks
&
not enough good women to choose from ..

The rest of the mid-to-insane crust whist with L. Armstrong
&
shuffle along like Sammy D.
after 4 dry martinis ..

The world has indeed fallen off the earth
In the span of a week
And
Now the glow of salt from the Ligurian Sea
As
I go
See
If the sugar is still in
My
Place ..

keep your one

around the one
I go ..

looking at the slight dip at the top
and
flat straight base
at
the
bottom ..

I rove
around number 1 like
it's a monolith
that
won't move unless prodded ..

with
the
high arch
and
smiling
mid-section ..

I'm looking you down
thinking
the number eight is vastly more interesting
with
those
looping
circles

that look
like four if you cross your eyes ..

sure,
I'm done with you
number
one

and
your
straight posture
and

uninteresting stories of
how

number two
is
always trying to

peek in
through
your
dining room window ..

live the toy

takin' care of the child
and killing the
flame on the fireplace
as
the
child's toy
comes
to
life,
looking around
the
room
for
the
best film director
wanting
to
make many a dollar ..

look, dick

Sally gave me a presidential
Quiz
On a green slip of paper today—

Questions like:
‘WHO INITIATED LEGISLATION FOR A LONG-TERM CHILD CARE ACT?’
‘WHO UPPED THE ANTIE ON SOCIAL SECURITY BENEFITS BY 20%?’
WHO INITIATED AN INCREASE IN SAVINGS & LOAN RETURNS?’

Assuming
JFK,
FDR,
Or other Presidents prone to acronyms—

She pulled the fold open
&
showed me it was the sly-eyed Dick Nixon—

Fuck,
That man squeaked by again—

The Presidency born of the
Most luck and doom ever—

Sally told me
That a class of University students got
Them all wrong
As I did—

You slick bastard,
Trick Dick,
Doin’ it again

‘cept not in a hotel this time—

This time—

loud, silent gal

loud
radio
jazz
jam
master
and
your
8 pick
chord
coming
through
the
eyes
and
out
the
toe
nail ..

silent
talker
from
a
friendly
female
voice
in
a
meeting
earlier
in
the
day
&
you
cannot
remember
their
name ..

it's
a
loud
silence
that
will
somehow
get
you
when
you

decide
that
reading
is
really
creating
of
another
sort ..

lowndown town

the picadilly circus
in the goose's eye
going through
the
gray
as
McDonald's gives
Away their
Charity
&
the cold english
shoe
sells for many
pounds
less
than
expected ..

mail notes

the legal comedy
&
its silent posse,
got another rejection
letter signed by
a
friend
in the mail today
as
the
Kansan across the way decided
to
hang their US flag back
up
on the pedestal for
this town to watch
and
see as the wind goes up,
down,
through

my nostrils ..

‘m’ and computers

she's an older
gal,
in her 80's ..

comes in for
computer lessons from me ..

she can only take them in small doses ..

before
I have a chance to cross my legs,
she's

gone ..

scared
and
barely able to grab
this technological

monolith
before me now ..

she gives
me tomatoes,
zucchini
and
squash from her
garden ..

tells
me she's
really picking up on this,
can't believe she didn't do it sooner ..

I told her from a young cat
to
an older giraffe,
'it's really never too late' ..

she told
me
my sense of humor
reminded her of her Irish kin
&
that was enough for her to
keep comin' in to figure this computer shit ..

&
it's

enough
for this kid
to
keep
on

tellin'
you

about it ..

microphones with eyes

Clear eyes,
dirty pair of glasses,
torn contacts
the
other ones that have
cataracts
as
the
ventricles
to
the
world

rear their tentacles
to
bring
down
the
next bag of ink in the octopus'
rage,
sure

when
that
tube of paint
runs
dry,
spit
on the paper,
get out an ink pen
or
graphite

and
fly .. fly .. fly
baby

like
an
early 60's
hit
sung

by
the
pre-diva
sugar
of

the early day microphones ..

mid-december

sink
the bridge,
we need another building ..

buy a dog,
we need to catch the cat ..

get some juice,
we ran out of tonic ..

take down the pole,
we don't need light around here any more ..

buy another idol,
the television went off the air too soon
and you need something to do ..

catch a bag of quarters on fire
&

wod up your bills
and
throw them
at

you
least
known
friends ..

military install #3,219

the last
summer
in
her
paradise
as
the
world watches
a
terrorist
and

he again has a laugh ..

we could catch him ..

rip his nuts to paper thin shreds,
kill his people,
annihilate his family,
burn his eye lids
or
any other blend of physical retaliation means,
but
the
question is .. what will happen to the idea of terrorism?

what happens
when

all people on earth are reduced to two people ..

one is a terrorist,
one is not ..

who is going to make it?

in the current state of American affairs,
probably the one who's not ..

but the idea is the idea and the idea of terrorism needs
to
be
dealt with ..

one cup of blood
doesn't deserve another cup of blood ..

8
glasses of water a day,
folks ..

military report #2,438

military victories
in the
war
the US and allies are in,
forgotten plans
that brought
the
computer to life,
new reasons for peace written with a pencil
that
the
old stenographer
cannot
find now that he has to write down the number
of
his love's new residence ..

isn't that the shit
or
isn't it just
the
way
of
the gods moving the clay pigeons
where
they
see it fits in their comedic sketch ..

sessions of what?

nine clicks
before
8 AM ..

shit,
I was let go
from a job
because
I couldn't get my
shit
out and up
to
the
7th floor of that building ..

so,
i'm up now
for a marketing training yank the yank bullshit session of white people masturbating what should have been
taught to them on the job up to this point or god forbid they learned it on the bill tallied up for whatever
school they went to ..

oh,
there are black folk at the meeting ..

that's why it's
not
so
hard to go ..

seven
clicks
to
go time,
baby ..

small illegalities

friend
of mine
came back from Puerto Vearta, Mexico
and
got me a pack of Cuban cigarettes .. 'superfinos negros' ..

that sweet wrapping,
cigar tingle
as
I light
the fella up now
and
remember that
I was to have stopped
this
fucking smoking shit ..

this one's for you Castro,
with our
recessive
economy
and
the threat of anthrax
still alive
in the streets while troops take over Kabul, Afghanistan ..

this one's for
you
'cause
Its
the
least of our country's concern
as
I smoke an illegal
cigarette
and
my
neighbors
take in one more nose of blow ..

how
fast
the small illegal's
become
tiny
issues

when
our
generation(s)

have
realized
that
we

now look down
the
barrel
of
another Vietnam ..

Somadecember

*hand bells
and
video games from 1981,
must
be
the
smell of a holiday in the airs
as
the temperature
fooled
us
all ..*

*and the point
is
that we are fooled into things as a people,
nation
and such ..*

*in the heat of a winning war
here in Afghanistan ..*

*we have knocked a good portion of the enemy
on
their ass with the
help
of
weapons
named after paper dolls,
though*

we still have a tendency of being fooled ..

*fooled into the good fight
and
into others that will be remembered simply
as
a
fight ..*

some jelly

Go
ahead and read yourself
out
of
that hole

while I finish this
jar
of
peanut butter ..

something for yesterday

hood grills and
chicken salad marsala
delivered to
the
wrong table,
I found
Woody Allen
under my
girlfriend's bed
reciting the last
line of Rubber Soul
as
the
tack strip sunk further into the ground
and
the
irony took off in an airplane
for

a
really fucking sunny place ..

stained sky

the sky is
stained
and
it

keeps oozing out it's
left
over's on the ground ..

shit,
I don't
have a cup or pieces of bread
to
soak it up,
so
keep it up there ..

there's only
room
down
here for what we have now ..

I know the
sand bars are glaring along the Missouri River,
but

we have no more room
for
your leaking stain up there,
so
keep
it
back

or
we
may
launch an attack ..

stepping down the center lane

out
in the side alley
with a pal
beside
the
YMCA
havin' a smoke ..

towards
the but
of
our

pulls,
we
notice
a
black man in his 40's,
tan pants,
white
shirt

smashed hairdo

walking up the middle of 8th
towards the busy intersection of
Minnesota ..

I tell
my friend that I saw
that cat
several weeks ago
weavin' and
missin' traffic
in the middle of the lane ..

just
dodging the
cars,
putting
on
a
show for the locals ..

I assumed
he was all twisted up over a gal,
job,
drink
or
the crack ..

well,
my
friend
said,

"WOULDN'T THAT BE THE SHIT IF WE SAW A CAR PLOW RIGHT INTO THE GUY."

Yea,
so
he started heading up the street
as
I watched

this display
with half-opened mouth ..

the man
would calculate
the
lights switching from red to green
and
walk when it was his turn across the street,
then

immediately dart backwards once
he
hit
the other side of the street ..

he would do this number
for

a time,
then
head

a block ahead towards the intersection
of
State ..

another
busy diagonal of
people movin' about
this

whacked out town in Kansas ..

this was just another
free show
in
a
line of ticketless show
that down

has
the
girth

to
throw as
the
visitors and locals ..

So,
as
it goes,
my pal
asks this man
why he's not struttin' down
the
sidewalk ..

there's plenty of room on the sidewalk?

the man,
with a straight gaze
looked over,
not in the eye,
but in the general direction of my friend and towards
the ground
saying,
"I'M JUST WORKIN' ON MY STEPS."

He repeated that several times
as
I walked up the street to join
my
friend,
leaning on a light pole
looking on in amazement ..

that man couldn't buy a drug that would make
him
go
about the way he was ..

watching him
for a minute or two more,
I had to get back
to
make a call
and
get
back to gettin' back ..

Not
sure if I should be glad
for this
cat
or
call in the 'crazy brigade'
to
haul him
away

for

a little somethin' to
counteract
his
little somethin' ..

But
when it all came down to it ..

It was just
a
man workin'
on his steps ..

He may be a dancer
or
the most content man
I've run into in some time ..

stick it

It was my first
day on the job
and
they handed me the brander ..

they said,
"just above the flank and nowhere near the sensitive region .. "

"that's all .. just like that?"
I asked.

"do you want this job?"
they asked.

"can I try it out on you first?"
I came back.

"look .. you a funny little fucker or a brander?"
they said.

"dunno .. haven't stuck a flank yet. you tell me this early on."
I said.

they got in my face,
said they liked the style
and
hot coffee was served all day long ..

fuck did I brand like a champ ..

only lasted a week
and
the
coffee only got lukewarm once ..

still the stillest night

the clock struck
10
and
a
leaf
fell ..

the
clock
tilted
back to 9 for something it forgot,
I
believe
it
was
a
cup of ground chuck ..

another
leaf fell ..

the
clock
went on
with
a
strut
to
11

as
3
leaves
made their
way
to
the
ground ..

then

the
clock
stopped at
11:49

and

the
sky
was raining

leaves ..

leaf
after
leaf
after
leaf

until
all that
was standing

was
the
grass,
not
even a
trunk or branch
alive ..

and
all
that

grass was covered
when
it
clicked to 11:50

and
the
sky
became
the

ground's
new

place ..

story of night tv

legal
shows and cop series
as
the
stringed carrots
freeze
in
the
farmer's 'surplus case'
and
the

other
melodramas
of
evening
frolic
become
the
pilot we all forgot ..

shit,
all we have on television as
dramas are cops,
lawyers,
politicians,
Presidents ..

the very
fabric
that
keeps
the
complaint cycle high
and
fertile,
baby ..

sweet talkers

she hung up on me today ..

yes,
without a 'bye' or reason why ..

some sales gal with
a van rental company I use for our kids to get back and forth ..

for the second straight day,
she sent the van to the wrong location ..

i call and tell her it is so ..

she says that she said 'no' to her driver ..

then,
began telling me that the argument we were having wasn't necessary
because she was telling me her side of things ..

i told her that it wasn't an argument we were having ..

it was a statement i had to deliver
and
there's a difference ..

an argument is discussing a difference of opinion or shouting about opposing ideas ..

there was no opposing idea or difference of opinion ..

some people need to be doing other things with their time ..

& when they don't,
it interferes with others that are doing what they need to do with their time ..

do you see
an argument in that?

oh yea,
'bye' .. click ..

that morning sound

I awoke
again
on
a
Sunday morning
to
hear

the
sound
of chaos
on the corner
of
12th and Pennsylvania ..

one
car
clips
another in the middle
of the intersection
as

the
light
pole
gets uprooted from the
ground
giving the neighbors
a
reason
to
cradle,
meet,
talk,
greet,
speak,
receive

and
retreat
the
minute the cops show up on the scene ..

&
as a seasoned
veteran
of
the
intersection
wreck
scene ..

I throw a hot cup of coffee
into
a
mug

and go
to the 4 floor
of our parking garage
to

get
an
aerial of what has happened

and
all I can think is ..

I don't
want to hear this shit
no
more,
yet

it's the alarm
clock
that
wouldn't
have

gotten me up otherwise ..

you
know,
it usually takes tragedy nowadays
to
get
people out of their dwelling to
meet

neighbors they have lived next to
for months
or

out to meet a stranger in an unmarked car ..

shit,
seems
as
though there should be more
staged car wrecks to
wake
sleepy people up
and
get
the strangers into friend mode .. ?

that's that

my
dad won't talk
to
me much lately
after I came back from my
trip
to
Europe ..

want to talk
to
him
more now ..

but
you
can only be ready when you want to
be
ready ..

he's
making
me
not
want to be ready
the

more
I
hear

that
distant
voice ..

the beginning and end of earl hines

earl hines
as
the
human start line

while
the
hammer
man
puts together his
4th piano in a day

and
the
child blows the orange balloon
to
it's
fullest capacity ..

then,
loves
razor claw
comes
home
for lunch

as
earl hines
parachutes
clean
over

the
finish line ..

the kidnapped, kidnapper and I

Had a music
show on a
small radio station
with
the
small town child kidnapper ..

yes,
I'm over
at
a
friends place the other night a notice
the
face and name of a kid
that
is
somewhat familiar
on
the
TV screen
while my friends swallow in their
nightly dose
of
television
TV ..

I see this kid in the corner
of
the
screen with a telephone number above
his head ..

He's been kidnapped
and
I recognize
his name ..

Figure it's either coincidence
or
this kid
I once
knew ..

So,
several days later I find out
that
it's

this Trapasso
kid
that I used to sling produce around with in a grocery store

and
had
a
small radio show with about 5 years ago ..

Come to find out
that he
had kidnapped his kid
and
taken him down
to
his

hometown
down in Texas ..

Never knew until now
that he
was
from
that area,
though
the
media

has a way of conveying a message ..

Well
this guy always wanted to be famous,
or
have his 15 minutes in the sunlight ..

He has ..

Held
in a Texas prison cell on a \$500,000 bond
while the authorities
try
to find out where the kid is,
his
friend accomplice still remains
at
large

and he's getting his 15 minutes in the papers and on TV ..

OK
Trapasso
you
did
it,
but
I'll never see your face in the light of day for
some
time
to

talk it over
with you about how fame feels ..

Aggravated assault,
breaking and entering,
kidnapping,
transporting a kidnapped child over state lines
and
the
such ..

sitting
on
a
slab
of
slate
you
couldn't have imagined would get your image
plastered
on

news
and
in the media papers
has

come
true ..

maybe
you should
have

chosen
another
radio
format
instead ..

the paparazzi

is
coming

and
you

better
not
doubt it ..

air mixed with
paint thinner,
laundry exhaust,
meatloaf on the table
and
the truth

riding the teeter-totter
behind
a
white curtain
called
a
washed-up lie ..

yes,
the paparazzi
is out
there
and

the jury
has no
where to deliberate ..

better
brush your teeth
and
change those rag tag pair of
shoes,
they

see you with satellites
and
have your place
bugged like
an
evil exterminator
with
a
loose corkscrew ..

just
letting

you
know,
the knock with come at the
14th and
somewhere around
there

hour
and
they
have
plenty
of
film

to
catch you ..

The politician's speech
December 2001

no more
lines about
absurdity ..

we're going to talk about getting
back to
normal here
in
the states ..

enough of your engines with legs walking
around a puddle of sweet anti-freeze
leering
the
cats and dogs to another sweet,
tasty treat
that
will get stuck in their mouth whiskers ..

yes,
enough of the insanity
because the halls of the insane asylum
have enough
stories
to
keep the sane
awake at night
for
the
next
several thousand decades ..

back to regulation
as
the
hockey puck flies over the fan proof plexi-glass and
knocks
a
tooth out from the front of the donkey's
grin

and
the
elephant goes around and around in
circles
for
the
next
paying kid

that
wants
a
ride
on

this political speech ..

the real man

Soft spoken
evening DJ
poppin' uppers,
fingering the
gorgeous one all the boys would avoid
due to
shit stained fear ..

This DJ is pissing his pants
when alone
&
building up a scorching
yell
to
the
east here in the near future ..

the real question is ..

It's never
how
much
to me ..

It's usually
a question
of
when
and
why
and
where
that

gets my shit
metered ..

sure,
how
is
one
thing,
but
how

much
has
never really
gotten
this
kid
thinking

all that much ..

so,
keep your numbers
and

I
keep trying at
the
algebra

all
these
years
later
after

the
geometry
has
evaporated ..

the score

smart
guys
in
school
cloth
&
the
blue
collar
worker
lacing
together
the
pin's
point ..

nine-thousand one

the
real
question
from
your
lips

shouldn't
be
bullshit ..

the real answer
can
be
construed as
bullshit ..

they don't need your commentary

Midtown
talkers
carryin'
on
conversations
with themselves ..

while
the
rest of the people
fix
air valves,
lawn leaves,
gutters,
tires,
chicken sandwiches
and such

you
roll on by with your insane glows
and
sideswipin'

looks ..

just
keepin'

yo
selves
pleased

with a conversation no
one
would know
or
understand
but yourselves ..

go on
Midtown
talkers

and

write
the
pages

the

suburbs
wouldn't have
the
balls
to
make ..

**

Bein' on time
for a ride with a friend
while
the
clock
still seems to be a little ahead ..

they smoked me

the cigarette
grew hands,
tapped me on my shoulder while
asleep,
waved
me over with a long, white paper
finger
towards
the
living room ..

in a
sleep lurch,
I followed ..

we went into
the
living room
as
a
group of matches were sitting in the dark,
slightly illuminated by the
lights outside on the adjoining buildings ..

I walked in,
the matches looked,
the cigarette
clicked his fingers of paper,
one match stick
held a flint piece up to another's head
as
it
just lit ..

the cigarette
motioned me over,
I followed ..

he said softly,
this will end in a moment
as
the third and final matchstick
handed over the stick of fire ..

then,
some gal
started the mummy wrap of paper around
my body quickly ..

two small
strong men lifted me up into the cigarettes hand,

feet toward mouth,
he
slipped me in
and
smoked
me
slow
and
with a smile ..

it was as though I fainted and awoke,
when I looked
around
me
several minutes later
my arm
was
behind me,
the other was out of reach,
my
legs we bareling in tact ..

I was a gob of cigarette
ash

and

didn't
want

to smoke
no
more ..

time comin'

Waiting for
the
roof to cave in
as
the
sky flashes a
sinister
smile ..

tonight, just tonight

hair growing
back on my
face,
the pants
fit snug,
Italian slippers with slivers
of damage dangling,
the drummer hits the high hat softly,
evening coffee cools slowly,
the twin engine Cessna goes over
like an audible kite overhead,
not a person within visible reach on the corner of 12th & Pennsylvania,
the world could use another train whistle,
people
could read more,
blood is an overwrought news story,
my lover is more beautiful now than a year ago,
sons and daughters
making
more sons and daughters,
nieces and nephews in line for more aunts and uncles
as
nuclear armaments coordinate closer
to a foreign
land ..

this is
America
tonight,
this is
America
all right

even if it's not OK with you ..

top of the desk

oh,
save the notepad,
I have
something more to add to it ..

no .. no,
just put it in my hand ..

why?

you don't need to take a picture .. sometimes it's all the better when committed to memory ..

sure,
I meant keep it,
not save it ..

just hand it over ..

(the fire had an early treat on accident)

damn,
I said ..

just damn .. ?

truly the day of the ghoul

Here
just after 1:03AM on Halloween
in
2001,
we
have

entered 25 days of continual bombing on
Afghanistan

following them fucking the United States in NY and DC ..

Entering
another sort of Vietnam,
it has
hit
me
that
we have entered
a
battle
that

we
are
going to have a hard time
winning
while we
cultivate
the terrorists
on
home

turf
and

let
the propaganda

machine

roll
like
a
mighty
wheel of spikes
over

the
wet

ground
that is pleasing
to
us

when
the
morning dew looks so innocent ..

uncle of a future explorer

took my nieces down the
pond behind my folks
place ..

on a walk about by a field of elks
screaming to get fucked by the opposite sex,
it was a West Sussex kind of day as our shoes, socks
and pants were getting soaked ..

the oldest niece
said her mom would be mad ..

I said 'no',
you have to get wet when you explore
and if you don't get dirty you didn't try hard enough ..

sitting around the house watching others explore on TV is laziness
and
partially gets you where the journey wants to take you ..

so,
we plod further towards the edge of the lake
and
my youngest niece looks up and says she wants to be just
like
me
some day ..

an explorer ..

of all the comments about being
crazy
from the mouths of my nieces,
it
was

the
kindest thing
that
girl could have ever
said to me ..