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## 10-8-Two-Thousand-and-One

In the possibility  
of reflection,  
the cat scratches at  
summer's final ant  
while the world ponders Afghanistan  
and  
the whole stance we have  
is  
to avoid  
being green in these  
tall, bright fucking  
lights  
upon  
all  
of  
us ..

10-16-01

Back in  
The US for just under a month ..

Waiting for my lover  
In the coffeehouse  
While  
The  
Spaniards lunge  
Over the speaker ..

Othello,  
The magical board game  
Again lies below  
Scrabble  
With its repeating decree—  
'A MINUTE TO LEARN – A LIFETIME TO MASTER'

As the lean Marine Corporal shouts  
Orders to young kids in another country they can't spell  
During the new  
American/World war ..

A crust of bread stands as the true weapon in  
This battle  
&  
the mouths that think a different religion  
&  
speak the same words in an unfamiliar language ..

It's a minute from  
A  
Sojourn  
And  
A  
Tempo in the march as the world wakes,  
Sleeps  
&  
the pen on a page  
of newsprint  
becomes  
the new threat  
in a diseased land of recovery ..

**11-20 = 2001**

calculating calendar days  
&  
giving away my change to the nearest man on the row ..

the saints  
pull their cloak from their dryer  
as  
the demons dip their cloth into the bleach ..

yes,  
with dirty cloth  
and the final days of powder detergent,  
I pull this pint of liquid to the closest mouth,  
even  
if  
it's  
not  
mine ..

**12-17-2001**

fast food  
devoured by the fork,  
earrings taking a dirty turn in the tongue,  
bad software in the old man's soft drink,  
the beige camel rider making it with the dark haired whore from  
a Latin province,  
mini blinds chewing up all the sun light like teeth devouring ice cold romaine lettuce stalks,  
the season of rice in the night of ice ..

blue ink  
leaking  
from the tip of the green  
capped  
pen ..

**a bit of the mailed thrax**

Got a book in the mail  
from a rocker friend in NY,  
a rejection note from Conway, AR  
and  
a  
bill  
from somewhere in Illinois ..

This,  
as the terrorism  
shit  
take  
fear to the mailbox ..

Been a bad rash  
of the Anthrax  
going on in the Capitol  
as  
I hop to my clock  
and  
check the mail  
once  
I find the right key ..

They're not keepin'  
my ass  
away from the mail  
box ..

It's like refusing to lie down  
on my own pillow for fear that the bullet  
may come from the right gun  
or  
the  
trap will mistake my head for a mouse ..

Look luv,  
this

boat of tricks has  
more

rejection letters to look into ..

So,  
you can keep your fuckin'  
Anthrax  
and

take

a  
number

along with the others ..

## **a class hinging on luck**

I had  
One shot to convince  
The class w/a story of luck  
So they would stick around  
For  
My class—

So,  
I closed the door,  
Turned out the lights  
&  
began my speech—

“So, I was in Deep Ellum in Dallas, Texas havin’ some drink.  
Bag packed,  
Needed a drink,  
Ready for a late night flight out of town to Kansas City.  
Well,  
I looked down at my watch .. I had one hour and fifteen minutes  
To get to the new security riddled airport via cab,  
Get on the plane and taxi to the air.  
So, I hadn’t eaten all day,  
Two drinks later I was a little liquored,  
I look in my wallet to see zero cash.  
Nothin’.  
Needed at least twenty dollars to get me some food and to the airport.  
I have none,  
Nothing on the debit card  
& the lone credit card I own is back in Kansas City.  
So, I asked several cabbies if they would give me a free lift  
Under the guise that I would give them my name and address to promptly send  
The bill my way.  
All said ‘no’ with an added ‘ummpfffff!’  
So,  
I’m rowing up a dry creek.  
Well,  
I had to keep on thinking about ways and more ways to muster up some cash.  
So,  
For a sprout of inspiration,  
I walked with a sprint on foot some.  
Spotted an ATM and got to look at the machine with anticipatory marvel.  
You know,  
Just in case a bill dropped here or there.  
A bill accidentally sticking out of the machine’s mouth  
Or flopping around on the ground.  
No such luck,  
But there is a card hanging out of it’s mouth.  
Shit,  
My heart was racing,  
I peered about to see if someone was coming back for their goods.



As people streamed by,  
No one had the look of lost goods in their eye.  
So,  
I popped the card in the electronic roulette machine  
And  
Knew I had three shots at victory.  
Glorious luck,  
Perhaps.  
My first set of numbers – 7-3-4-8—  
FAILED!  
Number two – FAILED!  
The third and final shot.  
At this point,  
I took a deep breath,  
Stepped back,  
Closed my eyes,  
Moved forward with my hand,  
Pressed four numbers with my eyes closed,  
Just can't feel the braille.  
So,  
I didn't know what I pressed.  
I heard the machine start churning.  
I started to sweat,  
Cock my head with eyes open  
And punched forty dollars at the prompt  
For good measure.  
The two Andrew Jackson's popped out.  
I was beside myself,  
Giggled like a kid  
As  
A  
Voice behind me began ..  
'EXCUSE ME, DID YOU FIND A CARD IN THIS MACHINE?'  
It was from a cute brunette  
In her early 20's.  
While I stick the bills into my wallet and  
Tore the receipt up quickly  
And shoving the remains in my front pocket.  
Then,  
Taking the card out of the machine,  
I said,  
'WHY YES'  
pulling out my own card  
and handing it over,  
'IS THIS YOURS?'  
It was the same color and style as hers.  
She says,  
'OH YES. YES. THANK YOU SOOOO MUCH. I'M SO ABSENT MINDED SOMETIMES.'  
'SHIT,'  
I come back.  
'I KNOW THE FEELING.'  
So,  
I gave her my card hoping she wouldn't look at the name  
And it turns out she didn't as she tucked it back into her front pocket.  
Again  
She thanked me several times over.

As she started walking off,  
I took her card,  
Put it into my back pocket,  
Pulled it out later as I started walking in the opposite direction  
And  
Read the name .. 'PENELOPE ORDAZ' ..  
Then,  
Heard her call,  
'HEY .. YOU WANT TO GET A DRINK?'  
'OH NO,'  
I began in total surprise.  
'I HAVE A FLIGHT TO CATCH.'  
'OH. OH. GOOD LUCK WITH IT,'  
She came back with a smile and a wink.  
'YEA. YEA. GOOD LUCK TO YOU, BEAUTIFUL.'  
As I turned towards the taxi cab's direction  
And my continuing saga .. '

At this point,  
I turned on the lights in the classroom,  
Opened the door  
And  
Watched the kids silently look my wa—

No one left the silent room—

It was  
One of the best classes I ever taught—

**a man as a guy**

Just  
a  
guy,  
can hardly  
find  
enough  
time  
to  
buy  
time

as  
the  
sax reed snaps  
and  
the  
cat  
bites  
the

carrot stick  
clean  
in  
half ..

A guy  
with  
a  
gal  
and  
a  
gal  
with  
a  
boy,

the  
window  
goes  
click and clack  
to the sound  
of  
a  
rock  
as  
the

phone  
screams  
and

the  
door  
ringer  
rings

while

the  
paper  
airplane

comes  
from  
the  
deep,  
white  
clouds  
of the sand's bar ..

Just  
a guy  
with

a zit  
on  
the  
undergrowth  
of my chin  
whittlin'  
away  
moments

no one else  
wants to use,  
but  
look  
like the right box  
of bottles to take into the recyclin' joint ..

Sure,  
just  
a  
guy

waiting  
for  
the  
snow flake  
to  
come

hoppin'  
out  
of  
the  
fire

untouched  
and  
as

just  
a  
flake  
of ice ..

**a tad of the generosity**

I  
light a smoke  
she just rolled for  
me  
at  
her place  
by  
the  
back yard fire urn  
&  
crack open  
a  
free  
beer  
another  
neighbor friend/girl  
brought  
over  
the

other  
night ..

oh  
yes,  
the  
folk are nice  
as  
my  
cigarette  
goes  
out  
and  
the  
beer tastes just  
a  
partition to the right of  
what I thought  
it  
was ..

that's  
it ..

you just can't  
predict  
the  
generosity  
and  
how things

will  
go

as  
my  
lover friend's  
boy

who  
is  
4  
leans up on one  
arm to kiss  
another four year old lightly  
on  
the  
lips  
before

she  
falls

asleep  
and  
the  
fall

leaves  
come

flying  
out

of  
the trees  
like  
nighttime

vigilantes

trying  
to  
find out  
what

is

free  
and

what  
is  
not  
supposed to be  
given  
away ..

## Aces

Kids and tests,  
open faced computer bins  
as the elevator rises,  
the ground thumps ..

People throwin' away more shit,  
I see ..

Recycling microchips,  
exposed glass that could go down an open throat  
and the one kid  
in the middle of the room  
who aced the test  
&  
all the others  
who flunked  
because the  
noise was too much  
to  
take ..



## around the globe in half a minute

a new plane  
just  
crashed again in NY .. Queens  
to be exact the other day ..

shit,  
only months out of the Armageddon day  
in  
the  
US  
and no  
one wants to get on a plane ..

more  
want to stay away from New York  
while  
the  
motorists,  
parasailers,  
ski doers  
and  
others  
wonder  
when  
the  
gasp will have  
time  
to  
hit the lungs ..

not  
a  
big leaner on events that go down  
in  
the  
headlines,  
but

this world  
seems to be unfurling faster  
than  
many would have predicted ..

as  
the  
nose dives  
come  
and  
go and  
the

plunge seems as though  
it is  
another all too familiar video clip on  
the  
news ticker,  
I clean my hands from  
a  
gallery of soft smelling soap

&  
wait  
for  
the  
most powerful  
nation  
in  
the  
world to fold ..

though,  
I don't know what's  
in  
the  
hand,  
yet

the  
feet keep running harder,  
stronger ..

**at all**

holy fingers  
& the settin' sun,  
one holiday behind,  
one holiday down,  
the drummer boy is tired,  
though the  
trumpeter always has more air ..

If you make  
the same mistake twice,  
do it stronger the second time around ..

as though  
you didn't do it at all ..

## **auto parts**

waitin' in the  
tire room  
as they  
put new stoppers on  
my car  
&  
the boys listen to classic rock  
like the women  
will come back  
and  
the  
mullet

will  
thrive  
one  
more  
time ..

## Back

Bond broken,  
The spirit  
Called a candle ..

It's a war,  
Though  
It's more  
A  
Battle ..

Like waiting  
For  
An  
Ice cube  
To  
Melt in  
A  
Regular  
Glass  
Of  
Water ..

## bad legs

Flies fly  
all the time  
because  
they  
can't  
walk all that well ..

Have you looked at  
one  
of those little shit eaters  
up close ..

They amble  
as  
though they could use  
a  
good pair of knee caps ..

## **bambi's all dolled up in your room**

her name is  
bambi  
and  
she leaves  
notes in each room at  
the  
best western ..

an honest housekeepin'  
sort,  
ready to fuel your socks  
&  
jet through your wallet ..

Mouths to feed at home  
and  
a  
clit  
that's happy when  
it  
gets attention ..

Attuned to the  
air  
&  
stuck to the floor,  
bambi may even  
give you a back rub  
if  
you  
write  
her the right note  
back before coming back to the  
room  
that  
night ..

That's  
how  
shit  
should work ..

## bandfan

we  
went down into the green room  
in  
a  
Lawrence, KS  
hall  
to  
meet  
the  
band ..

a big  
US act out of Scotland,  
a  
band of friendly blokes ..

I grabbed the lead singer's hand,  
asked him  
what percentage of green rooms he  
has been  
in have actually been green ..

he tells me none ..

I say,  
try this one on for size,  
why do you suppose they call a 'green room' a 'green room'  
if none are green ..

he shakes a 'no' and asks  
the rest of the band  
striking it up with the broads  
and ready  
for  
the  
stranger meeting to  
end ..

they want  
the stage or a good blow job  
&  
who could blame 'em ..

all  
the boys  
shrug and say,  
'don't know, man' ..

I tell  
him



that  
I'll look into it ..

I still haven't  
as  
I'm sure  
they  
haven't ..

guess we're all  
a  
bunch  
of  
fuckin'  
green  
fans

whether on stage  
or  
in  
the  
balcony ..

## beast in animal

as the beast comes  
up for a nibble of food,  
the dog moves closer  
&  
closer  
as  
the cat retreats ..

the 8th symphony  
strikes night  
&  
the girl feels hell ripping thru  
her slow tide ..

so,  
as the kite lops  
&  
the beast opens  
the door to the next open space,  
I walk with it,  
waving a stick,  
talkin' some words,  
we know  
there are things the have to be faced ..

then,  
we know about the things that  
have  
to be annihilated  
as  
the  
beast reaches  
out that enormous  
claw  
hand ..

## Because? Just Because

Hunters in  
Fatigues  
Getting' a burger,  
Cola cans  
In

The free,  
Holy war  
In newspaper print,  
Crushed napkins  
&  
The price of vanity ..

The tailor is  
Eyeing  
The dry cleaner  
As  
The  
Soap salesman  
Rolls  
Slowly down  
Main Street  
In his  
Bright,  
New shiny Park Avenue  
He  
Just bought ..

*before/after*

it peaked your  
attention  
when  
it  
left

and  
led you

into  
the  
mustard jar  
while  
it  
was around ..

it's  
called  
chance  
and

luck  
came  
in  
and  
broke it up ..

so,  
as  
you  
take the ex-guard  
from Buckingham Palace  
down

the  
way  
for  
a  
bit of the fish and chips,  
trying  
to  
get more information  
out of him  
that  
he's

willing  
to  
give,

don't sacrifice

the  
mustard for the ketchup ..

stay in the  
bottle  
and

fight  
until

your fingers start  
looking

like  
a  
bunch  
of  
squashed toes on an old woman's  
foot ..

sure,  
the parable is sometimes  
the  
answer

and  
sometimes

is  
always the parable ..

## blade & stick

I only  
have a couple  
more minutes  
to separate these blades of grass from this stack  
of hay,  
so  
give me a minute  
and  
I'll get back with you .. huh?

OH NO, HUH?  
YOU NEED TO TALK NOW BECAUSE YOU HAVE TO GO .. WELL, I JUST CAN'T ..  
IT'S HARD ENOUGH AS IT IS TO SEPARATE THESE TINY PIECES THAT LOOK SIMILAR  
IN LOW LIGHT, SO YOU ARE GOING TO HAVE TO WAIT ..

COME ON .. I CAN'T NOW .. OH, I WILL BE SORRY ONCE YOU LEAVE .. JUST WATCH ..  
I'M GOING TO KEEP ON PICKING, SO KEEP IT DOWN ..

As he flurried through  
his two remaining minute  
to  
do the human strainer through his stack of naturals  
the  
voice kept warning him that they had to talk NOW  
and that later it would be void ..

the point being,  
the important talk is only valid now as the most  
strenuous activity is in the throws  
but  
he just doesn't want to buy the bullshit or hear the tears ..

So,  
he keeps going through the stack  
as the footsteps  
rear just outside of his front door,  
door slams,  
feet echo down the stories of his hallway steps  
as  
the  
CLACK .. CLICK .. CLACK of the feet echo LOUD

and  
in his last 40 seconds left he loses concentration,  
he jumps to his feet saying .. THIS IS BULLSHIT .. I CAN'T THINK STRAIGHT ..

As he advances towards the vanishing steps,  
they  
stay  
far away,  
going faster,

he's

just not getting any closer

when

he

hits

the door leading out the backside of his building

the footsteps die ..

He yells her name,

no return ..

He scratches his head

and

believes

he

fetches over 24 blades of grass,

31 pieces of straw

and

a

headache

that

is making him smile ..

## **borrowing your girl**

welcome  
to the evening,  
can we  
borrow  
your girl  
for questioning ..

wait ..  
don't leave the celebration  
so soon,  
the morning has had  
no  
warning  
and  
midnight won't understand  
if  
your  
woman  
won't  
just

come with us ..

promise  
we'll  
give her back ..

sure,  
nothing to buy,  
no  
obligation,  
just  
a  
simple borrow ..

here,  
take this cigarette  
and  
my pocket change as a safety deposit ..

the evening  
needs  
her  
and

we  
need  
her  
more ..



sure,  
back  
in

one  
hour,  
pal ..

## brookfield dream

A smoke-filled car  
As  
The small town goes to get another  
Crumbled burger at  
The  
EAT-RITE!

Small town specialties  
And  
Big city dreams going about  
In the local girl's teen mind  
As  
She starts bleeding  
&  
Calls her boyfriend with relief  
While delivering the good news  
As  
I wonder how  
These small towns  
With tiny planes  
Get  
To  
Big cities  
Like  
Atlanta,  
Boston,  
Miami  
New York  
Or  
Los Angeles.

Do they drive to a big city that's near?  
Hitchhike  
Or  
Take another travel visage.

Sure,  
With the sound of a mother yelling  
And  
Snapping her finger ..

‘WHAT DID I TELL YOU ABOUT RUNNING AHEAD OF US – NOW STOP!’

Shit,  
These kids are made of big city dreams  
At  
Ages six to eight ..

What else did she expect  
As  
She coos to the acquiescing children ..

“YOU DONE NOW?”

Fuck,  
They haven’t even started to  
Start,  
Baby ..

## burn the microphone

setting up  
an event for  
the  
new Nobel laureate to speak at ..

though,  
there are no microphones and  
she speaks  
very low ..

shit,  
it's about time she  
chimed up her vocals  
and started shouting about  
Ireland  
or  
what Scotland is all about ..

I would like to see  
more speeches to large groups  
of people without  
microphones ..

I believe we see more  
from  
a  
person  
when they have  
to  
really  
shout

out their shit loud ..

## circle the circle

glorified agents  
and kind neighbors,  
it  
can  
all collide  
down onto you in a sharp pinch of laughter  
if the mind  
is  
ready to stroke the eyes ..

it's a ball of madness and glory down here on the planet about  
as  
the  
agnostic and atheist decide that this is hell down here  
because  
the  
clouds are above  
and  
the hot magma  
is so close to our planet's core ..

so,  
as  
the  
motorcycle dies in the garage  
and the Intrepid starts surprisingly on the 8th turn,  
it's

a  
cycle of  
the  
clock  
that

makes  
us  
repeat  
history  
ever  
and  
once

again,  
baby ..

## **clean, clean fruits**

picking up the smoke is  
my weight  
as  
the doctors  
tell him to  
stay away from the bar bells ..

sure,  
seems like many years since  
I was  
in  
London  
and the US declared war  
and called the world  
in for  
a pot of tears ..

so,  
as I ask a friend in California  
to mail  
me  
a  
dried  
citrus fruit in a box,  
the  
new fruits wait  
in  
grates for shipment  
back  
to  
anthrax free S. America ..

## Come Saturday

Birthdays,  
weddings

and  
the bullfrog's song  
as  
I stand three days  
out from turning

29-years old  
and  
press  
my hand further into  
the  
maze  
for

a bag of candy  
that  
the  
clock didn't want anymore ..

shit,  
it  
may be a  
sack of candy  
I wouldn't  
want either ..

for  
I don't mind the orange or lemon  
candy,  
it's just getting stuck  
with all the cherries and strawberries  
too  
early on that gets me ..

sure,  
met with a friend last night  
that finally  
got the lover he was pursuing for  
so long ..

yes,  
at long  
last we find the turtle  
is just  
hiding

in his shell

for a good  
slant  
of  
sunlight

to  
come hailing  
down  
on  
that  
small

little  
turtlehead ..



*crazy cats*

the old woman  
who ran  
the  
local bowling alley  
owned  
a  
tiger  
and  
lion ..

they would rove around  
her  
back yard  
as  
she kept the regulated  
4 foot chain link fence up around her home ..

a fiend for the  
brown liquor,  
she  
would  
just sit outside with her croquette kid,  
bowling  
shoes  
&  
open umbrella no matter  
what temperature  
it  
was

and  
would just  
laugh  
with  
those  
wild cats  
in  
that  
back yard of hers ..

## **dancin' shoes**

Say,  
where's your boutonniere  
as  
the  
dance  
begins  
to  
start?

## dog tale

face full of hair,  
fingers of bar-b-que shavings,  
dreams of old girlfriends,  
lost mountains appearing for several minutes after sunrise,  
the death of a jinx,  
the birth of a hoax,  
the one manned band caught up with the times and hired a new bass player,  
you can only see your shadow in a mirror  
as  
the  
water refuses the shine  
anything more than the moon  
while  
the  
dog with no tail  
wanders around  
wondering  
where the clippers  
went  
that  
took about  
his  
life long  
stick ..

## **doin' our thang**

i walked across the  
room and  
the  
kid looked up and  
asked,  
'why did you grow your hair out?'

'the same reason why you bought a \$92 pair of shoes,  
which was made with \$6 dollars of actual material,"  
i responded.

'what do you mean?'  
he came back.

'i mean that it was a decision. based on a decision made,  
it's up to the eye of the beholder to assess that aesthetic choice. more than that,  
it's up to the chooser to be ok with that choice.'  
i concluded.

'so,'  
he asked.  
'what are we going to do today?'

'well,  
what do you say we take your old laces out and strap them up with  
some stands of my hair?'

## donut whole

the slang  
in a fresh long john  
split in half with a hand ..

the oozin' vanilla  
and  
the  
lie in the black frosting covering  
the  
fruition of flour ..

it's another  
novel  
being written by the cop's laziness  
and  
the  
reaper's hyper activity ..

it's the tale between  
the frosted center ..

it's  
the  
sugar  
that  
held up time with a small revolver  
and  
a  
bus ticket  
to  
Jackson, Mississippi ..

**down below  
watching the trash**

*the  
workers from the treatment center  
across the street  
gather below  
my  
apartment  
window around the trash dumpster ..*

*a regular lot of folk,  
some that may have had cancer  
or  
never had it before,  
sucking  
down  
the  
cigarette*

*as  
I let the air smooove  
over  
the  
table top  
and  
fingers*

*while  
they  
talk  
of  
lost files,  
new shows,  
old shoes,  
bad trash,  
good books,  
the rabbi who killed his wife,  
the plane that had unexpected engine trouble*

*and  
that  
one thing  
I didn't*

*catch*

*or  
think about  
after  
I shut*

*the window*

*on  
their  
collecting*

*ring of  
smoke ..*

**end the question**

the lifeguard  
saving  
a  
fat,  
floating piñata  
as  
a  
kid  
raises his hand  
as high as he  
can in  
the  
air  
to

again  
save  
the  
world  
in  
the  
quest  
for  
the next answer ..



**eve-r**

when you don't  
know how  
the  
rest of the evening  
is going to shape up ..

restlessness usually  
gets  
you  
there  
quicker

than  
sleeping on it,  
baby ..

## eyeing the instrument

won't put down the pen  
because  
the  
guitar doesn't want me to touch it anymore ..

though,  
the pen seems to favor  
my  
approach  
and  
clutches onto my grip like a warm fever that's good to stick  
inside for

instead of climbing out there into the world  
of  
having a job,  
keeping up with the bills  
and  
waving to another 'Johnson' ..

hands off the pick and  
eyes away from the stringed beasts that strewn  
the  
floors  
of  
this apartment,  
I'm  
going  
to

see if  
the  
keys still want me to  
fuck  
their  
letters ..

## fat & learned

the teen fat boy  
named Bo came up to me  
wanting some  
help on writing a paper on a 'career' he was going  
to  
go after when he got older ..

a  
be-bopin white boy  
with a flair for trying out kitch more than once ..

wants to be a  
DJ and bag as many broads as possible ..

so,  
I decided to help the pup out on the computer  
to get  
some shit together for the paper ..

and some  
photos that would work ..

all the way through  
I was fuckin' with this kid  
and  
his respose was delayed ..

he would give me the sidway glance  
of not again and  
then would go back into his 'homey' serious mode ..

told him he's too young to be  
that serious ..

somehow later on life  
would have a way of trying to rob the humor out of him ..

he laughed  
and

we  
went  
on  
printing some shit on  
what  
he  
was wanting to  
be  
later  
on

in  
life ..

## **find a way to go faster**

If you like to speed  
around  
in  
your car,  
find  
the  
bumper of  
a  
cop  
or ambulance  
in  
pursuit  
on  
the  
highway,  
byway  
or  
street

to follow ..

That shit  
always  
has a  
way of  
workin'  
in  
your favor ..

## Fingers

lines  
of  
paintings  
that

blend into  
a  
cluster  
of  
words,  
sometimes

you  
walk away dizzy,  
sometimes  
you  
walk  
away  
slightly

blind,  
though

you  
should  
never

lose  
your

sense of  
flat  
touch ..

*first thing this morning*

round house kicks,  
christmas ornaments,  
grabbin' the rail as he mounts the steps,  
the fairy tale in a witches fart,  
a four-year-old starting to turn his leaf,  
the belief where the rest don't believe at all,  
hammerin' pens into the desktop to make sure they don't leave,  
plantin' bananas into the ground to see if they can  
grow into a potato plant,  
the sound  
of  
paint splashing around  
me  
like rain on a steady drivin' day  
as  
the  
smell of garlic from last night hangs to my hand skins  
like

a  
thin piece of skin  
over  
the  
outermost edge of an eye

ball ..

## flagging my thirst

Been so  
thirsty  
while asleep lately  
that I have dreams  
of getting up and going  
out  
for  
a  
good fruit juice,  
soda pop  
or  
big bottle of juicy water ..

this morning  
was no exception ..

jumped to my feet,  
rubbed my eyes of it's contact,  
threw on flip-flops,  
a pocket of change  
and  
went for that icy cold soda ..

while  
paying for the drink,  
I saw  
a  
display for flag stickers,  
and  
the  
sign said this ..

"FIAG" ..

Looked like an ad for a new fragrance by  
Chanel or  
that Calvin company ..

told the gal,  
she just looked on and said,  
"RIGHT .. RIGHT .. I NEVER NOTICED THAT."

Yea,  
what's usually right in front of  
you  
is  
the  
hardest thing to  
notice



and  
later  
replace ..

## **flick under the blanket**

pictures waiting to be painted  
as  
the  
one hour photo mat machine  
goes on the fritz  
and  
the  
girl behind the counter  
wonders if her boy will call her in time to  
break the date she has with her fuck buddy ..

pencils unsharpened as the picture unfolds  
and  
the eraser decides to go ahead and draw a picture of crumbles  
that  
the  
4 dollar whore  
with

leave on the bed sheet  
as  
the  
city of dark  
and  
the  
county of lights  
do a little  
switch

under the blanket  
that  
no one expected ..

## flying the bird flag

leaves are coming  
down here  
in  
Brookfield, MO ..

a respite  
before  
getting  
into the uniform  
for  
a  
marriage  
that my friend is in ..

yellows,  
greens  
and  
oranges  
fallin'  
around the freedom  
statue/ grave  
stone  
in  
a  
local park ..

yes,  
the flag  
waves like  
a  
lean  
&  
lonely patron looking  
to  
talk ..

'UNITED WE STAND',  
'GOD BLESS AMERICA'  
explodes  
in  
small  
town  
Americana  
as  
it does  
back in  
the  
bigger of cities ..

Teasing more defeat  
headed towards us,

ready  
to  
build  
more monuments  
in honor  
of those that  
sought  
to  
smash the bad guys ..

The silver screen is  
here  
as  
we slip to the end of year 1 in  
the  
21st recorded century ..

At times,  
it seems much easier watchin'  
a  
pack of birds  
flying through a cold, cold  
sky  
to  
another tree ..

## **more than celebrity**

local celebrities  
& national icons  
as  
the  
cheese melts over the tuna  
&  
a rat takes the mice's cheese ..

so,  
as  
the porch light  
flips on and the bulb shines,  
dims,  
zzzzzzzt  
& out ..

the candle comes on and  
everyone in the house forgets  
about celebrity  
&  
thinks of something more ..

## **mornin' gal**

ghost  
woman of this morning  
coming across the trafficway  
in  
a  
deep brown trench coat,  
smile on face,  
several pink, red and white flowers  
in  
hand,  
just

casually going across the second half  
of  
the  
street  
after I passed  
as

the  
rest  
of  
the  
walkers  
ahead  
failed  
to

have the same  
flair

&  
I'll  
never run into  
that  
ghost

woman  
again  
to  
know  
where she was goin'

with  
that

clutch of  
floral ..

## morning bird

Medical eyes  
&  
    astringents  
as  
the  
floaters drift  
into the  
10AM coffeehouse  
for  
their pancake ..

Country music  
dubbed in that  
retro tone,  
the night was  
crystalline  
as  
the  
morning shapes  
up to be shipped out  
with all the birds  
ready to be released  
to  
send the message yonder  
&  
    further ..

## NADS

Stopped by to  
see his new  
place  
and  
have a smoke/drink off the trafficway ..

Had that knowing grin  
of  
having new digs,  
ready to split from his gal's place  
that is workin' over  
his  
nuts  
somethin' good ..

Walked through  
the place,  
she talked of a book that recommended places to put your couch,  
arm chair,  
TV,  
other things  
around the place  
that would make a kindred vibe  
&  
keep the glow  
in the lamp ..

Her son  
with big fuckin' front teeth  
sat  
and looked on,  
had a hard time  
takin' a good solid joke for  
a  
10-year old ..

He would just jut out that  
big pair of teeth  
as  
we went on with  
interior design joviality ..

Then,  
I asked if he wanted to go down his 3 flights  
to  
his truck to finish the  
drink  
&  
look at an old relic  
I hadn't  
seen in  
some



time ..

Made our way down,  
found an old couch by  
the corner lamp post  
&  
sunk in  
as  
a  
vivid  
shoo-in' star  
came whistlin' like an old Marine  
flyin' a plane  
while  
the cop  
flicked on his lights  
and  
pulled over the leper  
of  
that particular night ..

We finished our nip,  
he gave me a sweater and two coats ..

Threw a low five on each other,  
tripped over the new crease in the sidewalk,  
told him to send by best  
to  
his gal and the tooth kid ..

He just  
turned his head while heading towards  
the entrance with the 'EXIT' sign  
above  
and  
said,  
'Aaaahh'

You know,  
sometimes we have to duck,  
sometimes we have to run,  
sometimes we have to hide,  
but when that pie  
is coming towards your melon,  
you  
better know what flavor it is before it hits ..

'Cause when  
there's no rear view mirror  
and  
your movin' fast  
in traffic like we humans do,  
there's no lookin' back,  
baby ..

(& send my best to the kids)

**need to know what you have**

come on down  
and give me  
a word,  
if you  
don't  
have  
a  
word,  
show me  
a  
picture  
of

something  
about  
the  
same size as you,  
smaller,  
fucking

big,

go ahead  
and  
get those  
sticks  
rubbin',  
we  
have  
some shit to look over ..

been over  
3 weeks  
back in the states  
and

it  
still tastes like Italia  
in a new pair of slippers  
bought  
in  
Venice  
and

that stench  
of  
night-old  
wine  
in

Paris' Pompadeau quadrant

takes  
my  
nose hairs and rubs  
them  
against  
my

recovering tonsils ..

took  
in over 32 rolls of film  
of  
the  
expedition,  
though the  
newspapers  
chronicling  
the  
crawl  
in a purple bag from London

and  
that

American couple in Corniglia  
trying  
to buy  
train

tickets  
are  
still

looking  
for  
that  
fold-out  
map

of the area

still  
sitting  
in

the  
server's area of

an  
anonymous

plane  
flight

over the skies tonight ..

## next symphony

Alfred H. having a sandwich  
With Churchill  
On  
The  
Bluff off a small station in the Ural Mountains  
As  
The  
World pops a needles, yet  
Hardy cold pill  
And  
The  
Rest just let the waves of hot  
Brandy smack them  
Clean  
In  
The  
Chops ..

## nigh rye

classical  
raise  
in  
the  
new  
cold  
as  
the  
finger  
chases the nail  
and  
the  
anvil

searches for the cartoon wolf  
buried  
under  
the

ground  
of  
fractions ..

**no ass**

Humans  
don't have tails  
because  
they would chew  
them  
off

too  
fuckin' quickly ..

## no cigar smoke

dizzy swirl  
of first cigarette  
in the day ..

you  
beast of southern crop  
have  
gotten my lungs again ..

as much  
as  
the  
vitamin speaks  
and  
the  
water goes in and out of cock,  
it's  
the

doctor's order  
mixed  
with  
the  
demon's antidote to a fix ..

it's riding along the highway on metal rims  
laughing while bright yellow sparks shoot  
about on the road  
light a disintegrating but flicked from finger at over 64 MPH ..

sure,  
there's a story ..

but there's also a rough treatment of the story ..

our  
job

is to  
refine  
the  
refined

and  
leave the unrefined up to chance,  
some  
time  
s ..

## no more sitting

They keep telling  
us as kids to  
just hide under the desk ..

When you hear  
that warning sound crack,  
duck  
and  
roll under the desk ..

Look,  
as  
an A-dult now,  
I have  
car keys,  
bus maps  
and  
a  
solid pair of feet ..

This kid's moving ..

I'm not  
stickin' around  
for  
the  
event ..

Sorry,  
I buy tickets for that shit ..

Shit,  
I couldn't fit under  
this desk I type  
at  
if  
I try ..

So,  
bring your kids  
in here,  
they

can take  
my  
spot

as  
I move

fast on along ..



## no profits

Sometimes it's easier than  
You think—

A friend of mine,  
A good pal,  
Was fired from  
A  
Non-for-profit gig in a very  
Corporate way today—

I've heard he line:  
"YOUR JOB HAS BEEN ELIMINATED" before  
As  
The ground hog  
Ducks down into his black hole  
Readying to rear up to  
The next day—

So,  
As the companies  
Find ways to keep the higherup's happy,  
Those that  
Scratch the money surface with barely  
A  
Nick  
Are  
The first to go when they start shredding paper—

As ugly as it  
Is,  
They  
Have to think up better lines  
&  
better ways  
as  
the  
bitters dissolve  
in the waters  
&  
the signs wince in the heat—

**not one other voice around**

alone  
in  
the home  
as  
the girl returns the rental video  
where it  
once  
belonged  
and  
tire

bones  
become  
content bones  
while  
the  
ugly lamp in the corner  
I found  
in  
a  
building across the street  
glazes  
over

a  
side of my face ..

alone  
in the place  
as  
the burrito  
smiles  
into  
smiling mouth  
and

the  
shreds of onion  
that weren't used  
can  
stand  
proud  
on

the counter in the tranquil

house  
that  
took a break  
from

the  
breaks ..

## november night

A whole refrigerator  
of  
beer,  
some good finger foods,  
the woman is going to  
hang out in her abode back in  
midtown  
as  
the  
heat continues to battle the cold bug,  
crowds trickle out  
of downtown  
after  
the  
Friday night performance,  
brake lights here,  
squealing tires there,  
it's

flat damn  
comfortable

as  
I wait  
on  
the  
stranger  
and  
the  
friend stays

tucked in the fabric  
of  
my  
breakfast nook cloth  
here

in  
the  
Jazz DJ's new evening repertoire  
he  
his  
digging  
his

ears into  
as  
the  
traffic  
stays

thick

and  
the

beer stands  
erect  
like  
a  
double  
orgasm  
is  
gonna happen ..

\*\*

Regular  
people usually only refer to insanity  
or debauchery  
if

it's polished well  
in  
some kind of Hollywood release  
or  
flashy hardback (later paperback release) ..

Rarely  
is it recognized  
for  
all  
the  
moments that go unrecorded  
or  
unintentionally  
unetched ..

For  
to truly appreciate  
the

hours  
that keeps the bird away,  
you

must eat  
a  
whole  
fuck

lot of birdseed  
yourself  
before  
the

bird beak comes a peckin' ..

**novemberseventtwothousandandone**

The surprise is in the anvil,  
the note is in the nut,  
the water is in the ivy,  
the needle is in the old woman's leotard,  
the curse is in the computer's lie,  
the pin number is in a used dollar bill no one wants to tape again,  
the arrow is in the last bit of yellow in that pail of house paint,  
the shingle is in the shape of a nail,  
the clever intuition is in the cartoon adult's look through as the child drools,  
the best of the worst is the worst of the best because a cycle is history,  
the college classroom can't hold a candle to an elementary school playground,  
the fresh, unused tampon is the greatest secret a man with only ponder,  
the condom is the child's first scream for a neighbor of mine,  
the twelfth caller winning a pair of tickets on the evening radio show is the 11th loser,  
the swan song is a duck's quack,  
the empty ink pen is the best of death  
&  
on that  
  
this  
is done ..

## **oboe masterpiece**

we only have enough time  
for you  
to  
play one more number,  
oboe man ..

sure .. sure,  
we know  
that  
our talk about your pieces took up most of the time,  
but  
we have  
only  
enough

patience  
for

an instrument  
we  
figured

was  
out  
of style

long,  
long  
ago ..

## October

She left  
with an  
ultimatum,  
I threw it  
back  
to  
her--

A tissue  
wet with her  
tears  
before me  
&  
a  
beer  
no one wants to drink  
as  
we start at it  
with  
hungry eyes ..



**on the verge  
of losing another job,  
folks**

seems like  
I can't keep  
the  
corporate monkey off my back ..

almost got fired again  
tonight ..

I think I dodged the bullet  
by  
talking down my angry boss ..

they're looking at the small bullets  
while  
I  
see the bull's eye shimmering in a heat  
bath of

invisible rays ..

sure,  
so as they  
tell me I falsified time  
while  
working overtime  
for  
a  
kid's program ..

I laugh as  
the  
continual company trap that is set for me ..

for  
to  
forget the comma  
in lieu of the idea  
is my crime ..

and  
if  
that stays  
around,  
we  
may

all remain happy,  
you fucks ..

## once in a kid

screens,  
from  
one book of pages to  
another,  
the dog is clean  
and  
his fur is soft like  
a  
blanket  
you

won't  
leave

in the morning

as  
the  
leaves have been stacked  
and  
the nieces have been summoned to the back yard ..

a day  
in  
the  
life is hardly a minute  
when you see  
a  
kid  
that  
was once 5 and  
they talk to you in their deep 14-year-old tone ..

sure,  
as  
the  
artist takes  
on  
the  
stage again

or  
the  
studio  
as  
the case is with a Celtic phenom I have had the chance to listen  
to,  
it  
is  
only one too few when  
you

think  
it's  
just  
one  
fucking  
too

much ..

**one more look down the barrel of paradise**

I'm surprised  
I could  
still  
see after  
that  
last  
shot  
of 'paradise'  
last  
night

as  
I look about  
without  
contacts,  
seeing  
the  
fog waft around  
like a machine  
is  
shootin' mist ..

the trees  
are starting to  
turn  
into  
a  
fine canvass  
out there  
of  
oranges, reds  
indigos,  
violets

and  
wax designs  
coming  
from  
the  
end of  
a  
fire's real fire

&  
the phone rings  
without  
an  
answer  
and

the e-mail

is just  
deleted  
without  
a  
good one over ..

it's  
morning  
in  
America

and  
it's evening  
in  
Europe

and  
I'd  
rather

be up

than

laying

down ..

## origin of laughs

coughing  
and sneezing out the  
last  
of  
that  
dream  
I can't remember  
from  
the  
sleep filled sleep  
last  
eve ..

rubbing my thighs  
from  
my  
lack  
of  
performance

and  
coming  
to  
the  
realization  
that

you  
can't  
trick yourself  
into  
being  
happy ..

sometimes  
you

have to  
smack  
hard against  
the  
ground,  
bleed,  
laugh

and  
laugh

until  
you  
remember

why .. way back why  
you  
stopped

laughin'  
as  
much,  
people ..

## paris in september

Saw live streamin' video  
from a web  
cam  
of  
two things in Paris  
my lover friend & I  
wanted to see ..

The Arc De Triomphe  
&  
Rodin's castle ..

Had to flee Paris for the smell  
to  
London  
to  
catch the plane back  
to  
America's armageddon ..

Yet,  
back on American  
seeing the web take  
me  
there for  
free  
was all right by me ..

there is  
a  
truis in  
overload  
and  
I believe  
up to now  
that  
I asw  
just  
enough  
of  
that place

called  
Paris ..



**pay attention & forget it**

people calling in to  
win the next CD on the caller lines,  
a couple buying a new ticket  
to the weekend opener of the 'can't miss' film of the year  
as  
the  
bald baby crawls up to his knees and  
gets the idea  
that  
his  
feet can someday soon do the walking ..

lighting fires in cigarette,  
candle and  
woman  
as

another one out there gets a free  
lunch

while the dinner really takes the moxy  
from the frayed seams of the wallet ..

so,  
as you remember what  
you thought you could never forget ..

here's something  
else  
for  
you  
to  
remember ..

## People & Space

*loose soliligisms,  
bad  
words in correct context,  
the  
band  
scraped the next  
slot in the studio to get  
a  
good mouth of bar-b-que  
and*

*fuck  
yes*

*it's just fine  
as  
the  
dour  
moon  
took andromeda  
out*

*to  
the  
shack behind the bangs old dust cloud  
and  
laid  
a  
good fuckin' in on 'er ..*

## **piss shadow**

In an old man's shadow,  
I drink the trader's wine  
&  
send my clothes to the cleaners  
on the charlatan's ticket ..

Taking the rain as  
ice  
and  
giving away change as though lint,  
you  
know they have to pay to use public restrooms  
in  
Europe  
as  
we fill the free Johnny's with our  
spots in the states?

&  
in the old woman's shadow  
I look at  
the  
beautiful  
young ones dancin'  
to the juke box,  
shouting to a song  
I didn't catch  
as  
I give  
the  
old  
man  
his lighter back  
that he earlier lent me  
and  
wave  
to  
the  
woman  
getting paid to empty that Johnny on the Spot shack ..

## **play it over**

there's few things sadder than  
the  
end of a good jazz album ..

as  
the  
buzz of the CD coming to a stop sounds,  
you  
instinctively want to press play again,  
but  
it's only fair and  
partial

to  
listen

to  
everything around you for a moment  
to  
know  
the  
difference  
between  
real

and  
fucking sublime ..

## **poking current issues**

old  
friends

not  
getting  
back on the phone  
and

new rhino's  
walking

across a rock  
ledge  
to find out what that bright orange ball  
is

in the sky,  
while

the helicopter

continues to do looks  
around

the city,  
while

the US still warns

the people that the terror fucks  
are still  
roaming

waiting  
to  
kill more ..

talked to an old Marine  
vet the other night  
out on the curb  
after  
watching a fireworks display

coming from the site of an all-day bar-b-que fest ..

I said,  
"Doesn't get any more American than that, huh?"

he lit  
his 120-smoke and nodded  
with a smile ..

went on to tell  
me that  
it's

kill or be killed now ..

the world  
has

gone on and lost it's mind  
while

I was wandering with mine  
over

9-months of saved cash  
about  
Europe with my lover friend ..

though,  
American soil  
still smells  
like

that  
morning back in '82 when I was waiting at  
the bus  
stop

trying to figure out the World of Garp  
and why  
women

were already so fucking  
glorious ..

as me  
and  
the old timer went on  
there at the corner,  
he offered me a smoke,  
watching the smoke  
weave through  
stars

poking

about  
almost  
in

amazement  
because

they're

out there

and we  
are  
here ..

playing out  
out  
mania,  
still

coining the term over and over  
'getting back to normal' ..

look,  
'normal' left

eons ago,  
we  
just

need to get  
a  
grasp on why people are hating  
and waging horrible crimes against humanity ..

it's  
a blood bath in the name of a deity,  
pick whichever you choose,  
the

tenant of theology  
is  
love

and  
it's

come down to  
kill or be killed for  
some people

and  
it's  
eat all your vegetables  
and

laugh over a tall, stout  
drink for the rest of us ..

though,  
the sword has been plunged here in  
America  
and

they say you should have

the right person around  
to  
pull it out or it could cause more damage ..

seems as though  
that  
cold piece of steel is still dangling from the side  
looking

for attention

as  
I gather  
my  
things

to have a time around a fire  
with

my lover friend,  
her boy,  
strangers

and  
those I know ..

this,  
while the president takes  
off his sport coat,  
exhales,  
says 'fuck'

and  
fuck

is absolutely  
right,  
folks ..



## **punched shut**

My jaw  
has been sticking  
and  
hurting  
all day long ..

Just as I open  
the trap for some soup,  
yawn,  
let out a belly of jokes,  
the  
snap comes

and  
I wonder if

it's not for all the teeth I grind

at  
night  
or

if the muse  
of  
sleep just  
clocked me

one  
because  
of  
what I'm seein' while

my eyes  
are

siphoned shut ..

## reporter dream

Had a photographer  
come down to  
my  
lab  
on Wednesday to take some pictures  
for  
a  
story that a reporter  
was going to  
finish up on Thursday in an interview ..

The photographer  
was on old salty woman  
stacked with lenses,  
frames,  
film  
and

hardware  
while  
the  
kids gawked and got their  
real play time in ..

this photographer  
was  
a  
little more expected in her appearance  
than  
the  
reporter ..

she was on older blond gal  
that was likely freelance,  
seemed to have a bit of the sexy demons in her old  
age  
and  
stuck to her guns when I told her that I though the Pentax K-1000 camera  
body  
still reigns supreme  
in my opinion of photographic giants ..

so,  
the next day I get the call to meet the reporter  
for  
her  
to fly off with her interpretation of questions about  
my  
day job ..

guess

you just assume that the reporter is going to be a cute brunette  
or hot blond  
gal  
that would be as easy to look at as to answer some questions ..

I went up to get her  
and  
from her voice I was fooled  
and  
again duped in my  
stereotype of what  
a  
reporter is supposed to look like ..

this gal was  
a  
mid-40's woman,  
small,  
pudgy face,  
bland checkered button up  
and a pair of large jeans ..

dead wrong on my image ..

thought  
later,  
we always assume that a woman after a quote  
has to be  
a  
knock  
out ..

wrong again,  
as  
she

recorded my last word  
and

again  
stumped  
the

cheering section ..

## **rumble, mama**

pulled the car  
around on the lawn  
and  
helped her start her car  
as  
I headed up the road  
to  
get a smoke  
and  
call a friend  
who

though that I had left  
town  
or  
fallen off into some other  
phone number ..

no .. no,  
I'm here,  
the phone isn't ringing,  
deleted the e-mail,  
didn't request the radio song that is music to the ear  
and  
just  
a  
watching  
the  
Honda  
duck around on a  
fast,  
fast  
right turn  
around  
the  
Cancer  
Lodge  
and gone ..

## **saturday in the novembertenth**

Light  
so bright from sky  
bulb  
that  
streets look like  
Champaign covered  
glass

while  
the  
cars skid  
just  
out of the way of other cars  
&  
the girlfriends  
of  
the  
world

think of  
the  
boys  
and

the boys of the world  
think  
of  
other girlfriends ..

## **saturday morning's afternoon**

Here looking  
at  
cars - bridges - buildings - runways - a river - cranes -  
trees - lamps,  
the woman  
perched on the stonewall and  
the man wondering when it will begin ..

We start seeing:

--the gumption in her empty nylon box  
--The Cracker Jack surprise stuck to the bottom of his shoe  
--a bug growin' wings beside me - ready to look down on me later  
--Dry skin on my hands as she starts gettin' wet  
--the baptist preacher in China waiting in a restaurant to have a talk with Allah  
--a freckle on her eyelid as the enormous hunk of ice in your drink melted enough to fall in a large clank  
--the next musical trend will be another victory in mass advertising  
--guns in a trash can is a knife in a lock box  
--leaning on a wall because the ground gave out

&&&&&&&&

willie  
chillie with memories  
of  
Milan  
&  
the new conflicts that grip the heart  
&  
    race  
towards another  
cinnamon bun..

By the by,  
where did France go with that glow  
the  
house pets  
used to use  
as  
their  
guide against bein' blind?

I believe  
I'll let  
you know  
that  
if

you don't figure it first ..

11-29-01

high school kids  
plotting  
mass  
murders  
in  
American schools,  
while  
US soldiers  
hunt down  
enemies  
in  
Afghanistan ..

I now eat  
a  
banana from  
a  
company that just filed for bankruptcy,  
as  
the  
sky rains beans  
down upon  
Juan Valdez ..

winter colds,  
fresh Echinacea,  
stale smoke in air,  
red statues,  
yellow highlighters,  
dry radio voice,  
the end of the summer sex,  
the beginning of winter fucking,

something  
in the bull's  
eye

this morning,  
while  
the tail wags like an angry fan blade  
as  
the  
stadium played a trick on the matador ..

he sleeping with his woman  
underneath a red blanket  
as  
the  
bull  
begins his charge  
in front



of  
a  
crowd of 45,000+ ..

wish  
this poor bastard luck ..

*2001*

A hairy knife  
&  
silver toed dog,  
we  
walk with tags  
down  
the  
street  
looking in to the  
newest eye  
for  
the  
old, old  
flame—

11-25-01

old folk  
showin'  
the other  
old folk  
what  
downtown looks  
like  
as  
the  
truck exhausts  
into 5th  
and  
the crickets  
put together  
their last  
seasonal  
song  
for  
the  
  
young ..