

# JoeFiles LXIV

Everything She Does Is Charity



the real reason  
for  
toilet  
paper  
is  
for  
someone  
to  
get a good laugh  
off  
the  
prudes  
buying  
that  
economy pack in the grocery store  
as  
the  
same store  
runs  
a  
sale  
on  
pork-n-beans ..

**the roof is raining**

anchors  
dropped,  
the ship is looking  
for  
some pickle juice  
to calm  
the  
raging stomach  
on  
target

for  
another alibi  
that  
slipped through  
her  
thin,  
delicate fingers ..

sure,  
the  
anchor is  
firm on the water' surface  
as

the  
gull dives  
towards me  
hand  
to  
get  
the  
pickle slice  
I  
forgot

to eat

in  
the  
cold,  
sunny  
afternoon ..

## tiny women monsters

the spoon toothed  
llama  
and the blond  
witch  
in  
the  
field  
playing  
a  
game of  
fetch

with the  
F-18's buzzing  
overhead  
looking  
to  
root out the next  
crooked tooth  
fuck  
that  
decides to bring  
the  
gauntlet  
down  
onto this melting stone ..

the fork toothed tiger  
and  
the black haired sorceress  
making  
a  
fire in  
the  
middle of a monsoon  
as  
the  
dry air blasts over  
the  
top of the shack  
while  
reporters speak  
about  
how  
we can combat the  
shape  
and texture of a new and approaching enemy  
using  
a  
book and deity  
most  
are confused  
about ..

sure,  
it takes  
a  
fable to understand  
what's really  
going  
on  
around here ..

## tonight's presentation

Couple old drunk piano  
players

doing a  
show  
on  
their glory days ..

Playing a tune  
here  
and  
around there ..

Talking about people  
both  
dead and alive,  
mostly,  
talking  
about

how  
the  
chord invented them  
versus vice versa ..

crooning over  
the  
mic  
with

scathed vocals  
and

when  
a  
lull  
would  
come  
in  
Christmas tales  
and

notes ..

Then the woman  
talks about her dad having a bottle of 'shrub',  
a  
mixture of wine and liquor,  
she  
thinks,

as  
they

both  
start dreaming,  
he continues questioning  
the

liquor ..

just  
a  
dreamin'  
of  
their

next tune to the old days ..

## two in the very same

she told me about  
getting frisked hard  
in East Berlin at the airport back in '82 as her friend made it over the wall  
and another friend didn't make it ..

she ran into him recently and  
thought  
that he was doing quite well ..

I think I would be too  
if  
not only luck but  
time  
was on his side  
here  
in  
the  
new millennium  
and

another new robot  
cat  
being released in  
the  
Sunday  
newspaper ads ..



**two twos and two zeros**

the second day  
leading  
to  
the rest of your  
life

as  
you calculate  
the  
week and  
the  
children  
swoop and swirl over  
all holiday festivities being done ..

sure,  
people making New Year's resolutions  
and  
the  
television box  
continues to look more and more like a conversational  
newspaper  
as

the cough syrup  
runs dry  
and

I cough out the amalgamation of nicotine,  
liquor  
and  
caffeine  
from

my  
2002  
bones ..

sure,  
I look at the year  
as  
a  
day  
and  
the  
month as  
a  
minute

as

each day unfolds  
in  
a  
pill of insanity that  
the  
sane

may want to

get  
online and order

before  
all shipments are swallowed up before the  
release date ..

Joe Dimino  
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**war between the hots and cools**

Pressure is needed,  
but not desired  
at  
all times ..

Relaxation is good quiet,  
but  
I like it loud many times ..

One solid smoke while sitting in the middle of the day  
is needed,  
but not breathing could stop things ..

Driving two miles is easier than walking,  
but trains are  
much cooler ..

When hot heads prevail,  
you need to pull the chop out of the pan  
&  
when cool heads lurk,  
listen to what  
the have to say ..

Every last word ..

*war in a bowl of bean soup*

Lately there has been a marked  
tone down on war talk  
as  
bomb slip into the shoe heels of  
a  
passenger from Paris to  
the US ..

Thinking it was the  
safest time  
to fly over  
the  
advertised friendly skies,  
a  
smell of sulfur  
and  
amped passengers  
saved  
the  
flight pattern  
and  
made the in-flight peanuts  
that much more enjoyable ..

so,  
as  
you crunch down  
on  
the quesedilla  
in  
the  
back of the local  
mexican shoppe,  
don't  
forget that  
the plane above  
is  
the  
in-flight movie  
you  
may never see

and  
ground  
food is likely always going to kick  
the shit  
out  
of  
coach offerings  
except  
for  
the  
taxi into a new,

unfounded city ..

*warm wait*

in the cold  
by winter's  
window

waiting for  
my  
body to  
get  
the  
temperature up

as  
the  
Sri Lanka terrorists  
make  
bin Laden  
look tiny ..

it's starting to get  
warmer  
in here  
as  
the  
thin red blanket on my  
skin  
turns  
Islamic  
as

the Christian  
peels out hard  
at  
the  
green light that just flicked down  
the  
street ..

yes,  
I may be  
getting the stink under my pits  
as  
the  
heat goes up  
and

the  
plans  
for  
the  
Trade Center

site  
go  
to  
a blue print ..

it's a cold eve  
here in  
America

but  
there's  
something

warm  
on  
the  
brewer's  
mind

and I'm  
the  
first one in line ..

**we present .. the kids**

as you get along  
in  
years,  
you realize  
that  
the  
truth in Christmas  
is  
the  
kids ..

was around my lover's kid  
for  
the  
big morning of wrapping paper  
and

the  
grand finale  
gift ..

the  
kid was a bomb  
that

blew up and  
the

missile toe  
was

the last thing standing ..



## **what argument?**

arguments over  
giving charity  
and  
that money going to the appropriate cause  
as  
the  
#1 album stays #1 and  
America remains the most overweight  
nation on the map ..

Our food is fat good ..

I tire of those questioning giving  
to  
good causes and  
angry because their cause is being supported for another valid cause ..

You see,  
you need to find something  
valid to  
argue ..

## **what happens when the ink runs out?**

where you going to go?

can you gather the strength to beg  
someone for the liquid you need most?

would you rather poke each finger for all the blood they're worth  
than replace all that ink that  
worked its course so well?

would you rather piss into a plastic bowl and mix in some food coloring  
while making a quill out of goose feathers in your pillow?

will you shout into a empty pickle jar or other lidded object to  
retain their originality?

or are you going to stop  
because the ink ran out?

***what to tell the young ones  
when they file for divorce***

I know who she is but can't remember  
her name ..

He talked about her as he  
lamented his passing chance  
as she reads a romance novel at 8:53 PM in the pazely bed  
I know I've seen her in at least  
3 naked positions he hasn't ..

The saw her name in a magazine  
and  
wrote a letter to the duchess about food laws ..

Sure,  
you know her ..

Not as well as the husband  
& you were likely the lucky one because she didn't break  
your bedroom window and hock old jewels  
to the pawnshop ..

So,  
she's movin' on as the bear moves out of his den for a spring fish ..

In the wake of bein' on the make  
&  
bein' made,  
celery remains celery  
& culture is something you will never figure out ..

So,  
when she tells you it didn't work or  
it wasn't the way it was supposed to be ..

Grab her by the waist,  
agree  
&  
show her something that still works ..

**where'd the food go?**

before  
I take  
care  
of  
this hungry belly,  
I have  
something  
to  
take care of with  
you ..

did you eat the last  
of  
my peanut butter and pickles?

no?

well,  
I would like to get  
more,  
but  
I think you would  
likely eat  
them  
all over again and tell me you didn't ..

so,  
I'm going to get some peppercini and jelly,  
call  
it  
a  
meal

and  
say

'yes'  
i did the whole way  
to  
the  
shitter ..

*why?*

sketching etches of my hand  
before going  
into  
the  
work shack ..

yea,  
30 minutes again I had to explain  
to my lover's boy  
in his plastic motorized bull dozer  
that his mother and I  
had to go to work soon ..

we didn't want to work as  
much as we do,  
but the economic wheel dictates that we do ..

he stopped,  
looked up and  
asked his famous response,  
'why?' ..

beyond 'what',  
I  
don't know exactly 'why' ..

## winter mornings in a warm bed

is the hardest time for  
me  
to  
get up ..

whether asleep,  
or staring at  
the  
ceiling,  
a window,  
her bra,  
the tiny pebble oddly placed on the floor,  
a shamrock in the chef's soup,  
the spoon melting into the fork as the knives snicker,  
Venus coming out of her clam trap,  
itching my groin,  
mimicking the alarm clock,  
counting to 30 before I go back to sleep,  
trying to remember the idea or dream  
that

will eventually get  
me  
back on  
my

feet ..

**with this said ..**

it's not  
that the world  
doesn't have  
anything to say ..

there's plenty  
to  
say ..

things from  
country to continent,  
to carrot sticks and strawberry jam,  
when the weather will snap the tree in half and such ..

there's  
a shortage of good shit being  
said  
and it  
just  
needs  
to  
be said that

advocates for  
quality volleys  
are  
high  
in  
my book

if it  
ever gets  
written ..

## wooden globe?

circular globe on wine rack,  
I've been there,  
but I would still like  
to  
see the Indian Ocean ..

Shit,  
I'd like to see Connecticut  
as  
you spin towards the Atlantic  
&  
over London ..

Yes,  
as you sit there  
each day  
with your worldly demeanor,  
I stare at your wallpaper,  
absent eyes,  
no arm,  
gone legs,  
zero teeth,  
no hands  
nor  
brain

&  
wonder  
how you made it so far  
with  
every inch  
of soil and water on your body?



**1-18-2002**

microwavable gum balls,  
re-heatable moth balls,  
freeze up those oxford buttons,  
toss me some of that tasty cold bullion,  
play me that warm overture one more time,  
go ahead and cool those lemons off  
& take my cereal to  
the wolves ..

16.1.2002

just lettin'  
the stain  
soak  
into the fabric ..

her blood  
still rests in the thick weaves of my fabric,  
the spaghetti sauce leans further into my old sweater,  
red paint smiles off my few remaining pieces of once clean cloth,  
my carpeting is in shambles of wood shavings, paint, and ink  
from

the  
reasons  
why  
I keep carrying on ..

## 2001 in 1 night

Those calm hours on the bridge,  
I forgot some of the coin I spent,  
but I saved the train ticket from another country ..

They make good bookmarks ..

A rainbow behind clouded by the mist as  
the hour of the angel passes  
&  
the myth of the serpent gives me  
another pound note  
to break into pence for a piss  
in  
the Victoria train station ..

Yes,  
as the empire candle glows  
and  
the  
Empire State continues to bull doze  
the remains,  
we remain here  
and  
theorize or just talk about the possible conspiracy  
&  
certain loss ..

It's coming to the end of the year  
and  
it's going to be a  
glorious  
cap  
to  
the  
eve

very soon ..

1-14-2002

the dull  
head  
dreaming  
of  
vibrant  
animals  
doing

tall things  
to  
reach the highest coconut ..

spry brains  
reaching  
for  
the  
sky's last rain drop  
as  
the  
sky opens  
up  
and

the sunshine  
looks like a pile of bananas  
with no  
one around ..

the restive  
set of hands making the cats  
cradle  
by  
the  
red moon light  
as  
the  
engine turns over  
and  
the  
roof loses another shingle ..

with  
the  
washers  
and  
bolts  
reliving

what  
was

once  
screwed up,  
we  
have  
a  
newly  
screwed chair  
for

you to sit in ..

12222001

the way the sun  
shine  
hits  
me  
in  
the  
brow ..

didn't  
even think  
there  
was  
going to be  
sun  
today ..

now,  
it  
hides  
behind cloud,  
away,  
far away  
from

anyone's secret

while  
it  
concocts  
it's

own set of  
secrets  
as  
the  
cloud moves

out  
of  
the  
way ..

blind again ..

## a funeral

a squirrel on the power line  
scaling  
to the other side  
as  
the  
marines get into position for the three gun  
salute  
as  
my lover friend looks on over  
her  
father's pictures  
and  
the  
short gallery of family and friends pay  
their last and firsts  
to a man they once knew ..

with the squirrel on the other side of the line  
and the marines cocked  
and ready to give their salute ..

I stood on the flank and watched their guns lower towards me and  
several other old times ..

with heart racing,  
wondering if they needed to pay their tab or if they were confused,  
the first set of shots rang out towards me as I shot my head back ..

they were blanks  
and  
it was all very strange as I stood calm for the remaining three shots in unison ..

with the end  
of the funeral  
came  
handshakes,  
embraces,  
looks,  
stares,  
lighting cigarettes,  
talk of lunch  
and

my  
hand behind the wheel  
as  
we  
left  
one  
of the most bizarre funerals I

have  
ever seen ..



## **a night's workin' drink**

the boys  
are outside  
pulling wires  
around  
trying  
to  
get either the phone or electricity working again  
for  
some  
people in the neighborhood ..

working off  
the  
last of the ham's fat  
and  
picking their teeth of  
the  
last

big gift they'll buy  
for  
a  
young one at Christmas time ..

laundering  
off their long underwear  
for  
better long underwear ..

it's fucking cold out there  
boys,  
better

call home and  
make  
sure

the  
whiskey  
is

warm and stiff

after the phones get turned back on  
or  
the  
electricity goes

'poof' ..

## AMbulance

the ambulance in front of  
the lodge  
across the way  
as the light blue lighter  
absolves the echoes  
of closing door,  
cars hitting glitches in road,  
cold train whistles,  
the drummer's quick high hat solo,  
the other cops in their loud cars,  
her voice above the washing machine thump,  
the click of my throat taking down juice  
as  
the  
1:25 AM  
town sleeps  
&  
the ambulance lights  
flashing lights  
just  
pulled away  
don  
the  
street,  
amen ..

## America – 2002

her boy  
doesn't  
want to talk  
as  
the  
American flag waves  
on  
a  
house  
several blocks away ..

their investigating a Florida boy who smashed  
a  
single engine cessna into a downtown high-rise  
as  
my kids write the local fire department  
while  
the  
flag waves in some colorful assortment in  
a  
downtown department store ..

the doctor  
is going to take some x-rays of  
my shoulder in several weeks  
as  
a huge US flag flies over a tiny home ..

the CIA is trading  
another gun for a dollar  
and  
the man in a historic diner on the corner of 39th and SW Trfwy  
just finished a good burger  
as  
the  
homemade flag  
waves on a fence off 35 HWY ..

the radio reporter doing the 'STARGATE REPORT'  
on the Taurus constellation  
as  
we  
in  
the  
United States  
keep

stitching our  
desire  
to

stay

the  
world's  
strongest chess piece ..

## **american posture**

where do you fit in as an American today,  
Jan. 30, 2002 ..

Washington telling us as much about aid relief in Afghanistan  
as prisoners railed into cells in Guantanamo Bay ..

so,  
we're in good graces with Cuba  
and the rest of the world that doesn't understand  
can take a leap into the hot cup ..

not prancing with the ACLU trumpet  
or standing on the box of decayed civil liberties ..

just coated a hard drive on a piece of wood with the American flag,  
taking some pictures of the patriotism  
about the streets and galed in windows lately ..

just wondering where do you fit as an American today?

do we climb onto that airliner as a vigilante or  
vacationer?

do we talk about the possibilities or let the possibilities talk  
about us?

do we buy that new pair of pants  
or hold off because my 501 3(c) employer may not have enough mustard  
to coat my bi-weekly sandwich payoff?

where do you stand as an American  
sitting at the bar,  
on the couch,  
in a library,  
in the museum,  
in the unemployment line,  
in the police station ..

where,  
may I ask  
are you standing in this hour  
of filling the glass with lighter fluid  
and sketching in the circle with a rectangle?

I'm  
in a chair in Kansas City, MO  
as  
captive  
as  
the

next to the next  
on  
what will fall next  
and  
how  
it  
will rise  
once more ..

## another administration

drinking better tap water  
these days  
as  
the  
standard lemonade gets the sour shoulder ..

candles  
looking  
for  
some dry land to buy  
for a vacation home ..

we're here making  
some  
decisions  
that  
may affect you,  
though

you  
have already  
went  
on  
ahead with your  
plans

that

we  
will  
never know about ..

## around the lilipad

Overhaul  
the recourse  
and  
heat  
up that cheese if  
it goes  
flat again ..

take the flag off the  
top of the building  
only  
if  
fire breaks out ..

Throw off your socks  
when the girl isn't watching  
and  
unbutton her pants  
while  
her  
eyes are fixed on yours ..

Turn off the television when  
the  
electrical current is good  
and

open up the pad  
to  
an  
empty leaf of paper  
when  
the  
electricity goes out ..

That  
should

make  
shit

just straight  
enough ..



## **bare chicken bone**

one bare chicken bone  
in  
the  
parking lot  
as  
the  
car load of kids  
honk  
at  
the  
pretty lady  
asking her 'waz up?'

she doesn't answer  
as  
they ask,  
'hey doll, you OK?' ..

She stops ..

Looks to her right and says,  
'sure. just had some chicken.'

she then flashed  
a  
small used .22 below her garter belt,  
hidden below a tight skirt  
saying,  
'you boy's wanna party?'

the car squealed off  
as  
I put the key  
into ignition  
&  
now know the story  
of  
the  
bare chicken bone ..

## **before the astronomer went on vacation**

galaxies are slipping further and further away  
as my contact lenses fog over in  
a dry morning ..

planets eyeing the sun in a circle  
as my socks collect the sweat from her last comment ..

asteroids zooming towards my home  
as the TV dinner holds my flailing hope for food tonight  
while the iced streets stand too tough for my front wheel drive vehicle ..

saturns rings would look cool as shit around the earth  
if scientists or NASA could find a way to come together and do so ..

I'm going to end with that ..

a non-stop show of northern lights and the ultimate squandering of money in  
the name of pure fucking coolness ..

*Billie + Ella + Lena + Sarah = Now*

someone slipped me  
their card  
as  
I thought of Billie, Ella, Lena and Sarah ..

a stranger walking the basketball court in the  
exercise house  
gave me the 'hello' head nod  
as I thought about Billie, Ella, Lena and Sarah ..

my boss's little girl  
gave  
me some of her bland of playful kid jargon  
as  
I thought about Billie, Ella, Lena and Sarah again ..

while the girl handed me my sub,  
chips  
and  
drink this afternoon  
I thought about Billie, Ella, Lena and Sarah ..

as the Christmas decorations basted in the cold January light  
I  
was again caught thinking about Billie, Ella, Lena and Sarah ..

while  
the car warmed up going down State Ave. towards  
another destination I would forget until  
later  
I thought about Billie, Ella, Lena and Sarah ..

with this said,  
I  
should listen to Billie, Ella, Lena and Sarah now ..

blue flashes of light  
I would  
levy  
a  
bet  
that  
there  
is  
no  
more red in her  
dress  
than  
a  
lobster ..

**book compass comes home now**

I face  
the  
power direction  
of  
my  
functway directive  
someone  
read to me some  
weeks ago ..

yes,  
taking in some words,  
the flappy ridges of the world  
and  
a  
gulp of water here  
and  
there,  
I  
face  
the direction that favors  
my  
fingers  
and  
the  
cars that go by  
intersection lights  
to  
freedom  
or  
a  
Sunday morning wreck from time  
to  
time ..

so,  
my  
bed doesn't face  
south  
like my fingers,  
it  
faces west and that is my  
least powerful functway direction  
as  
the  
dreams  
of  
the  
turtle float into the cold air  
of  
the

train whistle ..

this functway jive  
also  
calculates  
how  
you face  
shit when you  
work,  
shit,  
piss  
or  
read a book ..

it  
all spells of Asian  
fun

and  
as  
much truth  
as  
a  
horoscope on your birthday ..

so  
with  
this direction at  
hand

I will

let  
it  
lay with  
that

for  
there is more  
to  
divulge into as  
I

masturbate  
this  
power direction  
with

old familiar  
letters  
strewn  
before  
this keyboard of mine ..

## **bouncin' up**

the last  
sonata  
before  
the  
train skids  
to a halt,  
the first  
'hello' as the car  
peels off the white stripe,  
the next  
dollar  
in  
a  
line  
of  
good times

and  
the  
last

quarter

just  
bounced off the table

directly  
into  
the  
middle of the

ash tray ..

## broken plan

A mouthful of chance,  
start  
the car,  
no time to warm up,  
this sheet of ice film  
on the windshield will fade  
soon ..

neighbors shouting  
to other neighbors,  
the cats won't be waking for at least  
another 3 or 4 hours ..

oh and  
the revolution is in the resolution  
as  
the motion is in the emotion,  
so  
grab you set of jacks,  
I'll fetch  
the marbles  
and  
we'll meet on the corner  
to  
make  
an

exact mess of things ..



## car map

leaning out  
the car  
window for the city I want  
to  
live in ..

laying down the petal for the  
city I once  
slept in ..

taking the toothpick into my mouth  
for a minute or two alone,  
the city I once passed through cooks another porterhouse ..

rubbing my feet  
after taking off my tainted socks  
as  
the  
cities that have been in my back pocket ..

so,  
I now go through my front  
pockets  
for

that ticket  
to the city  
that  
wants  
me  
to visit (maybe it was the other way around) ..

## **caramel over vanilla**

Went over to  
the  
gal's place  
tonight ..

Her boy  
summoned me to the ground  
for  
a  
little play-dough love ..

He told me to sit,  
we had little time to construct  
a  
whole bowling alley ..

I stood ..

Told him to give me the red and yellow play tubes ..

He did ..

Warned me not to touch the pink ..

That color was 'for girls',  
he told me ..

I grabbed the canisters ..

Made myself a tasty  
hot dog with mustard

as  
he  
called  
the  
cat  
a  
dog

strolling on by ..

## catch-up

Go ahead and give  
me  
more  
of that bologna  
you have ..

I know someone with a lot of bread  
and  
I have  
some

extra mustard  
in  
the  
cabinet  
to  
make  
it  
worth our while ..

## Classics vs. Jazz

the classical conductor  
stole  
the  
record shop's  
entire collection of jazz albums ..

bequeathed  
by  
a mastery he didn't study  
and  
befuddled by all the women they steal,  
he  
broke the lock  
and  
made the jazz album that much rarer ..

as the classics come into a shower of jazz  
I have  
a  
towel ready to soak up  
the  
grease  
and  
the  
glorious grime ..

now the conductor  
is running down the block to his Park Avenue  
throwing the albums in haste into his trunk  
as  
the  
albums that fell from his grasp  
gleam  
there  
on  
the  
ground ..

just straight baby,  
no chasers  
for this kid ..

## Close - IT

I asked a  
group of inner-city kids  
at  
a  
bus stop  
to tell me where  
the  
key plumbing of  
a  
girl is at ..

I mean  
the fresh spot of unforgettable  
thigh shakes  
and  
weeks of phone calls ..

After a 13-year-old boy talked  
of fucking  
a  
girl recently,  
I whirled  
and  
asked the group of black faces  
sitting on a wall  
waiting for our ride to  
point it out ..

My hands  
formed in a full vulva shape,  
I told them  
to  
'X' the spot ..

One by one  
they approached  
and  
pointed,  
talked,  
grinned ..

No one got it ..

Then,  
one kid sternly stepped forward  
and  
pointed upward  
and  
pushed the imaginary  
spot between my hands  
in  
the  
cold air ..

It was the  
quiet kid  
in  
the  
group ..

In a grin,  
leave it to the  
quite types ..

The next  
sly pimp  
in da hood,  
yes ..

## crack in the doorway

somehow  
in someone's way  
I  
run into the insane  
where I work ..

last week  
a  
woman  
that was just released from  
the  
local police headquarters  
made her way over to our  
YMCA  
looking for a room  
to stay in that night ..

it was frigid  
outside  
and  
she came  
all dolled up in a long denim winter coat  
with a hood  
tucked  
high and right over her  
short  
haircut ..

she said that she was referred to our  
place  
for  
a  
room ..

told her,  
"hey, this place really upholds the second letter of their name. men only. we have nothing here."

so,  
my boss comes by and she starts telling us that she was just  
arrested that day on the other side of state  
lines  
and  
that  
she has never been arrested before,  
she always gives to people,  
she's nice,  
kind,  
a born again Christian ..

well,  
my red flag went way the fuck up in the air ..

she was waving the banner  
of  
problem after problem  
masking them in her  
own blend of poop that she was hoping she could  
flush down our toilet ..

so,  
she hung out while my boss tried to find her a room  
and  
called in a routine check on the information given to him ..

as it happened,  
she had a chest of history ready to unfold ..

she had received around 17 psyche evaluations in the past month-and-a-half ..  
  
a true insane case ..

so,  
as we called the cops and ambulance to take  
her over state lines again for a place to stay  
and  
some  
more of the tests ..

she remained calm as a palm tree  
telling us that she didn't want to get junked up with a lot of drugs  
and  
stay in the insane home for the rest of her life ..

further,  
she went on in a completely calm drawl  
about how she had been wronged in her 30 some odd years in life ..

family was always after her,  
she always tried to fit in and no one accepted her,  
the peanut butter jar snickered at her when she left the room,  
shoelaces wormed out of her shoes,  
statues would create elaborate rumors about her doings and whatabouts,  
she could even look at the mirror without jokes being cracked ..

in the span of 20 minutes while waiting for the paramedics  
to take  
her back to the 'institution'  
she  
climbed  
a  
short peak on the  
ice stick

and  
let  
us know only a fraction

of what  
it  
really is



to  
need some kind  
of  
synthetic or imaginary drug ..

proof that  
when the plug is ripped from the wall,  
the  
appliance  
keeps on

logging ohms ..

## **date mole**

It's a day after  
the  
Christmas  
went  
by

and  
a  
kid turned to me today and asked  
what

today's date was ..

Should  
have  
told

him

it was April Fool's Day

instead

I said  
it  
was

Boxing Day,  
fighters ..

## dead roads; walking mouths

no one  
driving around  
tonight ..

the lights flip up,  
down,  
up,  
down,  
never going out ..

a  
large truck or car will trickle by  
every now and again ..

winter advisory  
as the heat singes the lint  
and the cat licks the wound dry ..

candles lit  
for the electricity that may die out ..

a  
can of soup  
for  
the neighbor that might stop by without a working stove ..

so,  
I ask that if  
it  
does go down,  
you  
toss me  
a  
drink,  
I'm  
going  
to  
need

it ..

## deaf note

the overture is no where  
around ..

art tatum is  
to be found  
as  
the  
flap jacks and stacks of bacon  
simmer in the  
crisper ..

waiting for symphony #2  
to come  
crawling  
back from  
deaf ears  
it  
had  
to leave ..

## **developin' day**

tourist time is up,  
potted plants wandering with roots looking for new soil,  
the damp is a hot record,  
done with cigarettes after this one,  
someone covering Parker again with a new fugal horn,  
the day started with snow and has gone to wet rain,  
the sun is in my morning coffee mug  
with the cold leftovers,  
this evening is more than a mountain away,  
there are more magazine articles around that I have eyes to read,  
L. Cohen sits there cursing me on the ledge  
for the only pair of eyes I have,  
no food in the place,  
the grocery store waits for the winning lottery ticket,  
neighbors playing with a new baby in the belly,  
hidden fist fights,  
new cover shoots  
&  
the  
song in the hopper that is  
in  
the developin' stage ..

## dove over the waterway

NASDAQ composite reports  
& kids slipping into sleep  
while the marionette  
juggles  
4 eggs on the shingless roof ..

running  
stock quotes  
and the ties that stole the suit's soul,  
we  
listen  
for the kid  
to go into sleep  
as the first glass of wine is poured and  
the  
TV announcer  
tells us again that the weather man  
has  
refused to come into work and his staff is boycotting the station ..

so,  
the lead anchorwoman is stuck predicting again ..

that's the story of her life ..

predictions ..

I predict it's going to rain  
very,  
very fucking  
soon

my friends ..

## dropped bills

I have a great  
knack for  
not paying my bills on time ..

Electric,  
Credit Card,  
Phone,  
Calling Card,  
you name it ..

Late every time ..

Used to  
really give a throw about  
crystal clean credit reports ..

Though,  
I ran into a reckless maneuver on the street  
the  
other day off 18th and Wyandotte ..

Noticed  
a  
stamped envelope to the phone company ..

The stamp was pasted upside down,  
wasn't processed through the 'system' yet ..

So,  
I picked it up and opened the envelope ..

Curiosity made this cat straight ..

Inside I found the subpeana  
and  
a  
fresh check for \$127.89 from Chapman Recording Studios ..

My brush with  
the  
recording industry  
and  
a  
subtle reminder  
that  
my

forgetfulness could  
be  
worse ..

## English (middle-central-dialect)

went  
through a whole  
list of  
pages today

looking over languages  
of the world ..

there were  
over 250 languages saying 'welcome' on one side  
and  
about  
320 saying 'good-bye'  
on another ..

looking for the exact number of languages  
existing in the world today  
was

not easy ..

couldn't find an exact number ..

though,  
it  
has to be well in the upper hundreds or  
even over  
the  
thousand mark ..

and  
when  
people tell me they  
have  
nothing to say ..

I think,  
'bullshit' ..

there  
are  
too many ways out there to say it ..



## enough time to talk about time

Spittin' out  
the words  
as though  
the letter thieves  
have mounted the horse ..

Eating the corned beef sandwich  
as  
though the raving hungry are  
coming  
to wish me a widow's welcome ..

Smoking down the circles of cigarette  
as though  
the  
fire is going to take a round about  
way of kicking me in the gums for good ..

Snapping a roll of film  
as though  
Fuji is going to take back  
their roll  
because  
someone is going to Fiji and they need my roll of film ..

I  
have  
a  
tendency of being a rusher ..

More as of late,  
I  
understand  
that

enough time has gone  
by  
and

I have  
a  
whole  
load  
of  
shit that

needs to me  
said ..

*evening marching band*

Had a PBR  
in the  
bar  
called Wild Wild West  
in  
the  
bottoms of this city ..

Just  
had a man ask me if I played in a band ..

told him,  
"I can't play a musical instrument."

he went on with questioning me ..

"can't play guitar?"  
he asked.

"no"  
I said.

"can't play bass?"  
he came again.

"no"  
I said again.

"how about the drums?"  
he inquired.

"you got me. I can play some."  
I said.

he smiled,  
rubbed his nose  
and went  
back to his beer and headphones playing a tune I could easily  
image  
he  
was  
listening to ..

at this time,  
I get a handful of quarters from the short, round older gal  
behind the  
bar  
missin' a front tooth ..

head over with a friend to que  
up the billiard table

as  
he  
went to the jukebox ..

looking over the table,  
I heard the slowly approaching sound of a marching band ..

thinking it was the tingling of one of the many Christmas decorations  
in the joint,  
I shrugged it off ..

then,  
it was upon us ..

with a band leader in a gray stocking cap,  
man with a big white tuba  
and  
the  
rest of the pack following behind ..

I looked  
along with the sparsely populated bar ..

one couple at a nearby table,  
the bartender,  
man with 70's music going into ears,  
another man playing video poker,  
my friend,  
a  
gal friend of ours  
and  
me ..

watching them go by,  
one man without an instrument waved  
as  
the  
music sliced about the cold airs  
on the empty street ..

we looked at each other  
in  
the  
bar ..

didn't say a word ..

my friend asked me to break the balls ..

I  
said  
'yes' ..

**everyone cookin'**

throw off your coat  
&  
grab your  
ankles,  
twist,  
run amuck  
and  
get your reasons  
straight  
because the audience  
left where  
the  
crowd remains  
and all eyes are  
on  
you  
now ..

## feathered song

the real aim  
is to not kill  
the  
bird on the light pole  
as you  
pivot toward the cantaloupe colored light  
glaring through your window ..

the  
real aim  
is  
to get the sun back into the sky ..

so  
I ask you to put  
the  
gun down  
and  
let the rest of us

enjoy  
the  
dark ..

cause  
there  
is  
a  
chance  
that the sun will listen to your  
bullet  
and  
the  
bird

may have no where to escape  
to

with his  
tiny heart  
and  
hungry beak ..

*fuckin' guys and gals*

we have a gal from Planned Parenthood  
come into  
work today to  
talk to the inner-city kids about  
their plumbing and sex lead in ..

she pulls out flip charts,  
shows the dick and puss in full color as the boys in the back of the  
room  
squirm and giggle  
in their world of pre-pubescent jokes ..

this,  
while the girls just sit there wondering  
why they're going through this again and  
dotting eyes of 'bring it on' ..

yes,  
the girls know where all the  
needed parts are at and  
wonder how  
the  
boys get so wrapped up into something they can't  
and  
won't understand for some while ..

a little  
notebook I'm keeping on the division between the sexes ..

the most important point for both boys and girls  
is to  
know where the clit it ..

for the boys to know exactly where it's at in the vulva sequence  
and  
for the girls,  
in their infinite wisdom,  
to bestow  
that  
on the younger creatures about us ..

period ..

## give me India at 20-1

as though there weren't enough  
wars in the world,  
India and Pakistan  
are aiming missiles at each other ..

as  
the children reach out for one cup of rice  
and Yeltsin sits in a retirement throne of more and more vodka,  
the bordered lands  
start spitting at each other's feet and pull  
the cock back on the trigger ..

the chessboard isn't enough  
and UNO is just too fucking cute  
to settle  
such a  
match that  
isn't  
nearly as important as friendly sport ..

so  
as the world mounts for another war  
and war asks for another world

I'm going to side  
with India in this one ..

they  
have more people and more board games ..

***got back to***

Hold off on the filtered  
water  
because  
wine is coming out of my tap ..

Sure as you flip that steak  
while  
the  
lovely lady fingers the vegetables,  
the  
tap  
is  
only full of good chloride,  
but  
I have  
a  
little something more for  
you  
to sip on ..

it's  
a  
secret tap the city's not charging me  
for  
and

I treat  
it  
as  
an old coin  
found  
on  
the  
ground

that will  
always  
be  
spent

without  
ever  
exchanging hands ..



## hard sell

mad woman  
coming  
after me for  
a  
painting of mine  
and  
can't get back  
with  
her ..

it's  
the  
porcupine that  
stuck me on  
the  
melon sack  
and  
when I turn around  
I  
see nothing but a field of cheetahs running  
for  
the  
next fly full of meat ..

ran into at  
a  
bar  
about a year ago when I was having  
a  
showing  
at  
a  
local coffeehouse ..

the stipulation of the contest  
was  
that I wouldn't title anything  
and  
anyone who came up with the best title for a  
piece  
would take it home with them ..

well,  
she  
came up with 'girl in indigo' and it got me ..

so,  
I told her when the show  
was  
over that I would give  
it to her ..

she was ecstatic ..

told me that she stalked the coffeehouse  
one night  
and  
stole all the announcement postcards  
with the  
painting's likeness on it ..

she  
said that she had to do a confessional the next  
day  
because she felt  
so bad ..

so,  
over the past year  
I have  
tried here and there to get the piece to her ..

through  
her  
eves of drinking and forgetting,  
along with mine,  
we never got together  
for  
the  
woman in indigo ..

so,  
several weeks ago she leaves me a message  
at  
my  
place  
from a number  
in  
St. Petersburg, FL ..

I try the number  
and  
it's the wrong one,  
though  
the  
gal on the other end invited me  
to  
hang out with her if I ever made it in the area ..

so,  
I knew she was from Indiana  
and  
checked the area code listing and found out that  
she  
was one number off the area code,  
she  
was from Evansville, IN ..

I call that area code  
and  
get the wrong number again ..

two  
drinkers,  
two people with something  
in  
mind

and  
we can't  
get it out ..

here's to you  
Melissa  
and

that woman  
in  
indigo is yours

even if you never hang it on one of your  
walls ..

&  
take one down for me tonight,  
doll ..

## horny dog

stopped into the  
hardware  
store ..

saw a worker girl  
at  
a  
phone at the 'customer service' counter  
holding back a strong  
pit  
bull on a leash ..

I walked by her  
and  
the dog  
admiring his  
mouth and  
ears ..

she was getting  
the piss pulled out of her arm ..

I went over,  
picked up my item  
and  
went towards my gal ..

she was being asked by the store manager if  
she brought a dog into the store ..

no,  
she told him ..

we met,  
went to the cash register ..

we  
asked what the story was with the dog ..

the cashier told us that it was running around the store ..

just roving without an owner  
and  
the other girl was on the phone trying to figure out  
what  
the  
fuck gives ..

at this,  
I noticed the girl with the dog squirming ..

hips twisting,

she was saying 'stop' ..

the dog had a full grip on  
her leg  
and  
was humping for all he was worth ..

sheeyat,  
that dog was getting his fill ..

&  
that answer's 'what the fuck' ..

it's as if ..

land as a sea of lines,  
sky as a sea of spaces,  
trees as a sea of triangles,  
you as a sea of years,  
them as a sea of candy canes,  
dirt as a sea of jewels,  
windows as a sea of vices,  
doors as a sea of cunts,  
slippers as a sea of zebras,  
candles as a sea of missed potential,  
Knoxville as a sea of boiling lobsters,  
shirt sleeve buttons as a sea of new fuckers & old lovers,  
window blinds as a sea of lost sunglasses,  
drill bits as a sea of old holes and new birth,  
the  
sea  
tossin'  
around

like  
some  
girl  
hopped up  
on  
music

ready  
to  
fuck  
her

first  
moment ..

january fantasy

the crackling old  
jazz  
record  
recording  
with  
the  
house  
on Quality Hill  
split into more apartments and phone messages  
about  
why  
cold Jell-O is so good  
and  
why did the pumpkin pie  
eat all the whipped topping when no one was watching,  
the  
old  
recording dawdling  
in  
a  
swift pace down the wax grooves  
while  
another pair of dentures  
are pounded out  
on  
the  
press  
and  
  
the  
small  
boy  
  
loses a silver  
capping during the middle of an evening sleep  
and  
the  
turn  
  
of  
a  
whole new fairy tale for the  
fantasy  
  
weavers  
  
out of the shout  
of  
a  
phone

taking  
down

a  
carrot potpie ..



## just an idea

I think if one could  
pick theme music for your dreams  
one  
would have an easier time remembering  
exactly  
what went  
on  
&  
when

as  
the  
yellow bouncing  
ball  
keeps

on  
bouncing ..

## kept away from the dream

keep rolling  
around  
the  
bed  
wanting to write down  
the  
dream ..

I get up  
and  
most of it is gone ..

can't  
raise my hand to salvage my fingers,  
can't tempt the poison ivy for all the ointment about,  
the old remake of a sub-par classic tune,  
the big head with black mouth and no teeth explaining cricket,  
moving to LA,  
living in a radio box and the owner never turns it down to hear the airplanes land,  
the paint brush spreading my pigment,  
the crow brushing his wings against my shoulders,  
a shit sandwich  
and  
ring around the cuff link

&  
all the paper is hidden

so  
the  
next dream  
may  
give me a compass ..

## **kid talk**

bulldozer stories  
and new movies  
the gal tells me ..

it's all the kid talks about,  
she continues ..

sure that's all he's going to talk about,  
I tell her,  
he's smarter than us. it's some good shit and needs to be talked about,  
I continue.

all the time I hear about it and this,  
she says,  
we stop at every construction site between here and my mother's place  
and all the new movies ..

good .. good for him,  
I tell her,  
that's the way it should be. when adults slip into adulthood the talk gets dimmer and duller. talk about  
construction, bulldozers and movies. they're much more exciting than the weather, reports, new tires, old  
mortgages, failed relationships, burned tongues and the such.

yea,  
she started,  
but what if he never gets out of this phase?

then good for him,  
I tell her,  
fucking good for him.

## **kids running the world around**

The making of a skate board ram  
in the bowling alley's shadow  
requires a 4-year-old,  
some sugar  
and no where else to be for a while ..

sure,  
the ramp may not be used  
for some time,  
but that doesn't matter ..

what matters is the  
instant imagination  
of a child  
making  
the  
world flat and giving the sun's  
a centrifugal flip of the middle finger ..

what matters is that this blond haired four year old  
rules  
the  
world,  
his mother,  
me when I'm around,  
the dog,  
a cat,  
many house plants,  
and  
anyone who accidentally trips into his fortune ..

so  
be warned,  
the kid  
is  
going to build a skate  
ramp ..

pull out your  
knee pads

and  
get  
ready  
for  
the  
best scrape  
of your life ..

*last week*

it's been a good  
week with the  
inner city youth ..

three days of  
no action  
due to a closed down city deemed a disaster zone  
from  
the frosted crust of ice ..

a lawsuit levied against me for  
zeroing in on a  
punk thief  
that  
took from the pocket of humanity and  
left the smoking gun in the pocket  
of  
an off duty cop ..

left several messages with homicide and pawn shop detectives  
to chase down the same  
thief ..

eating a good can of beans and corn  
for a re-visit to  
healthy shit for my guts ..

meeting a bar owner  
looking over a menu  
we  
designed  
and  
getting a publication in the mail  
that published one of my pieces ..

in mid-week  
a 4-year old refused to sled on an icy slope  
because I couldn't get the day off work ..

I went to the local bar three nights in a row  
and  
looked at our waitress with a wary eye as she told me that  
I didn't pay for the beer I drank ..

looking down the pipeline of manners that make sense  
and  
tough decisions you only thought others had to make day after day ..

been a week of living and a collection of hours  
that could fill the collection plate of the social deity  
that I look after with a careful eye ..

so,

as the ice of the sunny day today looked like a fantasy land  
of glass covered memories,  
I shot some pictures,  
slipped walking down some steps  
and  
felt my heart race after seeing my lover after several days of  
winter separation

it  
has  
been a good  
time ..

the best of times,  
the worst of moments  
and  
the collected  
sum  
of  
shit  
that

makes  
this kid  
tick  
like a watch run over by a large arching tire  
and  
brought in to  
rest up the  
the  
mother of the next waking race ..

*late january*

cold winter rain ..

tree's bending  
like a group of old men walking  
towards the racing track ..

the ground turning cold like a flank of chicken  
in the misty freezer box ..

sirens are more frequent ..

the rain comes down just above the snow line ..

branches are breaking ..

streetlights are flickering ..

light in here are flickering as  
the  
computer waits for the judgment ..

can I save this before it all collapses?

another tree fell in midtown ..

my lover friend calls to tell me of open power lines dangling  
in inches of water and ice ..

the friend of the invisible shadow  
is looking at me through my deck of shades ..

waiting to save us  
from civilization  
as  
we know it ..

## locked car

monotone  
radio hosts,  
the pony the horse rode in on,  
pot roast in the flamingo's afternoon dream,  
pop corn on the  
ham's corsage,  
midgets  
running for Presidency

and  
the  
car

stalls  
in  
the  
middle of 11th St.  
as

the  
traffic cop comes up  
to  
write a ticket for the wiper blade  
to hold

as  
the  
driver inside yells  
in  
vain  
as  
his windows  
and door  
remain

frozen

there  
in  
the  
middle of  
the  
road ..



## locked out

I held that broken key in  
my pocket  
for several days  
bein' locked  
out of  
the  
doors that were once so easy to  
slink into ..

no entrance and  
easy escape  
as  
the  
skunk crawls under your bed and  
the  
ram pokes your calf as it sneezes under  
the covers ..

it's the call  
that never comes  
and  
the  
letter in the mailbox that won't stop arriving  
day after day ..

so,  
as most in this city waits without electricity  
on  
this iced evening,  
I give you  
the half of my  
broken  
key  
for

a  
better chance  
to  
open the locked hole ..

## look into this

morning papers,  
the paper cup is my warmth,  
people arguing over  
memorial statues  
&  
the whereabouts of the FBI's most wanted ..

we're a land of critics  
and investigators  
while we listen to,  
support  
and  
purchase the critics and investigators ..

we all have  
2nd, 3rd, 4th jobs  
out here  
as  
the Big Mac  
goes to waste  
and the attendant  
tries to sell me a hot dog for \$1 ..

so,  
let's give  
our current shit  
a  
go  
and  
let the critics investigate  
some more ..

## love talkers

Had a good talk  
with lover  
the  
other night  
about  
things ..

Going  
nicely after a year,  
things  
have  
a  
tendency of  
getting  
a  
little low on preservatives ..

When  
the  
tortilla is hard,  
heat  
that  
fucker up ..

We need some space  
to look down on what we have created ..

I'm a believer in that  
when  
time  
calls  
through the mail slot  
for  
a  
package that won't fit  
if  
the door isn't open ..

Look at the hamster run around the cage  
instead  
of  
being the hamster trying to find a way out ..

Give  
the  
gusto some speed,  
take  
the  
taco and leave a quarter for a tip ..

Sure,

when  
it's  
good

enough  
to  
eat,  
make

sure all the condiments are in place,  
but  
the  
place  
you eat it in shouldn't

matter

that  
much  
at

all ..

**major, if not minor**

majority whip  
&  
your dreamy independence speech,  
why  
has the blue bonnet girl  
left for good?

supreme council  
with your painted wigs and Kentucky dreams,  
where  
did  
all the hula-hoops of the world disappear to?

incumbent GOP one  
& the ass that rides you through the side streets of DC  
can  
you tell me why fantasy films don't ever end with someone falling asleep or waking up?

OK Mr. President,  
I'm going to back off with the questions,  
but you  
better  
bet your  
nuts I'm going  
to  
ask the Vice  
where  
the  
fuck he takes all those  
tasty whores

after they have had their moments  
and  
why  
would you  
call a fart  
a  
bronx cheer?

## missing mexicans

&  
the border slipping further and further down south  
as  
mexico city looks back at '85 and  
venezuela is having quite a kick in '02 ..

decades laying on the side of the rich man's  
finished plate of food  
as  
the  
morsels of now wait in the cup of a refugee that needs nothing more  
than  
a  
good bit of food and hold the bullshit ..

I'll go ahead and give you the rest of what I have  
now  
if  
you promise  
to  
never give it back  
and  
only give me what  
I need later on ..

my address is listed

as  
American's  
refrain  
from boarding  
a  
airline  
I  
say  
mail all your  
near expired tickets my way ..

I have  
some plans  
and  
know others that

would like  
to  
make a variant on your plans ..

so,  
if you get the gusto to check that mailbox  
of yours,  
just  
forward  
that

package my way ..

I will check the mail  
and  
gladly open your package ..

can't  
get  
Sweden or Tahiti out of  
my  
mind this eve ..

*next bird*

the organ fell off its riff  
as the light bulb just had another breath  
&  
casserole at noon  
&  
neighbors at 11 AM ..

We're OK,  
I was before,  
with checking the mail ..

No more anthrax in the world  
or the media hasn't told us about it ..

so,  
when the next swig of rain hits  
these grounds  
and  
rids us of the bird shit on the brick facade,  
there  
will be a new bird in  
line  
ready to

crap it up  
again ..



## oil lube waiting room

sting ray swim ..

swim into any door ..

go over my couch  
& knock over the kitchen table ..

take out a loan  
& give me a cup of that poison touch ..

watch it though,  
don't get your stinger fin flaps stuck  
in my door ..

it sticks sometimes ..

so stinger,  
you  
as  
electric as  
they say or  
did the  
fable  
squash you out  
too?

## old autographer

old outfielder's mitt,  
the ball autographed by B. Costas years ago,  
the collection of sports memorabilia my father sold off several years ago,  
the matchbook I'll never catch up to,  
the new autograph my boss signs for an admiring youth,  
an old straw hat for the days when I want nothing more than a good hat,  
that neon pen circling her name without any intervention,  
the door handle with their name tattooed on the inside,  
the old instruments sacrificed for a piece of painted wood and no  
one to play it,  
that sheet music you accidentally dropped in a Chicago windstorm,  
the echoes through the streets of Detroit,  
Amarillo, TX serving up another hot plate of chicken fried chicken,  
a dense brick on a Missouri sidewalk  
and  
the  
rest

of the  
autographs  
that  
will be  
signed  
here before the  
week is done ..

## old morning woman walker

she looked  
like the blue elf  
from  
the red mountain crossing  
the  
10AM crosswalk this morning ..

scarf loose  
and  
breezing over her new hairdo,  
the cars waiting,  
eaters at the diner wondering about the pick 3 numbers from the previous evening  
and  
me  
ready for  
another  
poke at the coffee furnace  
as

this woman  
in  
blue  
kept walking ..

I couldn't see her face,  
neither could  
many others  
as  
we  
watched her  
go  
between  
the  
neatly painted  
lines

towards  
a  
cup,  
slice  
or

something  
we  
weren't privileged enough  
to  
know  
about ..

## **police line-up awaiting**

Approaching  
the cold  
corner of Minnesota  
and  
6th

as  
the line  
of  
hardened  
boy's sat

looking at passing cars  
as  
though  
they  
needed some sniff  
or  
smoke  
to  
get them through the rest of the day's light ..

the  
one in the middle had a red scarf on ..

it was pulled tight around his chops  
to  
keep back the new  
and  
first sprig  
of  
winter cold ..

he was the ringleader,  
it was written on  
his  
position  
and  
scarf color ..

I  
got the green  
light after my brief inspection  
and  
stared down  
the

man closest to me on the end ..

he looked at

me  
as well ..

following my car  
while

I was thinking  
about

how  
to  
stay out of

the  
middle ..

## renter with a hidden miracle

the old jazz master  
and new  
hustler of the  
low rent hotel house  
has some plans ..

he's working on the next masterpiece  
the neighbors  
hear  
him working on,  
but  
won't talk about  
as  
he  
smokes  
and  
laughs at stale TV in the day room ..

sure,  
as the box of checkers  
or  
UNO  
sits on a corner table waiting for the others to finish  
his  
tune

he gets up out of his chairs  
with  
his hip attire of no socks  
in  
the cold wave that has hit the land ..

he walks towards the door and  
his  
exit sonata  
as

a  
resident peers up and asks  
where he  
could score a pair of thick rimmed black glasses  
he  
wears all the time ..

the jazz  
master stops,  
takes off the glasses  
and  
replies,

"I'm not sure you want this curse. Keep the eye's your god gave you and let the rest of us duke it out."

as he  
left  
into the cold blast awaiting him out side,  
he  
slipped into that wry smile of  
his

and  
just  
kept on walking ..

*renting rooms to the mad*

the guy  
who runs the dorms for the poor,  
psychotic, ex-cons,  
current cons and such  
took me for a tour  
a  
the door hall ..

over 74 rooms,  
the insane and more insane  
staring down the  
pudding pop until it melts into creamy goodness into a small glass bowl  
linger in the hallways  
and come down for a smoke in the day room ..

I walk by and lose my  
breath from the stench  
coming out of  
the  
bathroom ..

I've been in some shady trees in my time,  
though  
this  
pile of piss  
was enough to choke  
a  
chicken clean of its feathers ..

with tears in eye,  
I see a cat coming out of a dirty, dilapidated  
room  
with a brown sign saying in scrawled thin black letters: 'WILL WORK FOR FOOD'

my chaperone  
stops him and asks him what he's going ..

the 'he' is claimed around the halls to be Elvis' son ..

he was left nothing at Graceland or Hollywood,  
just a room in Kansas  
and  
a cardboard sign to  
stop the people going out for some Chinese entree ..

so,  
the chaperone  
asks him what's up ..

he says he's going out  
to do the deed ..



yes,  
out to grab the chain of command  
around the ball sack  
as  
the hound dog chews a  
big hole in  
a  
pair of blue shoes,  
the  
son  
of

rock's finest hour  
goes  
for  
a  
crust of  
bread

or  
a whole  
loaf  
if  
you know what I mean ..

.. here in a Kansas town ..

**she's awake as you sleep**

laying in the soldier's  
arm,  
you explain how  
B. Ross  
made the best poached eggs  
&  
how  
the FBI wants to know more than  
you  
do ..

yes,  
napping in the back seat of  
the  
police car  
as  
all they ever wanted  
to do  
was find your clit  
&  
another nickname ..

Making it  
with the  
bartender  
at  
the  
local VFW post  
to get another new beer  
&  
some cheap thrills ..

You  
with that tenacious grin  
that explains little  
&  
describes much ..

You there,  
waiting in a bed made  
by  
tiny child hands  
speaking of a peace  
most the world sleeps on  
while  
blood  
rushes over  
closed eyelids ..

## **sides and corners to escape**

In the middle of a rectangle,  
closed off,  
seems  
as  
though there's no way out ..

I look towards the 4 corners  
and  
4 walls ..

I have 2 chances to get out of this ..

Should I go one corner - one wall,  
2 walls,  
2 corners,  
smoke two cigarettes and get comfortable  
with  
staying around for some time ..

The gal is sobbing  
and  
the boys are whispering ..

I look around,  
figure one smoke couldn't hurt none ..

That shouldn't take away too much of  
my  
air if I have to stick around ..

I light the cigarette,  
yell up  
to the top of the rectangle ..

"SAY, IF I GO A LITTLE TO THE SIDE OF A CORNER, CAN IT BE CONSIDERED ONE MORE TO  
HAVE THE CORNER-WALL COMBO?"

The voice laughs ..

Shit,  
I get halfway through the first cigarette,  
or  
just a cigarette ..

I take off my shoes,  
pull off my socks,  
take my left sock to nose ..

Not bad ..

I finish the cigarette and  
smash it out on the ground ..

Then,  
I tie the sock around my head,  
covering the eye sockets ..

I spun my body hard  
and  
headed  
in  
a  
twirl  
towards

my first  
mistake  
or

sure escape ..

## slip behind the Dr. door

in  
the doctor's waiting room  
while  
the  
grandson waits for  
his  
grandmother  
in  
NASCAR gear  
while  
I  
look at the 40th minute waiting for  
the doctor to x-ray my shoulder ..

it's been some time since  
I smashed my shoulder in front  
of thousands of people during a  
half time show in a championship soccer match ..

I was in a big bubble,  
took a good rolling dive and snapped the fucker in half ..

I got a certificate to a restaurant that I never used,  
but I got  
the girl's phone number  
and  
thought about how  
I would  
quench the burn without insurance ..

so,  
here I am a year or so after the game  
wanting to know what went down  
as  
the  
grandson pulls the waiting room door  
shut and  
farts a good one  
before coming back out  
shouting  
to the women  
cackling behind the glass walls  
where  
his grandmother is ..

she's been behind the fabled tan door for over  
an hour ..

I go up to the counter and  
ask when my turn will be  
into  
my 45th minute on the bench ..

they tell me that they thought  
I was already helped ..

I told them I've had no help up  
to this point ..

Back in my seat,  
the nurse assistant comes out  
with a straight face and no penchant for a joke  
telling me that  
the patients are stacked up ..

it'll be another 5 minutes ..

I re-read the Rabbit and the hair,  
waiting for  
a  
picture machine  
as

the grandson  
farts  
again

waiting  
for  
his  
grandmother  
behind

that  
big  
big  
door ..

## sonic girl wanting fame

On the way back to my place  
the other night ..

Getting a 12-pack,  
a film  
and  
a quick jaunt to some tater-tots with chili and cheese ..

Shouted my order into the  
electronic stump,  
pulled forward  
to  
see a woman at the window  
looking at me ..

Not just looking,  
peering,  
on the verge of getting giddy ..

she smiled ..

I smiled ..

she pulled the window back and said,  
"Have you been in films before?"

Christ,  
I laughed,  
itched my face  
and  
handed her my money ..

"Really, you've been in films haven't you?"  
she asked hanging more and more out of the window.

She seemed safe,  
secure ..

If I was a star,  
why would there be any threat?

I told her,  
"Man .. man .. I really have to go."

I pulled the emergency brake release on my dilapidated Toyota Paseo,  
smiled  
again as she kept peering with  
her  
lovely eyes ..

I said,

"Have a nice night" and pulled away ..

she remained giddy

as

I pulled

a

smoke

up

to my common folk lips

and

laughed at

a

story

she telling

her

co-workers right now ..



*spell it o-u-t*

metal hangers  
holding up last night's discussion  
with the girl,  
this morning's horseshoe getting pounded for  
the fuck of it,  
the small child getting thrust into school clothes and winter coat  
for reasons that won't hit the kid till much later on,  
the fisherman sitting on the edge of a frozen pond  
wondering why the fuck he chose ice fishing as a hobby,  
the gecko running to see his other gecko kin  
as the trash truck hits  
a  
hard bump in the road .. out comes a coke bottle circa 1985 (the heavy shit)  
and  
landing in the Sanoma sand ..

from that comes  
an ant  
and  
the  
spell ..

## **spell the rumor**

kids miss-spelling  
the world  
learned (larend) ..

Looks like Ireland,  
moves like an American shadow  
we try to slip the  
black sheet cover over  
so  
we can monitor it  
yet  
it slips  
and  
slurps  
like  
a rumor we want  
to  
decode  
badly ..

**still workin'**

black kids punching me  
in the arm,  
postcards from Canada,  
job postings for cultural awareness,  
half-filled bags of chips,  
the old statue of Lewis & Clark gets a polish,  
the stork nesting in the flamingo's egg basket,  
glue corkscrews,  
being stuck in Europe feels like yesterday,  
comfortable fitting hats,  
bright light bulbs pumping out bits of yellow juice,  
insane folk concocting a new cell phone plan,  
the pencil's tip after sharpening it for the last 2 hours,  
the first cold beer of this aging evening,  
my lover's father getting his life support plug pulled tonight,  
families picking through old photos as they say good-bye to that one friend,  
drying pasta in the sieve,  
cars pulling slowly through the red light,  
a neighbor friend telling me of a new job and a better boss as a result,  
the last cigarette of the evening and it's still early,  
a comic I just rapped with several turns ago on national TV while watching a good show,  
our President choking on a pretzel as we try to find out what the first lady was masturbating to while it  
happened,  
another neighbor inviting me over for a poke at a new film,  
the sounds of E. Garner going through the keys as though he's making out for the first time,  
a group of avante folk remembering Beethoven's birthday,  
the crab sinking his claws into an age old truth,  
bad ink from my result,  
a nude girl buying a new cotton robe,  
the raise in our government's new cut,  
the pasta sauce in all it's red vigor  
and  
me  
coming  
to the end  
of  
my  
cigarette ..

## Streaking

print ink  
streaking  
across these  
words ..

I'm hopeful  
you'll have  
a  
chance  
to  
read  
what  
is  
being put down ..

cause  
these  
are  
times  
of  
interest for not  
only the country  
but  
the  
neighbors  
down the hall  
and  
the cats scurrying through the  
trash piles  
in  
the  
dumpster out back ..

sure,  
planes  
are  
sending minor  
sound crackles  
over the roof as  
the  
radio tries to work  
out the kinks of a bad radio format  
that  
will be changed soon  
because

the people  
are always wanting more ..

so,  
as  
the

ink streaks across the blade  
and  
the  
blood becomes the vein that will carry  
lemon juice into your  
mixed  
cocktail,  
I  
wish

you luck peering through  
the  
lines

of what we're  
doing,  
they're doing

and  
how  
we  
have  
been done,  
baby ..

## take and leave

animal cookies  
waiting for  
the boy  
as old gift bags  
wait for  
takers here  
in  
this apt. with  
an old art book,  
carmex tin,  
sheets of sign language,  
old circles of coffee grain,  
pine wax,  
fresh cigarette papers,  
last month's news,  
today's dried recollection,  
yesterday's antelope,  
an alligator skull,  
&  
carpeting on  
your way  
out  
&  
leave some food  
behind ..

if so inclined ..

## the biggest story on US TV I missed

making mixed  
tapes,  
smoking what's left,  
Elliot is talking about 'happy holidays'  
as  
I

remember the hits that took this country to  
where  
we  
are  
at ..

never saw the two planes hit NY  
until last  
night during a  
news mag  
show ..

never,  
I should say,  
on an American television set ..

suppose it's another reason  
why  
I shouldn't  
watch TV much ..

so,  
in the business of describing the  
indescribable ..

I'll  
just  
leave  
it  
at  
this ..

## the last room in the hotel

your living room is the first room  
on the list as  
the bathroom sits in the prized possession nitch ..

her house  
is the breeze that continues to blow through  
your second room as the trees stand still ..

further,  
the barstool is a throne  
as the taproom holds a mysterious look ..

With all the open air of a neglected pond  
&  
the climate control of your dry room,  
the only real adventure is  
the hotel room that waits in a city you know little about  
&  
when you remember to forget ..

the real shadow about is the last hotel room standing  
in that city  
&  
that's luck a casino holds a cup to catch ..