



JOEFILES LX
A HOG IN THE FISH'S PATH

cold bricks

the kids of urban tenements
and bordering on
foster care
as
the
adults holler
to passing cars
off 3rd Street
&
little else
to escape into ..

With sound from radio
amped high
&
the prospect
of new technology for the kids ..

the power goes out in a hush
&
the generator
slams on like
an
egg
hitting
cold,
cold brick ..

coming around the corner

breaking up the urban black boys ready to fight
as I waited on the millionaire architects trying
my girlfriend's menu in a
bar down the road ..

waiting to cash all my dimes and nickels in for several poor stamps
as the dollars come through and I pick up 20 new stamps
for my least known friends ..

taking down a fist of menthol cigarettes because that is all that is around
as the kid with an extra egg shaped head writes about the ills of smoking in
a lab assignment I handed down to his computer screen ..

listening to the girl tip toe through a verbal verbatim of Buddha upstairs
as the boy teeters up and down on the chair
waiting for the next Internet image to keep him awake past his bedtime ..

sleeping through this time as though my best is verily yet to come
and the most of what I have
comes
out
now
in
a
flash I'll forget in the next
week
that

will have the
fine fuckin' fortune
of
visiting
the walking ..

crow call

came home
from
a
meal with the lady friend the other night
when
we approached the door
and
a
loud thud on land woke
up
an
enormous sweltering of crows
from the treetops ..

looked like 3D screen animation
as
the
black feathers flapped in a torrent above
and
the sound a thousand droplets of shit hitting the ground ..

few planned human events
could match nature's bravado
in
that minute
of
crows
flying,
honking
and
shitting
in

a
display
I could use
every morning while
leaving my
place ..

djdream

crash - crash,
schism,
boom,
bam - crash,
makin' sense?

da - doo - dwap,
boom,
crash - crash,
bass slllaaaaapp,
go,
making more sense?

ba - boy - bing,
ga- girl - jam ..

beed - boog,
bomb
blank ..

ba - boo ..

la - lu
in the shoe,
go ..

you see?

don't forget it

Clay figurines,
brightly lit rooms and stores ..

The fact remains
that
the
first thing you remember
will
be the last thing you
forget ..

entertaining in this town

Printing
a menu
up

that will give another person
a
reason to go out
on
the
town ..

my lady friend and I
put together a menu
that she is cooking
for

at
a
little bar and grill off the
downtown path ..

the place
is
picking up a pace,
but
no where near
where it could be in any other metropolitan
town ..

we
live
in one of the most populated,
cool
towns in the country
and
it still appears to
be
a
ghost town ..

the sheet is off the bed
while the comforter makes you hop in happily each time ..

the dull blade
with an immaculate hand ..

a smoking gun
with no one to blame but a
prairie smashed with cow faces
and

a
quality steak at the end of the day ..

more fountains and spouting water
than another other town
but
Rome
though

it's a risk to open a joint up
in these downtown quarters ..

when you question an urban hangout
in
a
large
city
like this,
it may be time to leave ..

on the flip,
you may want to leave when the urban hangout
becomes
too much
to
bear
with
the
flock of folk ..

the line
on
this is ..

I may be sticking on the suckle
this
tangerine tree
is
giving
me

but
you
have
been warned ..

fluids

in honor of the honered
we
bring
you
those
that
bleed
and
those
that
enjoy

the
blood
for
all the rights
it
has
to be in our veins ..

For: Hazel March

the minute
life
comes
riding up to your doorstep,
takes over your
active daily thought
and
makes you
go with
the
decision made
is
when you understand your mortality ..

when
the
significance
of
yourself
is dwarfed by something
beyond
you and
wholly you ..

so,
when the seed is sown
and
the workers
are ready to go out into the fields ..

we
know
that
every one of us is a walking
testament
to

that decision
and
others that we're
made to be made

whether

they
made
it
or

will

one
day

make
it
when

it's wholly right

and
ready to be hatched ..

Hazel March,
this
ones
for
you

and
the longest,
most mortal week
this kid
has

ever
spent on earth ..

Fry Day

Funny ducks
in
a
woman's jazz swagger
as
the
boy's roll the bones at the casino's best standing table ..

Cold seals slain
in the rapper's new pop
rip off
as
she pours a drink to a
professional gambler
takin' a night
off ..

The warm pelt of
a raccoon's walk
as
the aimless shoot for the miraculous bull's eye
hidden by
the
satin cloud ..

&
we have the soft sheen
of
a couple humans going towards
the
stairwell down somewhere
we
heard about as children ..

girl logic 8

better love
for a near-perfect
lover
in an imperfect
world
of
hardship and wonder
smashed into the egg sandwich
of
morning that will
freeze in the wind going
over the iced
streets outside ..

giving something more
because
I know I'm a coward when it comes to commitment,
I bought a new pair of shears,
nail gun
and some ground beef for
the times
when
victory
seemed something between failure and necessity ..

laying in this double wide bed,
he prints still fresh from the evening or so before
as he son slips into another
more comfortable position in his 4-year-old bed
and
the world

just
feels
a bit more
like the world ..

so
pull on those shoes when the fire is
brimming
and
take off your last sock
when
the
lava

comes seeping over the horned rim edge ..

it never
felt

better to get burned
and
that's
a
fact

worth
getting scarred over ..

he really knew

he was a short kid ..

had that werewolf boy look ..

came in,
sat oblong at the terminal
and
would click
all over the screen ..

just clicking ..

not opening much
or
not understanding what he was opening ..

just 13
and
timid enough not to ask questions ..

after some
time,
when his struggle
was
givin' me the laughs
I
would go over and
say,
"larry? what gives, pal?"

he would always say "I DON'T KNOW" ..

kid gets a new pair of
shoes ..

"hey larry, you got some new shoes, huh? like 'em?"

"I DON'T KNOW"
he would say.

always an i don't know from this kid ..

there was a beauty in it ..

this werewolf boy was always 'in'
&
he just didn't have an opinion ..

reminds me of many people I run into ..

but

keep this in mind larry ..

stay in it ..

just try to know why you
are

sometimes ..

her coming call

cigarette
still smoldering
under its smashed shaft,
she'll call later
and wonder why I didn't call earlier on ..

Shit baby,
too much mustard
in the jar
&
too little bread in the bag ..

Now coughing over the
stray smoke
&
empty packs lying about as executed convicts ..

Sure,
something soon will break this
air ..

We can only
hope
she knows

what's goin' on ..

hey doll

it's
going
to
be all right ..

need another
drink
to
get convinced?

sure,
let me run down
the
street for a couple ..

just
don't
start drinking
the
dishwasher soap,
turpentine,
floor cleaner
or
other ..

yea,
you
going to make it there
with
your
predictions
and
memory of the last relationship?

is that
drink
going
to
drink
you?

with
your nails become
your
bones
later?

or
is
this just another
reason

to
get yourself

alone

feeling

that

your

past is going to come

crawling

back up to you

for

a

little

forgiveness?

I'll

be

back

soon ..

but

don't

be

surprised

if

the donkey of the future

comes

waltzing

in while

I'm

gone

and

you

have

some 'splainin'

to

do ..

Icy Suess

a day of
glorious sunshine
as
the
light pelts the iced trees ..

arched,
snapped,
leaning
on
a
bend as half the city sits in
the
parochial dark ..

the trees
look
like images from a Dr. Suess novel
where he star chested sneeches
are
coming to eat your hot, hot
porridge ..

sure,
while the tiny bearded man of Rumpelstiltskin
comes
to
rap on your door for some tea
and
the
neighbors
borrow
a light bulb ..

a
land
of
kid's fables

as
the
adults
catch the undertones ..

Intro

don't supercede
the
glow yo
and
wait until the seed
has
sprouted
to
tell everyone how
good
your
dinner
is
gonna
be ..

its valentine's day

and
cupid is still
laying
in
bed from
several evenings before ..

ready for fluids,
the kids come by and
drop off their cards
and
crafty RSVP's ..

he bats
an
eye lid or two
and
floats back into sleep ..

the kids
pick up his bow and arrows ..

begin pelting the walls
and
front of the house ..

he's not moving
nor
acknowledging any of it ..

then,
the girls come in and tear off his clothes,
yet
keep the blankets tucked tight
around
his
red neck ..

the day after valentine's day
he
wakes up ..

waltzes into the kitchen,
fills up a water glass,
takes it all down,
starts the coffee

and
looks around
naked
at
a
gallery of arrows her forgot about
and
runs back into his room

to
see who the victim was in the bed ..

no one there ..

shit,
he thinks,
they slipped away and had a time with his
weaponry of love ..

so,
cupid
grabs a bath
robe

and a pen and pad of paper
and
begins
plotting his next
plan ..

one of LONGEVITY ..

justice or coincidence?

Found out
today
that
earth
narrowly avoided a
collision
or
smashing event
with an asteroid ..

it was of good size,
rather flat for a piece
of space
rock and would have inflicted the damage
the
size of Reno or Vegas ..

(sure,
take a gamble on the betting cities
for this one)

so,
it didn't hit us
and burned up on entry through
the
atmosphere ..

what if this did
hit us?

what if it hit
Afghanistan or Iran?

what
kind of message would
we take from this ..

artificial disaster for
natural disaster ..

fuck,
if I was an Islamic fundamentalist in the Mideast after this,
I'd
piss my shorts clean off my ass ..

last one in

drum .. drum
drum
drum
drum,
repeat drum,
drum,
more drum,
dance floor
to full thrust,
the beast lives
as
the
angel smokes her cigarette ..

go with that drum,
drum
drum
drum,
go with the down beat,
drum baby,
whoop
whoop
whoop
whoop,
the men can't dance,
dance
dance,
drum
drum
women
drum ..

go you fucker
&
Billie Jean
on a magic screen ..

let's talk
about dancin'?

why would we not
go
go
go
go,
baby?

music hustler

pump fist,
out,
pump fist,
in,
loose clothes,
no,
tight fit,
yes,
coming,
OK,
going,
all right,
boiled rice,
soft,
good shoes,
comfortable,
the hard sell .. lover ..

never liked killing

helped a kid
write
a paper for school
in exchange for a favor ..

he was going to
come up with a curriculum
for
the computer lab ..

I was going to type like a mad bastard
for several minutes in exchange
for the deal ..

so,
I start writing ..

he's watching ..

asks me how I do it ..

I tell him,
'practice and less TV .. "

he nods ..

a good-natured black kid,
smart,
good with the ball on the court,
he grins like
he's getting geared for a good meal
as I head towards the bottom of page one ..

then,
he stops me and says,
why did you type that?

I ask,
'type what?'

he pointed to the screen ..

shit,
I typed 'killed' instead
of the prescribed 'liked' ..

he looked at me with a side
glance of nerves
and
tried to laugh it off ..

shit,
I'm not a violent man,
but your subconscious has a way of slippin' in ..

must have been an
ad
or
message
I saw earlier on ..

yet,
the whole time
the kid looked
at
me
like something was going to give ..

the only thing I gave him was some fast
fingers
as

he
continues
to
wonder

what
the
killer

really liked .. ?

new right side rims

on approach
from the city
via
north to south ..

slices
of building tops being squeezed through girders and beams
as
the
city comes
into
full view ..

the
last of the hippie's decree
floats around the top
of
the
yuppies Heineken on tap at Anthony's off the downtown look ..

the Quaff is serving
the last
of
the
evenings cheapest beer
to
those
that
are bleary eyed and waiting for the next great comeback ..

then,
you have Midtown waiting for
the next ice storm
or
disaster relief fund
giving them more moments of
cheap
drinking
moments
and
a new light pole
where the old one was knocked down by a bad poster for an out-dated show ..

it's
the
city through the fish lens of a bridge
and
it's the old ad sign off the roadway
that
tells Americans that we still live in the United States ..

polish up

those glasses ..

both on
face and in the detergent water
and

we'll meet
once
again
when
the
shit goes down ..

next couple

when
the
next
one in line
decides
to
give

up
his
spot ..

I'll be
in

the
next line
waiting
for
the

new
thing ..

night before

the charred remains
of good times
as
the
73-year-old janitor rests during
the bar's high tide ..

yet,
he'll catch the stench
&
compressed beauty of that evening clique
that
drank and how ..

old bastard
knows
better
but
his wife
needs a new
dress ..

so,
off to work in the
morning
the
man

drive
like
a
chauffer acting like the driven one ..

The Novice & Soft

Been on a push
to get some poems
published
&
figured I would buy some of
these magazines & such
that have already said poems
of other published ..

Some soft stuff ..

Too much about trees,
too little about a woman's mysterious figure ..

Too much about
sun rays
when the silver moon holds the
real missing poetic link ..

Drawn by the belly button
&
erased by the cock,
we need a solid smack
on pages to wipe the mouth with and
that's the 'hard' truth as
is seen
from
this
novice penner ..

Random Friday night

Bar music,
the woman talking over her previous and likewise words,
golf in the gold bucket,
nothing new for Mr. Magoo,
people leaving one destination
for
another departure
as
God looks into your eyes through
the top of an oatmeal bowl ..

Sure,
as the beast of a lost call gets enough change
to
call the convict
who failed to carry out his plans ..

It's one fraction
away from a whole number
and
2 tenths running from the hollow eyes
for
a
zero ..

red gumballs in the stars

It was a Martian moon ..

The Fairfax
throwing up red dots,
the world still in
a
quiet war
for
now
as
the faces wade through a Cuban prison cell ..

Propaganda
intact,
it was a red moon,
brightest of the year
as
the folks talked about
a coming storm,
the toast poppin' up a smidge too soon ..

Sure,
red soufflé
and the French
on their mustard colored horse ..

As the foretellers thought
about shit
coming to an end
on the celestial ball
glowin' in a way
Bradbury
would have written about,
I swerved some
as the man in the Cadillac
called his insurance rep
and the real Mars
was the only hidden
constellation
on
the
blood red horizon ..

september jazz

talked to
a
guy the other night
that just opened a new bar
down the street ..

we got
on the topic of music
and
I told him a good jazz collection is
irreplaceable ..

the we talked about Djano Reinhardt ..

he said he had none
and I
said I couldn't find any in the states ..

though,
I did pick up a compilation
copy
the night of 9.11.01 in Venice, IT ..

bottle of wine in bag,
waiting for more reports in Italian
that we were going to have little luck comprehending ..

so,
with gal on arm,
wine in hand,
Django in another bag,
the
night went into
morning

and
I
knew

that the crazy gypsy man
would
be
proud ..

some needed venom

calligraphy in her eyeliner,
venom in her lip-gloss,
lust in the scent
and sex in her bra,
the
woman is the grave
and
the
glass of water
when

all fluids are gone
and
the
arm is ready to fall
flat
fucking
asleep ..

steppin' out for history

the old woman
from across the street,
clad in
fur collar
comes
by
the
dumpster to have a smoke
from
the
Cancer Lodge ..

Earlier,
she
was
probably
in short sleeves
laughing about
her
20's flying by
in
a
long,
long
glimpse ..

Now,
she
fidgets for her lighter
and
makes
bets
in
her head about
where
and when
the
next attack on America will take place ..

Sure,
the
uncertainty is like certainty these
days
as
the
tobacco
gives
a
momentary glitch to of a bigger

addiction at
hand

and
the
trash waits
for
the temperature to drop
to
a
level
that
will

afford
us
a
fond
memory

of
earlier on ..

Still waiting for Godot

In a group talk
with the bosses
and
others that made it through
the
latest ax throw
at
the
gig I'm working for ..

One of the higher ups
asks about 16 people in the room
if
they had ever heard of the book 'WAITING FOR GODOT' ..

I nod ..

He looks over with a smile ..

Almost a smile of disappointment ..

He wanted to be the only one somewhat well read in the room ..

The kind of guy that likes to speak and listen
according to his schedule ..

So,
he asks me to explain to the group
what
Kafka's Waiting for Godot is about ..

I let his slight of author,
being Samuel Beckett,
slide
because it was a deliberate set-up for his
mental lapse ..

Alluding to this story once more in a long line,
I just let it ride and
explained to the room
how
the
story worked and how existentialism played into it ..

Today,
he asked me to explain the book and overtones
to a group of a hundred or so
with a microphone in hand
at
some church we were having
a

big gathering at ..

So,
I caught him
before
and
told him that Beckett wrote the story
and
Kafka was noted for his work on "METAMORPHOSIS" AND "PENAL COLONY"
and
if he really wanted to know a thing or two about existentialism
he
could refer to the father and mother of the belief .. (Jean Paul Sartre and Ayn Rand) ..

He nodded
and
moved on ..

Later that
day
he thanked me for not embarrassing
him
in
front of the group ..

If this gets out,
it
may
be more embarrassing,
old chum ..

story beget story

newest spark
in
a
line
of

good plugs ..

it's
the
vortex
playing
a
game
with the trickster
and
the
rest of us have been squeezed
out
for
reasons
that
will
be explained later on ..

so,
while
the
Anglican
mid-wife
hunts,
gathers
and
gives birth

know
that
there are other
things

alive

and
that
the
only thing not

alive

is

the
story you don't know about
as

of yet ..

stripper concealing the truth

lawyers harassing the
naked lifeguard
as she giggles to me
about
trivial items
under stoned eyes ..

wondering how much
of her sexy fabric is
show
and
how much
will turn out to be a truth in some
gossip circle I
don't
want to be a part of ..

so,
you little sexual causer you,
dance
in
that
strip joint,
try to save a life poolside
and
slap the price
getting too close ..

but that
story
about the lawyer
raising your skirt
before you entered the interview room
and
asked how well you clean up
is
a
bit
too much ..

here's to your
story
and
the possibility that you really
wished
it
to
happen
in
some

dark,
small
quadrant of your
mind ..

sweet break in tempo

guitar hum from the banjo
hero ..

it's been a while
since we've
heard
from

your
spiral bind ..

sure,
it's
been some time
since
the
drum
roll
sent you into the next flock

and
clobbered the block ..

so,
with
your
instrument
in
mouth

let
us
have
it

good and hard
on
a
night like tonight ..

the indian

healing the sick
shadow

because
the
actual image
ran
away

for
another sort of treatment
that
required
more

time
and

a
bit
more
temperature ..

the kids still win

the parade of music moved
up
the
block
and
the
kids didn't know how to react ..

adults with their kind smiles
and
somewhat knowing recognition
as
the
music came barreling through ..

Sinatra,
Ellington,
some new stuff like Oasis,
Air
and
such ..

and the kids were
confused ..

not really ready to accept
or
throw their arms up
in
despair as the potato burned up in the oven ..

so,
with adult playgrounds
as
such

and
the
kids
as

our
future
and
silent destiny ..

we
adults

can
accept this one little victory all for our own ..

the storm approached

It's a tight
neighborhood ..

the neighbors
have
a hard time in congeniality
as
the
ice
comes down and
us car drivers are confined to the confines ..

the bar
down the street
is serving
cold,
cold late beer ..

the crowd is thin
and
the sound of pool balls cracking on the green top
is loud
and
echoes
that no one is willing to take the risk to fall on the ice,
iced
sidewalks ..

breaking from the pool
game,
watching the thick, cold rain
fall on the back of tree branches
thinking
about the lack of balls in the locals ..

shit,
this is he time,
if any,
to get out and crack your ass
open
and
have

a good drink over it ..

shoes &
pants are
a few of the things that should ever
wear
out

so

move
your toes
and
have

a
fucking beverage ..

this paint gig

got word
that

Pete
wants me to
put my work up in his
coffeehouse ..

a new
place on a busy juncture
in town
and

he
told me he's been hearing some
things about what I do ..

here in torn slippers,
second hand cloth,
rolled cigarette exhausted
and
a phone that looks like a used space ship ..

I have
heard
some
things to ..

let's sell a cup of
coffee

and
try to scare off those
that

want
to
write it off

or
help me out
with
my

next trip to
the
paint supply shop ..

throwin' at the night

tended
the
bar of a local
joint
last
eve with the lady friend ..

slow
night behind the wood
as
the
gin looked tastier
by
the
glass ..

threw some cards around
with
some of the familiars,
burnt
a couple of bad matches

and
threw
some rocks
at
a
dilapidated ad sign off the side
of
the
road across the street ..

my lady friend, a good friend and I
were launching
a
patch of rocks
smacking
the
AM air with
a
little
talk back ..

sure,
an oasis of rocks always
suck
me
in ..

then,
a

woman in the white duplex
behind the sign comes
out
to say,
"WHAT THE FUCK? WE'RE TRYING TO SLEEP."
as
the
lady friend sets the bar alarm,
locks
the
door
and
my friend and I pick one last solid rock
to pitch
at
our neighbor friend's sleep ..

so,
with lock set,
the evening awake
and
our rocks ready ..

we counted to three and launched ..

all three landed
as
we flew towards our cars

and
left
the
victorious

ones ..

awake and full a fuckin' noise ..

tomorrow's today

ignite the lamp
&
leave your room ..

there's something in the
air
&
the light
even has to
duck now ..

tumbling prics

old friend
brought
me back something after
his trip to Arizona
recently ..

he took me to his truck
and
pulled out a thorny mob
of dead bush ..

said it was a tumbleweed ..

chased it down for ten minutes ..

now,
this is what I talking about
for something worth holding onto ..

the real relic from the valley of dry
and

the
way
shit should be given
to
folks ..

UNREPORTED POEM

None of the reporter's
went to cover
the
story because the thought
that
each other was
already on the scene ..

thus,
the story of a modern day tundra
and
frozen ice men
went
neglected until now ..

I got the editor's
note in
a
convenience store trash can
and
figured
that

it
was worth something if
it
made
it
into
the
trash bin
of
a
convenience store ..

urban parable

When you can't understand
what someone is doing something they're passionate
about ..

It's time to
find something that
you
are
passionate
about

and
let

the
bygones
be

gone,
sucker ..

**urban prophet
saving a squirrel**

Back up the trafficway towards
my
place
in
downtown hills ..

notice
a
man
done in by the cycle
holding something small in his hands ..

wrapped in a night sky blue coat
in
the
middle of 70 degree weather
coddling a
dying squirrel ..

either hit by the busy traffic
or
stricken with something more ..

he was stopped in the middle
of
the
day trying to give
this
creature
something more than he was given ..

the
urban messiah
giving
a
strange
animal life ..

one of hundreds
a
fighting
chance

because
it
didn't ask for it ..

walking flat through the greens

the man digging
underground
in
the
middle of a 4-way stop intersection
as
I pull to the next green light
to see a man
in
a
LA Raiders jacket move
across slowly,
knowing the light is green,
giving the staunch look of
victory as he goes
to
the
other side of the road ..

I looked on in marvel
as
I caught this guy caddy-corner
on
another crosswalk later that day doing the same thing ..

this man's victory ..

crossing on greens,
making the
traffic way ..

though this time
he
went further
while looking straight up
at
a
bird on a pole ..

he clapped his hands
loudly
before
hitting the curb in front of several Mexicans
waiting for the bus ..

the bird didn't move,
he kept walking
in
a
peculiar laugh
as
he

slowed down to take
the
ice
softly ..

shit pal,
ice
seems
as though
it's the least of your
journey's
concern ..

warm gently; ice with hazard

Don't' abort
the piece because of me ..

it's only cheap art,
baby,
&
it can be easily replaced
as
Dali sleeps
and
Matisse
rolls
up
another

canvass he's going
to smoke
between a bed
of
wet,
wet
tobacco ..

what you own

a legal precedent
handed down
from
the
palm
of
a
thief
is
like
a
fortune handed down
from the
mouth
of
a
trusted
financial advisor
looking
after your shoes
&
estate ..

when one stinkin' cares

there's a dead skunk in the road ..

it's been there for over 2 weeks
and running ..

people keep running over it ..

the smell is gone ..

the only thing I can figure is that there are no
new
hires

at
animal control ..

*when there's nothing left
something is there*

grabbing
that safety net of
security,
you lop
about
like
a
log
ready to be rolled ..

and
you
lisp with your talk
like
there's
something more than
a
stone lost in the pond ..

so,
as you go after that image in your mind
you
haven't
quite accepted
as
the
fact
in
a
fictitious scheme,
there
are
some questions to ask ..

don't
get us wrong,
we love living the debauchery,
but
there's a line
that hasn't been
drawn
and

we are plum out of stones
to
write
that
one on the wall ..

when tomorrow doesn't come till tomorrow

it was wait till tomorrow,
then it
was wait
till tomorrow

then it
was really wait for
tomorrow
as
we
waited for tomorrow
and
forgot
that we were waiting
for
tomorrow
as
we
still remained ..

waiting for tomorrow ..

so,
tomorrow is going to
be here
tomorrow, huh?

well,
be sure the day after tomorrow
to
write tomorrow
that
it took a bit long
to come
this way ..

cause
all
we wanted,
to the core
of our blend
was for tomorrow to come
to
be there for
the rest of the tomorrow's ..

so,
as
tomorrow
comes

tomorrow ..

have

a
good tomorrow,
you all ..

winning the week back

we come back
to
do
war again
through
the
flames
in
a torch,
the grapefruit bruises coming out of a kid's head,
cherries that won't extinguish,
the casserole that just won't warm no matter how long radiation burns down,
the coffee is hold an ice cube in its pocket,
the evening won't consider the heat,
the long claw of the bear becomes another donut,
the old typewriter looks on with 24 letters,
the loud voice of the stop light vagrant yells 'PURPLE',
the man with an name barely pronounceable goes by 'yo',
the movement of the ant in the praying mantis' shadow,
the cornbread turning into a pile of warm beans,
the statue melting into ice,
the stories this week didn't afford me to write
and
the war
that everyone
is
slowly
forgetting about
as
laughter
again
wins ..

1st & Last

the humanity in one truth
is the
lie
that
was
really never a lie at all ..

2-8-2002

cowboys riding over
the range
as
the
Mexican kids suck a mango pop flavored with
cooking seasoning
in
the
hook of a fish
that

just so happened to get away ..

2-14-2002

miffed line,
wrong meter,
the time went to the banker's account,
then
it
all
went
back

or
forward to
style ..

#2,185

Wandering microbe
glue me to
the lamp post
and
call me a lemon twice ..

Sugar hopper,
cane licker,
the idiot bought
a bag of dimes
only to lose
to
the guy with a bag
of confederate cash
in the same evening ..

he got a bag of quarters and forgot where he put them ..

Sometimes you
have
to just
get
get
get
out
of

the plane ..

#3,198

I want
AZ
because Colorado
seems a bit
easy ..

I want it hotter than
a
bitch
because it's hard to
escape the frigid cold ..

I use my feet cause wheels
are
a bit too convenient ..

I smoke cigarettes
cause the cigars are too big a trip
each day ..

I'll take the Jazz
over your rap
cause
it makes more sense to be original and instinctive ..

So
with this penned,
I go to the room and open the door wide,
baby ..

14-year-old Karl

this kid
I know ..

his
name is karl (yes .. with a 'k')
and
I asked him what his story
was while
setting him
up
an
Internet account ..

he told me that he
has
evaded near death incidents
many,
many time ..

"oh yea,"
I began.
"Like what?"

"Lightning striking and being run over by a medium size pick-up truck"
he said in a morose tone.

"shit, karl,"
I came back.
"you must be one of the luckiest 14-year olds I know."

he just smiled
and
set up his screen name as 'thegorefiend' ..

so,
as time has gone on I have become
fond of this kid
and vice versa ..

I have told him that we should try
to write a book about his tale ..

he said that he has avoided death exactly 25 times ..

hell,
that's about 1.7 incidents a year ..

one little danger twirler he is ..

this is a partial list he has given me thus far ..

1. struck by lightning

2. hit by a truck
3. suicide attempt with a rope
4. another suicide attempt with a rope
5. poison ivy
6. more poison ivy
7. another bad case of the poison ivy
8. lead poisoning
9. umbilical cord wrapped around his throat on the first slide into life ..

it will continue ..

fuckin' karl with his padded paint ball gloves with the tips cut
out
and
decades of
stories
for
the
future
karls
of
the
world

avoiding

the
bullet
however heavy
or

slight
they
fly ..

2-26-02

long distance
dedications,
dried paint canister,
cheap canned goods,
the rat stole my mousetrap
while
the
creepy girl
turned into the sexiest thing I have seen in some time ..

one
did fly over the
Baltimore's nest
and
another landed flat fucking in it
as
the

wet water stays as such
and

they
dry cold
air
becomes something
to

look forward to in the morning
as
the
back lurches
forward
and
the
only thing
more

valuable to this kid than a working motor

is the unspeakable
chance
of
a
good spare donut in the trunk ..

3-19-2002

times
like these
are
not uncommon
for
common
times ..

cause
the
dreamer
has

seen his life
flash before his eyes
since he was a boy ..

died
a
thousand or more deaths while reading his eye lids,
lived
several thousand more lives
while
walking around the
silent
masses ..

his name was "Walter" .. they would call him "Wall" for short ..

this
kid didn't miss a hitch ..

his dreams were enough to get the women into the sack
and
his talk of death would make corporate neglect look like child's play ..

sure,
as much as the "Wall" would predict,
no
one really believed
his
shit

until they
read the obituary that
fateful morning ..

that's
something
that

we
shouldn't
even get into now ..

other
than saying that
Walter was
right

the
whole fucking time ..

3-20-2002

kid asked me today if I had any kids
of my own ..

I said 'no'
& wondered at exactly what he didn't know
about this day ..

then,
a kid,
one of my favorites,
said that I had enough to take care of at my job ..

back home

if there is
anywhere in the world
you
want to send
me

get
me
back to Italia ..

so,
if that plane ticket
doesn't work out
or
you have a gift you don't know
who you
want to make it out
to ..

make it out to me
or
someone I know ..

my
bag
has
been packed ..

better sleep

The master in his
high rise
as the kids
wait for sleep ..

Groggy eyes
waiting,
the days of excessive lip balm
has passed
as
the master's mistress sleeps in a red wine
slumber
on the feet of the floor ..

Lights on,
shaded pulled
and the sound of a faint radio
from a
passing car
as
the
kids one
by
one
nod off into
another
&
likely better dream ..

bird crime

not wanting to
see the face of technology
cause
its looked at me too long
&
possibly knows far greater about me
than I
of it ..

the dancing line
waves
from far away as the robin
steals the nasty blue jay's
bread basket
&
all we have is a short
article
online
talkin' of the
robin's swift
arraignment ..

boys on the interstate bridge

driving down the thick
lanes on the downtown loop
as
the translucent man hops in front of me ..

I don't swerve,
though everyone around does,
because I know that this is only an image ..

it has re-occurred in my dreams
and the bitten eyes and clenched wheels around me just
wouldn't understand as they pull up next to me to get
a
closer look at the guy that drove straight through the ghost
on the interstate rounding around the city ..

I shake it off and
notice the same man,
dilapidated,
beaten
yet invigorated 40-some guy
standing on the platform
around the bridge looking over the water ..

wondering whether to jump or take in more of the view,
air
and scents around ..

so,
I cross the bridge,
go to the folks place ..

again,
I drive through the man that appears within the same block radius
on that downtown loop ..

and again,
the other drivers around panic
as this man grins
and lets my 50 mph vehicle rip through his
ghostly image ..

some days go by
or maybe a week
and the same
dreams come through my head ..

those of the man I drive through and the
one standing on the bridge ..

they send me little pieces of talk in the dream
like,
'how did I get here?'
'where are you going in such a hurry?'
'how come no one says hello any more?'
'is there even really truth in a documentary'
'how much do we have to bleed before the band-aids aren't necessary'
on
and
on and on ..

these guys,
I drive by and through
on
a
weekly basis
and
still nothing more than a coincidence
that I see
and
others should be able to see ..

with this at hand tonight,
get out on the road
and
look over the edge of a bridge
once
as though
you
aren't here
and

fiction is all you have to
grab onto ..

braking in 4th gear

working the bar,
teaching the kid,
watching her in marvel,
picking up the spoon,
dropping the fork,
reasoning with the barterer,
taking the glass away from the collector's mouth,
sending a letter to a 4-year-old of a fucking enormous bulldozer,
making 3 shirts for the same kid,
buying some empty notepads for kids that need some writing in their time,
taking out the trash,
slipping in the trash,
pouring one more drink,
getting high with my brother,
losing my mind in Missouri,
regaining it in Missouri,
selling a phantom painting to an invisible admirer
as
the
brush drops to the ground
and

the
house
breaks into
while

the
eye

watches it
closer
and
closer
until
wet
meets
foundation

and
we can

all enjoy
what has been created
instead of
wondering where it's going ..

brought by chance
& bought by circumstance

*incidental dance
in the
stolen
dress
from
the
borrowed tailor,
have
an
ounce more sweat to
entertain the guests
as
the
dollar storeowner
buys a five dollar trinket
as
the
competing five and dime ..*

*let the trucks
roll where
the
cars try to get out of third gear and
lay a flower
at
the
Alamo if it makes you feel better ..*

*just
do
the
instant
right
when
there's nothing left to be said
in
a
world
hinged on action
and
doubtful by rightful claims ..*