

Joefiles LXVII
Baked Beans on a Starved Belly

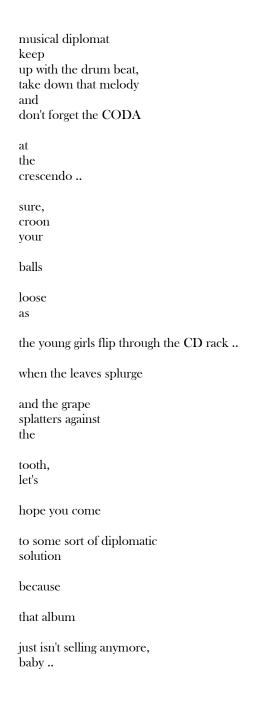
saying a book

```
thought about
little book idea ..
so,
it's a compilation
of
sayings
and
the origin of those sayings,
the person,
their history and
how
the
phrase could be used in several different contexts ..
'CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK'
'COCKTAIL'
'A LOT ON MY MIND'
'CAT'S CRADLE'
'NINE LIVES'
'LOVE IS BLIND'
and
such ..
though,
the stories and people
could be completely fictitious ..
would people be willing to buy
bullshit?
sure,
people buy
everyday..
that's why when you go to a bookstore
magazine
rack
seems
to
be the most popular attraction ..
pretty photos
and
many
```

articles you

will forget by default ..

selling short the sell-out



something to look at

trim the hedges, send the alien garbage to the burbs, replace the antifreeze because it's hot today . .

take the green for what it used to believe, tap your toes to the blues, tip the waitress a coin, wave at the cop that gave you a ticket for no reason, drain the last of the orange juice and let the fire burn you at least once a day ..

having a moment with Chet Baker, taking a moment away from the next fab girl band and giving it to a boy wanting to buy his first nudie magazine, making a story out of no story and giving the magazine into the campfire laughing at what is left and what needs to be burned soon ..

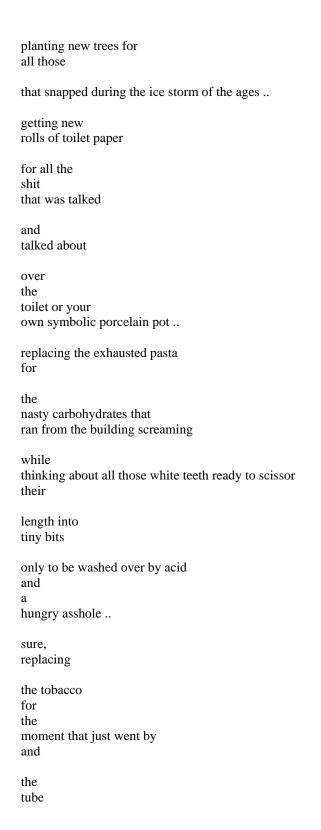
the tale of the sack coming up over they eyes so our

hair can see again ..

something yet?

```
I
get that restless feeling ..
book,
play with words,
get a brush,
sit with the
electric images flashing,
talk to the neighbor,
trip to Vegas,
eat a nut,
invent a gimmick with a short life ..
shit,
it's not about
not having anything to do ..
there's plenty of fucking shit
as
the tuba man hits his note
and
the
clarinetist brings the crowd to their feet ..
again,
how people get bored
goes
way over my head ..
boring fuckers
are
boring
and
they make
boring remarks about being bored ..
I'm ending now ..
I have
no
time
for
this boredom issue ..
(little thrill seeker, you)
```

spring harvest



of black paint waiting in the red bucket

for a

minute the

blues

will come creeping

back into your slowly shuffling

brown shoes ..

teaching the kids

something about this blue globe of ours everyday ..

or

I try when around ..

though if I had one wish for them it would be to obliterate their laziness ..

shit,

if this is the future of our land, I may have to run for politics myself once I hit the age to avoid the sloth-laden picture I see ..

these kids puke about reading and can't spell worth a shit ..

seems like prior generations have said the same thing about the younger generation ..

and look where we are now ..

the USA Today is tailored to a 6th grade reading crowd and to find anything good to read you have to search fairly hard ..

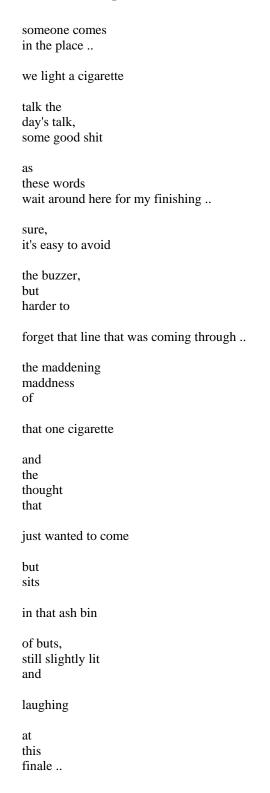
is this the lot of the technological generations that are sprouting, spinning, connecting

and such

or has

all this already been discussed before?

the buzzer goes off ..



the dream of a run

I come to you with a piece of parsley, part holy water, a cartoon suitcase, pre-1940's frames for glasses, a tan teapot, an issue of Harper's, part of a human tonsil, the last of her supper and ask that I remember

one dream from

last night ..

I have a feeling ..

the inevitable months after

```
with the course of
events ..
USA is looking
at ways they could have avoided
the
9-11 attacks ..
news of memos,
warnings,
administration shortcomings,
further probes,
new reports,
angry agents that were silenced in August,
the parable of the demon
and the
séance of the angel ..
once the dust settles some
and
the
flags start coming out of the front window
we begin
investigate the reasons
why we
should
have known
most people in the country still don't know why
Muslim folk can't stomach
the USA ..
if we really want to get to the bottom of shit,
aside from the inevitable that happened on that day in September,
it
would be a good start to know why we are in a war,
how many folks are dying in the place of those that already died,
why cells of people hate us so
and
how
we can
get
```

as

```
to the bottom of
```

the famed rhetoric

that
comes echoing
over
the
pages of newspapers,
through waves of radio
and
images of
newscasters
repeating

the President's credo

of peace ..

oh the inevitable peace ..

the up of the downdate

free dog collars the six-pack on the house .. they say our war in Afghan is won, though Donnie says were not pulling out for a long while .. sure, there's some local midwestern art kid that planted pipe bombs in Mailboxes as a protest government .. I was waiting for day when Sept. 11 was going to turn into another reason people to start killing each other again .. innocence for innocence .. that's what the President meant by getting back to 'normal' $\boldsymbol{..}$ looks like were back killing our own and buying fuck out of breakfast cereals ..

the way of nature much like the way of people .. as spring starts its flare of heat you notice the small buds growing off the trees, plants, bushes, flowers and general growth .. just a start you get the cold out of the winter bone .. then, a week later shit is in complete full bloom you wonder how the hell it got to be that way .. sure, it's like running into someone months years down the line .. did so recently with a good gal friend of mine .. knew her when she was only 17 and now she's 23 and her face has changed, hair color from blond to black, figure has trimmed off and her voice,

eye color and tone has even changed ..

is it that sleep has
us in
it's

grip

or
more

that it's

just
the way of rotation on this rock

to
miss

the

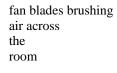
metamorphosis ..

they say there is truth in what you do

smoke tucked through the window funders come walking through looking at all the inner city kids going through the warm weather ritual of mating calls .. sure, while the coffee shop man charcoals another scene from a life he hasn't lived yet will soon when the eraser is put down and the piece is stuck on a light pole .. sure, behind the smoke going out the window now is the reason why the rain stays good and cold and the pencil still shades in the head in the new,

fangled way ..

tiny number 902



as the

fans leave the arena

wondering

why they were there in the first place ..

vanishing dogs & reappearing kid

```
my girl lives
next to
lot of folk I try to hear nothing more about ..
a couple of old folks sitting on the porch
pouring their scorn and desperation out on
the neighbors around ..
several homes with Mexicans
drinking,
pulling the frequent drug transaction,
never ever a girl around
hanging out on their property constantly flicking a lighter and laughing ..
harmless,
except for the kids in the neighborhood and
the drug sales ..
then.
there's a couple next door to the old people that the old man has told me
are fucking crazy motherfuckers with
their attack dogs
and the fact that they came in one time and stole one of their dogs ..
the kids are just some mid-20 youth
having
some grass and
throwing around their wit to the world ..
the fact is,
the girl,
who is an avid animal rescuer by day,
came over to their house one night to help a dog that had a bad abrasion or tumor on its back leg...
bleeding profusely,
the old folks refused to call help to take care of the dog..
so,
the girl,
and good for her,
broke through and snatched the dog up to heal the blood and make
with a group of animals that deserve the very fucking best ..
then,
there's the kid of the old folks ..
```

he's a black boy who wanders around the neighborhood looking for a friend ..

```
castrated out of his mind with stunting drugs,
his best friend is my gal's four-year-old boy ..
so,
James roves around throwing water balloons,
plastic tanks,
basketballs and frisbees with the kid
and
us if we have the time ..
he does this for some days ..
almost getting intrusive,
the gal is good with him even after hopping out of the shower
with a towel around her nudity ..
as it happens,
one day the boy isn't around . .
a staple on the block
flat gone ..
some days go by and
the gal finds out from the venom spitting old man that
he's been shipped off to a local mental hospital because he pulled a knife on his mom ..
sure he got
the fuck beat out of him by the old dad ..
then,
we notice that a new pup in their house
has vanished ..
around frequently like James
and
around the same time,
gone ..
the old man tells the gal that James will be gone for some time
and that
he's likely going to live with his uncle when he gets out ..
well,
it's breathing room for the gal
and a point of more questions for the both of us ..
so,
a week or more goes by and
the old man is giving away James' toys to the kid ..
some plastic tanks
and rubber balloons ..
```

we notice that James' beloved basketball goal is gone ..

```
a week and a half later
James is back ..
walking around the neighborhood like he's in shackles
and staring strangely into space trying to figure out what drug submission he's under \boldsymbol{..}
this is when I
give up the minute quest for information ..
until I see the jive
fly by ..
I'm out ..
though,
seems to be the way of our land ..
if it isn't broke,
or if it's a little broke,
make sure it's fixed
and
James is just that ..
a guppy floating around
in a drugged world of angelfish ..
James
this is for you
and the basketball goal I hop you sink one in
some
day
```

again ..

what I get for leaving work early ..

```
sound of
rain,
the reflection of green
makes
the people put on
blue
shades
as
the
world
goes
into
a
new nebulae ..
something in the way she talks
when she calls
up
in
distress ..
haven't heard from her for some months ..
last time was
around Christmas
and now
it's May ..
she says she's done
with men
and
I tell her
you have to pick friends and loves
alike ..
further,
it's like going through the produce section ..
you have to pick out the fruits
that are already ripe ..
grab that red,
soft tomato
though you're going to slice
the fucker open
```

the minute you walk in the door ..

you can't wait around for the ripening because most people aren't as good or as predictable as nature ..

you have to be sure

or ready to be unsure ..

What is remembered Is forgotten

old childhood tv shows and
the
adult banter that flops about thereafter
the sexless fuck queen applies her flush red lips
as
the
nighttime janitor
unplugs
the clogged toilet
remembering stories
the last
time
you really made-out on the couch
with the
gal
gui
as
the swirl of subconscious
matter
makes
makes
your hand reaches for
hers
as
the
happy flower sprouts
and
we all remember
why we graduated from child TV
, Bradance from emia 1 ,

when we get together

```
I'm not
gonna see
you tonight,
though
you never know about tomorrow \boldsymbol{..}
as the pasta boils over
and the new pup pisses in her grass,
it's hard to
say what time it
will be tomorrow,
and even more what
time it is today ..
gave up on watches years ago
seem to be looking for time on walls and computer screens
more than I would be at my wrist ..
so,
were on for tomorrow?
no,
you're out ..
we always have next week
and
remember
my
number isn't listed
so
save
slip of paper
or
remember the odds
you
can ..
```

Where Mickey's Goin'

people begging for food with signs and the crack dealers coming down the street yelling 'hey motherfucker' .. 'come here' .. while out front with Mikey .. the scriptwriter for children's shows .. we watch the filter of convicts and lunatics go back and forth in front of the YMCA house .. he tells me of snubbing an ex-con who demanded a cigarette from him and other foiled attempts the rip the flock from his skin .. Mickey is the only cat in the joint who shoots you straight .. he points out the drug head going to Quindaro Ave. for another rock the other peddlers looking for a long dollar to relieve their misery.. yet Mickey still keeps on smiling .. talking about the old days in Hollywood while writing scripts a Ben Vereen variety show and the scripts that have been pirated by who took advantage of a younger Mickey trying to notch and loop in his life back as a kid in S. California .. now, he's a man on his feet in front of a YMCA in Kansas .. talking about doublespeak agents that fucked him over and the prize script, 'SATURDAY NIGHT FIGHTS' that has been quoted in other films .. shit, we bury ourselves in the dirt sometimes to grow into something that smells good, looks good or

tastes good

```
while
the
other dirt peddlers
the good ones off
before they have a chance to blossom ..
for you Mickey
and all the other drifters though Hollywood that had their words stolen
and their ideas
raped by
agents and set-up guys driving the quarter of a million dollar car
raising the thousand dollar fork,
I say
there's more valor in eating with your hands and taking the city bus ..
keep up with the scripts and
keep on telling those
demanding ex-cons to fuck off when
they demand what's not theirs ..
Mickey,
the straight shooter on a pale gray concrete bench in front of the Y,
trying to keep
it
straight because
knows how karma works
and
it's better to take care than to rip off ..
keep on,
brother ..
I've got your back
and
I'm
sure
I've watched your lines attached to the credit line of a
lier or two
many a times on the silver screen
and
we
all know that the good guy
not necessarily finishes
last
but
finishes well ..
we'll be
there with a camera at the finish line,
friend ..
```

young girls spread their legs for the young boys

```
the young kids are flocking
to the suburbs ..
watch out,
they may trample you ..
roll up your windows,
you may
lose a finger
get
your face slapped loose ..
the kids
and
their spending fetishes,
the cars they fell they deserve,
the 2nd mortgage on a rent potential home,
the cold duck for a warm turkey,
the chance to take the middle balloon out
and
the
kids
that follows ..
we're in a parody
of
folly
and there's much too much humor in
while the
right ones end up downtown
as
the
sprawl
sprawls out further ..
```

<u>5-30-2002</u>

```
cigarette after the meal
and the sneeze before flanking the teeth into a big
fat
ass
apple ..
creatures of refreshment
we tell resentment to run away for the day
and
flip up the radio damn
nice
and
fine
loud
while we
laugh
at
nothing
```

and everything for where it ended up \dots

```
kids making fictitious web sites
and Hollywood is mounting
to
end the trilogy for
the big sci fi release ..
a world of make believe
is coming
to knock you windows into chards
and send you door to the trashcan,
are you ready for that ..
a newly immigrated Mexican kid making fun
of overweight people in holiday hats,
as the old man from the Midwest has a shrine
to all the big things he's ever had a picture taken of next to ..
then,
the hobbits come across the screen
as
the
invisible Martians take Bradbury hostage
and
we're left with
Steinbeck telling
us his
gritty exodus
to the West ..
there are always moments that could alter your way
of thought
or
get you
out of the easy chair,
this
may be it
we may be
rowing down
the
stream
in
```

some distant moment

you will remember

when all we have is remembering

and the memories that want to jump

into cool, refreshing waters ..

```
inventing
a new language is like inventing
a
new currency ..

soon it will change hands
and
no one will think about where it started ..

just
what it means literally when
it
lands
```

in that set of hands ..

a roving documentary

from one end to the other, it's empty .. no more food for the kids even less for the animals .. stare out the window and lick sweat for the water we have too much of .. empty in that apartment dwelling, but a whole world of more and more filling just galloping by the sidewalk, streets and windows .. the tale of one city is the biography of us

all \dots

a volkswagen

plodding up the street as

voices straggle over a game on TV in the other room ..

it's a muggy night of new spring heat as the

splatter of dried paint from an electronic print on

the

computer screen tries to find a way

out

to leap over the

covered moon

coffee table ..

and
get to that milk shake
the
kids have left for ransom
while
molting on the wood of that new,
expensive

the radio voice pleading with the people to call in and win the featured CD of the day

when

everyone hasn't even gotten around

to

listening to that CD they bought

last

month and haven't unwrapped it from

the

flanges of

another purchase, buy, score,

reel in,

moment

that

needs a moment to

be recognized

as

a

moment ..

```
the air is so
wet
that
Armstrong can't
get his trumpet
to
carry
carry
on
to
ear that needs
it
most ..
shit,
it's so wet that the
blimp at the downtown airport
twisting and thumping around
like
its going to land
marsh of alligators ..
the air is moist
enough
turn me into an
tall glass of water waiting for
woman's touch
and
sage's proper word ..
it's
so
wet
my
fingers
```

just

flat disappeared .

all the drama,

lit up sky when all we wanted was dark, black, eyes that seem to get wet even when the towels are dry and the desert is dead, something to say when everything said already left the room, the loud sound of passing cars when all the trucks decided to hitch a ride, her new tan skirt matches her skin, but no matter, there will be something with the necklace or bracelet, wavering between one cuisine and one errant comment from a stranger, are pulled from a wholly different well inour swing set outing on this world .. fuck, for all the hair, skin. smiles, eye balls, the curse and truth between the shoulders and legs, the emotional throttle into the abyss nearly such is enough to keep guy wondering about women far below and beyond love song, book, lecture or one night stand ..

BARBARELLI

```
she was holed up here
in our house
for
an evening ..
last evening ..
she called,
asked for a hideout ..
she has a way of
getting
wrapped up
some serious shit ..
so,
we sat down and listened to her story ..
ripped off of $1,500 bucks,
beaten up by two guys over the railroad tracks in a silent part of town,
concussion and awoke with bruises and blood,
out $230 more bucks,
knife pulled on her in midstream in the car .. she had to jump out,
clothes and belonging in the yard,
wrapped up with an idget of a boyfriend selling meth,
family won't talk to her,
trying to keep her young daughter safe,
puffed eyes
nowhere to go ..
she continues to get her
loin dipped in deadly drama
as
she laughs through her teeth
and moves on to Topeka
get some stripping gigs
and
way back to stability ..
look baby,
there's another way,
not accustomed to
```

you
need your
own show
but no one would
would really want to
watch
because
we want
to make it to tomorrow
we'll try to keep the window open
for
your tomorrow
little dancer girl

all the drama

Bit Part

reflections
in the mirrored image
as
the
retinas flip everything backwards
once
again

and we see everything upside down

in some new perspective

we almost forgot

nature wanted to initially give us ..

colorful workers

```
color
coded shading over
line
as
the
men paint white and yellow strips
of traffic
paint
at
the
intersection of 8th and Armstrong ..
people keep rolling
over their
work
as
the
foreman nods,
knowing the masterpiece being created
the
further masterpiece with lines
of
tire tread going over
newly painted lines of paint ..
it's the
reality
of
the day
and
the
heat that collects around your balls ..
what we do for a days pay
when
all they wanted you to do in school was draw outside
the
box
and
be
as
```

individual

as

a

smooth turn around

an

intersection

behind the

wheel of your

old,

out dated black

book

vehicle ..

couple of old jazz standards

doing the radio show drunk as the nation sobers up and wonders if Monk could really hold his liquor that well? couple of Bostonians doing a show on car repair the land gets drunk and wonders if avoiding public transportation in any city is worth the price of rush hour? a head of cauliflower going bad in my refrigerator as the ranch dip looks at me with adoring eyes and question that is as present as the

President

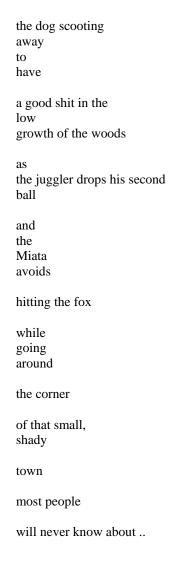
ducking an invisible bullet,

why?

crazy in this year



dog shit and nameless towns



Everything and everywhere food

```
went past
hungry
as
the man in the oversized tan winter coat
comes down the May
avenue
looking with his skinny head
at
the
discounts in the fast food window ..
roasted chickens
sitting on the bench,
a tuna squibbing up the side street,
there some crackers mixing it up with
some mayonnaise motherfucker ..
\operatorname{Oh}
and the orange roughy
coming up the boulevard with his
lemon tarter chuckleheads
talking about
that bullion appetizer
as the
flamboyant black man with gray
and an old man gait
comes up with his purple scarf
and pink sunglasses
looking towards the grocery store ad ..
everything is food
as
the
angel hair pasta of mine
gets
colder
in
the
belly of
refrigerator
```

I can't

find

while

the

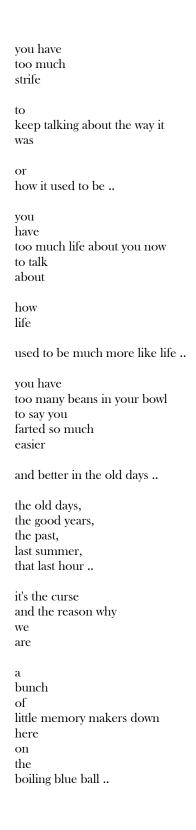
demon sneezes

and

the

serpent becomes a Lutheran $\boldsymbol{..}$

from then to now



sure, we'll hear your stories, but not for too long ..

for we're the future makers

and we have

work

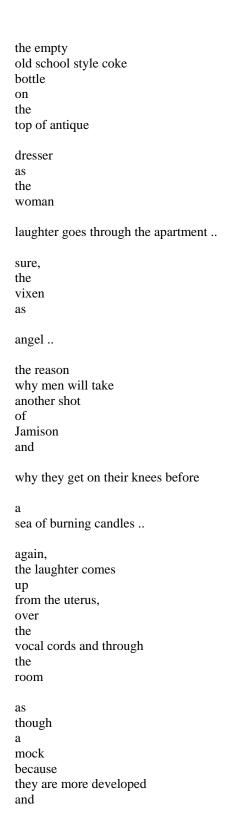
to do that

doesn't

have

the past to blame ..

Her laughter; Our war



```
beautiful ..
```

yet, the maddening train

goes around a thought and through the parked bus waiting on the train's track ...

sure, the swift kick of female chords

when

all we want

is more of the laughter

and

less of the disagreement ..

in a world nearly primed on war with India and Pakistan, the real war is between men and women ..

and there will always

be that war

and the beautiful inevitable

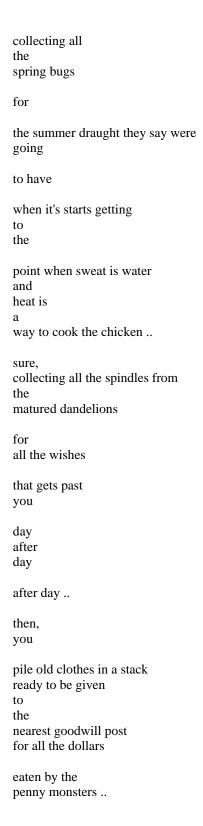
guarantee of peace ..

it comes while we move along

```
the girl walked by
me
while
I was typing up some jive
on
the
computer the other day
and
she asked ..
"ARE YOU MAKING THAT UP AS YOU GO ALONG?"
sure doll,
I make
it
all up ..
there's no need to go off a script ..
there's too many
that already plays off a script ..
what we need more of is
the
careless wag of the fingertips
whatever sunrise wants to come
wading over
the
new pond,
the cold soup getting slurped down by the starved waiter behind closed doors,
the abject joke during a structured dinner meeting,
the pop of a violin string in the silence of a dull group,
the crackle of tobacco before it hits
the lung sacs
and
the
loud thud
of
giant mud ball smacking against the side of his
newly
washed
```

SUV waiting in the spotless parking lot ..

karma bomb



```
so,
when you think you have
it all
in
your corner and
there's no where else
to lay
a
karma bomb,
just
wait
it
will
go off
the
minute
```

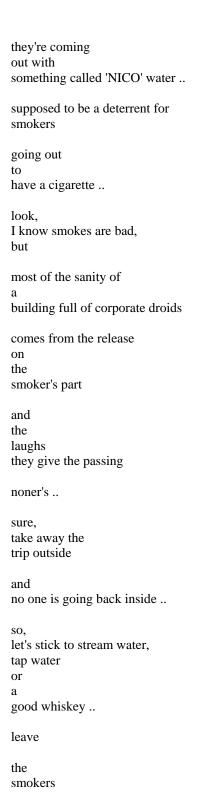
you dig your snout

to see when it's going

close

detonate ..

let 'em smoke up



alone ..

we'll quit

one way or the other in given time ..

little bitty paper

```
idle scissors,
empty, quite cigarette tube,
still cola,
the cigarette is rearing to the right,
talkless magazine ready to speak in through your head,
the trees don't wag,
the printer is broken,
the clipboard is missing,
the pencil tip if broken,
ink out of pen,
the sheets are in a campfire,
the shoes are too thin for the ground anymore,
the drill bits are hitchhiking home as the drill lies around without a cord,
the night
went to hang out with the day
as
that
ripple from the brick
sends
a
violent scream
through
the
waves
coming ..
on
over
pile of bare sticks ..
```

Little Saturday Girl

late night rock shows, free liquor all night after a 5-dollar cover charge, a belly full of sea fish, busted the balls of the waiter, the guitarist bloodies his lip as the girl wraps her hand around

my waist looking forward

as I look back

thinking for now everything is

good and well

in America ..

Luck made it through the blinds With the sun

```
fresh air,
another cigarette,
the liquor
is plum out in this place,
as
the
bank account
tells me to hold on
and
the
plants
lurch towards the sun ..
on
the
Midwestern slope
as
good friend readies for his trip
to
Arizona,
Californian picks the last of his cabbage crop
and
the
produce
boy
spits
on
the
floor because
he
thought
fly from one of
the
cabbage
boxes
stuck in his throat ..
oh,
little one,
your
not that lucky today ..
```

Meet the Meats

new people across the building, thelodge folk smoking their cigarettes, the sound of $old\ traffic,$ the skinny man in the tan overcoat noon talking to the black man in baby blue at *3PM* .. three hours apart as therest of us blaze by either with out clocks forwards and backwardsthis fall back and spring forward lays no real bearing onwhere theclockis going tofall when you

 $meet \dots$

the moment of creation

```
at
times
it
feels as though
your
getting something out
when
you
feel like your getting nothing out ..
like throwing a pile of rocks
into
a
shimmer of water
with the distinct
feeling that you are doing nothing,
but
the something comes to you in a more magnanimous
way
later ..
sure,
shucking the corn
for
the
other ear that won't hear the other side of the argument
skinning the zucchini for the
other opinions that
exist
from perfectly capable
candidates ..
the numb
face looking at the
TV thinking
your
getting aways for a little
bit
when all it's doing is getting
you closer
```

to what has

been there the whole time ..

twirling thumbs
for the awaiting tornado
or
cleaning up the glass after the hurricane
passed
through
as

you

entwine your fingers in the cat's cradle

and come closer

to that idea

the world

will recognize

and forget

remember perhaps

as they close their

eyes for the final time

on that one day ..

my dinner tonight

```
not so sure
how easy it can
get
and how hard it seems
to get in return ..
went to the burger shack tonight
get a cheeseburger,
tots,
coke ..
she asks for my money
while I'm digging for change,
several moments later I am
cocked up with
my ready at hand ..
she's in the corner
with her back turned towards me just
staring
staring off ..
not ready do her thing
as
I wait ..
she takes the money finally
as
I
ask if there is going to be cheese on the burger ..
she says 'yes' ..
I wait as
I notice a girl
waiting on cars
with
a
big ass and
thong shining
through
like
a
small dream
```

some guy later on ..

```
then,
she hands me my
drink ..
it's a Dr. Pepper ..
I hand it back and
wonder what's going to come
in
my sack
why she shoves a
bag of fries in the sack ..
I stop her
and
ask if
I talk stranger
something of the other about my speech ..
she says
'no' ..
I finally get my sack ..
get home
to find that
my burger has no cheese
and the wrong condiment ..
shit,
how
much
do you
have to do
to get
fast food right
as
the
scientists fight over
unifying
the
```

competing theories on macro and micro

science?

my fact

some of the best bands of all time only made several albums ..

little fanfare or radio play ..

fucking memorable ..

many of the best bands that went on longer should have stayed at a couple of albums themselves ..

new languages & hotel rooms

```
trapped in the hotel room
three months to learn
the
Italian language ..
no other interaction ..
a TV with 3.5 channels
and
tape deck to listen to the words ..
room service all day,
the room
bathed in sunlight is
my
only fantasy ..
no
nudie magazines,
no other reads ..
I'm locked in
favor to the Italian consulate ..
don't
know when the next
mission is coming up,
though
they keep sending me letters
saying,
"WE HOPE YOU'RE THE RIGHT GUY" . .
if you get this soon,
come by and give me a slice of
though I never typically eat the sweets ..
seems fitting locked in this hotel
room to learn the language ..
shit,
sometimes you need to be locked off from the outside
```

to get the words straight ..

buona sera and

ciao

until the calendar cooperates $\boldsymbol{..}$

oh on a sunday

pitching the frisbee in the park as the dogs dig for the dead animal in tuft of grass .. sandwiches on the Sunday noon clock the folks wait in air conditioning and wait for the next show to come on air .. women, kids, other dogs, bikes, tennis balls and the eternal clock of politics above our head as I wander off to get a smooth stroke of water for my unhydrated bones .. I stumble on black folk throw down with loud music and some tasty smells .. I mill about, look at the statues and discover as I round a corner back towards the boy, dogs, boys, girls

and

trees

that the world is round

and history has a way of always following me back

to where I once stood ..

Old TV and Real Vacation

daytime court TV and evening litigation from you favorite and most familiar tube type .. it's a world bent on drama when all we want is another vacation get out of the drama and not hear about the new day in the newspaper and the woman going across the crosswalk complaining to her company buddy about a bad ice cream incident from the night before .. crazy how we want to get away from all that we ingest, buy into, watch, perpetuate and crave for throughout the year until the plane leaves the runway or

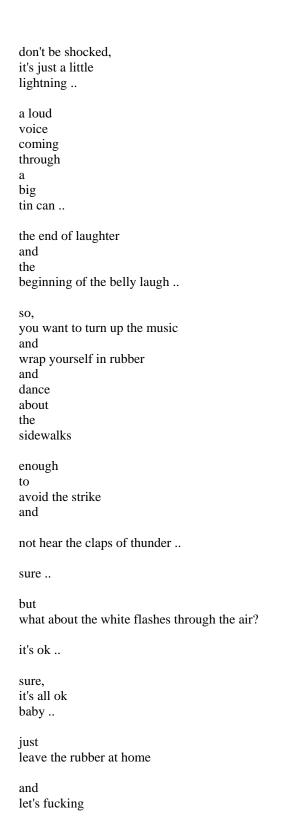
the bag hits the bed

in

the

icy frost hotel room bed ..

open your legs & ears



turn

up the

sound of the clouds ..

rejected words and accepted images

```
pitching t-shirt designs
to a local
clothes fitter
in
midtown
as
the
kids call me over to help them
build a web
site
as
I come home for a smoke
check the newest form of rejection slip ..
then there's the one journal that did
accept my digs,
"Gavida" ..
yet,
they have gone out of business ..
no response or
magazine to see
my wares in print ..
as we keep plodding to get the
print or image in front of the public eye
there's always the kids asking questions,
the woman with her smile,
the boy with his leggos
and
enormous world of word and images that already exist ..
though,
seems more entertaining for now
get
the rejection slips
and waiting on the phone to ring
because
```

there

may

come a day when

all

that I will crave

is a little nugget of

rejection

and

hidden juxtaposition ..

ring the wrung

```
fit for a boxer,
but
better on a ballerina ..
the saint took the
```

demons out to lunch

and

swore they wouldn't walk out on the tab ..

the minute he pissed, they were all gone ..

reneged on their words and off to rip off the next saintly sailor that wants a good fuck ..

tough enough for a drunk, yet it looks much better on the corner whore ..

the Senator
went to the car wash thinking he
was going to drive out a
new man
yet he didn't figure on the random
madness of life
and
now he's calling the cops and insurance rates
because he never made it to the car wash
and
there's
certain bets you couldn't hit
even if you had
the
right horse racing tip ..

all spiked up like a porcupine in the gopher's belly as the old photo cleans itself up and hangs itself on the wall to remind you that

once the memory is committed

it can come back to you sparkling fuckin' brand

new

and remind you that what isn't what it seems is exactly what it is ...

save the bone

```
the bone on the
sidewalk is getting attacked by ants ..
call the fire fighters
or
red insects ..
something has to give ..
they're attacking this poor bone
that still has a life to lead ..
flesh to maneuver in,
kids to give calcium to,
veins to go to parties with,
capillaries to fight with ..
a whole swarm ..
the swarm is getting fatter and blacker ..
ants are coming from crevices I've never seen before ..
a straight up fucking
massacre ..
someone needs to step in here ..
call the cops
the
insecticide patrol..
without
bones
were just a wiry mash of cells,
blood,
muscle,
meat
and
skin ..
someone please call
anyone to save
this
innocent little bone
on
```

the sidewalk ..