



**Joefiles LXVII**  
Baked Beans on a Starved Belly

## saying a book

thought about  
a  
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  
it  
everyday ..

that's why when you go to a bookstore  
the  
magazine  
rack

seems  
to  
be the most popular attraction ..

pretty photos  
and

many

articles  
you

will forget by default ..

## selling short the sell-out

musical diplomat  
keep  
up with the drum beat,  
take down that melody  
and  
don't forget the CODA

at  
the  
crescendo ..

sure,  
croon  
your

balls

loose  
as

the young girls flip through the CD rack ..

when the leaves splurge

and the grape  
splatters against  
the

tooth,  
let's

hope you come

to some sort of diplomatic  
solution

because

that album

just isn't selling anymore,  
baby ..

**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,  
nap,  
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*

planting new trees for  
all those

that snapped during the ice storm of the ages ..

getting new  
rolls of toilet paper

for all the  
shit  
that was talked

and  
talked about

over  
the  
toilet or your  
own symbolic porcelain pot ..

replacing the exhausted pasta  
for

the  
nasty carbohydrates that  
ran from the building screaming

while  
thinking about all those white teeth ready to scissor  
their

length into  
tiny bits

only to be washed over by acid  
and  
a  
hungry asshole ..

sure,  
replacing

the tobacco  
for  
the  
moment that just went by  
and

the  
tube

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 ..**

someone comes  
in the place ..

we light a cigarette

talk the  
day's talk,  
some good shit

as  
these words  
wait around here for my finishing ..

sure,  
it's easy to avoid

the buzzer,  
but  
harder to

forget that line that was coming through ..

the maddening  
maddness  
of

that one cigarette

and  
the  
thought  
that

just wanted to come

but  
sits

in that ash bin

of butts,  
still slightly lit  
and

laughing

at  
this  
finale ..

## 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*

as  
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 ..

sure,  
once the dust settles some  
and  
the  
flags start coming out of the front window

we begin  
to  
investigate the reasons  
why we  
should

have known  
when  
most people in the country still don't know why  
the  
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

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  
and  
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  
to  
government ..

I was waiting for  
the  
day when Sept. 11 was going to turn into  
another  
reason  
for  
people to start killing each other again ..

innocence for  
innocence ..

I'm sure  
that's what the President meant by getting back to 'normal' ..

looks like were back

killing our own

and buying  
the  
fuck out of breakfast cereals ..

## the way of nature

is  
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

and  
you get the cold out of the winter bone ..

then,  
a week later  
shit

is in complete full bloom  
and  
you wonder how the hell it got to be that way ..

sure,  
it's like  
running  
into  
someone

months  
or  
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  
as  
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**

fan blades brushing  
air across  
the  
room

as  
the  
fans leave the arena

wondering

why they were there in the first place ..

*vanishing dogs & reappearing kid*

my girl lives  
next to  
a  
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  
and  
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 ..

in fact,  
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  
things right  
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 ..

so,  
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 ..

then,  
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 ..

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  
that  
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  
as  
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  
of  
the last  
time

you really made-out on the couch  
with  
the  
gal

as  
the  
swirl of subconscious  
matter  
makes

your hand reaches for

hers

as  
the  
happy flower sprouts

and  
we all remember

why we graduated from child TV ..



*when we get together*

I'm not  
gonna see  
you tonight,  
though  
you never know about tomorrow ..

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  
and  
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  
the  
slip of paper

or  
remember the odds  
if  
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' ..

this,  
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  
and  
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  
for  
a Ben Vereen variety show  
and  
the scripts that have been pirated by  
agents  
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  
cut  
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  
and  
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  
he  
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  
liar 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  
or  
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  
it  
while the

right ones end up downtown

as  
the  
sprawl

sprawls out further ..

5-30-2002

cigarette after the meal  
and the sneeze before flanking the teeth into a big  
fat  
ass  
apple ..

creatures of refreshment  
as  
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 ..

## 1943 & 2067

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 ..

sure  
there are always moments that could alter your way  
of thought  
or

get you  
out of the easy chair,  
this

may be it

or  
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 ..

**a bit**

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  
and  
even less for the animals ..

we  
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 ..

## **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

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

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 ..

## a wet day

the air is so  
wet  
that  
Armstrong can't  
get his trumpet  
to

carry

carry  
on  
to  
an  
ear that needs  
it  
most ..

shit,  
it's so wet that the  
blimp at the downtown airport  
is  
twisting and thumping around  
like

its going to land  
in  
a  
marsh of alligators ..

the air is moist  
enough  
to  
turn me into an  
tall glass of water waiting for  
a  
woman's touch  
and  
a  
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,  
women  
are pulled from a wholly different well  
in  
our  
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  
or  
nearly such

is enough

to keep  
a  
guy wondering

about  
women

far below and beyond  
any  
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  
in  
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  
to  
get some stripping gigs  
and

a  
way back to stability ..

look baby,  
there's another way,  
not accustomed to

all the drama

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 ..



## 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  
the  
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  
and  
the  
further masterpiece with lines  
of  
tire tread going over  
the  
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

as  
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  
a  
question

that  
is  
as

present as  
the  
President

ducking an invisible bullet,

why?

crazy in this year

P. Simon  
at 2:55 in the afternoon

as  
the  
guitar gets higher ..

vocals warmer ..

the drummer  
hotter

and  
the job  
sits in the back pocket

of  
the  
next man

at the bus  
stop

that just got over being crazy

and  
ready to hand  
the  
stub

over  
to the next maniac in line ..

crazy hallelujah ..

## **dog shit and nameless towns**

the dog scooting  
away  
to  
have

a good shit in the  
low  
growth of the woods

as  
the juggler drops his second  
ball

and  
the  
Miata  
avoids

hitting the fox

while  
going  
around

the corner

of that small,  
shady

town

most people

will never know about ..

*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 ..

Oh  
and the orange roughly  
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  
a  
refrigerator

I can't



find

while  
the  
demon sneezes

and  
the  
serpent becomes a Lutheran ..

## from then to now

you have  
too much  
strife

to  
keep talking about the way it  
was

or  
how it used to be ..

you  
have  
too much life about you now  
to talk  
about

how  
life

used to be much more like life ..

you have  
too many beans in your bowl  
to say you  
farted so much  
easier

and better in the old days ..

the old days,  
the good years,  
the past,  
last summer,  
that last hour ..

it's the curse  
and the reason why  
we  
are

a  
bunch  
of  
little memory makers down  
here  
on  
the  
boiling blue ball ..

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**

the empty  
old school style coke  
bottle  
on  
the  
top of antique

dresser  
as  
the  
woman

laughter goes through the apartment ..

sure,  
the  
vixen  
as

angel ..

the reason  
why men will take  
another shot  
of  
Jamison  
and

why they get on their knees before

a  
sea of burning candles ..

again,  
the laughter comes  
up  
from the uterus,  
over  
the  
vocal cords and through  
the  
room

as  
though  
a  
mock  
because  
they are more developed  
and

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  
and  
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  
a  
giant mud ball smacking against the side of his  
newly

washed

SUV waiting in the spotless parking lot ..

*karma bomb*

collecting all  
the  
spring bugs

for

the summer draught they say were  
going

to have

when it's starts getting  
to  
the

point when sweat is water  
and  
heat is  
a  
way to cook the chicken ..

sure,  
collecting all the spindles from  
the  
matured dandelions

for  
all the wishes

that gets past  
you

day  
after  
day

after day ..

then,  
you

pile old clothes in a stack  
ready to be given  
to  
the  
nearest goodwill post  
for all the dollars

eaten by the  
penny monsters ..

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  
close

to see when it's going  
to  
detonate ..



## let 'em smoke up

they're coming  
out with  
something called 'NICO' water ..

supposed to be a deterrent for  
smokers

going out  
to  
have a cigarette ..

look,  
I know smokes are bad,  
but

most of the sanity of  
a  
building full of corporate droids

comes from the release  
on  
the  
smoker's part

and  
the  
laughs  
they give the passing

noner's ..

sure,  
take away the  
trip outside

and  
no one is going back inside ..

so,  
let's stick to stream water,  
tap water  
or  
a  
good whiskey ..

leave

the  
smokers

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

a  
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  
a  
good friend readies for his trip  
to  
Arizona,  
the  
Californian picks the last of his cabbage crop  
and  
the  
produce  
boy*

*spits  
on  
the  
floor because  
he  
thought  
a  
fly from one of  
the*

*cabbage  
boxes*

*got  
stuck in his throat ..*

*oh,  
little one,  
your*

*not that lucky today ..*

## Meet the Meats

*new people across  
the building,  
the  
lodge folk  
smoking their cigarettes,  
the sound  
of  
old traffic,  
the skinny man in the tan overcoat  
at  
noon talking to the  
big  
black man in baby blue  
at  
3PM ..*

*three hours apart  
as  
the  
rest of us blaze by either  
with out clocks  
forwards and  
backwards*

*and  
this fall back and spring forward  
jive  
lays no real bearing  
on*

*where  
the  
clock*

*is going  
to*

*fall*

*when  
you*

*meet ..*

## 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  
or  
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  
or

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  
to  
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  
a  
thong shining  
through  
like  
a  
small dream  
for  
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  
or  
something of the other about my speech ..

she says  
'no' ..

so,  
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  
for  
three months to learn

the  
Italian language ..

no other interaction ..

a TV with 3.5 channels

and  
a  
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  
as  
a  
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  
cake,  
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 ..

## oh on a sunday

pitching the frisbee in the park  
as the dogs dig  
for the dead  
animal in  
a  
tuft of grass ..

sandwiches on the Sunday noon clock  
as  
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  
a  
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  
to  
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**

don't be shocked,  
it's just a little  
lightning ..

a loud  
voice  
coming  
through  
a  
big  
tin can ..

the end of laughter  
and  
the  
beginning of the belly laugh ..

so,  
you want to turn up the music  
and  
wrap yourself in rubber  
and  
dance  
about  
the  
sidewalks

enough  
to  
avoid the strike  
and

not hear the claps of thunder ..

sure ..

but  
what about the white flashes through the air?

it's ok ..

sure,  
it's all ok  
baby ..

just  
leave the rubber at home

and  
let's fucking

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  
and  
check the newest form of rejection slip ..

sure,  
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 ..

so,  
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  
the  
enormous world of word and images that already exist ..

though,  
seems more entertaining for now  
to  
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 ..