



joefiles lxviii
bits of eraser
in a pin cap

strangers sleeping

my apartment
floors

as
I shit

with all my might

to
keep the

room

smelling the way it should ..

like
a
peach

and

better than a rotten banana ..

Strike the bass

with every chord
in

your strum

and
let

the
others blame the others ..

fill the plate with all the
grits
left
in

the cub bard

and
let the eaters eat their heart out ..

sell the chandelier to the hobo
for
the
price
of
one smoke

and let
the
Fire-eaters eat fire ..

listen,
we

have
the ground

in our pockets
and

there's
no

hit song the band can release

that would

switch our memory

on
this ..

subtle girl

there are
subtle
things you
pick up
about
your
lover

over time ..

with
my
gal,
it's the grin and widening expression on her face
as
I look at her from the side ..

it's the porcelain blowing
farts
in the morning with
the door wide open
and
her
thinking I'm still asleep ..

didn't know women could blow such ass ..

it's
the

walk
and
gait
as
she's coming my way ..

it's the way she rubs her stomach,
when it all works out as I look on and wonder how it worked so,
when she

winks while talking to me
without
knowing it ..

the flagrant use of hands

while talking ..

shit,
you pick up the sticks
as

the logs loom over the forest of the grandiose landscape of
being together ..

it's
the
whisper while the whole world shouts
to
get their point across ..

it's the meal that tastes perfect
as
she
acts as though it's nothing

and
I botch a box of frozen lasagna ..

though,
those fuckin' farts
in
the
morning

make me

laugh

and
she could hear it and hold back

if
they

weren't so damn loud ..

good goin',
lady friend ..

good goin' ..

summer christmas wish

the old man goes by
Santa Claus ..

had
a
stroke some years ago ..

talks to me
about the service,
his abilities,
the virtue of canned hams ..

he's a driver
that takes the kids down the street to
a
computer class
and

he
has

a
way of getting confused ..

I drove by him today to wave him on into the
lead lane
and
he
didn't see a thing while
looking my direction the whole time ..

after turning around,
waving with an urgency,
he

nodded and took the lead ..

then,
he came to pick us up in the railroad bottoms
and
got stuck between two trains on the tracks
blocking
him

from out pick-up ..

bound and fuckin' behold,
he comes screamin' down the street after shaking
the
corn syrup,
coal,

empty cars
and
cattle stench

to get
our

bodies from the lot ..

sure,
red faced,
smiling like a lark
and
waiting for a good one liner ..

Santa broke
rank

and

took us for a ride

with
the
red nose

and
4-day old t-shirt ..

swim, sex, fire and food

the ingredients of
an evening ..

the
parts of
a
recipe

the
baker forgot to put into the cook book
because
she is
passed out

on the floor
with
an
empty condom wrapper on fire while the half glass of water eye's down the
crust of a peanut butter and jelly sandwich ..

techno lingo

let's go down the parallel walk
and talk about the 25 pins
that landed in the grass
as the monitor and mice are naving on the bumper
of a bus as we talk about
the USB cereal that we will
take a picture of
as the musician keeps
playing the keyboard on TV
while
tune
straight into
the
OFF switch ..

the big and wide of it

big wide window,
big wide world,
big wide sandwich,
big wide plant,
big wide mouth,
big wide words,
big wide pants,
big wide tooth,
big wide eye lash,
big wide lilly patch,
big wide wilderbeast,
big wide farmer's alamanac,
big wide glass,
big wide contacts,
big wide white ass,
big wide blue balls,
big wide window
made the big wide world

smaller,
and smaller,
and smaller,
and smaller ..

**the girl
you passed on the road today**

she wants to learn
colloquial italian
while

stepping out to order
a
big
order
of
french fries ..

she wants
to put a down payment on a house
as
the

landlord

walks towards her home with an
eviction notice ..

she would love
to give better head
but
there's little floating around her heat
to

make much any better than it's
ever
going
to likely be ..

she
wants to get a cat

when

the only true
virtue

she has
is

her own
pussy ..

the kid and folk

he wants more robots
as

we
burn more CD's ..

the childhood fascination with
games
and

more games

as
the
AD's pile up on the dining room nook
and

the piss porcelain
gets

yellower and yellower ..

sure,
it's the cycle of life
to
get

more

as

the
rest of us collect what

is

absolutely not wanted

and
here

you
got it ..

the men will get their dose

she looked over
after her boy stuck his bare ass out and make some
fart sounds
and
said that little boys were much worse
in
being terrors than little girls ..

I agreed,
but

halted her by saying ..

'LITTLE GIRLS SAVE ALL THEIR VENOM UP FOR WOMANHOOD WHEN THAT TAKE
FULL, CONSCIOUS AND UNCONSCIOUS, ATTACKS AT ALL MEN. OUR DAY OF KARMA AND
RETRIBUTION COME
WHEN IT'S INTENTIONAL OR UNINTENTIONAL.'

Any nay sayers out there?

Ladies?

the mistaken date

with most everything
said already
written and said again,
I shit
in
water that is going to be recycled into my cup
once
again

in a season
that
I
know

this memory
will remember ..

with the name
of musicians -
Tal Farrow,
Eric Dolphy,
Lena Horn,
Art Blakey,
Bill Evans,
Arty Tatum,
Sonny Rollins
and
such--
that will be told and played over
and over
I will still rip open
the cellophane
and

eat their food again ..

book after book,
page over page,
canvass
over knife scalpel,
the

lunch
truck
just ran out of free
offers

as
we

try

to come
up

with another

blue-green
balloon to send into the ocean
that
can be swallowed by the invisible
dolphin
only

to be
recycled into
a
can
of

tuna

that will be eaten
by

a stranger

and whispered about over a break

by
a
friend

that is very,
very

close

to
you

or
me ..

the truth again

she lays down the truth
like no other before

and
it drives me
nuts

at times ..

sure,
the truth hurts

and it needs to come out ..

but
these women
have a way
of
staying on the same familiar song ..

it changes tempo,
melody lines,
lyrical bridges
and
guitar solos ..

yet,
the song remains the same
and

I believe it's why
women rule

the earth

and
men

continue

to perpetuate

the self-help book
reading

populace

or
at a minimum,
porn

sales ..

too young

to make that much more money,
too old to make up her mind for her,
too young to move out of this state,
too old to calculate the reasons why I'm still here,
too young to give enough shit about stocks,
too much to try and dig up that old note from the dresser drawer,
too intrigued by a child's game to grow up
and too interested in dodge ball to get a job that will put the noose
around my neck again and parcel out my soul for a large pay check,
too much time to sit here in such a way talking in such a way
and too little of that same time to build my own house in Europe ..

there's just
enough of that TOO on both sides of the dirt drawn line
to

make me completely interested in
what

you may have to say
even if everyone said you have nothing to say

and
TOO many reasons

to say fuck money
and
viva the pauper adventures
to

keep on staying as damn young as
I can

while the world hems and yawns over
another

year
added to the dust on the birth certificate ..

waitin' in the warehouse bottoms

cheap computer parts
soaking in the
murky water of mothball
vermin ..

waiting for
the market to fluctuate
as
the prairie animals
remain ignorant
of our fast - faster spinning world ..

going mad through the center of a computer chip
that works better than a potato
and is dirtier than a 3rd St. skirt ..

with the wheel of technology
going through the
satellite's nap,
the brown
shoe turns black
in the mist of a gorilla's hot breath
on
an
outdated,
thrown out
motherboard ..

who we don't end up with

she
came to the bar

and
my chest lept ..

it

lit up for who it wasn't
and

who it could have been ..

it's a crazy

occupation to run
into

an old lover

and
when it hits your heart
that
damn hard

it seems

as though
there's more

that should

make you continue

talking
to

these

people long

after the fuckin'
and
laughin'
are

supposed to be done ..

who will catch this one?

wind breeze
blow
over
the
red candle
and
tell me
about

the secret spring
continues to hold from me ..

why
can't we smell the honeysuckle
in
any other time of year?

why are
the
waters so cool only once
a
year

and
how

does it seem as though
the
kangaroo hops with
such
a
renewed

leap?

so with
the gushing wind going over
the
redness
and

the questions

unanswered

I see

again
that I am left to come up with my own answer ..

that

could only make

several happy

if

no

one catches on first ..

you don't have to tell me

is there a better time to write,
roll a smoke,
get a broken piece of techno working,
the car to drive again,
the cat to walk a straight line,
the corn hot enough,
the gum soft enough,
the cactus prickly enough,
the ground dry enough,
the water wet enough,
the shirt clean enough ..

is there a better
time

or
way
other than what we
have
been doing ..

sure,
go ahead
and

take it for a twirl

as
we listen to the fiction master

glue together another
novel

that
will

hit

a
theater

near you in
the

next
couple

of years ..

shit,
years ..

Younger

I guess
I was about 3 or 4
when I broke away from my mother for
the
first or second time ..

we were at the local swimming hole ..

the local JFK pool in Liberty
when
my Mom took her
eyes off of me ..

when she came back,
I had climbed the 15-foot diving board
and
was about mid-way down the board
when she
started to panic ..

guess I never had a fear of the water
and

enjoyed the heights ..

so,
as she started coming towards to board to get me off
my tiny ball trip,
a man stopped her and told her to let me go ahead and jump
'cause if she tried to interfere,
I would panic and
do
something less ballsy ..

high above the water,
the gas station,
radio shack,
peering heads
and
the
world all kids would like to climb above ..

I walked to the end of the board,
jumped down,
swam to the side
and

climbed my own self out of the pool
as
the guards looked on

confused ..

shit,
it was my moment of clarity ..

I broke away from my mother,
reached the top,
hit the bottom

and
climbed my own ass free ..

it's the stories
you have
no way of remembering

that
have
a
way

of meaning the
fuckin'
most ..

3 wheels left

the chance of disaster striking

is
right behind you ..

today ..

while going down the highway with my
lover friend ..

I notice
a
large Ford F-150 lose the front right tire
on his car ..

the whole thing flipped off the blue miracle
with a payload
of
shit as the car swerved in a flurry of sparks
over

a lane to the gravel on the side of the highway
as

the sound of a loud smack
resonated
on the other side of the road ..

the tire was flattened by
the
front of an 18-wheeler
while the other cars
going over
70 MPH swerved
and

all I saw was disaster ..

though,
nothing went down

for the sake
of
good karma was wafting well through the air ..

no accidents,
no reports

except to the tow driver ..

sometimes

you're closer
to danger than you think

and sometimes

it's more dangerous

to believe
that

danger doesn't exist at all

as
you
walk to the market for
that

bag of limes

or
a
good,
fat

watermelon

full of
dark
useless seeds ..

6-18-02

she's shoving
shit into her dirt to get the flowers
more colorful,
he's looking over the DVD directory as the world comes up with another fence
to build or a room to chat in,
she's going to be over here soon
as another one bites the technological divide and gets a cell phone,
he's finishing school because the previous job couldn't carry out their promises
as
the sun comes through and blinds those that are already blind

and
gives the others
enough
vision to ride the wheel over
the
compass

and

throw the wrist watch as far out of the moving window
as

fucking

humanly possible ..

6-28-2002

pull
the
girl from the train,
take a zeppelin illegally across the sky,
hack into a web site and laugh at what follows,
crack open that 40 malt beverage and give a speech to the old folk,
loom as large as life,
writ the habeas on the corpus,
tell the youth what you think all the time,
paint on a brush and wipe the canvass clean,
rub Buddha's head in spite of the nay sayers,
eat a mouthful of coffee beans,
walk the powerful mule to the edge of a cliff

become a cup of milk

watch
closely

as
the
hand on the udder

moves

rough

rough
rough ..

a good definition of woman

In the car
behind another car with a woman
fluffin' up her hair in the mirror ..

a good lookin' gal ..

she
grabs the wheel again,
then looks
up one
more
time

to make sure it worked
before
givin'
herself
a
good 3rd fluff

is
what

makes
them

so
damn
indelible ..

I know
am

just
a
man ..

a nursery in the infirmary

healing ointment on
the thumb,
a free night to be busy,
the kid that crossed the wrong kid,
an unsteady keyboard,
the laundry smacking against the side of the balloon room,
her legs and that shiny navel,
the unopened gift
&
the lost gift that was attached to the thank you note,
new monuments getting newer with tax dollars,
political decisions that go over the voter's heads,
no more sorry in a county of thanks,
the beard trimmer attacked her vagina hair,
the restless composer finally takes an innocent nap with the hooker,
a cup full of candle wax as the room remains dark,
the new circle in a room of squares,
screaming in a yawn and quite in the chaos
is
the

small animal shelter floating along on
a
chunk
of
wood

that
was donated

by the
people for the

proliferation

of
hamsters
&
such ..

a walk around the trip

*the avengers head to the courthouse
for
the
proceedings
as*

*the
defenders
sit in cool palm shade
sipping on
a
tax dollar*

*with
nothing but
a
hooker*

*to admire
crossing
the
street*

from the bar

*and
the
bundled up black man wondering
how
his folks
missed their shot at a fortune in their
life to
leave
him*

*chasing the soup cart
and*

*picking up 4 cent pictures
of*

million dollar

movie

advertisements ..

a warm cold breeze

no
thought of the cold days
in
November until now

when June
comes through the air like a pinkie ring suffocating the cock ..

gone are the
chattering teeth and cold as vermin socks
that sticks to your feet for the rest of the day
as you trudge through an
ice

puddle

while
the
sun turns me red again
and

the only refuge is
nudity

and
getting sweaty again
when
the
girl
rubs her nipples against the side of your back ..

sure,
the gloves have been sold off
and I couldn't find that winter hat
I needed to clean up a cup of spilled water ..

no,
all we have is the sweat cupping our thighs and strangling
our

ball wrinkles ..

and
does it feel good ..

sure,
when November is about five
months

away

and
I can't

get the words to
stick to this

page
because
the
sweat

is
smearing everything
delightfully
blurred

and
wet ..

ALL IN AN EVENIN'

forbidden cramps,
three friends splitting three different directions

as
they halt comes to the stall
and

the hurry comes into the flurry
and

we are left with some unrhyming piece
that

someone will rehearse
in

a
coffeehouse to

a group
of

caffeine

heads

that will appreciate

only one
thing

before all is said and done ..

an incident on the accident

lights go out for
the
kids
as

the darkness
comes down in the prison cell ..

we spend our days trying
to make sure that
the inner city youth aren't going to
fight and kill one another

as
a
bit of knowledge becomes the slow
snail of intellect slivering up the spine
and
ready to get ingrained within
on
some distant day down the road ..

sure,
so as the kids watch the lights go out
and
the
napping eyes close for another dream
that will keep home away from their reality
and
anything else in the world as real as could
only be expected in this preached 'real world'

we
stand
by
the
flag pole of reason
and
hope

that the water
from the well
doesn't have that much dirt

and
enough

to fill
one
cup

for
a
refreshing toast

to
living

the
life ..

another night of music

Kessler
and Watson,
while the rich

take down some of what they call refreshments

and
the
rest of the charity takers

applaud

while the angst boys leave town

and the girls

sit on porches seething in ovulation

waiting for the next potential candidate ..

sure,
it's spring,
the sun is hotter

and people begin

going insane ..

so become
one of the numbered insane

or be
ready

to be taken ..

bankrupt bills

kids skating around the
rink
as
the
world comes up with another way to cry and write or
ask a new pay check ..

yes,
my ass is tired of spending money
and the irony is that I may get to the point
where
I only want to make a bit of case
to avoid
spending or
feeling like I'm spending money ..

the bankrupt business,
indeed ..

bitches and the heat

out with the gal on
Sunday riding small motor bikes
and
swimming in a shallow pool of water

as
I notice one of the many dogs and cats locked up in
a
small fence out back ..

I ask what the story is ..

they tell me that she is in heat
and
a
three legged dog is trying to mount
her
and bring it home ..

and this three legged wonder is vicious ..

a dog that nipped at her 11-year old nephew that called the dog a
fuck

when all I wanted to see what that dog come tearing around the corner
with hot love in its eyes
and

hobble away sad
because

another of the world's bitches in heat
was locked

up behind a cage to
be eye
candy for a three-legged male ..

caramel kindness

all the kid
wants is his carte blanche
of

toys

as the adults

squabble over
having a working car or not ..

all the kids wants to do
is to cook a marshmallow
over

a
hot bed of coals

as
the
adults flip the hot meat
over coals

and
listen to the

beams of light go over the sky
whisper

a
story most of the city doesn't know about yet ..

sure,
as he pulls the top off the water jug,
we twist the tab off the top of
a
beer

and
forget the daily transgression
of
the
guy on the road
and

the
man in the library ..

so,
as
the

kid goes hopping over the
step,
showing his jumping agility off to his mom,
we'll

look off
the
the sunshine

slicing through
the
trees

and
become one of them

again

to

retain the remainder of our sanity ..

come on .. it's free

they thanked me
and forgot my name days ago ..

armed to the bicep with technology boxes,
mice,
printers
and
such

they got
the
money and are running now ..

though,
behind this grin I know what you are going to
do with it ..

you
will
likely break it

and
have to call
me
back ..

ask my name ..

then,
decide if you want
to

ask me to fix it ..

good luck in the meantime ..

come on .. we're over here

some guys
never graduate from
certain decades ..

stuck in the nineties with rolled up summer sleeves,
the eighties with toxic hair and bad pants,
the seventies with bad shirt collars and VD ..

guess that's why
we are constantly bringing decades back
into
style again ..

to try and correct the poop in a previous decade ..

fuck revisiting all the fashions ..

that's just
talk ..

it's to try and make the uncool cool

and
there's many
out there

that needs to graduate into
the
21st Century ..

we won't burn you
or
eat your apple ..

come on ..

you
may find a shirt on sale
or
a computer that works ..

distinctively indistinct

bright
gray-yellow
glow

of
town ready to
rain ..

the skinhead comes crossing
cockeyed across
intersection
mouth
moving
over
Aimee Mann

dubbed tape

as
the
Mexican man
works
at the weeds in a
city garden ..

peeking
every once and again
to see
what he's
saying,
looking down because
he
knows
it

has
nothing to do with much

but

it could have everything to

do with

the city ..

the place across the river

that has
a

library full of new books

and
people fighting
in
the
'CHECKS CASHED' parking lot ..

arguing over
things

the Mexican doesn't have

and
the
skinhead doesn't want anymore ..

do it again on general principle

the young kid
pouted about having
to re-type a letter to the Mayor

about

an string of

murder that went on last night in the
county across the river ..

told him
it's a small price to pay for
getting your
word to
the
woman

about shit
that

shouldn't continue

for a bunch
of
city council people living in neighboring
rich counties
and
shaking their heads

at what they see out of the window

in
an
area they know little

about ..

sure,
Marvelle,
you have to type it
again

and
likely

it has been said differently

but
the

same way,
pal ..

maybe yours

will
get through ..

do it again on general principle

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again

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likely

it has been said differently

but
the

same way,
pal ..

maybe yours

will
get through ..

doin' a deed

the problem
kids
walking around

like tough guys ..

throwing out 2 bit comments,
inciting fights,
waltzin' like newly donned prize fighters,
kickin' around the young kids

when all they are
are
punks ..

jam
up
little

prics

that
we
are

trying to not worry the system with

or have
their

families over
the
casket
in
their
young future ..

sure,
I like
the
job

I have ..

dry rain

downfall
of spring
pollination,
the cars are covered
in light green film,
the air is
strewn with dusts
of
a
nuclear call ..

big bits of yellow,
some other parts of trees drop
straight down,
but
people walk about through
the
new pollination,
wavin' to each other,
the cats are trying to leave the house,
the dogs just want to know where
the fuck they are at,
as the pollen,
spring residue comes
barreling down
the
morning gun
and
the
band drummer
gets towards the end of his line,
the weather is too much,
the
film
on the car
looks like that
one
shot from
the
lake,
but which one?

early Sunday

people lying on the couch,
floor,
radio gone,
coffee maker a room away,
cigarette is just right,
more of the same in the Mid East,
left her sleeping and naked in bed,
the world swallowed the sleeping pills last night,
another late movie for the image master,
I'm drinking your water

as
the kid snores
and
the
morning sun

becomes

my

cup of
coffee

I'm

waitin'
another

evening to drink ..

face the stars

the past is your friend
as
the son of a bitch

remains

that
nice friendly neighbor
living downstairs
that

has
to put up with my
noise

and
daily commotion ..

I commend you ..

how do you see it

I see the 11th on the calendar

the same way you

see the 9th

but
it has

a different ring,
if

you know what we mean ..

taking
the

jeweler for the

proctologist

is a
logical

leap

and

as
I have

seen it

one

foreign

number

for
another foreign

number ..

how well read you are

bits and pieces
of
words

when the entire world wants to do is construct a good paragraph
and
read as little
as
possible ..

so ..

this
pile of banana peels is
for
you ..

(try not to fall down)

I fell off the list ..

No more nuggets
from this kid ..

used to drop lines in this internet chat rantbox
until time got away from all of us
&
the energy
to wave
went into a
talk
with a real person ..

there's no
more heat left to burn
this
toast,
doll ..

jacks circus diner

kicking up dust off
the road
while

the
clowns ride in the other transport
and

talk to the junked out
trapeze artists
trying to kick
the
habit and
branch out their skill base ..

sure,
the circus diner is coming to a town
near you to
fill
you

with

silly fucking vittles ..

junetwonaughttwo

talking to an old friend about
a night on the town him and his wife,
along with the lady friend and me are going on
as
I wait for the new journal to be release with my photography
and the book company charges my credit card for
a
book I contributed to ..

sure,
the publishers always find a way ..

and maybe there will be a day when
Louis Armstrong was right about
the free rides and cool train rides through the
stylish cities ..

with that as my back drop,
I'll need to buy some candy corns and cotton candy
off the street vendor
and

eat them with a stick grin
while
watching the traffic rifle under the bridge overpass of

look

over

so far off the ground

and
so near

the hot,
hard
pavement ..

just before sick

warmth rising
as
the
cold goes up inside ..

she has the cold sweats
after pulling a muscle in her back ..

a month older than me
and
many days beyond her free wheeling days of being on the road
and
having
no paternal responsibilities at home ..

sure,
and now she's getting the cold sweats in the hot, hot
evening air
as
the
beer foam acts like a buffer on this
wood
lathe
turning out the masterpiece ..

so,
as
we
grow an evening older

it
seems
as though

we are
gaining
a
day

for
all the sweat emitted
and

talk
making some sense

out
of
the
random scenery about us ..

just for this morning

mired
at times
with a little self doubt,
I wonder
if
losing that sexual passion
is the beginning of the end .. ?

did
I really not give
her a chance
to have the baby and want a life with me .. ?

where would I go if I find out that yet another one
is not the one for me to have the commitment and
child .. ?

how do you escape yourself,
if it is yourself,
and how long do you need if indeed you just need
a moment to yourself .. ?

the spring drizzle has
me in the nozzle,
I can't grab my
head anymore,
the checks are endless,
the earth is young,
we eat the fire of our birth,
we yearn for the water of our death,
the man in shorts is
the midget in long pants,
we all waltz to the same number
and act as if we can't hear each other's song ..

so,
I want the want,
I need some need,
the abnormal is what I live
and

I want to find a way to
get
far,
far
away from this
little
pager
they
gave me ..

laugh at the corporate hacks

stickers and post-it notes
in
a boardroom .. another reason
for
the
outside world to laugh ..

sure,
we spent hours
talking about what was happening and what was
supposed to happen
in
the coming months

and all we had to prove of our
existence in
this
10th room non-profit board room with
a
shiny table and comfortable seats
was
a
wall of post-it notes and brightly colored stickers ..

while
the rest of the world changes a pint of oil
or takes back a tastily made tuna fish sandwich,
we

were dealing with tiny slips of sticky paper
and brightly colored sticker dots ..

sure,
when folks laugh at the unneeded attempts
of the ties and suits to make the most of their time,
these are
the moments
I
enjoy transcribing ..

when the world
can
laugh

and I itch
to
leave the room
and
do something much
more

than

all the fucking dots and paper shavings

the
packaged world has
to
offer ..

my pops & the latest

he tells me about
a
nut case

selling cars down at the lot he's working at ..

so,
I stop by my folk's place
today for a sandwich
after
some time with the fish ..

I come in
and my dad turns up the speakers on his new entertainment system
and
tells me that he has a story
about
this guy at the car lot ..

though,
he says I have
to sit down to hear it ..

it's about a guy
that never has money,
borrows money constantly,
is getting ready to go to court for beating his wife,
about the time he fought a fat guy on the lot while trying to sell him a jalopy and
the customer recognizing this,
throwing hot coffee on the lot manager and getting the shit kicked out of him,
lipping off like a lousy loose lipped motherfucker ..

sure,
we all get what we deserve ..

this guy
got bailed out of jail with his last paycheck
and lost his
only job

the same day ..

looks like he'll have
plenty
of
time to fight with

his own self ..

Near July of 2002

more
smoke and drink
than
food and water ..

sure,
there are periods
when

I
think giving
the smoke and booze
a
kick

to the
ass

is when
I lift that sandwich

to my mouth

and
forget my shoes are untied

because
the
feel of food hittin' my belly is so fuckin'

swell ..

near my hands now

an extinguished cigarette
and blue handled scissor ready for the next
cut

in a line
of
trimming delight ..

it's the
woman's turn at the microphone as the vagina monologues keep
going on into the night
and

through the wet morning when the cock
is full of blood
and
ready for first of the morning action ..

sure,
the chicken continues to lay the egg
as
it
thinks about how it's the one that was around way before the egg

arrived ..

so,
as
the
son of man and the daughter of bitches
come

through the rotating parking spot of a midtown convenience
store

I hope your

stencil is accurate

and
the
lemonade is piping fucking cold,
dear ..

one more time isn't left

the old band
I haven't heard in some years
tells
us
to burn the TV
as
the
hot coffee
matches the hot air

and
time
is different in a continually changing
world

that
is only recognized as such

until a big event happens ..

it all happens in a day ..

I got a rejection note from the Paris Review
for three pieces
after
calling a publisher to get an anthology book sent to me
at
a
"contributor's discount" ..

sure,
sometimes it feels like yesterday,
but
it
can only feel like today

if you

fight like it's the last minute of the year,
the final peach in the bucket,
the last drag off the smoke,
the first ice cube after 37 minutes of freezing,
the third oyster in a hat trick of all you can eat oysters,
the best color in a color wheel
and

the
only

candle

left in the place ..

orange-raspberry ball

the orange in the sky turning to a blood red
tangerine
lingering over downtown ..

coming back from the mother's home of my lover friend,
that big
giant orange loomed over the dusk evening
that

is coughing through the Arizona and Colorado wild fire air coming
into
the
Missouri dusk ..

and this is when it all
has a
purpose ..

sure,
I can take some diluted toxins
from nature

to give me this ball hovering before me now
without a stem
that was burned up they the
green murderers and

orange merry makers ..

and as
the
minutes pass,
the ball dips lower and turns into a raspberry maroon

which is burning up the skyscrapers of downtown ..

taking
away each brick,
pillar
and

window
pane

inch by every colorful inch ..

our innocence on trial

studios
ready to release

a
new film
on

the September events

as
the
events of last year keep

lingering through

the
nuclear plants,
FBI memos,
the west bank

and your pocket book ..

crazy how

a
group of vandals can bring in other
group vandals

and
make

the innocent

again

dictate the proportion

and

direction of the crime ..

paper ghosts

of financial sheets
floating along
the busy noon highway ..

on approach
to the ramp
of the highway,
these old
dot matrix masterpieces were floating around
with
either individual
or
company earnings
and
loss ..

just flopping like
an
animated Disney cartoon
or
from the back of Dr. Suess'
newly rebuilt yellow truck ..

floating numbers of
something

that isn't all

too important now
and

something that is ready

to land
in
a
needed ditch ..

photograph that tick

a lot
of time in the
sun ..

sit down
to get
some
cool on the skin ..

feel a bug crawling in my pant leg ..

so,
I take off my pants and
watch a tick clinging to my leg ..

I flick the
guy
off
and
get an ash tray to spoke

him

out ..

tough little fuckers ..

then,
with little time to spare
I
have
some more words to put down
I realize that my camera ..

THE CAMERA ..

is open in the backseat of my car
with
all the windows down
and parked on the street ..

so,
I run into the shower ..

towel off,
dress

and
fly out of the place

to save

the
picture

moment

while

the other ticks

wait

to such

the blood

of
my images ..

playin' it

the smell of the red wax

as the jazz finally comes through
and
the

country forgets the score of another
basketball championship ..

they remember the names
and faces
of
the
famous on the sidelines

and

some of the famous on the court

but tend to forget who scored the most ..

sure,
it's all about who wins or loses

as
we emphasize to the kids
as
kids
in
a
kids sport
that
what matter most is how you play
the

game ..

how are you playing the game,
sucker?

rent your space to pay your space

the last
day of
rent due

and the late charges

that have
a
way
of

coming up over
the

belly button ..

once
you catch up,
don't tell anyone about it ..

because

it's just then that it will catch up ..

fuck the knock on wood ..

just

beat your head against metal and

hope

the clay doesn't come

crawling

into
your

bed

and
become your covers ..

rumination candy

they said the voices
were going
to
start coming
down
to
a
slow
halt ..

though,
they keep getting louder ..

backed by music,
more venom,
or insurgence of untapped originality ..

they keep coming ..

loud ..

and
louder ..

so,
I take off the headphones,
join

the
conversation

and

listen to all
of

it whittle

down
lower
and
lower ..

lower ..

small & large of it all

the kid with a pick in hair
has
fallen asleep ..

full of red in the shirt,
a grin with some other agenda on the side ..

he's snoring ..

class in full swing,
monotone voices,
moving pens,
the grass is on fire,
water bubbling up
as
the rest of the blundering planets
we don't know
about yet
keep
cooling
cool
cool
cool
cool

down ..