

2002's LAST JOKE

this morning
there's a joke everyone heard
and
is smilin' 'bout ..

something about a couple of hunter fellas
and
some rural hijinx that went down as a result ..

as the Chevy takes the corner
and the Ford stalls on the side of the road,
the people don't care,
they smile for the joke they heard on the radio ..

sure,
it's new year's eve
and everyone is done with this year ..

so soon
how people get comfortable with slipping
into the next year ..

there's always something new
for folk to look for

always moving forward
as
what has happened looks perfect in the
malted glass ball
as though it was planned and that was that ..

so as we look into the swimming waters of
what will crystallize,
this morning
there was a joke on the last day of
2002
and
everyone is
smilin' as
the
drink gets stirred for the evening
as

we mix into another year
and
the buzz
of

hopeful anticipation lies
in
a

smile

on
the eve
of
what we will call '03
here

in
the
hood
and
beyond there ..

a goods transaction

I hope someone
falls in love
with the grocery clerk
that ran me through tonight ..

it was a last hour trip for some
needs
and a bottle of listerine to flush
a
swollen tonsil,
I walked up to the lane ..

lane 3,
was in the pole position ..

a dead,
cold KC eve,
and the gal was talkin' to her sacker friend,
they looked up like I was splittin' up the newly wed nups
fuckin' for
the
hell of it ..

I handed over my small,
green
plastic basket
and
she didn't even
acknowledge my
standing there ..

she rang it through,
talked about her girl,
how she couldn't get a hold of her girl,
and it was her girl,
girl,
this girl and about the girl
as
I pulled out my debit card
and
was primin' for the swipe ..

she told me the title for the second time and
looked up
in a bothered matter ..

told her it was gonna be
debit,
she huffed,
punched a button and I swiped ..

then,
she demanded I hit a green
button,
flashed up my receipts without sayin' a solitary word
as her girl looked at me,
girl ..

for the sake of not
burying the girl in the ground,
I almost told her to quit her job,
fuck better in bed
and keep the guy's attention next
time because
it could keep her out of the mess
she was in and smearing on innocent
paying
folk

wanting a bottle of mouth wash to take care of
a sore throat

and
two,
juicy red tomatoes

for
later ..

ALREADY DEFINED

one of the most important books,
which we read the least of,
is the dictionary ..

people should be forced
to read it before
getting
a
driver's license,
liquor license,
chauffeur's license,
rental card,
job,
chart,
relationship,
credit card,
anything membership
or otherwise drive ..

we cannot understand each other,
and
we need the talk,
communication
exchange of
ideas ..

sure,
the dictionary,
when's the last
time you really sat down and had
a
good throw with
Webster
and
the words

in
dictionary land ..

{poem} - *composition usually in verse, characterized by imaginative language and thoughts.*

period ..

done ..

run out
and
buy one ..

AM jitters

cat
runs away from the sound
of the slinky,
the man in a bright yellow coat
slinks up the street,
while the urban helicopter
darts
about the skies
above lookin' for the next
crook
and
the
TV stands defeated by the sounds of
the
stereo speakers ..

auto part delivery trucks
racing the phone guy to the sandwich special up
the
street,
it's the mayonnaise that
pulls 'em in
and
the
lady behind the counter that
makes them come back for more ..

a turn signal in the rough,
a honk in the middle of chaos to hold our attention
and
the
soft tap of
the
period to bring this together.

band breaks

she says that the band
is going to break up soon,
so that my lover and I should
come out to the final show ..

sure,
I tell her,
we'll come down for the last stance ..

she talks about what she's going to
wear,
how
the
crowd may stare just a bit
longer

and
how

it
will all start over
again,
if
she's luck enough
and
we

are
as well ..

before you smash into a wall

the Elvis man
with a Merle Haggard
swagger
couldn't take it anymore ..

he told the couple with 2 kids
to get the fuck out of the house ..

tired of the broken coffee mugs
and
the screaming ..

he was saving the sanity of his mentally handicapped
30-year old daughter
and all the memories
of Willie and Johnny singing their soft
spoken tough guy anthologies
came bleeding through his eye ball veins
and
he took his stand
against
all
the
past years of
booze,
coke,
broad's,
rough bars,
the road,
broken promises
and a hat speckled with
promise
to send them the fuck out ..

the couple with
no clear alibi
other than feeding off a system other than the government
didn't have enough
time
to emit the last laugh
as
the
prototype man in black sent them packing ..

Sheriff in tow
and
no more bullshit,
Mr. Cash would be
proud
as

Hank Jr.
lays
on
the
couch passed out in a mullet drunk
thinking

about
a
new pair of sunglasses
for
his bold
friend
that

finally rid the
burden

and
wiping off
the
dream

of
having

his
laughing daughter sleeping
in
some
well-deserved peace ..

clean loads of clothes,

nothing else to clean

as

we sit around and contemplate creative ways

to get

the

dirt back into the fibers ..

shit is too clean

and

there may be more time

on

the

clock than we would like to admit ..

so,

if you have the juice

to spare,

we may have a spare playground,

rib,

incident,

rye bread,

the dust of our new moon,

some vagrant in the front alley,

a skipping CD,

the wafting smoke,

last cup of coffee grounds,

fresh sand on a snowy mountain,

the

temptation

they left out of the books conclusion

to get your

shit

good

and

solid

dirty

in

a

clean world

we

look through

on

the

TV screen

or

the pages

of

a

oil lube shop magazine,

friend ..

cousins drivin' past

as I exhale a gulp of smoke
and
reach out to touch the cat
who is pawing or
trying to paw her way out to the other side
of
the
wood barrier here
in
this house ..

ready to lick the cold
and
content with a coat of fur full of heat,
we

sit here and dream
of

the
possibilities

going
up and out with

this
quickly evaporating smoke about

the
dry
dry

room ..

David Lynch, You Bastard

pulled into the Conoco parking lot
around the corner from my place ..

into the AM,
a guy leans out of his dilapidated white van and
asks for a jump ..

sure,
the gal goes in to buy a night cap
as
I pull up to the van at the pump,
pop the trunk,
and ready my juice for his juice ..

immediately the cat
asks me if I do drugs or would
have any friends interested in
Novocain shot through the neck ..

no,
I tell him,
I just do the drink and so do my
compadres ..

he nods,
sure,
he likes to drink to ..

so,
before I have the cables hooked up to his van,
he waves one of his women on to
start the van,
it starts,
spits out some more fluids
and
dies ..

I hook it up to his van
and know he's playing this for a drug sale gone bad ..

so,
I give him a bit and
tell him it's not going anywhere ..

I look into the cab of his van
and notice the most haughty crack whore I have ever
seen in my life ..

she startled me enough
to immediately pull the plugs

from both cars,
slam the hood
and
get out with my life ..

I challenge the wannabe adventurers
to
come to the gas station in my neighborhood,
you'll
likely not stop again
at night,
or
you will if you need some street dental drugs
to
soothe
that
achin,
achin,
tooth
in your
big mouth ..

december america

piano seat,
violin bow,
guitar pic,
music stand,
drum sticks,
fiddle sticks,
what's happening now as Americans believe
that the Middle East is about Illinois/Iowa/Indiana
on the map,
cause nothing exists outside of the borders of America,
also,
baba ganoush is an old man in a children's novel
and a gyro is Mel Gibson in his newest film ..

so,
before you get up to toss the trash,
or take a piss,
we'll be here waiting for you in the hall closet ..

dreaming of dirt,
hanging out
next
to
the cleaning supply closet ..

east side of town,

the brothers and sisters
waiting for the bus stop,
missionaries,
charity outposts,
dollar shops,
the strip malls are sparse,
soul food,
the cigars,
looks,
pants hung low,
the sweaters,
and
a
cajun chicken joint
with two groups of people lookin' at each other,
I notice
their cars are
smashed together ..

they're waitin' for
the cops to come over,
can't figure out
how
they got into the wreck ..

one car is
by the curb,
the other car's front end is planted
into the front fender in
the mouth of the drive-thru lane ..

an odd
placement and
hard to imagine how the wreck went down ..

I stare,
drive by
and
assume
that
one car stole the food from the other
or
there
was something even
stupider
that
went down ..

all in a drive
through the hood,
as
the
people stare for the next event
to

go down,
better
hurry up
folks,
the
food

you got is getting
damn cold ..

Eve 2002

locked in the house
with
the cold
circling the street signs outside ..

a bit of little of something stuck
in the back of my throat still,
the french pressed coffee doesn't remind me of Paris,
there's a tree with wrapped things underneath it
and
I wonder if this is the right house I'm in ..

whales swimmin' through
the
speakers of the music machine,
smoke tastes like
smoke
as
the
addicted kick the habit
and move on to the next one down the list ..

world in a lurch,
the hex has moved
from
Times Square to
Beijing
and
no one read about it in the papers ..

the good luck
just started
and
it's coming up my stairwell
looking
for
me,
so
I'm going
to
put an end to this

piece
and
ask it if it wants some of my
pressed coffee made by the French ..

maybe this 'good luck' will
remember
Paris ..

federal walk through

wonder if the
feds followed me
around today ..

did they find some good
junk to throw into my file?

how are they going tot decode me
opening a savings account,
renting CD's from the library,
eating a brisket sandwich and beans,
driving down HWY 24 towards the other side
of the city,
talking to my lady on the phone at 5PM,
teaching a class of delinquents,
making a copy of a CD,
smoking a cigarette at home,
going around the carousel
looking for a comfortable seat to sit myself,
how
are they going to put all of this down ..

consequential or
inconsequential?

would be a lot cooler if I knew that they were hot on my heals
as
the cat purrs loud in my ear
and meows for attention
as
the
band warms into the bridge scene
and
the
kids continue to walk up the walk by my house ..

sure,
my front turn signal dangles from the front of my car,
I have some more things I want to do today,
scheduled a visit to the dentist's office,
reminded myself of a court date on the 13th to prove I have insurance,
threw another dirty pair of socks in
the pile of vile cloth in my place,
chased the cat around the apartment in a game
of feline hide and go seek,
how
is it all gonna be written down?

is the Canadian Broadcast System gonna
pick up this piece and broadcast it

about my actions
and whereabouts
as
my delinquent kids
were asked to look
up people like Ghandi,
Mother Teresa,
Winston Churchill,
Nelson Mandella ..

am I the next one on the list,
am I making the agent assigned to my case
nervous
or
bored
or
possibly excited ..

here's to the agent
and
the
ACLU fighting to get petitions
to send to Bush about the invasion of
privacy ..

here's my pitch towards the invasion
of privacy,
and
it's already written for your report ..

perhaps I should work
for you ..

you can call me Orwell,
or
George for short,
friend ..

fist of the morning

straight to
the gums,
over the temple
and
into my front teeth ..

then,
it stops ..

leaning up to touch the cat
behind the door,
my head goes into the protruding
light fixture,
I feel it again ..

the warmed smash of
morning over the
head bringing all
the cups of liquor back into my doting
brain ..

then,
the water on the stove
starts boiling
and
I know that it's all going to be wiped away soon ..

but,
will it be too soon
as
the medicine cabinet
stands as the shortest way out of the longest walk ..

around
the
bottles,
the smokes,
the stories

and
how it snowed just a bit to get a white covering
over the divots in the road

and

now
it
seems as though
the
song is starting over
again

and
the

lit candle is making some needed scents in the air

and

I stare the camera down

as

it

waits to document all of it

for

a

group of heads

reading,

thinking

in

small

to

large

framed pictures ..

Friday Crash on the Hood

We were going
to see some
of the urban
Christmas lights ..

Got in the car,
pulled out on Main,
started heading south ..

As soon thereafter,
a car quickly swiped into my right hand lane,
to avoid the side smash,
I skidded 15 feet into the back of an
over the road Charter bus ..

the driver,
a big gay man,
was looking at me in disbelief
as I watched the small red car culprit drive on
down the street,
gone,
no stop,
nearly had a big brown jeep cherokee smash
me from the back ..

so,
I stood there
telling the guy that I was railroaded
and
let out to dry,
he asked me if we wanted to call the cops in ..

I thought about it while
he called his boss ..

he got off the phone
and said we should,
so I pulled my car from the underneath of his
bus ..

damage wasn't as bad as
thought ..

we climbed into the bus,
exchanged information
and
talked a bit ..

his name was Mike Cox,
the gay man from Topeka ..

he was nervous because
he had a sparkling driving record
and never had any trouble in 51 years
as
an active trainer for the government ..

I was miffed
with my second hit and run in 3 weeks,
though
we sat and talked for over 50 minutes while
waiting for the cops
in
a
midtown district
that won't bring about anything if it's a non-injury accident ..

so,
we shook hands and said that we would
file a walk-in report ..

been exactly a week,
no walk-in report filed
and
I'm sitting comfortably with
my overheated car
outside looking
like an innocent felon
waiting for the final injection needle

and
Mike
with another group of rowdy Baptists
shopping,
likely

as
I think about him saying that 5 minutes before the wreck that
he wasn't even
going to park his adventure on
Main
and
wondered how we met ..

shit,
how do we all meet ..

it's the chicken and the egg
deliberation,
it's like standing over the plate of morning bacon
trying to
imagine what the pig really looked like,
it's looking at the rhine of a lemon
and trying to imagine what the tree looks like on the California landscape,
it's the question that has another question
and the answer

that
would be as futile
as
me
trying to put
a
fat fucking
period at the end of this

and
not wanting to go
on
about
it
with my
mouth,
or
pen

some more ..

from me to you

not
sure about this town ..

people get
twist eyed
if you don't order a dozen of glazed donuts ..

next time,
they shake your hand
for
picking up their ink pen,
then
they want to know why you didn't buy
them a pack of 10 black bics ..

not sure how to get a handle on
the people of this town
when
they want you to stick around
and
tell you to get out
when
the
hail starts pelting the car hoods ..

sure,
not
so
sure it's about the town
as
it is the heart beating in the chest of
the
folks

looking
for
the
electric socket

to plug in
the
biggest fucking blender
this

side of the mighty
damn
Missouri waterway ..

good health canine moment

girl walks down
the sidewalk,
with leash in hand,
animal in front apartment yard,
cars streaming by,
warm for a cold December day,
tail wagging,
already a good day for the
animal,
a nap,
some food,
cold water,
the trees look like they'll grow well
in the spring,
look there's Jamal
as
the
dog squats and
takes his
time
with
a
good
solid
before
noon
poop ..

hard tuff

I endorsed their enterprise
under the familiar,
fiery
foreign gesture of a gorgeous government
that
has good grammar and
gives great gratuity ..

so,
push away the grudge,
pull out a handkerchief and
meet me at the hosiery
hospital for some hectic immediacy ..

hiding behind the morning cloud

gutters,
tree limbs
are covered in boroughs of
nests ..

the plump birds
are taking over
the
skies
and
scouring the ground
a day before christmas

was to be here in the
hood ..

looking to cash in on old receipts
and
new purchases,
they flop through the sky
seemingly sloppy
but with precision as
they near the side of the house
and
land on the gutter tail ..

looking
with their beaked head through
one of the coldest days in December
not
too fond of the ice,
but
ready for snow,
they
are ready for trash day
again

and
ready
to clock into some over time

cause
they want to stay fat
and
laugh

soon
at

all the new year's resolutions
that

will likely be blown ..

home hooker home

I'm on hooker row
here off 37 & Baltimore way ..

washed up women
and
dolled up gals with slits in their long skirts,
I wonder who
the fuck is paying for them
and
if they know what they are getting
their
shafts wrapped up in ..

with
masturbation
out the window
and
cheap fucks on the bill,
the cars stream by,
the cops drive slowly
and
the
air sullen like a canteen with several
more swigs
of bourbon on the evening's host ..

its hooker row
and
the economy is going down the hill
still
as
the
men line up for some thrills ..

shit,
I'd burn the skin off my palms
before
all
that

as
the
pimp walks by my place,
looks up into the window,
winks
and
moves
on
the
collect his royalty check for
walking around the block

making sure
the
trees are still planted
firmly in the ground
and
that all the gutter holes
are
still collecting
as
they should according to city specifications ..

I'll hold your reigns

if you get me
a bottle of juice
and massage my right
ass cheek ..

sure,
I'll be there on time
If we don't have to talk about time at all
and
forget that the world did invent a clock
and
thus
brought down the wrath of the modern
dash we all
seem
to be caught within ..

sure,
like a bunch of spiders going after the moth in the web,
or another insect on some
fearless path to the next second ..

if we can beat time,
somehow we believe we have defeated the philosophy
of thousands
before us ..

so,
if you want me to take your reigns,
I can do it ..

much trained with my hands
and takin' on some
strange,
quaky shit in my time ..

so,
get the lotion ready
and
pop the cap for me,
baby,
I'll take
those

reigns,
and
you may never want

to take them over again,
unless

the gun fires
or
the

spider retreats with the cold southern birds

that
flew by at dusk
on
this

monstrously
cold
cold
night ..

irony rests in the curiosities we cannot
sate ..

**

humor resides in the irony
we have figured out ..

just a dreamin'

oh you
heavy dreamer ..

they never gave
you the right name to go
by ..

convinced of some things,
the
name didn't have it for you ..

a carrot stick full of water,
the yellow in a squash,
the holler in a shout,
they

never
gave you enough
to look
forward
to with that
name,
but you had
the
dreams
and
stories

the small
folk would love
to laugh
about

when there was nothing funny left ..

sure,
you loafer
in the perfect pair of shoes,
just
didn't happen with
the
name

and
I guess

the least of what one can be remembered
by
is
a name ..

but
I say
you just dream
up your own ..

take that name on
and
let the guessers
go

on with their foggy nights
of
wanting to remember the blanks,
but
you ..

you with that

head
of
dreams

and
a
bad
bad

name ..

late stroller

leavin' my lover's place,
going by the Amoco that was converted to a new
bright
green sign,
there's a road cat walking with a 32 OZ can in his hand
tuggin' it to the lips,
like it was the last thought in a new train of
thought and he wanted to
get it down before
he forgot it ..

the stranger on the side of the road
taking
it in
before someone else takes it in before him,
he's rolling
and
ready to roll more
as
the
singer
comes down the other side of the road
looking for that lost lyric that only the cold road
of
tonight could bring it out ..

sure,
this cold cat with the late night beer
is probably thinking about the
next and
I'm sure it will be there for him
if
the
tender mercy of money
looks favorably upon him ..

but,
for whatever reason at the time
he
seemed like the bravest soul in a land of cowards
letting it all come out in some honest hoax
for
all the middle class folk to go by
and
wonder ..

yet
I saw a metal bean pole that had been
there
for
some

time
taking more kicks of cold in the face
and
laying
it
out there
for
the
skeptics

to finish a song
over
and
make
a
mound of cash

that
neither you nor I could imagine

on
a
night
like
this one ..

lick the dark

let's drop all the
rambling,
I have some lights to hang ..

sure,
lights ..

they say it started with lights,
I'm going to continue with it ..

yea,
don't have time for any more of the darkness,
not of some
prophetic formula you talk of,
I need to get this place
off the ground,
so if you want to really talk about it,
go ahead and talk while
I staple these lights to the wall ..

I want to see
and
you're making it hard to see ..

you see?

there's nothing more here to discuss,
pick up some shit
and
help
me

out
cause
I'm tired
of
talking about what it's like in the dark ..

we know what the dark is about,
we want
the
lights

and

we
can
then
talk about the

action
action
action ..

listening with eyes open

guest speakers,
the whore in silver in front of me is bleeding as
the girl in red with a pregnant front waits for
the right moment to reach
for the silver water pitcher
as the dry air and
comments make my throat sore again as the kids talk about
"LUNCH"
"INFRASTRUCTURE"
&
"WORRY BY DESIGN" ..

this,
as the land gurus and honey gods
bless the bones of Yoko and try to give us one more nugget of
truth about
what we attempt
to
perceive as love ..

Luis B.

I'm caterin' to the
KC graffiti artist by afternoon ..

the kid,
Luis,
has 60 hours of community service
for not fulfilling a previous probation
and stealing a fancy pen from
some discount outlet store in a town east of here ..

he comes in,
we talk about how juvenile detention isn't as
glamorous as the dateline
Hollywood movie
TV specials make them out to be ..

I come up with assignments for him to do,
he explains to me how to read graffiti
and
tells me about all his boyz
and
their heisting cars,
stealing,
beating,
gunning
and
brand of funnin' ..

sure,
he looks fearless
and
cowers in a particularly humbling way ..

he's
the best kid we've had yet
servin' his hours

and
I'm not convinced that this may
be a break in the road ..

sure
he'll get in trouble again
even if he dodges this bullet,
cause if he doesn't get the hours
done he
goes to the slammer of juvenile delinquents for
some time
and

he says he doesn't want to do it ..

but what can
really change a delinquent
13-year old graffiti artist
from the rusted side of the tracks?

I can talk to him all day ..

been in the same boat,
by the time I was his age I had two convictions with the state,
yet I couldn't get out of any of it by
doing community service ..

lived in a different time
in a
cozy suburbs ..

Luis
will get pinched hard
again,
I feel it ..

but
if he reads this and laughs because it didn't happen,
I'm

lookin' forward
to readin' about how he
escapes time
after time

as
the
new
graffiti artist
on

the
prowl in
this
town ..

something that
only

the both of us
will know ..

moon conspiracy

the moon
is a tuft
of
cloud,
that's all ..

answers the question
of whether there is a man in it,
did we land on it,
do we have moon rocks,
did we walk on it,
surely we didn't ..

it's just a cloud ..

would disappoint the kids if they
knew that the big bright
ball in the sky was nothing
more than a cirrus cloud
formed
like a ring ..

sure,
these within,
there could have been an Armstrong that tried to walk and
talk on it,
but likely fell through and was caught on the other side,
sure,
kids,
you can have the Santa exists and the
tooth fairy really has a nice wand,
but
there's nothing but vapor for our earth satellite ..

just
a
cloud
that never disappears
and

hasn't decided
to

rain
or
evaporate

down
on
us
earthheads,
yet ..

MORE

MORE lights,
MORE action,
MORE legs,
MORE beef,
MORE excitement,
MORE music,
MORE pork,
MORE animals,
MORE re-releases,
MORE cops,
MORE guns,
MORE cars,
MORE sunshine,
MORE pillows,
MORE pills,
MORE drink,
MORE stories,
MORE street signs,
MORE time,
MORE instances,
MORE truth,
MORE armadillos,
MORE songs,
MORE leaves,
MORE scripts,
MORE pickles,
MORE shoes,
MORE reasons,
MORE truth,
MORE traveling,
MORE
MORE
MORE
the
papers
and
TVs
and
folks
scream ..

MORE
MORE

give us MORE,
dammit ..

mountain mirage

nothin'
on top of that mountain but
the top of that mountain
as
the
pranksters spray paint big nipples up
there and
the
squabbles on the base
talk about
the
newest baseball trade ..

when it all seems so trite,
it comes to what's on top
of
a
butte,
a small little mountain range guy
in
New Mexico ..

those are the guys that
know
the
real shit,
they have the good coffees
and
heard
from the right folk
about the right shit
that
should go down ..

unfortunately
the
media crank

won't let us in
until
we
have
the
magic password ..

my note

I take notes on notes
because
notes are nothing more than'
note and there's nothing but
small notes coming from this
violin in my shoes ..

so,
if you want to talk notes,
come on up here and give me what you have and notices that these
notes will end up in the trash and
the notes of that trumpet mouths will go a bit further
cause
the ears are the surest way to the brain ..

I believe they beat the eyes
and
that's my end note on
that ..

new rubber

she asked me what I
wanted in
the
tire shop off 12th Street ..

a scraggly old broad
tired of tires,
in love with grease
and
iffy on a rubber at the end of the night ..

told her I needed one tire ..

she nodded
and asked in disdain
what size the tire was ..

said I would be back ..

checked it out
and
knew again that I was getting another disgruntled urban
whirl of piss
for
being a part of the consumer food chain ..

165's I told her ..

she said
to follow her ..

went to a little shanty house next to as
she pulled out a tire
and
asked if it would work ..

said yes,
she took it on the roll,
told me to wait by the car
as
a
friendly little chap came out,
nodded and
started to upend my car ..

there was no sign on the front
of
the
operation other than a smashed plastic
sign that used to flag to folks in ..

as he upended my car
another cat was next to me waiting to get his
hunk of metal lifted ..

a cat that looked like Popeye's pops came
out to lift him
and change the tire ..

quickly into the pump the cat
said something wrong
and
the
sailor father
said,
'FUCK YOU'

he started letting the car down
as the customer asked,
'WHAT?'

'FUCK OFF, MOTHERFUCKER. YOU SAID THE WRONG THING. NOW, GET THE FUCK OUT OF
HERE
BEFORE I FUCKIN' KICK YOUR ASS.'

'FUCK YOU, TOO!'
the ex-customer came back.

'DON'T COME BACK OR I'LL KICK YOUR ASS, PUSSY.'
the worker said
as
the
man climbed into his car
and peeled off ..

the nice guy kept tuggin' on my shit as
I asked,
'DO YOU TAKE CARDS.'

He said 'NO' and told me to come in
for directions to the nearest ATM ..

the haughty woman
who could kick the ass of all around
told me where to go
as
I headed on my way ..

was off 12th Street in the HOOD
and
trolloped over the ground
towards my oasis of cash ..

got the cash,
10 minutes later I was back
as
the nice guy and I waited for the boss to come back to take

my money ..

it was the tough motherfucker who wasn't going to take any shit ..

he told me the price ..

I flopped out a stack of tens and
I told him he saved my life ..

my tattered rear tire was in bad shape
and
the shady joint off 12th was my
haven ..

he smiled
while shoving my meager tens into a thick wad of cash ..

'HAVE A GOOD DAY, BUDDY'
he said
as
I walked off

thinking

he could really
kick some serious ass
if

prompted

there
on
a
little sale

off
Saturday's

luck charm ..

nuclear tits

off the side of a California highway
as we sit on a sack of nipples and
play pick-up sticks with the cactus
pricks
laughin' like a box of nails
because
they are going to hold the roof
and
frame ..

so,
rip the fuckin' wall paper down and pull the ceiling
loose ..

I have a headline for the long forgotten
deadline,
so listen
to the cat's tail
swipe the air and look at the cloud,
because
it's gonna fuckin' disappear
soon if you
don't
pay much attention to it,
now ..

our journey to judgment

can only be justifiable if we set

kerosene on the khaki's and find a liaison to listen to

our

lovely

maneuver ..

roller skater,

fly by my car
on the highway ..

flick the ice cream cone away
and
shout something I can't
understand ..

give something
to bite
on

as
I
dream of
a
big
bowl of chili
just
20 miles
north
of
this
yellow stripe in the road ..

saturday pearl

got the day
of Pearl Harbor remembrance off,
no work,
the old 9/11,
now in a new word with bad direction,
possibilities of new attacks,
I have 12/27/02 off and
didn't have to do anything to get it off..

just
get so
damn
much done on Saturdays ..

smooth tunes,

the skies is changing colors,
she's cooking dinner,
she hit her period
as
another girl waits for the immaculate comma ..

it's there
and
here,
the cigarette going out
by the grape juices fizzle ..

the day with a memory
and the night with no memory,
it's the partition between the negatives
and
the
smile in the positives ..

the fencepost in Maine
and
the fountain in Spain,
the place you
haven't seen

yet
the
dream keeps coming back
like the smell of discarded salmon
in
the
dryer
ready to rid the shirt,
pants and
socks

of that

previous evening stench ..

some night of warmth

warmest day of December,
coldest turn tonight
with
the
winds shredding the shredder in twos ..

and
I have one plump fly cascading around
my living
room ..

looking over the rug,
smelling the minced smell of oils,
the papers crumbled on the table
and
the
stench of bills from the other room ..

the fly is bumblin' about the place ..

how
he's alive,
the warm weather survivor
here in
the
warm living room
is
above me ..

don't know

and
I'm going to keep
him
alive
as

long

as
I can ..

a good luck
charm
from
the
warm months here in December
is
nothing

to
kill,
question
or

ignore,
folks ..

sometimes it takes a bit to grow up ..

not really sure if I want to ..

nothing too selfish,
just
need the time
to get ready for a full bloom Christmas tree,
pets walkin' about the house,
a kid,
a serious commitment with a woman,
just need a bit of time
to
get all of this mulled over the head ..

I have tomatoes to take pictures of,
things to write,
paint to get on pants,
people to call,
stories to tell,
stories to watch,
some music to make if the strings don't snap,
just

have some jets to fly,
and random strangers to run into
as
the
friends try to beacon my presence,
yet
I'm just not sure ..

maybe all the serious commitments will
be
good,
or one at a time,
or
maybe this being a kid works just fine ..

here in some cheap cloth
and
warm conditions as the cold winds kick a goal past the tender,
I wait
for friends to come back into town,
more songs I want to hear,
and more
stories I want to toss onto a stranger ..

so,
if you're missing that evening network TV program to
read this
or
take the commitment for the whirl it was counting
on,

blame me ..

I'm good for it,
maybe it will give me a little bit of a commitment,
though
don't blame me if no one takes you
seriously

and
that leaking faucet
never
finds the right
eye to
get
it
shut off for good ..

state of states

what's wrong
with folk
as
the
brown car fish tales through the icy streets
and
the
kid racks his nuts on
the
convention center walkway rail ..

where did we get the directions go wrong
as
the
radar goes on the freeze
and
the
sticks have even decided to change colors and fall to the
winter ground ..

how did the man in the thick winter coat
get so cold
when the weather wasn't
even that cold ..

how was the temptation
so misconstrued
that
the
kid reached for the chestnut
when
all

we have
ever craved from the start
was a good
plump piece of fruit?

the illegal immigrant

incidentally became

illegible by

imitating

the irresistible kindergarten

who said they run the

laboratory of licensing livelihood ..

the plans

they want you to keep,
yet watch you with a weary eye
as
you ditch the plans
and
head for another ..

the scratching on the bathroom wall
and
CD face,
the next nirvana
as
the
Hindu man whistles down the hooker
with
a
pocket full of blow,
it's the
plan
you haven't made yet,
but will soon ..

it's the time together
and
the time apart,
it's the
way

you
flow
as
the
sink continues to get clogged and

bleach

just seems so damn clean ..

THE THING

when it's in
your blood,
the pigment will burn ..

when it's in your eyes,
you will have to run
to
find the whites hiding in the diner's eggs
benedict ..

when it's in your nails
you
will have to dump the milk
to find them swimming in the bottom ..

when it's in your skin
you'll have to sweep up the bathroom floor
to find the tiny epidermal layers
swimming in sopped water ..

when it's in your piss
you will need a sieve to
bring it all back to being ..

when it's in your
nose you'll
have
to go out in the cold,
breath it out and
catch it in the jar ..

when it
wants to leave,
you
have to bring it
back

because

without
it
you're nothing,
kiddo ..

these hands don't cook

I can
burn
or
mutilate anything you
need in the kitchen ..

want the stench that won't leave,
call me ..

need to ruin a pot of rice or heap of stove top,
yell me out ..

want bacon grease invisibly shellacked on the walls
and
some crispy tidings,
ring my bell ..

need some smashed squash,
queer corn,
beans that won't come back to life,
the oatmeal in the trash,
come over my way ..

fingers all made out of thumbs when you get
me in
the
kitchen
with the intent to cook,
soufflé,
or simmer ..

my
stench

is in
your

trash can right now ..

it's in the paper towel you sop up old
grime,
I'm
there

and
I'll ruin

anything if you give me some heat,
a utensil
or

the
buxom
of

beauty
to
work with ..

those sceners

the KC sceners have some
wishbones,
pasties on nipples,
nose full of blow,
hookers up and down the block,
those slits up the side of the dress
have to be down right fucking cold ..

though these KC sceners with stories of
new galleries
and old bars that are opening ..

using plungers as dildos
and pianos as a way to start talking at 9PM for
the first time in the day ..

sure,
inventions fade,
but
myths,
cons and posers
linger
long after ..

out of comic necessity
most of the time ..

not because we need it to order a sandwich
or do something
that could be construed as
a
survival tactic ..

tiempo caldo

everyday there's
a
notice ..

time flashes on the wall ..

once you have walked away from it,
there's
another clock on the
wall ..

sure,
once you feel like you're in a safe place like a casino
or old bank,
someone you glance at has on a wrist watch and is
mouthing the time ..

constantly this silhouette
of
a
picture on the wall and
it always changes ..

time,
the imaginary ghost that
follows
and
always has a message for you
when you didn't
think there was anymore message to let out ..

time,
the clock,
a watch,
timepiece,
the hour,
a minute,
full revolution,
the time

as
it
comes down on all of us ..

the hand
with a magic black hand wand,
it's there

and
you can't escape it
while

the
child's laughed goes and
goes

and
goes
into a swirl of pudding left out on the counter,
it's there on the wall again ..

another reminder of
when
it is in the day

and
where you have been or are to be ..

the imaginary
stamper of time

the moment,
a
memory

and
it
won't
stop clicking
as
8:01 on
the
clock says it's one past
and
4 till,

I'm going
to
get
up and
unplug something ..

tough words

I accidentally
accumulated an acquaintance
with many varied amendments and by their
appearance some auctioneers
took each amendment into bankruptcy and found
a brilliant
career
as a cashier selling catastrophe to cemeteries in exchange for
confident,
controlling
and
definite ecstasy ..

use the night

the gay man
and the maitredee
of the
strippers
walk across the street ..

slow,
obviously in a talk about
some good food
or
cleanliness,
the
kids aren't yelling,
the dogs not barking
and
the
radio mimics their lips moving ..

I'm gonna get another drink of water
and
they're gone ..

vanished into the
hood,
swallowed by the naked trees
the
other multiple rumors
and
my
metal bug
eating
everything
that
is
not
welcome

but
more
than welcome

on
a
Wednesday night in December

where the taste of night
never
was more satisfying ..

vacuum cleaner

sweepin' the middle manager's mind,
spent all that money on school,
kindergarten,
fuck me,
even the 2nd grade teacher ..

what have you done?

flipped on the TV and
let the dry air suck upward,
out,
the speech of company rhetoric,
too tired for the classics,
carpet is disintegrating,
the sky is a ceiling fan,
and the vacuum is warming up
as
the 9th grade slowly evaporates ..

"I before E except after C"
is a line for the newest flat film ..

couldn't rifle through Hemmingway's junk if
Steinbeck had a hot colt jabbed against your head ..

so,
call it air,
call it fulcrum ..

call it the end of the beginning
or the death of
colloquialism ..

the cleaner bag needs to be changed
and it will
as
the
machine hums higher and higher ..

but the truth
is
that
the vacuum
can't touch these words ..

when we met

I remember
seeing
you last night,
sure,
the cat was howling,
the dog clawing on my arm,
the water running,
the Cubans from the south
were playing their
instruments while on the run in the back of a truck
some woman threw a cigarette
into her stoma
and
the kid in the corner kept begging for candy
and there
stood the young human
with
bright blue eyes
saying
that what was supposed to happen
already happened
while
the
older folks
kept wondering if it was true
or if something else was supposed to happen ..

sure,
it's all coming back over the cup of coffee
as
the
dog shaped
and sized like a horse comes through
the
door jamb and licks me on the arm
for another bowl of food and
a
walk down the street ..

something about a note
and
some sort of light that was supposed to illuminate
the southern skies
as
I reach for my toothbrush and tell the room
to give me a moment to myself ..

I needed to clean out my mouth
before
I was to speak

and
then
it
came
out

and that version of the dream
wouldn't let me remember the latter version
and

that's where we stand now
as
the
cat stops howling

and
the
horse dog

goes running
through the gates,
well rested,
eaten,
pissed and

such

to win
the
race ..

the gallop over the chalk line
as

the photo finish camera
gets jammed and
all the older folks

wonder
who

really
won

and
more importantly,
if
it
really
mattered
in

the
large
area

surrounding such
a
small
race

towards the imaginary finish line ..

winter is the great chill ..

gets the grime,
crime,
deceit and
pending theft
back in doors to
plan for the spring
or
how
they will be done with the institution in the summer ..

all full of marbles in their pillow cases
and
another anecdote they read in the
purchase order catalog ..

not smart enough for identity theft
or
white collar crime,
they quelch their urban temptations
and
fuck the nearest woman next to them
and
rest on the fact that they may actually
have
to get a job to swallow up their waking hours of the week ..

but
this is too damn scary
and
they figure there's not enough time
for that ..

so as
the
winter air swirls
and
the
swell goes about like a wave
looking for a sand bar to destroy
we
wait to see
if
the
heat will be more tranquil

or
building
up
for
the
same urban masquerade we usually
see ..

stay tuned,
the
commercial
will be done in
a
couple of months
around here ..

year almost done,

I have some cottage cheese
left in the case to eat ..

frozen treats
and
cold memories,
the heater is working well in here
as the unnamed band
continues to practice for
the
big launch as Bono continues to go about Africa
on
his quest to quell a disease in a foreign land ..

the year is going to be in the naught 3's
as
the
streets stay calm tonight
and
the
air temperature continues
to
go
down
down
down ..

sure,
the subway system is on time
once again
and
the
man with a red cat walks the yellow dog,
while
the
hair spray evaporates
and
we
have

nothing but a pair of hose and
some nail polish to make it all seem
and
sound all right ..

the end of rumors
and
the beginning of the next,
we race towards the end of the year
and
the possibility that another star will pop into
our visual landscape

with

all of these receipts of potential debt
and
a
room

full of things we bought
and

forgot about the following night ..

#7,094

Italian books,
the english buffoons,
while
the
dogs sniff out the tracks
and
the cat paws
again at the door
with her talking meow ..

sure,
another German invasion foiled
as the a picture of a Middle Eastern
kid
is plastered on American propaganda,
another
potential burger customer in
an overseas restaurant ..

let's
all try to hold hands
again
and
come back to the chorus
of ring around the posies,
pocket full of ashes,
we all
fall down,
we all
fall down

baby ..

12-29-2002

her sick kid,
my neighbor is getting ready to move
in
a
month,
re-heated sandwiches,
the jazz tenor on the horn
as
the
door bell rings and the same
neighbor mentioned before
is
going down the steps loud,
the
new cooking utensils,
the trash bags ready to be tossed into last evening's
news,
the old electronic transmission
and
the
rusty van taking a slow turn around the corner,
it's post-Christmas
and
all the juice heads are waiting for New Year's
and
another year where they'll forget who
their congressional representative is,
but
who's to say,
some people have a helluva memory,
as we forget the faces we see and
the
names we hang out with,
the precarious intuition
of
a
bunch of grown up children
trying to discipline the real children
as
corruption goes from the bottom up
and
looks for a good blanket to hide under once the day
finally comes
to
a
good,
solid
firm

rest
and

that

is
where

we end up from
the
first word

on
down the last,
I think?

DAY 1...
DAY 2...
DAY 3...
DAY 4...
DAY 5...
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FIRST 113 DAYS OF 2003

At 10:25 on the morning of the last day of 2002 I will shoot away at the first 113 days in the following year .. a smattering of word service to the fiction and non-fiction that could and may go down in the following year that we will call 2003 in the 21st Century .. a prediction, a guess, a wink, a try, a attempt and a jab before I pay the first rent check of the first month of the new year as the car pulls through the STOP sign without stopping as the hookers run and the cops hustle before this window and new sheet of rapping coming straight towards your eye balls ..

DAY 1... Several more futile Presidential pardons as I act as though this one more day off lasts for the entire following year ..

DAY 2... The Pope buys a membership to a health club and takes all the bishops out to a year beginning chess match of the century ..

DAY 3... My lover will tell me something I will remember for the rest of my life ..

DAY 4... The dog will lick my arm or face several times after being asleep for 6 or 7 hour but just wag his tail after not seeing me for several days ..

DAY 5... The band will play again in Chicago and wonder why people put all that peculiar shit on a hot dog indigenous to their land ..

DAY 6... The woman will smile while the man scratches his scalp ..

DAY 7... The lottery ticket that was a winner will sit on the tabletop until the gas tank needs to be filled again ..

DAY 8... Another batch of Hemmingway letters will be published and sold for a good American penny for the publishing house that can't admit that all it makes its money on are legends that didn't have time or the public interest to publish before ..

DAY 9... The salt will run away from the pig skins and land straight in the canyon of sweets below ..

DAY 10... My pops will call me several times to tell me about a crime that went down around the corner from me in a neighborhood that keeps him awake at night ..

DAY 11... Someone else I know will think about getting married and decide not to call until the holidays come trickling around at the end of the following year ..

DAY 12... Someone else will give me their e-mail address ..

DAY 13... I will lose that e-mail that was so thoughtfully placed in my able hands ..

DAY 14... My kitchen will hold the stench of 3 day old coffee and flourish as the memory of that feline I took care of in the previous year meow's a triumphant victory call for another pot of coffee that has to be cooked ..

DAY 15... The man from Louisiana will pack up to drive towards Mississippi to recite the name of the state correctly while sitting in front of the 'MISSISSIPPI WELCOME SIGN' on the side of the road because he had some much trouble spelling it while a kid in school .. beating the odds, baby .. beating the odds ..

DAY 16... Another job offer will think over as the current job keeps me wondering where the next one will surface ..

DAY 17... An old friend will pass my tracks in a public place as we talk about the fact that I just thought about them that morning and forgot about them shortly there after ..

DAY 18... The video rental will be late again as my stack of late fees would be enough to get me a DVD player and 20 video titles I have wanted to see and will never have to take back in my imaginary tales ..

DAY 19... The old man in the blue hat will continue walking up the street wondering how that one moment back in '68 changed his life and he will continue to move forward thinking about it and how he can never go back ..

DAY 20... Another claims adjuster will visit someone with an elaborate story of the fender bender and how the adjuster just swims in the thought to tall liquor specialty after the day has come to a close ..

DAY 21... Will get that odd look from someone wondering why I'm not married without kids at the age of 30 ..

DAY 22... Will have protected sex and continue thinking about that imaginary child's name in a good night of solid sleep ..

DAY 23... Make the best plate of eggs I have ever made and wonder how the fuck I pulled it off ..

DAY 24... Run into someone strangers named Peter, Paul and Mary and wonder how they ever got popular as a band when they did during that slice of Americana ..

DAY 25... Calling off the dogs because the cat's scratched them all good and damn well ..

DAY 26... Sending another message to a friend in Italy laughing at the minute long transmission when it used to take two weeks to get that letter back and forth over the Atlantic Ocean ..

DAY 27... Again unsuccessfully trying to get a hold of my Cousin in NY trying to work out a spring trip up to the immaculate rock up east ..

DAY 28... Forgetting that one thing I thought I would never have the chance of remembering again ..

DAY 29... Smoking my final cigarette and watch the last nine years of my life flash before my eyes ..

DAY 30... Take a drink of water that will taste like no other .. (IF I'M LUCKY)

DAY 31... Wake up next to her again and know that the jitters in the morning are the best thing I can feel next to a good solid climax on the ensuing evening ..

DAY 32... Thinking about a nice juicy steak and eating a plate of roughage that night ..

DAY 33... Will watch the power guy in his truck turn the corner and wonder if he will ever know how much power he actually has ..

DAY 34... Try to call that old friend on the telephone I had a dream about the previous evening over a good solid square of closed eyes ..

DAY 35... Will fart horribly in a full elevator and look around towards the lights as though the fucker is going to seize up at any moment to throw off any blame, but take full blame in the same breath ..

DAY 36... Live in Athens, Greece for one slice of an evening because dreams are the only thing that keeps this kid asleep and way from running about with open eyes ..

DAY 37... Ponder a real good plate of Lasagna I want to cook, but won't because I wouldn't want to inflict that on anyone just ye ..

DAY 38... Get a new car and wince when the state wants their share of my new pleasure ..

DAY 39... Paint a picture with one black dot and ponder for a week or so at the validity of such a simple piece .. is it art or laziness?

DAY 40... Hop over that curb and think about those Mexicans in Ferris Bueller's Day Off and do it with more voracity once again ..

DAY 41... Find an old pen that doesn't work and buy 12 more that do to provide an ample replacement ..

DAY 42... Actually go to a bar and have just a few drinks like I say I will every other time ..

DAY 43... Shake a friend's hand for finally getting out of that horrible thing he called a 'loving relationship' ..

DAY 44... Almost running into the back end of a car in front of me because I'm checking out their out of town tags and trying to decipher what that neatly calligraphied saying actually says ..

DAY 45... Drinking a glass of egg nogg and wondering how many other ways we can really enjoy the egg ..

DAY 46... Running into a calm Jewish guy and wondering if it really is the chosen one?

DAY 47... Saving someone from drinking a raw pork chop blended in a blender ..

DAY 48... Being saved from doing the same thing from someone I know well ..

DAY 49... Knowing that the Never Ending Story is this ..

DAY 50... & it keeps on going

DAY 51... & going

DAY 52... till it doesn't even remember how it originally began ..

DAY 53... Bartering for the life of a hairless pig, just to eat it a month from now ..

DAY 54... Another Bowie rip off hits the air and we're all OK with that because Bowie kicks complete ass ..

DAY 55... Jellyfish gets back together under our nose in a private living room jam that we read about in the tabloids .. shoved way the fuck in the back for only a few neurotic fucks to know about .. fact or fiction?

DAY 56... Her thumbprint in the sand is my footprint in the cement ..

DAY 57... That last cheeseburger is one more life that will come and go on this planet ..

DAY 58... Arizona decides to become a part of the European Union baffling all the political experts and making for interesting bar chatter ..

DAY 59... Clap on .. clap off .. the girl has an STD and we move on to the next day ..

DAY 60... The pimpled kid goes to the doctor and buys more condoms because of that day 59 that went on past ..

DAY 61... A whistle in a tunnel is a shout out during Sunday Service ..

DAY 62...A 2 x 4 has more power on any given day than a solid 4 x 4 running down the street in a steak of ground effects and bad fuckin' thumpin' ..

DAY 63...The bird tripped over the day as the worm fell over a segment ..

DAY 64...A warm FUCK YOU is always better than a blank HELLO ..

DAY 65... The hooded man pacing in front of the shady apartment building is so high he forgot he doesn't have the shit he needs for that urban hand off ..

DAY 66...A WHITE ALLIGATOR REALLY COMES CLIMBING OUT OF THE SEWER LID OFF 37TH AND BROADWAY .. TONIGHT WE BRING YOU THE NEWS FIRST ..

DAY 67... Seriously, no more fucking wire hangers ..

DAY 68...The trees get a little more naked as the boy tries to jerk it off with the 'STRANGER' hand ..

DAY 69...Get ready to fuck, kids, the day has arrived ..

DAY 70...The stapler ran off with the staple remover to Vegas for a real click of a marriage ..

DAY 71...Once again I tell that tired old joke .. 'WHAT'S BROWN AND STICKY?' 'A STICK' ..

DAY 72... Another litter of pups holds more promise than the corporate droid ready to deliver the March financials to a bunch of shit in the pants guys ..

DAY 73...The music store down the street folds up because the people finally found a way to defeat the record executives at a game they couldn't have counted on ..

DAY 74... Snap another picture of someone crossing the street and it's never a fucking chicken around here ..

DAY 75...Lips and assholes are really funny, if you think about it ..

DAY 76... Our friend Phil gets caught again jerking off with a vacuum cleaner ..

DAY 77...The blue car decides to die its body in light amber ..

DAY 78... The praying mantis finally has her prayers answered ..

DAY 79... The gay bar wants to be called the 'HAPPY BAR' from now on ..

DAY 80... The disc turns as the head spins ..

DAY 81... Hot shots of the world look out .. there's another 'LOOK WHO'S TALKING' movie coming back as Travolta hits another skid in his long Hollywood career ..

DAY 82...Wondering how it took me so long to find out about that band that plays on the player over and over and over and over again ..

DAY 83...Ate that pig from Day 53

DAY 84... The Circle Jerks release their long awaited 'CIRCLE SET' to be hip .. no more boxes for those kids ..

DAY 85...Another coffee cup bought that you couldn't live without as you stand in front of the cub bard while the coffee gets cold wondering which one to drink out of that day ..

DAY 86...The particular people finally start relaxing, after all these years ..

DAY 87... The Golden Girls finally destroy that 'GRATEFUL DEAD' greatest hits album ..

DAY 88... Errant trash on the ground is another useless letter in the mailbox ..

DAY 89... The author is always working on another book .. don't ask anymore what the fuck they have been up to ..

DAY 90...The little old black woman again rises triumphant .. reducing the tough, pimpin' grandson to dust when the moment of truth is faced ..

DAY 91...One more aspirin is that vitamin you forgot to take last week ..

DAY 92... Watch the Big Lewbowski again just to hear the word 'DONNY' again from Goodman's mouth ..

DAY 93...Always thinking about J. Turtoro as Jesus and not taking him quite as seriously as I used to as I see 13 Conversations about One Thing ..

DAY 94...Sucking the popsicle loose and using the wooden stick to prop the window open ..

DAY 95... Flying over the Midwest and wondering what version of Betsy Ross quilted the land together so well ..

DAY 96...Contemplating a move out of state as I move towards the coffeemaker before 11AM, Midwest Time ..

DAY 97... Is there anyone still alive that remembers the Alamo .. ?

DAY 98...KD Lang and all that constant fucking craving ..

DAY 99... The tributary joins the river for one of the most lasting unions in recent memory ..

DAY 100... The flat tire from the evening before is mysteriously inflated and new the next morning?

DAY 101...Questioning the fate of random happenings is like questioning the lunch date that got blown at the last moment ..

DAY 102...The Sound and the Fury book on my mantle spoke to me last night in a high pitched and furious tone ?

DAY 103...Ohio really isn't the heart of it all, as far as this kid is concerned ..

DAY 104...The first flying car is to be piloted by the first cloned baby ..

DAY 105...I know someone will always come up with a fresh new guitar riff .. but can the same be said about a good drum riff?

DAY 106... She's ready for a new day ..

DAY 107... as He looks back on the previous one ..

DAY 108... Sweat tickles my pits and kicks my square in the funny bone .. that shits not funny ..

DAY 109... With Newton having such a good handle on the laws of motion .. his offspring has had a horrible go behind the wheel of cars ..

DAY 110...Parker Posie rents a really bad video ..

DAY 111... Another philosophical question is another 7 year itch you won't be able to quench ..

DAY 112... No more stories about fanatical folks buying a baseball player's used chewing gum in an auction ..

DAY 113...All the guns of the world get jammed ..