

JoeFiles LXXV

**Future Boy
With
Bacon at Home**



stream swallowed the river

they don't want to
have anything to do with you ..

they're going to go
to the saloon
to settle their matters
as
the flag waves high and hard out front,
the housewife walks up the street for the ninth time
today
as
the
owl chases the hawk
and
the soundtrack in the saloon
sounds a whole lot
like something they play
in
bars all across the town and land and
streets as the drug dealer walks up the street
in a cleveland indians hat
and a tall forty of beer
looking for action
as the old white fella in the small hat,
pizza hut coat,
pops the hood,
checks the engine,
closes the hood,
and walks away,
everything looked OK for then and there ..

so,
the saloon,
we are back at the saloon and everything seems
to be
working out,
the talk of women fades away,
the birds start increasing in numbers and
the cops are crawling around the streets
in increased frequency as
cars with bad shocks or no shocks at all go bounce
bounce
bouncing all over
the
streets,
because around
here baby,
there is nothing else to
be shocked about,
high with terror alerts and supernovas
acting as biological agents of

mass weaponry,
we
all stand frigid
with
no
shocks
left to support our asses
or
the
feet we walk on,
so
I'm gonna laugh
laugh
laugh
and
laugh some more because
the
joke is always going to
make the car look small
and
the weapons look like some
misguided mystery
no one wants to vest the energy into figuring
out
out

out,
baby ..

subjects do matter

paint on the blinds,
you're avoiding the subject,
the cable guy just drove by and the ladder almost fell out of the
back of his truck,
you're not facing the subject,
bet the saloon across the street did well last night,
still avoiding the topic,
the cop is on the ass of this Honda at the intersection
and trailing them close as they pull off,
avoiding the real subject,
you know I think I like packaged ham more than the packaged turkey,
just can't face the music,
the cat looks about as comfortable as anything right now in the window lookin'
out at a rare warm day,
again there's no facing the real subject,
gonna go get a re-fill on this early morning of coffee
and
avoiding the subject ..

(WHAT IS THE SUBJECT, ANYWAY?)

synopsis of psychology

the abnormal psychology of
Adler was
really aesthetics
of altruism that was interpreted
by the world
to be anorexia nervosa,
but attachment and attention of
aversion therapy was enough bereavement in the birth order
to make Bruner
in his character disorders a conformity
of the people's consciousness
to spark creativity and dyslexia,
thus emotion and sympathy
became the new existential psychology in
family therapy practices of
the underground
fantasies for those that love
Freud,
group dynamics
and horny hysteria,
then the instincts of Jung
came along with truncated life-span development
to render mental health a nervous system
neuroses that Pavlov
would play problem solving with in quick reaction times
that made
schizophrenia pure separation and loss
of social identity
in the stereotype of a super-ego sized therapeutic community
bent on organization and processed time
in
unused traits of folks chasing
vocational and career
development within Watson's final conclusion on
women's studies in psychology,
all for Wundt ..

take the polyester

what else do you want to do
with your life .. ?

we pick up more things
like clothes,
music,
shoes,
hats,
jewelry,
electronics,
technology
and such
because we want to feel
in it
or
not left out ..

are you walking through the brazen embers
the way you thought,
or have you thought about it?

are you doing what you need
to be doing
or
is it convenient?

convenience is the collective doom
that waits to pull you down
at the very end with a smile
like that Ming guy from Flash Gordon ..

I wouldn't mind bein' out on
some prairie on the Australian or African continent snappin'
some photos I try to paint
here in this little hovel of reality in KC,
sure
I'm curious as to what that girl's nipple would look like
popped out of the bra and bouncing with the east winds,
sure I wouldn't mind having a car that has some windshield wiper fluid
to splash over the stains on my windshield,
I would mind living in a warmer climate like Arizona, New Mexico or California,
wouldn't mind getting a bit more in wages to travel to these
places I've never seen
or pick up a pair of shoes without thinking that it's gonna break my account,
though
the point is
what are you doin' now ..

this is what I am doing now
and I would do it wherever I was at or whatever
circumstance I would be in after a good trip or takin' pictures
of a lemur,

I
just
wanted to
make
sure

I had enough mayonnaise and mustard
for
later
today

and
this is the way I rationalized to myself
that it would
be
just OK
either way ..

TALK OF TOBACCO

into day 5 of
the
no cigarette pack
and
I haven't had the urge ..

yet,
I was going down the road
and opened the ash tray and got
a
good strong noseful of the ashes,
butts,
filters
and match sticks,
it
kicked me square in the nose ..

must be that sense of smell coming back
or
that sense of how fucked the habit has been this whole time ..

told myself I wasn't going to preach against the dangers
of the habit
but
it does amaze me that we are the smartest mammals on planet earth
opposable
thumbs and we continue to kill off our bodies year after year
with the most destructive thing
ever introduced to humans ..

fuck guns
and other mass weapons of individual destruction,
nothing compares to the cigarette ..

again,
I kiss my 9-year girlfriend away,
no more being friends,
no more after fuck lip sucks,
no more talks,
no more calm,
no more of your patience,
fucking done ..

don't have enough money or integrity
to take you out to those dinners,
too much fucking ash and soot going through my
bones from all your
promises

that has
left me coughing the last of your first

promises
straight the fuck
out of my lungs,
life
and
this damned poem about you ..

the book of matches

starts yelling at me
with it's mouth
and potential,
'WHY DID YOU GIVE UP ON US?'

what do you mean?,
I come back.

'YOU'RE DONE WITH THE SMOKES,
THAT MEANS WE'RE DONE?'
they ask.

we'll in a matter of speaking,
sure I'm done,
I say.

'FUCKER. YOU'RE A FUCKING QUITTER.'
they say.

bet your fucking bic I'm a quitter,
but I can still use you for the candles or fucking around with burning
needed shit,
I tell 'em.

'DON'T TRY TO TICKLE OUR ASSHOLES WITH YOUR FLAILING CHARITY.'
they say.

fine,
have it your way,
I'll use the lighter - it was invented before you anyways,
I tell them.

'INSULT TO INJURY. YOU'RE A REAL ASSHOLE PAL.'
they come back with a slight grin.

It's not gonna work, boys,
I'm done with the habit. You can berate me all day,
go find someone weaker with a patch and nicorette gun,
go ahead,
nothing is going down here,
I tell them.

THEY SAY NOTHING MORE,
THE COVER TO THE MATCHES CLOSE,
THEY DON'T GO ANYWHERE ELSE
AS A FLICK GOES OFF LATER.
THEY PRESUMABLY LIT THEMSELVES TO GET OVER THE NEGLECT.

one could hope
the same for the fucking cigarette,
the ultimate
bullet
and
pleasure,

I have

met none
other

as
the
detox

continues on
the
morning of the
sixth,
sixth,
sixth,
sixth,
sixth
day ..

the grifters never
had anything on the drifters ..

the drifters always knew
when it was time to leave
and
they left very well ..

the last of the scab

has flaked off,
it's completely healed now ..

the other scrapes
are doing their deal to get a bit
better
as
the cat looks
at my arm as a couple of loose flanks
of carpeted wood
and
she needs some needing time
on my person ..

as
the last of the scab hits the floor,
his head rears up and
he looks my way,
licks his chops
and
flicks his tail as he comes my way,
I turn to face
the mountain
and
sip one more sip of coffee,
my defense went down,
he's swiping at me
and
the

rest
of
the
morning

keeps
on
coming ..

The President's Trash Day

there are bags and
bags of trash up and
down this street,
and the other
streets in the near radius ..

brown bags,
white bags,
black bags,
yellow ties,
orange ties,
trash and the big
fat fuckin' black birds are
living their fantasy over and over again ..

the trash is out here on a Tuesday morning
because
everyone forgot
that Monday was President's Day ..

I forgot,
the neighbor forgot,
the other neighbor forgot,
the fucker up the street forgot,
the cat on the other side of the block forgot with the yellow canary,
the two men walkin' now with waving arms forgot also,
no one remembered ..

guess it's easier and easier to
forget these days with Bush in office ..

not much to be celebratin' these
days as
we piss Europe off,
have other countries shakin' their heads
and many other republics / factions that
know more about politics
than any average American could hope for in some cocktail party conversation
about butt plugs and used maxi pads ..

the ship's going down around here,
folks used to have some sort of respect for this Bush character after
9-11,
but we all must have been in shock,
you never tend to see the obvious when in shock,
we forgot the obvious ..

and the obvious is that I'm surprised if this President has
any approval rating at all ..

even a shave of a point ..

so,
I don't blame a single person around here
for not remembering the President's of the past
because the present one seems more like a lobbyists wet dream
and a flailing product of nepotism ..

hey,
but I did think about President's Day yesterday ..

thought it would be nice if
Bill Clinton
was put right back there in that oval fucking office
instead of
us getting bushwhacked anymore
out
here in the land
of
lands ..

the snow has spoken ..

fallen down
as a large blanket
and silent
covering the
leaves
and
their subordinates
here
on
this silent

new
day
after
midnight

of
day 8 without
the
cigarettes ..

not many cars
about,
uncommon for a Sunday night like tonight,
it's
as
quiet as a pill going down the trachea in the beginning,
a caterpillar going over the tree stem,
a rain drop falling into the flower's center,
the sound of a cigarette paper going into the flame,
the sound of her when the battle is done,
the sound of the pen hitting the paper's edge,
the sound of cadmium anything disappearing into canvass,
the look of glass in it's bulb of liquid plop
razor thin like a new kind of bread that is gonna
hit the streets,
if it doesn't hit your car or your mouth
first
on

this quiet,
white night
where

the blue's behind the white floating clouds

make
yellow or black
a
good damn bet to come back
out

tomorrow,

when
a
new day of nicotine

comes to everyone
but
me

here in

the white depravation
first
thing
this
morning,
already ..

those lazy insane cab rides

said he
woke up with her
on the couch
with the woman's mom and
step father at the kitchen table ..

he got up,
a man in his 40's
and went out
in a hungover stumble
to call a taxi cab to take him to some
sanity ..

he called the cab
and went out to wait ..

soon thereafter,
a cab came flying up
with a gal with an absent look in the eye
behind the wheel ..

she kicks the front door open,
then speeds through the day
up
and off ..

he presumes that she must have gotten the address,
because she was heading in the wrong direction,
and that she was taking a short cut or would soon figure it out ..

this broad is cookin' up the street,
10 to 50 MPH in the twitch of a nostril ..

this doesn't happen long
until a couple of cops come from either direction after her ..

they shoulder her up on the curb
and into a sidewalk,
the car comes to a halt
and
he says that he is quickly face first on the ground
with a gun to the back of his head ..

then,
a little Mexican cop calling him a motherfucker over and over kicks him
and tells him he's gonna fuckin' pay ..

my friend has no idea what the fuck is going on ..

he just called for a cab after waking with a woman in her 30's that
still lives with her folks ..

he just wanted out,

but the psychosis of a morning continued
when he was thrown in the back of the paddy wagon still
tryin to figure which way the world or universe was turning ..

several minutes later
the van stops at the station
and the boys pull my friend out,
dust him off and apologize ..

they tell him that the woman stole the car from a cabby who
was idled in front of a mental hospital and she hightailed
down the stretch ..

they thought he was the boyfriend,
friend,
accomplice,
fortunate bystander
and
plowed into him ..

my friend asked for the little Mexican to come over
to his house or the downtown YMCA to kick him around
without the cuffs ..

atta boy,
Mike,
atta boy ..

VIKINGS AT RUNES INSTEAD OF PRUNES

the strength of
separation signals partnership
of the self in
our protection
of the pure defense of fertility
and the constraint in the
initiation of warriors opening the harvest season for the
pure joy of possessions and
the journey to disruption
along the flow of movement and growth of the unknowable
wholeness of standstill breakthroughs
and gateways ..

walk today's cold plank

twenty-1 people
died in
Chicago nightclub,
ninety-7 die
in a rhode island bar fire,
michael jackson special on TV again,
the french hate the US even more for a pending war with Iraq,
some blockhead picked a girl on a bachelor show,
the bachelorette show went about the same way,
the media repeats,
repeats,
repeats,
rips,
rips,
the same stories,
celebrity castaways on some island,
surreal TV with former stars,
bad music on the grammy show the other night,
talk show fights,
talk show tits,
talk show DNA,
more magazine shows showing how to cook sweets,
more sweets for a very fat nation,
then the economy with Bush talkin about it,
no jobs on the streets,
the sting of 9-11 has wore off,
people wonder about this President of ours,
the rest of the world says we can't hide behind the past,
TV is bad,
taste is worse
and the world community wonders
as the nuclear weapon is wedged in our collective mouths,
no lighter around,
but all you need is a button to ignite,
a button to turn
off this TV program and make
a whole big fat reality war peace celebrity-less ridden new one ..

we need not

to
report on the instantaneous
nature
of the instant
is to report on anything around you ..

doubtful there are any special instances
where this can exclusively happen,
even when planned,
the instantaneous instants are there ..

without warning
its how we have perpetuated and killed off
some much
in
the
daily rotation of the day
and

this
is
my instant
from
the
poloroid
of
the
mouth
coming,
tumbling
towards
this screen
like
an
instant

I will
indeed forget,
as
the
next instant
flies
to
get me good ..

weather predictions

everything is audible around here once
the weather turns
the
corner,
pimps walkin' up with their girls,
the linen guy on the phone in his spacious ride,
the lunar women in their sun vehicles,
the crooks drying up in Republican times,
supporters waiting and talking it up until the President gives his speech,
the kids with dreams of plastic balls and real breasts,
the girl with an amazing singing voice,
the phone call from Africa no one caught before the answering machine clicked up,
the blinds talking to the gifted,
the broken limping with the fortunate,
the cat leaping into my lap,
an errant song from a specific car pulled up to the stop sign and stopped for a bit,
the dog chewing a fresh bone in the front yard,
the latino family with dad in cowboy hat leading all 7 of them up the street,
the seamstress walking fast to miss her appointment further,
the sound of the old man talking himself into mailing her the letter,
the girl biker slippin' the gear into number 8,
the ladybug caught in the hornet's nest,
careful of girls heading east
as the lone girl coming around the block on 37th heads
north
on
outta here ..

when lookin' for the cure ..

they say
there's a cure for laziness ..

something else to do ..

catch a fish,
fly the imaginary kite,
go through the glass door,
stop the train,
rouse the roost,
choke the turkey ..

go onto the next
thing
in
the
book,
soldier ..

3,644 Rules Here on Baltimore

the amount
of STOP signs
that are run at
my little intersection in front
of
me

should
have
more destruction ..

though,
I have never seen an accident ..

there have been cops flying by,
mechanical birds with big spot lights in the sky,
random chaos with passers by,
but nothing with the cars,
and I'm not hoping for it,
it's just
a
busy,
fast intersection that
could be
unkind if blind faith comes touting in the EAST-WEST direction ..

though,
there was one afternoon of action
I missed
by about 5 minutes
while getting some keys made for
my apartment to give to the lady friend ..

some crazy fuck was shooting his gun in the air,
north,
south,
east and west directions

and
I missed the whole thing ..

just saw the cops
and
heard several blokes slam on their brakes hard at the STOP sign
because the cop and his cherries were lit
and whirling in front of this house I inhabit ..

a blue car just took a hard
RIGHT in the other direction
without a turn signal
as

the
intersection now lies silent ..

silent like a pair of baby lungs
pulling
in
the
best of what
we
have
to offer around here ..

2-24-03

a lot
of all this comes
down to depth perception,
cause if you dive in and it's too fucking
deep,
you're
gonna sink,
fella,
you're gonna sink
and
we live
in
a
neighborhood of swimmers
or
floaters,
so
have some depth,
know about perception
and
dive,
dive
well,
but
don't blame the water
and
yell for help
if
you feel
so
bold,
or
is courageous the word I'm lookin' for?

3-14-2003

jack j.
blues contraption
in
the sermoner's quotethin'
of the scripture
under the upturned light
turned to make
the
tasty full of flavor
and the never a for sho
always
here on the floor
of wood
make by carpeted hands
on the land of nails melted down into this fine lawn
of aspiration
all those high school coaches are yelling about
in a rant
to recant the failures of their own lives
and to make certain that they can bring it
back to some flesh that
are interested in twining up to fuck
and frolic
in the land build by the missile,
brought in by the baby boomin' copulators
and
carried off
by
the
last person in line
who
got
the
translation
and

forgot
it
because
it
no longer

made any sense to

any of us

here
trying to keep the bites
full
of
sound
and
fuckin' fresh ..

a fat plump familiar finger

mistaken identity
or
blatant
dreams
along the afternoon highway ..

I'm the passenger in
a
car
going through a traffic jam
on
a
five lane highway ..

I look over at a red car with all seats full ..

the driver has nothing but skin showing from the neck and shoulders up
and I'm rubber fuckin' neckin' to see if this gal
is reveling in the warm sun of a March day to take
it to the limit
on a
marigold cruise
when she looks over,
looks forward,
looks back over and flips the fuckin' bird in my direction ..

I look forward
smile because maybe she didn't have a shirt and was fuckin' me off
because I was lookin' a bit long ..

but,
I think more that someone in the
other lane wouldn't let her over ..

fuck,
if she didn't have a shirt on and
I was drivin'
she would be double flippin' my face off ..

viva warm
weather
highway drivin'
dreamin' ..

a vote; should have laughed

voted the other
morning
for the final two mayoral candidates ..

all candidates were bad,
but I went for
the female firefighter ..

made more sense than
the
current mayor
or the biggest contender,
who owns a local comedy club ..

would nice to have a funny man up there,
but this
guy fails to get the laughs ..

then,
you have a President that
likely won't get re-elected,
Senators having to step down for racist comments,
the others
getting hand jobs from bigger interests,
local
national
regional

apathy,
there wasn't anyone voting the other day,
three people were feasting on me
when I came through the door

and
likely didn't see much
more after that ..

we wield the hammer of democracy,
piss about what's wrong out there
and
when the day comes,
folks literally piss in the pot of ill repute

and
shat
about

the place ..

all our heroes

died
relatively young ..

all our heroes had
the glint of some kind
of smoke in their eyes ..

all our heroes likely
felt immortal one drink
before the last one either early in the
morning or late at night ..

all our heroes fucked well,
ate steaks well,
fried eggs well,
wrote about it all well,
traveled well

and
died
young
for their age ..

all our heroes
are pictured
and hanging in your homes,
and
they look
at

your time
running
out,
as well ..

an 8PM swelter here in the hood ..

37th and both north/south streets
around
are blocked,
cops have their search lights out,
copter above hovering with the search light in a
mean growl
as
the
yellow lemons flicker on top of the cops
mountain
and
we wonder when
the circus
will
bring in the
midgets
or
hero ..

can't hardly leave
the place
now
cause it
is swimming with flashlights and
action ..

a
man or woman
did something bad ..

someone is either dead
or
will be hurt badly soon,
so
as

the
night swirls with
just another news
headline
in
the
making,
I look
at
what the suburbs
will

wince
at

on
the

evening

cast ..

off

to

finish this cup of lukewarm coffee

and

get my

ass out in the hornets nest ..

art part

part art

art part

part art

art part

part art

art part

part art

art part

part art

art part

part art

art part

part art

art part

part art

art part

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part art

art part

[illegible]

big shots talkin'

about big shit
when
I'm thinking about the only
thing
that
can bring me up
and
keep me closer
to what's next and away from the cigarette ..

closer to the gal,
her boy,
the sunshine,
a glass of vegetable juice,
some kids off the streets,
a good music disc,
the sketch a stranger lost in my front yard,
then
in the morning hours I have to sit through the
drone of corporate talk,
'LET'S THINK BIGGER'
'SOMETIMES YOU HAVE TO BLOW IT UP TO MAKE IT BETTER'
'SURE .. SURE .. YEA'

the rhetoric
is enough to make any person with a slice of sense
want to pull that imaginary mallet
and start smashing everything in sight ..

I've had enough in my life
to never want
to
listen to the fucking rhetoric
again

or
else I'm gonna start smashing this
fucking screen
in
front of
me
right

fucking
now ..

can you be a monster
if you don't have
the big
teeth,
claws,
hair,
feet,
hands,
eyes,
ears
and all the other parts necessary to
be a monster?

could you just be
a monster in training?

close is the only comfort we know

how close can you
get to the pelican
before it decides
to slip off
to another
bayou ..

how close can you get to the
mole
before it borrows
another hole
and you're left there lookin' about ..

how close can you get to the
way your mind is going to perceive Egypt
or India
and never live up to the expectations
or exceed those expectations ..

how far can you push a lobster or crab
before they sink their claws
straight into your blood pulsing finger or arm ..

how long are going to marvel
at what should have been
if it would have been when it could have been
the way
we

all envisioned it
when
we were children,
naked after a good fuck,
following the first cigarette of the year,
the last drink of the evening
or the first hit of whatever gets you off the floor ..

how close can you
get ..

that's the
crux of what we do down here ..

go up next to it,
touch the crab
and
marvel at the blood,
dig with the mole

and fuck
with the best ..

cold little mysterious devil man of midnight

coldest
night of 2003
and
he pedals around
in his thin
jacket
like

he
has some arrangement with frost
we don't know about ..

no socks on,
the shoes are barely ties,
small flimsy had on head
and
he hustles up the street
and down the sidewalk
as
though he has been told all of it and there's nothing
more
to
be known about ..

fuckin' probably has
the heat figured out too,
as
I sit here in the second floor of this Dr. Suess home
on the corner
and
look down into the cold gales,
winds
and
javelin jive
of tonight

and
know
that
the man who has
a
deal with
the
cold

is much
more
dangerous
than

the guy who has a deal with

the
heat,
we
have heard about this guy that loves it hot,
but
what about the guy who loves it cold ..

he can take more,
has more
and
we couldn't even ponder how the fuck
he
came to this

point
where
he
made

such a robust deal to be one with the cold ..

the man
with no socks,
and
the
temperature is dropping

even
now

to his
midnight walk's delight ..

colorful start to the day

orange city
truck
is
stopped on Main up the way,
through the trees,
his hazards are on,
no one is around,
it looks like a debris clean-up truck
and the only thing real close by
is this hunk of apartments in front of me and
several gay bars on the strip up the way ..

BUDDIES and SIDEKICKS SALOON,
the city guys are
probably taking an early
lunch break and
an
extended brunch
as

the
leggy lady whores
of
the
neighborhood keeps the K-9's sniffing
and
the cops
smilin'
while
the
row boat
continues to go
in
circle
after
circle
after
glorious circle
in
the
urban
triangle
that
never
ever

ends

far,
far away from Capitol hill
or

any capitol building,
for
that matter ..

day 7 and it's not even a week yet

cat bites
up
arm,
the funeral processions
almost caused pile up on highway,
the yankees are going
to take down the confederacy tomorrow,
the singer is eating salt with bits of hot water
on the side,
the mustard is making love to the ketchup tonight,
yellow is orange in disguise,
the brain is your heart and your heart is your esophagus so think about breathing
and break
the cigarette in half
because
it's
the fire
that
has
a
fuse

and
the
fuse is coming from my mouth,
into the ash tray,
and out of the door,
I'm pushing it out,
done
for 7 days now
and the world still retains its color
as
the
gray goes over
and
I think about those 2 funeral processions
as
something that

needs to be done for a pack of smokes
and a pair of lungs,
up and down the streets,
as trailers to films,
the
folks that know or don't know
what these motherfuckin' smokes
can do to the body,
the
procession

is going to cause

a
pile
up and
the
only thing that will be left
is
a
book
of
matches and
a
tiny
tiny
fire ..

Day 20 of the zero cigarette diet

as

the cans from last night look for a bit more action,

the cat just clawed me stomach to run because

of the dog next door,

threw away the butts of friends

who smoked it up in the joint,

coffee is strong this morning,

world perched on another war with Iraq

as the truth gets sifted into the pages of non-truth,

the band asks with one closed hand 'DO YOU MISS ME TOO?',

the cops of last night filled up the paddy wagon in front of the place

as I woke in the early of the morning to the sound of a car wreck

while this nose of mine and sinus canal network drains the mistake

of all the cigarettes that led to

day 20

here prancing

about with the

spooks and crooks

off

37th and No Tobacco

on

SatSatSaturday ..

day 24

here
by the ledge,
camera ready to snap,
the band is moaning
and again
I hear that smokes
are as hard to quit or harder than
the heroin ..

never tried the hard drugs,
but if that's the case
we
have to
assuredly be the stupidest motherfuckers
in the history of recorded history to kill
off folks at such a large and quick pace,
along with getting people weaned on such a nipple ..

so,
as the old yellow Ford comes
coughing around the corner like an old man
that was lied to about the real danger of smokes
in the 50's,
here's
a
destroyed lighter and
unlit tobacco to
throw in the immaculate pond ..

us humans have done it again,
another strike
next to mother nature's beauty
and

we knew
about it
the whole
time

as
the
guy next door lights
up
another

immaculate,
immortal

cigarette
here
on

day #24 away from the
little manufactured sticks ..

day 26,

nearing a month
and I have to really try to wheeze something
out of my mouth,
from the lung matter
of
healing vapors
coming up
and
through
the
garden
and out of the dirt
here where the ARTGUM eraser
looks
at the
table as
what can be cleaned,
not what is clean ..

I think
the opposite of this
erase
as I
contemplate
picking up this pencil
and
filling
in

all the unshaded
circles,
and
squares on these
shadowed walls
of

mine
here
on

day 26,
without
the
smoke
or

need
for ..

day before leap day

weather advisories,
the snow isn't stickin',
slick streets,
snowmen won't eat meat,
the worms have to have one helluva heart attack to die,
breathing through toes would be a whole lot easier,
when
the clock
strikes two you hear three bird chirps,
when the chest hurts you have one more second to enjoy,
when the taco is done they say there is always more sauce,
but
be very careful
for the weather

and
more
careful
of
the person that is warning you ..

do we get smarter everyday?

or,
do we try to convince ourselves
of that because we
don't wanna wasted the day ..

or
do folks not question it because
they couldn't give a flip one way or another ..

do we kill off more brain cells than
we replace on a regular basis ..

strip away liquor or
other drugs,
does the natural process of existing,
a bad conversation,
stubbing your foot,
or the other casual cuisine,
does this take away the cells
more than a book,
song
or talk
would replace .. ?

are we
doomed to get further along the road without
gas
then

receive the dumbfounded look
when the needle hits 'E' because
we should have known better?

just movin' along this line,
fishing wire,
tight string
towards

more brain destruction
on
the
most

confounding ride around ..

downtown was his place

friend called the other
day
and asked if
I heard
about Jonus ..

he was an older fellow,
looked like Danny Glover,
that would walk around downtown asking
folk
for money he needed for a greyhound ticket to Omaha,
also
he would help my friend's boss at
a
photography studio every now and then ..

solid disposition on the man,
ready to smile at you,
never knew the real story,
but
a story came over the TV the other night
that people heard gun shots behind a bar
off 10th ..

this was my old neighborhood ..

once police arrived,
there was a man dead ..

no suspects,
just one man dead ..

well,
it was Jonus

and
it's again an unexplained
part of this man
who
hustled,
smiled
and
made it by

flake
by
flake

and
with his face on posters about downtown,

his
name
should have been
in
lights

long,
long
before ..

drinkin' till 5

in the
morning
can make you forget
what you wanted to remember
or
never forget
what
you
thought was gonna be a casual
hand slide
over
the night

so
as
I sweat hard in the middle of the
night,
the morning
crap
is
nothing short of miraculous,
the Mexican
in
the
red shirt crosses through
the
middle of the empty intersection

unaware
of
anything
but

his
own

bouts
with
5AM ..

early morning dreamer

shirtless and
confident,
she strides down
the March sidewalk
with a nice
chest,
upturned grin,
walkin
as
I spill the coffee on the table,
look out,
fumble for the camera,
give up to get an extra look at her walkin' by,
she goes over a smashed pile of dirt,
towards Main,
she has to be high out of her mind,
heading towards the lines
and fast darts of moving traffic,
as the glorious mounds of flesh on her chest
bounce to the rhythm of her feet,
and
there's a message on her back,
'CUFF ME. IT'LL BE THE CLOSEST YOU'LL EVER COME NEXT TO ME.'

I pour another heapin' mug
and
toast this morning
woman
with
her
guts
and

glorious

skin

givin'
the lucky eyes
that catch
it

something we'll
never,
ever forget around these
parts ..

eddie's chicken

the boys in the
dorms couldn't stand it ..

maybe there was another
dead body going through decomposition in
one of the rooms ..

a helluva stench,
they had it zeroed in on the second of three floors,
but the smell was so fucked
they couldn't pinpoint which door it was ..

so,
one of the guy's calls in the cops,
fire,
ambulance to take a look ..

they come in,
and go right on up to Eddie's door ..

they open it,
Eddie's not there ..

the stench is unbelievable,
they go to the foil on the radiator,
an old school style gravity heat radiator
and
pull the foil back ..

it's a full chicken ..

a rotting full chicken
that Eddie later told the authorities
he was trying to cook ..

shit,
he slept through the smell,
walked through the smell,
didn't do a thing about the smell ..

Eddie,
a storymaker
with the chicken,
a storymaker with the ladies

and
something the papers
could only hope to get in touch with ..

this chicken wing is for you,
Eddie,
bone and all ..

february 15th of our year

the security council is
meeting,
the world is protesting,
America is stepping up
to the Rome moment,
dictators built up by this country,
the snake eating the snail's salt,
the press waltzing like a record stuffed with too much wax,
rural folks say yes,
the urbans either don't care or plead no,
one side against the other,
we don't seem to learn,
blood doesn't teach as well as water,
a little neglected ball in US colors
bobbing silent in the middle of Baltimore
street next to Catholic school
as religion is debated some more,
the President says we have to rush the enemy,
156,000 troops in the Gulf,
France has another reason to hate us,
we may inherit another country,
we may have contaminated water,
we will ponder freedom,
the cloud of birds couldn't care in their flight,
the air may get polluted,
the President says we should,
Clinton gets interviewed again as many yearn for him back,
nothing like democracy these days
and a cold sip of coffee
as Germany questions the US
while escaped captors send US diplomats nasty recordings and/or letters,
the Secretary of State says 'LET'S GO',
the kids want another piece of toffee,
the Giraffe won't even bend to listen to this racquet,
OH,
forgot about North Korea and how they want a bit,
and the President says come on and bring it one,
he also says GOD BLESS AMERICA,
as the blessings
go on
and
on
and
nuclear becomes the next word of choice for the broadcast mouth
and written tongue,
here where the stop signs are non-existent
and a yield sign
is something
to look in the dictionary about to figure out
what exactly they mean,
this is just a bit of history as the February Saturday in 2003 looks

a lot like Orwell's scalp while writing 1984 and Coppla's beard during the filming of
Apocalypse Now
and my wisdom teeth growing just a bit crooked
in
21st Century excitement
in
the midst of our big,
fat
Rome moment ..

fightin' fuckers

I wasn't
smokin'
the tobacco,
she went back on it,
we were on the fritz,
took some time off
from the relationship,
it
was a Sunday night,
we decided to go out and
get a bit of the drink
and see some music ..

went to see a local
jazz act,
ran into one of her old friends who is
an artist in town,
some girl that rides some
impromptu wave of self importance,
her nose has a natural and supernatural upturn,
I don't care for her ..

in a fairly long conversation with the gal
she said
congratulations on quitting smoking,
'YEA .. yea ..'
I said ..

after we leave and get back
to the place,
the gal and I get into it ..

about my ego,
about not giving folks a chance,
how these local artists could help me get my stuff out there,
then as the argument spilled into the front yard and she
had her dog and was ready to go,
she said that I could be famous some day,
but I wouldn't do what was needed to get there ..

I stopped her,
ran down the front grass and told her that I didn't seek
fame,
I wanted to know what the fuck love is about,
I want one relationship to be my moment in the blistering,
mocking,
laughing,
glorious sun ..

the world has enough fame,

not enough of this 'love' working out ..

she stayed the night,
the make-up sex

was better
than any fame

anyone could get ..

FIRE OVER LIGHTS – SMOKE #6

in the pure
sense of
the
word,
gone,
quit,
over,
done,
no,
keep walking,
see you fucking later,
its day

6
and
the body
is
cleansing itself
clean of all the fucks
that came
through the
cigarette missile ..

have myself convinced
that it's done,
another vice down,
need to prow1 some more
to add another one
on the tote board,
don't think I would feel right if
I had to give up something
as soothing as smokes were
and not
flip into something else as easing,
yet not so god damned destruction ..

you know
as
humans we really do fall in love with what
will kill us ..

other mammals stay away from what could kill them,
like
bigger and more lethal predators,
lighting,
boulders ready to tip over and smash them,
thorns,
porcupines,
things
that will hurt,
but may bring temporal pleasure ..

line me up without the cigarettes

and smack me about the face over
and over
and
over
again
if I start talking
fucking
nuts
like
I would need
one
if
the case
was
presented right ..

done with the 9-year lover,
one
to
something

where my fingers
can

glide without
dyin' ..

from yesterday into today

the storm has already
brewed,
along with the coffee ..

there's always
something
afoot
when you think
the coast is clear right over your shoulder ..

the bacon
is sizzling on the backburner,
the girl
is a complete pain
in
the
grass

as
a face full of sunshine
comes
right
through the blinds
and

the
suppositions
pass
through the
dust in my toes ..

sure,
just goin' right along and
there's
something you didn't factor into the equation ..

some discussion,
something to talk over,
more conversations about the same things ..

what is it about folks in relationships that have
such a penchant to repeat
and go
over
and
over
and over
the same
shit

with the same results
over

and
over
and
over
again ..

and we think
the animal kingdom is cute
in
their dumb
innocence,
we
would make
all the mammals piss their pants,
if they had
the
opposable thumbs to pull some one,
with
the

jive
we put over on each other all the time ..

guy was pissin' pure sunshine

bright, sun
morning,
full of potential like
all the other bright,
sun mornings
that I have seen before ..

mug of coffee in fist,
the car works,
the pants are comfortable,
have to go to some
sort of work training
where they talk about how
you raise money ..

more sunshine,
I look over
in the busy of flowing cars and the
loaded potential for greatness smashing
around all the cars,
billboards,
trees,
air
and
such about ..

I notice
off the Interstate
a black man in his 40's
lurched forward,
bike on the ground,
front wheel just spinnin'
and he's letting all the piss of the yellow
sunshine day
out,
just blasting the ground around
and he looking around like he's havin' a hoagie with extra spicy mustard ..

no sweat
as
the throng of cars go flowing up
and down the interstate
to their jobs
and serious circumstances ..

the potential of that morning
was
more than I expected,
in the warm sunshine of it all ..

Jp,r Tpe (HOME ROW)

ejrm s;; pg upit trsdpmd
dysty vp,omh fpem yp yjr
gsvy yjsy s;; upi trs;;u wabt ti
di us ti get'ti tge bittin if wgat us gettubg'
tge jbaw abd ckaw ub tiyr'
herj tgeb tiy beed ti fubg sinetgubg
tgat us giubg ti bear tiya better tyrbuqyute ti
'get tge reakuzatuib giubg ti naje ut
'akk wirj ub abd uf u was ib tge cirrect gin riw iaa if tgus wiykd
naje sebse ub sin sinakk wat
ir tge itger
byt subce un bit trtubt ti di tgusm
tgeb we are wawasubg iyir tune trtubg
ti cine ti abt resikvem
si u fubusg gere ;;

(THIS IS WHAT MY SHIT WOULD LOOK LIKE IF I DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO TYPE - JUST
SEVERAL KEYS OFF)

hyper hammock

old rock bills,
my ears ring this morning,
the others are still out like lights,
haven't done this in some time
as the tires rattle on the new cars,
the socks are saggin',
the cats leap about like toast from a hot oven,
the naked day would get along
just fine with the naked night
as I slip into Day 29 with a smoke and
hear that it takes nearly 18 years to be
completely done with the habit
as the door slams shut,
the auto parts man stops at the sign,
the town looks for a bit of green in all this chaos
as folks ready to drink the drink
and walk with folks that claim to be Irish
in a town still stiff and sore from the night
before
and not gonna talk about it till
there's a good hot reason sittin' in front of the marquee
with the key
in the ignition
and a trickle
of sweat comin' right down over the chops ..

ibackintoday

world
waitin' on a turn
for the tornado to land,
the bomb to dissolve,
the sweet tart to sweeten more,
the napalm to be a rumor,
the beef to make love to the rice,
the soup in a monster's mouth,
the aardvark in an armadillo's dream,
the pinkie toe in her mouth,
the lips warmed by the cool waters,
the night full of the day's rumors,
the treaty to call off all wars,
schools have to teach what this thing of peaceful is,
the end of Pepsi ads,
the teaching of where to clit is for young boys,
the soft side of a mule's face,
the next domino ready to fall,
the worst is the first and the blast is the last,
nothing here but some homemade popcorn
and bad jokes
as we clutch onto what we know
and

ready our descent to the end knowing
we will never really
know

as
the
grassy knoll fades
away from all our
perceptions
on
the
delirious ride
soon
to us
fuckin'
up these folks in Iraq ..

kid conquered the books

went
to the latino
school in the hills,
next to the Rosedale arch
memorializing vets of the second world war ..

it was a history class,
the kid were paying attention
and
we let 'em have it ..

about their perception of education,
getting a job,
blaming teachers of shit grades,
the war and the fight they had ahead of them if
the draft came rolling back around,
good books,
read and fuckin write,
the shit that teachers want to get around to if they
are afforded time at the end of the day ..

it was our time,
my partner and I to talk to these kids ..

plow it over their fresh
relaxed
perplexed brains
and
they just stared at us ..

some
had neither anger or madness
or gladness,
just a stare ..

a solid look at our faces
and
a bit still when we finished ..

but there was one kid in the front,
what I originally thought was the smart ass of the group asking questions
like,
'WHAT GIVES THOSE GUYS IN WASINGTON THE RIGHT TO SEND US TO WAR. TO FIGHT
THEIR WAR?'
'WHY DO WE REALLY WANT TO BOMB IRAQ, ANYWAYS?'

some good stuff from
a
conscientious,
young kid ..

we answered the best we could ..

we were there to talk about the kids about working at a YMCA or coming
to where we work ..

but these kids wanted more ..

they wanted an answer to their teenage questions
and
we fired away at 'em ..

when done,
the kids clapped a bit and
we went back and talked to the teacher ..

she dug it and us,
wanted to ask us some more questions,
but it all came together when
the kid with the questions
came back
and
said,
'THANKS'
and shook our hands ..

him doing that
answered a lot of
good questions for myself ..

.. good questions otherwise not answered in education
or
the
books,
baby ..

kid was a magnet

my co-worker
and I
have
this occasional gig
where we talk to the kids about careers ..

going to schools in one of the poorest
districts in Kansas,
we look at all these kids
and
the by-products of bad parenting,
terrible TV,
horrible cultural icons
and an educational system that's more concerned with eating the twot and ticking
the taint of school board members that are paid well ..

one day,
one glorious little day,
we entered a spacious room
and waited for MAST EMT's to finish their talk
and to their interactive sampling
on the kids ..

at the end,
all the kids get a minute to ask questions,
the EMT's get the best ones ..

'EVER FAINT FROM SEEING SOMETHING YOU COULDN'T STOMACH?'
'CAN YOU PERFORM TRANSPLANTS?'
'EVER BEEN IN AN AMBULANCE YOURSELF AND HURT?'
'MAKE A LOT OF MONEY FOR ALL THE STUFF YOU SEE?'

then,
one kid who was a little slow,
hair disheveled,
didn't have the hip clothes of his classmates,
one of a few white kids in a room of hispanics and blacks
raises his hand and asks ..

'ARE YOU GOING TO GIVE US ANY MAGNETS?'

sure,
sure,
an EMT assures,
once we are done answering questions ..

the rest of the class laughs
while the kid
has a grin plastered ear to ear
as
he fidgets with a hot wheel car on his desk ..

the kids are all 13 or 14
and this one acts as
though he's half that age,
though
he's the shining
prince in the room ..

oblivious to the petty bullshit,
ready for some magnets
and the hours of fun that follow ..

so,
the EMT's finish
and grant the young kid his wish ..

he gets several magnets ..

he immediately starts fidgeting,
as an agitate big white kid next to him tosses
his 2 magnets over,
I keep looking at this kid
even while I'm talking ..

marveling at his unabated curiosity
and the childlike qualities that
are dead
to most other humans over age 13 ..

I get done talking some minutes later,
my partner starts talking
as I squeeze over to the EMT that stuck around for our talk
and ask him if he has any more magnets ..

he nods,
flips open the lid of a small box
and says,
'HELP YOURSELF'

I grab a fat stack bound by rubber bands
and
go over to this
young creature
and drop them on the corner of his desk and
walk away ..

once I'm back in the front of the room,
he peers up
and
marvels for a minute ..

this made the day
worth it ..

in fact,
I don't remember a drop of what the homeroom teacher,
beautician,

other business people
had to say to me the rest of the time
I was
there ..

just thought
what
this monolith of youth
could
make

with
such
a
fat stack

of magnets

with
a
smile
that
could cure
part of
the
world
of

some

much
overdue
ills ..

MAN UP FROM HOLE

nice
warm winter morning,
they say snow will be here in a few days,
the sun splashes on the ground
like water
from
a
murky bucket
and
a man comes poppin' out
of
the
manhole at the intersection
of 37th and Baltimore ..

he climbs to the top,
looks
around,
whistles to another up the street,
out of view ..

she comes down
to this man,
helps him out,
hands him his cave,
the man takes off his hard hat with a light,
starts making out with the
girl in the middle of the street
as
a car heading east on 37th comes careening
to a
quick,
quick
stop,
nearly smashing these two folks to bits,
they don't flinch,
still making

out
as

the
morning

makes

fucking
love

to all of us in its
warm
wintery ways ..

MORE RUNE INSTEAD OF PRUNES

uruz told othila that
ansuz and gebo should stay away
from mannaz because algiz was conspiring
with eihawaz and ingauz to take
over the town that navthiz bulid with perth and teiwaz ..

so,
kano went to jera for a bit of wunjos' advice of how felny
was to make radio, hazalaz and laguz
a team of fighters in the new town of
ehwaz as berkama and odin watches on as sovuelu and isa held back
with dagaz
and thurisaz to claim
the real prize to be had ..

morning beacon

old soldier,
powder gray suit,
pink button up,
suitcase with an AAA sticker on the side,
waving to the repair truck
while crossing the intersection,
looses the cuffs a bit,
thinks about how
much easier this life was before the introduction
of the computer,
bad pop
and the slow roasting home cookers ..

he's an old fashioned sort,
behind the smile on his flanks
goin up the hill,
he has an earful for you on how the old days worked,
how today doesn't need someone like
him
to sell their shit ..

so,
he'll just keep collecting the government checks,
a bit of pity pension,
take down a whore or two a month,
swill some good booze
and let the world ride right on into the next
fucking
generation
or century ..

no thanks,
he thinks as he waves to the cabby at the next corner up the block,
he's going to keep walking
it ..

my dreams are back,

the night is swimmin'
with action,
day 12 without
some smoke in
these teeth and bones
of mine
as the boys with broken windows
and guns in their fingers
open the blinds
to see the gray light
lining
the
streets,
lookin' over the snow
as
the
cops last night went
faster than sound the scene,
one cop,
another cop,
ambulance,
the biggest fire engine I have ever seen,
and
she showed me her living conditions in my
dream and
I asked if she was good with this,
she said that she had no choice,
then,
I was
meeting people really
good at ESP,
but bad with animals,
then someone threw the keys
of the zoo to me and
I went straight to the pandas
to talk about US - China relations
and how much
the
sugar is going to make
the our population,
the all just nodded

and
nodded
until I left
their cage

and went on my way
to a new
dream ..

no smokes - #2

rufflin' the feathers of
this
cat of mine,
a good rough romp,
he jumps off,
licks his cat arms,
looks at me with a wide stare and stance,
I HAVEN'T HAD A CIGARETTE FOR ALMOST TWO DAYS, CAT,
GONNA BE A BIT FUCKIN' SPOOKED AROUND HERE FOR SOME TIME ..

and all that
nasty fucking gas coming from my pants ..

been eating something like an asshole today ..

biscotti in the morning,
several slices of ham after getting to work,
a bowl of clam chowder soup shortly after noon,
a box of bread and gizzards,
another ham sandwich,
topped off with some coffee right now,
my shit is wrong ..

thought
it was the cat box in the other room
wafting on a little mission of mystery,
though as I bent a bit
I knew it was my foul fucking
non-smoking face tossing up such a laden smell of stench ..

so,
as this young P. Yorn talks about a 'DAY IN PRISON' and being 'OUT OF HIS HEAD'
and he 'DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HE CAME FOR.'

maybe you came for Madonna,
maybe the lost poker chip from that night in high school,
the hat that fell out of your coat several hours ago at the gas station,
the pack of matches that will do nothing but light a candle,
the warning that was going to save the doomed girl with lovely abs,
maybe you came for the Zoo that's closed this time of year but you could stick around when it opens back
up,
maybe you came to pay for an old parking ticket,
maybe you came all over your favorite girl but you were so drunk you didn't know what happened or
where you were at,
maybe you just say all this because you want people to think that you are beyond cool,
maybe you just say cool things because you are cool,
maybe you came to get that one little tampon from the old lover that broke your heart into fifths,
maybe you came to smell a cigarette butt because you forgot what it smelled like to be in the habit of the
habit's light
while the pink rabbit hops around on 3 toes and a brain full of piss because he also wants to smoke as well,
maybe I should get off this P. Yorn guy and what he wants
and

tell you that all I want
know is a new habit that I won't want to break nine years later
and go through the withdrawal I am now ..

what a pisser,
taking this friend of mine I've talked so nice and fucking wrong about,
flushing its existence away ..

nine long years of coffee,
booze,
broad's,
the movies,
music,
mexican food,
more girls,
the stiff drinks,
hot, stronger coffee,
the magazines or books on the morning toilet,
the times in my
present deliria that I can't remember,

I bid
you the fuck away on my second day,
the 17th of Feb. 2003,
you nasty motherfuckers
are no
more a part of my life ..

it was easier leaving certain relationships in my life,
but
don't expect me to write you vile motherfucker,
I hope I caught you before you threw me into the grave
or before the face of an insurance rep for a discussion I
wouldn't want to have ..

no more you
vile little prick,
clean air,
baby,
that's that ..

I breathed the gray or clouded smoke
of a
commercial,
my own voice
and
I really only hold the cigarette companies as liable as they hold me ..

we are both fucking stupid ..

them,
for providing the product,
me for
not knowing better for what was told to me and taking it under my
breast as a present
only to be

fooled
by
the
biggest mallet
in
that
tasty carton of smokes
that
was
on
sale ..

BAM,
right over the mouth,
I'M OUT OF THIS
GAME
YOU
CUNT SUCKING COCKERS,
OUT OF THIS GAME,
HAVE YOURSELF,
MAYBE YOU CAN SUCK EACH OTHER OFF FOR A BIT,
CAUSE I DON'T NEED IT,
BUT
I WILL REMEMBER YOU
FOR THE 9 YEARS DOWN

AND
NO,
WE CAN'T BE FRIENDS
UNTIL

I HAVE YOU
FUCKING
ANNHILIATED,
CIAO FUCKER ..

no smoke in his proper bullshit

man on the
bike
goes
by the place again ..

every morning he's peddlin' an old Schwin
up the hill
with a plastic bag of stuff
from the grocery market,
or nothing at all,
but he always has a stylish hat on and
a durable coat ..

a solid bike
and
his face shows the confidence of the 80's and 90's combined,
he's breathing in the air
and his blood flow looks like something the medical journals would
like to do a feature on some month ..

& now I sit without cigarettes
wanting to thank this
man a bit
because he
gave me the bug to get rid of the smokes
and
enjoy a bit of the clean livin ..

everyday he comes by
and everyday he looks a bit more satisfied that he
can breathe the air,
nothing more
but breathing in the air ..

I wanted some of that air and
more lung capacity,
so
you
content stranger on a Schwin,
this
remaining vice of coffee in my mug
is
for you ..

salud,
lung man ..

no smokes - #1

who's that
crazy hooded son of a bitch
prancing around your car?

what are you talking about?

some fucking guy with a red hood on his head
is walking around your car looking for a way to crack
the lock or get in there some other way ..

hold on,
let me see ..

told you ..

shit,
who the fuck is that guy ..

STOP .. STOP ..

who wrote this
piece?

I did ..

don't like it,
take it back and come up with something else ..

why don't you fucking come up with something else?

because it's not my 'PET PROJECT' like it is yours ..

huh,
you're producing this project right?

yea,
so?

I'm taking the rest of the day off,
we'll talk about it tomorrow,
some
time passes
and
I leave the set with an incredible urge to smoke that cigarette
once again ..

shit,
it's only been about one full 24-hour rotation
and my body is fucking throwing me some nasty props to let me know
that the absence of nicotine isn't going to go unnoticed ..

maybe I wrote that weak piece about the guy in the

hood prancing around the car because I'm completely out of my fucking head,
though
it was a good segue in the story at that point ..

fuck 'em,
not going to use this nicotine depravation as an excuse ..

fuck,
anyone out there have some gum
before I take my shoelaces out and start chewing ..

fucking chewing,
like the skin on the side of my inner cheeks,
most of it is gone ..

chewing
with this mouth of mine
as

the
smokers pass by my window

below,
yet it won't convince me ..

can't take anymore of that fuckin'
smoke down my face and
into
those
nice,
soft
pink lungs of mine ..

give
me a whole fucking pack and it's not going to make
a
lick of fucking
difference,
count
this kid out ..

the smoke can fuck the smoke,
done,
the lover
is extinguished ..

the ash tray is all her's
and
I'm keeping the hooded guy prancing around
my
fucking little red car ..

pawin' these bloody hands

have this cat
swipin' at my hands
when I walk in the place,
when he's on the couch,
when I'm on the shitpot,
when I'm walkin',
when I wake up in bed,
when I roam around the floors of this place ..

visuals of human hands have
this cat clawing out of the cradle and into the blanket,
all the time,
hands
and fingers,
the cat wakes from dreams of hands and finger beings,
people or cats after
him ..

he runs and swipes,
fuckin' bites hands like
they are going to pull him out
of here and into a bullet's mouth ..

so,
it came to a head last night ..

watchin' a bit of the late night funnies,
a comedian was on a show wavin' his hands back and forth
while the cat sat on top of the couch behind me ..

suddenly,
he leaps down,
goes towards the TV and
follows this fellow's hands ..

back and forth,
up and down,
leaping towards the set ..

done with the hands
this cat,
done with my hands,
the entertainment of the ages for the feline
in this place

and
he watches these
hands
moving
frantically
and

plans his next perfect siege ..

**people don't want the truth,
they want comedy,**

the guy thinks as he walks up into
'WALTER'S SIDE GIN' bar
and takes a seat ..

the barkeep asks,
'WHAT FOR YA?'

'something that will go right to
the funny bone,'
the man who entered asked.

'GO FIND A HOOKER AND SOME BILLS. CAN HIT THE BONE QUICK,'
barkeep comes back still staring for the drink order.

the man at the bar lets out a deep, bellowing laugh
knowing that laughter is more pure than the truth most of the time,
he believes,
'I'll take a scotch and water.'

barkeep nods,
head over to start filling the drink,
on the way back,
he underestimates his boundaries and falls hard on his back,
he's out like a light ..

the man at the bar again laughs at the comedy,
it was a good solid fall,
but the barkeep isn't getting up ..

the man at the bar peers over,
a small trickle of blood comes out of the side of his mouth,
the man panics a bit,
doesn't see the chest going up and down,
he runs behind the bar,
props the man's head up,
checks for a pulse,
there is one ..

he slaps the barkeep in the face a bit
and asks if he's there ..

the barkeep lifts his eyes
and says,
'YEA. I'M NOT SURE IF I'M GONNA MAKE IT. DO YOU REALLY BELIEVE IN THE FUNNY
BONE?'

'sure,'
the bar patron respond.
'do you?'

'I DO NOW,'
the barkeep says as he bounds out of it right
to his feet laughing and saying he needs to fix a drink for his new customer.

the new customer is so jilted,
he stands stunned
then
realizes that an automatic smile is coming over his face,
'barkeep, make that two drinks,
you're a funny motherfucker.'

read it before the sirens arrive

i fondle this keyboard
to kill
time
while
the
sirens

come,
faint,
then

a bit more than faint ..

gettin' down this
one
more section
before they come and take
all of this
machine away from me
and

wonder
about all the other allegations ..

gettin' closer,
I have
to
let it out
or

they are going to squeeze it farther down ..

shit,
two sirens,
the first one is getting
dangerously close ..

the trumpet is playing
in
my head,
the temple sweats a dusting
and

the Batman theme
song is
being sounded over the neighborhood
as

I let you know that if I lived
forever
I would
probably get as close as I could

imagine
to knowing what all of this is about,
or
would it be worth it ..?

are we only to inhabit down here in our
average allotted time to figure what
we have to figure
because it
would take the mystique out of shit to have several hundred
or several thousand year old folks that have seen,
heard and done
most of what you can only imagine,
and they have all the answers figured,

THE FIRST SIREN is right around the corner,
the second siren is getting closer
and

a third one has popped up over the hills in the back ..

so,
the time is
coming after me
as
forever remains

that element
hard to put the mind completely around
because it never ends ..

the cops have
come through the bottom door,

no time
to
finish,

the second cop just arrived,

I'm out ..

saint patrick drunk

i'm gonna
instigate something
and i
won't know about it
till it's done ..

i'm gonna broker a deal
i had no idea was going
to become something that would
pay
me back later on down
the tow ..

i'm gonna get myself stuck in something
that is gonna take
a whole lot of energy to get out
of and
there's not gonna be anything anyone can do
about it but
myself ..

there's gonna
be something to pay
or perhaps they will pay me
as
the train rolls over the truck,
the truck rolls over the car,
the car rolls over the bike
and I roll
over in bed

look out,
touch my cat
and

forget about
everything ..

saturday walker in hooker green

hooker
junkie
in
green winter
coat has
been walking
up
and
down
the
street today ..

earlier,
a fat black gal
with thick rimmed brown glasses
was
walking
up
the
middle of the street shouting
things,
the whole
time both women were hawking every passing car ..

every car
in the near vicinity got
a
close stare till they
passed,
waiting
for
the
last thrill promised
in high school commencement,
they
hawk
and
look to get their blood or pussy
stimulated
on
these
gray,
cold

streets
as
they pace
more about a 2 - 4 block radius

looking,
waiting,
breathing deep sighs

cause no one is stopping,
all looking
as
the
woman in green
spreads the hair from her
forehead
and

plods more up
the
block

thinking about the one that
got away
before

she got

loose
from the chain linked
fence

of
reality

and
now

doing
her
pacing

until
the

dick or needle

comes
at
the
right

time
on
this
day losing light,
losing light

losing all the light it barely had

in
the
first

place ..

shadows of the light poles

teem over the
intersection
with their big beak light heads and long
wood pole bases ..

looking over the street
traffic,
an in-between for the birds to fly,
the folks to walk through ..

our monoliths of security this morning
with uncertain music,
solid coffee
and the cat is runnin' around this place as though
it forgot where it put its mind ..

here with traces of foreign currency,
matches without a smoke to
be needed by this mouth
and
all the other signs out there
that

just can't match the shadow

of
those
two enormous light poles
that is only supposed to
do their best
work by night ..

she had a fist full of pills

and called her grandma
ready to
take herself out ..

parents are
looped up on
work,
arguing,
religion
and
not knowing what they know,
their daughter is terrified in the
bathroom after a bad
fist fight
with the mom ..

she's perched on the
edge
of the end of her life
and
her grandma
tells her 'NO'
as her dad knocks the door down,
smacks the pills from her hand,
and
goes on to beat the entire shit
out of her ..

she's in protective custody for the
rest of the week
and
the saddest reality is that this man
doesn't realize that what she needed was a hug
when the doors came barreling down ..

though,
when she's gone from suicide
or
other,
they may finally
know

what their
religion
was
telling them the whole time ..

humans
learn best from drama,
that's where all the oscars go
and
why

prime

TV is

so
damn
popular ..

she's the morning girl

passed
her on
Broadway
again,
in the morning,
though it happens as night
also ..

she's a print shop girl,
she was talkin' to
her new squeeze when I passed her,
though
she's usually alone ..

alone walking to her car ..

alone walking to the print shop
to print
the
poop people need,
or don't need ..

she has a jovial seriousness,
she's alone,
she's not alone,
she doesn't have to be with anyone
to know that she has everything she needs ..

everything
and if anyone else has paid attention,
they would know
that this
guy I passed
talking to her today
had

the balls many
others didn't and
decided to
find out how
alone
she isn't ..

.. the Broadway shop girl,
moppin' up the dry ink ..

slow drain of the nose & mouth

the unbroken morning
says yo
to the broken habit,
two weeks or 14 days down
and I still
drain much from my mouth
from
the years
of
love

and
reliance

as
the
belly dancer
goes streaming across the air chutes,
sending oxygen with one hand
and carbon monoxide with the other ..

the temptation of the ages,
the saber in the sky heading for your car,
the tree with poison spikes and yellow buds of potential,
vines on fire and nowhere to go,
the band runs out of songs but still plays,
the fingers are screaming from under the fingernails,
the kids learn how to walk,
the beard finally stops growing

we
are all a pile of sprouts
with
a
timer

and
the timer
runs

and
runs
like
a
pile of liquid mercury
falling
slowly,

to
the
hard stone

floor ..

SMOKING BANTER - #84 IN 5 DAYS

the cigarette guys walk by
and
flick me their
take on things ..

'YOU'LL HAVE TIME TO GIVE IT UP, HAVE ONE'
'GO AHEAD, NO ONE IS WATCHING'
'ALL THE STATS ARE FALSE'

taunting me
while walking,
sitting,
even putting in my mouth while sleeping,
these
mangy motherfuckers won't leave me alone,
all over the back
and ankles of me to breakdown just once,
give in and go
right on out with the trail
of smoke from the back of the twin engine leaving
town,
leaving to see Reno,
find a story about a story,
leaping over the silver leprechaun,
charming the copper billy goat,
eating the colored flavored chocolate bar,
taking leave from the senses
because my fists are tightening up,
the nicotine is gone
but the urges come in waves
and my body wants all that shit back in the system
but
I'm going to try and survive,
live a bit longer
and 5 days into my last jaunt to never smoke again
I feel like a champ,
the draining,
the weights in the bottom of the
pool look
like cigarette butts
and
this kid needs no more,
I'm a fucking quitter,
keep telling myself
I'm a rotten fucking quitter,
no
more of the smokescreen,
clouds,
presumptions
and the hay
in the back fucking stall ..

someone else keeps smokin' my cigarettes

it
is day 11
and I keep
spitting
what remains of the smoke damage
from my soft,
round lungs ..

out into a crab and shrimp tub,
out
of this mouth,
out of the stink,
ring around the plastic collar,
out of here

and
my head still swims
with new smells,
my fingers are a bit sore ..

though,
the rock and roll is here,
break ups with lovers,
the coffee at 8PM,
the kids that keep the world alive,
the adults that don't
and
when
the
talk of what is going on,
I spit up war,
the talk of war,
more
war,
one against the other,
eating bombs,
shitting plutonium
and
none of us will be here to see what it's like
cause us humans
are
real good a simultaneously
doing
it
to ourselves ..

we will all hit the
red button
at
the
same time,

all the great leaders will get the great satisfaction
as
one of the greatest experiments I have
read on a text book
will come to an end,
me
the
book
you
this pile
of vowels and consonants
everything
except the satellites

and
that
one firkin' gold
record

in
zero gravity
goin'
goin'
goin'
farther
and
farther
and
farther
away

from
this
little experiment
bound

to go
much
much
much
worse ..

songs playin' a lot like songs

the disease is flaring
back up,
just saw another awards show for music
and
it was like changing guitar strings,
or having a bass string snap on
the hand,
down to the bone ..

I listen to great,
solid music
all day

and
the radio,
or popular music TV comes on
with some
sad
blend of spices
to coat
this breakfast,
lunch
or
dinner of mine
I'm trying to save
from
the
savage mouths coming through ..

how is this working,
always seem to
come across a song,
lyric,
album
or
performer
that
few will hear
and
many have already forgotten,
then
those
who snap the strings,
or snub the tempters
come up and grab
golden
shiny awards
as
the
crowd goes into hysterics
and

the TV gets flipped off
to
listen to
all that
fine
music
that
remains a secret ..

we all love a good secret,
so watch your music talent award showcase show
while

I turn
this knob,
and that knob,
and
one
more
click ..