

Joefi I es LXXVI I  
Tear the Town Down  
To Brand New



**12:53 PM 8/17/03**

the pimp is  
walking up the street  
fast,  
middle of the road,  
to the sidewalk,  
staring up Baltimore  
with a brown crumpled bag in one hand  
and  
a pink towel in the other ..

hawking the surroundings,  
moving several miles per hour,  
hot as a mug,  
the day is in front of him  
and someone looks to be either after him  
or he is after them ..

this place has traffic like I have never seen ..

day in and  
day out,  
the carnival comes tripping by,  
the cars,  
walkers,  
dreamers,  
perverts,  
drunks,  
whores,  
drug heads,  
honest old men,  
buggy driven old women,  
and  
the man with the pink towel

heading towards the gay black men  
checking them out ..

the hustle of NYC  
in front of my coffee mug ..

the shout of Sunday  
in my ears  
and

I finally,  
coming to this end,  
see zero activity ..

nothing ..

our neighborhood  
calm before the  
storm ..

**8:58 AM 8/21/03**

donut ships  
in  
the high tides,  
and the girls that love their generals,  
the story made by a sea  
as the kids pop vitamin C  
and all that  
we ever wanted was a bit  
of shut eye,  
the story told right  
and a night  
that we could call our darkest own ..

5-15-2003

things can  
only be cheapened  
in so far as  
a person is willing to cheapen them  
and  
when the time comes that they  
have been cheapened down to their  
final nozzle of anything worthwhile,  
then  
the cheap is there  
and there to stay like nothing else  
worth anything

and  
this is the way the  
relationship circle seems  
to be spinning for me  
in  
a  
cheapening circle  
where there doesn't tend to be a girl I've  
known that has knocked my  
doors off its hinges ..

it's always the girl  
that comes through in a strange,  
fleeting moment  
in a store,  
shop,  
walking down the street,  
because once I get to know more,  
the more the truth gets skewed  
and  
the cheap comes in ..

push trite aside,  
bitter aside,  
unresolved anger,  
it's the way of the horse  
and the waltz of the hooker,  
it's the blend of sunshine and moonlight that will  
intoxicate the strongest at heart,  
and it's the mist of a comet with the juice of an asteroid  
that will wake me up,  
wake me up to  
that sweat,  
itch feeling  
that  
there has to be someone I will hurt to want,  
and savor  
every painful moment

of  
such a collision ..

**11-25-2003**

parliament in my pants,  
the president is the carnival,  
betty boop lost her clothes in my house,  
minnie mouse isn't all that small,  
if it was really believable - we wouldn't talk about whether it was believable or not,  
my old girlfriends are forming the EX-league of super heroesses,  
dreamed of a faceless girl that looked like you,  
woke up in dover, Delaware and didn't wonder why,  
gave a kid my cowboy hat because i don't need to be slinging guns no more,  
wrote and mailed a post card to my past telling myself that my future wouldn't have an address so don't  
bother writing back,  
asked the leaves yesterday to just leave me alone,  
guys in hummers and the immaculate compensation trip,  
& her giggle is lodged in my laugh  
with a price ..

## A bit before April ends

estrangement of  
the necessitates  
is just a bit something like stepping  
on a tack and  
not gettin' too angry  
because it wasn't put there on purpose  
and  
you know that you saved the tack from going into someone else's foot,  
or you convince yourself of that ..

the nice attunement of mind on the star that  
spells your name  
is hopeful wishing in a world of faces that only wish and  
forget how to dream,  
or you convince yourself of that ..

you may not go to the voting polls this time around  
because you realize that everyone is going to be viewed as an ex-con  
or a vote to be suppressed in light of the last election,  
so it would be easier to let the hands that move over  
that Oiji board without you having to interrupt a damn thing,  
or you convince yourself of that ..

people really start coming out of their spokes  
and creating some incredible shit when the weather turns and it's warm all the time,  
or you convince yourself of that ..

hot dogs are better on lazy Saturday afternoons than  
peanut butter and jelly sandwiches  
and ginger ale is always the best bet when matched against a clear soda like Sprite,  
or you convince yourself of that ..

the only good advice is your own,  
or from a famous diplomat if it applies  
&  
again  
I try to convince myself of this ..

*a girl mix-up*

her message was  
the first of the morning ..

she called to tell me that she was thinking  
about me ..

I didn't have time to call back,  
it had been some days since I saw her new place and we  
threw each other around into a sweaty mess ..

then,  
at work she called ..

said she was getting back with me for  
the call I just made ..

I made no call  
and she told me someone did from my place ..

I thought back,  
my ex Sarah is the only one that has my house keys  
and for some months since the break up I have noticed  
some odd shit about the place ..

things moved,  
pair of boxers ripped,  
the others ..

so,  
I got off the phone and came back  
home expecting to catch any culprit ..

nothing,  
no calls made,  
doors locked,  
nothing moved,  
nothing stolen,  
everything knit like a button pin ..

so,  
I call the girl back and she apologizes,  
I called at 9:17 on another day and it was at night,  
not that particular day in the morning ..

but,  
I thought about my ex and  
knew that it wouldn't be her style to break in my place ..

so,  
that night  
I ready to leave the place and lock my keys in the apartment,  
go over to the landlord



so she can let me in ..

she laughs most the way over  
as I tell her it had to be the new close alignment of Mars  
to our planet ..

as we wait at the door,  
she fumbles for the right key as my phone rings,  
machine picks up,  
the door is ajar,  
the message begins and it's my ex Sarah ..

I bypass my notion of not talking to her ever again,  
pick up the phone and  
talk ..

felt like I won ..

didn't let her have the pleasure,  
the gun shy adventure over with  
and  
I discovered more than any other time that she is just a girl,  
a confused girl like  
many other confused girls  
and it's good to at least talk to one ex girl  
even if she's the worst ..

& now an envelope with her keys,  
earrings,  
dad's pictures and such wait  
in my mailbox ..

told her to throw away my shit,  
don't want her memory around anymore ..

this little epoch  
again confirms that we don't just think,  
assume  
and move for no reason ..

there was something brewing yesterday,  
and  
it

makes sense without the benefit of 100% hindsight ..

## **a line**

jaw  
breaker  
rot  
gut  
sling  
shot  
paper  
clip  
instant  
photo  
strawberry  
milk  
small  
mouth  
bottle  
nose  
red  
pen  
big  
house  
dull  
horse  
fat  
cat  
eight  
ball  
instant  
porn  
salty  
pickle  
long  
hair  
fair  
idea  
street  
sign  
greener  
grass  
wiener  
dog  
old  
man  
young  
girl  
end  
transmission.

## **a neighborhood through crazy balls**

again another  
crazy person  
woke me in my third floor window bed view  
early on a Sunday morning ..

heard the commotion ..

someone saying,  
'I'M NOT AFRAID OF YOU MOTHERFUCKER'

and more ranting ..

ignoring it,  
turning over  
and taking in my rare Sunday sleep,  
the man  
started making sounds ..

quickly,  
I flopped over to see him punching a truck window  
across the street,  
punching like a prize fighter with switching fists and  
a fluid flow,  
then I thought what did the gay man that owns that car  
do to this crazy man ..

but,  
the gay man was no where around and it was only this crazy shadow boxer  
taking out his jive on another man's car,  
then  
he walked and started looking at my jeep ..

I looked for my pants,  
just in case,  
as the man went up the street,  
saying nothing audible for my ears ..

and the neighborhood temporarily returned to normal ..

back to where we call it normal ..

a moment of clarity before  
more  
crazy comes  
home

to roost  
around these corners  
and hidden spots ..

## **a promise about a gal I know**

you never escape  
the mouth clamp of  
a woman ..

as hard as the last one was,  
and as easy as you take the new one,  
they will always turn ..

they're the pear  
ripening into the cactus wheel ..

I assure,  
more honest than I have ever been,  
and I start believing that their pussy  
thinks for them  
as much as our dick for us ..

sure,  
sure,  
lovely,  
it's cool with you,  
but let's not get nuts about shit so early ..

she nods,  
they have all nodded ..

.. & it never fails  
when the sentence turns into a paragraph  
and I have a whole fucking book in my lap ..

a wet,  
tear soaked novel about finding their love  
they dreamed about during boring 3rd grade homeroom sessions ..

sure enough,  
from slow nods  
to fast grips,  
it has always been the same with this  
jackass ..

a woman,  
the girls with their simple starts and tearful regrets ..

we're all a bunch of sea sick fools  
with nothing more than the vomit  
that is going to come up  
and the mouthwash that will convince us that  
we are  
at  
once  
free,  
and clean again ..

## **a renaissance can happen in the bath tub ..**

it should happen in the bath tub ..

all that water,  
the potential,  
dirty one minute,  
clean the next,  
the bubbles,  
your nasty brain and balls and slits,  
the soaps,  
the soot on the bottom of the tub  
and  
all the ingredients before you ..

i had a renaissance  
in the bath tub,  
yesterday,  
the day or two before,  
i have them constantly ..

i write my novels  
naked,  
and towel off with a brush,  
my beginning  
is  
the water  
and  
my end is the well,  
i'm  
ready  
for

the next renaissance

and you may  
hear about it  
if  
you haven't already ..

*a wish for the hands*

I'd like to make more  
than something with my hands,  
something with the brain,  
a lot to do with luck,  
something more about laughter,  
all about the walk,  
and I can crawl if I know it will help,  
but skipping along the longitudinal line  
would also be something I'm willing to cross ..

sure,  
willing for the stack of creations to land  
on my lap  
as the world loops around  
and around  
like a dime stuck on centrifugal force  
in  
the thick air of  
rising gravity ..

## abject ambrosia

luck of the  
dog is  
the flip of the bird wing  
and desolation  
is the thud of a lump of coal  
against another lump of coal,  
unless a diamond is inside  
and it falls out  
and you're into that kind  
of thing,  
but there are things that diamonds  
won't cut  
and things that can cut into a diamond,  
so if you are believing in love and forever,  
forget about it tonight,  
we don't have room in this vacuum for your dreams,  
the scent of a woman won't cure you,  
it will just make you forget,  
but the touch of a woman can make everything smell better,  
so it's better to gamble with the losers that  
risk bad luck with the winners,  
here on the street level  
there are no more bits of steam to break up the concentration,  
just exhaust,  
a lot of exhaust  
and

that  
is  
the  
last of my  
exhausted  
hue ..

## **absolute start**

had this image in the beginning  
of the universe ..

a big hairy asshole lit up by lights  
just stagnant,  
then an enormous fart igniting the big bang,  
sending shoots of cosmic matter,  
starts,  
lights and here  
we are the universe  
borne of the  
enormous asshole shooting all of  
us into the correct bowling pin formation ..



## **ads for new churches in the area**

as  
coupons for chicken are traded for gold,  
and there's  
the skater kids  
and  
bicycle men making it to their next  
place of  
fancy  
and  
the cold getting colder,  
there's nothing like looking on it  
from the warmth know that the only  
memory I have  
is  
the next on  
and  
the past is a balloon that continually  
escapes from my hand,  
to the sky,  
and eventually out of sight,  
only to return when  
least expected  
and when the winds will pick back up around  
here and a  
woman with scratch my back to wake  
me

on  
some  
eternal  
morning  
of  
my choosing ..

*all jacks in the deck end up in my hand*

I welcome the  
skeptics over for dinner,  
I welcome the witches into my  
bedroom,  
I bring in the murderers to  
watch television,  
I invite the robbers over to count  
my change,  
I ask the adulterers to come  
in and help me buy porn magazines,  
I ask the repeat offenders if they  
would like to change my tires,  
I call over the politicians to  
oversee my banking account,  
I ask idiots to speak for me at  
gala events,  
I ask the violent to look after my cat  
while I'm out of town ..

then,  
it fades ..

I wake and can't remember anymore  
how  
I got all these people over,  
or if they ever did come over,  
but  
it appears to be a good idea ..

your enemy closer  
means  
your friends will be closer,  
hold on,  
I'm going out to  
ask the habitual liar  
across the street if he wouldn't mind  
cutting my grass  
for  
free ..

**all the authors are drunk tonight,**

throwing their change at my windows,  
pissing in my lawn,  
puking on my porch,  
couple are running naked up and down  
the block,  
breaking neighbors windows,  
yelling Russian expressions,  
tearing copies of the yellow pages over sewer vents,  
breaking bottles,  
finger fucking underage girls in the fresh grass,  
making out with local whores,  
climbing trees and  
throwing  
more books  
out in the streets ..

these fucking author motherfuckers  
are the craziest pricks  
going ..

the grease in the wheel  
of our  
history,  
the reason why we watch,  
read,  
reason

and  
fucking  
go god damn mad ..

fucker  
author ..

**all the greens of the world are coming back,**

vines,  
leaves,  
tree branches,  
the grass,  
more leaves,  
shrubs,  
the flowers time couldn't stamp out  
and  
they are thrown about in  
such a random,  
ordered hand  
tossing all the greens  
on  
the  
palate and  
there's nothing much left to be said ..

nothing  
except there is a  
balance in the chaos,  
the girl holds the key,  
but the boy has the lock,  
the kids are the past because we believe we have a stake on the  
future,  
the next event is really something that already happened before  
but it will just seem new to you,  
to be a sucker is to let yourself be a sucker,  
to let the ice cream man pass you by is just a damn shame,  
to have more greens around here  
would be

nothing but a mix of yellow  
and  
green,  
but I've already seen all that before,  
so take  
the  
green and put  
them somewhere else ..

## **all those mornings in my 20's when I would sleep in ..**

till at least noon to 2PM

after a night of

running,

booze,

running,

gals,

running,

lights,

running,

smokes,

running,

tag lines,

running,

spaghetti straps,

running,

sun glasses,

running,

tonic,

running,

leather shoes,

running,

shiny table tops,

running,

album of smiles,

running,

pissing,

running,

a girl tear,

running,

watching,

running,

breathing in,

running,

breathing out,

& running ..

now in the morning I see

runners,

running,

kids,

running,

dads and daughters,

running,

walkers with packs and a place to go,

running,

eaters moving to more morning,

running,

gardeners hustling yards,

running,

kids moving into apartments,

running,

a woman motoring up the block partially disabled,

running,

pimps hustling a view,  
running,  
the dream of bacon in many an eye,  
running,  
regular guys swilling water,  
running,  
girls walking a bit funny with a smile perched high,  
running ..

I could run away with  
a  
morning like  
this morning ..

**always given the chance,**

but never one to

take opportunity

like it was supposed to be,

or am I just wrong like

the critics

that say,

'IF YOU HIT IT .. HIT IT AS FAR AS YOU CAN.'

the problem with hitting it

too far

is that you forget

the pieces of the particle that get you

to the point of knocking

it out

and

away

and that's just

a

waste

in

any

book ..

## **Always heard about the romantic days of Kansas City and Union Station**

past it's prime  
and  
around to hear the heart of this city  
beat faintly ..

had a rare city pleasure to arrive by train  
via Chicago  
into downtown Union Station during an intense rain storm ..

wet windows,  
humid air like a can of fried beans,  
I stepped off to spider webs and crab claws of electricity  
spiking over the skies ..

drops of water here and there,  
all 30 or 40 of us stopped and looked on ..

I had a passenger's baby seat I was helping her carry  
and we just looked on ..

in the far west,  
there were holes of bright orange light puncturing through,  
and funnels of cloud twirling ..

the coolest storm skies I have ever seen in Kansas City,  
and as I walked through the main lobby of Union Station  
I felt at  
home,  
but wanted the throng of Chicago ..

but the storm made up for it ..

I think the gods are mad  
that Kansas City  
left the swinging days of Paris  
behind

and  
adopted  
a  
parking garage as its  
savior ..

I heard Sinatra that night  
when I walked through the  
station ..

not one tune,  
but many  
as the soldiers continue  
fighting our wars ..



*always mix in cold water*

hot-n-cold  
sweats,  
the cold sweaty water,  
sweats on my legs,  
the worm ate the spider,  
there is nothing more divine than  
divinity,  
the old woman told me in the check-out line,  
and now I believe in the power of Croatian women  
after a month or more seeing her  
and if you don't believe  
it,  
they can really fit more than 6 people in a small cab,  
just  
try it,  
every request is honored around  
here where the heat  
is king,  
and the cold sweats are all the  
lovely,  
traipsing  
neighborhood queens ..

*an expectation for you*

maybe if you  
ignore it,  
somehow it will go aways ..

turn your back,  
don't look over the shoulder,  
it may evaporate ..

let fucking loose and  
forget the consequence,  
it's bound to get tired and leave ..

ignore the voice,  
shut the mailbox,  
it can't come back ..

go to another city,  
move your mind to a new zip code,  
doubtful it will follow ..

run away,  
run away,  
run away,  
tie up the sneakers,  
wish for more candles on the cake,  
believe in the wish,  
make the wish,  
tell no one  
and run away,  
run,  
run,  
run,  
run away ..

it's just the way,  
don't take out the messenger ..

but if strength turns the cheek  
and all the above fail  
you have one thing in 'expectations',  
and that is  
the  
word  
EXPECT ..

## **an open casting call was posted**

the other day on TV,  
but they didn't say what for?

if it was a nude women  
or female swimsuit or county beauty contest  
wouldn't all the guys be a bit pissed?

maybe it's some cowboy  
rockabilly lesbian meets gay men planet bullshit  
and all will be welcome?

there's a casting call  
and the only script you need is in yesterday's trash  
with other destroyed headlines?

have you heard,  
Kansas City is having a big mall casting call  
and no  
one

is  
going to  
show

because

everyone will  
be out  
in other places  
about  
the  
city

acting their asses off ..

## ANOTHER 12 HOURS

Try  
try as I might,  
I sit here foiled for going out of town,  
for now,  
I suppose ..

almost went to Waco, Texas with a friend,  
his girl and her son  
with a TV and VCR in the backseat of a small vehicle ..

had to pass,  
a bit too much bite for an apple that size ..

then,  
I tossed the notion of going to Chicago  
with a group of friend's in a band  
and I was foiled on that turn,  
just not enough room  
and time was coming down the bottle like the last swuig of coke  
in an angry car ..

so,  
I reside to that and  
head downtown for a drink with a couple of friend's ..

the drinks were going down smooth and  
easy,  
too much and too frequent  
as  
I run into an old friend,  
he shakes my hand,  
looks deep into my ball eyes  
and says,  
'SORRY ABOUT YOUR LOSS.'

I twist my head and wonder,  
later I corner him by the bathroom and ask,  
'WHAT LOSS?'

he goes on to tell me that my ex-girl of about 3 years  
was in a bar he bounces out  
having a good old feel up / make out session with  
her new girlfriend ..

I don't think I retained a helluva lot after  
that in the evening,  
yet the drinks kept retaining me ..

finally,  
I had to shake the fog,  
off the bar stool  
and

to the new Jeep I just bought ..

I climbed in,  
way too over the edge to drive,  
my adrenaline was working overtime and  
all I wanted was the confines of my place  
and to listen to my cat meow a bit ..

so,  
a bit off the downtown loop,  
I clip a big concrete barricade and  
start veering over 4 lanes of busy,  
heavy highway traffic  
and I notice the wheels are losing air in no time flat ..

about 100 clicks down the highway  
the whole Jeep is clunking like a rock in a garbage disposal,  
chards of rubber are flying in my peripheral to my right,  
CD spit out of its mouth,  
I go another minute or two to my place,  
pull up,  
laugh a bit,  
run in for a flashlight  
to see the damage ..

luckily,  
I didn't smash the car up but just a bit on the very front  
and  
very back,  
but the sight of those tires was something to behold ..

just flaps of exhausted and melted down rubber  
over what used to be a usable wheel ..

I slept it off  
and woke to a perimeter filled with the  
residue of liquor breath,  
the gray skies,  
the cat meowing at my every twitch,  
the rain coming down  
and my dead jeep slumped on one side like a  
slug smashed on the hot asphalt of a big bitch day in Texas ..

after tossing a bit,  
I stood naked,  
looked out,  
motioned to the cat that his food would be served  
and  
scratched a hard itch near my butt hole and  
felt  
absolutely,  
perfectly stripped  
there in my human

shape ..

*another graduate gets the world*

about 20 minutes away from 1PM  
and I will be going to see a friend of mine  
graduate from college ..

the same college I graduated from  
some 8 years ago ..

he's a good kid,  
at 25 he has 2 kids he hardly see's,  
a failed marriage  
and a whole lot more shit than I had at 25 when I was graduating ..

but I look at myself now at 30,  
no marriage yet,  
no children  
and I feel like him at graduation ..

I'm itching for something to happen,  
it's going to happen,  
it happens everyday,  
it's a restlessness  
that can be attributed a bit to age,  
but I think harping on age is a bit like avoiding the real issues in one's own  
existence  
and my issue is my stubborn brain and tall tales weaved about this heart  
of mine,  
I want to find it,  
but I lost the flashlight,  
found the flashlight  
and sit perched on replacing the batteries in this ideological  
dream of mine ..

I am going to sit in those stands alone,  
intentionally alone,  
to see what it's like to watch a graduate from college walk across the  
stage ..

never done it,  
except for when I was walking  
and  
I think

some things are bound to make a bit more sense to me,  
and if they don't,  
then we gave it a shot  
and the world can remain as it was  
or return as it was  
to all these floating bubble heads of the future  
that are aiming for the baby boomer's retired jobs  
and  
the survival of  
the  
survival ..

*Another 'Sarah' Song*

if you really were in love with  
someone,  
you would remember them  
and  
yearn sometimes through your  
day ..

i haven't done that some 3 months later  
with my recent ex  
of 2 or 3 years ..

sometimes i get relieved that I don't  
have to experience her  
hell through my eyes anymore ..

seeing her floating turds because she  
couldn't wait to flush the toilet,  
watching her smoke shortly after being diagnosed with asthma  
and taking down her steroids,  
stories of her fat weight and never wanting to leave her home again,  
not able to handle her liquor,  
her stink,  
and the others ..

sure,  
it's negative,  
but if you have no positive charge on a battery,  
what do you expect?

the only thing that kept me in the game,  
was her son ..

a  
boy named after water  
and  
the chosen one for his time ..

i have dreams  
about him,  
but never of her ..

sometimes we move on,  
and sometimes we realize that those we have been with  
helped us move no where ..

now  
I'm moving fast enough  
that  
I  
may

never  
slow  
down,  
not for this poem,  
not for the toothbrush,  
not for a cold nectarine,  
not for the cops,  
not for anything

as long  
as  
the memory of her

sticks around ..



*as fortunate as the unfortunate*

beaten by nights  
of neglect,  
the caterpillars  
echo my name,  
I turn,  
there's nothing but  
a pimp and his hooker walkin',  
laughing towards Main ..

my voice scratched,  
body a bit weary from hops and martini rings,  
the man with a 40 strolls up the sidewalk  
while his girl in a gold  
van follows after him slowly,  
pleading for his return ..

the coffee today has  
a  
different feel,  
as though it is another glass of gin for the  
good adults who worked their week and have enough after  
Bush tax cuts to not care,  
as the birds flop around here getting the UFO conspiratress  
thinking that something is amuck ..

as I crawl out of the noon  
bed,  
all the Beatles are fast asleep,  
the world is restive  
and  
I am getting closer and closer to forgetting  
her and  
the  
way  
we unfortunately used to be ..

## at one once again

saturday morning,  
I wake as a single man,  
no more of the  
talkin' at,  
schedules,  
let downs,  
the roller coaster without a big hill,  
the nights alone with her,  
the days trying to figure out when  
she's going to flip her top because of something  
I couldn't even imagine,  
the complaints,  
the compliments when they came,  
the ride with a steering wheel that became ignored,  
I'm single again  
and there's something that feels like death,  
but something more that feels like life ..

we always say we will be more careful,  
but careful is as careful does  
and we all are a bit green when we get together  
later in life thinking we will understand and accept all the  
years that passed between us that we never knew about ..

it's a candy cane hidden in the middle of the cotton candy  
and I have metal hands that won't let me through,  
so  
I dream  
about dreaming again Saturday  
solo  
in  
singularity ..

## ***BAD NERVES***

I whipped  
the head back  
and  
the nerve was stretched,  
the neck hurt,  
the torso  
was fine  
and  
work was coming at me ..

I only run  
because I can't walk  
and  
I gallop because  
being fashionable has nothing to do with  
clothes ..

so,  
when I hurt myself I know  
that  
I am operable  
and  
that inactivity for  
a healthy one  
is  
an  
inexcusable excuse ..

when  
my  
next pulled muscle  
or crick  
in the next  
comes around -  
I'll name it after you ..

## **baltimore beauty**

the hero,  
symbol of free will,  
bastion of independence,  
the only hope for the dope fucks in this neighborhood  
is an old woman that can't make good use  
of her legs ..

she's the one,  
a sun bolt in the face of need,  
a piece of perfectly buttered toast on an egg platter,  
the cold in ice water  
and most folks wouldn't bat an eye in her direction ..

she's an older woman,  
peppered gray hair,  
red 4-wheel motor scooter style operation  
and she's always coming up and down  
Baltimore ..

morning,  
evening,  
late night,  
she's flying by with  
precision,  
a smile,  
I have waved to her,  
she has waved to me,  
she says 'hello' to everyone  
as she beats her  
condition,  
the slow aging hand of cruel time  
and the glamour that society deems accessible,  
and responsible  
and she just doesn't give a shit . .

the queen of baltimore is  
living,  
rolling  
on my neighborhood  
concrete,  
asphalt ..

*beat that beat some more*

once we figure  
out that those chances we  
had are gone -  
we fall silent,  
quiet,  
because we know that  
we are never,  
will never be in control -

just a delusion of  
having it  
together ..

## **been a full day ..**

bought flip flops,  
threw away a pair of flip flops,  
bought eggs,  
saw a gorgeous medical student in the grocery store,  
entertained a neighbor friend on the porch while his dog went nuts,  
didn't realize it was a full moon until I saw it later at night,  
can't shake this cough and bright green slop coming up in the morning,  
saw many men in skirts today at a Scottish festival,  
ate a sausage hot dog that was to be a scottish delicacy - it was OK,  
had a beer that warmed too quick,  
a kid stabbed me with a plastic sword,  
drove by what looked to be a dead body off the shady Cliff Drive in the Northeast,  
had some tacos and tequila,  
found out I wasn't to chaperone a dance,  
went out later to see dancers dancing,  
got a cup of coffee and ran into a friend wanting to shake an Ecuadorian girl that was quite nice looking,  
they tried to shake her off on me,  
I wouldn't take,  
but I did do the Salsa in a parking lot with her and got some hots in the pants for what could happen  
if I was willing,  
but it wasn't my nag to shake,  
this kid had to learn the ways,  
but I couldn't shake the face of the dead guy on Cliff Lane  
and the sound of the engine humming in the blimp I was riding under today while on my bike,  
and it was a hot day,  
another day in the city,  
then the M-80 went off later as we drove from my place to see some bar women,  
and bar women we saw,  
many skirts and  
my stamina to talk or strike it up was lost somewhere between last year and yesterday,  
just seemed like a waste or not calculated enough  
to give much of a shit,  
but the rest of the day took most of the shit out of me I cared about  
and  
I hope that dead guy we thought we saw on the ground was  
taking an awkward nap,  
which is what I'm getting ready to do before hitting F5 for your time and date (which is a day late)  
2:26 AM 6/15/03

## BEGINNING OF EXTINCTION

there's one thing  
i want to figure  
out tonight,  
it's rather small,  
but it's the best i could do on  
a  
short notice  
and did i ever get a short notice ..

some skinny eyed punk  
fuck  
threw me a slip of paper,  
green,  
just now and told me the producers are storming for a response ..

they need to know what the fuck  
i want to accomplish on a night like tonight ..

all the pomp,  
conversations,  
drinks,  
gulps,  
intrigue,  
potential,  
wheels,  
movement,  
the lot  
and they want to know what i want to do,  
what the crap do i have to contribute ..

on the spot,  
flush like a toilet after the cheese riot,  
i think,  
grab,  
dig,  
jump as far into my bone marrow as possible  
and  
wonder,  
wanting to know this ..

'HOW THE FUCK DID ALL THOSE THOUSAND POUND ANIMALS OF CURIOSITY AND  
GRANDEUR  
KNOWN AS THE DINASOURS DIE SUDDENLY? IN ONE FATAL SWOOP - HOW WAS IT ALL  
OVER.'

that is  
what i am set to find out tonight,  
will  
let you bastards know in the next edition ..

## **big case of pink ass**

what is it  
about the big  
women  
wanting to wear  
pink  
pants ..

huge,  
snug  
ass cheeks  
like  
flags,  
wrappers around big fish sandwiches,  
the thermometer gone wrong,  
and it's usually  
the real  
big  
women  
in  
the  
hot,  
middle earth city  
that have 'em on ..

the real pink  
girls of the world,  
pushing that  
big  
plump

butt

up your  
ass ..



**big old slick**

fat pile of cheese stuck

in my back tooth

like a rock in the smooth rubber of a new tire

and I

just don't mind ..

## bird rent

there are birds in the wall  
chirping  
for  
the cat ..

confused  
with a mouth of gravel,  
they are eyeing  
me now  
wondering how I did it ..

but,  
I didn't do anything ..

I have never been bird like,  
known folks bird like,  
but I cannot help ..

I just  
sit here and make noises  
that is  
mundane,  
simple,  
discreet,  
nothing that could incline  
the birds to think that I'm guilty ..

I don't even know how to get these  
birds out of the walls,  
they are  
pecking  
more and more  
each day ..

bits of paint,  
plaster  
and  
the floor looks like  
a  
zoom of loony landing seed  
and  
I cannot communicate with these birds ..

ready for birth,  
the day has  
the  
number  
and  
I'm just another  
person  
in  
their  
way ..

my birds are  
in  
the wall  
and  
I never want to let 'em go ..

## **bottoms of my feet hurt ..**

I woke several times in the middle of the night  
and  
walked down my deep slope of steps  
and  
the bottoms  
hurt ..

I beat these  
fuckers up ..

not real good about getting the  
best shoes,  
but I have some good ones now ..

not good about getting the best socks,  
but that just doesn't matter ..

the one thing I am  
good at is picking a solid woman to help  
rub em down  
and  
I need to think about this ..

cause  
when the equipment fails,  
there's always a good  
woman to come through

like a good walk ..

*bras*

one  
of the best things  
about summer  
are  
the girls  
and their tank tops  
and  
when their bra strap shows a bit ..

peels back the imagination,  
makes 'em look more human,  
not like some goddesses with all their flesh  
shoved onto the mantle  
for everyone to see ..

the exposed skin,  
their smiles  
and  
the

metal lopes  
of  
straps

brings

summer smiles  
to  
this face ..

*break a vase instead*

I got a ticket  
on a bogus turn during rush hour traffic ..

flying fast in 5PM car lanes to get my hair trimmed ..

making a left turn during the wrong time  
and a cop was there to swivel me over into a side lot  
to mouth me up a bit ..

I never imagined he was going to slap me with a fine  
and when I asked if it was just a warning,  
he wrote faster ..

I looked down,  
my hair fell in my face,  
and I told the strands that it was the reason  
why ..

growing faster than my fingernails,  
my head is the  
thing that continually gets me in a fix ..

the brain and hair it concocts ..

but at least I didn't use the  
excuse a guy next to me who got pulled over used ..

he tried to convince the copper that his wife was having a baby at  
a hospital down the street,  
the one I was born at,  
and that she was dilated to 7.5 ..

as I looked over,  
I saw the woman in the passenger seat looking comfortable  
and two kids in the back ..

it was a weak excuse and the cop didn't even  
acknowledge this kid and his crackpot logic ..

when the cop came over to rip out my ticket  
I told him,  
'AT LEAST I DIDN'T FEED YOU A LINE.'

Again,  
he didn't acknowledge me and just handed me his line and paper ..

and as I drove away,  
I felt bad for a man that had to give and hear so much crap ..

by the time he's in his 50's  
he won't listen to anything  
nor anybody ..

*bumper car dinners for 1*

hunched over the Friday night table,  
no where to go,  
no where in particular I would want to go,  
but would like to go somewhere  
and I was looking out the window  
for the next thing to happen  
and  
it happened ..

at the intersection below,  
a busy one most the time,  
a man runs a stop sign going east and plows into the back end  
of a small silver car heading north,  
sending the car into a sideways tailspin and out  
of my sight ..

I just heard the sounds of metal crunching further  
as the evening's antagonist scurries up the street towards Main St.  
and off south  
away from any sort of responsibility ..

off and gone,  
I grab the phone, keys and camera  
and find out if the person is OK ..

out the door,  
I see a young Asian girl standing by her car  
saying that she is fine,  
just a bump on her forehead ..

she is nervous,  
in a bit of shock  
as some other neighbors come out,  
they already called the cops and she asks me  
if I saw anything ..

I told her,  
'JUST AN ASSHOLE WITH SOMEWHERE TO GO.'  
I gave the direction of the vehicle ..

At this,  
we walked over to the corner to see  
what this spooked young girl thought was her hood laying in the grass,  
but her hood was on her car ..

upon further inspection,  
it was a bumper off the jackleg's car that drove off,  
his front bumper with the license plate still attached ..

this girl jumped up,  
hugged me and

another guy from across the street ..

deal done,  
some urban justice for this little  
gal

and  
the karma champs hanging on her shoulder ..



## BUNCHA VAN HANDS

it's been about 2 hours or so in the making  
and i still watch  
the small smashed van across the street  
try to get out of what appears to be  
a small situation of being stuck in snow ..

time after time,  
the tires scream  
3 or 4 people working on it,  
front bumper hanging,  
light busted in front,  
and nothing ..

nothing ..

i look on waiting for my ride and  
wonder how and why they can't escape their predicament ..

not seeing the other side of the car  
and seeing a distinct dip,  
I figure they are stuck in a serious gulch and need a hand ..

i wait for my ride out to Saturday eve activities  
and ready to push them with my Jeep when  
my ride arrives and I get in the car and tell my friend  
that there's is some bad voodoo going on with this van and guys ..

the dudes look like rebels from a ousted local  
rap band  
and they want out bad ..

we look on and wonder ..

my friend has a small import car,  
he says that we need to leave not help,  
I tell him that he may be right ..

the energy of these dudes translates to me  
that the universe is against them and I don't want to  
get sucked into their vortex ..

but,  
our bones tell us different ..

my friend whips around and says  
that he is going to push 'em ..

we tell them,  
they agree ..

we size up against their rear bumper and begin our push ..

nothin ..

absolutely nothin ..

so,

I tell them they may need to get motor assist,  
but ask if they want me to give my all wheel drive Jeep a shot ..

they nod a yes and  
i'm suddenly behind their bumper ..

my idea to fruition  
and I push them slightly and they are out ..

I listen to Sting sing about every breath you take  
and veer over to my parking spot ..

as I come back,  
there are handshakes all around and we wait for a congratulatory smoke  
as  
we sit on the corner and admire  
the fact that these dudes are carrying away an smashed door that they  
were using to protect their wheels from falling further into  
the gutter they were stuck in ..

the idea came through ..

i finished this poem after stopping on the word 'nothing'  
and  
the night is ready to start ..

## *Chicago Proud*

we hopped off the train  
during rush hour in Chicago ..

middle of July,  
the hustle was all over our ass ..

couple of KC kids used to a dead  
downtown  
and  
had our bags slung over our shoulders  
and no idea where to go ..

looking up at the Sear's Tower remembering how  
tall the World Trade Centre was before  
they were destroyed ..

it was about as hot in Chicago as it was in KC ..

so,  
we hit up some folks about where a cheap hotels and bars  
were in town ..

they told us the 'NORTH END'  
and pointed us to the right bus to take ..

both thirsty as motherfuckers,  
on the heels of an 8 hr. train ride and early morning drunk,  
we were ready for food,  
action,  
and drink ..

once we loaded on the bus,  
it was fairly packed ..

then it got packed ..

and finally it was overloaded ..

in this crowd all I noticed was the profuse sweat rolling  
down the back of my ankles  
tickling me like a leaf waving over my skin,  
and the beautiful women taking the bus ..

you never see this in KC ..

folks take the bus here out of necessity,  
and there are rarely ever beauties riding the train ..

you just don't see it ..

but these women were sweaty,

content with pursed lips  
and  
were thinking about things I didn't need to know about,  
but I admired them ..

all of them ..

the women,  
men,  
halvsies,  
fullies  
and  
all those in between on that bus ..

the blood of a city  
is the people of a city  
and on that short Chicago transit  
I was proud of everyone  
for just being in the city,  
perpetuating the name  
of Chicago,  
making  
me  
proud  
to  
be a  
human  
with  
a  
bunch of  
profusely sweating  
folks,  
and

the women were our  
queens  
of  
England ..

*choice is a choice*

save your closed mouth  
because it will be open one day and you  
will have no one to blame  
but the  
originator of the rain ..

sure,  
keep your legs crossed and act as if no one  
wants to get down there  
to see if there is blood flow or  
a pulse ..

it's a style,  
but it's more of a way  
and a way can be direction or a  
modicum for existence  
and  
to exist you must be  
humbly full of pride and ready to  
go into the 22nd Century

and if you're not ready for that,  
the kids  
are  
going to toss you in a trash bin  
that

my friends don't have the gloves to dig you out with ..

## **christ incognito,**

how do we know when  
he'll be back ..

if they say the dark saint  
is lurching the grounds,  
i've seen enough good goin' down  
to warrant a  
messiah existing here now ..

it's fair  
and the biblical folks continue to read,  
harp,  
ask,  
buy,  
sell,  
seethe,  
smash their eye lids  
and

profess that they know it,  
but  
my  
feeling is that Christ is back  
and  
that's why I keep extra coffee beans tucked away  
and  
a solid dollar in my wallet  
to  
share  
a  
cup of coffee  
with  
the

most  
powerful man  
on  
earth,  
if  
you can believe it?

## **christmas eve 2003**

if there is anything that is  
going to keep us together  
its the patches of ice  
on the ground ..

but if there was anything that was going  
to wedge us apart  
it would be the stretches of grass  
that hasn't passed onto another color yet ..

and if there was going to be anything that would  
make things goofy between us  
it would be the whispering I can hear,  
but you can't,  
which would make me say things that I typically wouldn't ..

you dig?

now,  
if we decide that this is something we want to stick through,  
i suggest you put some traditional notions aside  
and try not to get fixated on striking first ..

i'm glad we  
had this little  
write up ..

## **cold women; warm sheets**

here's to  
the joys of women during the winter months ..

here's to calling into work  
because her nudity and hot fluids is  
enough to call it all off for the day ..

here's to a joke you won't remember telling her  
but will make you  
stay slipped into the sack until spring comes ..

here's to the couple of geese necks you see flitting  
by the window  
as you look out with tired morning eyes and  
she says,  
'GOOD MORNING'  
and again life makes some semblance of sense ..

here's to the rocket shit with ice shoved in its fuselage  
as you rocket towards her goods in the warm confines  
of an early morning ..

here's to girls in the cold season ..



## **color of this morning is steam ..**

straight vapors  
of  
steam  
training  
over

a gold colored cup  
with  
black insulation ..

still surprised that Bush  
almost made me lose my job yesterday,  
still ready to let it known that his presidency is  
a shame and that he is not wanted as our CEO anymore ..

but,  
beyond the politics and news that never changes,  
the color of sunshine is steam today,  
light,  
waved,  
weaved,  
bouncing steam  
and it feels fucking divine ..

- & you can file this one -

**come on,  
get to know me better ..**

stop by,  
bring some beans or hops,  
we'll talk about it ..

but,  
don't blame me if you  
get more than you bargained for ..

don't blame me if you fall in love  
and I won't blame anything but the unknown  
if I accidentally fall in love ..

no papers to sign,  
just directions to remember  
and don't cry,  
there have been too many tears from pretty eyes in my  
journal to make it nearly too wet,  
runny and undue ..

ready to get to  
know me?

is this the bargain you wanted to buy,  
you're starting to cross your legs for the excitement  
while I lightly wring my hands  
and wait for your muffler to come around the  
corner,  
baby ..

*cost of advice*

if i listened  
to all the advice  
friends,  
neighbors  
or the lot  
had about gals  
i've seen  
in the past  
i  
would have no past,  
just a bucket  
of advice  
from folks  
that have times with  
their girls,  
breaks in action,  
singlhood,  
strained marriages,  
and  
i  
would have nothing  
if i  
took  
all the advice,  
no stories,  
no favorite breast,  
no favorite nuisance,  
no favorite tooth,  
no favorite compliment,  
no favorite fruit,  
no favorite windmill,  
favorites gone,  
i would just have  
a basket  
of  
goods  
called advice  
as  
experts gone  
smart  
turn on each  
other and  
we take  
what we  
have for what  
we  
have,  
the rough  
fucking  
pebble  
smooth glass  
road  
called

girls,  
the relationship,  
if chosen - marriage,  
and  
that's why  
we're all here,  
right?  
sound advice ..

## **couple of dumb potential fuckers**

all about  
playing your cards right ..

if you would have done things well,  
you could have taken her home and  
screwed her like  
the top off a bottle of red vino ..

played your cards right  
and there would be nothing else to do but  
listen to the birds in the morning with her ..

played your cards right,  
she could take your mind off a whole  
lot and  
time could flow even and smooth like they say in movie films ..

played your card right,  
she would have danced and you could have moved in and  
been the wing guy ..

sure,  
just if you would have played it right  
it could have all landed in your lap,  
the audience was cheering you on,  
you had her by the hands  
and they fell back into her laugh ..

the little moles,  
the dark skin,  
the way the night was talking to everyone,  
then

you fell ..

fell and  
decided that logic  
was going to win because the gin  
was only going to be there as long as the  
tonic  
and dollars were going to be around ..

sure,  
if you would have played it right and been her sugar daddy  
none of this would have happened ..

but she's off somewhere else now  
and your just here ..

here ..

and

here  
is where

I  
want to be ..

## CRACKED SCHOOL SCAM

the school cop  
and cafeteria wash man  
had a deal ..

sure,  
they laughed over jokes while the kids  
packed the lunchroom,  
high fived around administration,  
talked like they were interested in politics,  
but they had no idea what  
these guys were up to ..

ripping lunch room profits,  
fucking the most available of lunch room staff,  
stealing athletic equipment,  
ripping electronics  
and general mayhem ..

they were good  
and with their reputation and background,  
they blamed the kids along with everyone else  
and  
got away with it ..

they've been doing this for several years,  
but their administration has leaked  
to higher sources that they  
have suspicions that it's an inside job ..

next week they are going to wire the place with  
ultra-secret hidden video cameras  
and doing exhaustive interviews with all staff ..

and the cop and tray washer keep laughing  
because they  
have enough saved to quit on the spot  
and they plan on doing so ..

but there's one hitch ..

the mousy,  
quiet 6th hour teacher has already caught these boys on  
tape over and over,  
without administration knowing about it  
and with her personal penchant for nailing these guys,  
today is their final day ..

the cops should arrive to the front lot in  
about 10 minutes  
as the washer throws another set of 8 chicken trays in the  
industrial washer  
and

the cop responds to a kid that supposedly stole another kid's wallet ..

it's laundry day

at school

and

the cops

won't be laughin' at this tale ..



*crazy enough on my own*

you hip hippies  
and all the questions  
about how I'm doing these days ..

I'm doing flat fucking fine,  
I have no more insane lady,  
it's single  
and I want to enjoy single ..

if they say they don't want to fuck,  
they're lying ..

our desire is desire,  
so they can have their morals  
and  
forget the pretext ..

I want to want  
and  
I have to want or their  
would be no need to talk to anyone ..

the cornerstone of what we say has to do with desire  
and  
want and if I didn't want to  
have anything to do with desire,  
I wouldn't  
be writing anymore ..

I would be sleeping all the time  
and  
I just don't have  
the  
fucking alarm clock for all that,  
baby ..

## DAHC

I hadn't talked  
to him in  
some time ..

an old friend,  
recently had his phone line snipped,  
just graduated from college,  
looking for solid work,  
still searching,  
25-years old and 2 kids,  
he's scrapping like a fighter in the 8th  
and he tells me that  
his car ran out of gas  
that night ..

had to hike 3 miles to the nearest gas  
station for gas ..

once filled up,  
a guy picks him up and takes him back to the car ..

the fella,  
we'll call 'CHARLIE'  
said he doesn't have very many bad days ..

knows his windshield is tilted at 52 degrees ..

my friend said this guy was out to lunch,  
but it sounds like he has it figured out ..

instead of know the newest headline on some celebrity plop,  
the angle of a windshield sounds tasty and  
to not have that many bad days,  
the fella knows something ..

& even if he is completely full of sight,  
it makes  
for  
jolly solid good world  
of bullshit,  
at that ..

## dead as a bird

my cat  
ripped up a dirty  
bird in my  
place  
today ..

i was stuck in something  
beyond a dead bird  
in the afternoon  
and walked over it,  
then  
went back in to  
see the blood heart  
and dry blood stains,  
the feathers on the floor,  
and decided  
that I would clean it all up later  
when the night  
was right ..

it was another example of the cat  
giving me his best  
and I can only give  
him respect when I see his  
ripped birds,  
he can't stand shit that  
have wings that can get away and dart about ..

then,  
i realized yet again  
that I'm getting older  
with my cynic head,  
carrying folks on my shoulders,  
the masquerade of folks  
that is adequate enough to be adequate  
and that's why my cat is the hero ..

no expectations  
for this cat,  
but I get the birds  
and beyond  
adequate ..

need to  
stick with the cat  
and let all the other folks  
muddle in  
their adequacy,

cause i'm  
getting dog tired  
of  
seeing it from my own eyes ..

*death day*

there are some days when surreal  
becomes something you have  
to witness,  
no choice about it and  
then you find out what kind of fiber,  
cell,  
DNA  
and sockets you are all about ..

a good friend and i are at a light  
off Central in the hood  
and we pull up behind a small pick up truck with  
a badly smashed up front window ..

a second before,  
my friend,  
a big man himself,  
nodded to this cat while driving by ..

i caught a glimpse of him and what looked like  
a small dude sitting next to him ..

yet,  
it was a small woman with some jacked hair and  
a puffed face ..

so,  
we wait behind this car and notice the driver  
yelling,  
hitting the passenger and  
smashing his front console in anger ..

this little woman's voice goes in and out,  
her arms flail,  
he starts beating the fuck out of her,  
she lunges towards him and his door,  
he throws her back and leans in for a severe beating ..

my friend calls the police on his phone and the pursuit is on ..

we give the car details,  
license plate number  
and location  
as  
this man pulls off a side street,  
quickly stops the car and starts beating  
her again ..

we poke by and continue talking to dispatch  
as dispatch tells us to turn around and follow the car until  
the cops come ..

we do that,

we turn,  
intercept the man  
and  
try to follow him  
but he's too much,  
he shook us quick ..

out of touch,  
the woman may end up dead later today,  
yet it was hard for either of us to intercept a situation we  
knew nothing about ..

we stop,  
save the gal one time  
or we all end up badly hurt or dead ..

never seen anything like it  
my life ..

a mad plunger of life  
smacking the  
dry ground,  
the insanity of folks,  
i've never really seen a man hit a woman  
like that in my life ..

i've thought about her all day ..

been wanting to find a good woman  
myself to  
take care of,  
tired of thinking and taking care of myself full time,  
want that girl who can  
smash my doors down,  
then i see the abomination of humanity  
in front of me ..

we are the living,  
passing the dead  
while

they say  
survival  
is  
the  
key at

a  
day's end ..

## **dogs & girls**

the curiosity of a woman  
that wants to know your secrets  
is like that lapping dog,  
a stray,  
on your doorstep  
with the eyes,  
but can't say anything other than  
'I GOT YOU, NOW'

**don't start writing drunk again,**

they're gonna notice ..

sure,  
your shit,  
puke,  
punk,  
and please stories  
were great,  
but it's going to go unnoticed  
if you keep the  
fucking liquor going ..

sure,  
they say it's better to be drunk  
because you have an alibi,  
but sobriety was the only way  
anyone could  
decipher good shit from  
bad shit  
and  
these days  
it seems as though bad shit is  
the way,  
so

on 2nd thought,  
fucking buy some more  
drinks,  
I'll join you ..

*duped by the dopers*

dope heads  
peddling their  
wares on 38th,  
T. Waits throwing his tune  
with the broads over the ear pieces,  
the coffee grounds are settling,  
again I feel like I didn't sleep much last night,  
there are more paints I would like to give attention to,  
and all I have time for are short stacks of words  
describing how the tuna finally fought out of the  
dolphin infested waters to have a nice mayonnaise sandwich  
at sunset  
as the giraffe finally outran the smart ass panther,  
while the next competitor in line  
rose,  
the previous one fell,  
and the guy at the end of the line waiting to try out for  
the reality TV show  
can't get back to his reality and hopes the show will  
help him out,  
but he doesn't know how much more lost he will  
be if he gets on  
the show,  
the big,  
big show ..



*early december 2003*

secrets scribbled in crayon,  
my days are becoming simpler,  
it seems,  
and this morning i woke with such a calm  
and had to write a girl that i don't know but love because of who she is  
and haven't heard from her all day long,  
and to my chagrin,  
my sense of calm is roaring about me,  
thirsty for whiskey,  
i can stick with the taste of water  
as the wooden easel leans cockeyed like a forlorn corkscrew scarecrow  
and all i have left in my food stuff is cold left overs and  
the rest of the night that doesn't proceed to being older,  
it gets younger  
as  
we all do  
if you believe this ..

*Early June is the Best I Got*

first thing  
thought about all day  
is  
why I'm up  
now  
thinking  
that I have to have all  
these thoughts to think,  
sometimes  
the dreams have a way of getting  
my thoughts down ..

heard the black prince  
through my  
tossing and  
running  
before waking ..

he was yelling for  
school,  
mother  
and  
it all seemed to make  
sense then ..

let the little prince  
think for me,  
he has  
more  
figured out  
at  
the  
bus stop a 9 than  
most of us  
fucks  
up  
in  
our  
decades ..

so there,  
good morning ..

*elderly pinball*

there's something  
graceful,  
odd  
and  
alluring about older men and women ..

the men  
will stand around counting change,  
flipping over bills given to them in front of the bank,  
arguing over what they forgot the  
cashier gave them ..

arguing  
because they didn't save enough in their youth  
or arguing because they have been  
around longer than those punk fuckin' kids that know  
nothing of real war,  
suffering  
and  
that the old man has simply been around longer than that ..

there's more of a civility and  
grace with the older women ..

they try to make sense of losing their  
feminine qualities,  
while admiring all the young gals  
and guys for what they have to offer the world ..

they tend to not say much,  
until spoken to,  
and quietly watch the world spin into a mountain of fire,  
knowing they have lived their prime  
and that the rest of us blockheads left are going  
to have to fend for ourselves ..

the older folks  
saved the world for us  
and  
we ignore them in older age ..

I feel like an old man,  
counting this change  
as  
everyone forgets the old man walking by my  
house with his basket of  
goods

he  
eyes  
because

he probably got a raw deal ..

## **election day**

### **today,**

house still won't sell  
across the street,  
was warm as new pudding yesterday  
as a lead in to the cold of today,  
tree leaves barely hang for the  
last of the autumn photographers,  
torn transcript under a stack  
of pens and kazoos,  
windows closed and the room  
begins filling with dried oils,  
vines on the wall wait for next spring  
to think again,  
the bullseye on the dart board  
watches the doorway for the next lucky shoe,  
my mother is tired of her job  
and doing it still as I scrawl,  
kids in white shirts walking on the sidewalk  
as the man in black rain gear takes the middle lane,  
no more dope as the cops take  
the day off to relax,  
soundtracks to cooking shows and  
:20 minutes past the hours keeps flashing in my  
mind from last night as  
I end this  
at 10:19 in the AM ..

*every lie is out from under the rocks*

they can't lie anymore  
because they have  
finally fooled themselves ..

that's right ..

their day of bending bullshit about  
is over,  
they have no more causes,  
no more bills to heist,  
no more snort to court,  
just a fact that is no longer a fact  
even in the back of their own brains ..

it's the journey  
to the edge of a string that was supposed to lead  
to a clean meal,  
instead the napkin is solid,  
silverware is plastic wear  
and the mat idée took off with the plates ..

sure,  
the truth is stuck in a paper bag,  
clear - wet,  
the end is  
another  
lie

and  
this  
lad

can't even lie  
himself  
out  
of

a con man's cover ..

**every shade of my face changes by the year ..**

the memory of  
people,  
the time of place  
goes away like  
rain through a gutter,  
over the shaved glass  
and gone ..

then,  
the folks want to hear the same things ..

that their lives are the same as yours,  
or not as bad,  
or as bad,  
just enough to give 'em the confidence that it's not  
all a lost  
shot in the  
pile of craps circulating around the  
circular magnet,  
pulling,  
repelling,  
and  
the expectations of your  
glass of milk  
go  
spilling over  
the ground

and  
the  
cow gets shot for  
your  
neighbors grill ..

## **everything around here matters today ..**

because I found her pain  
hidden in the back of my closet,  
and I found out that  
my paychecks are a another man's joke,  
and the only line I need to tow is the one  
I'm able to draw,  
so it doesn't matter what line has been made,  
cast or thrown into my square,  
I have my circles,  
I know about the isosoleces triangles ..

even that old clove of garlic  
that's waiting for a carbohydrate bath  
matters the most because it  
gives the bugs about something more to hope for,  
and the sweat on my water glass means more than  
the ice cubes that have since left,  
and I just took the cat's curiosity and needs -  
put them in my pocket  
and spread it over the table  
for later ..

and the girls running out of the pouring rain towards  
their apartments,  
homes,  
kids,  
men,  
women  
or other obligations

has  
always  
meant  
everything

when

there  
was

nothing ..

*everything you wanted to know about your days*

they ripped up pieces  
of yesterday  
and  
glued it together for today ..

sure,  
tomorrow was tossed in a blender,  
poured in a cup  
and hidden  
from me  
until the appropriate time is  
'APPROPRIATE' ..

so,  
here I am with today  
and I have no  
tape,  
glue,  
clear fingernail polish,  
varnish,  
grease  
or mender  
to put the

fragments back into one ..

all I have are my nails covering the sensitive parts  
of my fingers tips,  
the nails over my toes,  
my tooth enamel,  
the lashes over my eyes  
and

another  
route  
to  
tomorrow  
I  
will never  
tell

anyone from yesterday about ..



*exaggerated - but true*

sky is a  
ham hock  
shoved with money  
and  
the pork eaters down here  
sharpen knives,  
find forks  
and retain that crazed look  
towards the north for what  
they need ..

all are looking  
for their due compensation,  
the next thrill in a string of  
highs,  
the piñata that once poked  
is going to rain  
bills,  
coin  
like  
nothing no one has  
ever seen before ..

a big fat,  
rain pour of  
cash no one  
needs,  
will respect  
or  
would know what to do with,  
but once the fat  
is penetrated  
folks  
have a hard time  
turning away ..

get your  
spoons,  
mustard,  
napkins

and  
greed strapped  
folks,  
there

are some people  
ready to  
bring

down the sky for  
their own,  
wrong,  
concocted means ..

## **exfoliating**

all year,  
all day long ..

31 years  
down,  
the rest of my existence  
looks at me in the ball eyes ..

girl from a year ago gone,  
disconnected the phone

but  
I have my strings tugged around another good girl,  
got a mobile phone

and we keep changing ..

everything constantly changes,  
no matter what it is,  
had this talk with a lady mate the other night ..

wanted to believe that something wouldn't change either permanently or  
temporarily,  
but it's not possible ..

through the motion of the universe  
and the course of an atom,  
all of us change

and I have changed more over my 30th year on earth ..

got a cat,  
had a surprise birthday for the first time,  
new music,  
newer lovers,  
dreams of new cities,  
reclaimed my 'alive' vibe  
and  
the rain falls here  
on the morning of my 13th  
and  
when you switch those numbers around,  
you have  
more  
change  
and  
the  
year  
of my earth year,  
and I leave now  
to change  
some damn more ..

## FAT BIT LIP

he's a big kid,  
bites his lip when he thinks real hard,  
told me that the mustard seed is the smallest seed on earth,  
and the coconut is the largest,  
also told me that kids pay money  
to feel his velvet blond afro,  
says it with a smile,  
says everything with a sly smile,  
he's a young kid,  
works on algebra problems  
and tried to convince me that  $1/15$  is less than  $1/16$ ,  
through his meticulous math - he may have beaten the mathematicians that have  
passed - and faded,  
he bites his lip harder,  
walks slowly,  
looks around the room in a survey as though he figured it all  
out yesterday  
and we're getting in his way,  
and someday,  
the kid with the bit tongue is  
going to figure it out,  
big figuring,  
problem solved - lip bit to fuck ..

**fat**

**cat**

**tail**

swish,

twist,

twirl,

a sound,

the air of commonality,

the mystery of everything forgotten,

everything i want to do,

nothing to do with the price of prime rib,

fat

cat

tail

move

faster,

swift,

the rest of easter europe smashed in the heart of a wasabi pea,

the drifters running after the loose bills,

orange plastic wire blocking the water main break,

the end of crime in sarasota, florida,

and the

cat

tail

slows

down,

not completely

like the clock moving the rest of my time forward

and the bank foreclosing on your past,

but it darts slowly

as

the

cat

and

tail

get

up

and

slowly

leave

the

room ..

## **flat belly bean bag derby**

ridden like a pillow case over  
the years  
there was nothing  
more for the jester to clunk about  
and  
the joker had nothing more to jab about,  
it was all left to the  
children,  
kids,  
tikes  
of opportunity,  
so you better  
move away,  
get out of the space,  
because they are on the invasion  
and  
this time it will be kind,  
and consistent,  
like  
mayonnaise on a good sandwich,  
like  
the  
sunset in the tropics ..

*flat mad*

been an angry day  
for some reason  
today ..

the brown grass  
is eyeing me like a prisoner,  
the spikes in the sky aim at my ear lobes,  
the kids look at me like I'm the monster under their beds,  
the adults talk to me like kids,  
strangers talk to me as though I'm a moron,  
all the grocery store workers are moving too slow,  
the traffic is much too fast,  
the heat is high and hard,  
the stop signs are all wilted,  
the canned food is warm when cold is ideal,  
the pencils are all broken,  
paper ruined,  
the night came too soon,  
and it will all end too soon  
and  
this  
is  
rare

but it's an angry day,  
so

fuck you,  
folks ..

## Flat Wrong

metaphysical questions,  
the girl  
has  
her  
shit centered,  
she believes,  
but  
the proof is in the error,  
it's always in the mistake  
and  
make  
no mistake,  
we are  
only  
right

because all us  
bastards  
got  
lucky ..

## **Fluidity of night,**

gave me a jar of  
jelly  
and warn me that I have to go out  
and fend for my own peanut butter ..

sure,  
they gave me a moment with my lady  
and used the condoms  
as water balloons to launch off my house  
down to the  
crows of midnight ..

then they came through,  
they gave me my oxygen flow  
and  
some solid images  
to look  
at,  
but  
not the clairvoyance of morning  
to remember  
all that much ..

selective evening,  
where is that objective  
idea  
you had about where the rabbit went to and  
why the walrus  
got his tusk  
stuck

in  
the  
top of that jelly jar  
you said  
was to me mine  
and  
to share  
could ruin  
the  
relationship?



*follow the 'NEVER LEAVE' instinct*

Got the call  
to meet up for a show ..

I agreed ..

It was a short distance away,  
but I had to pick up a friend a bit a ways ..

ran into some people from the past,  
it was a cold reception,  
dashed in,  
ran out,  
and now I'm out ..

as usual,  
don't want to be out for more than a drink or two,  
but it turned into more  
and  
after the fights,  
ex-girlfriends attacking friends,  
back bookings,  
the beer was a bit more than I wanted,  
I was  
thinking

I should have never left the place tonight ..

forget the sleep,  
the arguing,  
forget the fucking bus,  
just download ..

sure,  
all the kids are doing it ..

de-ODE,  
just send your shit down ..

photos - words - spare rib bones - pickle scraps,  
download,

they take everything ..

*Forgetting the gurl  
Until she's forever gone*

she has all  
my good water colors,  
she has my best  
baseball mitt I ever owned,  
she has some pictures of mine on the wall,  
likely my likeness is gone,  
she has some of my shirts,  
underwear,  
socks,  
pieces of paper I will never see again,  
keys to my place,  
other things I couldn't fathom,  
but none that matters anymore ..

the only thing that matters  
is that I need to get on to what matters  
here in this day and day ..

I hope she gets use out of the paints,  
shirts,  
and such,  
because  
she  
does deserve  
to  
have a bit  
of  
comfort in these days  
that has  
passed,  
but  
maybe she already forgot,  
women tend to be like that at times  
and  
these are some of these times  
when  
I think  
she has forgotten  
and  
I'm the one writing  
the  
poem now

after  
the days and minutes of  
being  
railed for not remembering or  
being considerate ..

if you ever get this,  
baby,

keep it and quickly forget it ..

## **former band queen**

little girl,  
you used to have the band to  
stick behind ..

the jokes,  
charisma,  
free passes,  
no pay for booze,  
the taste of old tobacco,  
more laughs,  
the food was bearable,  
the lights glint on you in encore,  
and you had all the boys ..

sure,  
your glistening lips  
shook around like an  
unlocked mystery in your pants  
and the crowd adorned you,  
because you knew the boys ..

around,  
around  
you knew it would end someday,  
but it didn't matter ..

you were part  
of the band,  
fell in love with rock  
like you did as a little girl,  
became the dream on your poster wall,  
took down laughter,  
hid behind shallow intellect,  
the regular price of bar liquor  
but now you're boys are out of town ..

all you have are web replies  
and an old shit shirt signed by  
the band ..

they don't know who you are now ..

another casualty of traveling rockers ..

you were sure the lights were fucking bright enough  
to stay hung like a globular in the  
night  
sky ..

you were sure your stars were yours,  
always yours  
because you're a woman

and men always adore you ..

- wonder what happened  
to  
all

that  
glamour  
talk  
and

liquor

without end?

good night - darling ..

## **free form shapes**

come squibbing  
up and down  
my walls,  
and i have nets to catch them ..

once caught,  
they're put away for future use,  
but  
i wake the next day and they're gone ..

phantomed out of here  
like all the bugs of summer that just  
disappear at the thought  
of a frosted farmer's almanac ..

& every night,  
sometimes into the morning,  
i grab at the shapes,  
tube 'em,  
box 'em,  
tie 'em  
and tape it for a trip to the moon  
and  
they're gone the next day ..

could set up surveillance,  
but that's  
too much

yet  
i want to show and give these free form shapes away  
and they keep escaping ..

maybe that's the point of these shapes -  
it's all  
in the name ..

*Free of the Cigarette*

all these  
motherfuckers  
are making me  
want to  
start  
smoking ..

white  
lines  
in hands,  
the pull,  
relaxed face,  
yet  
I don't want her anymore ..

she killed me,  
it still kills me,  
but I stare  
as  
the stick is pulled out,  
placed in the vagina,  
lit,  
drug,  
exhaled,  
loved,  
fondles,  
re-ignited

and  
I stare  
at  
everyone doing it as  
though they have bested death,  
they have figured out the process  
and know a way around  
the  
death part,  
the black lung,  
the fucked arteries ..

I stare on  
as  
though they are fucking my  
favorite girl

and  
don't care that I  
see

and  
more about how I'll feel afterwards ..



these  
fuckers  
don't make me want  
to  
smoke,  
they

make me

wonder

how  
to cheat death

every fucking day ..

*girl before st. louis*

I may have  
pissed him off ..

an old friend,  
turned comedian,  
drinker,  
funny guy,  
good kid,  
always wears kaki's and white shirts,  
solid disposition,  
been knowing him loosely for some time ..

a friend calls him over from another table,  
he asks about a girl with him,  
knowing that he has a girlfriend  
and he gets on the defensive ..

warning us not to tell,  
I tell him I don't care enough to tell  
and wouldn't know how to gossip  
about girls and a guy I barely know ..

then,  
his girl starts striking up an interest  
and conversation with me ..

she gives me the rest of her beer,  
knows my full name,  
talks,  
and we shake and I tell her I hope we  
meet again ..

she says that she will be at the same place  
the following night,  
wagging her shit while walking away  
looking for her male fuck friend ..

she's gone,  
he comes out of no where and I apologize for  
what appears to be encroaching,  
but I respect this cat too much to  
fringe,  
he looks like he doesn't know what I'm saying ..

we drop it,  
I meet some friends out front ready to  
close the 3AM morning down  
when we see the two new love birds on the corner ..

I strike it up with the girl again,  
she asks for my age - thinks I'm 28,  
I tell her I'm 30 and  
don't ask for her age

because I know she's young ..

as we mill,  
the man butts in and says we should meet him and his lady  
at the dirtiest diner in town,  
no doubt to be packed with the drunk crowd ..

he weaves and wobbles,  
declaring that we go there in a drunken slurr  
as the girl talks to me a bit more  
and  
he pulls out a knife in jest ..

waving it a bit,  
I know I pissed him off,  
he knows I know I pissed him off  
and he can't see around the logic ..

knives,  
girls,  
booze  
and jealousy

can bring everything  
to  
a  
flat  
halt,  
stop ..

*girl perfection*

Young girls  
with ideals  
and  
smooth skin,  
with their big doe eyes  
and  
wanting to believe everything that guy has  
to say in such a strong way,  
she had a great handshake,  
believes most of what she knows because  
she read something or heard it from someone that  
appeared to be a champion of what's right  
and wrong,  
she wants to travel,  
maybe have children,  
she wants to get another tattoo on her inner thigh  
of the moons around Saturn,  
she won't eat meat anymore after a documentary  
she saw last year on the meat industry,  
she really likes to have sex  
but hides it in casual talk with strangers,  
she wants a new hair do and would like to be a bit more  
mainstream,  
but she knows that her friends wouldn't accept her anymore,  
so she just stands there talking about how she is going to move to Canada  
if Bush gets re-elected  
and looks with some innocent,  
kind eyes that make me think about an infant before the innocence  
leaves  
and flutters away into some ether that is made of  
cosmic evil  
and the beginning of something about to end,  
and she is named  
after a key part of the eye  
with those strong woman hands  
coming from that strong woman heart,  
I wish you luck dear  
because you will need all the luck you can get to stand behind all  
of those young convictions of an ideal world  
where it  
will all make sense  
in  
a giant pile of nonsense,  
I throw all my luck to you,  
and keep a bit for myself,  
young lover ..

*girls are leaving me alone*

it's only been a week  
and the girls  
aren't calling anymore ..

last friday,  
i had a night ..

machine full of girls,  
hanging out with girls,  
thoughts of girls,  
the taste of girls on my tongue the next morning,  
and the girls that aren't my girl  
that will never be my girl  
are the girls of fancy,  
fanciful fucking girls  
and their voices  
on the machine,  
about my porch dropping notes,  
going into laughter for more,  
trying to climax in a nation of daily eruptions,  
and now they are gone ..

the one i want,  
has other plans,  
no need to get out during the week  
and weekends are full ..

the others are old whores  
i wouldn't want on a bad night,  
and the next is a woman  
that just can't give up the crush properly  
and  
i find that being single  
is like being in a relationship,  
the chief difference is  
that with your relationship women  
there is always a guarantee of a warm body morning  
and some love,  
if lucky,  
but the mental attrition  
and  
ping pong marathon  
flies  
like  
a snapped  
high heel  
going up,  
over and  
through the  
power chord  
of this electrical pole ..

## **give the brain a life no-liner**

go off and  
don't think about it no more,  
there's no more  
need for thought ..

sure,  
it's a new government edict ..

they said that some folks  
of an artsy - intellectual type  
are starting to make the boys in DC send out filibusters  
against the practice ..

done,  
no more,  
they want the puzzle pieces to be  
bland puzzle pieces ..

no more wholes,  
questions,  
lobbyists,  
rebuttals,  
or pure abstract thought,  
it's scaring too many folks ..

they say Ashcroft has been up for 4 days straight  
racked without sleep,  
being assaulted by naked male statues groping his tits ..

Bush won't even talk about it other than  
to say that we will 'STAY THE COURSE' ..

Cheney says it's a national tragedy of unparalleled  
proportions  
and once 'thought' comes to an end in the American consciousness,  
we can all take in a collective sigh of relief ..

so stop thinking about it,  
makes their job easier,  
yours cake  
and  
much easier when  
this American experiment comes to  
an  
end ..

## **give the news mouth-to-mouth**

the paper's first  
hint  
was yesterday's classified  
and today's  
first headline was yesterday's obituary  
and now the cold  
pages sit in the green grass amongst  
scattered leaves  
and passing  
cars waiting for attention ..

a face to pop out of the  
stranger's  
to  
give it some needed  
looking  
and  
take it into the warm confines  
on another dream,  
a new headline,  
some comic's,  
star revelations  
and away from all this cold  
and obituary talk ..

and the teems of folks  
come close,  
the paper palpates,  
then they pass by  
as  
I sit here looking at  
the paper  
trying  
to read  
the fine  
print

and  
knowing  
that  
most of it  
today  
comes  
down to  
the  
small,  
barely readable  
words ..

*grade school teachers & santa claus*

came in  
the laundry mat  
later  
than expected ..

not much time left in the half shell,  
but enough  
to get my three loads  
and  
leave ..

an older black woman,  
small,  
stout,  
serious about manners,  
was womaning the joint  
and I went up to break a five to test her  
and she gave me the look up  
and down,  
another eye  
and came back with the five small bills ..

I thanked her,  
and started the water on my collective  
filth  
in progress ..

through the hour or so  
there  
she speaks scant  
and warns a woman at one point,  
'DON'T SIT ON THE TABLE. PLEASE. SIT ON THE CHAIR.'

the woman down the way feels the weight of a woman  
who  
raised some kids and grandkids in her time,  
the woman hopped down  
and said a simple,  
'SORRY'

Towards the end of the eve,  
the laundry woman walked by while I was folding my laundry  
and caught a glimpse of the book I had with me ..

it's called,  
'LIES MY TEACHER TOLD ME' ..

this woman built into a fit of laughter  
I didn't think was possible ..

she kept muttering,



'LIES MY TEACHER TOLD ME.'

I told her the book should be a  
whole lot bigger  
and  
she told me a convoluted story about how  
her mother was always upset when the kids found out that Santa Claus  
wasn't really real ..

she said her mother  
always wanted to give without abandon  
and taking away the myth hampered this pursuit ..

she just smiled about  
her momma and  
the old stories ..

I watched her close  
and there was a smile I don't think she  
cracked in quite a while ..

from the lies came a triumphant woman  
helping Midtown clean their clothes  
and  
spread a little truth,  
if we have the strength ..

## heart doctors are failing

she cried in  
her truck  
as  
I again had to go through the  
'I have these feelings for you'  
talk  
and  
I couldn't be honest  
for fear  
that I would crush another person's heart ..

I just don't have the heart for it  
now ..

so,  
I thought back and realized that I  
only really missed my cat over the Chicago trip I  
took out of town  
and  
the time that she missed me ..

not that I didn't have thoughts about her,  
I just  
dig  
the  
cat too much  
to  
make

so much  
over  
another

pussy ..

*hitcher has it made*

the man hitchhiking  
down the hell hot  
Sunday highway has everything figured out ..

cars flying by,  
the heat is bad enough to have a city forewarned to  
watch it ..

his thick beard,  
dirty pants,  
hat pulled tight against the throng of passing wind  
from  
exhaust spitting cars,  
he slits his eyes against what's ahead ..

car after car  
won't pick him up  
and  
most have pity for this guy ..

clearly not in the system no longer,  
a hobo for all intents,  
but  
he has the system beat ..

all the GM's,  
SUV's,  
Cadillac's  
and fancy chrome are mired in the system with no return ..

my Jeep and I are in the same  
boat,  
but the Sunday hobo has it  
figured ..

clean clear,  
the hero in an aerial picture of the area ..

dodging the bullet of taxes,  
he picks the fruit of our debts  
and  
smiles because he has surely won ..

no more a part of it than we want to be a part of it,  
he's  
realized what

most chuckle about as they drive by ..

a  
hero in a hobo's clothes  
has  
Jupiter on a string ..

*home briefly*

fancy,  
fickle Tuesday afternoon  
with the blood bank van  
flying by in a  
bloody hurry ..

all red  
and nothing else to be well read on,  
the  
pun  
is  
in the bun  
hun,  
so sink your mouth into the  
proverbial sandwich  
and flip the weather channel  
and see whether it's gonna  
rain or not ..

because perception is seven tenths the law  
around these parts  
and  
if you leave too early the phone is going to ring,  
the phone call that you have been  
waiting for and  
you'll miss it,  
miss it like the others  
that was supposed  
to have happened ..

now,  
the blood bank is gone,  
the weather is gone,  
the page is gone,  
the genre has left  
and  
the pauper stole all your hooch  
and  
now all you have is this  
sheet tell you  
so ..

good bloody luck with  
all your nonchalance, pal ..

## **honk**

honk,  
honk;  
honk!  
honk@  
honk?  
honk%  
honk^  
honk\*  
honk&  
honk()  
honk!`  
honk`  
honk=  
honk+

man,  
the people honk  
all the  
time around here ..

the new universal language  
of fist to wheel  
and  
nothing left to study in school ..

## **hooker was**

hollerin' up  
the street  
to her pimp ..

'YOU BETTER GIVE ME MY MOTHERFUCKIN' MONEY. I'M NOT FOOLIN' AROUND,'  
the pimp kept walking,  
not losing a touch on his step ..

'I DON'T GIVE A SHIT WHAT YOU DO TO ME - BUT I WANT MY FUCKING MONEY.'  
she shouted off ..

then,  
a white van - her new clientele  
pulled up and she shouted,  
'ONE MINUTE'

then,  
the went on with the pimp walking,  
'YOU BETTER GIVE ME MY SHIT YOU FUCKER.'

then,  
another man comes from the shadows and hands,  
words are waving,  
then the hooker turns  
to enter the white van ..

she didn't get her money  
as  
the pimps walk up the way  
like a bunch of tax collectors with  
the masterpiece  
out

doing some more  
fucking for 'em ..

*how much do you have to know?*

the color of her  
love  
is nothing,  
but it's everything now  
as the cigarette burns out ..

the place fills with smoke,  
being uncertain is just  
another thought along the train of figuring  
it out if  
you  
are lucky enough

and  
i know what it means to not  
know,  
the know in an instant ..

the ex-smoker  
regrets the fact that they ever picked  
up the habit,  
that it ever started ..

the started ex-lover feels  
the same way down the string  
as you  
damn  
and relish the moment that it  
happened ..

i remember mine  
and I want it again ..

that's why we search ..

that's why we are fools,  
that's why  
this

word is  
a word  
and

the action is coming to  
a  
theater  
near me ..

*how was the break-up, lover?*

was it you that left the  
war behind  
and tried to convince me that the  
dandelion was  
going to love me again ..

was it you that  
took all the milk  
away from the refrigerator only to  
leave behind a half eaten steak that  
was supposed  
to last for the next week ..

your topic of rumor  
is one week late  
as we all look to find our love and  
find a new love  
here in the

days of hot,  
hot,  
hotter

and  
the iron  
left on  
to  
burn through the  
newsprint of  
how  
how  
how

much more  
can you handle?



## **hungry for something tonight,**

but not  
sure if it's for another night of  
staying hungry,  
taking in my thirst to compensate  
for an appetite that can only be filled up  
by the stuff of foods  
that can in no way be doused by the  
touch of liquor,  
or the reproach of mixed alcohol ..

pre-cold saturday night  
before the year of our way and  
the cans of heat hang hidden in my slippers  
for the right chance to sprout,  
spring and leap into the pond of  
fortune and swim  
around choking on coins  
of  
necessity  
because  
that's what I have now,  
a need ..

not a chance,  
or the best of chance,  
I suppose,  
so if you have the best of foodstuffs,  
the louse of liquor's best effort,  
give  
my pants a tug  
and  
the girl a kiss on  
the neck ..

**2:32 PM 9/28/03**

corn cob piped  
dreams dripped with pickle lava,  
the dream of your catapult is the hope within the fall,  
every drip has meaning  
and every splash makes for a new wish to make way,  
we have the edge of philosophy to make our  
sociology easier to digest  
with all these  
nuclear homes,  
wars,  
bombs  
and the criss crossing of street vendors  
selling plutonium hot dogs and  
cubic zirconium  
foot mats,  
it's the mars dream on earth,  
it's an arcade game when all we have left is the virtual,  
it's the geniuses stuffed in a jar  
not wanting anyone to hear a word,  
because the brilliant will find a way to release  
the brain  
when it's way,  
way too late ..

11:29 AM 10/18/03

the day  
became yours  
and you didn't want it then ..

the game ended,  
and it wasn't your cup of cocoa ..

the stuff faded and  
you wanted more stuff ..

when desire  
met desire,  
you couldn't stick around  
with all your words of  
wanting  
'valor'  
'desire'  
'integrity'  
'courage' ..

once it arrived you  
were gone with  
all the rest of the damned cowards  
in their cream colored glasses  
and brightly painted cars  
honking at the next  
failed attempt,  
the next moment that won't be genuine,  
then you  
will return to square nil,  
circle nothing,  
and the end of everything is  
going to be  
the  
beginning your wake-up ..

so - keep  
arguing,  
denying  
and  
roving on those flat tires of yours -

maybe zero  
is the loneliest and most powerful number  
after all,  
huh?

## 12 hr. train rides with no sleep ..

8 hours we had no money to buy anything ..

a bit of food in the beginning,  
and broke from there on out ..

some coffee,  
cards with St. Louis girls,  
delirium,  
following the Missouri River,  
shooting pictures like fools,  
loud in the dining car,  
taking pictures of everyone around,  
stories of strange broads,  
dreams we may never be able to realize,  
aspirations that will happen  
and  
heading towards home ..

punching the air  
with a strange deck of cards,  
I finally got my faith in baseball restored  
with a trip to Wrigley Field  
and I was coming home ..

it never fucking  
lasts like it says in the brochures ..

long rows of colors,  
big words  
and fat promises ..

then,  
you come back home ..

only missing my cat,  
I could have had him mailed to me ..

more and more,  
I'm ready to rid myself of this town,  
But I keep getting snared back in ..

As with luck,  
As with strangers,  
As with money,  
As with the way of a gathering storm,  
I return,  
I leave,  
I return,  
I leave,  
and  
ultimately it doesn't matter where the fuck you are at ..

It just matters that it all matters ..

**8:40 PM 8/20/03**

piles,  
mounds of hot flesh,  
wet heat ..

faces of misery,  
hell,  
yesterday's stock,  
tomorrow's snoopy,  
the anguish

here with our West Coast blitz  
and the sesame street gang  
all laughing on the TV ..

shit,  
the sweat came out of me like I was walking about a steam  
room  
without the cleanse,  
or escape,  
just globs of sweat stuck to the urbanites,  
the city burning like a coal forgotten  
at the overnight campfire ..

stacks of sticks that have no reason,  
and the  
wet hair,  
pimpled backs,  
wet cracks of femalian breasts,  
and the coated lies of red brushes and blue sweatshirts  
that no one wants on an August heat bitch like today ..

heat like this makes me  
want to  
swill booze,  
smoke a bit  
and  
jerk my pal  
all nice and hot  
like

the city  
in  
the burner ..

**10:08 PM 8/17/03**

found out  
the other day  
that my old lover,  
the new lesbian,  
fell into a windfall with  
her new cunt licker ..

as it goes,  
her new girlfriend's ex-girlfriend got in a bad auto accident  
and died,  
as a result,  
the new girlfriend got about \$70,000 in cash from an insurance policy ..

now,  
they are traveling about,  
planning a new home together,  
giving out money to folks,  
living it up on the insurance loot ..

another classic move from a girl  
that wanted to sue her  
dad's nurse practitioner for misdiagnosing mouth cancer  
that eventually took his life ..

she was always looking for the easy dime,  
the way out,  
the house of drugs to sell the easy way,  
the sneak into sleeping in everyday,  
working lazy and making the world think she's hard,  
the fall without grace ..

yea,  
sometimes you realize that the only class act in  
a girl like  
this is the door ..

the door out,  
on  
and away from the mess ..

**10:44 AM 12/19/03**

you purse your lips  
and take back the first swill of coffee in weeks,  
the taste of air is different,  
the smell of a log is something that can only conjure a  
trip you took with the family in 1981,  
there are no more cabins left in the civilized world,  
the President is just the same as the previous one,  
the leaders are just puppets,  
the mounds of meat are just regurgitated vegetables,  
the ground is protecting us from water,  
it's the illusion that keeps us from the next illusion  
and with this cup of coffee here a week before the biggest  
holiday in the western world  
I say don't buy anything else,  
let's dry up the pump and make love to those that need it  
in the  
right damn way ..