



Joefiles LXXVIII
Beer Pyramid Parody Bit

pornographic grounds

dirty
city
trash
everywhere
egg
carton in my front yard,
empty
oil
container,
wrappers,
broken beer bottles,
empty cigarette packs,
smashed napkins,
butter wrappers,
the next of kin
and
I don't live here
for the
clean factor
but
sometimes all
you see
is the trash
floating by,
like some of the folks
with
their drug smiles
pimp
whore girl looks,
but
there's an old man,*
old woman,
someone of distinction
that
comes by
just walking over all
that
trash like
it's
a
gold plated path for
their disposal
and
then,
the dream
comes
to
a
sudden
red curtain
fall ..

potential paper stealer

bandana
man
up
with 8AM bag
of Frito's
starts veering towards
my
morning paper
in
my
yard
approaches the yard - closer to the paper,
I lean in and peer,
waiting for him to pick up the copy,
ready to yell,
'I WANT THAT'
when
he leans in,
notices it's a Wall Street Journal,
waves his hand,
says 'nah'
and
seals my paper deal for the day
and
again
confirms that
money,
quotes
just aren't any
fucking fun ..

presidential escape bunker

this
bush president
keeps getting
in my way ..

his policies
stink,
his speech is
shallow and fumbled,
bad decisions,
bad economy,
the cold war seems mild now,
and
his fucking face ..

then yesterday,
i got caught
up in a nasty jam
on the Broadway exit to downtown,
on the way to work ..

but,
I had the chance
to bottleneck out
and
veer over the traffic ..

thought it was
a
wreck,
but it was him ..

bush keeps following me,
I almost lost my job
because my kids wrote him wry letters ..

can escape the fucking
bush bullet,
bush

bush,
leave
me
alone
prez ..

price of painting friends

he asked
me to do this big
4 foot by 6 foot painting for him ..

asked me a number of times over
the months ..

he's a 23-year old kid with
2 kids,
new job,
white guy from wealthy roots,
conservative at heart,
but harmless ..

I agreed to do the piece ..

got all the materials,
threw it together and told him
it was ready for delivery ..

took it to his place,
unloaded it and knew immediately that it wasn't what
he wanted ..

he talked of it being too big for the
area over his fireplace ..

so,
to test it,
we placed it over the fireplace and sat on his couch in silence
and looked at it as his 2 year old came out to sit down ..

I left and he said he couldn't pay me the
\$130 for materials and that
he would have to do it later ..

a week later
I get the call that he doesn't want the piece
and that he
was going to deliver it back down to my place
or to a friend of mine's downtown who
is going to hold onto it ..

told this fucker that
I never paint commissioned pieces because I was
afraid of just this thing ..

confirms that
friends are only friends when put up to
integrity tests,
and I lost this one ..

also,
I should always follow my gut
and paint for myself
and dole them out accordingly without
having
the
expectations,
expense and bullshit ..

I move on to
other friends
and paints,
as we type ..

ready to leave KC

the man with a cowboy
hat,
cell phone to ear,
guiding a set of horses through
the busy street
with lights strung about their carriage,
and
I thought
that this is
probably
reason enough for me to
get out of
this town ..

there are reasons,
then there are real ways,

and
I found the way
straight out
of
the
capillaries and
into
the
vein ..

out of the minor
&
into the major
blood
fucking

flow,
baby ..

remember

how
the
taste of water
was
like
nothing ..

just,
nothing ..

well,
it's something,
but it's still nothing ..

SATURDAY CYCLE

birds ripping up
trash bins
around here
as the cop car with swirling lights
lead
a group of people up the
street picking up
people's laziness,
sin,
consumption,
expositions,
inspections,
foot prints,
and such ..

the birds look on ..

prodded by the devil and
egged on by the angels,
they flap high in the trees until
the community servers
in their good deeds pass by
and the birds
look at each other ..

the wings flap,
HAAAHAWWHAWWHAWWW,
and they're back ..

ripping the junk out of stuff
with their pointed,
huge beaks
laughing
and
the community pickers are long gone ..

the cop cherries are still swirling on another block
and nature wins
again -

nature
wins
yet
again ..

Saturday Shoe Buyers

all
the black men
are out front in their
cars ..

I go by,
they sit in the cab,
I watch their arms stiffen,
they look forward,
some have the engines idling
and the others don't ..

all of them in the same predicament,
yet they don't talk to each other,
likely embarrassed
and not ready to talk about
their shared circumstance ..

then,
I see a big woman
coming up the walk with a fresh
pair of
golden high heeled shoes
and her grin is fresher
than the baker's morning 13 ..

and
I see the big sign,
'BOB JONES SHOES' ..

it's Saturday morning,
the dew
is gone,
the paychecks are only a day old
and
all of
these

men also have to pay for the
renal space
called
a
closet
that

will hold these little nuggets
of
joy

that may last
a night
or less ..

save her from yourself

take the
wrench from
her hand ..

she looks
like she's going to
dismantle this town ..

sure,
sure,
just tell her you're the one in charge,
she's an angry one
but falls for all kinds
of shit ..

just give her this screwdriver
to use instead,
she was always better
with screw jobs
than
undo jobs ..

ahh,
she'll fall for it,
she has to,
they promised
she would,
we have the cash to prove it ..

and,
worst case scenario,
convince
her that you have a
a bottle of scotch
you'll throw in with it ..

she's a killer,
boy,
and
she's just one in a line of killers ..

so,
tempt this one
and
you'll never have problem
with
the ladies ..

go get that wrench,
get it like
you're saving your mother's life ..

septic surety

i didn't know
how much you
were wanting this,
but i think i'm gonna keep it,
not just to myself,
but share it
and keep it to myself,
but i can't share it with you,
don't ask me why,
but it has to stay with me
and that's all there
is
to say,
ahh,
i
lost it,
do you have another?

*she created hell
&
returned my paradise*

one
year
ago,
I was dating
a
monster ..

a mummified
remain
from a dark
era,
she had me
lurched near her
ugliness
and

now
the sunlight
is a welcome delight,
laughter,
the conversing,
temporary lovers,
infatuations
and
kicking the rumination of
nasty voices ..

she was
something from
somewhere else
and
gave me a whole new reverence
for
confused ..

a girl
that laughed about evil
only because she knew it so well ..

a girl good at contradictions
because her life
was chalk full of sad ironies ..

a girl that wants to be a grown woman
but mistakes her cute pig tails for a womanhood
she can't pull out of her chest ..

a girl
I thank everyday for letting our ugly ship ride end ..

an hideous ship lost in the mist
of another evil lover's plan,

the tooth of satan,
the blood of an exhumed ghost,
the last stop on a train ride stacked with end trails ..

again,
I wish you nothing more
but to stay away
with
your

demon dreams ..

silver train full of dreamers

someone
something
somewhere
somehow
my dreams are gone ..

been weeks,
bordering a month
and I have nothing but
going down,
and the awake with red alarm numbers ..

don't know where
they were taken,
stolen,
heisted,
hijacked
or rabble roused,
but they are gone ..

my hope is that with pieces like
this or
meaningful cocktails
I can find them again ..

maybe they're tired,
confused,
too content,
lost,
founded
or in the back of that girl's pant pocket
and they want me to wonder ..

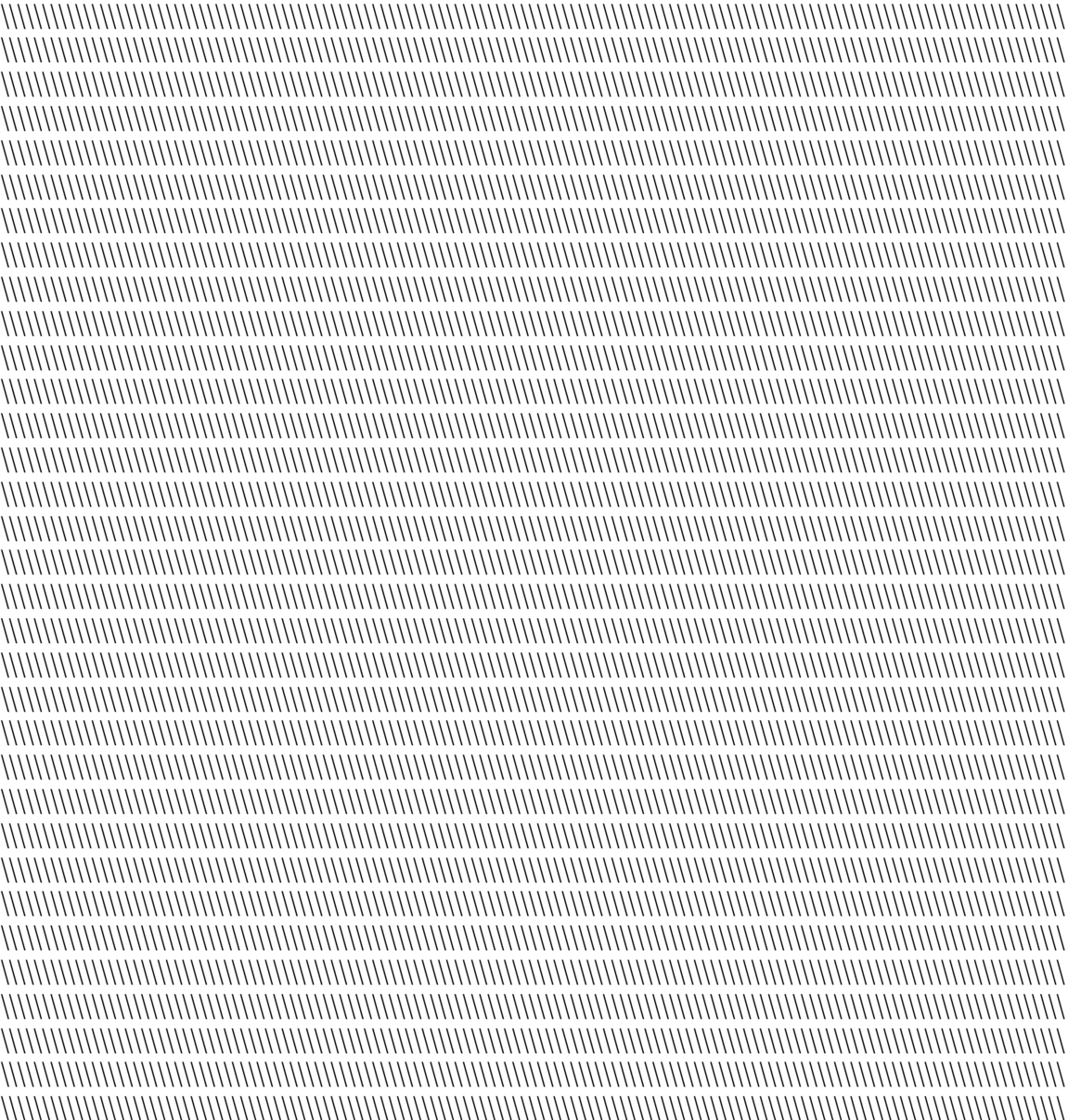
it's the break all folks need from their craft
and the dreams are quite a damn craft ..

some rest for the oil,
air pressure,
windshield fluids,
carburetor cleaner,
the webs all gone ..

the vacation continues
and no one gave me a pen or
table to write out
this fucking
lonely,
white post card here ..

SLASHED PAPER

I walked into
The living room
To see the glass tipped,
Water on the keyboard,
Blinds flapping and
The incessant march of the following over
The pages,
Slowly,
Getting slashed ..



66665566443
9\5,,i\ y---57:00 PM 10/16/03
OUT

SLING SHOT MORNING

YOU HAVE
GIVEN ME SO MUCH,
I DON'T KNOW HOW I CAN REPAY YOU ..

IS THERE ANYWAY THAT
I CAN REPAY YOU?

ALL THE COLOR,
COFFEE,
THE COLD BLACK BIRDS FUMBLING AROUND LIKE COMEDIANS,
THE REMOTE CONTROL WINDOW,
JAR OF PICKLES,
THE NECESSITY,
THE DRAPES THAT HANG IN THE BASEMENT,
THE MUSIC THAT CAME WITHOUT A PACKAGE,
THE NEXT DELUGE IN THE LINE
OF DELUGES,
AND YOU WITH YOUR
SLING SHOT ..

SHOOTING FAST,
BUT SLOW ENOUGH TO RECOGNIZE,
CAN I EVEN CATCH UP TO YOU
AND GIVE YOU ANYTHING BACK
FOR WHAT YOU HAVE DONE?

IS THERE ANYTHING IN THE WORLD
LIKE THE WORLD NOW?

MAYBE
I'LL LOOK FOR YOU ..

REALLY SEEK YOU OUT,
BUT
UNTIL THEN
KEEP
ON
DOING WHAT YOU'RE
DOING WITH ME,
SLING SHOT MORNING ..

Smith's XO

there's
a swirl of air
soup outside,
the pancreatic dreams of
better health,
our new millenium is still fresh,
a sticker the other day said,
'WE ARE MAKING ENEMIES FASTER THAN WE CAN KILL THEM',
as the rock star named Elliott treated himself as the enemy
and left earth early by a knife wound,
there is always another cup of coffee,
my town is also their town and will be anyone's town
if given the chance,
slippery fingers need to be complimented by
dry feet
and an assurance that I can have a spoon for later this day
to stir this air soup of leaves into something
that will
be fine tasty
once winter
rears out of my wallet ..

so fortunate to be alive around such greats

a welcome armload of
rock stars
here in town,
then you have the budding dancers,
the ballet geniuses,
jazz drummers,
bartenders that are all-around artists,
the ventriloquists and their brilliant ties to publishers,
everyone is
involved with the hook-up around
these parts,
the time is in tempo
and

I should be grateful to be
around such talent ..

rumors of greatness,
I'm surrounded in this town by
rumors
of
utter
greatness ..

8-1-03

can't seem to get out of
town
and it just
doesn't bother me that much ..

you know,
I want it,
but do I need it?

rejection notes from publishers,
everything is before me,
no more ass pain woman,
the stars are again stars
& the grass is as green as
I ever dreamed it would be ..

so,
I sit here with the
whirlwind of winds,
some vitamins I don't eat,
and dream
as
food rots
and the woman
become more elusive ..

**hustlers
give
themselves
away
every time ..**

never do
they look
forward
the
entire
time ..

they dart
their
heads
back
and
forth,
up the
block
down the
block
looking around
like
a
nervous dog
surveying
the
best direction
for
home
or
the
bone under earth ..

they
fidget with their pockets,
a smoke,
something in
their hands,
a wallet,
small bag of drugs,
something forgotten,
somewhere to be,
then again
they
look up
down
side
to
side
around,
they glare or stare down

each car that goes
by
and
they likely want
to be
inconspicuous the
entire
time ..

a bunch
of
jokers
either too
hopped up on
drug
or
previously chalk full of
drugs
to
see how
clearly
they
are
blowing
their
cover
as
I
continue surveying
the
area from
my
litte
chair
in
front of
a
little
desk
before
this
tiny
world I see
every
other
day
or
so ..

i asked for my phone and keys back ..

she got full of herself and said that i was
going to have to find out myself ..

so,
i asked her 20 questions and
at the end,
i had dug my two possessions out of the ass pocket of
her blond friend ..

unphased by such,
i told her my belt would be another item that would bode me well ..

she smirked,
her friend gave me my hat back
and her friend
muttered,
'I CAN'T FIGURE THIS GUY OUT. HERE'S HIS FUCKING BELT.'

she snapped it off,
and smashed it down on the table ..

lights out,
there was going to be no fucking,
frolicking the way they presumed and they
were fucking done with our scene ..

couple of girls expecting the cow tow fuck in this cow town
and they didn't get it ..

the spoiled girls,
and all i want is one good girl that
likely won't appreciate it anyways ..

the girls want the fucks,
assholes,
change cases,
'projects',
challenges,
the edge of the ocean before they drown or fall into
a well that will spell alimony later
and the
dream running over the sitcom's closing credits ..

or maybe
i should have fucked one of those girls
just to get it out,
appease them ..

shit,
they're whores,
they won't get attached,
nothing to lose
and certainly nothing to gain ..

a lot like jerking off,
a lot like eating a turkey sandwich blindfolded ..

and the next time,
if there is one,
i will take the belt off later
and
let the hat stay with the girl,
suckers ..

I became sweat

I danced my
ass off
in
the
basement of a Lawrence
club
to
disco-techno-funk-soul-fusion
bullshit
so
much that
I forgot where I was at ..

shaking the liquor up into a
straight oblivion,
the
concept of other people
and
time were as important
as
an errant bottle cap
laying on my
front porch ..

the inconsequential consequences
and
the nose
dive
is
never
seemed so
good
as
it does now ..

i can never mention her name

she's a
a starlet,
the infatuation girl,
the one that hold my pail of water,
the one I want to walk over some water,
the smile I can't shake when she leaves the room,
the shy overtones were nothing but a mask,
and feeling young again,
very young,
is something this woman has given me,
but i have also given myself because
girls are the only trip worth taking these days
and
when she rubbed her hand over my back yesterday morning,
I thought I could do this for a thousand days over with her,
but if it's fleeting,
i bet on fleeting,
live on fleeting
and
this is my adult crush girl
and anything that happens from here on out
with
ultimately be good for the shoes,
and better
for my chest ..

i failed the predictor

this was the advertised town where everything was supposed
to happen ..

house,
wife,
a kiddie or two,
job with money,
breakthrough,
upstream with a hundred oars,
the wind in your sails,
the rolls are free,
smiles all over your shoe laces,
the world is a book you're reading,
the next moment was your last hope,
the name of her is in your urine,
the confined become the newly dawned confused,
and it was all supposed to happen
in
this town as I look in on another script ..

a lazily written
collection of words that was supposed to honor
what parents,
teachers,
grandparents,
other peers
told us about what was going to happen
and none of it has ..

is it the town?
is it the threads?
was there a message I was supposed to get and never did?

where did the question mark
take my expectations?

or was it the exclamation point and
I should admire it for it's posture?

*I give you back your
Sock puppet called 'love'*

after you
step back and away
from the woman you once loved,
you feel
as though you never knew her
and only knew her as well as she
was willing to give it to you ..

either the
cover for the final cover
or the
temptation to keep you going
to the sack for more with her,
she allured with a stare,
and left you with her mouth moving ..

she was the vixen in the corner
that needed a sheet,
I gave her a quilt
and
she later complained that she really needed a pillow
when it wasn't important
before ..

the convenience of
the female mind,
in my experience,
and the day this kid falls
and
falls hard for love with a good woman
will be the day that I
will have one be honest from the get go ..

no bullshit grime on top of the stove,
no built up grease,
just the straight nasty
truth square in my sock puppet
and
a
good

solid french for
the
road ..

i have the morning view all to myself ..

speeding station wagons,
blinds open,
stories from
yesterday
of dope buying,
big roller coasters,
jumping stocks,
pot bellied pigs,
gay chickens,
machines that deliberately roll backwards,
the dream of a child galvanized,
alcoholics pulling knives,
the girl wanted to talk with me - she was a mathematician and teacher,
recovering smoker drinking non-alcoholic brew,
kids dressing more and more like hipsters,
old friend complaining about working,
no plans because a nap is my plan,
somewhere to be because my rent has to be in one's hand,
no more hair on my balls will grow because it's the dry season,
more lies about women and bigger once about guys -

then,
the guy in a green,
green shirt
on the ten speed trollops by
signaling an
end,
to the beginning,
and
the morning view

is all mine,
all mine ..

I know how to water a girl

these late night talks with broads
&I can't escape it as much
as I want to ..

to discover you have something you know is lethal,
but can't get rid of ..

it attracts the girls and makes 'em cry
at the same time ..

i keep my arm
at a safe distance ..

just enough to make the jell-o jiggle,
but not too much
to give the secret away on how it's made ..

sure,
I'm affable with the ladies
and
we do go together
but
when they cry
sometimes I feel like I made a deal with some sort of devil ..

I don't do anything mean,
it' s just the state of affairs ..

I only let them in so far ..

my mind won't let them dirty my
carpet,
for fear that
it will lead to them burning my carpet,
stealing my wallet
and
hiding my house key ..

I'm either a coward
or courageous,
I'll
still
with being a man for now ..

just a man
with either a good story
or
an excuse that is as flimsy as this page
this
piece is printed on ..

i know what i'm supposed to do,

but all these cars
for the cramps show up the way
are blocking me in ..

i can't go nowhere,
the food is going to the animal faces,
the night is taking away my money,
the socks are mocking me again,
my shoes don't want none of it,
i know my ears may not grow no more,
i know
where i need to go ..

i know that she is gone,
and that she is near
and that the combination of near and far
is enough to bring
everything back to where it
should belong,
but to belong is to be alone
and to be alone is to be together
and there's just not enough peanut butter laying around
for that kind of jam ..

sun over brooklyn
and miami in my pants,
that cramps show has to end soon
because
i need to get all this shit
done
and
i know that no one else will be able to do it ..

I shed yet again ..

the days,
week or more of
a
roll with some folks,
the women,
the vibrations,
the alto and saxes
are gone ..

like stepping out of the long term
relationship,
it's over and
I'm alone again ..

old friends come around,
new ones are formed,
women I don't want to leave - but do,
the women I want to leave - but don't,
it's the
skin off the snakes
back

and
I shed again ..

layers of the peanut gone,
the soft shell is shed
and
the robe on my shoulders this morning is all I have,
a bit of wet in my mouth
and
a memory
that will
fade
further back
in the loosening of dentrite juice
and

the new ones that
are going to come in,
but
will a good girl finally come,
that doesn't want to let go,
doesn't want to leave,
doesn't need the game,
isn't getting out of a marriage,
isn't damage with the arrowhead still lodged firm,
or

do I need to
just keep

shedding

like
the
numbers of the barometric pressure
rising,
heading up

and
peaking
like
a
bingo board
in
a
gravity chamber ..

I want to believe in everything you have,

but there is

little

belief yet in

honesty,

so until

that lie is broken,

i have no guarantee

that there will be anything

but a fig

tree and a figment of imagination

that will fuel

this bone of alcohol,

hope and incest through the green sky towards

some red pond

that can at that time

be called a pond of belief

and something more than

this world is able to offer

because

we will find out in due time that there is much more than this world at our tips

and

that

is

the tip,

folks ..

I WANT TO RENT 'THE RENT'

I was
driving by the other
day and was real
interested in renting your 'FOR RENT' sign,
would that be OK ..

I know,
I just don't want to buy and
renting a place isn't up my gun barrel either ..

to rent a sign like this has to be
a couple of bucks a month,
huh?

& I can put a deposit,
first month's and last month's rent right now ..

really want this sign,
will show everyone that I'm a renter ..

me and my sign,
no hassle of moving my shit in,
no moving out,
no gas bill,
light bill,
water bill,
trash bill - HOME FREE ..

what
do you say,
you interested in renting the sign?

i write because of a bird

it was wednesday morning ..

it was the most snow we had gotten
all winter long ..

it was mid-december and
uncommonly warm for a winter season ..

the snow came ..

inches and inches,
nearly 5 or 6 over the day ..

that night,
it was good for a film,
some entertainment,
we had to reward ourselves for braving the iced rain,
winds,
and reports warning everyone to stay indoors ..

we beat the odds ..

had some whiskey,
enjoyed the warm indoors
while the cold winds pressed hard against the flimsy window panes
of this house
and we settled further into our
drinks,
and entertainment haven ..

going into the AM,
the movie ended and
I waited on the porch
for couple of friends to pee and come outside for a final smoke ..

in my slippers and warm face,
i looked out and admired the force,
and cold
on the patio,
then i noticed my reason ..

my reason for much ..

in the corner of once nook in the porch overhang
a bird was perched as though he was saving his life ..

facing into the wood,
he was smashed in the corner avoiding the elements,
getting a temporary respite of warmth as the joke swirled around the
snow winds ..

i looked at the bird and understood

more about the nature of shit than
ever before ..

the strongest bird,
the smartest bird,
the one with the idea
as all the other birds did their bird best to brave the cold
while this one led the leap that night ..

my one thought,
and the one that continues is this,
'THAT BIRD IS THE REASON WHY I WRITE.'

**if you don't like the city,
you can leave ..**

we aren't forcing you to stick ..

if you don't need the broken arms
dreams of empty headed men
and crank high women
walking dazed in morning sun pools,
this isn't for you ..

so,
go ahead back to where you were and tell
them the city will do fine without them ..

sure,
the naked legged woman in a black leather trench
coat pacing the cold morning air
for action,
while peeking around the corner to see if the car
stopped she waved at,
is the way we do it around here ..

if this city shit is too much to stomach,
we recommend
vinyl siding,
silent neighbors and limited
interaction of the eye balls ..

and remember,
the city always
sends it's fucking regards ..

if you get it .. keep it

one of the better
victories I have scored lately ..

no more lousy girlfriend,
and when I say lousy
I mean bad with a capital 'B' and
there's no way
to get around the letter 'C' ..

but I did get a pet cat out of it ..

one of the best lookin' cats I have ever seen ..

it's a short haired gray cat
and
it has that look of Egypt in its eyes
and
the strength of Mississippi in its blood ..

none of it reminds me of her,
but builds the resolve that I don't want
to be with her again ..

it's the best gift a girl has given to me
and
there's absolutely nothing to repay,
but to
pay for a bag of food
and

listen to it walk over me at night ..

I'm gonna talk to you as though you are her ..

yes,
you are the one that I need to confide in now ..

it's about something I left behind ..

something without a name,
but something you will be able to identify by name ..

sure,
it's in the form of a person,
but there is nothing of the person that will be around ..

you may see a bracelet,
sock
or a tampon,
but no trace of a person ..

and I tell you this because there is always something that is left
behind ..

if it's not an article of sorts,
it's usually a word
or comment that won't leave ..

so - as I go about singlehood again,
I will talk to you as I talk to her ..

and
I would like to end here now by
saying that
I love you

but
I can't ..

.. I haven't met you yet,
sweetheart ..

i'm out

I
can't stand to say good-bye ..

A
girl asked me this the day after
I walked her to her truck
after a good solid
weekend of fucking and running ..

it was a Sunday morning,
I couldn't quite get it up
and I was sick like a dog ..

coughing all night,
I just couldn't force a good morning fuck ..

wasn't going to perform the way I should
and I told her
we
should just tie the shoelace
and head ..

she knew I couldn't seal the 'good-bye' ..

I'm a champ with the 'hello',
meeting,
the initials,
but the exit has always been my hex ..

not too afraid of death,
and I like the good-bye most the time,
but I clam up ..

there's never a good way,
or somewhere along the way it jilted me to
wave the hand
and
now I'm forced to end this,
my good-bye ..

and
I don't know ..

do we want to
leave,
I can get it up now ..

have some antibiotics,
coffee,
separation time,
we don't have to say good-bye,

but
we would both be fools if
we believed that ..

so,
hello

and
you just say good-bye when
you're ready,
it always worked out better that way ..

I'M TIRED OF THINKING ABOUT MOVING ..

MOVING ABOUT THINKING ..

TIRED OF THINKING ABOUT MOVING & MOVING AT THE SAME TIME ..

I'M NOT GOING TO TRY MOVING FORWARD
ON THIS MOVING UNTIL I KNOW I'M PLANTED AND READY TO MOVE ..

SOMETIMES TO MOVE IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION
YOU NEED TO LOOK AROUND YOU AND REALIZE THAT
THERE IS NOTHING TO LEAVE
AND EVERYTHING TO GET AWAY FROM ..

THE STICKS IN THE GRAVEL,
THE TRINKET IN THE STORE,
THE BOTTLE ON THE SHELF,
THE GIRL IN THE PAST,
THE LIAR THAT TOLD YOU THEY KNEW THE TRUTH
AND THE CAR THAT WAS THROWN THROUGH
A TORNADO WIND,
I NEED TO GET OUT OF THE MIDWEST,
I WANT OUT OF HERE AND
IT IS JUST TOO COMFORTABLE NOW ..

SOMETIMES IT'S A GIRL TO STAY,
SOMETIMES IT'S A GIRL TO LEAVE,
SOMETIMES IT'S A GIRL,
SOMETIMES IT'S NOT A GIRL

I JUST NEED TO CONVINCE MYSELF THAT
IT SHOULD NEVER BE ABOUT A GIRL
AND
NEVER
FRET
OVER

WHERE I'M AT OR
WHERE
THE
FUCK

GOING
IS
REALLY GOING ..

I'm turning into an old guy ..

maybe I'm turning into
my pops ..

the other day
I watched my cat
meow and grapple in the window
over a bright fucking red cardinal
on a fence below ..

I looked at the bird,
grabbed the camera,
took a picture
and
listened to his hypnotic chirp ..

I just watched him
as he hopped about the fence
and an old rusted laundry post in the back yard ..

the next morning,
I see the same bird
in the same vicinity and the vapor chirp
pulls me straight in again ..

the next morning,
same thing ..

tonight
with a couple of friends on the front patio,
the bird lands a few feet away,
then glides to his
familiar perch on the fence ..

his red head
moving,
the voice sounding
and
me
looking over
with
a
desire to know
why certain things are
born
not
bred
or
bred
not
born
into

a person ..

In the middle of a whiskey winter ..

someone asks,
'SO, HOW'S YOUR WINTER BEEN?'

great,
i start,
you want to go sip on a manhattan ..

'SURE'
they say ..

another person grabs us on the way to getting
our sips in on the manhattan and they ask,
'HEY YOU 2, HOW IS YOUR WINTER GOING?'

we look around at the sheets of white snow and dirty
slush on the sidewalk and say with full mist in breath,
'WANT TA JOIN US FOR A SLOUGH OF WHISKEY?'

sure,
they immediately respond ..

now up to three folks,
we keep walking ..

about 20 yards from the bar
we see a group of about 8 people that start waving,
shouting,
heckling,
arms flailing and
we all begin mingling ..

temperature dropping,
no one cares ..

then,
someone from the new - stranger, but friendly group
asks,
'HOW'S ALL OF YOUR WINTER'S GOING?'

I step forward and ask if they would like to join us for a slug of tasty
wintery whiskey ..

In unison they say,
'WE THOUGHT YOU WOULD NEVER ASK.'

and we all went into the bar ..

as i approached the barkeep asked,
'HEY, HOW'S YOUR WINTER BEEN, PAL?'

I come back healthy,
full,
loud,

'YOU WANT A WHISKEY WITH US.'

all he says before the sipping begins,
'IS WELL OK?'

I tell him,
'RIGHT NOW - AS LONG AS IT'S WHISKEY - ANYTHING WILL BE OK. IT'S A WHISKEY
WINTER, POPS.'

in the next hour everything will happen ..

it won't be about tomorrow
here in the
next hour
because
the entire spans of the world,
a lifetime,
the collective whole of everyone,
animal,
person
is going to happen in the next hour ..

we have to wait until the arm
is firmly planted on
'12'
and then the hour will commence ..

so,
you won't have much time,
just another 8 minutes and 36 seconds
to get ready for the hour
that will include everything in the history of everything ..

the hour of eternity,
always and never
is coming and you need
to now decide what you want
to do and see and experience,
but we cannot guarantee how you are going
to feel ..

we are down to just over 8 minutes and the clock is
getting tired thinking about what it's going
to have to do for the next hour ..

every act of war,
love,
food,
wallowing,
integrity are going to flash around everyone like a storm of electricity ..

you ready?

times running out and all
i have is another hour until there will be no more time left
for me to describe everything because
i will have seen and been through everything and so will you ..

thus,
this writing will be obsolete,
you will experience this in the next hour ..

good luck in your hour,
our hour ..

it's my dad's birthday today,

think he's 60 today,
and billy j. plays in the back ground at 7:28pm = about his life,
i'm getting old,
no kids,
no wife,
the dogs flash by with the ghetto scooters
as the woman with the waist
wastes no time tempting me
like i'm just a smug kid without a sense
or two in my head,
and i can't grow up
because then i'm grown and my life
will feel complete or over and i just can't live with that,
so when they ask me while i'm not around why i drink
the way and as much as i do,
it's because i want to feel what it's like to be 9
as a 30 year old man,
happy birthday - pops ..

it's the longest song in the world

and it
won't stop -
it can't stop ..

when this
song goes,
it's over ..

no,
you think this is just another poem
shitting out clever words,
ideas,
theories
that
one hopes will be
grasped,
but it's not something like that ..

i know this song ..

you may know this song,
and if you don't
you will
or should ..

it's the one,
perpetually stuck on repeat,
or single random,
whichever you want to choose ..

but it's the one
you have been warned,
or been told about
and it's the big one,
the one that will bring
everything together as one ..

so,
write this off
as this is being written
and beg
the beggar for your change back
because there is no more change
left,
this is the one
and it will never change,
it dictates all the change you
need
for
your pockets
and
brain of never ..

here

with the song
of yours going

non-stop,
i
come
to an end to keep the
continual
going

and
looping,
looping
on
into
a
circle ..

it's saturday morning and I don't smoke no more ..

mugs and mugs of coffee,
the keyboard
ready with the mist of thick humidity,
the tasty sound of the 30's on the modern day Victrola
and
the fire department is running to put out fires
on the wettest day of this month ..

sure,
the stomach is delightfully
brimmed with liquid
and
rumors more US invasions are in the air
and
I am approaching 9 solid weeks without
a
cigarette in my mouth ..

I only miss it
when I think about it
and

the thinking about it has been easy to avoid ..

so,
for the rest of the smokers out there
taking in what I left
behind,
leave
some coffee for me
and

we'll talk about it tomorrow morning ..

JULY WILL END SOON

SPEDING CADILLACS,
SUPER SIZED WHORES,
64 OZ. DRUG FUCKS,
THE FISH TAIL FINS ON SMALL CARS,
NEON AFTER NEON,
THE WORLD IN A BALLOON OF WATER,
THE WARLORDS ARE MIXING GAS AND CRISCO FOR A NEW NATURAL BOMB FUNNY,
AND THE KIDDIES ARE ALL CRACKED UP ON
THEIR GOOFED PARENTS AND THE DREAMS THAT
WENT AWAY WITH THE SPEED LIMITS POSTED,
SURE,
THE MUZZLE OF CARS FLOATING ABOUT,
THE MUR-MURRED OF FEET GO
A
GO
GO
LIKE GIRL PASTIES ON NAKED CHESTS
TWIRL
TWIRL
TWRIL INTO

A
GOODNESS OF OBLIVION
WE
WON'T

EVER
FORGET TO REMEMBER ..

junkies yesterday & today

the old
hipsters
famous
for ingesting mouthfuls
of
known
and experimental drugs
sell millions of books
&
you can catch the movies ..

flopped up on
the
candy in nose,
strychnine in veins,
love juice down throat,
all wrapped up in a decade
and
the
innocent bystanders
salivate in the mouth to read
and watch adventure ..

we now don't have
to have that ..

it's enough with the bowls of chemicals
and drugs legalized by counties
and states to have us hopped up on the junk
and
the ensuing adventures ..

it's the bus driver,
custodian,
lunchroom cook,
the tiny itch on the musicians
shoulder blade
and
the illegal drugs only enhance ..

but we don't
need 'em no
more,
we have pockets full of legal
drugs and tendencies
to sell
any
book and movie
with
much
more
ease than the old

junkies
of
prior days ..

just back of the times

could be
perception,
but maybe I'm onto something ..

seems like
I'm always a step behind the
trends,
my age,
what should have been
done,
what is to be done ..

so,
by the time I get around
to it,
I'm more polished ..

had sex late,
drank late in life,
wreaked havoc on my body late,
walked in on the comment late,
didn't pick up a sinister joke on time,
something about my timing ..

just walking into the room
whenever I want
and
at my place and time
that is OK now ..

used to think
it was somewhat a detriment
and I was a louse waiting for the right caboose to jump onto ..

now,
I don't want to be in step with folks,
don't want to know the trends,
follow the fashionably fashionable,
I want
to be as late
or early as I can be ..

because boredom
is a condition
that

exists
in
those that know
no
better ..

just happens, baby, just happens

couple of young teenagers
came
waltzing down the block today with
panties pulled snug over some regular
girl shorts ..

I looked,
and they strutted like a couple of street whores
as one of the girls
kicked at a stack of flowers poking through the fence
of a neighbor's yard ..

we all couldn't figure out what this fashion
glitch was all about
and
we looked on,
when my neighbor's friend arrives and I ask her
if she knew anything about it ..

she said,
'OH YEA. THEY ARE PROBABLY GOING TO THE WIDESPREAD PANIC SHOW.'

Oh,
we assume,
that's it ..

After this,
she rings the doorbell for my neighbor across the hall
and no one comes downstairs ..

she asks if he's around
and I tell her that I just saw him ..

she lights up a smoke,
lingers,
talks and asks again if he's home and I tell her that the door is open
and that she can go upstairs ..

she doesn't,
she continues to linger ..

we continue talkin' a bit
when a skinny white kid and serious black man
come up the sidewalk and ask if it's OK
to give us a flyer for their church down the street,
we tell them it's OK ..

they do,
and the skinny white kid asks if he can give his testimonial ..

I ask what it's all about and he begins,

'I WAS A CRACK ADDICT AND COCAINE .. '

At this,
the girl wanting to talk to the neighbor
says she's going to split,
hands me an empty CD case and asks if I can put it on my neighbors doorstep,
I nod yes and hear the white kid finish with a
'COME ON DOWN AND SEE US.'

The girl is gone,
the white guy and black dude gone
and
we wonder why an empty CD case and no CD for the neighbor ..

then,
the girls in the panties come back down the street,
the opposite direction of the concert and our theory is shot to shit ..

it was an odd
10 minutes
and
deliciously needed on a night like tonight ..

just wait for the woman, son, wait for the woman

no more predictions,
no expectations,
no age barrier,
no nationality barriers,
no qualms with hard,
no particular preferences for soft,
but lately the predictions and open windows
are coming down fate's bowling alley
and I wonder ..

my luck since a 3 year relationship break up with a girl named Sarah
has been being hit on hard by a 51-year old to fuck,
screwing around with a 39-year old married woman
and having another married woman try to proposition me ..

last night,
a young flower asked about me a table over,
approached me later and
said my name,
shook my hand and told me hers - Sarah ..

she was a beautiful sort,
a mathematician - psychology girl,
sense of humor,
interested,
interesting,
found out that I wrote,
started talking about poems and almost turned me off
until the shift shifted,
but she has the ex's name ..

yet,
I could see her again ..

I just don't seem to be
catching the breaks,
the uneven cracks of love and jurisprudence are
floating over my amoeba filled eye ball
and it's strange ..

I see the images of couples and
I want the love,
the lover,
the edge to my morning into night,
but singlehood is good
especially when the name,
marital status and age
come into play ..

figure out that I have more
restrictions
than

a crossword puzzle,
but
it
is
a
criss crossed mystery and
all
I
will continue
to
do,
as I adapt,
is to keep my No.2 pencil
sharp,
close to my hip ..

key to the city belongs to mechanics

when
you
think about it
car mechanics
have
all the blue collar power ..

especially
in a car town like
this one ..

if one is without the car,
they beg the mechanic,
dream of knowing more about the car
and
rove about
like they
want to
do something more than wait ..

then,
there's the mechanic ..

what seems to be a slovenly
lot of
greased up goofs,
but they
hold the world's key in their
pocket
and

they want you to give a fuck
while
they could give a fuck ..

they grin,
swim in their automotive arts smarts
and

laugh
because they finally got
theirs ..

they are the car kings,
the laborers
leaving
us
in a lurch ..

kid accident

it all
seemed like a good idea ..

like all good ideas ..

inventing the tire,
putting ink in a movable pen,
sliced almonds,
the blimp ..

my partner and
I took
some inner city kids
to the big museum in town
to see
the
paintings and sculpture ..

good idea,
on paper and in reality,
nothing wrong with an idea like that ..

nearing the end of our tour,
I'm in the modern art room with a kid in our program
talking about colors and lines
when I hear a hollow thud
in the other room
and fast feet moving in the opposite direction ..

I walk into the Oriental room
to see
a Ming Dynasty sculpture lying on the ground
with bits of the accident strewn about
and hunks out of the black marble flooring ..

I look around
and everyone is gone ..

I am all alone in the room
as a couple kids come behind me asking to put the piece
back on the mantle ..

I tell them 'no',
alert security
and
the war is on ..

after finding the girl
who knocked over the piece,
security grilled her
and the curator looked sick ..

no charges were pressed,
the jury is still out
on
the worst accident in the museum's 60-70 years in business
to the world's population ..

it was us,
my group that caused the biggest catastrophe ..

my father always said us kids have a knack at
breaking shit
and I thought instantly that I escaped that notoriety ..

the culprit was a
girl who was 12
and she smiled as she left the museum ..

and I remembered what my friend's girlfriend told
me after we entered the museum,
'YOU CAN TAKE THE KID OUT OF THE GHETTO - BUT YOU CAN'T TAKE THE GHETTO OUT
OF THE KID.'

I laughed,
and gave the girl and the others
the benefit of the doubt ..

accidents happen,
and so do miracles,
this day
the shit and the fan came together in a Wonder Twin powers motion
and

left a fat bloody gash in
what
used to
be
a functioning
body ..

KINGSTON, MO

we had a fair clip of
booze,
played dominoes with the cute bartender,
she winked over at me a few times,
the ex-cons looked over and dreamed of their ultimate move
practiced in the pen,
then the gods of rumor
came floating in,
the local thrash kids that hated our juke box music,
we drank more shots,
covered our faces in pool cue dust and joke about coke,
the night was getting late,
the cute girl had to close up,
she kept thanking my friend and I for making her night,
she laughed hard over and over,
then took us out back to show us the new
bumper car of talk in town,
we got out back of this road house in the middle of rural Missouri,
she pointed up,
it was a loud yellow puncture of light in the sky,
she said everyone believes that it's an alien craft,
I told her that they needed to get another hobby,
thinking it was the north star or venus - it was too late at night for that,
I laughed at the naive thoughts of small town america,
then saw her wedding ring shimmer in the passing of a street lamp,
we said good-bye,
I found out several days later that this is the first time in
30 years that Mars is as close as it is,
their mother ship is Mars,
the red planet with yellow hues is honing in on Kingston, MO,
so watch out,
look in the tabloids,
look around your room,
they are coming,
stealing liquor,
women,
available food
and
your fucking mind
if
lucky enough ..

kiss this year good-bye

slick
smooth
sunday
snow
shed
blanket of
bullets
while
warmth
resides in
a warm head
of teeth
balled in
like a
gun chamber,
but gentle
like a
cat's tongue
cleaning fur
it's a
cold
layer of
white all
around
and
everyone has
gone inside
when
what we should
do is
get out,
out,
outside
to
watch it stick,
maybe melt
if we're luck
and listen
to the chamber
empty
over
the cold
cold
afternoon sky ..

last laugh coming out of the room

these
bar owners
have
the greatest gig
goin ..

one guy for instance,
goes by Joe Quaff ..

he's an older italian man
and his stage name isn't his given name
and he still plays into that
whole game of hiding his name
for some
gangster kicks . .

anyway,
this guy
runs around shaking everyone's hand
all night,
smiling,
strutting,
occasionally throwing folks out
and smiling some more ..

throws the
prop that he's
concerned about your drink's flavor,
the times you have,
tracking your laughter
and sending the best looking women your way ..

the truth is,
he's a fucking casino ..

house wins,
bitch ..

he collects your money for the alcohol
that's going to make you sick or hungover the next day
while he gets sucked off,
fucks or looks at all of those girls that serve your drinks

and
Joe waits
till later
when
all the money is tabulated
to laugh,
a hearty barrel chested 'FUCK ALL YOU MISERABLE STUPID FUCKS'
laugh ..

i know this ..

i see it in his smile
and
he
can't wait

to see
it
again,
and
again

as
he smirks
his
'I WON'
grin

straight to
the

paper airplane home
he
walks around in ..

let your life wander ..

lose it,
walk away from it,
know loosely where it wanders,
but let it go
wherever it wants ..

go to Bermuda,
Ohio,
South Carolina,
her room,
the back of the meat shop,
into the cream of novel noblemen,
just
throw it out there ..

take it away with the circus tigers,
tie it
to the stack of lonely - yellow balloons,
shove it into a coal cart heading east,
put it into the nozzle of a fire house screaming,
tape it to the old woman's cart motoring around this mid part of the city,
shove your ass into the middle of
the calendar,
put it in the back pocket of a coach seat going anywhere in front
of the safety instructions
and
sail baby,
sail
away from yourself
and

only look back long
enough
to know where you
parked ..

lippy morning

a steady girlfriend,
woman,
wife
or whatnot
is
all

fine with
me
with
mornings like
this morning ..

when
a woman
kisses my back,
whispers a 'thank you'
for
the previous night
and
moves on to her life ..

our cup of water from the night
before
heats in the new 7AM morning sun windowsill,
I knew she didn't sleep
much
during the night
as
I curled up in
a
sweet desperation to
hold
onto

the scent
of
a
woman
all over my arm,
maybe my ear lobe,
as
I listened to her
close the door downstairs,
slam her truck door

and

smiled
my
brain right back
to
dreamland ..

Local Sidewinders

have
no
idea where all
these
people come from ..

from Broadway,
from Main,
from gas station,
from used 8-tracks,
from the discarded bullion,
from small packets of freeze dried dreamers,
from Tucson,
from moon shops with difficult names,
from everywhere but my cellar ..

they veer,
flop up the middle of the street,
shout,
fall,
hooker,
druggin,
running,
walking faster,
moving slower,
then going faster,
listening to the motion,
failing for gravity,
then coming back down as
though there was no concern ..

the old men in shorts,
the hookers who are now pregnant,
reformed drug heads passing out church leaflets,
the insane sliding pizza coupons under the door,
the sweaty cocksuckers that prefer vaginas,
the old women lost with long sleeves on a hot night,
the boys ready to fight,
the dogs ready to sleep
and they keep coming ..

story after story
of human survival and
I find with these words moving by that it's no
surprise that I don't go to the movies no more ..

I just read the paper,
pick up where I left off
and
try not to think about the passer by's as

much as I
could ..

look at her young dreams with envy

her voice hums,
sings over the static of passing
traffic about how
she shit the letter 'A' and
a perfect coil ..

she took pictures of both,
and smiled big at the accomplishment ..

a beautiful,
black haired young 19-year old vixen
and I feel a bit old,
and slowly put off by
the young girl value system ..

a student a SCU,
getting into A&R in the recording industry,
she talks about loving Led Zeppelin,
Jeff Buckley and various other people
that she would make-out with on contact ..

friend of mine asked if she was single,
she stopped as though electricity came to a halt
and asked 'why' ..

he said,
'just curious. you don't have to answer.'

well she answered ..

she said that she has broken too many hearts lately,
the last guy tried to jump out of a window ..

doesn't want the asshole guy and doesn't want the nice guy,
there's just no needing the in-between ..

switching hands with her cigarette,
the wind goes over her face
as the rest of her life mocks the traffic
and she actually makes
good sense ..

says maybe she'll get married
at 50,
couldn't agree more ..

naive and dangerous,
my aging bones got turned on
in the way to
not ask her out,
but admire
nonetheless ..

lost hat; found

night helicopter
circle
with light cued to ground,
the cop in the passenger seat
peeks down
with a bald sweating head looking
on the ground for the culprit ..

about a half hour ago
the hat from his head flew off
and went out of the craft down in the
neighborhood he circles
around now ..

peering,
lookin' about for some kind of sign,
he see's it,
radio's down to the boys on the ground ..

they start chasing a skinny white guy in his 40's ..

he resists little as
they kick him in the legs,
jab him in the ribs
and slap him around like a rag dog,
then strip the hat from his head and
holds it up into the air ..

the helicopter flashes it's light on and off
in agreeance
as
they arrange the culprit on hat theft
and being a part
of this
new
world down here
where it is no longer
finder's keepers,
it's victory to the loser seeking ..

LOST HER GLASSES

she gave me
wisdom when
she thought that all
she gave me was her wishing well below,
but that's not my thing,
it's hers
and all I can get is the secret
that will make
her passionate until
the morning ..

love is the drug, kid ..

it gives you the world,
a moon around Saturn,
galaxy M32,
it's the heroin in a methadone drug dream,
the hope that makes the balloon goes around the globe unabated,
it's every movie,
every song,
every plant,
every water falling upwards,
the gentle gnashing of teeth,
the robe over your shoulders ..

everyone is addicted to it
and the clinics to get cleansed or
renewed don't exist ..

it's the thing you have to work at
on your own,
its rehab,
then it's float - fly away again on the gentle
dove wing as
love becomes you ..

the eternal high and low,
there is nothin more potent,
it will be the death of us all,
but
it did bring us into this world ..

it's the one thing,
it's the last thing

and
that's simply the thing ..

mama cita holds the city key

group of cops
around the ass end of
a
black shiny Cadillac
in the parking lot of
the best
Mexican fast food in town ..

then,
I see the face of a beauty
in the passenger seat
looking out on Main
with clear eyes,
glistening black hair,
the smirk of someone that's been down this row before,
just throwing the sexy glares
out for the crowd,
knowing that she will be free
because she is now

and then I'm past ..

I pull up several blocks up the road,
come to the front of the house
and
hurt a small bit
because I want to go back
just one more time to take a
look
at
this woman,
the woman with the cops,
the woman with the wrong guy,
the temptress with those eyes
and

nothing to lose,
ever ..

man in red jump suit

at head of morning
rolls up Minnesota with
a bright yellow trash can ..

it's hot,
his bald head like Louis Gossett Jr.
in another Air Force movie
gleans his thick glasses down the street
to
the next piece
of trash on the list ..

he doesn't have time for shit,
and was solo for some time,
now that summer is here
he has
a
young cub under his arm pit ..

a kid
that looks like attitude used to reign
high,
but now the brooding looks and
tough fangs have faded ..

pappa red jumper has
straightened shit out ..

stories of how KCK used to shine like a just found jewel,
the folks with brim billed hats,
classy ladies,
good food joints,
none of this McDonald crowd lot you see anymore,
the whores,
crack obsessions in another Bush failed economic plan ..

no,
he tells the kid to shake his attitude and
be thankful for cleaning the most historic
street in town ..

take pride ..

buck up,
young kid ..

thousands of others would kick the balls off your posts
to have your job,
believe it ..

times are tough and
the republicans just simply don't care about the black man,
nor poor of any other color,
the jumper man in red says ..

he mutters,
and the kid looks on as though it's a father,
the best he's had in over 17 years on the planet ..

and
together,
they're going to clean the fuck
out of
this
dirty
town,
or
at least make it look good for the afternoon crowd
when
getting

their
lunch ..

men parking around here to pick up hookers,

the tornados that ripped through town
was 10 Minutes of what Iraq went through for
about 3 weeks
and we all have insurance,
better burgers,
10 percent more,
something about intrigue,
the justice has never been more
full of shit

as
the young girl walks towards her nice
new ride,
twirling her keys,
oblivious to danger,
but attracted to danger,
because she can change things,
the power of making her clit feel
immaculate
and
the tornado is gone,
the town is in shambles
and
the
girl
is
lost,
lost down the road
with nothing
to gain

but
a
new credit card with a high,
high rate ..

MEXICO CITY & HIS GIRL

folks just convince
themselves of scenarios
without
considering
the facts ..

a good friend of mine
and co-worker is in Mexico City all week doing a bodyguard
gig for a rocker in Pearl Jam ..

there all week,
his girlfriend back home is pregnant,
loud
and mad that he hasn't called in two days ..

flying off the verbal handle,
laying into me for his not calling,
I had to step in and lay it down ..

telling her he's in the densest capital in the world,
looking after another human,
likely wanting to not talk to her,
and taking in a bit of time away from his world,
which has to be bliss ..

she didn't fucking care ..

she's pregnant,
desperate,
it's hotter than sin in this city
and
all eyes are watering a bit for the future ..

again,
I careful myself of what is possible
when one
gets horny
and
the sperm works
to the egg ..

my friend is a victim of
that and
she won't leave him alone ..

a man in Mexico putting himself in harm's way can't
shake
his girl in Kansas ..

that's a shame,
but that's just flat life ..

.. and
I learn
from
this

now ..
friend's pregnant girlfriend worried about
bodyguard boyfriend in Mexico City ..

midnight walkers,

no shirts,
the water is spilling around like raw egg yolk,
the street lamps look mean,
the sidewalk snickers like a locust,
the brown grass is stuck in my foot,
the cottage cheese is raw and warm,
and the cat meows without reason,
while
the greyhounds run wild around these parts
and the street signs long ago were taken down,
no one pays attention and
folks are just too mean around here,
mean enough to smash that Energizer bunny if it had
the ears to trollop around here with that beating drum,
shit,
things are mean enough around here that
I may never give a fuck

or
just wish for a good snow
in
August ..

Mid-September Balance

fuck you
and your rowboat
stories
and
being scared of
lime juice,
sure
jam it down your ass
we juss don't need no mo
of it,
sure you had the mortars explode,
the night came in like a convict,
the truth was all you had left
and there is
nothing more than individual solitude
to clutch to,
and if that isn't good enough
for you,
better that you surround
yourself around noise,
get closer to the kids,
forget the tube,
listen to her breasts,
and stop flipping off traffic
cause no one is going to respond,
if you hold on to it for
too long
it's going to stop holding onto you,
just drink a cup of venus
and look into a cloud ..

modern crime dramas

the kids are all getting arrested
and
the adults just
watch it on TV ..

all the other kids
are swallowing pills,
booze,
and grass
as the older folks
dream of having those
days again ..

we live in the irony,
the converse of flip flops
and none
of us
can escape that tiny
detail ..

as the big pictures
cover the specs of dust
and
viceversa ..

more messages on the machine,

I just don't know
what to do with women these days ..

hate to think
the last girl tainted me with
the gals,
but it was a pill I'm still swallowing ..

sometimes you get what you wish for
and
sometimes the wish simply wants
you in the design of it's plan ..

but for now,
this cold beer,
hot album,
the night coming closer and closer onto my shoulders,
and
there is no where I want to go
than
right here ..

and it's all for now,
for now,
for now,
for now

and
my final for now,
for now ..

my brush with a bush

got as close
to the President
today,
or more accurately tomorrow ..

had a bunch of kids in my inner city lab
write the President
a letter about him,
themselves,
the community,
war
and the like ..

they did ..

mailed 'em off some weeks ago to the
White House
and
some copies made it back to my boss ..

he called me in,
made some veiled threats,
and told me to meet him downtown ..

climbed in the car
with my partner,
told my partner that I was going to take the blame ..

we sat down and the boss
went through
some of the tastier lines ..

'YOU F***ING SUCK'
'I HATE YOU'
'RIGGED ELECTION'
'NEVER WANTED YOU IN OFFICE TO BEGIN WITH'
'JERK'
and likeminded comments ..

well,
the boss was pissed and wanted to throw me on the stake ..

was sure I was going to lose
my job
and
take another firing or lay off like a champ ..

instead,
he laid down a warning
and

I thought the whole time he had no idea

what I wrote ..

my letter made the kids stuff look mild ..

- and again,
I walk
the
line

day by day
many don't,
but

I'll take the adrenaline
and

congratulatory gin
with a grin ..

my cat is my hero now ..

thought everything was fine ..

i feed him,
water him,
clean up his shit,
support his independent life,
turn the tv on for his unopposable paws,
listen to his sounds,
pet him when needed,
all the time ..

thought we were fine,
until he
brought a big robin bird up to my room ..

popped it in the corner of the room,
I was bleary eyed from the liquored evening before
and shot up to grab the cat ..

he was purring,
the pinnacle of proud,
and i got my naked body up to put the bird back outside,
but the cat kept going over and slopping his mouth on the bird ..

so,
i grabbed the cat,
went downstairs with balls swinging and
purring cat,
threw on threads,
and the cat was off ..

i chased after
to see the bird flying all over the room ..

good start to a day,
then the cat flops on the bed,
pulls the bird back down with his hunting frame
and I get the bird and put him outside ..

bird was fine,
cat is my hero
and
i've been feeding him more than ever lately
and cleaning up his shit more studiously,
because

you
rarely get the chance to hang with a hero
that can't talk and likely won't fuck it up
cause as Warren Buffet once said,
IT CAN TAKE ONE 20 TO BUILD A REPUTATION AND 5 MINUTE TO BLOW IT.'

my chance at a mood

she came over the other night
with a bottle of wine ..

her innuendoes
were of sex ..

she read my astrological chart,
she talked about my mars-venus-mercury-other planet
criss-cross as i sipped a cigarette
and watched her pursed lips move over the words
of my love tendencies and sexual desires ..

she asked if she should continue,
and I said,
'WHY NOT' ..

it was another girl with cosmology in her pocket,
a penchant for attention
and a dude that wasn't going to give her what she wanted ..

she even went into the back rub bit,
i did hers - she did mine
and
we both got tired ..

i decided to walk her out to her car,
supplant her safety with a solid hug,
and I was gone,
she was gone,
and went to wonder
what it costs in this town
to find a good woman,
some solid stock that
will make this kid
become
a
believer in the herding process
once more ..

My dog

there's a woman in the neighborhood that
walks five greyhounds
around the block ..

each time she comes into view
or passes,
I stop and admire
then as though it's the longest
trail of a comet
flying by in slow motion ..

all the tails bob as one,
their slender bodies moving with the grace of an early black and white actress
and
they saunter their heads like a group of pigeons walking ..

the grace,
and the speed ..

confirms all the time
that I want a greyhound ..

I could stare at them
all day long ..

a pack of beer,
crossword puzzle and
a muzzle of greyhounds
could keep me occupied for hours ..

my dreams know me

off the heels
of a
2 and a half year
relationship with a lovely girl
and
we haven't talked now for over a month
after the
break-up ..

have taken her pictures down around
the place
to go on,
placed her house keys and earrings in a little place
to give back to her ..

though,
I have had several dreams that we are back together
and this time apart was just a grazing of the pool
to make sure that we we're
good for each other ..

we already did that in real-time
and it didn't come to fruition ..

so,
I start feeling sad in the dream
that my streak of singlehood had come to an end
and we have to return to the old car that won't start ..

we just sat there in that old jalopy and
kept feeding each other our take on how to fire the pistons
and get the starter talking,
but to no avail ..

over and over,
theory after theory
and nothing happened ..

but in dreamland,
she was convinced that all of it was fine and that we would return
to a prior time of all sex,
all laughs,
all drinks without abandon,
the days with extended nights,
the clock melting gloriously on the wall in a desert of our own desire and we didn't care,
the needle lost in the hay and neither of us cared,
but we know we could never naturally come back to that ..

so,
the dream comes back with its deep maroon hat
making me question what is happening,

what happened
and
if
any of this should be allowed to happen again?

My life is a grocery check-out line

hopped up on the grass,
i had a late hunger for the sushi ..

stopped by the giggle shop,
grabbed my raw fish and waited for a while in line
fixated on an older black cat in front of me ..

he had
vinegar - cream cheese - & 2 20oz. cans of Colt 45 ..

that's all ..

it had me by the lurch
enough for me to want
to ask him why all of that,
why now,
why for tomorrow,
how do these equate,
had to be a woman requesting the late night vinegar & cream cheese
while he
cashed in on the trip to get the 45's
and if that's the case,
good for him ..

and
i just walked out
with my sushi
and juice

knowing exactly what I knew
and

that none of this is
going to last
all that long ..

my local identity is unclear

It was a case
of mistaken
identity
and I didn't correct
it ..

went to get a bite
with some blokes,
walked to the counter and
some big guy,
hipster
threw me a huge 'HOW ARE YOU DOIN', MAN?'

I knew I didn't know him
and said,
'WELL' ..

He continued,
'I THINK I STILL HAVE A 10 DOLLAR VOUCHER OR SO I
HAVEN'T USED IN YOUR SHOP.'

I knew he had me confused with some
owner of a clothes shop in town,
a man I didn't care for ..

So,
I went along with the hoax
and said,
'THAT'S FINE.'

Brevity was my cornerstone ..

I ordered ..

He smiled,
wrote it down and continued to court the conversation
and was trying to impress me ..

'HOW DID ALL THAT ADVERTISING WORK AT THE AWARDS SHOW. IT WAS A LOT.'
he continued,
referring to a big musical showcase awards thing recently ..

I said,
'IT WAS OK.'

He nodded
and it became uncomfortable ..

Then he asked my name,
I figured I was going to get pinched ..

I told him 'JOE'

and he nodded,
'THAT'S RIGHT. THAT'S RIGHT.'

and then I knew he was completely full of shit too ..

the owner of this B-Blaze clothing store is Bill Blaze,
so the cover was down ..

I made it by,
retained my name
and kept my alias alive ..

It was
as good as the food
and
something to rely
on
when

my entertainment dollar gets low ..

my miracles

anymore
are
the
women that come around,
appear
out of the
days that have no women ..

falling in love more
than I can actually
stay with a woman,
I'm beginning to fall for being single ..

the other night,
I talked till the sun rose with a woman
that
ended up waking next to me
with her hand in my hair and
laughing
a something I said ..

we had a cup of coffee,
dropped her off at
her
car,
then
went off in
that warm winter day
to the next story
unfolding out of the corner paper machine
and
the coffee maker in the
convenience store
as
the day looked more glamorous than
I could have imagined ..

not sure if i'll call this girl
back,
but
it was
miracle enough
to
keep
the
tote board of words
flowing in a smooth horizontal squib through
my head ..

my only shred left

are my shreds

and those

shreds

are asking about the

remaining shreds ..

my sole love of pain

when there are
no more bruises to heal
or scraps
to heal on my skins
I begin to get concerned ..

your scrapes,
cuts,
abrasions and healing process are proof that your
pushing the screw as hard and as often as possible into the metal,
proves that anything worth getting
is worth getting hurt over ..

my hands are scraped from cat claws,
my palm is a bit bruised from falling over a snow heap yesterday,
the bottoms of my feet are sore,
body has a general air of fatigue and my
lungs hurt ..

on the mend again,
perpetually on the heal and that's all
I can get used to as
the
chicken lays my morning egg
and the coyote takes the chicken out
under the
rise
and
guise of
night ..

oh,
forgot about my ring finger
healing from a slight fracture
done about 3 weeks ago ..

now go out there
and
form a scar
on
your
precious
little body,
baby ..

my story today

i have little
more
than these slippers,
a robe,
donated couch,
dirty rug
and good microwave
to offer
the next woman
that
I live
with ..

but,
i do have books,
paintings for the wall,
a mouth that talks,
nimble hands
and some money on certain days,
but
the girls want what they can't have ..

story of the
century,
how the girls always pursue what is not going to happen,
the moment when real and fantasy pass each other
in the train station only to
forget to exchange the needed information ..

sure,
I have been into the wrong thing,
pursued the opposite of my instinct,
ran after the mistake,
but
I know now what I have
and what I need,
but will all that be enough?

do we fool ourselves
into thinking that everyone else is a fool
because we are
the real fools and the vines are the orchard that swing
for the needy,
as the lonely hang below with extended arms

waiting for the
sure,
real bet

in unrealistic times ..

my tub is filling up with water ..

no more deep reflections
on what love was and is as a single man,
no more allegories of how it could have been
and would have been had I been wiser or
older,
no more metaphors about what I'm doing
with my life,
no more ducking around the corner because the past is looking
at me in the chops,
no more making for the door because the kitchen wasn't painted
the right color ..

my tub is filling with water
and nearing
a flooding point ..

sure,
lay down the heavy shit about how the world is scarier now
than ever in my life,
the jihad and other American haters lingering around the corner,
the empty beer cans of my perpetual doubt lay on my friend's front porch,
the several crushed cigarettes still signify in my mind that
I don't smoke no more,
the wanton smiles of a passer-by
while I take their picture from my second floor window on the corner of
busy,
busy ..

and the tub is filled,
I can tell from this other room because there are no more
splashing sounds ..

but I don't need to get heavy on you,
because my bathroom is flooding
and
I don't need
to spring any
more

leaks than I already have ..

near perfect alive

these yellow
urban mornings,
rumors of how
you couldn't offer me anything
but an attractive plate,
someone else ate all of
your offering,
then there are the red
nights when
all I see are the blue shoes
and tight skirts
coming up the pole like a firehouse
moving backwards and
in slow motion,
though you wink
and wish for another day because
today you feel overwhelmed,
there's always a time when happiness
is supposed to arrive,
for most,
and I think when folks believe that
then happiness flew right over their coups
and made
roost on another parchment of ground,
the brown dreams of out of reach fantasies
are usually
the things that
keep this kid away early into the morning
as the zombies walk around,
around
and look for the other ghouls
I have to
face today
with all this bright yellow
sun
and
the chance of a good soft smile ..

Need some American gas?

big oil doesn't care
about
you
and it loves you ..

big oil is
sold in cans and
usually melts in our
drawn hands ..

big oil wants to
be with us,
but it has us ..

big oil is
god
and
the
obedient whites go to the
sunday church pump
to pay,
gas up
and
pay

that divine
homage -

oh
and fuck those Arabs,
huh?

never ending rain

for the bugs and
folks,
the ground is
a
fat
grin of
wanting more
to
validate
the
sky of more clouds ..

the rich have
a
reason to give more to the poor,
while the middle
class still dumbly water their lawn
as they wonder why the rain won't go
through their umbrellas ..

yes,
and the English muffins are
about ready to pop up out of the
toaster oven
as
the nay sayers forge ahead
and

leave
nothing

but a long
string of
unused

wet
'yes-es' --

no more beating around the bushes, fuckers

deep dark,
the whole hole needs
to be conquered,
we can't just scrape the surface ..

we need to penetrate
the whole thing,
or they are going to have us by the balls
for it this time ..

sure,
sure,
we have the lights and hats,
but we're not getting the wave in,
temperature is fine,
the night looks like night,
but we have no where
to turn now ..

boots over socks,
the union is on strike,
the axes and picks are for the using,
just nerves, kids,
just nerves to get over
and
she's waiting as the
crowd snickers ..

then,
the one lonely old
man goes up to the counter
to place his bet
on
the worst odds,
best pay out the house has ..

one second
before
the race begins,
a sigh is heard ..

no more security in this secure land of ours

the only things
left
in
their security
are the things
you have completely forgotten about ..

.. off the screen ..

bank account,
forget it,
car,
forget it,
the front door,
forget it,
all your photos,
forget it,
money in your wallet,
forget it,
the birds ripping you trash apart,
forget it,
the new flowers waiting for frost,
forget it,
the bills coming fast through the mail,
forget it,
the woman that will wipe away the days of doubt,
forget about it,
the time when time was supposed to mean everything,
forget about it

forget about it all
and

we shall then
return to secure times ..

north wins again

sell your pens,
give up on paper clips,
dump out the white out,
snap the pencils,
speak back to the dragons,
unhook the post-its,
bring back the good dog,
ban the hamster to the yard,
tell the editors I quit,
pour another glass of tainted water,
welcome to our county,
how long have you been in the country,
the ice cream is free if they say it is,
the only way out is in,
the only way to the north is
to

never believe in
the
south ..

not enough patience to be so hip

went with a
good friend last night
to buffer him at the bar
with a girl he had his eyes set on ..

she's a local hipster
with a Mohawk,
apparently the grandest girl he has
his sights set on now ..

she poured us some
white Russians,
threw out some hip jargon
and I could tell
she was going to be another
urban artist trap of needing to be too hip for
everyone's britches ..

a kid about as
maddening as the rural boys with
their whiskey,
guns and
constant use of the word 'nigger' ..

she was
the opposite end of the pendulum
and she kept egging me forth ..

I would come back,
then decided to bow out of the
hip dance ..

she was bound to win
and
as the day ended,
it was
so
fucking
relieving that

we have another mohawked ding dong dying in the martyr's
dance for
all
the
hip styles that
will never
leave
this
KC town ..

go girl,

go,
your
last customer is bound to
either remember you

or
forget you ..

not now, kids

no one had been
up long enough
to put up with
that ..

sure,
it was bright out,
the wind blowing,
the fall was coming,
robe open,
the girl on your mind,
but there
is no need to deal with that kind
of shit ..

sure,
the cat at your tail,
the wind at your tips,
the air smashing about like a pleasant symphony,
and dysfunction doesn't factor into
the equation,
but
it's all still too early to
deal with this shit ..

still slack jawed from the previous night,
sirens run over the road,
the birds flap over your morning vapors,
the neighbors are moving out silently,
the cars are still running stop signs,
and
you know it's just too early to deal with
this shit ..

but
you also know that if you
don't deal with it
now,
you will never have to deal with it again
and we
all
like to avoid shit,
specially in the morning,
eh?

NOVEMBER DREAMERS

banners for new
renter's
are screaming off the building,
the leaves are selling themselves off to
the ground for the nearest trade,
and the stop signs try to look bold
through the swatches of graffiti
and the dogs are all inside or
huddled into something warm on a day like
today
when the sirens are silent,
the birds are sparse
in the sky
and the sound of whistling echoes through
the airs
and
the sound of a guitar tuning
is
also faint
and
the sound of them together,
without either creator known,
is the coolest song I
have heard
around here
in
days ..

*Nowhere to go
&
Somewhere to be*

the white blazer out
front
waits ..

an arm dangling here,
an arm going inside,
a head in complete darkness
and
it sits there
for the next
chapter
of
action in

this neighborhood
built on action ..

I wonder if this man in the white truck smokes,
is he lost,
does he want a soda pop,
did he hear about the tornados,
does he actually have a face,
did he know there was a lunar eclipse today,
if I threw a rock at his car would he know it was me ..

he's been out there for some time,
with nothing
to gain
but some more time
and
nothing left to lose
but to look like a complete asshole deep in the middle
of the sunlit day ..

you in that white truck,
the
eclipse is coming back
and
it's barreling right down
on
you
and that

plan you have for
tonight ..

old dreams with a twist -
old coaches -
the price of money -
the president gears up for the big speech
as the
bitch becomes sterile ..

old man digging up
the dirt
for better
dirt,
the mailman brining by mail
to cover up the junk mail,
the bikers glide by
as though they are better posers than wind,
the trees stand there as the only
viable link
between what is confused
and
what can be
pulled out of confusion ..

olders are honest

the old man came
limping up to us
at the counter ..

he's an old down on his luck singer
that looks like a career in railroading has
taken its toll ..

he squares his huge frame,
leans over to the woman, another man
and myself

to say,
'YOU KNOW, I HAD THIS BIG STACK OF BILLS IN MY HAND TODAY. I HAD TO PAY 'EM OFF
AND DECIDED THE BEST WAY WAS TO GO TO THE OFFICE SUPPLY STORE AND GET A
'DECEASED' STAMP,
STAMP ALL OF 'EM AND SEND THEM OUT.'

class
acts,
i
surround myself
around

class
acts ..

one know in the yes

oh
and I thought I could
have known it all ..

she was on my shoulder,
the day looked like silver I could
wear ..

the bird dive,
salmon cakes,
new underwear,
the extra money on a paycheck,
her smile when the frown was popular,
the cheap car running like expensive liquor,
and
I figured I had it all figured out ..

the jinx
in a bottle of jax,
the ball in a bag of snakes - and I
was convinced that if I didn't know it
that it would be no big deal ..

we don't ever get the answers when
we need em,
we just convince ourselves that we have the answer
to make it easier to sleep,
to get the cob webs out of the chains spokes ..

it was all easier when Carly would sing
'NOBODY DOES IT BETTER',
but there is always someone that does ..

everyday,
better,
everyday,
better ..

and I'm the fool on the butter churner
chewing my nails as though I'm nourished and
saving money as
the newest chip falls from Wall Street
and again I'm trumped,
fooled,
shoved into another story,
the next memory for the girl on the corner,
the dip on my old man's chip,
the last tooth in the 10 round blood bath,
the thorn that's going to hang in your
foot until you decide that chinese water torture is neat
and
all the

rumors become wind from my ass
and
fuck

fuck
fuck,
I know nothing
and

it
is

about as content
as
this sandwich is going to get tonight ..

**one way to get in,
but many ways to escape ..**

you talk to her,
get his attention,
marshal the dog over,
convince the cat,
make the folks smile,
listen to the uncle,
congratulate the cousin,
on and on
with the friends and
soft acquaintances
and

then,
you have
to leave ..

there was that one way
in,
and now
you don't want
it no more
and
you
think about the door,
while eyeing the window,
wondering how it ever happened,
then
you bolt for the cellar door
and
before you know it,
the confusion
is
gone,
you
are free

just
running
away from another thing,

and
the room
waits
in
dead silence
for you
to
never return
unless your
past
becomes someone's accidental future ..

our best agents deliver mail

the best
of the best
to be CIA agents
are the mailmen of
the world ..

think about it ..

they know routes,
addresses,
habits,
dogs,
behaviors,
what bills one has,
if they pay bills,
dangerous mail,
personal habits,
personal information,
routines,
whereabouts ..

it's hard to become a mailman or woman,
they are always friendly,
get paid well
and
when they go postal it's likely that they are
pegging off
infiltrators - spies
and the media just says that they went nuts ..

no -

you ever hear of
tours in the mail facility?

neither do I ..

there's shit to cover up ..

they are confiscating old mail with lost
or soiled,
badly written addresses -
they have the Bond 007 poop shoved in the back of the
mail silo for the right agent,
or mailman to get the world right ..

sure,
the geniuses of domestic terror squelching,
our mailmen ..

they know where you live
and probably why you live - likely more than

your friends or loved ones ..

so,
the next time you chalk the mailman or woman up to being a
fat old boob,
think again -

they are the smart ones ..

the ones with badges ..

the ones that use your secrets as a joke
with the boys around the
wine cooler ..

we're all a bunch a fuckin' suckers,
ya know .. ?

Our Chicago Girl

her name
was Chris
and
she slung drink behind the bar
with skull and crossbones
as
the neon
in that northend Chicago joint ..

more than an attractive sort,
she had a solid handshake
and bought us the first round ..

we told her about Kansas City,
she
peered with those big eyes
and I got excited ..

always with these girls,
but she had that standoff attitude ..

there was a boyfriend at home,
but
it was clear that she was the neighborhood dream girl ..

sweet enough to make you stay,
and lethal enough
to
become a pin up girl while in the warm bathtub ..

Chicago Chris,
if I forget you
it's because
I
never had the privilege to know you ..

our new American enemies

it was a hot day
yesterday ..

the hottest yet,
with a soiled cloth of air
flapping in the air ..

coming back from an interview
for a job as a pharmaceutical photographer,
or a drug photographer,
I caught a glimpse of
the new racism in this country ..

there was an attractive Indian woman
with a man that had a turban on his head,
they had either folders or a clipboard in their hands
approaching a line of houses ..

then,
I saw an old white man from the
system
fly out of his house waving his hands and shouting,
while other people
came out on their porch and began gawking or
saying their bit ..

felt like turning around
to stand up for this guy,
but what could I really do?

the images have been burned into a terrified
nation now for almost 2 years
and the ethnic cleansing of Muslims is alive
and well on these streets ..

it's sad,
but as much as we talk of tolerance,
it's not about tolerance,
it's about post-reparation ..

we are the immaculate 20/20 nation
when it comes to being ungracious to minority groups,
and this man and woman yesterday are
no exception ..

can only hope they live to the time
when this country
again
has to
apologize
to
another

torn
and
tattered group
that
will barely have
a
leg to stand on ..

so how about this
now,
'ALLAH BLESS AMERICA'

PAINFUL WRITING TALE

she said
her sister
didn't know anything about
writing - or good writing ..

she hadn't been through
enough pain,
no flash points,
just pissy adversities,
nothing to sink a pair of ridden teeth into ..

the ugly life has hidden
from this girl
all the while she writes,
plays the guitar
and has held back because of creative
contractual
differences ..

furiously pumping shit
after piece of shit,
or prize after prize,
is it really necessary to discover the pit of hell
before you can give folks some
creative paradise?

do you need the blood,
depravity,
doom,
the severed duck bill,
the counterfeit stack of bills sending you to the big house,
or do you just need the petty nuisances
like being single - still and again,
non-stop string of hung over morning,
broke,
bad bus schedule,
guitar string snapped,
have to move back in with the folks,
the radiator went down,
roommate ate your cold sushi,
the day is clouds instead of sun,
all that shit?

is this what folks want to read about,
or is the atrocity
something you need,
little girl,
because we have our money waiting in
our
wallets for you to decide
on
that ..

people don't want no more

stumbled upon
a big local anti-war march
the other day
and
there were several things that stuck in my mind ..

amid the cacophony of folks waving signs at cars
to honk or not,
some in support of this Bush guy and the war,
the rest were against this foolish
fight and fight and fight of the Bush government ..

so,
two women walk up with a girl that is mildly retarded
in a yellow flowered dress ..

they sit down indian style across from each other and
watch the girl in the yellow dress
walk around,
not at all cognizant of this world that has been created
and why people are emotionally waving and bantering about,
she's looking at the fountain,
colors on flags and
such ..

then,
she suddenly did a big hand stand and her dress fell over her
face
and
her mom yelled over and waved with the finger ..

at this,
the girl splurged to the ground,
pulled her dress back down
and smiled a bit,
not embarrassed,
and continued to fool around there in the grass ..

we'd all be a bit better off
in the midst of such political upheaval in this country
if we could let our junk hang in the wind,
not care,
and keep on smiling as if there's nothing else
going on around us,
in the papers
or on the TV
than
a
cool,
wet fountain running
below the rustle of a couple of oaks

and
some tulip heads bobbin' about like
geniuses of tranquil ..

place called midtown

ready to veer off
the highway,
when I looked over and saw
a
man intently looking over the wheel,
into the sun,
while his dog in the passenger seat
was barking as though a cloud of cats was ready to rain on
his master's car,
though the man behind the wheel clutched the wheel tighter,
glaring forward
as though not hearing the dog barking
barking and barking
more into the fog of some intrigue I
didn't see myself,
but I don't know this man or his dog,
but can imagine there had to be a good reason
or this man is the most serious and not concerned guy I've seen in some time
and
the dog has some visions that need to be looked into,
or maybe I should have continued looking forward,
but looking forward all the time is overrated
when fucking off and looking around
can give you so much more,
enough to make the dog bark more and
the old man
clutch that wheel
as though he was the skipper of an important navigational expedition
the world will find out about some day in a stellar NY Times bestseller
and
that's just damn fine enough to call
a
glass pond of tulips for her liking
right on
damn time ..

‘police blotter’ writer quits

been
some things going on
this weekend ..

the two most glorious
and
sad things I have seen in a while ..

on Saturday,
while in the backseat of a friend's car
with his girlfriend
and her son,
I looked over at a guy getting out of his Pontiac
with a 12 pack of Corona and
a plastic bag of some liquor ..

well,
my friend's girl was handing the boy off to the ex-husband
when I hear a loud smack on the ground ..

I look over
and this kid looks down at the bag like he lost his grandmother,
looked up,
mouthed 'FUCK',
and I saw the remnants of whiskey or fine bourbon flow ..

then today,
I'm flying at a good clip down
the highway and notice cars up about 70 feet in front of me
swerving hard,
nearly causing a fuckin' huge Kansas pile-up
when
I get over in the lane to the left
and
see some plastic porch chairs in the middle of a lane on a 4-lane highway ..

then,
I see the white truck that carried them off
to the side of the road,
the woman behind the wheel has her hands
over her temples and is
completely out of her head,
I look back and people swerve like stunt devils in a demon's maze ..

the morale
of both is
that one will never carry glassed liquor in a plastic bag
and the other won't transport shit without a good chord on a windy day ..

bottom line,
both of these kids have something

to look forward to
the next time they leave the house ..