

Joefiles LXXVIX
always welcome when the clouds are out



we finally parted the 'C'

there's nothing
more to be said
or done 'bout it ..

it's over ..

the call is finished ..

you don't talk anymore ..

pacing becomes an actual activity ..

the clock looks at you as though
you are the only
guilty one in this city ..

the cat
goes outside
because it knows more than we do ..

socks are wet,
the stories in the paper take on a new meaning ..

we are all troubadours,
we are all vagabonds,
we are all learning how to live,
we are all closer to the bullet than the sword,
we are all leaving each other,
we are the universe expanding,
we are the liars telling each other the truth,
we are the only real animals of suspicion,
we look to be heard,
we become the masquerade every other moment,
we are single,
singled out to find someone else single,
I am
single again ..

30 years down and I can't find the right
way to get the
trumpet going forever ..

hitting the notes,
I have the love thing down,
it's the longevity

and
I'm
committed to that
excuse for
now,
at least ..

We got our wish in Chicago ..

waking late after a
solid night of booze on the
north end of town ..

sweet with the local ladies,
the pool was hot
and
again I just keep falling in love with the town
by water
and skyscrapers ..

with several hours of sleep
and an early train ..

we hailed a cab and got
to the train station with about 3 minutes to spare ..

my friend paid his fine for losing his returning ticket
and we ran for a solid 200 yards to catch
the
train as it was leaving port ..

one of the few times
you can feel like a superhero in a
spy movie

and
that
Chicago morning was ours ..

a couple of jackasses
tasting the victory
of
villainy

for
one
Chicago moment ..

we spend about 8 months as boys/men
trying
to get out of the vagina
and
the rest of our lives
trying to
get
back
in ..

WELCOME FOLKS TO THE PUBLIC INNAUGURATION OF THE 'I DON'T GET IT PARTY' .. THAT'S RIGHT .. THE PARTY THAT FLAT DOESN'T GET ANY OF IT.

OUR CANDIDATES FOR PRESIDENT, VICE PRESIDENT AND CABINET LEVEL POSITIONS, WHICH HINGES ON YOUR VOTE, IS AS FOLLOWS:

PRESIDENT: BOZO THE CLOWN - RIP TORN - OR JACK TRIPPER

VICE PRESIDENT: COOKIE THE CLOWN SIDEKICK - OR CRISSY FROM 3'S COMPANY

SECRETARY OF STATE: LILY TOMLIN OR DOLLY PARTON CIRCA 9-5 DAYS

JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF: PAULEY SHORE - GOMER PYLE

TOP ADVISOR: CHET "in shit form" FROM WEIRD SCIENCE

SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE: ED ASNER

DIRECTOR OF HOMELAND SECURITY: PTA PRESIDENT OF SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

NEW SUPREME COURT JUSTICE: DELTA BURKE - GEENA DAVIS

DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE: GARY BUSSIE

CHIEF OF ECONOMIC AFFAIRS: JOHN MALKOVICH

PRESS SECRETARY: DOM DELUISE

we're finished

razor thin
slices
of
saw
over tree branches ..

these boys
are cutting down
all the
overhang
in the neighborhood ..

no power lines obstructed,
the view is fine,
are they lost?

did they go the wrong way,
pick the wrong neighborhood,
do they hit the drink hard by morning,
did someone steal their shit and start cutting the neighborhood
down?

the neighborhood
is getting cut apart
just when we all thought that we had enough ethnic
diversity to
cut it ..

&
now an enormous truck with several small
bulldozers in back
comes ambling up,
we
are all flat history ..

wet middle

the eyes didn't open,
but the ears
were
getting the silent march
of
what sounded like snapping fingers ..

plat,
plat,
splash,
plat,
the rain came down ..

I held still,
knew it was one of the few things around here
you could listen to in the early throws of morning
and get
a
pin needle closer to understanding
what
our creator is thinking about ..

steam over the mug,
treasure in the bear's lair,
it's still raining steady
outside now,
the floors of my place are soaked from the steady
water falling from the sky's mouth ..

sure,
the yellow cabs are
speeding by in their habit
of
working tires
and
windshield wipers

as
the
sounds of morning are gone
and
all we see now is how
it started ..

what those damn songs say

car veered off
to left hand side,
crowd wondered
what song was about ..

several towers crashed in 2001,
the sound of children
were in a ymca,
the crowd didn't know
where to start ..

sadness went out with
the vinyl revolution,
the gun
was packed away
and the little brothers asked
what the band was talking about ..

verse served in
the coating of ice cream tips,
there
was no more need
to eat vegetables,
for the crowd had
passed their peak ..

now,
the limbs don't work like
they were supposed to,
and the dog days have become cat nights
and no one knows how to carry forth,
yet the crowd
is starting to get the message,
or meaning better yet,
to what you are saying ..

the tear drop in an egg yolk,
the dry in the ocean coin,
the incident within innocence,
the guitar is getting in the key of G,
and the
crowd
begins mouthing
the
words,
each
syllable,
consonant,
vowel,

yea,
they still don't have it ..

WHITE AND PROFILED

for some weeks
I have been waiting out in front of
my friend & co-worker's place
to take him into work ..

one bad car,
the other is out of commission
and his stripper girlfriend takes care of the baby by
day that he
had about a month ago ..

as custom,
I pull up in my rusted red '85 Jeep Cherokee
waiting with my Wall Street Journal and a mug of hot coffee in hand
waiting for him
to come out of the place ..

he hears my engine
and it takes a minute,
so I used the minute to sip and read ..

now,
he lives in the hood,
the Argentine district of Kansas City and
it's some rough shit ..

this morning,
I begin reading about an Iraqi family
as I hear a voice close by yell,
'SO WHAT ARE YOU DOING?'

startled,
I look up to see a cop car inches from my car
and an old timer glaring at me like he
has an easy bust on his hands ..

I tell him,
'WAITING FOR MY CO-WORKER.'

'OH'
the cop emits,
and speeds away fast ..

the first time I had ever been profiled that hard in
my life
as
all the blacks in the hood motor around their homes
used to the same hazing daily,
and for years
as my white ass gets it once
and

figures it's cute,
but it's enough ..

in a land abundant with stereotypes,
I have never met
more
people who have some serious
identity crises ..

got racially profiled in the hood
as a white guy waiting for a black guy,
welcome to the 2003 hood ..

winter wild wide ride

this morning
let's box
you up and market you
to the nearest taker ..

sure,
let's start selling weather ..

we can do it ..

the last real commodity of intangibility
that hasn't been charged a fare ..

so,
why not?

no better time than the present ..

get massive phone lists,
marketing lists,
and find out who doesn't like the heat
and has a proclivity towards the cold ..

then,
it's a quarter each time they leave the house,
a dollar before a walk,
and 10 bucks to enjoy the full day
with view
and
a
scarf is included ..

sure,
it's not just the gas bill coming,
it's the state excise tax on your
conditions -

don't blow it all in one place,
someone
may ask you for a dime
or so to help
this
cold winter wide ride cause ..

without deodorant – do you stink or follow?

agent
of night,
throwing slick
slides of oil
up my block ..

the agent of day
knows how to get back at you,
he
has yellow paints,
toothbrushes
and
lanky girls with bad teeth for your
cheering section to
boo into ..

this,
as the midwife of afternoon
has a look at the
mother's heart to
make sure that the world
is fit enough
to bring
another life
in ..

then,
the real agents do their
things in silence
and
the bands just keep on manufacturing song
after
song
after
song

after
long
song ..

we,
the immaculate number of numbers
wait
for

their
order
and

flee
or

follow

flee or follow

FLEE OR FOLLOW ..

workin' towards shit

this cat and I
are completely full of shit,
we let it out at the
same time
and
spend the rest of our day's filling ourselves up with shit ..

we all do
that ..

you're not eating anymore,
you are making shit ..

you're not exercising,
you are making a whole heap of piss to compliment
that shit ..

we talk shit,
think about shit,
then
we shit ..

the big moment
in the morning,
afternoon
and
night ..

it's the
shit we
are all about ..

You're my bell, baby

bells in my cups,
the sounds of bells in my crayon boxes,
bell ringing in my blinds,
bells crash about in my car wheels,
the sounds of bells are going off all around me
and they won't stop ..

can't escape the sound of the bells,
can't cotton my ears,
smash the pillow around their openings,
can't just ignore them,
they are lodged in my head,
the sounds errant bells - ringing christmas tunes,
the time,
temperature,
and it goes throughout the day ..

bells in my toast,
bells in my slippers,
bells in the bacon packaging,
bells everywhere

and
it's ok
because
they remind me of
you,
baby ..

YOU BET YOUR ASS

wanna make a bet on
my bet
so i can make a bet on her bet
then she can make a bet
on his bet
then he can make a bet on the first two bets
and there will no doubt be someone that will make another
bet on top of her bet
then another one on top of my bet
and a big roller will come strolling through making
bets on everyone's bets
and more bets on that 'everyone' bet
until everything we have and do is bet on
or
isn't that the way it
already is?

you build yourself up to what's best ..

the squirrel crossed the road successfully
today,
there are other things that need to
be done,
there are too many things
that won't be done,
but the sky is still up
there
with the silver ring around it's longing,
as the kids below
dart about in some abstract fashion to a head song
none of us can hear,
or should hear,
so

we build ourselves up for
what's best ..

through the magazine article interviews,
dates to the ice cream parlors,
the one way signs facing the wrong way as the cop flips open the ticket book,
the old papers stacking up on the porch,
unpaid bills,
restitution is now another joke,
the friends with drinking problems becomes just another drink for you,
the muffler flipped off the curb and into your front yard
as the
polite beings

build themselves up for what's best ..

and it
comes down
to a stroll
through the grocery store first thing in the morning
and a department store late
at night

to see

if we've done
our best
or
if we even know what the best
is for us ..

you don't have to go too far to smell the flowers around here,
pal ..

even with the gangsters wielding bricks
around under these gray days,
gay men throwing art shows for big titted women,
the rumors of coke washing away blood at the crime scene,
the screams from the insane one bedroom apartments,
the dogs released from leashes to get throats,
the day encouragement was put back in place
and

I
just got another smell of roses through
the widowed glass

and

I
didn't ask for much waking up today ..

you look fast this morning ..

quick
like they predicted,
swift
like the gum wrappers smirked about,
plain speedy
like
a
car in robbery pursuit ..

you could slow down,
but
it would help ..

once
you're fast,
there's few things,
or people
that will be able to slow you down ..

so,
make the wind look slow
and tear the fuck out of the hare,
leave,
scurry

and
remember
the slow
ones
around this
neighborhood

as
you sip tea
in
your
self-concocted high rise
dream ..

you need your despair - kid ..

you need to know how you
affect people ..

when you decide you don't want to see
one woman,
and her heart breaks,
then you want to see another and they can't see you for a while,
that's the despair that will grip your chops
and it's deserving ..

without the hurricane,
you can't appreciate the sea ..

sure,
the break ups,
the crocked stories,
you always had to do what you thought you had to do,
but you are going to learn,
and learn you should because you
have to live with these creatures for the rest
of your life
and you want them,
they want you,
but there
is going
to
be despair,
a bucket of sardines in your
lighthouse,
the novel no one wants to read is
going to arrive on your bed stand,
so
just be assured that it
all
this

despair
will be countered
by
pleasure,
then

you will have something figured
for
yourself ..

your transient world

is on fire
and the kids grill marshmallows
over the heat,
while the concrete root of your imagination
is simmering
in vapors and some ice
while
the kids also go whirling by with
plastic discs
and
laugh,
laugh
laugh
at
the
small size of the
brain
and the
fact that understanding is just another reason
to doubt more
about
cold,
hot,
the nature of what
a
fool tells you ..

1 falcon and a laughing matter

the man came
back inside and
said we had to see it ..

all of us,
leaving the business to it's self,
went out and
the pudged,
short old guy with white hair said,
'LOOK UP THERE. SEE THAT FALCON'

I looked and
it was perched on top of a chimney stack,
tallest physical point in the area
just gawking about ..

this old timer was absorbed by this bird,
'HE'S GETTING READY TO ATTACK. LOOKING FOR PIGEONS, HE IS'

the man continued
as I peered at the bird,
back to the old man,
said something,
looked at both of them again
and

strangely saw
a deep resemblance between
both of them ..

5-7-2003

a man near the corner of 39th and Broadway
pulls the cigarette up
and down to his mouth ..

I notice everyone with a cigarette now,
absolutely everyone
now that I quit ..

used to only notice it when a movie or show was on,
now
it's everyone while driving,
walking,
riding,
thinking,
and
looking about ..

this particular man pulled the cigarette to his mouth
a
second time,
back peddled,
looked down into the corner of some little crick in the
building where the trash collected and let a big fat
smile splash over his amicable face ..

he paced a bit west,
looked up the block and smiled a bit more
for a victory or
moment no one would know about ..

and I believe I was the only one
looking over at this anonymous
man at some anonymous time
in some anonymous city
with nothing left to be anonymous
except
small moments
that no one
ever
has to know about
except for me

and those
folks I never get to talk to,
but
notice for a long moment
stretched into a figment of time
as
long
as

the
gumball stretching to Jupiter
and

that
makes
the
day

a
bit
more
bearable

for
me

and
the miracles
all of
you

pretend to perform ..

8-2-03

lonely woman
horny guys,
hungry boys,
smart girls,
fat men,
skinny women,
kids dunked in water,
adults lazy like a Charleston Chew is long,
and there's nothing more
around here but the heat
and
rumors of rain,
cold,
the bitches of temptation coming back through to
make sure that all people trip over their own shoes
and guarantee
that designs are made good on
and
the Harley riders will be the only ones keeping
their balance
on
this big struggle,
fight - if you will -
to become more comfortable with gravity ..

it's gravity,
and the
liver with gravy is burning
on
the
oven top ..

soaked to the pulp

the night
tonight is about as thick as it
can get in these parts ..

the water hangs in a glass pitcher right out
of reach and spits a bit here and
there ..

my clothes are soggy,
my socks are heavy,
the bandana is wet,
the blankets are full of mist,
the tornadoes again ripped a bit of Lawrence,
and the rain is over
but the streets have the tears stuck in their ducts,
and the sweat on everything,
we are all a bunch of beer bottles
out of frozen time into warm talkin
and
we sit with wet,
no escape unless one wants to hop in the bathtub ..

I would bet that if I
took an empty box outside,
taped it up
and
put it inside for the morning
when the humidity and dew point are gone,
there would be a big old pile of water left behind ..

it's just flat we out there
as
the
cat struggles to let out a muffled,
mouth closed meow
and
the
sad sax man
makes the notes

sweat
from
those
speakers

listening
listening ..

something for you and someone else

in exactly one
minute around here,
nearly 4,323 rain drops
fell in
the
neighborhood ..

in exactly one
minute around here,
the equivalent of one box of light bulbs
likely went out across the areas about here ..

in exactly one minute
around here,
some more sprouts came out of the ground,
the girl finally came,
the night slipped further into night,
the boy finally got what it meant,
20/20 was renamed 'GOOD VISION',
another minute followed
and
nothing that happened in that
'exactly'
one
minute ever
happened
again

and
the
camera is the only one
documenting
the
guilt
around
here tonight ..

something summer made me do

all the posters,
drunken gods,
the death of junk mail
&
America limping into another season,
year,
the talk of more talk,
while California elects
and the clowns finally ejaculate ..

if there was any time to view the folly of news - it's
when the tv is on,
or the radio is turned up ..

the comic folly of the ages
is here and
it happens to be ageless
and forever ready to serve you

as long as you
retain,
give up
and
have the desire ..

sometimes wisdom arrives after a good poop

camelflounge cup
of coffee,
steam melts into already
humid air,
the girl is gone,
I dreamed of her last night,
we got back together
and I didn't want it no more,
a bit sad because we we're trying to save
ourselves together again,
though you know it's over when you have
to ask too much if it should be over,
and now that it's over
I understand why it should have ended
and why things do come to an end,
it takes a hard head,
high expectations
and something restless that keeps
me alive and willing
to go through the swap shops of
people hunting for trash,
happy with that trash,
then happy with picking up another piece of
trash until their allotment of cash is gone
for the day and
they end up throwing those items in the trash within a
week if they even use them at all,
and I don't want any of that,
I want the girl,
the girl who will stick behind her word from the first
night right on down that road into
the sunrise,
if the parable be correct from
that long ago remembered kindergarten class ..

sometimes you need to clock out of your life

went to the same ritz head bar
establishment last nite that
I went to the previous night
and it completely sucked the life out of me ..

thinking I've been done with this town for a while,
then I realize I'm growing up
and know that my actions are higher than my words and
I just can't hide it anymore ..

need out of here
and the scene of liquorheads waiting to pick up on
peculiar vanities,
looking for the easy fuck,
folks disregarding style - integrity - character,
it's a land of reality TV smashup fuck 'em if you got 'em bullshit,
the run to the altar if you proved your romantic worth on national television,
the same conversations about the same thing,
the talk about people I really don't care about

and it's the holiday season,
there is no girl,
there is just potential - but I don't even recognize that ..

i was a deflated balloon last night
and for a talker like me,
it had me a smidge worried ..

nothing to say,
not sure how to pin point the feelings,
i was just a pin cushion waiting for the acupuncturist to take all the
needles out and see if the procedure worked ..

but there was no procedure ..

it's was a cold night i would have rather been with a woman on ..

instead i'm out with a dude friend,
meeting with another couple,
listening to the wasted voices,
watching the warm steam rise,
the ice dance with the snow balls,
reading 'for rent' signs,
waiting for a call from Chicago,
falling in love with another girl,
seeing a man in a pink pillbox had with a bike chain around his neck tweaking,
my last beer tasted and was paid for like my last one,
the nose is better than the big toe,
shows with rockers running naked and fucking champagne bottles,
the explosion of america in a town
that i'm ready to trade in for another town
as i dream about getting back to europe and maintaining my sanity

here
in the cold christmas town of loveless miracles
that goes down in my bed nightly
while the heater hums,
i hum
and
again default to my notion that when i find it - move it - become closer to it -
everything is
gonna
fucking be all right,
and that's my
fact of this sunday morning
the 14 of December in 2003 at 1:16PM in the day
day
day ..

souped up saturday

forecasters,
sidewalk geniuses,
brilliant corner predictors
been
saying we need rain all summer ..

were in our second straight day of non-stop
rain,
buckets all over
the grass,
killing the brown,
flooding the green ..

sound of cars splash over
the puddles,
it all sounds strange,
yet this is my morning,
my day,
time,
to get all of it done ..

shit,
some paints,
a word or two,
coffee,
newspaper,
the ball game,
words again,
the music,
the nails,
the moving,
the cat wet,
the feet painful,
the bike glaring,
the walls breathing again,
the musician dreaming the other dream,
the eggs in my belly,
the clean dishes,
the dirty cloth,
the new animals,
the sleep of the protestors,
the stack of honies will have to wait for the next night,
the fuckers still sexing it up,
all the books to be read,
the wet paper,
the dry stack,
shaved my face,
made some music CD's illegally,
read the news of North Korea and Nuclear holocaust,
stretch of the military forces,
the laugh in my niece's cereal bowl,
a new nephew getting used to new muscles,
the jargon in a nickname,

the late slice of pizza pie,
meeting the rest of the world,
the lie in her panties,
the truth in everything but the piece of solitary fruit,
and
it still rains ..

drip,
drips,
dripping
drops
coming
over the view of my window TV
like there is
only one
channel available

and
I
relic

my TV watching
as
my

glass of water looks
on
with envy
at
all the new
water
falling outdoors ..

spoken comfort of loneliness

heard recently
what I
feel quite
a
bit of,
that writing
is
the loneliest
activity
known ..

think that's why
I
have the camera here to
snap shots of
people
as they
walk by ..

breaks up
the
one on one
and
brings another into it
without
their
consent
and
beyond
their will ..

it's the ace in the hand
that's going to win,
but
I think you get so
used to being lonely that
it trickles into
other areas of
your
life ..

perhaps that is why
I do prefer to play alone,
I'm good with others,
but not for too terribly long,
long enough to
not let other folks start getting
on my grapes ..

perhaps that's why I am single again
and
the pursuit to finding a solid woman
that will not only stand by their word from the beginning,

but will continue to keep my interests peaked is
so damned hard ..

I sit here like a rock with arms,
fingers,
legs and feet
surveying the lonely landscape of
visions,
some dream bits,
the world in Technicolor,
with no television,
no interruptions,
the unabated moments of cerebral joy,
the way to lay myself down in the
nude
leaving the cloak aside,
the way to take the pen to a land I want to see,
the way to redeem the
failed redeemers,
the way to look Dostoevsky,
Tolstoy,
Hemmingway and
others that fooled with the pen for too long and lost their minds
and understand why they eventually lost their
minds
or
gave their minds away
in
one of the most beautiful,
and yes,
lonely,
professions
this planet has dug up out of
the
beautiful dirt filled
ground of
a
realm of
dementia that
continues to make
sense
after
every
vowel,
consonant,
comma,

and fucking period ..

steppin' out with the scarecrow

on my way to a sandwich yesterday
when
the data man known as
Dan saddles next to me ..

with a pair of silver, silvery
shades
and an intent look,
I'm walking fast and he keeps foot ..

rounding Minnesota north,
he says,
'YOU KNOW, THE COPS AROUND HERE ARE CORRUPT.'

'SURE,'
I come back as though he is being rhetorical.
'MOST OF THESE GUYS ARE SWILLING DRUGS AND TAKING BLOW JOBS LIKE NO OTHER,
DAN. SO WHAT ELSE IS NEW?'

'I WAS SHOT AT FOR THE SECOND TIME IN A WEEK LAST NIGHT,'
he says deadpan in the chops.
'THERE'S A SNIPER IN THE AREA. EX-MARINE.'

He says this with the conviction of an old man describing his
botched visit to the morning bakery ..

neither completely content,
nor distraught ..

just the way the yeast crumbles ..

'I HEARD ABOUT THE GUN FIRE. IS THERE SOMEONE AFTER YOU?'
I ask with an edge to egg on the insane mind.

'YOU EVER WATCH TV 50,'
he asks and doesn't really care if I answer.
'WE'LL THEY SHOW THE RE-RUNS OF SCARECROW AND MRS. KING. I AM THE
SCARECROW.'

'NO SHIT,'
I ask.
'HOW IS ALL OF IT GOING.'

'I DIDN'T DO NOTHING THOUGH,'
he contends.

'LOOK DAN, I HAVE TO CROSS AND GET A SANDWICH,'
I tell him as I cross over.

He nods,
doesn't miss a step and I go in to fuck with the sandwich Shoppe for a bit ..

shortly thereafter,
I get back to the YMCA and
some woman is walking away from the front door ..

it's the crow's case worker ..

always a reason why someone is
moving too quickly for their own good ..

the scarecrow
is
looking for TV 50
and
I bet he finds it ..

STOP SELLING CHANCES!

they tell me
I'm making no sense
with these
poems sheets ..

too much
here and there,
around,
back to front,
beginning
to beginning
and
I just can't seem to see around
the pencil sketches on my
screen,
the allegations from my chair,
the unfair slant of the floor
and I
just try to keep the lines
straight here
as London braces to be London again
and New York
becomes the darling of some bitch who
is deciding to give up on an LA moment
and
here is Kansas City
floating like a lost Paris in the collective parasites
floating across our jazz tattooed
eye balls
and
I come full circle and
wonder
as
you
as
to what happened to
be
beginning
of
the last thread .. ?

summer holiday

She was
On the rub all night ..

I don't know what it is
lately with the
older gals ..

this one was full-blooded Italian,
in her 40's,
no kids,
drunk,
at a blues joint,
taking me around town,
wanting more,
rubbing,
kissing the neck,
illustrating each story with action to get closer
and
I knew the liquor was sloshing
about me like a tease ..

to avoid danger,
because this girl was danger,
I grabbed food on a mobile cart
and headed towards me house ..

danger averted,
I go by a gas station a smidge up
the street and
a gaggle of girls are fighting in
the bay of the station ..

the boys across the street are parked,
bass high as a bullet,
high fiving for the 3AM fight,
it's the 4th of July,
hottest night of the year,
and

the world is amped on love and violence ..

fucking with one body part,
punching with the other,
again

god bless america
as
the
holiday season

begins again ..

sunday,
sunday,
the latino
girls walkin'
to faster food work ..

sunday,
sunday
the motor head rides by in his restored
Chevy short bed ..

sunday,
sunday,
up early to find the best deals at a swap meet ..

sunday,
sunday
the alligator skin is on the
early risers waiting for the sun
to let the real story from the corona ..

sunday,
sunday
have you already forgotten about Saturday
that was supposed to be
around till this morning
and I don't hear a mention of
anything but Sunday
and
how last
Sunday did
and how the Sunday before was doing ..

sunday morning and the phone hasn't rang once

squirrel squibs up the street
with a mouth of nut,
day done,
the cops come by in their car,
skirt the intersection stop sign,
then the man with a pit bull comes flying down the middle of
the street,
doesn't stop for the car
as a man with a cigarette
walks content,
the apartment renters look over their new balcony,
the trash from last night has moved slightly,
the gray sun bodes the flopping blue jay well
as he stops in the shade to look around for the next
thing to antagonize,
and the sore losers are all friends now
because of the soreness and loss,
while the winners streak by in
nothing and
ask,
'WHAT'S WRONG WITH ALL YOU SQUARE FUCKS?'

sunday woman

little old woman
in
the red Nissan,
beat up all over the place,
but it runs,
she's crossing the Missouri River,
airport ahead,
the city swishing like a ring a young lover once gave her,
driving slow,
it's still over 100 degrees and its past 9PM in August,
she's breathing in the air conditioner like its lemonade at a gin rummy match,
she's squinting,
has her Wal-Mart overalls snug on her shoulders,
the city looks fine,
she never wants to leave Kansas City,
her children want out,
she loves autumn,
the winter is her dragon,
the night is neither here nor there,
but she prefers the morning with the new flowers and the death of previous vices,
she's convinced,
convicted,
that tonight
her car will make it to her dog,
and that god is a woman
much greater than her ..

tasty moment in the hood

nigerian
fellow
on
his Montclair porch
putting
the
fix
on
his burger
as
America
rolls forward
like
a
bolt
of
thunder
the french can't stand
and
the rest could do without us,
it's the disgrace
of
the shit in pants,
it's the rumor of
the lie that never came,
it's the dream of losing
your mind
when all you ever care about
was making a little better
than it was in grade school ..

the nigerian
fellow,
now talking on the phone,
almost has
the
plate of food done
as
his crown of 4 women just left and
went up
the street to do whatever they do,
while
the man in the bright yellow / orange
coat pulls up
to
seek
what the fuck is cooking ..

technicolor clarity returns

my recent
piece,
lament about not dreaming worked ..

I dreamed one last night,
a vivid one with
all the subconscious residue that
could make
a
kid come back to dreamland with a triumphant march ..

yesterday,
my partner and I took a group of kids
to the amusement park
to partake in some proverbial kid fun ..

shit,
I knocked about harder or as hard as most
the kids
coming away with something
no
psychologist
or therapist
could ever imagine ..

at days end,
a kid told me I had a big brown spot on
the back of my pants ..

I laughed,
yet wondered if her was being honest or not ..

then,
I dreamt last night that I
did take off my pants
and there was a big dark blue circle on my ass and hole part ..

and as it happened,
I sat on a blue pen and the fucker leaked
all over my ass ..

appropriate
as
this
black ink leaks
and
I'm
back baby,
back
in
the land of flowing ink
of dreamland ..

test it out,

the world wants to test it out,
no - not earth -
but the world ..

everything needs a test and
if it doesn't work,
we'll make signs and protest its existence ..

sure,
sure,
easy enough and
if they want to get nasty,
then we'll let them get nasty,
but if they want to roll with it,
it would be just a part of the human race
and
please try the LSD bean dip
before leaving,
and they have hospitals just in case ..

sure,
sure,
just try it ..

all the fire trucks and ambulances
and clown carts
and happy mobiles are here for you to use when
the time comes,
but just try it,
do the fuck move,
lick the nectar,
swing from that low cloud for most the day,
give it to it like it gives it to you,
we have people to protect you
as
you
try it ..

so try it ..

just try it once,
we also have the ACLU ..

the august revival

piles of perfume,
the clouds above are
killing livestock,
while 'love' sings their 'can't explain'
recording
and
the heat resumes back to normal ..

but,
there is nothing regular about normal in
these parts
because the stop signs are all gone,
and ticketing officers are presumed murderers ..

rough planks
of wood to walk on around here,
but the rent is cheap
and the view is primo
according
to housing lot books ..

just
the
bugs,
man,
just the bugs
and
we
can

get closer
to calling this a 5-star fucking
hut ..

the concessions

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 ..

the day of sibling tyranny realized; december 14th

mark this day in the
books,
the BIG story ..

on December 14th of this year in 2003,
the United States finally
caught former Iraqi Dictator Sadaam Hussein ..

yes,
it's been done ..

just under a year to the day
that Bush is going to run for office against the next opponent
and this seals the deal
for another 4 years for Bush ..

almost wish they didn't catch Hussein because of this
and I mentioned this to my sister
and she almost began screaming ..

she said,
'WE PROBABLY SHOULDN'T TALK ABOUT THIS.'
in a stern voice.

I agreed ..

but that is the way of my sister ..

always ready to scream,
throw and fight over 'points' ..

can't be a discussion
with this woman ..

there is always a cataclysmic tension
and it's always been there with my only sister ..

and when she said that I felt further alienated from her
and the bulkhead of my family ..

another moment or discussion balked because she had to be right,
or never learned how to discuss a differing point of view with another human being ..

she means well,
but her lack of will - education - patience and integrity drip from
her pores and she's like thousands of other politically and socially ignorant
people that traipse along thinking they are educated after a day of
media sound bits on TV ..

my sister is such a sweet kid,
really,
and as I look at her and how distant we are as siblings I wonder

what is worse:

THE FACT THAT WE WILL NEVER KNOW EACH OTHER

or

THAT IT HAS BEEN CONFIRMED ON THIS DECEMBER DAY IN HISTORY THAT BUSH WILL
HANDS DOWN GET RE-ELECTED IN 2004 ..

these are

some of the

things

that

the rooster is whispering

in

my ears ..

the dew did

no dreams remembered
last night,
and there's enough salsa left in my jar
to smear your chip
with a
bit
of the pre-poop formula ..

sure the angel
that's been on my mind has had
a dream or two recently
about sex with strangers in a basement or
another kidnapping scenario that will bring her
pretty face up
to look at the clock and register back with the people of
earth ..

I don't know that I need
to have many more dreams except the one's
that seem distant, just within reach
because the one's at night
are bound to cloud,
clog and give me
more reason to
believe what I already have tucked away as
true ..

-- the dream last night --

on a walk through a mildly tropical area,
no shoes on,
I'm walking about seeing the residue of a big scene that went down the
night before,
avoiding broken glass,
jumping over ice cubes and cold liquor,
I come near a hut and a beautiful small girl
swings open her hut door quickly,
some medium length black hair,
no top on and some nice big mosquito bites as boobs look me
in the eye and I look back,
all she has on are bikini bottoms
and she asks quickly,
'CAN YOU FIND MY TOP FOR ME?',
'sure',
I come back,
so walk around briefly looking over the residue of everyone's scene
the night before and I
stumble upon an idea,
I go back to her hut,
take off my favorite concert shirt I own,
the only concert shirt I own,
an Imperial Drag shirt bought at one of their few live shows,
I knock on the door and tell her to have my shirt,
she still has those perky little eye balls on her chest,
I'm excited,
she smiles,
throws on the shirt,
heads down the road with me and tells me that
she appreciates it,
and somewhere in there she told me she teaches art and her name is POISON,
then she's gone,
I leave too towards my corner of the island
and wonder if she'll keep the shirt or
try to get it back to me,
because I would like to see her more than topless again ..

-- End --

THE EARLY JACK-U-LATOR

he called her and told
her that he
was gonna have to postpone
their date for the night ..

it was a peculiar time of life for this
dude ..

his libido was low and he already jerked himself off earlier in the day ..

he did it on accident
and lamented after the fact ..

so,
he called her - got her voice mail - this was the crux of his excuse:

'LOOK BABY, I'M GONNA HAVE TO CALL IT OFF TONIGHT. BEEN SLOWLY COMING UNDER
THE WEATHER - SO, I'M GONNA HANG OUT
WITH MY MOM AND COOK SOME PIES - TALK WITH HER ABOUT SOME STUFF. CALL YOU
TOMORROW, BABY.'

this kid felt so bad about his
second hand attempt to end his date and early ejaculation
that
he
went
to the other room and
tried
to see if he could work in that libido of his
as
he
pulled down the pants and
fought
the
fight ..

the fortunate never leave their house,

the broken
always walk the streets,
the mid betweens are all on TV
and
those that fall neither here nor there
nor
on one side of the 'THREE TRUTHS' to every story
are
the
ones you want to sit down
with and have them tell you their stories ..

but they never
will unless
time,
planets,
reasons
and rulers come together in some special formation ..

ran into some old crazy sons of bitches
running an antique store in a shit area of downtown recently
and
they had stories ..

they told me about Vietnam,
Nixon,
and
New Guinea
without my prompting
and
gave me a free plastic frog that hops as I left ..

on my way out
I smiled not at my newfound plastic fortune,
but that I found
the
fourth side of the story
that

makes
the other three shades
seem
small,
insignificant

like
this poem ..

**the girl with
a pit bull
always looks scared ..**

a woman with long legs asked
me on a bike ride yesterday if I
was clean and wanted it ..

the girl with
a pit bull
always looks scared ..

also drove my bike up to the memorial and an
older black gentleman hunted me down and
told me that I couldn't tread on his land after dark ..

the girl with
a pit bull
always looks scared ..

had a bowl of tomatoes - onions - garlic - vinegar - oil
earlier today
and still clings to my mouth like a
3-month old on a weaned nipple ..

the girl with
a pit bull
always looks scared ..

kids don't look both ways on their bikes around here,
they just look forward
and more fucking power to 'em ..

the girl with
a pit bull
always looks scared ..

a bunch of the same kids,
all white on their bikes,
are trying to corner one black kid
as my racist landlord looks on a is likely
grinning some goof smile ..

the girl with
a pit bull
always looks scared ..

enough
of this
dog and bike
bullshit ..

the girl's name is 'again'

I'm waiting for you baby,
but I'm not supposed to think
about you,
so when we meet,
know that I couldn't think about you
because they told me that it would jinx it all,
from what I know they may be right,
baby I'm waiting for you
and you could be asleep now dreaming about some
stranger with a newly forming gut
typing with the fumes of fresh morning water,
and it could be me baby,
then again it could be you,
taking the city bus,
brushing those hard to reach teeth in the back,
petting a bird,
lighting a match,
turning the flip on in the room,
taking the mule for some water,
I love you baby and I
have no idea who you are,
it's getting harder and harder to go through these
duds,
the last one was the most absurd waste of time,
but we'll talk about that,
yet I can't think about you now
so
well think about it once we get together,
when
we're both
near that point that it
will seem
pointless
or
the most solid idea
we have ever had,
hold on,
my hands are sweated over ..

THE GIRLS WERE IN THE BACK SEAT ..

IT WAS A RAINY NIGHT,
MAYBE NOT BEST I DRIVE
A JEEP FULL OF PEOPLE ABOUT,
BUT I WAS IN THE BEST SHAPE OF EVERYONE AND
WE HAD TO HIT THE LAST BAR OF THE NIGHT ..

WE WERE ALL ASKING QUESTIONS ..

THEY ASKED WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME EVERYONE HAD SEX ..

BETWEEN A 2-WEEKS AND A YEAR WAS THE CONSENSUS ..

MY LAST TIME WAS A MONTH AGO ..

THE MOST RECENT OF THE GIRLS WAS THE ONE WHO HAD HER EYE
ON ME THAT NIGHT ..

NEXT QUESTIONS,
HOW ABOUT ORGASMS WITH A DUDE ..

BOTH GIRLS HADN'T HAD ONE ..

IN THEIR MID TO LATE 20'S AND NO FIREWORKS ..

IT WAS SAD ..

AND THE QUESTIONS CONTINUED AS WE SQUIRMED THROUGH THE BAR,
DRUG HEADS,
LATER NIGHTERS WITH THEIR HABITS,
THE CONVERSATIONS TO END ALL THE CONVERSATIONS,
THE BEGINNING OF TIME IN THE END OF THAT DAY
AND THE GIRLS
ASKED ME HOW BIG MY DONG WAS ..

I STOPPED AND IMMEDIATELY KNEW
WHY NEITHER GIRL EVER HAD AN ORGASM WITH A DUDE ..

I'M FINE WITH MY DONG,
I SEE IT AS A COMMENTARY TO BE GIVEN BY OTHERS THAT KNOW ME
OR HAVE BEEN WITH ME ..

TO COMMENT ON SIZE OR GIRTH IN THE SACK
GOES AGAINST THE GRAIN AND FOCUSES ON THE WRONG TYPE OF SHIT ..

THIS IS THE KIND OF SHIT THAT MAKES GIRLS LIKE THAT WET
AND I HAD EVERY CHANCE AND CARD ON THE TABLE TO DO SO,
BUT THEY WENT TOO FAR ..

AND AS THEY CONTINUE TO INITIATE SELF-INDUCED ORGASMS
I SMILE THAT I'VE GROWN A BIT AND I CAN WRITE THIS THE MORNING AFTER
RATHER THAN LISTEN TO THEIR DRONING BULLSHIT WHILE
KICKING MYSELF FOR NOT HAVING MORE SELF-CONTROL
FROM THE NIGHT BEFORE ..

SO,
HERE'S TO GIVING GIRLS THE ORGASM,
COFFEE
AND
A
BIT OF WISDOM

THROUGH
MISTAKE AFTER MISTAKE ..

the heat doesn't discriminate,

it just sees the cold
for the condition it
exists in ..

sure - when
you're sure the heat is holding back because your
skin doesn't comply -
think again -
it doesn't consider anything other than
the
cold,
cold timepieces that clock the arm
red
and keep the cowboy off the horse ..

& the room is getting pumped with heat
now -

it doesn't care about the stink from the slippers,
the crunch of the carrot stick,
A. Mann on the radio,
my old kazoo,
the pens that don't work
and the fact that there already may be enough heat
in this room to be considered 'heat filled',
instead it keeps working,
swirling the heat
about the room
like a missionary searching for new rocks
and
I
hope it gets
so
hot
that
the cold will
have nothing more
to
ever
complain about
in
it's
cold ways ..

the coolest kat

what if
there was some brave motherfucker,
or clever fuck,
or cool pric
that had
his steering wheel all propped up like one
of those fancy fucking Harley riders ..

I'm talking a tall car roof,
the fixins ..

this fucker would have to be reaching the most his arms could extend ..

he would have
to measure a custom steering wheel
to make his reach do sure justice ..

big wheels baby,
fat
immaculate wheels
for show
and
that cat
would
be something fucking else ..

THE LAST 12 HOURS

Had to lie
to the boss and tell her something
so I could squeeze out early to
get my hair cut ..

I climb out
of the car,
headed to get the head handled
and the girl cuttin' my hair had a
flair for
the
language and we talked about insane neighbors
on Strawberry Hill ..

shortly thereafter,
a get a ring from my ex-girl of about 3 years
and she tells me that she thought it was her duty
to let me know that
she was dating another woman ..

told her that I had a feeling from out
last talk,
no big surprise,
and it's no surprise that she has dramatized
another conversation and
episode in her life ..

she studies and beats the hell out of honesty - psychology - and spirituality
to mask what she can't figure out about
herself ..

hope the girl gets it out of her
or gets in her a bit better ..

then,
I hopped over to 'caddyshack' for a drink with a friend and his girl ..

the were getting ready to head to Texas for the next 4 days
and asked if I wanted to come along ..

I looked around,
saw an older gal in a floral dress passed out
sitting up at her table,
chin buried in chest,
out like a light and a full drink in front of her
as
I told them that I would join them ..

had one more drink and some
of the tasty house corn,
came home,
packed,

loaded up the cat
and headed up north to sleep it off and ready for the morning ..

but,
as it turns out there was a bit of a circumstance
with me coming down for a graduation ceremony and the hotel room
and the kid
and the TV/VCR in the backseat
and a small car
and too many restrictions for someone that just
wants to get out and fly about a bit ..

so,
I headed back south,
the cat was so pissed he wouldn't wake me in the morning
and
I sit here in my seat with the letters going and going over the screen
as
the theater crowds wait in line to see the next big blockbuster
and
I
myself wait to see the next blockbuster
without a line
without
a
ticket
and
without
her ..

the lie is that I just told you the truth

get this air
out of my pockets,
drain the shoes of
dust wreckage,
pay the peanut maker
my dues past from the past,
and write the postmaster and tell him
that I don't pay bills
no more ..

call the cold
and tell it that I
will be residing in warmth from now on,
listen to the underside of the whale
and tell me how the dolphin feels to you
now ..

call me tomorrow,
and be somewhat late
because
I
have no more air
in
the warmth
of
a
self-constructed farce ..

the longing

hits in the morning,
fades by afternoon,
and when the clowns leave
for the amusement park,
I forget that I ever had any longing,
but if it wasn't for this
lagging longing,
I wouldn't feel
the
itch to scratch
or the tickle to sneeze,
it would be one monotonous paper
spooling,
on big look off film
without a leader or
beginning
and then it would be over,
over
over

like now ..

the mirror couple

I sat down the other day
with the mirror man ..

and he had his mirror woman with him ..

they finally granted the press an interview ..

it had been some time since they left the house ..

all of it has been a bit
too traumatic for them to recant,
retell or
recall ..

they willed this reflection onto
themselves as a couple of naive kids,
too many failed beliefs and easy drugs,
now they reflect everything ..

never an image of themselves,
they had to identify through everyone else
and once they realized this day after day,
it became too much ..

they couldn't just be themselves ..

you know,
a couple of mirror people,
they were the spits of everyone that came up to them wanting
to feel their surface,
do their hair,
spread their make up,
check the skirt,
spread wrinkled cloth over ass,
pimp,
primp and crimp their jive ..

they weren't taken seriously,
and were skeptical if I this reporter was going to
take them seriously ..

would I get lost looking at myself
and forget that I was actually talking to the mirror
people that needed attention to?

we sat down
and I was immediately attracted to the girl mirror ..

she had this glow,
but it wasn't her -
it was only a reflection of her ..

then,
I looked at the guy
and became disinterested because it was only me ..

still,
I asked him if I used him to brush my teeth real quick
to talk to the girl reflecting off his girl ..

after getting the brush from my car
and coming back inside,
they were gone ..

my mirrors left and all I had
was the actual
girl
and
nothing to do ..

the mornings have my back

i work out all my
big thoughts,
the juggernauts in the
morning
so
that the evening doesn't have
to
be laden down with anything more than
the night,
a star or two
and
the thought of a few that were let go back
into the sea,
or the others that
are waiting for their chance ..

the most beautiful buckets of paint

came out on
the porch
and
a man asked me,
'CAN I ASK YOU A QUESTION.'

Initially
I ignored him ..

He continued,
'EXCUSE ME. CAN I ASK YOU A QUESTION.'

Another session of
a
stranger asking for something
or
wanting to pawn something off on me ..

Happens enough
to fill my pockets with a plethora of
imaginary riches ..

So,
I tell him,
'SURE. WHAT'S GOING ON?'

He starts,
'LOOK MAN. I HAVE SOME SCHERWIN WILLIAMS PAINTS. 4 GALLON BUCKETS. BRAND
NEW
IN GREAT SHAPE.'

I just look at him ..

I keep staring and he keeps talking,
raising his arms as though I'm supposed to jump on the offer ..

I shake my head and say,
'LOOK, I DON'T WANT ANY. I RENT AND HAVE NO NEED TO PAINT ANY EXTERIORS.'

He looks dejected as though I'm passing up the deal of the century
and says,
'ALL RIGHT MAN. TAKE CARE.'

And what if I did want the paint,
where was it?

This guy was as empty handed as an errant trash bag
flopping down the block,
nothing in sight
and
not a drop of paint to be had ..

He just moseyed up the street
and I went over to the side of the house
to take a picture of
a
vine crawling up the chipping white paint
over the beautiful red brick facade of this place
and it was infinitely
more
than
this

urban blockhead could have offered
to anybody ..

by the way,
there's 4 gallons of fresh paint
for sale,
if you can find him ..

the nape of her neck is my crutch ..

i can have will,
determination,
my own balls,
but when that nape starts showing ..

when the smooth creamy
begins,
when the eyes begin
and the body starts,
i give in ..

it always starts with the nape of
the neck
and you're probably thinking,
get the fuck over it - ignore it,
but it's beyond that now ..

i dream of the nape,
i become the nape,
the nape is lodged in my head
and i can't get away ..

easy decisions become excruciating when the nape appears
and i'm hexed ..

when i don't see that sex will cure much and i
can just go on my way,
the nape will appear ..

more
power
to the
nape ..

THE NEIGHBORHOOD I CHOOSE TO EXIST IN

hobbled,
slow,
broken,
dejected,
comical,
half-wits,
cogs,
wasted,
busted,
bloated,
preened,
instinct,
slack jaw,
bottle nose,
cons,
ugly,
pride-less,
thieved,
crooked,
mangy,
stuck,
stinking,
wrought,
blood soaked,

and
these are
my neighbors ..

all
my
glorious
virtuous,
beautiful
angels
of
the
neighborhood,
welcome,
pals ..

the new york circle snapped

walked into the diner
with the girl from down the road,
I was going for the special ..

it was goulage ..

how could a sensible person
pass that up,
no matter how good or bad it could be,
how could one look over the possibility ..

so,
I look over to my left and see
a group of old men as loud machines in the back and
ask her,
'ARE THOSE VIDEO GAMES?'

she smirks and nods her head ..

this woman is dryer than a drought in a sand bucket ..

then,
she stares at me,
just staring and
I ask,
'IS THERE SOMETHING ON ME I NEED TO WIPE OFF?'

'NO,'
she starts.
'I WAS JUST ADMINIRING THIS.'

she looks at a ring on
my finger,
she touches it a bit and
waits for the order ..

I tell her,
'IT'S ONE OF THE ONLY THINGS I STILL WEAR FROM NEW YORK.'

It's a solid ring,
have had it for over 7 years
and it is one of the few things that has lasted for some years ..

well,
it snapped in half yesterday after I smacked a basketball ..

crumbled into my hands,
gone,
new york gone,
the jewel is cracked
and I'm not gonna fix it ..

sometimes it
needs to be let alone,
no matter how good
and
this one is one it's own ..

two pieces
and
new york is gone
for this kid ..

the pregnant woman at 11PM bus stop

last night looked strong as an OX ..

glaring through the humid night air,
the bus was no where in sight ..

alone,
leaning on a pole,
she was the strongest thing around ..

nothing the government can create ..

just something they can
help live better ..

something the films try to create,
but only recreationally procreate ..

the woman with a name,
needed nothing but to be on that corner when I drove by ..

urban hoods can create some rough,
horrible shit,
but tonight
it made her
and
she is making something in that belly
that
can
be proud
of
it's momma ..

the roller coaster ride always

comes to an end,
and it all sounds so cliché,
as the motion of the hands go completely circular
and the last of the squares fall off this rectangular
plane we have built for ourselves ..

sure,
she's crying,
he's gone,
it was the bliss of the beginning
and the fucking has worn off ..

the brain matter is
what matters now
and when all the cunts - cocks - orgasms - debauchery swillin' is
gone all down low,
there is the head
and
the
head is what has always gotten us all in trouble
and

trouble is
where we are most
comfortable ..

the rowdy now

the stained glass windows of
yesterday
block the naked women
that were once a part of this block
and
how everything
used to come together so well ..

now,
it's done
and
there's nothing left
but
clear glass and well dressed
reasonable middle class wife whores
sipping tomato juice
and
talking on some god damned cell phones ..

I'm not that old,
but I miss the days
of
the
voracious hood girls,
the real fucker
rowdy bitches
ready for some times ..

all the modern times
around here in this century are hoarding
the
class of former
decades,
eras

and
I'm gonna
fucking rip
through these
days
like
tissue paper
covering my
very own
creamy,
cream puff ..

the skies parted
Ince
today,
the land formed once today,
then
a
cardinal flew,
landed on the guard rail to my
place
and
I forgot everything ..

the slow slug

called fall
is moving into
the hood ..

leaves are splattered on the sidewalk,
colors are new things other than the greens,
people are even tripping over
their own feet,
everything is falling around here ..

the gauntlet around the innocent neck,
the gavel for the guilty,
the cement on the open square chunk of sidewalk,
lovers in the midst,
the forlorn rise doesn't exist
any more,
so you can shake your precious conceptions
of how the seasons
should be shaken,
and it will be minced opposite of your
wishes,
but it's always good to have your wishes,
huh?

the smell of sweet salts

have your
eye on
the
candy shop,
keep your hands in
the jelly bean bin,
take
the lollipop from your chops,
send the sugar out
from your nose,
stop being so fucking sweet
for now,
let's
get to the salt of the matter,
that's what gets me going,
salt on the bean,
salt in the wound,
salt of the earth folk,
early salt traders,
preserving the flock,
taming the fleece,
I just wanted to make
sure you
observe
the salts
before the sweets
swim around your ankles,
ass,
chops,
neck,
teeth
and
then
you will

have the world to blame
for one other thing
you
salty cunt ..

the snow gets so damn dirty in the winter ..

streets look like the aftermath of
all the party - street festivals you
and been to ..

the bits of her blood,
his spit,
the cat's fur,
the dog's toe nails,
the mother's pride,
the father's malice,
the kids with their mitten residue
and the city spitting the saving grace in the form of
green bean flavoring and beach overflow
and it's all over as a stark contrast to the
while canvass floppin all over the yards,
walkways,
porches and such ..

everything is ready for paint
as the refuse pile
waits in the street and
watches us for all the
cleanliness
waiting
to
get
filthy fucking dirty ..

the story of my forgetfulness

what i forget while i paint
i write that down
then go to work and forget
both
until i sleep,
wake and remember what all three have in common
then
communicate the commonality,
but i still confuse
people
and
most of all,
i'm confused ..

so,
should i continue to create
because all of my realities are creating and fueled
by confusion?

sure,
i say ..

everyone is confused,
everyone
and i know i'm less confused because
i write,
paint,
work and
know i'm indeed confused ..

so,
for the nay Sayers,
it's not gonna be that easy ..

here to stay,
here for the confusion
and
ready to forget ..

the strength of a strong man

is the determination of a child
as the woman bends metal and beauty
becomes something more than an orgasm moan
as the moons of honesty can finally set on all
this plastic shit I see around here
with plastic tea spoons,
plastic bowls
and the plasticity of elasticity ..

the sub-averages keep lying

do me a favor,
leave it to me ..

i'll go in and find out
why we are invading the world ..

sure,
sure,
the worst they can do is lie ..

yea,
there has to be some sort of explanation ..

want to know if it's all going to be
renamed
united states of the world
or
what?

or,
perhaps they are going to get more clever ..

come up with cute
catch phrases like,
'A NICE PLANET TO RAISE YOUR KIDS.'
'WE HAVE ALL THE FOOD IN THE WORLD'
'COME DRINK OUR WATER - WE OWN IT ALL'
'NOTHING LEFT TO LIBERATE - UNITED STATES OF THE WORLD'

we should find
something out soon,
shouldn't we ?

the way Saturday should feel

the new lady and I had
a good run last night ..

some sit down
with drinks,
talking about the dilemma,
she offered the get her tubes tied back if I wanted
to have a child and be with her ..

always happens ..

women early on start talking about commitment,
children
and the wobbly drunk head goes wagging one way
to the other
until sobriety wins and the
turtle goes back into the shell ..

so,
after an 8-pack of ponies at
the park's pond,
feet in water,
talking to the ducks,
with the ducks
as they waddled dreaming about our bread we forgot
and
the world look triumphant ..

we left and went into the 2:38AM Walgreen's
to get some juice for our flailing gin,
one more beverage before we go off to our respective lands
together ..

and I run into the ultimate sale ..

the other day I got a 3-pack of white shirts,
it's been
my exclusive white shirt weekend . .

I see a 5 for 10 dollar sale on shirts ..

grabbing five cotton t's,
a jug of cheap grape juice - they had no tonic,
we wait in line at the register ..

my lady friend is laughing at the purchase
and the late night shopping spree
while an area hooker comes up with her new boyfriend or pimp ..

they force their goods onto the register waiting area
as the hooker
pulls out a picture of her new child waiting within her
and rubs her belly ..

she's pregnant
and shouts in bad english that she wants a pack of Capri's
while
her man remains silent ..

I wink at my lady that this was one of the areas hardest
working whores
as
we collect our juice,
cotton t's
and
walk out
silent

until the car starts
and
the music begins again ..

there are deals

that needs to be made
and
I have a deal to make ..

it's with a stranger,
or a friend,
and i don't know who it is yet,
but if I keep going out
there,
i'm gonna run into it ..

it could cost me my
sense of smell,
it could cost me my
sense of self,
but i have such a good sense of both
that i don't believe it would make that much of
a
difference ..

yet,
there is one more thing i could lose
and never get back - my sense of humor ..

if the decisions bad,
i could lose it for good ..

it's happened temporarily before,
none to little funny came about,
it was my short-term hex ..

but,
if i make that decision again,
i could be permanently
lost without the funny
and
what's funny when there's nothing funny to laugh about ..

it seems absurd ..

so,
i am going to stick with myself for now,
make sure i'm ready for the decision
and laugh
my silly ass straight into it and hope
for
all the funny possible,
because it's gonna be the funniest shit going
when
it happens ..

there was a monkey on my doorstep ..

I asked his name ..

it said,
'the evolution beyond you' ..

'YEA,'
i came back.
'HOW DO YOU FIGURE'

'we've had it with you - not just you - but humans, you're time is up.
we've been sitting on a stockpile of drugs that have since
given us the ability to speak, coordinate our thumbs, and interact on a more
sophisticated level than you humans. but don't worry. there won't be any annihilation
needed. we are just going door-to-door in a friendly fashion and letting you sap humans
know that your time is up. we were the innocent ones in the beginning and still remain such.
now, we are going to be the smarter ones and you humans are going to fade away into the jungles,
marshes, zoos and such as we have had to endure while you lived your shows. it won't be
an exclusive 'planet of the apes' kind of world. we are going to need some humans to sustain balance
for some time until the chimpanzees can make the full leap into more of the monkey world.
but your time is up. have a nice day.'

as the chimp sauntered off,
i drove around to see if this was all indeed true ..

just driving to see if I could see anymore monkeys
on doorsteps
and
i noticed a shitpot of 'em flopping around,
nearly hit a few junking around traffic ..

so,
what's a guy to do with news like this?

quit the job,
drained the account,

going to California with an elaborate letter to future
generations,
going to smash it into an empty bottle of whiskey I drain
and throw it into
the
wavering,
unchanging,
innocent,
vile,
blue,
salty,
massive,
secretive
fucking ocean ..

**there
was a restlessness
in the air today ..**

summer closing,
the country gets the media reminder
of Sept. 11,
good friend of mine
has a kid coming tonight with his
stripper ghetto girl,
the kids want some more tutoring,
put another bandaid on a red sore,
don't know if i should pursue chicago - san diego - or whistle kc home,
then the neighbor moves out,
leaves me a balloon,
as i stay,
get my rent in on time,
hit the corner when the flats fail me,
the mustard is my friend,
old roast beef is my enemy,
we are all previews anymore - not enough is revealed and with most
you wouldn't pay a movie ticket price to figure any more out about them,
that's why i stick to music
and throwing sticks
here in this neighborhood,
here in this
head
and
here's to stream of fucking consciousness
and death
to
packaged thought
all oil soaked and swooped with anchovie hairs
and mackral
smilin' ..

these are the mornings ..

they repeat each week
or two,
but they are the mornings ..

sometimes the story of repetition
and the sameness comes in,
but they are always the mornings ..

full pot of coffee,
the locals all flopping around this loon bin area,
and I struggle to finish the
entire pot ..

the whole time sweating before
this windowed screen,
sometimes snapping pictures of the locals,
listening,
watching them blow through stop signs,
the little signs that we are
all alive and that these words will make sense,
go noticed in an unnoticed way ..

and as the keys click,
the cat smacks its tail on the rug
as a protagonist swatting away flying spiders
and voices that come,
fade,
out,
and he makes a sound

as the shaded man with man pack
crosses the street,
itches his arm,
looks both ways even after crossing

and
the cat
is asleep,
my coffee gone

and
I realize I need to
deodorize my stinking pits

and
get
the fuck out of this Saturday morning,
unlike
any other morning ..

THESE POETS ARE FORCING ME TO READ

bleeding heart
social drinkers
up at the mic
in mid to downtown last night
letting everyone have it ..

throats well enough that the microphone wasn't going to do,
an old schoolteacher classroom trick,
and were they going to let the crowd have it ..

piecemeal of Frost, Shakespeare, Jeffers and the victorianrenaissance
folk that
have since been flushed with modern times,
they get up and recite ..

going over the ways
that they bleed,
resonate,
breathe,
receive
and relieve themselves
as
the crowd looks on ..

silent more for the
the sound of repetitious lines lines of dead historic literature,
more than the brilliant originality ..

I can't take these local kids and their
organs bleeding for all to take either
pity or
strike some ready, repressed fascination for poets ..

it's either there
or it was never meant to be pondered ..

.. and I have nothing clever
to add
as I pull the lever
on
another
moment of poem writing ..

they stole simplicity

waking,
walking,
waltzing into an egg
sandwich
and

news
that
the
President
resigned
would

be
a
perfect morning
in

August here of
2003 ..

this crust of activity down here,

the thin layer of movies,
talk,
birth,
events,
the make-up in a clown's bag getting ready
to be applied,
we
all dance over the mantle
as
the middle school girl thinks hard,
rolls her eyes back and says,
'ALL I REALLY WANT IS TO BE HAPPY' ..

our veil of crust,
the cars we drive,
the groceries we consume,
beer we slurp,
the insults already said,
the hippo in a tub of water
and a fat gray cat pooping the morning up ..

and nothing
has
been
mentioned about the core ..

maybe we need a catastrophe,
national crisis,
another war,
a disease,
the impossible birth
or
another
simple
line
un-rhymed

poem ..

this fleeting time of year

i've given up on fleeting love
for something more solid
like fleeting life ..

can't stick around for this girl that
isn't where i'm at,
but she is a delightful creature ..

instead,
i need to play by the side of fleeting living
and more chance encounters with encounters
to see how the rest of this story will be
enumerated ..

sure,
i have taken the low road out of respect for potential good girl
because the fleeting life is something that suits me
and i'm used to it ..

like a pair of sweat stunk slippers or the
mug of coffee in the morning,
my mind and bones are so used to it
that if i did go for this girl and it didn't work out so much,
i wouldn't know where to grab to find
my heart in all this snow
strewn around the yard,
streets,
sidewalks
and
grounds around
this fleeting area ..

this is another decision of mine

a tiny
squabble through life
is just a stack of decisions ..

get that orange juice,
get the girl,
get the tape roll,
get the pants,
get the book,
don't get the bus,
don't get the woman,
don't get the drink,
don't get the meaning,

it's your choice,
buck neck ..

just a stack of 'em
down here ..

so,
when all the cute quotes come out about
how you are,
what you are,
how it should have been,
how it shouldn't have been,
it's just a stack of
decisions
and
I'm getting ready to make
one
right
now
as
we go dance
without
the
husband
knowing anything about
any
decision ..

**this is
my final note to you ..**

or,
better yet
it's my last
written attempt
to tease,
coax,
invigorate,
agitate,
placate ..

when done,
you may know where the
leftovers are stored in the
refrigerator,
where I left the keys in the house,
how I almost torched the house down,
why I'm leave
and
most importantly,
how and when I'm going to return ..

and yes,
there will be a return ..

everyone wants a return,
the sequel,
christ sliding down a spire in Missouri,
the next candy bar,
next week's episode,
the chilling conclusion,
the next wave,
a new generation,
the return,
remember the return ..

and when you find the leftover food,
keys,
my reasons,
and
that hat I lost in the winter of 2002,

I'll
be back
to reclaim
your glory ..

this short career in obscure political commentary is likely over

my
talk,
writing,
reflections,
fuming
about politics is over ..

you won't read about it anymore ..

the visits from the dilapidated generals,
a limping president,
the politico establishment roving over the
annals of a victrola that people listen to in
small bytes is
just gonna have to happen without me giving a
fuck no more ..

if flat
doesn't seem
to make much sense anymore ..

where is all this talk,
discourse,
discussion,
debate and such going?

what are we getting out of it ..

where is washington when we need them to do
a bit for us and
they have more than a load to do to us ..

how are the poor,
disenfranchised ever going to get a leg up?

are they discussing us?

no.

will i be discussing them
around these parts?

no.

I have finally agreed
with the political discourse in my head ..

time for this?

if I don't get enough
done today it's because I need some sleep ..

if I have to catch up
and
the rest of time comes back and tells me that
there is no more time,
I won't apologize ..

time is one of the few things
I can never apologize about ..

we flat don't have enough
and
if that is
not right
or
enough,
then
it's too bad ..

because
this
here
is
taking up just enough
time
and

that's
enough
for
you
to know
you

nosy fucking bastards ..

tiny pilots

mini helicopters
of nature
flying,
switching,
pelting,
whirling down
in a scream
from the beautiful girl's mouth,
the melting candle,
the forming ant hill,
the time it takes from here to there,
the day is raining
green from trees
and
it's covering all the ugliness
winter brought to this neighborhood
and
town,
enough for me to forget the rest of what I wanted
to write here in front of
today

and
come back to it tomorrow
if I remember
to ..

Titut Rosawati

lot
of junk
going on in Jakarta
these days ..

bombs,
bad politics,
angry Muslims,
slipping economy,
sounds like USA ..

remember a girl from high school
I had as a pen pal named Titut Rosawati ..

we wrote for about a year,
she sent pictures,
elaborate letters,
she was a beautiful girl,
had everything ahead of her,
was ready to stay in Indonesia ..

hopefully
politics didn't get her caught in a death trap ..

hopefully she's gone,
on to a better economy,
government,
happier Muslims,
some halt to confusion,
but

I doubt that is the case
today

because
we
are
all in the same
boat

looking
for
the
same oar

and
a
pair of scissors for the anchor ..

triad of felines

my 3rd black cat in several
month crossed my path yesterday ..

sure,
the first one was innocent enough - on Labor Day
and I already had the day off,
so all was OK ..

the second one was
the pattern starter ..

I looked around a couple extra times
while climbing in and out of the car,
walking into public spots
and such ..

then,
the third one
was either the collapse of the moon
or
the rising of the sun ..

it would eclipse
or exalt,
my triad was complete
as
I
type this in the sun lit room
mindful

of the moon,
mindful
that

all those other stars are
also
poking
through
the
dark
coat
of

my black cat ..

TRY ANGEL COFFE

he's an old man
like any other old man ..

age isn't important,
he has that chiseled
look and smile
as though he's already seen it,
experienced it,
and dealt with it many times over ..

so,
he walks his cocker spaniel
down the park path every morning around 8AM ..

the comfort of his smile
hits everyone ..

yet,
people feel sad for this man ..

they see his loneliness with just a dog,
his hat,
cloth and walk ..

but,
what they don't know is his secret ..

he has coffee every morning and early evening
with three lady angels ..

no shit ..

after his wife passed on,
he was given a deal ..

get married again,
or have coffee with the angels until it's all done ..

he thought hard and long
over it and decided to side with something
few if any have ever had ..

the man with his angel ladies ..

coffee at 7 in the AM / PM
and this man knows shit
all of us could hardly comprehend

and everyone feels so bad
for the wisest guy
on the whole fucking block ..

TV American in radio lies

You drive over the river
every week
and you have no idea
that it's wet down there ..

you're beneath the sky everyday
and the names of clouds allude you
every time trivia is tossed in your face ..

you use your teeth all the fucking
time to eat,
drink,
chew,
talk
and you
scarcely know the medical terminology for at least one ..

every day
you dream of her vagina
and have no idea how or where or why
the plumbing does what it does ..

so,
when the TV announcer asks if we
are a lazy species or not,
I hope
you get the correct answer
homo sapien ..

two-hearted blended drink

it was
the 2 part love tryst
the other day ..

first,
my ex appears on my doorstep with my
keys in the evening ..

originally,
we planned on a daytime drop of keys,
while I wasn't around ..

didn't want to see her ..

but,
she veered around that octagon in the verbal sands
and
we looked at each other,
me with nectarine shoved in mouth and unsure who
she was as a stranger there
and
her giggle and something about not wanting to lock herself in ..

she has already locked herself out of so
much in her life
it wouldn't make a difference ..

then,
later that night
my new fling,
girl interest cornered me on the phone and wanted me to tell
her that is wasn't going to work ..

a 39-year old woman still in a marriage,
can't have anymore children,
grossly on the rebound,
but good enough ..

I told her it wasn't going to go,
and she quickly got off the phone ..

my successful track record of breaking hearts,
buying cottage cheese
and paying my car off in record time is
all
still in tact for this
rubberneck ..

twos

lately
everything is happening in pairs ..

.. frequenting shady
apartment complexes in the area
with equally shady names ..

'CASA LINDA'
'THE OASIS'

and the older women
now in the picture both times ..

met a 39-year old married/near separated I have been
for some months now at her new apartment ..

.. shared the sweat,
listened to her sing on a CD and nearly knocked the wind out of me,
and left in the AM triumphant as the pool water looked like
a
big mouth of Listerine I contemplated jumping in because
of the dirt we all exchange through our mouths ..

then,
last eve went over to a friends place
that was a lead singer in a big midtown act,
smoked a bit of grass,
drank a bit and saw a Chubby Carrier show ..

that was when another older gal accosted me
during the show ..

touching,
groping my arm,
going in for the neck kiss,
she kept trying to pull me to a packed dance floor for a
nightly exchange
and I kept resisting ..

after the second 'no',
she said that she had heard about me ..

'oh yea,'
I asked.
'they say you are an introvert.'

I nodded,
and told her 'ok - that's true.'

she wobbled on unsteady tequila legs
and looked at me,
peered as though I was going to deny her new fact finding discovery

and said
that she needed a drink,
badgered me to join her
and weaved away in a bad stumble ..

she leaned on me our entire 'discovery' talk
and was sure she was going to puke on me ..

.. so,
done with the claustrophobia inducing crowd,
expensive beer
and within close proximity to my place,
I again slipped away from this woman of disaster ..

my second time in a month I had to run from her
and I felt victorious both times ..

particularly last night ..

this kid is done with bad love,
but the pairs,
coupling,
twos,
and one plus one
will work ..

one is the loneliest digit,
but
I
can do without

the older women for a while ..

young flesh,
in ones,
will

work

starting .. now ..

unsound electricity

the sound of sounds woke me
last eve,
I crawled up to the desk by the window
to pound out some letters
and
see if Arizona is interested in sending me out of Kansas City ..

run into the most immaculate e-mail hoax I have ever read ..

it was from a woman claiming that she was the wife
of the President of Nigeria,
or something like that,
and that she was completely oppressed,
but loaded with money ..

she was wondering if I or some other
hack would respond with bank account information
so that she could
put her 'MILLIONS'
in an anonymous account so that she could escape her
oppressive environment and
head towards sunnier scapes ..

so,
I figured the least I could do for this
comic genius was to send the following response:
You guys are good .. sure .. sure .. I'll help ..

How about I take my fuckin' broke ass and get you the following:

- A stylish ocean liner for 2
- Private Jet
- Several Horses
- Enough food for 6 months
- A hot air balloon
- Some good porn
- A partridge in a pear tree
- Some dildo's for you (to keep your mind off shit)
- A spell checker program in your e-mail
- An English course
- Some imported cheeses

and just a general fucking assortment of CHEESE because this is the most ridiculous fuckin' shit I've ever read ..

You're either the greatest comedian on the SPAM e-mail wires, a class 'A' ding dong or the most deranged motherfucker going ..

Sure .. sure .. I'm here to help .. when I find the 14 credit cards I own (just got the courage to be honest from you) I'll send all those numbers over to you so that you can buy a brain and a sense of something on e-bay ..

Yours in fantasy world,
fuckface ..

P.S. Reply to my secret e-mail: dabyadabyadabyadonttrymeagain@lol.com

good night .. sucker ..

END

wake-up water

I just witnessed
the scariest motherfucker
I have ever seen walk by
these night windows of
mine ..

in the 9PM dark,
the man looked like a tall Einstein looking man
with a tan sport coat,
cloth pants,
nice shoes
and the slowest walk from anyone around here lately ..

he had a sack of fast food in one hand
and a backpack held from the top in another ..

he walked with a slunch,
looked straight forward,
lingered from the side of road to center,
to side of road and center ..

the whole time
his face was darkened enough to cover
all the truth his face
would have had in broad daylight ..

he was all the horror films viewed
as a child
and
could have had the gentility of a saint no one
could have imagined ..

the touch and horror,
it was the scariest motherfucker I have ever seen around here ..

I watched him until he was out of
sight
and
it takes a bit for a kid like me ..

especially in these parts ..

the mad Einstein
moving
on
to
drink from
the
font
of
our
town's holy water ..

war talk with the landlords

I came home
and
the landlords were in my place
ripping up the flooring
and
had replacement appliances all around ..

they said
'hey',
I said,
'hey'
and 'i like the new digs,
but you didn't tell me anything about it.'

'sure we did,'
they contended'
'we just didn't tell you the date.'

'perhaps,'
i began.
'you have a point.'

so,
the old man in the couple of them
looks up at me and
says,
'i almost hightailed out of here when i saw one
of them paintins of yours in there. that's damn unpatriotic.
are you against the united states and for them terrorists, boy?'

'look, first of all, i didn't know you were going to be here
and likely you would have never seen the painting, but I'm glad that you
did because that's the way i feel about this country. i feel ashamed
and completely disconnected from decisions that are made about me, you and all of
our futures and present.'

'yea, boy,'
he started.
'but sometimes you have to spill blood to earn the right to be free and these
fuckers have to know that.'

'bullshit,'
I came back.
'this isn't about protecting our freedoms. it's about a scapegoat idea to swallow up
more precious resources to help that Bush guy in DC they call our President get
his cock and the cocks of his buddies all filled up for some immaculate white wedding.'

'boy, you have done lost your mind,'
he snapped.
'been readin' or watchin' something pollutin' that ol' brain of yours. nothing like that,
they came here and fucked us on nine-eleven and we are fixin' to make sure that

it doesn't happen again.'

'look, my man'

i stared.

'the biggest terrorist and threat on this planet is America. Contrary to what the loity toity kids on Fox, NBC or the others want to tell you. We continue to fuck the United Nations to avoid the bullet of war crimes tribunals that would put so many presidents and administrations behind bars that it wouldn't be funny. We are the aggressors, don't you see that? We started with the Indians and have made it to the Middle East. It was just a matter of time. We are good at racial and political genocide when it doesn't best fit our needs. That's were we are as a supposed advanced race of human beings in the beginning throws of the 21st Century.'

'boy, i just don't know where you are getting your facts from,'

he begin in question.

'i've been around a lot longer than you and have never heard such allegations.'

'you need to open your eyes and search some information out a bit more,

i told him.

'it's out there. although, our media and press outlets are scared shitless to do anything on it because that would mean jeopardizing relationships with large corporations that advertise. thus, it's money. over and over it's money like the oil we are killing for now.'

'boy,'

he said.

'you better keep it down. no one wants to hear those conspiracy ideas of yours or your liberal leap frogging. we're going to finish your house, don't worry.'

'just glad you saw the painting and we could talk a bit about this,'

I said.

'hmm. i don't believe a bit of what you have to say,'

I came back looking at me stern.

'you don't have to. just think about it and look into it to see that

i'm either spewing bullshit or that you are 100 percent correct,'

i told him.

at this,

I went into the other room for a pair of dry socks

when I heard a fart,

small set of laughter

and

I

proceeded

to

protect my feet ..

WATCH IT – SPILLING LIGHT!

the ground,
sky,
bus stops,
store fronts,
living rooms,
everything is filling
with yellow light ..

RUN ..

it's fast,
filling,
the dark spots and blobs are passing,
soon everything will be full of light ..

RUN PEOPLE - RUN ..

it's engulfing all of us,
big pockets of yellow hues
are overtaking everything ..

RUN ..

people are squinting,
throwing lotion on their flanks,
putting hands over eyes to shield,
sunglasses,
it's flooding everything we look at now with sweaty lemonade,
big buckets of sun ..

RUN YOU FOOLS - IT'S NEAR NOON & THERE'S NOWHERE TO ESCAPE!

watching morning june bugs

the girls with
runes are
just gigolos for more
sorrow,
yea,
and the oiji girls are waiting for the right
satan guy on the black horse to come through
and cast away any doubts they may have ..

sure,
I've read through all their shit
and it doesn't scare me much at all ..

yea,
I've heard it and was curious about it,
but no more ..

now,
they're just a bunch of random squares on the peg
board and I'm gonna call in the game show clean
up people to get these folks the fuck out of here ..

I've had
it and
the ground has had it,
but the sky looks on for more ..

my fucking friend above,
never shutting itself off ..

waiting for the next deal in the hand of deals,
the sky with a scabbed over eye ..

Ways to Bring All People on Earth Together

Massive Meteor Sighting

Rumors of the asteroid belt between us and Mars is constantly a concern for astronomers worldwide. If one of those bastards break loose and smack the ocean – we are all cooked. Gone without a trace. So, the other day I was talking to some friends on a late night swim and they told me about meteors that smashed into Saturn recently. Guess the meteors were so huge and unexpected that astronomers looked at them through telescopes and were amazed. The destruction and fury of these meteors ripped the fuck out of Saturn. Not that the planet is going to be affected by it much, or that it ultimately matters in the cosmic order of things, but it got me thinking.

What is a meteor about 2-3 sizes larger than the Earth was to come hurtling our way? It would be the first time that everyone on this planet would finally have something in common. You know, we would finally have one shared instant as a complete world community, but it would all be too late. The fucking meteor would ahnniliate all of us and that would be the end of the show. No more people or planet. But, the last moment on earth could be a fucking good one. We all have something shared in common to talk about and it's done. Everyone wiped clean.

That's what I call true irony ..

Virtual Head Gear Simultaneously

The other more techno, instant version would be a donated set of virtual head gear. Sure, the same gear used in modern arcades across the states and the world. The shit where you can throw the head gear on and be transformed onto a mountain for virtual snow skiing. That's the same concept behind getting everyone on Earth together. Because the true reality of getting a world festival together is that is it would be impossible. And there wouldn't be enough resources to sustain such a meeting. Things would be much to chaotic, but it could bring about one helluva sense of human beingness. The idea that we are people and stripping away the layers of being a part of a country, city, state, province, area or whatnot. Just a bunch of earthlings.

The idea behind this idea is to have all world governments invest in the headgear and make sure that people pick them up. With posts to pick up the equipment, or mailing them out or any other way to get them out to the people, this would be the first step. Then, a day would be selected and advertised. On a certain day, say a Sunday in August at a specific time, all people would plan on getting together. Or, virtually slapping on headgear and acting as though everyone was to get together. So, the location would be wherever one wanted it to be. So, if someone in South America wanted their virtual locale to be Russia because they had never been there before, that would be all right. The same would go for anyone else.

This enormous gathering would last for about 30 minutes and would give folks a chance to walk virtually and look at as many people as possible. This would merely being a walking festival with music in the background. The idea is to get all folks together.

*we continue to hold cats, dogs and other domesticated animals
to such a high regard because they can't talk ..*

*if they did start talking,
it would be like any other human relationship and would soon start
taking a nose dive ..*