

Joe files LXXX

Cracked Up On
Female
Retirement
Notions



7:15 PM 1/4/04

there are small fables
and more dryer sheets
I need to jam
into the
wet, dirty
situations of your
smilin' desires ..

7:16 PM 1/4/04

they make puddin' with bread hands
and sell it
to the meat people for
sweet,
pure
sugar ..

7:17 PM 1/4/04

axioms are the beginning
of the descent
into the glowing
box
that held
the flawed heart
trapped in a jewel
the
President
blindly ordered ..

7:18 PM 1/4/04

all the snow in the world tonight
is enough
to make
me
warm
and the numb
is something I will hold off on
as my landlord cash's my
early
morning check ..

7:18 PM 1/4/04

they focused
on the quota when
they should have
honed in on
the speaker ..

7:19 PM 1/4/04

the smell of my
fabric in your skins
is proof
that today
is valid
&
the wash is here
to stay ..

7:20 PM 1/4/04

if i loved her
i
didn't know it
and
if someone asked
me
if i
did
i
wouldn't deny it ..

7:21 PM 1/4/04

the temptation
is the truth
because sin
is
so
supremely fun ..

7:22 PM 1/4/04

we do what we don't
because
we already have
and pine about
what we did
because
we didn't
do
it
right ..

7:23 PM 1/4/04

girls
come
in,
girls
come
out
&
I'm stuck
with
the
moment
they
are
here ..

7:24 PM 1/4/04

your life begins
when something ends
and a life begins
when
something ends
and ends when it begins
and begins when it ends
&
ends finally when
it has
all
begun ..

7:25 PM 1/4/04

till the fulcrum
comes to meet you
on your doorstep,
i give you this stone
from a bird
that dropped by
the other night ..

31 lies that are my truth

it is not
often,
but there are times
that comes around when i want to completely forget
myself ..

so many beverages,
so many nights,
so many ways,
oh
and i don't want to know all about them ..

i want to just keep going
in
forward motion
and sometimes
you need to realize
that the most important thing that you need is
what you don't' crave and what someone ultimately needs from you
because your fate has tapped you on the
shoulder in such a way ..

so,
here's to one more beverage
and slipping into a land
that i'm not sure
i
can
return from ..

so arrivederci-le
folks,
i'm
off to see the devil
and
do
some rope exercises around my fate ..

39th Time

she called last
night
to tell me that she missed me ..

it's a recent brief relationship
I had with an older woman
getting out of a
bad marriage ..

we had some kicks,
but she wanted more,
possibly a child
and I just didn't want that with her ..

so - we had to cut it
off ..

i know it broke her spirit,
but there was nothing more I could do after that
than to move on and find a
good girl,
or get myself mended from the artillery of the
previous love stint I went through ..

she calls and asks if I have a date for new year's eve
and if i'm going home with a woman at the end of the night ..

i answer 'i don't know'
to both questions and she
seems very sad ..

she says that she may eat vegetables and drink water
for her festivities and
I tell her we should get coffee some time
and she agreed
and this is the last day of 2003
and I dedicate this
to you,
baby,
and all the vegetables - water - booze - words - and tomorrows
you can
ingest ..

7:26 PM 1/4/04

everyone is sneezing around
here ..

i can't even stop it ..

it won't stop
and
no one seems
concerned
at
all

about it ..

12/31/03

her mom
sent me a christmas card,
but i don't want to talk to the daughter ..

another bad earthquake in iran
and the locals wonder why it always hits them so damn hard ..

the inspiration fills the streets like a tide of emotion
a surfer would love to flop into,
but the street burns are hard to heal ..

the last gulp of whiskey is for you
because if I decide to take it,
you won't remember who i used to be ..

i thought about what my elaine may have gotten for christmas after
watching a spanish film last night and the lead actor looked just
like her with her beautiful big nose and smooth neck ..

i turned on the radio to static this morning and thought
that maybe there was no need to report the news because nothing
big happened overnight ..

i stared at my cat inches from my face this morning just
wanting another minute or two of sleep
and reached out my hand instead to make today begin and his purr the only sound to fill the room ..

i can see the reflection of my hands in the screen right now
and wonder if there is ever going to be a paper
where you can see the reflection of your eyes going over these words,
relating and seeing someone over your shoulder trying to find out
if they can read the secrets underneath
your darting eye lids ..

a drinking parable

whiskey is my broken car,
vodka is my broken clavicle healed again,
gin is my lost hat,
ice is my found cat,
straws are the pieces i still have,
beer is the last bad fight,
vermouth was enough to constitute an end to the night,
malt liquor was the steinbeck novel i finally finished,
the cup has always been my saving grace,
and the napkins were always my metaphor in a pinch,
but when there was nothing more but nothing in this
march over liquored lands and sloshed sights,
there was always a reason,
i can always lend my head,
ear,
hope,
soul,
wavering existence to the
fact that a drink was eternal enough for me
to not lie through my life,
not to become callous,
not to treat strangers like dirt,
not to become what i could have
and the courage to admit that i have nothing more
to hide,
so here i share this plastic mug of
whiskey and cola
with the cold,
large icicle hanging
like a drunken champ here
in front of the window
being filled by the king drunk himself,
mr. t. waits,
&
this cold, brilliant world tonight never,
ever felt warmer ..

a real tulip and liquor neighborhood

we woke,
had the coffee,
kissed
and opened the big box of tulip bulbs ..

we started planting the bulbs,
laughing,
the sunshine was making us warm
and our flow was good ..

nothing but sobriety on our minds ..

then,
the neighborhood awoke ..

caroline's suburban reality was a new one to me ..

first,
we start doing whiskey shots with the neighbor a bit after noon ..

then,
we do another round of shots ..

next,
i make a big whiskey with cola and forget that the day is Saturday ..

then,
the crazy woman from down the street strolls up with her 7 month old in
the stroller and stops in front of our drunken faces ..

she says 'hi' and i peer down at her baby and
comment on the fact that they're the bluest eyes i have ever seen in my life ..

immediately
the kid starts crying ..

she waves it off
and offers us a flavor from her mobile bar roving around the block ..

she has a collection of beers and raspberry brandy ..

i accept,
caroline accepts,
she accepts,
the whole neighborhood accepts ..

the drinking game of suburban blunders is on ..

the whiskey has flowed,
the brandy was alive,
the beer was crackling,
the evening was before us,
and no

one knew what time it was
and it
just
didn't
matter
on
that particular
saturday afternoon
in

suburban amazement ..

all the pipes are busted

and love
is again a reality
for me ..

the place is a wreck,
but i
have other thought of other more immaculate messes
that i
want to make either tonight
or
soon ..

there are only comparisons
and you are the best comparison
i can come up with tonight ..

there are no more drinks left
in this dry house,
but the city looks at me with a surly eye
and i
must
confide
that
i am heading for the hills ..

high into those
lush covered
bumps of mumps
to find
my
prize ..

AM proposition

friend dropped
me off
and i walked towards the
AM journal newspaper in the yard ..

a black woman calls,
'HEY BABY. HOW YOU DOIN'?'

I ambled closer to
the paper and say,
'good. how you doin'?'

she then asks as her bait - a hopeful advance,
'WHAT ARE YOU DOIN'?'

I come back,
'just getting the paper.'

'OH',
she says in defeat.

she sped through the 4 way stop
as I go inside
and on up to finish myself off
in that
good old urban
old fashioned way ..

good night, kids ..

an early scenario

the chinese gestapo
flopped by and
warned me about my words ..

a government official (can't announce their branch)
also
stopped into my work the other day to warn
me that the re-election was going well and
that our modern, progressive government didn't need
my nose muddling up matters ..

the angry tan trench coat kids on the corner
even eyed me down as I walked past
wanting me to silence my words ..

then some Armenian thugs grabbed me by the throat
while leaving the convenience store and said that
the world didn't need my insight or written words,
flat out ..

a Norwegian crazy woman grabbed my arm at the club the other night
to warn me that the Sweed's have been looking into my actions
and that the madness was going to have to stop ..

also
the Japanese have been sending me nasty letters about how
our democracy is a gift and any of my 'destructive art ideas' are
going to have to stop or they are going to start tainting my raw fish ..

i have nothing but critics as I
look around at the words going over the screen
and worry little
because this is the only time
i can have true comfort ..

so if you want to silence someone,
you fucks,
go to the movies and right before the big screen gets
flooded with pails of light,
utter a shhhh to all the lovers,
loners and such
wanting to
watch the
images of writers dance
in brilliance
over the dark clouds
above
the
smell of
battered,
purchased
corns ..

back to pulp speak

it's been
so long ..

will i remember how?

when there is nothing left to
be recorded,
i can rely on this ..

all the cupcakes gone,
tea spilled,
the hoaxes of psychology figured clean out
and I will
have this ..

the 1 thing i can rely on ..

my link to the last,
my bond with the first
and the non-stop stream of laughter
in between the curse of letters,
the flight of words and
my thoughts on dry pulp ..

they have come back
because
my mouth refuses to have much
more
to
say ..

bangin,

bangin,
banging away on these keys
or cramps in the hands
is one of the few things that i can relate to
anymore ..

people are exhausting,
the family won't stop with questioning social customs,
the press is loud,
but the words and pounding out such words makes complete sense to me
now
after everything else has faded away and the
sound of the dust has become another voice going on
about what it's going on about,
there are always the keys,
words or
the clicker to come back to
in order to make everything come back into one and make
a bit of sense that it never did before ..

so,
i hope all of this makes sense to you now ..

boy girl parable

the world is full of lost boyfriends
and searching girlfriends ..

you believe this?

or,
maybe it's full of lost girlfriends
and searching in vain boyfriends ..

does that make more sense?

or maybe all the boyfriends and girlfriends are lost
and no one is searching for any of them ..

would that go over better?

how about this,
for the crowd,
all the boyfriends found the right girlfriends
and all the girlfriends are screaming in delight ..

is that too ideal?

how about were all lost boys until we find
our girlfriends ..

too sapped up?

then,
how about the flip,
were all the girl's are confused until they find their boyfriends ..

still too much?

and we all go marching into the sink to
find traces of the girl or scents of the boys
and in reality we are all lost because we have found the girl or captured the boy
and we are going to continue to search together and
everyone has the lost propensity ..

brief girl lullaby

sorry baby
but i gave
your flowers away,
sold your name
and returned the panties to
the lingerie store
because the sex was
only a lie
love decided to put over on me,
but I know better ..

caroline

leaving your home
the other morning,
the sun looked more brilliant than i remembered
before ..

leaving your home the other day,
the clank in my car was loud,
but my music was louder and nothing was going to get between
my mind and the thought of you ..

leaving your home on that saturday
i saw the twirling purple cop lights on top of a hearse
leading a procession of mourners to their new life of
losing,
and eventually gaining more ..

leaving your house the other day,
i picked at my deteriorating gloves and decided that i needed
to stop squinting so much,
but didn't buy any sunglasses ..

leaving your house the other day,
i saw you wanting me to stay
and saw myself in the familiar role of leaving and not
wanting to repeat,
repeat,
repeat
what the past has said should always happen
but as the saying goes,
this time it will be flat different ..

leaving your house the other day
wasn't me leaving
because i never left
and i haven't left yet
so when i decide to leave
you will be the first one to leave,
but know that i am done leaving
and to leave anymore would be just
another reason to stay
and
stay
until
i repeat
the
word
stay
repeat
stay
repeat
stay,
END ..

changing fingers at this desk

been a time of
new equipment
and the death of old equipment ..

plugged in a new keyboard tonight and my fingers keep
spelling the words wrong,
fingering the keys like a girl for the first time,
going over the vowels as though they are consonants,
staying away from the numbers for now,
keeping the entirety of it in my peripheral for safety sakes,
wondering if the old keyboard is OK with this arrangement,
flicking fond memories towards my first Packard Bell keyboard I had over 10 years ago,
know that this is going to fit me like butter on a roll,
then there is the death of my printer ..

it fooled with me
for the last time the other night
and I put it away to its grave ..

smashed to bits,
the apartment is still seething and crawling with its remnants
and I feel good about all of it ..

it didn't communicate,
print,
cooperate or spit out the right shit for the last time ..

i looked forward to,
counted the days until I could take that former technological friend
to the cleaners ..

i mean a real good throw around,
thrashing and out of here ..

no life support,
no hope for resurrection,
no surgery,
no life flight ..

the printer is fucking gone off for good ..

no more communication ills,
the light is gone forever and I kept one piece for nostalgia ..

a faceplate with the model number to
remind the other printers that I want
flowing ink,
open communication,
no more jams,
good paper flow,
easy cartridge fluctuations and that
sweet

sound
of
the
click,
clack,
paper lodged into the right place,
sweep,
sweep,
beep,
click
and
the
miracle

is on paper,
the menagerie of everything is alive,
the words
can

become
real,
they
can
be my hard copy

in
softer
print
times ..

coon eyes in the city

i cross the street
to get my car
while helping a friend up the street
get his car off another car snow stuck
in an ice parking lot ..

as i ready to leap over the sewer gulch by my house,
i see eyes look at me from underneath ..

several piercing yellow darts
i don't stop to examine
and keep on moving ..

i kept it out of my mind ..

i end up getting my car and
helping this friend of mine get out of his jam ..

afterwards,
i leave and head toward my place several blocks up
the way ..

as i approach,
I see a raccoon coming towards my 7 bags of
trash on the corner ..

he was coming from the sewer drain in the thick snow
like a slinking disease ready to pound the judgment fist
on an innocent soul ..

i looked at him,
watched him dart from passing traffic
and studied his stealth ..

it was his eyes,
he was the yellow eye warbler,
the mystery in the sewer drain,
my albino alligator,
another affirmation to myself that i'm not
seeing
shit
just yet ..

cops stuck

in the middle of the road,
kenny dorton on the radio,
i don't want no whiskey tonight,
the coffee kids laugh all the way down the block,
the streets bleed with desire,
there is so much to be done as there is so much that has been done,
the only way to the end is to remember the beginning,
the cop just moved from the middle of the road,
bail is just a joke no one laughed at on time,
the melting ice cube is the world's potential turning into something else,
where there is one there is usually more
and when the well becomes wet,
the well becomes dry,
and when the wet and dry become one,
you have the beginning of a time period
and when that one ends,
one begins
and the parable starts over
and we get confused
and when the confusion is over
you lean
back and wonder
exactly what
the
fuck
just happened?

dreamy proof that our president is a dud

i was following the
first lady of the united states
down the hallway of a hotel ..

around,
around,
i was noticing her well starched dress
that was screaming easter colors ..

neon pink,
green,
some yellow trim
and she opened the door to a side conference room ..

i approached,
knowing that i needed to be in the room,
but not exactly sure why and
why i was following laura bush to this room ..

as i approached,
i noticed a sign that said,
'CONFLICT RESOLUTION SEMINAR'

i opened to door and walked in ..

the first lady was on one side of the room
and the president was on the other ..

they acted like strangers ..

there weren't many people in the room,
there wasn't even much security,
but they looked on at me as though i belonged ..

so,
i took a chair by the president hoping for some sort of talk
or illumination from this ding a ling i see on tv and in the papers
all the time ..

we sit and there is nothing more than
a nod exchanged between the two of us ..

then as sudden,
an advisor calls over the president ..

some news has come through
and he quickly gets up out of his seat ..

too quickly and carelessly because his
keys jumble from his pocket ..

there were about 17 keys, a light blue rabbit's foot and an asthma inhaler ..

a bulky stock for a key chain ..

he doesn't notice that they have fallen ..

i go to pick them up,
call him over and hand them over to him ..

with a suspicious eye,
I ask him,
'HEY, I ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO HOLD THE PRESIDENT'S KEY
CHAIN.'

no response but a 'HRUMPH'
and gone ..

the man was a dull dud in my dreams ..

couldn't even pull off cool in some dude's dream ..

final confirmation that this dim bulb in dc is a failing pile of light that never had the expected potential
of a wad of used mouth tobacco from a greased up pork mouth ..

amen that one, bush ..

drying beanstalks,

the price of corn bread as

the sailors charge the skippers new fees

and the shipmates are now ruling the skies

and charging

all satellites a toll ..

election is in the air ..

the election is
in the city ..

i went into the voting
polls today for a simple primary
run by elderly black folk of the neighborhood
and voted for the
only black in the primary ..

Rev. Sharpton is the funniest guy
in the lot
and that means the most to me now
as the politico process limps along
in serious dismay ..

and i was confirmed by the angst in the air
as I pulled away or
slipped away on an ice sheet of a street ..

they don't get around with the salts and sands
here in the city like they do in the burbs ..

and I heard thump,
thump,
bam,
bang
in the air ..

as I slipped to the stop sign,
i thought someone was getting ice off their car,
but it was something else ..

some mulleted man was smashing the fuck out of
a
new raspberry colored ford truck ..

he was sending some brutal blows to the tail lights,
body and
i veered forward,
and around the block to get a short video of the action ..

by the time i came around,
the man was gone and the cops were milling around
the place ..

and I thought about the election ..

what is going on in the streets ..

the anger,
the pent up adversity
and
the sun shining off the tree tops ..

the glimmer of ice coating the bared winter branches
and
that
was
what
made complete sense around me ..

everything good monday

usually seems
like the best days of the weeks to have
a
holiday no one expected
is monday ..

it's already the day that the barber's are done ..

it's the day that i come to look forward to because no one else
wants to be there and
that means that i can finally blend in and not have to deal with folks much ..

it's the unassuming day ..

it's the beginning and the end ..

it can be enunciated in many ways ..

every holiday should be on monday ..

it should be deemed through government channels,
through the appropriate voices that
monday is the day we want ..

i want monday ..

you gave up on monday ..

no one wants to do anything on monday ..

fuck - it's just monday ..

it should be our holiday ..

what you say -
ready to give up your stack of mondays for our holiday?

everything is about choice

as the pun comes hopping through
the gallery
and the naked one's decide not to cover
up because there is nothing to see
and the nudity is just another term for something
else you can't put on
so
the next time there is a joke
to be made about anything
and no one is around,
yell it into a jar
and believe that the next time you lift it up and
place it next to another ear
that it will be in there,
the sound of funny,
the echo of the past
and the hope that everyone has that they will be remembered,
that their last breath won't be the last thing
and that their finest moment can be preserved
in an old mayonnaise jar for the skeptics to giggle
and the enthusiasts to just nod their head
in
complete
adherence to
what was
and

always
will be ..

female voices from the past,

gone and beyond
call me with
cheese in their teeth,
perfume in their pants,
peppermint in their hands
and they expect me to refuse?

i have strength
and where I don't have it,
they want me to have more ..

so,
if you come calling,
lurching on the doorstep and coming closer,
then
know i won't resist
and

you
can tattoo that
on
your precious,
sweet
circular areolas ..

first monday on earth

it's the way
you don't know that will get you ..

it's what you think you know
that will come asking you one more question ..

it's the action you made without thinking
that will force you to think later ..

it's the goof hidden under your bed,
the red coated ghost in your closet,
the green hated ghoul in your attic,
the blue blood in your veins,
the candy colored mornings hiding the fog in ireland,
the infatuation with incontrollable situations,
your friendship with the adulterer,
your murderous thought that bring life later,
a moment made for them but you stole it without notice,
your engine of desire taking a wrong turn,
another bolt in the motor that doesn't exactly fit,
a perfect tapestry with one
mis-matched colored string that no
one will notice
until you
forget all about it
and

then
& then
you

will have to answer
for it ..

for a reason

i can't put my touch on,
i called my old lover last night
in a dream
and she answered the phone
by saying that
she was in the bathtub
and
i hung the phone up ..

then,
in my dream i wondered why i called her in
the first place
as i wished away any chance of her retracting back
and calling the number i called from ..

and it was soon thereafter that i woke
and remembered
how lovely it is to wake alone
and
to
be away from
such
utter
ass pain
and
it
was all in her voice,
i didn't see her face,
skin
or a tooth to save me ..

amen ..

frozen window art free

my weapon
of winter,
the sculpture of
the season,
the frozen tundra of the neighborhood,
the beacon of refracting light
by day,
the reason to go out at night,
the point in the mounds of
water,
the drip from the ceiling,
the hang on the gutter,
the reason i would wander
has fallen ..

the icicle in front of this
window
collapsed at some point this AM
and now
it lays in broken pieces,
sections,
bits,
and looks up at the ceiling wondering
how it lasted as long as it did ..

& it doesn't take long
for new ones to come in for
the replacement dance ..

7 new icicles are in
their place ..

and
as
with this march,
we all freeze on,
dripping our
water,
growing
and
waiting for our
own fall ..

garage sounds and the end of the end

is the tooth stuck in a rhine of fresh watermelon
on the december ground
as i contemplate loving her more,
loving the next until my mouth bleeds
and loving the final one until everything in me becomes
a numb joke that only my lover will understand
and we can sit around petting the cat in sheer joy
as the world goes ahead and passes us by with
their jittery wish list of things,
tires,
more gas,
the tampon string,
a condom wrapper,
the instant of forever,
the toasted nut in a cereal box,
and all the phone calls that need to be returned
won't be returned because my lover has
made me forget my wallet in bombay, india and the culprits
of the mississippi tales have me
captivated in the reflection i see in her meager lipsticked lips
as the taste of red turns to yellow
and i let all that sunshine fill up my molars like a ghost gone mad ..

girl quandary

is a person quandary

is a human quandary

is a kid quandary

is a past quandary

is a rock quandary

is a particular quandary

is a small quandary

is a specific quandary

is a pudding quandary

is a present quandary

is a negligible quandary

is a legitimate quandary

is a diamond quandary

is a talkative quandary

is a mitch quandary

is a stephanie quandary

is a music quandary

is a blank quandary

is a tiny almost forgettable incident

when you talk about

a girl quandary ..

giving up on change

maybe i
need
to
get
a
new
computer,
writing chair ..

maybe i
need to get a bigger chair
with better
arms
and more cushion ..

maybe i need to get a new desk
for more comfort and room ..

maybe i need a new desk to hold more stuff
and make everything more comfortable ..

maybe i need to get a new keyboard
that has a better sound and ease ..

maybe a need a keyboard that doesn't have consonants
that sticks so much ..

maybe i need a keyboard to make
things more comfortable ..

maybe i need a new monitor that is easier on my eyes
and head ..

maybe i need a new monitor to make
things more comfortable ..

maybe
i
don't need any of this ..

maybe
i
don't need comfort while
i write
because i get it
because of everything but my conditions ..

maybe i should be more rational about this ..

maybe the only way i should be irrational
is when
i'm writing ..

SO WHY DON'T YOU LEAVE ME THE FUCK ALONE
ABOUT GIVING AWAY ALL MY GOD DAMNED TABLES,
CHAIRS,
MONITORS,
KEYBOARDS,
COCK,
BRAIN,
TOES,
SOUL
AND GIRL
FOR MY FUCKING COMFORT,
JUST LAY THE FUCK OFF,
OK ASSHOLES ..

chirst, i feel so much better about
my modest,
yet
needed conditions ..

gone girl keeps tryin' to come back

found out some information
today
about the hell girl
i saw before ..

she told one of my best friend's wives that
she could fuck her husband if
she had the chance ..

i just found out about it today from a woman
that i am falling for ..

another arrow to the heart ..

this kept me from hanging out with this couple
and estranging me from a good friend of mine ..

another bit of jaded information from
this
supposed
peace loving,
tree hugging,
benign,
environmentally friendly,
non-fluoride using,
pot head,
bad with liquor
waste of time cunt that turned into a lesbian ..

it just doesn't stop with this mess girl ..

and now she is still asking people around
town about me ..

i never knew about half the shit people tell me
she sprinkled over the time i saw her ..

a two-faced little kid
who pranced around like she had some strength to
give the world ..

she had nothing,
is nothing,
will be nothing and she always knew that ..

she should know that now ..

so fellas,
if this hell vomit ends up enjoying cock again
her name is sarah elizabeth simms in kansas city, missouri and you need to
run the other way ..

run,
hide your head,
duck,
end it
and leave the fucking room ..

if she stays with licking pussy lips,
girls you can all have her ..

i'm sure you will fuck her up all good
and well as she needs to be ..

the things,
folks,
the things ..

good night
to all straights and fags out there
who
are still interested
in interested interested
interested
interested ..

her scent stuck in my skin

i pulled a hand to my
face
a time or more today and pulled,
sucked,
yanked in the scent that was on the black gloves
and my saturated hand
and smiled about
caroline ..

all over my nose,
i look up and see her biting her lip,
looking down at me as we
have known each other for fucking decades and it
hit's me that
she's
become beautiful ..

it's the minute the mountains just become another
woven stitch in the fabric of your backdrop ..

not that you can't recognize its majesty,
if needed,
but it becomes surreal comfort
and you never want to leave it,
you never want it to leave you,
it could hurt your breath if it doesn't stay there,
it is there,
it is you,
you are it,
and she
is
my
lucky penny

shimmering
in
that
fountain i have
reached into many,
many times before ..

sometimes,
i came up with a dime,
sometimes a quarter,
other times a pound,
an unnamed canadian coin,
other times a pruned hand,
but
this time i found
my
mountain

and
i
can't wait
to
again
suck in that
wintry gloved perfumed

glory ..

here is the best way to tell my story

if you ever want to know
what is going on
with me
you are going to have to read what i have to say ..

sure,
you may get some nodule of understanding from
my words,
talk,
conversing,
the string of syllables,
but
it's gonna be the word that is gonna wield the results
you are looking for
if you care ..

if you want to know what my attitude was like the other day,
why i reacted in a certain way,
how i came to a decision,
why i settled with a decision,
became into what i became into,
flip open the page
of words i have penned ..

you know that i'm broke now,
too many phone calls,
too many car repairs,
not sure what city i'm gonna settle in,
not sure what job i am going to stick with or leave,
my sister and i are likely finished having a relationship,
i'm falling in love and nervous,
my eye twitches on a semi-regular basis,
my beard is getting speckles of gray hair,
the night is becoming my morning,
i want to quit heavy drinking for some time,
my orgasms are the best ever these days,
i have one trophy in my place that isn't mine,
there are only so many ways,
usually i can communicate some complicated shit only when drinking
which makes me want to not drink as much and face my mirror,
there are old rumors i tire of confronting,
the edge of eden is in my coffee,
i ready to leave this,
i write these parables quick and
it resembles my speech ..

so if you want to know the truth,
you came to the truth about me ..

if you didn't and took advice to read this,
i'm not sorry because
you might have
just come closer to figuring yourself out ..

Holiday 2003

one down,
and one more to go
before this town folds
up all it's christmas cheer and shoves
it up
in the attic,
garage,
basement or a spacious ass ..

don't get me wrong,
christmas is good for the kids and those that
still believe in the fable
but the rest of us fucks buying because we have a list,
or have to,
or are expected to
should sleep it off ..

christmas is done
and i'm sounding like a fucking mean man,
but i'm just more into the original concept
or hanging with folks you want to hang with and giving something because
you want to give something ..

and then there is
the next one - new year's and
that's easy for me ..

more than easy ..

it's the evening i celebrate well throughout the year ..

talk and drink ..

welcome to my social hour
of hosting a toast to next year ..

sure - i will dance around those hot embers until my
forehead melts into my ankles
and
here's to
hoping you never get everything you want for christmas
because
that's the reason why
us
silly fools
write such folly ..

i am so fucking open

now

that the only thing

that i can

hide

is

my

hiding

space

and

i'm not

going

to

let any of you motherfuckers

know

where that is at ..

i can't wait

the porter can't wait,
the taxi man's foot is wagging,
the kids are away from the table,
the roofs have left buildings,
socks have given up on shoes,
gravity is thinking about leaving earth,
the bishop left the church long ago,
they bounced from the city,
cat swallowed mouse and left for other curiosities,
the dog has no time,
we have no time,
no one is waiting,
i'm not even waiting,
she is tired of waiting,
the man in the intersection gave up on waiting,
the servers don't even wait anymore,
the world of weight can't wait no more
but
i'm glad you waited around
for the end
of
this
small
piece ..

i got a monumental love letter

from
cupid's new attempt to
make
me
fall ..

and it's working ..

never got any dose of words
or emotion
after such a brief time
as i have
with
this
freckled dandy of a woman ..

she keeps asking me to jump off the horse
and leap,
fucking jump
and
i want to ..

her words knotted up my throat ..

i have never had a woman so eloquently and
aptly put emotion on paper
and in subjective reality as that was done ..

i may have fallen in love with her then,
i believe i did under a tree,
but know that if i do
as she asks and get the fuck off this high horse of mounting memories,
i may
never fall in love
again

with
another
creature
as
well
crafted
as

she is ..

**i keep seeing sunshine
and the moon is still my friend ..**

suppose the planets are planning something
right as the birth of your solar system went
on without the unintended hitch
of the century
and now
the tumbler drives my cloth off
and
I realize
there is absolutely nothing
left
to
fear ..

i love the city cops ..

all these city cops
when it comes to traffic transgressions ..

the other night,
got some bottles at the local liquory up the way,
pulled out of the parking lot looking to head north - then west,
but instead i had to turn south ..

it all happened so fast that i had no seat belt on,
no lights on and my erratic turn mid stream in flowing traffic stopped
folks behind me for a time ..

as i turned through a late yellow light in the intersection to get
a block within my place,
the cherries are shining loud through my back glass ..

i pull up into a parking lot,
don't even worry about clicking the seat belt in ..

i'm cooked and was thinking about how much the ticket was gonna be ..

a short, young white dude comes up and I hand him
my license and insurance card ..

he asks,
'SO, I STOPPED YOU BECAUSE YOUR HEADLIGHTS ARE OUT.'

'oh yea,'
In genuine bewilderment.

then,
he says,
'QUICKLY FLICK YOUR LIGHTS ON AND OFF.'

I do so ..

he frowns and says,
'YOU MUST NOT HAVE HAD YOUR LIGHTS ON.'

he says politely,
'TLL BE RIGHT BACK.'

a minute or so later,
he comes back and says,
'BE A BIT MORE CAREFUL'

again,
in a polite tone
as i say,
'SORRY, DUDE.'

he walks away and i click on my seat belt,
keep the headlights on,

drive obediently away and laugh
at the city cops ..

if that was the suburbs,
i would have been looking at a hundred or more bucks in fines ..

city crime is a hassle,
but if you're clean,
they let you go on the traffic shit ..

the immaculate city / suburban trade off
that i'm willing
to take ..

and so are the fuckers that speed up and down below my window,
not braking at the stop sign,
going past the memories of murders,
rapes,
horrendous shit

in a city
of
innocent traffic violators ..

i never write sappy love poems,

so i'm not going to do it for you ..

i never throw all this dripping emotion
all over the pulp pages,
so i'm not going to start doing it for you ..

i never get overly emotional
on these pages,
so i'm not going to begin with you ..

i never use these pages to say i love you,
so don't get your hopes up ..

i never try to open up too much about my lover,
so it's not going to just happen overnight ..

but,
sweet caroline,
you have to know that if i had my
way
i would get a magic vacuum cleaner,
suck all the freckles off your body,
paste them on regular sheets of typing paper
and
paste them all over my walls ..

i see this postman everywhere ..

he's the man in the neighborhood
with a smooth walk,
smoother twist of the wrists,
a rim shot the world barely pays attention to,
the tan glasses hiding his true eyes,
a quip for the ages,
a smile that could ease a room in a moment ..

he's the genius of the neighborhood ..

he knows everything about you and he doesn't even
deliver mail to your neighborhood ..

he's the milk hidden in that tiny pouch in the cereal box
you discover after all the oats are eaten and you have
a desire to get something more
to drink ..

i see him all the time
just grinning ..

smiling at everything and I have never caught his name ..

I know his voice,
face,
cloth,
demeanor,
style,
ricochet,
but
never caught his name ..

& I'm sure if I did it wouldn't be his real name ..

it would be some sort of alibi
for the real guy
that has his hands all over your mail ..

the man all the disgruntled housewives would love
to fuck just once,
then give him a rainbow cake the next day ..

he's the one that all the dogs love ..

he's the one's the cat's in the area
stay curious about ..

he's the mailman
no one knows about

and his smile has
all of us pegged ..

**i wait for you to arrive,
caroline ..**

you may be five minutes out,
1 minute out,
30 seconds away,
14 before the hour out,
in my place and i can't see you yet,
and it's wednesday morning
and we both know what that means ..

it makes the week flow
like it should,
it gets us around taking down people
when they should be taken down
but it just doesn't matter
because we had wednesday morning ..

it's been several minutes into this
piece
and i still wait,
caroline ..

but
it's fine ..

i need to finish this
and you need to finish what you need
to finish
as
the finnish folks run around finland in their finlandian ideas
of
finishing their things
and arriving when the time is right ..

even though you are not here now,
you arrived a while back
and
that's enough
as
i listen to the
sounds of coffee grounds go to the bottom
of
the glass jar
and
know
you
are
another minute closer
to
our
sanity ..

i was in a hurry ..

walking to mail a letter,
make copies of old new articles i used to write
for a new job in a new building,
in a new city,
in a new idea,
in a newness of annuity ..

going through the ventricles of the old 1913 building,
mike stops me by the washer and dryer in the dorm side of
the building ..

'HEY, JOE,'
he begins knowing i'm in a hurry. always in a hurry.
'YOU HAVE GOTTA HEAR ABOUT THIS PACKAGE I GOT IN THE MAIL.'

mike is an old italian man who takes up residence in the 'y'
as an old gambler at the race track looking for the big payoff
and keeping his wry mouth away from the bottle and vices of the big blue world ..

he tells me that a package came from 2300 main,
which neither of us could pin down as an actual residence,
in a brown paper package that had a note that said the following,
'THANKS AGAIN, MIKE, FOR THE 8-1 ODDS TIP OFF AT THE TRACK THE OTHER DAY.'

he said there was a fairly new norelco shaver and a
daily planner inside ..

he was laughing to tears and i was amazed at the shit i'm gonna walk
away from when i get a new job and don't walk around the halls of that building,
taking the corners,
hidden ventricles
to mail off meaningful mail and making meaningless paper copies of my past ..

mike is convinced that the person that sent the package
is an old friend that is fucking with him ..

in fact,
he has the idea that the person that sent him the shaver may have shaved
his asshole with it ..

but he discovered this after he shaved his face for the first time ..

pucker up, folks,
the prank makers and change
is coming
around a corner
around you ..

i won't run away from your water

still have no
running water in the place ..

or,
not enough in the right places ..

it's been three days and
i still can't poop in my own place ..

that's like telling a blind man to walk the city
without his cane ..

that's like telling a third grader to enjoy his school day
without recess ..

that's like telling someone to enjoy their lunch
without giving them food ..

it's a cup of hot water early in the morning
when what you absolutely need is coffee ..

it's buying a music CD - getting excited - opening the wrapper,
driving far from the record store to home,
popping it in and there is nothing but silence ..

i need to poop,
shit,
crap,
breath,
read on the pot,
relax,
pet the spindled cat tail ..

i need my toilet back ..

i have to regain my poop throne ..

this insurgence
won't last,
fellow shitheads ..

i'm the lesbian headhunter ..

sure ..

i have found my calling ..

into the business of converting ..

not to girl on girl,
but getting the angry cunt lickers spun back to the guy side of things ..

not just getting them to look to men
but the big,
hair,
sweating motherfuckers that made them run to the pussy in the first place ..

it's a potion that i have ..

it's a potion that i'm going to market ..

and i'm going to have dudes hiring me right and left to
get this done ..

some lesbians are cool,
others need a dose of their own anger ..

& that's where i come into play ..

sure ..

i've studied their habits,
interviewed many,
got the inside trims,
know the crevices of secrets,
have the past rooted in my present
and the girls are going to melt like butter and there
is only going to be one choice on their end ..

heterosexuality ..

it's just going to go down that way ..

not against the girls going on and on about girls,
but something is going to have to give ..

i know the insider tips,
i have the nets,
the cash,
the will,
the energy,
the resources
and there is no escape ..

i'm going to build the biggest dike this town has ever seen,
it will contain all the water of a hoover damn in one fatal smile ..

insane guitar

i finally got the guitar
i had been wanting
and i'm just not sure
how to hold you,
when you need to be held
and
how you are going to seep into my
head and not let me go ..

i got you
and i don't want you to let me go ..

be my fist of drugs,
eat all my drugs,
strum my toes loose
and give me
back
my insanity ..

instant toil tears

all the old editors
have gone insane ..

y
the rest,
have tried to lose
their way

&
the rest that have been left
behind
sift through all the refuse
you
call good writing ..

but
there is
nothing that can cutely be considered
good
writing
because

we are all leaning to
the
center
and

no one need
regular no more ..

the assistants to the producing editors
are even insane ..

in fact,
they are no where to be found
as
the
spell check function freezes up
and
the head has to begin thinking like Hemingway would have
or
Steinbeck would have done with his balls in a vice,
where did Faulkner punch his concubines
as
the
other editors warn the
writers
that they are the next one
to
bite
the proverbial

insane
shrapnel ..

it won't get me no more ..

i'm too fast for it
and they know it ..

sure,
it's not that they aren't fast,
because they are ..

it's just that i have ingredients that
aren't included in their baking list
and that's that ..

i have the pan cleaner,
the night blinders,
bleach for clean-up
and the rest a go-go for
the good-goods
and
that's
just about the end of that ..

i've heard

all your stories of notes,
holding back,
giving in,
how love lied and how beautiful you are,
but
i'm only going to believe what i see ..

i've had it with explanations,
the way yesterday felt
and how tomorrow is supposed to be so much more ..

so,
i'm here to lick the streams of melting cream off your cone
and laugh at the mess ..

i'm here to make sure that the only thing you
have left
is
the base of the thorn
and the upside of the truth
and if all of that falls through,
you
can borrow my shoes ..

you
as
i am,
are frightened in a tough ass mode
and it's just not going to go over any more ..

so,
as you climb out of your bunk
and i ready to fall out of the mote,
we
can both
bottle up your extra freckles and see
what they grow into
in
this sea monkey world
of
random
acts
of
events that
are

just
our
lives ..

just take the keys from my pocket

each season rings in a newer
version of car work
for
me ..

doesn't matter the car,
doesn't matter
the matter,
it's my turn ..

whether it's tires,
wheels
or simple body repair,
it comes in large quantities when it happens ..

just had a new starter,
plugs,
radiator,
front axle put in and the car
really doesn't run any different ..

in fact,
it almost runs worse than before ..

it's a whole lot the old timer in his 70's or 80's that still
smokes,
drinks
and runs around like an animal ..

he has no problems other than blurry vision,
a slight limp,
but an immaculate bill of health ..

then,
you have a healthy man in his 60's,
never drank a day in their life,
smoke a smoke,
had any dope
and they just collapse dead ..

show over ..

nothing doing ..

and we get back to my car ..

i love letting it run until it just won't go
anymore ..

the car repair man is like the dentist ..

i close my eyes,

trust in their hands
and
let that little spigot of water splash bits of
cold
all
over
my

awaiting face ..

ma-ma morning

it was a similar morning ..

it was a different sort of morning ..

i noticed many of the same things that morning ..

i saw the morning different than night ..

i forgot that morning that afternoon was gonna follow ..

i was in love this morning and the world was just a convenient backdrop ..

i thought the word 'facade' was humorous this morning ..

i approached a big blue recycle bin in the middle of the road
and laughed at the idea of how it got stuck on this fast downtown curve
of road and the fact that i'm in love again ..

i see shortly thereafter a big white van come careening around my vehicle
and a large dog head is propped out of the side window
lapping up the luxurious winds flying his way ..

i pull out my camera to get a short video of this natural spectacle ..

i click the camera on - refine the settings and nearly run
off the road ..

i checked it later and saw nothing but a black blob and erratic camera movement
but this was a morning that was to be committed to memory much better ..

& it was a morning like many others ..

the big difference for me wasn't the tub in the road,
or the dog head flapping ..

i was aware that i was in love ..

it was a lovely morning that could be recycled again through the eyes of a flopping dog head out of a side
window van ride ..

morning all over my face,

all over my fingers,

up my nose,

over my eye brows

and the sound of mist pours from my cup

and the barricades around dug up gas lines

cut through the yellow

and the sound of cars is mute,

just silence and the sight of flying metal

while

the band sings nonsense

and the point of all this

is that morning is the time I can

figure things out that the night has

hidden from me

because night has a tendency of not

giving me all the goods when I look for 'em

or hiding that one fact that the morning has been waiting

around all night to tell me ..

morning of jan. 24 - 2004

it's not but
10 ripe old 30 in the morning,
coffee in mug,
just ingested a sip,
forgot some stuff in a friend's car again,
always leaving something behind on whiskey nights,
running a bath to refresh the skins,
shaking the webs from head,
plopped a battery in the camera,
ready to snap today,
then I see an old timer with a gray head,
profound limp,
green fleece jacket
and
he's going fast with a bottle in his hand
and you can tell he can't wait to get his lips around
that bottle head or the glass rim
to swallow all that sweet nectar
and that bag around his booze is that only thing
separating
myself from
him
right now ..

morningafter talk

we hadn't slept
but maybe two hours
when she woke me
and said,
'BY THE WAY. MY EX-HUSBAND IS A PSYCHOPATH LIVING IN RUSSIA.'

'oh good,'
i shot back.

'so, does that mean you're nuts,'
i asked.

'NO, I'M ALL RIGHT,'
she came back.

didn't know where to go from there,
but my pants did come off again
and we started exploring the options some more ..

she's a good woman,
teacher at the local college,
had red hair - freckles,
and wants nothing more than to find out more about
herself ..

she also told me that this man
had tried to kill her about 20 times throughout their marriage
and again
i thought it was all interesting ..

after about 3 hours of morning talk,
we went down for her ride home ..

more so - she was hitting her period that morning
and needed to leave soon to avoid a potential disaster,
so we hurried on the cloth and talk towards the door ..

once out - i noticed some pric had blocked me into my
driveway spot outside ..

a little blue hunk of nissan in the mid-80's littered with
comic books and play bills from shows that already happened ..

this has never happened in over a year at this house ..

i'm betting it's the russian in my delirium of no sleep
and
now
i sit on the top of
his
hit list ..

my family has dwindled down to about 8 people

just 8 ..

my father has cut ties with 4 other family members
in long island, ny ..

my aunt,
uncle,
two cousins ..

my mother lost her mother young,
her dad is lost and
the rest aren't around ..

yesterday my dad sat us all down
and said we need to hug
and love each other more ..

it was good ..

but my sister leaned into me in front of
the family ..

with that aside
i had several thoughts ..

we spent years not hugging and
i have to
begin with
high fives ..

start slow ..

and second ..

we can't meet together all as one anymore ..

we have to be online,
on the phone or on a video remote ..

because if an asteroid slips out of that belt
and smashes into the house
the dimino clan is gone ..

out ..

we have to be separated ..

it's the irony of our existence
and
the most interesting challenge ..

this is the truly,
'let's see what happens' scenario ..

my library of non-submission

it's been
hard lately to submit
anything to the author's of this country
for their journals,
magazines,
zines,
underground papers,
the various publications
to get my stuff published ..

the rejection notes come
in simple,
bland,
over dubbed regularity and
for publications i never read,
don't know what they even publish ..

my only real criterion is that they are in
the classifieds of a respected magazine
and they don't charge money to submit ..

so,
recently i went to the library to get the spark lit
again,
give myself some inspiration to get some more rejection slips
and i picked up a large book called,
'WRITER'S MARKET 2003' ..

thought it would give me a chance to parooze
some publications,
agents,
the like to get some submission ideas ..

of course,
the days escape and i get a simple notice,
a whole lot like a rejection slip from my friends at the library ..

it's in the form of a check with those perforated edges i slip
over and inch my eyes over the words they say
that this particular book is overdue by several weeks ..

my epiphany screaming from that tiny slant of paper ..

if i can't even get a book telling me how and where to submit
my work
how
the shit am i gonna get my bones in position to do it with my things ..

perhaps this poem
is an oxymoronic shot at not slopping my boots into
the denial waves that
got the book back,

got this piece flowing
and the fact that i know my future like i know
your future ..

so
here's to the future and
hoping that
science fiction keeps the light on
for us for just one
more

nite ..

my media trail

lately
i think the media is following me,
but they're not doing the stories
on me ..

on the corner of 39th and Main
i rode by on the bike and saw the reporter shouting at the camera
while
pointing at the quick stop ..

then,
the other day I went by the juvenile detention building in
the kansas town i work in to see a woman pacing
while 3 camera guys were gawking to get her pictures ..

she was yelling at the camera people and pacing,
then she was gone ..

i saw her face as she descended the steps and
she had surely gotten her allotted 15 minutes ..

then I keep passing the news trucks,
the satellite vans,
they're always around me ..

i'm not wanting their stories,
i don't need lowdown,
in fact i don't even watch the local news much no more ..

this is why ..

the other night the lead story was
about a bad accident a pregnant woman had with her new husband ..

they were on their way to a baby shower ..

it was a bad car wreck ..

the woman and the baby died, while the dude survived ..

horrible shit ..

& I know this happens everyday,
but does this have to be the top story for the city
to sink their teeth in ..

was the criteria that sunday to find
the most depressing,
dank story in town and lead it off ..

so,
media folks,
i'll lay off if you lay off ..

my techno lover

i get back here
to see
you,
my screen ..

the face that has no
face,
but the most comforting face going ..

the face of my fingers
in letter form ..

the face of a hundreds of pimples and odd potch marks
appearing at the movement
of my hands up
and down this silent musical instrument of words ..

i'm back,
baby,
i have come back for you and now you speak to me
as though i'm some oxymoron
throwing my ideas,
words and expressions back like you know exactly what
i'm saying ..

see ..

you know what i'm saying right now ..

you know what i'm saying right now
is what you just typed again ..

and
you will continue
continue
continue
continue
as
my fingers remember the path
around
continue
and
your face
lights up with the sound
of
this room,
the headlights from snow riddled cars,
the sounds of pens sitting silent by reams of paper
while this
electronic screen moves along with time,
my fingers,
the inevitable hand of change
and

nothing more
to say
but

a
big
daunting line of
points
going
.
point
. . . point
... period

point.

my 'thank you' stand

her blood is about as thin
as water,
she tells me ..

and i smile
because it's another fact about her I want to know about ..

she tells me she will use the word 'EVERMORE' because
i rarely use the words 'NEVER' & 'FOREVER' ..

and this is another small truism about her
that warms me up next to her ..

she has a slight piece of skin that comes down
over her top lip and it makes
me completely comfortable ..

she smells
delightful,
and that makes it all the more delightful ..

i laugh constantly because i know it's her
that is making me feel the curious glow of
love
again

and
i
try to thank
her

as
much
as
i can
even
when

i don't
thank her,
so

thank you,
caroline ..

new meaning to 'let's go dutch'

i read in
the dictionary
tonight
that
the word fuck
is derived from
dutch heritage ..

it's a derivative of the word 'faak' ..

it's some of the most i've know,
learned or practiced from the dutch ..

i know of the dutch boy,
i have gone dutch several times on dates,
and say the word 'fuck' much ..

always wanted to have a better understanding
and relationship with the dutch
and now
i have my chance,
i have had my chance
and by fuck
there is not a fucking chance in fuck that this
fucker is gonna fuck such a fucking opportunity to fucking
know how the fucking dutch do their fucking shit ..

no more whiskey scabs

the last days of heavy
whiskey is looking me in the retinas ..

i'm done ..

bowing out ..

no more consecutive weeks
or days
of this wasting of cash,
abject headaches in the morning,
the micro managing of nothing ..

the public service announcement is me ..

i will take a sip
or slam it down on nights,
but i'm giving the bottle a fond finger ..

it's been good to get fucking nuts,
the craziness has taught me much more than the sanity,
but it's gonna have to be reduced ..

a mind can take more than the body
and this mind is looking
at
a full whiskey retirement at some point ..

but the whiskey was a good lover ..

one of the best of lovers ..

no battles,
arguments,
thick questions,
the boredom wasn't around,
and i have empty bottles that send echoes of what i could have done ..

places i could have been ..

money that could have been spent on other trinkets ..

i'm here to tell the whiskey in person that i'm going to leave for a while,
maybe forever

so
don't be surprised if you walk into a bar
and see the tears of belated joy from a knocked over glass
of whiskey and remember the tears of joy
coming down my brown,
whiskey soaked
invisible head right now ..

not quite february 2004

i'm looking down
on the least plowed,
tilled,
salted,
sanded,
uniced street in this town ..

a thunderbird struggles to make it up the short hilled street for
minutes
until giving up and pulling back for another
way to get
out of this ice night ..

cars plow the other direction east
down 37th and slide like
a bunch of porn men into their girls ..

cold and replete as bad literature,
the evening
has nothing subtle
to share,
this road is as treacherous as anything you can imagine a dentist
could maliciously do to your mouth
and
there is nothing that will save this road except
silence,
desolation,
ignoring
and the many other streets that surround
and sandwich this little tiny street
on
this huge,
cold monday evening ..

of all the places in history,
we have been picked and plucked here ..

with all the geniuses and debutants of our time
parading about with open shirts & goose tails
on sale at the market ..

if there was
ever a time
it was now and if there ever
was going to be a way
it's going to be when it happens ..

- REMEMBER -

the only way to the heart of a woman - truly -
is to become the heart
of
that woman ..

of all the things,

all the people,
all the friends,
all the talks,
all the walks,
all the laughs,
all the insight,
everyone i have fallen in love with,
all the unforgettable conversations,
my love with my friends more than my family,
a desire to call a good friend over anyone,
all the touching with my new lover,
all the handshakes,
all the high fives,
all the memories of good friend adventures,
everything i know of friends
versus everything i know of family
and i don't know my sister ..

further,
i don't really care to know her and
my father asked us yesterday to try and understand each other and get along ..

i'm 31 and she's like 36
and now the edict to get along has been hammered down ..

i have made some incredible bonds with folks over time
but never a moment with my own sister ..

it's both a mystery and not a mystery ..

as she has gotten older
she has gone one way,
lost her zest for life,
and i have gone another,
retaining and adding to my love of this existence ..

we don't relate to each other
and i see myself more willing than she will ever be to have a relationship ..

but,
she's a church going girl in her mind and she would always use that
and the fact that she's living the american dream
with a husband and 2.2 kids as leverage on my single,
free wheeling lifestyle of non-regular church attendance ..

it's all the errant crumbs stuck in the bottom of that milk glass
and there won't be any winners ..

i spent too many years being the youngest of three,
she was the oldest,
i was the louse,
she was the promiscuous loud mouth that required buckets of parental attention,
i was the trouble making dummy,
she was the achievement - academic excelling girl

and we grew up ..

i went to college,
fell in love with cultivating the mind,
she became a housewife - got diagnosed with MS and hasn't worked most her life
while raising the kids ..

and now she's intimidated by me ..

she thinks i'm condescending to her and that her opinion means nothing ..

the bare truth is that she offers my head and heart little ..

she doesn't push me,
intrigue me,
enlighten me or show me an ounce of love
and i can't live with that with anyone ..

i walk away from strangers if they don't do something for me in the first 30 seconds ..

so,
after over three decades on this planet i can't just flip a switch ..

she reminds me of a young girl i was talking to last week at work ..

she's a young girl like my sister when she was younger ..

an attractive girl with a big, angry mouth and
ready to get herself in trouble
and i saddled up to her and asked who her biggest enemy in the world is ..

she looked startled and asked me to repeat the question ..

i did ..

she said someone that she went to school with ..

i shook my head and told her that she was her own worst enemy and
she just started at me ..

and this girl gave the same dumb answer my sister would give even now ..

that's my sister ..

but at least this stranger girl listened to me ..

you are your own worst enemy, sis,
and i just don't give a shit about your deal anymore ..

marked this at 10:11 am this day of January 19 in 2004 ..

i have too many other things in this life to love
and that require my love ..

your petty problematic problems with me are officially gone ..

good luck out there ..

official conspiracy of alien ice

small bits of frozen
snow come trailing out from no where ..

it's been confirmed that it's not the
sky spitting out these pieces of frozen lint ..

no one,
even hard scientists of meteorology can
put their touch on what is going on,
but it won't end ..

the accumulation is becoming more than street crews,
and street folk can handle ..

new folks,
officials and government types are assuring everyone
that everything within reason is being done to
stop this phenomenon ..

it's like the martians have placed a snow tablet in the skies
to prove how much smarter their pills and science is compared to us ..

so - as it continues snowing down the dusting of the century,
my theory is that thousands of translucent snowmen
are rubbing their hands together high out of sight
and we are feeling
the
warming of their
huge,
snow hands
getting thinner
and hotter ..

ONE MONTH FREE RENT

dangles on an untied sign
across the street in the
MONTECLAIR apartment complex ..

see little life going on over there
when there used to be so much action ..

some new immigrants come out to dust off
their cars,
others like me look at the sign that says
**ONE MONTH
FREE RENT**
and look for a place that the sign can be tied to ..

between the cable cords,
AC units,
wires and old shingles
the fat, plump
black birds are perched all over
the roof
rent free ..

they have been there for months without rent,
they read the sign when
the passer-by decided no to ..

the whimsical notions of the flying fowl have
again fooled
us folks into believing they are just dumb birds ..

so,
as the pack of black birds dive towards lunch in the
trash bin next to,
they have won where
everyone else has not ..

rent free
and they haven't taken a solid hit in the status department ..

**EVERY MONTH
NO OVERHEAD**
for the black birds of
this neighborhood ..

pack of dream stealers

small,
tiny,
almost hard to see
red dudes,
green guys,
yellow girls,
blue faces,
black hands,
brown nails,
foul breath,
rotten ethics,
breakdown of hygiene,
hardly any clothes,
never smiling,
small tails on all of 'em,
profound ears,
few teeth,
running noses,
bloodshot eyes,
twitching fingers,
nervous feet ..

all of these describe
the ones that steal,
philander,
make me not remember
and flat run away with my dreams ..

gone,
nothing but what I had the
night before,
except for puffed eye bags
and a body rested,
but they have taken
all my dreams away ..

they take them into their own heads
and recount the tales ..

a pack of plagiarists and i'm gonna
get more lucid and catch them,
catch them good ..

so - if you see them coming at you
in dreamland - stick around,
find me and we will make dream loss
a phenomenon of the past ..

post-whiskey

I feel the
same way this morning ..

it's the second time in about three
days and
I'm not quite sure what happened the night before ..

here's a rundown of the misperceptions,
deceptions,
folly and such that went down,
I think:

- at about midnight I was convinced that it was 9 in the morning
- don't know who brought me home
- don't know how I got inside
- have a cut above my right eye
- have egg all over the place and mayonnaise on the counter with a knife in it
- talked to a blond I have known for some time - think she brought me home
- don't remember when most of my entourage went home
- didn't puke - but feel the need
- there was excessive laughter throughout the night

& here I am to
recant the tale
minutely until
it
happens again
and

I'm
just not sure yet
that
it should happen again ..

post-whiskey II

i heard the sound
of trains engines
grinding,
the sound of tires going up
and over the road in a roar as the engine hit it's maximum,
the sour mash of kentucky lodged in my lungs
and there was nothing but an image of her,
and her blond curls and what could have happened
if there was but another way around it,
or if there was just the way it went in a different way
but there was the smell of used smoke,
the touch of a devil in the wasted floral wallpaper
and my torn eye,
bloody lid set against the backdrop of a story only I know
and will try to understand as the reindeers
piss up the rope of another holiday and
all the goodness of the world gets warbled and shoved into
a rusted can that will taste like
the best nectarine my summer mind can
fly to now ..

puddle after puddle

of dirty
slush
keeps getting smashed by passing cars ..

the puddles are littering the roadway
like asphalt
and these cars,
vans,
trucks,
bike tires are mounding into the
melting ice like
villains ..

SMASH,
CRASH,
LASH,
the puddles are getting pounded ..

people are taking such delight in this
that they turn around to hit certain puddles
again,
or swerve out of their way to take out
a
nice plop of puddle ..

they're all over the place,
up and down the boulevards,
along the trafficways,
and it's so bad
that people can't walk near the roadways
for fear that they'll get smashed
around by cold, dirt water sludge ..

and the
water keeps
on
melting
more
and
more ..

record the rekord

if we want to move forward ..

if we want to get past the past ..

if we want to look right into the eye of now ..

if we want to hone in on the future like an orange in a squeezing plant ..

if we want to let go of the past ..

if we want to stop repeating ourselves ..

if we want to mature past the repetition and look at our next step ..

why is it that we purchase albums,
records,
CD's,
wax,
vinyl
under the expressed written sound idea
that we will listen to that recording
over
and
over
and
over
and
over
and
over again ..

repeating,
looking back,
spinning the present,
going around
round
around
round
around
and round
that disc
of
sound ..

our whole goal in the music
purchase
is
to repeat that
song,
full album,
bits,
lines

over and
over
and
over
again ..

this,
when we are told to not repeat the past,
move forward,
and

just
listen to our instincts ..

here's
to another
spin
of

a
good
album,
suckers ..

she was let go

to let herself go
and i was cut loose to cut loose,
she was given freedom to assess the cost of
bondage,
i was given bondage to assess what the cost of
freedom is all about,
she recently got married in a large ceremony,
i woke with a new woman to a small reception,
my orgasm was like her orgasm,
her smile was different than mine,
i got wet in the mouth and she shine between her thighs,
my night was her morning,
her afternoon was my post-midnight,
i still think well of her,
sure she has tried her best to forget me,
and as the cycle of birth,
new trees,
the clank of the poker chips,
i gamble,
and gamble more that
my number - color - sign
will fall into line
and i can make enough to bet
one last time ..

shots & property value

saw the worst shooting
I've ever
seen
outside my window the other night ..

into the AM
with a new lady friend
and
a speeding car
goes
BAP - BAP - BAMBAM - BAM,
then
it's over ..

I saw the flashes,
we looked at each other,
and the car sped to a stop sign,
stopped,
and moved on ..

I saw no one fall,
didn't hear the bullets hit anything
but the air
and it was over ..

we went back to our wine,
whiskey,
and talk
intimately familiar and comfortable with
the city life ..

then,
a cop comes minutes later twirling his ghetto lights
to find the culprit
and
make this
are around my house
safer,
or
some veiled attempt
to
make my landlord's property value
go
sky fucking high ..

smart sour sucker sweetheart

reflective constructivism,
you wonder ..

knee jerk philosophical allegories,
you presume ..

sociological juggernauts in the hash of the corned beef,
you think over ..

oversized degree in a small paycheck,
you deduce ..

the price of theory for the burden of understanding,
they don't warn you about ..

individual justice of communal corporate corruption,
run away they warn ..

everything theology for everyone with nothing,
they want you to relent ..

the book that saves the world,
they want you to attempt ..

the song that will be sung by millions after you're gone,
is what they teach you ..

& the poem that made the woman get out of bed
is the theology in a philosophy that makes the exact theory of
substantiated hope something to inspire to if the sociological backbone
is a vertebrate worth massaging
or cracking back into place ..

social scripture card

opportunists of fortune
come on by and
offer me what you can't offer
yourselves ..

charitable linguists of yesterday
come by and tell me something that will
make the world sparkle,
something that will appear genuine in our
science fiction fantasy movie release world ..

bartered engines of society
I will trade you these two mickey mouse erasers and fuzzy pencils
for the chance to give my 15 minutes to
someone that won't give a shit one way or the other if
the Warholian prediction of fame comes to fruition or not ..

master of the instant
come over and play my video game quickly,
lose all my lives and
make up a name on the 'high score' board
at the end while
I laugh and say your name ..

girl of consequence
come on by again for a glass of wine,
stay the night,
drink some coffee
and let's be dazzled some more by how good this scenario
would be day in and day out
with you
or the chance with any consequential beauty ..

new year of resolve
I have no interest in promising anything to you that I can't
promise to another person,
so your anonymity as a year will persist
and the hope that comes through my window as a yellow balloon
will remain a yellow balloon
except without air ..

finally - there's no more finally,
just an attempt to make the end seem fulfilled,
everything you expected and everyone is
leaving the tree stump with a rooted smile
and ready for the next
pile of words that will inspire the uninspired that being
inspired isn't
all that bad -

soliloquy

the number

three

how can we get everyone to

agree with

a

rhyme we just don't understand .. ?

somewhere february

what else to do
you have to work out?

why did you leave it in unfinished?

does it have to be done now?

is there any other way around all this?

or does it have to be complete right now?

hold on,
i'll be right back ..

sounds of sandwiches

there is a woman up the street at a
sandwich shoppe
that i fuck with every time i go in ..

she seems miserable
about her job,
so my job is to get her
to smile ..

a black woman in her early 40's,
disgruntled
and ready for a change
and i'm there ..

i taunt the customers with fake stories about
how she yelled so badly at my sandwich while making it that
she made my tomatoes
turn into ketchup ..

no shit ..

she tormented my sandwich
to the point that there was no return
and now
i have nothin but
respect for
her
and the rest of the working class ready to rise up against
the
resistance
of persistence ..

sun bird

curve,
sun bird
disappear,
sun bird,
career sideways,
sun bird
tattooed with my decisions,
sun bird
stealing the next hit song,
sun bird
this morning with your moon whispers,
sun bird
and all the vodka in sweden,
sun bird
going like a pair of windshield wipers,
sun bird
on the edge of today's brewing tempest,
sun bird
in the middle of the oat barrel,
sun bird
in my pocket like a lucky rabbit's foot,
sun bird
keeps flipping by like a living dot,
sun bird
with everything known about today
but you
move too fast to tell us
and
we want to move slow enough
to
let the drama
stretch,
stretch,
and stretch further
if
we remain luck,
sun bird ..

sunday afternoon rap sheet

landlord dreams,
the life of venice,
our economy has turned to rubles,
the indigent are always the innocent,
unused tea is the potion of the gods,
her handshake was the last wish in the pickle jug,
sarcasm is reverse optimism,
a cat's walk is all the wisdom you need today,
the end of the record was the beginning of the evening,
our point of reference is in a dictionary,
melted snow is the winter's mighty potential,
pig bones in a chauvinist's male knee,
the vagina grew a pair of wax wings,
a child is a miracle the old man remembers,
love is kindness is longing for the potential to be,
incidents and rumors made the insane sane and back to insane again,
the person who quoteth is the person that needeth,
if it looks like a peach it's probably a peach
and if it looks like a pair of bull balls it's probably a pair of bull balls
as the audience silently walks out of the movie theater
convinced that there is nothing left of their philosophy
because the screenwriter and actors have them fooled again,
or do they?

sunday post sunday

dog in my
soup,
cat in my loop,
the horse
leaped the stoop
and i have
to
go off
now
& poop ..

surprise february snow

as
the nation fuels up to boycott,
talk and infer
about
another christ movie ..

the jews are up in alms,
the christians smile again,
the non-sayers are saying,
the pope is gonna poop,
the bishop lost the chess board
and
hollywood again grins at the hand
it has around our balls and boobs ..

the talk
of talk
because they talked a way into another motion picture ..

people get so emotional
and it's the same ones that haven't talked to a family member for
years over petty indifferences,
or know how to talk to their kids about important issues ..

sure,
the airwaves are soon gonna be full of people spitting fire and
brimstone over a man that came to absolve the world of pain through
piles of blood
and people that can't handle their own existence,
the selfish ones,
the confused ones,
the desperate ones,
the sad ones,
the lonely ones
are gonna vilify
because
that

is the only thing
that makes
sense to them anymore ..

now
does that

make sense to you all?

the beat off 106th Terrace

we pulled our heads to the side ..

i was on top ..

the cuming was over ..

it was another ethereal moment with caroline ..

we had talked weeks before about coordinating heartbeats ..

we laughed at how cool and hard that would be ..

to match chests and feel our heartbeats going at the same rate ..

we weren't sweating after pulling away - but we should have been ..

we looked at each other and grinned the glow to each other ..

then,
we laid in the spot ..

somewhat unplanned,
but hopeful ..

and we heard it ..

then,
we asked,
'DID YOU HEAR THAT?'

and we both listened ..

the sound was filling the room ..

our ear drums were consumed with barrels of knocking blood ..

we could touch the face of religion ..

we could truly understand each other as humans and not boy/girl equations ..

we gave each other the gift ..

we were genuinely not selfish ..

we were who we were ..

we are who we are ..

our heartbeats became a shared volume knob ..

we laid there for some time ..

didn't move ..

didn't want to move ..

it was a miracle with another human that i couldn't have planned any better if i had a pen ..

it was us ..

it was then ..

it was everything we have ever agreed that we wanted to be ..

it was one of the few times i have seen the future ..

i touched the face of reason and it added to my list of belief if you can just believe in all this ..

the damsel is losing her distress

she told me she
writes me to get closer to me ..

she says it's better than talking to me on
the phone ..

i wear her sweater
and wear the underwear she gives me to get closer ..

she tells me stories about her former lover,
i tell her stories of my former love,
but all i want to do is know her for how she is a lover now
and how i am going to be as her lover ..

she has more freckles than anyone over the rainbow
and it makes me comfortable
because i don't have to search for some fictional gold basket ..

she has a sigh that's enough to make a man cry,
but enough to make that same make smile because
he has a good idea where it's going to end up at the end of the night's beginning ..

she has become more beautiful each day
in a way i haven't seen for so many months that i have forgotten
how love has that way of transforming,
becoming something that is much bigger than yourself
that you suddenly feel small ..

she's the cookie i have been waiting to crack
and
she is the first girl i can think of as a princess ..

she's already the cube in my drink
and the kernel stuck in my back tooth ..

and she's not the only one that writes
to get
closer

to
something ..

the exercised

just rode,
exercised for
the first time in months
and
I kept tasting
traces of blood in my mouth,
bits of whiskey,
the woman's tongue from the other night,
that album I can't get out of my car stereo,
expectations from folks about my age in relation to marriage and kids,
christmas corns,
thanksgiving and another date with the miracle girl,
out last chance at first sight,
a moment without taste,
the moment the crater cam down on all of us,
a guitar string stuck in my teeth
and the instant that
there was
nothing
but

me
a bird
and

a
whole bin full of trash
looking for
a silver lining
in a gold receptacle
like my mouth ..

the line in front of the domino stand

they say it
happens every time
and it couldn't be truer ..

once you find a good woman,
the woman,
all the other's from your single march start calling ..

i mean girls and folks
that would have never called when you
were reeling about waiting for the bait ..

girls that barely took your number or later asked someone for your
number and now they are on the phone
calling,
calling,
calling ..

they want to go out,
they just want to talk
and
i can't get
caroline out of my head ..

it feels good,
but it's odd ..

and as i ready to leave
the house,
i wonder what stranger is going
to
call me again today ..

the longest icicle in the world

hangs before my window ..

the accumulated days,
sun rays,
minutes,
loss of humidity,
wet water and frozen stiffness
is here ..

it looks at me ..

it glares at the street lamp ..

it's the cave stalagmite that is here in the watery
frozen open to mock what nature has a limited capacity to do in the winter ..

it's the weapon in the hand of a cold wind,
it's the roof in its prime,
it's the
frozen

reason
for

another poem
this
january night ..

the loud sound of music can't stop

me know,
i have the smell of you
on my gloves and
it won't happen ..

so,
keep loving what you love
and don't let the rumors of hate
take what could potentially be the miracle
that could
give one hope ..

so - as the shadow leaves the room,
the mound of skin isn't far
behind
and
the sound of music is blaring
for
those that have
an
ear to hear,
but
it's hard to decipher anymore who
has ears and who doesn't ..

so - i'm here to tell you
that the
world is your
girl
and
loneliness
is

no
long

an
alibi ..

the man is always smiling ..

i don't see him as often as i would like
but he has a smile that is stellar ..

the man with the world figured ..

the guy with an oyster in every pocket ..

the guy with an easy mind ..

the guy that's wiry as a bean pole,
thinning hair,
huge overbite,
big bulging eyes
and old clothes ..

he struts the street
and the key
is that he always has a suitcase on him ..

every time ..

without fail ..

a suitcase and a fucking smile ..

i know without knowing it that this guy
is posturing for the world ..

he's feigning the fact that he has no job,
no real societal importance,
no appointment that would require his fast walk,
nothing that would fool the inquisitive,
but he has it figured out ..

he's done more than those that have real briefcases,
a place to go,
fast walk,
phony self importance,
a big mortgage,
the works ..

he's the insane man that has no responsibility
but to make everyone wonder
and how many people do you run into on a daily basis that make you wonder?

makes you wonder,
doesn't it?

the neighbors aren't even home

there are odd,
strange,
loud,
stained,
sustained,
yet open sounds coming from the neighbor's door
across the hallway ..

maybe they are holding down a small midget and giving
it big pills,
maybe they are raising a small dragon to full size,
maybe they are feeding rabbits to carrots,
maybe they are transforming into pieces of wood that will
enhance this house,
maybe they are doing something so illegal that someday it will
become a legal law via supreme court wisdom,
maybe it's just my head
but i doubt
that i
could just
think
up such elaborate,
deliberate,
deep,
instant,
random,
substantiated bullshit?

(i heard it again)

the nuisance is just a rumor

as innocence

is to the last sexual encounter you have ever experienced ..

so utterly confused by the flashes

of life all around us all the time,

we grab at the most convenient aphorism,

idea,

debacle,

thought

or

explanation and make it into something that will mask

what we have and know ..

more than anything,

we are creatures of comfort,

and our habits directly relate to us being

inside the bread basket of making certain

that if

we

repeat that mistake,

that it wasn't due to insanity

as

much as it is

an excuse that is not excuse enough ..

good night,

my litter of kittens out there in your little four-sided box ..

the people of this town ..

the walkers of this city ..

it's one strip of road
in what they call a downtown on the other side of the river ..

it's a bend in the road ..

it's a leadway to another destination ..

it's a bump in the cog and a hair in the eye ball ..

the folks are like nothing i've ever seen ..

the blow away the evil into the air from their cigarettes ..

they sell dreams wrapped in a tortilla that was fried ..

they believe in santa claus because all politicians are corrupt ..

if you have enough they may be your friend ..

it you stop they may become real ..

it's the sad strip of potential gone awry and the yearbook committee members had no warning ..

it's the journey to the truth on an avenue of lies ..

it's like nothing you have ever seen ..

it's the jaunt to becoming a believer ..

it's all they know ..

it's all i know ..

it's all we may ever know in our own small ways ..

the road map out of here to there

hard rock
heavy metal
rap
adult alternative
rhythm
soul
gospel
easy listening
ambient
slow dark
new alternative
punk
death metal
overture
classical
jazz
be bop
neo-classical
traditional rock
classic rock
no rock
no more stations
no more music

something has happened to music
and
the labels don't work no more ..

the just get confused ..

everyone is getting sued
and you may be next ..

musicians get raped,
make barely a dollar an album ..

the radio isn't even worth typing about ..

but we have labels for all this
music,
all this
blasted sound
in
the
main
stay
stream
sub
woofer
consciousness
that
is

hard
to
stomach
in
this

ass
ready

to
poop it
all

gone

till
we
learn

what
appreciate means ..

the world

is your earth,

tomorrow is your mother,
the brother of everything is your
father hidden,
the broken are the honest the liars
want to ignore,
if there was ever a walker then we
would always be able to recognize the runner,
if there wasn't change the rate of extinction
would be much higher,
if there was anything you didn't know
it is a good idea that there is a tomorrow,
if the neck of the goose perplexes you
your neck probably perplexes it,
and as the wind carries the rain,
the sand carries the soil,
and the sun scorches the deserving
and I have everything i need tonight
if there was any doubt
in the first three lines of
my initial pass ..

this is the day,

time

it was all supposed to happen ..

you were going to turn into

something

and I was goin to turn into something while

watching you turn into something

but

you lost your courage,

and in

due process

I lost

my

desire ..

with both gone,

we look at each other now

as indignation filled eyes

and we wonder

who is going to move

first ..

neither of us has moved for hours,

no nourishment or anything,

we stare on into each other and

our eyes

get more

and more intense ..

into the 7th hour and

we wonder more about how the

two way change would have been more than

exactly who is going to move first ..

unbeknownst to us,

our time is fast approaching

again,

we stare harder,

our fingers twitch some,

feet tap,

her eyes brim a bit with a tear or two that doesn't fall

and we have vanished ..

gone,

our wish has come true

and

no one,

even us,

can find out where the hell

we

disappeared to,

but that's exactly what

we wanted ..

those recluses

the path
of hibernation
leads to
more hibernation
until
you are shut in and
you don't know the difference
between seclusion and exclusion,
everything is inclusive
and your hibernation is the only thing
you share with yourself
and being out in the public will
be a threat,
the talk with folks and interaction with strangers
will be too much,
so
the answer to your question to hibernation
is probably 'no',
unless you
have a something against
everyone and
the world
and if you do,
hibernation
isn't gonna
help,
baby ..

today's democrupublican

beauracratric streamers
of smoke billowing up over your
sheets and into the political caucus of
fired campaign managers,
the loss of caloric intake,
the last days of the beans,
the first of the last rites,
the song is never going to end,
the lyric is your only reason to live
as the couch fades into my back and the front of everything
is the last of the back and
the cold tonight has everyone thinking
crazy thoughts of when the spring is going to return or
if there will ever be droplets of sweat on folks outside here
ever again ..

victory & what has to be won

sweet caroline
came by this morning ..

she gave me a pair of artichoke underwear,
we shared coffee,
visited thunder covers like thieves in the early morning sun slices
and laughed well ..

she left to her work,
i left towards mine ..

the music was oozing well over the speakers,
into my ears
and the day was mine
and the pictures were flying ..

then,
i pulled up to the corner of 27th and Benton
in the ghetto as the 11 am workers and drifters waited for the city bus,
then I saw it ..

a man so fucked up on some kind of drug - drink - incantation
that he stumbled into a pole and began beating on it with his ungloved open fists ..

my windows were rolled up,
but he kept shouting and ranting about it ..

all the brothers and sisters on the corners and around
kept their eye fixed on the skinny,
frazzled,
disgruntled,
tan coated man wobbling heavy
into the empty street,
but the green light wasn't in his favor ..

i pulled through the light
and watched in the rear view
as he stumbled badly over the curb on the other side of the street
towards a group of folks,
then I moved forward enough to lose sight
of that descending intersection ..

gone
like the tan coated skinny man was in the
mind ..

the man had the look of a fighter giving up in the last round
because he just didn't want it no more ..

giving his towel up for this thing called life
and he had it written all over his face,
words,
sweat,

doped up slide
and
his ill morning will ..

a hard thing to watch,
but there were enough characters
dotting the roadway blocks yonder
up to my partner's place
to get my mind off
the misery this little tan coated man had ..

and as I write this piece up
I presume the most attention or write up this man has
had lately is down at the precinct with the cops
or at the homeless shelter ..

this is for you tan man,
for your next morning,
for the miracle that will make you believe again,
for the after-life if this one doesn't work for you,
for your next bottle to make you realize it,
for your kids,
for your evenings,
for you sanity,
for the world's clarity,
for the weaved tapestry of me and you as strangers,
for
the
next
battle
you
have to win ..

we again burn the late oil with caroline ..

another unexpected blitz of whiskey,
and she gets another poetry reading ..

the mask of venice removed,
i have everything to say and no where to go ..

the fool of wise folly
is in my throat and
i laugh at stories of people that have had their tonsils
taken out at a young age only to grow back ..

their like a big lot of swamp things with appendages that can
grow back by the simple light of the sun ..

it's the world on fire
needing a gulp of whiskey to make the fire embers flare brighter ..

it's the new graft on an old book and
the term 'FOREVER' finally wants to meet 'NEVER'
to see if they can come to a resolution of this new age cold war ..

can't we all just get together and make up a term
called the 'MIDS' and forget everything being so extreme one way or another ..

or is that the reason why we are here ..

to get drunk and
recite over the phone ..

would the mid's give me that opportunity?

how about opportunity ..

isn't it all about opportunity ..

and
there ..

we all need your compliments,

we all want to know how many miles you have logged,
we want to know how much money you have spent up to this point in life,
we want to know your most insane moment,
we want to know about your stupidest shit,
we want to know where you get off,
we want to know how many snow days you spent masturbating,
we want to know your favorite toe,
we want to know your fetishes,
we want to know how far from mars you are right now,
we want to know what they won't ask you,
we want to know so much that you won't want to know anything anymore,
we want to know why you hit the hat in the cat,
we want to know why you took away our thursday's and replaced them with this instant coffee,
we want to know how the clown married the supermodel,
we want to know if darth vader is on our heels,
we want to know if fantasy is your non-fiction and if politics are your fiction,
we want to know when you are close to breaking because of all these questions
then we can ask you the most critical ones
and watch you open,
open,
open,
open up,
baby ..

we had a good night ..

the second such since i have known her ..

talked for about 10 or 11 hours
before slipping away into
skin land ..

she's a good girl,
living a real parallel path with my likes now ..

it's new year's eve and i would like
to kiss her into the new year
but she skipped town ..

she's in denver tying up loose ends with
another dude ..

but i think there may be something brewing between
the two of us
and i like the prospects ..

she has a good mind,
some solid curves
and the manner is something I can dig ..

but,
seems there is always something on the side ..

i have side things,
side projects,
something else brewing in the suitcase
that
likely
won't preclude
me
from saving one
solid smack on her lips
when
she comes
back ..

for the new year,
of course ..

we're all like a bunch of little subjects

going through the motions of
having the surgery ..

getting the knife stuck,
prodded,
moved around through our bodies all the time ..

we go under the anesthesia at night,
get exhumed or added to in sleep,
and wake without prior knowledge,
but a bit better or worse off than before ..

only to go under the knife again ..

the re-invention of the car ..

the re-assembly of the plane engine ..

the night earth became a new bubble ..

the time that time became non-time ..

and we go under the covers ..

get nude,
shave,
take the knife,
get the enhancement,
take away the appendix,
cut out the tonsils,
move over for the dog tail to swipe,
take
and give
and
take
and give
and

the operation
has
gone on again ..

the adminsterization of administering
the
life-long metaphor
and

i ready the knife approaching
soon ..

What I believe I have faith In

i believe in the
spanish because
they believe in the turks
and I believe in the french
because they distrust the americans
i believe in the germans because
i know how the italians are
and believe in the an egyptian or two
because they have given me reason to
and then i believe in a texan because
there's more to the news than the news
and gain goes back to the argentinans
because they remind me of the turks
and the greeks have a nose that can smell
the truth and the other side of
brazil can give me what the russians have
and those asians have me believing also
because this loss of belief or the nihilistic notion
of nothing in an atheist side dish of agnostic haste
would take too much anger to harbor to kill
the belief
so tonight I am going to believe in everything and everyone
hoping that it will make me
believe more in faith ..

what's your water worth

we put ice
in
our drinks,
beverages,
cocktails,
but it
makes us
wreck our cars
if
it sniffs the tires
the wrong way ..

we ingest
slushies,
snow cones,
smoothies,
and other snow treats,
but the weathercasters
warn
the city if it
starts falling
and
the people
career
like a carnival over
the road ..

i like
to look
at
all
the ice and snow
as
opportunities
to
eat
and
drink,
instead
of
drive
and
wreck ..

how much
is
your
perspective worth?

when i leave this house

on the corner of action and suspense
here on 37th and Baltimore
I'm going to miss the flow of folks that flit,
flop,
flock,
fly on by ..

a man with a rolling suitcase just walked up the center of the street,
there are the pimps,
their hookers,
disgruntled drug dealers,
wheelchair bound folk,
the gays going to the Sidekicks Saloon,
the R & B burnouts that have everything to offer the world,
the gum chewers,
the professional bowlers,
the matredee's at strip joints,
the crooks,
the christs,
the imposters,
the boxing champs,
the cocaine cabaret,
the dancers with worn down shoes,
the lovers looking for the appropriate lane,
the instigators tired of the fight,
the lost in hidden land,
the found in your pants,
the overbite heroes,
the underpaid cooks who love this new country,
the anti-war pro-war anti-war pro-war folks,
the Bushies,
the green panties,
the next,
the rest,
the last,
the first,
every single glorious person
when i'm gone won't know i'm gone
and
i never know
when they are going to arrive ..

winter lurch without a valid month

my eye twitches,
my veins look extra green,
my contacts haven't left my eye's,
i think about caroline,
the fish is swimming in my stomach,
i could do san diego as well as i can do chicago,
i am losing a good friend soon,
the work is only work as the world is only the world,
the hot dogs have been left behind for you
and tonight at 10:54 in the PM i
dream
and forget how to lament,
and lament because i have so many of these dreams
flopping around my head
as i think about the law of many
versus the law of few
and decide that it may be good to narrow my focus to a few
instead of trying to catch every piece of yeast in my bread basket,
but would that compromise what i do,
or what that be more of what i need
as the
pipe gets clogged with more junk
and there is just no where left for me to run
and i can't
run because the
nun's have stolen my shoes
and
the voices of pastor's
are the sinners
i run
with
and
know
better than
the fronts of my hands
and
that is just the
way
this is going to end
up tonight
in
2004 ..

winter weaponry all around me

large,
huge,
bulb spear like icicles
hang off this house like
villains waiting for the next victim to pounce ..

reflecting off all the colors of human toil,
done with liquid wavering water,
comfortable with cold
and laughing because it's getting colder,
the house hands with murderous weapons
in a clutch of innocence ..

they aren't going to do anything but
grow by the sun's warm day and
harden by night,
like the prisoner's in our system ..

but,
they aren't aiming for you ..

unless you
hang directly below and look up ..

or hang underneath and forget where you're at ..

maybe they are murderous weapons
that needs to be broken,
fully melted and done with ..

maybe the icicles are inmates ..

maybe the swirling lights of invisible cops
are going to come
and start swinging their night sticks at the cold
points hanging off my gutters and
roof edges ..

tonight,
yesterday night
and maybe tomorrow
i house
winter's refugee's ..

i have in the clutches of my innocent hands
the blood of frozen ice
and
the potential of victims

in
this
cold
freeze ..

world as white as a pentecostal convention

as the evening snow dump
glares in the
mexican girl's eyes,
junk gets stuck in the mad man's boots,
bits get lodged in the airplane engine well
and there is no where for all this frozen
junk to go ..

it's gonna melt
down like a tuna sandwich,
the sky is already smirking a big warm smile
as the eyes adjust over the glare
on the streets ..

the white is gonna evaporate
and the kids won't have any recourse,
unless they have a camera
or a good eye to draw all this white snow down on a
white sheet of paper and magnetize it to a white refrigerator
with their white thoughts of this
incredibly
bright white morning that
feels

almost bright enough to have been
yesterday afternoon ..

world covered in white

and the boys up the way
with their shovels are fighting ..

pushing,
punching,
yelling,
smacking
to beat the next one to the
best shovel job in town ..

done with the politeness
that comes with first covering,
the wonder was again alive in the day ..

demons disguised as snow blowers,
angels armed with ice,
the city needs more snow,
country has plenty of ice,
dreams of hotness,
reasons to be warm
&
the guy gets up off the ground,
dusts off his coat - front - pants,
throws his shovel over his shoulder,
ignores his aggressor
and
goes to make someone's dream come true ..

you didn't see me write this

when are we going to
fall in love
again and is
it
a
conceivable reality
that we should want to
fall in love?

who needs it?

everyone ..

they say ..

i may need it,
i may have it,
i have lost it,
i have reclaimed it,
i am soaked with red,
i am coughing up dark gray,
i am the washer,
i have eaten the dryer,
i am not you,
i love you,
i fell from you,
i have you again,
and i
need

to
see what the iris of
these promises
have
promised me thus far ..

10:52 PM 1/2/04

i have seen
the belly of your lion,
the tempest of your indignation
and i don't know what you are trying
to explain to me
so
once you have all of that figured,
let's figure out where we are going to go
from here and
then
tell the gardener that i don't want the turnips,
but don't touch the tulips because
the flowers last longer on the brain than the vegetables,
plus i know way too many vegetables to be quantified as
the best,
so lets get everything rolling and
try
to not
be
so
'non'
about everything,
ok?