

JOEFILES LXXXII  
TAXI MAN DREAMS  
SHOVED INTO  
A PAPER WHISKEY BOTTLE



## waking in wichita

oh  
don't worry,  
kansas,  
someone will save you  
as you circle the cloverleaf  
confused roadways  
because  
Marlene the housekeeper  
in the wichita marriott has  
tentatively guaranteed  
my utter hospitality  
here in my stay  
and i'm sure that she will do the  
same thing for you  
if you close your eyes,  
hope  
and  
believe  
in  
a  
little clean  
dirtiness ..

## **walk in a run**

she  
got  
new  
shoes,  
i  
got  
new  
shoes,  
doesn't  
everyone  
deserve  
to  
have  
a  
new  
pair  
of  
shoes  
as  
the  
feet  
scream  
for  
creams?

## **want - wanting**

if  
i  
was  
a tiny  
droplet  
of  
water,  
i  
would  
want  
to drip  
off  
a  
big  
cave  
stalagmite  
into  
the  
corner of  
your  
pink  
nipple.

## **WARNING – this may increase your attention span**

I saw  
and heard  
one of the most rhetorical  
headlines  
ever  
yesterday ..

it said,  
'TV WATCHING BY YOUR IS CAUSING A SHORT ATTENTION SPAN.'

really?

we  
have news  
and researchers to  
provide this sparkling insight?

how about this for a smashing  
little headline that would actually do  
good in the rhetorical spotlight:  
'READING A BOOK CAN INCREASE YOUR ATTENTION SPAN.'

whaddya say,  
can  
we get  
something out there that could actually  
get lodged in the head and make folks  
increase  
their  
brain  
capacity?

## **watch out for me**

i  
have this  
new  
can do  
attitude.

it says  
that  
if  
you  
can't do it,  
who  
gives  
a  
fuck ..

## **water blurb**

spend  
time  
watering  
fake  
trees  
and  
then  
you  
will  
know  
what  
a  
dull  
day  
stuck  
in  
the  
suburbs  
is  
all  
about.

## water splashes

it's my familiar sound  
in  
the morning ..

the thing that  
keeps my mind focused,  
inside the percolator,  
right within reach of everything  
that was promised in a day to  
me back when I was in the  
early throws of school ..

then,  
i hop in the tub and destroy the surrounding  
bubble with ease and convince my goliath hands  
that they can handle anything  
short of a non-twist off bottle top ..

i focus on the faucet head ..

the way it stares at me like a  
pair of alien tits  
with a center that leaks a non-stop stream of  
piss ..

or,  
it's a little penis shooting out the water  
from between the vagina boobs ..

then,  
the insignia of 'kansas city plumbing' comes  
squirting out at me from some rusty hinges  
and  
i begin  
losing myself  
in  
the water spout  
smashing  
over my toes  
as  
i wipe the bubbles away from  
the reflection  
of  
her shadow that just left ..



## **way of trust**

you  
should  
always trust  
your  
instincts  
without fail ..

the  
three top examples,  
or situations on my head at the time:

POT BROWNIES - NONE OR EXTREME MODERATION  
WOMEN - ALWAYS ASK WHY  
TAXES - SOMETIMES IT'S GOOD TO CHEAT  
TOMORROW - WHO OWNS YOU  
TESTS - WING THE FRISBEE TO YOUR INVISIBLE FRIENDS'

and  
you  
can  
come up  
with more  
if  
you  
feel  
so  
impulsively  
inclined ..

## **we approach each other like animals ..**

the look  
of lust,  
like we are going to  
grab each other's  
mouths  
and  
do some lip exchange ..

instead,  
we rush to each other,  
grab each other around the arms,  
or waist  
and  
begin  
sniffing ..

we  
smell each other all  
the time  
like a couple of dogs  
and  
we don't make  
a  
sound  
when  
we do it ..

i'm fine with it,  
she's fine with it ..

we're  
just  
a couple of  
animals  
that  
found each other ..

## **we don't know ourselves**

this  
woman  
was  
at  
the podium  
this morning  
talking  
about  
better communities  
and  
community  
change.

she had  
written some  
books,  
had a full time job,  
but  
i  
just kept  
wondering  
who  
this  
woman  
really,  
really  
was.

## **Wet God**

does God  
sweat and if he/her/it did,  
would one drop  
drown the world?

maybe that's why  
there were so  
many floods in  
the early throws of the  
bible ..

i'm sure God was just  
sweating the  
early  
years.

## **what I really want**

man,  
it would be  
oddly  
relieving  
to  
be one  
of  
the  
following right now:

AN ALKA SELTZER TABLET  
DROPPED INTO A CUP OF PERRIER WATER

OR

A DOLLUP OF HYDROGEN PEROXIDE  
IN THE EYE OF A BIG, SORE SCAB.

## who is my father?

my  
brother's wife  
thinks  
that  
i'm turning into  
my  
father  
more  
and  
more everyday ..

i don't necessarily buy it,  
but neither would my father,  
which  
makes  
me  
think  
that  
she is right ..

on the other hand,  
i don't quite buy  
it  
because  
i  
don't want to accept it ..

but  
not accepting it  
is something my dad would  
do also ..

the point is  
that  
we turn into what we have no force  
to stop  
and  
have  
become what we  
are  
because  
of  
what  
came before us ..

## wichita – part #2

i  
woke up  
to a returned check,  
a town no one knows,  
a belly finalizing a night of  
easy whiskey,  
and  
it  
was told to  
me that the day  
was  
supposed to  
glow  
glow  
glow  
&  
maybe grow,  
if lucky ..

## **woodeath**

the shards and jagged ovals  
of  
ripped pages  
from  
this composition  
book  
is  
truly  
an  
example  
of the violent,  
ultimate  
end  
of  
a  
small  
tree  
branch.



## **writing record**

i'm  
gonna  
try  
to write out  
2,114  
ideas  
in  
10 minutes  
and  
see  
if  
that  
would  
apply  
or  
construed  
as  
a  
new  
world  
record.

## **'YOU GOT THEM SHEETS BABY?'**

the older housekeeper woman  
asks the younger black woman in the other room.

'MMHHMM.'  
she comes back  
as she darks out,  
throws away some trash and ducks back into the room ..

i'm heading towards the ice machine  
to get a cool beverage fixed  
as i look at the half bag of chips,  
and large trash can full of torn jeans,  
toilet paper,  
slips,  
wrappers,  
bottles and whatnot ..

thinking,  
housekeeping is the worst job  
on planet earth ..

they say that over 70 percent of a hotel  
room is covered with trace elements of sperm ..

coated,  
and crawling with visible suspects too ..

all the refuse  
of a ball game,  
movie theater or restaurant,  
but horribly worse ..

all the sperm,  
blood,  
vomit,  
traces,  
evidence,  
blackouts  
and whatnot  
and  
that sweet little old woman  
is asking where the sheets are ..

another subsect of  
our world that deserves  
a CEO salary and get  
treated like  
the crap  
they are shoving  
in the  
filthy,  
disease ridden trash bag ..

### 3-way myself

sometimes  
i feel  
like  
my  
mom had  
triplets  
when  
she had me,  
when she  
only  
had  
me  
on  
that day back in  
october of '72 ..

i feel  
they  
are  
all swimming  
here within  
me ..

i'm restless,  
yet  
relaxed ..

i cannot stand still,  
yet i crave sitting down ..

there is  
no other explanation ..

i wonder if  
sometimes  
the womb  
brings about  
multiple  
spirits  
that  
come flopping into the  
chest of a  
kid ..

because  
this  
rumble,  
pounding of my heart,  
all the air going through  
my lungs,  
moving feet,  
the fingers that go,  
my brain won't

stop  
makes me think  
that  
my  
mother  
put much more  
than  
my physical body  
safely  
on  
this  
multiple,  
many spirited world  
smashing,  
lightly,  
gently,  
quickly  
beat  
beat  
beating  
with

the  
sounds  
of  
millions  
of  
drum

heads ..a

**666**

how  
'bout  
this  
one  
for  
my 666th  
idea  
in  
my  
composition  
idea  
books ..

i  
bet  
the  
devil  
would  
look  
really  
fucking  
uncomfortably  
uncool  
in  
a  
flush  
white  
tennis  
outfit  
with  
some  
weakling  
wooden  
racket.

## 11:11 - 11:12

i was  
sitting  
at the table  
wondering  
exactly what  
caroline was doing back in  
kansas city ..

i was going to pull out  
my clock,  
and ask her when i had a break  
exactly what she was doing  
at that time ..

the time was 11:12 ..

it was one minute past  
her favorite time in the  
entire continent  
of 11:11 ..

and  
i already answered my question ..

she was just coming off  
a  
flush  
faced  
grin  
back  
there  
in  
the kansas city shade.

**2004**

the  
idea  
mill  
is  
always  
starting  
over  
as  
i  
get  
antsy  
towards  
the  
end  
of  
this  
poem  
that  
just  
started.

## **a new old**

i have  
to find new ways,  
i have new ways,  
taught by all my old ways,  
the way is looking right down  
the barrel of a fresh gun,  
the way of the way is my way,  
but influenced by your way,  
so that's just  
the  
way it's gonna have to be ..

\*\*

you  
know,  
the  
world  
'NEW'  
is  
actually  
a  
very  
old  
term  
and  
that's  
just  
an  
old  
realization.



**a one time  
offer only ..**

would  
you  
like to  
have  
your life  
shoved  
and condensed  
into  
one  
solitary  
comma  
or  
semi-colon  
in  
an  
old,  
fiery  
JFK speech?

## **a roman return?**

when  
i was in  
rome, it  
about  
this time 4 years ago,  
i forgot  
to  
throw a coin  
in  
the trevi fountain.

or,  
i may have thrown  
one in and forgot.

but,  
i didn't know about the whole  
'IF YOU DON'T THROW A COIN IN THE FOUNTAIN YOU'LL NEVER RETURN'  
principle.

but,  
i know that i'm gonna return  
some  
day.

and it reminds  
me of a story  
a  
tour guide one night was  
telling our group.

as it happened,  
recently they  
set up cameras around the  
fountain  
for the first time in history  
because  
a homeless dude was heisting coins  
late at night.

well,  
they finally nabbed the  
guy  
and  
kept all of those wishes  
floating safely  
for  
a safe return.

so,  
did all of those stolen  
coins  
mean that

all those people's wishes  
would  
karmically come  
true  
two or three times  
over?

## **a tiny line, lest we forget**

no  
more  
minutes  
exist  
within  
your  
minutes ..

so  
let's  
just  
share  
some  
seconds  
together  
to  
figure  
all  
these  
moments  
out ..

## **a walking dream**

fill  
my  
world  
with  
cheese  
and  
pretzels  
and  
i'll  
be  
just  
fine  
all right  
ok  
you know?

## **accumulation daze**

we have the  
2 days of odd time  
anomalies  
in  
the US ..

daylight savings  
and fall back ..

how about  
the  
DAY & NIGHT ACCUMULATION DAY ..

this will be a day that  
anyone,  
much like filing taxes,  
can trade in their labor,  
toil,  
fun  
and wares of the year in to gain extra time ..

based on the goods exchanged,  
folks could gain as much as  
one week to 3 months of time on their lives  
for the previous year lived ..

seriously,  
folks will be able to adjust their calendars  
to accommodate their new schedules of frolic ..

while we teeter between one hour here,  
another hour there,  
to only keep even in the ultimate end,  
we have a day to reward all those that take care of time ..

the day  
that  
those that really care for time  
get  
the  
ultimate  
fucking reward ..

## **alkaline cocaine coffee club**

oh,  
so you're ready to go, huh?

have the adrenal glands cracked open,  
looped up on the lost days of Hazard and  
want to tell the world about it ..

shifting feet,  
blinding fingers,  
and  
you just don't know what to do about this?

want to join a health club?

fuck that, pal ..

you need something more that will represent,  
feed and cultivate this feeling of  
a-go go go  
that you feel in the pit of your cunt ..

don't sit around wallowing in finding the right group,  
or the correct notch to get involved with ..

it's your time, man ..

and i mean now ..

welcome to the  
ALKALINE COCAINE COFFEE CLUB ..

join today ..

we will get you going,  
weaken your heart,  
drop you like an elephant in a NRA shooting match ..

come on,  
what the fuck are you waiting for?

you wanted to  
go  
go  
go  
didn't you?

## **all my blinds are falling apart in this place ..**

it's been over a year that i've  
been here  
and they are tearing apart ..

the blinds to keep the world blind to me  
are  
opening up my eyes  
and buying  
a  
barter table for the neighbors ..

and it's gotten to the point that i just don't  
touch  
the brittle,  
yellowed  
blinds for fear  
that  
i will break more slim sticks apart ..

just  
held captive here in my blind  
castle as  
all  
of you  
look  
in  
and wonder when  
i'm going  
to  
acquire the right sight ..



**all the little maids**

are nervously knocking  
on my door  
this morning  
as  
i say,  
'YES.'  
and they scurry off.

making another pot of coffee,  
avoiding the meetings  
going on in the hotel below  
and  
ready to  
throw a period at the  
end of this wichita  
excursion  
and  
get back  
to  
my  
baby  
in  
kansas city.

## **an odd tone**

the guy  
had  
a  
real  
unusual  
voice  
on  
things.

he  
could  
simultaneously  
put  
kids to sleep,  
make  
dill plants  
wilt  
and wake  
up  
tired  
old  
people.

he  
just  
had  
an  
unusual  
voice  
on  
things.

**and  
then there is  
literal man ..**

the one that always  
holds  
up a line,  
stays on the phone too long,  
keeps the lines building,  
just doesn't get anything because  
everything in this life is literal ..

when someone asks him for his pin number,  
he reaches for a pen on him and tries to find  
the serial number ..

when they ask him to enter his key,  
he pulls out his stack of keys and tries to shove them  
into the expensive machinery ..

when they ask him paper or plastic,  
he winces and says that it's just none of their fucking business ..

everything hexes him ..

he walks around the streets wondering why people are renting signs  
that is stuck in yards,  
while others are selling their signs that say 'FOR SALE' in other yards ..

this life  
just doesn't make the sense to him  
that it does the other and  
he just can't figure out why people get so angry  
and impatient with him ..

but,  
he  
just doesn't care,  
literally ..

## ANOTHER FLOWER ON THE CIGARETTE GRAVE

it's been  
a loop over  
a year  
and  
i'm done with the cigarette,  
and  
now i romanticize the death,  
notice everyone smoking cigarettes,  
from a quarter mile away  
i notice the tobacco approach,  
lighter,  
the puffs going out,  
then the thrown cigarette,  
getting smashed into the ground,  
the death of tobacco,  
the world smells like smashed tobacco,  
my smell cannot handle smashed cigarettes,  
it makes my stomach spin  
when it used to entice me to have more,  
used to be that i would smoke one more if my head hurt,  
now i just have a cup of water or aspirin,  
oh  
and the death of the cigarette  
as the world continues to smell like a smashed,  
hurt  
and extinguished cigarette that used to hold  
so much promise  
tightly wrapped in all of it's  
little shreds & shards of  
hope ..

## anti-gangster glam song

the pimps are my go  
to hookers  
on  
this block ..

honkin',  
bouncin' like fools,  
the fucks know where to come ..

pants around ankles,  
talk the blood - but buying the pink,  
drug headed drug necks  
flying around with their glares,  
chewed straws,  
claws that won't eject,  
the necks stretched out like villains,  
but they wouldn't know where to come  
if a clit asked for directions to Oz ..

the young pimp daddy ego hood riddled  
kids come waddling like a pack of penguins looking for the trough  
of food they never found the directions to because they skipped school ..

these deranged,  
GED flapping,  
slack panted,  
smoke it up more,  
take the bitch to the store,  
more electronics for their vacant memory  
motherfuckers that come bumbling up this block  
always amaze me that they  
survive day  
after dumb  
day with their  
ding dong glares,  
lack of any intelligence  
and general thug apathy  
is  
all cute  
and neat  
as  
they continue waddling  
up the penguin  
block to  
the next  
pair of adorning eyes  
to laugh upon  
in this tripped up reality show of  
dumb luck fuck gangster ding a ling hour ..

## **april seventh**

take  
that  
aeroplane  
and  
fly  
i  
straight  
through  
yesterday's  
dew.

## **as real as we get**

i  
keep thinking  
about crawling  
into  
bed  
late  
last night,  
holding onto  
Caroline as hard as she was holding onto me  
and  
hearing her ask me,  
'ARE YOU REAL?'

yes,  
i told her,  
in her slumber of slurred sleep words ..

and  
i laid back with closed eyes,  
and active brain wondering  
if  
she was real  
in  
the same exact vein  
and  
know  
that both of  
us  
knew  
the  
complicated  
root  
to such  
an  
easy answer ..

## **bear the road**

i  
saw  
a  
bear  
in  
the  
middle  
of a busy  
median  
highway  
portion  
stuck  
looking back and  
forth  
thinking  
i  
should  
stop,  
and help the guy across ..

and so did a lot of other people  
until they  
had to decide between their lives  
and the life of a bear ..

so,  
as the bear swiveled in chaotic confusion,  
the young girl in the red mustang  
beat the zoo trainer to the punch  
when she heard the report on the news,  
bought a loaf of bread,  
drove by the bear and threw it over the highway ..

the bear followed,  
and made it back to the median ..

the animal just wanted to know what it  
was like to be between civilization and nature ..

just like  
many of us ..

right?



## **big scrambled egg**

i'd  
love  
to make  
a  
10 foot,  
80 pound  
genetically  
engineered  
white  
egg  
and toss it  
off  
the top  
of  
a  
60 story  
building  
and  
let  
gravity,  
heat  
and  
distance  
make  
some  
good  
dirty  
city  
omelet's for  
the  
folks  
below.

## **bing-a-lingers**

am  
i  
in  
the  
right  
room?

because  
all  
of  
you  
proctologists  
look  
like  
real  
assholes.

## **black girl red cats**

just  
drove  
by  
a  
girl  
in  
black  
in  
a  
large  
green  
grassed  
empty  
lot  
with  
her  
two  
big,  
plump  
orange  
cats  
strutting  
around  
while  
her  
ass  
and  
back  
sticks  
out  
bare  
the  
color  
of  
her  
cats  
walking  
around  
in  
the  
dusk  
pad  
of  
earth  
land.

## **bloody cut feline morning**

we  
had  
the couch bed pulled out,  
some documentary was playing,  
we were playful,  
something about more sex  
if I had the balls for it ..

the  
cat was crawling around,  
the sound of his purr  
was enticing,  
and I would antagonize him  
some ..

it  
was our way and  
he wouldn't have  
had it any other way ..

as  
time has gone on  
I have become more adept in avoiding  
a real thrashing on the hands ..

he  
has scratched and scarred me  
so much over a year  
that i just don't even fuck with him much anymore ..

and  
this morning i was avoiding the bullet  
over and over again ..

i  
was the luckiest vigilante  
dabbling my human paws in feline friskiness ..

but  
it always comes down to one moment ..

the  
minute your guard falls,  
the are there to pounce ..

the  
enemy or victor  
always look for that moment of weakness ..

and  
when i pulled my hand back to me chest  
there were 5 deep lines of red puddling up with blood  
as the cat swished away with his horse tail swatting invisible knats ..

and  
i remember the sound of his claws tearing over  
my abiding flesh ..

it  
was the sound of a caboose as the full train is just up ahead,  
the swarm of bees in an abandoned sewer tunnel ..

i  
called him over for a congratulatory pet,  
because he didn't know better,  
and realized it was the deepest cuts yet  
and they would be gladly remembered in my  
growing  
gallery of flesh scars ..

## **Bob?**

remember  
that  
time  
during  
the 1992  
campaign  
when  
bob dole  
fell  
off  
that  
little  
campaign  
makeshift stage?

i'm sure  
he  
does too.

## burning kansas nite

turnpikes are enough  
and then  
it becomes more when  
i see a warning,  
'RANGE BURNING AREA - SLOW DOWN IF YOU CAN'T SEE'

i have never heard of  
anything like this and wondered  
why officials would routinely burn grass  
around the turnpike area in the middle of kansas ..

then,  
i start seeing the hills glowing  
orange ..

the orange gets more profound,  
the smell of over a hundred campfires crystallizing  
as i see lines and lines of small fires  
singing and burning the land ..

i wonder if it's mere regentrification,  
or another country explanation that a city guy  
like is me is not allowed to be exclusively privy too ..

and i keep driving,  
admiring the moon on one end of the landscape,  
errant government started fires on the other ..

and it's then that i notice  
a sign on a bridge overpass that says,  
ROUTE 1075 - BOOSTER PLANT

and hope that  
everyone at the booster plant  
at  
least has this  
rapid,  
flying fire  
shit  
figured out  
a  
small,  
tiny  
orange bit ..

## **business equality**

the sounds  
of  
vile  
movements  
and  
bowels  
in the  
bathroom  
during  
a  
break of  
a  
big business  
pow wow  
can  
really  
level  
the  
field,  
you  
know  
what  
i'm saying?



## church sticker

the tiny  
red  
smiley face on  
the ground  
beneath  
the kneeling rod  
as  
the catholic procession  
moves  
and  
this red sticker  
glares off the  
blue carpet  
while  
people  
pray,  
the priest looks over nourished,  
the choir is fidgeting,  
and people stare - then avert  
eyes  
while  
the palms  
grow dry in people's hands  
and  
that  
small  
sticker  
on  
the ground  
smiles  
through  
all  
of  
heaven and hell  
combined.

## conference crap

bowls  
of  
sparkling  
confetti  
candy,  
sweating  
water bottles,  
perfumed bodies,  
paisley bright floor  
prints  
and white pages  
of  
a  
conference three ringed binder  
sitting  
innocently  
on the tables  
with some open  
and others closed  
and  
to never  
be read  
again  
when this conference is over  
and  
all  
the  
candied  
bowls  
become  
home  
decorations.

## **crap flower**

you  
body  
is  
tattooed  
completely with  
flowers,  
yet  
you  
smell fowl.

does  
that  
make any  
sense  
to  
even  
you?

## **cuba caroline**

if  
i  
could  
be  
anywhere  
in  
the  
world  
right  
now  
i  
would  
be sipping  
run  
with  
the  
locals  
in  
havana, cuba  
with  
my caroline.

## **devil dog**

some  
people wonder  
how  
the hell i got  
to  
the place  
in life where i'm  
nuts.

and  
i  
think  
over  
the reason,  
random incidents,  
the past,  
family,  
forts in the woods  
and  
come down  
to one  
thing.

my earliest formal  
memory  
of  
a  
family pet was a big  
black lab  
by  
the name of  
Satan.

## **dirty front man row**

this  
old  
banker man  
in  
the  
front  
row of  
the  
seminar  
looks  
on  
at  
the little  
flower  
woman  
reading  
from  
her  
business  
book  
has  
a  
persistent,  
mucus cough  
and  
is  
done  
with  
the reading.

all he  
wants  
is  
her  
to slip off  
that  
bra  
and  
remove  
her  
mind  
for  
a  
while.

## **driving towards wichita**

tonight for a health conference

i

will be at for several days ..

on the way here,

over the clouded sunshined sky

i thought about this place in Rome ..

it was called the green tea kettle,

or green tea cup ..

something like that ..

it was in a famous quarter,

the fashion quarter of Rome

called the Plaza de Spagna ..

it was a place that was once flooded on Christmas

many,

many years ago ..

also there was this expensive tea shoppe

because so many famous writers had knobbed off

in the place and had laughs,

smokes,

insanity,

life,

dying,

reinvigoration,

talks of love,

and vaginas tattooed in the bottoms of their glasses ..

i never had an interest in going in for a cup of tea

because i don't support blatant nostalgia

without some kind of payoff

and i just don't enjoy tea that much ..

but i thought about a story of a hotel across

the way that was famous for love poems from virginia wolfe

or f. scott fitzgerald

or the like ..

and i just thought about the bright sunshine that day,

the kids hanging out with their cigarettes on the steps

and the fact that it was Rome,

fucking Rome ..

one of the most enchanting,

beautiful spots on earth ..

the place

that burned into my skull

not because of the writer's tea spot,

floods,

ships,  
spanish history,  
michealangelo,  
the pope,  
or pasta sauces ..

it was the sound,  
allure  
and  
undeniable taste of history  
that  
choked  
everyone up ..

it was  
Rome ..

a land filled with more love  
than  
the Eiffel Tower knows  
where to  
hide it ..



## early dumb genius

when  
i was a kid  
i thought i had  
embarked on a genius idea ..

at the top of a big  
hill by my lime green duplex home on  
821 N. Ridge,  
I thought that I could ride down a hill,  
twist my wheel all the way around without incident  
and ride off like a champ ..

it was my favorite orange bicycle  
and i was confident ..

not telling anyone my genius notion,  
i took off down the hill ..

towards the bottom,  
i turned the wheel left  
and launched my body into a huge  
sewer gulch peppered with ragged,  
sharp concrete formations ..

it was the worst i was ever beat up  
as a kid ..

my mom remembers me as a cut,  
blooded,  
raked up kid afterwards ..

to this day i have scars  
and i ruined my  
bright,  
happy orange bike  
to  
prove  
some  
stupid  
genius  
equation  
in  
my  
dotting little  
child  
head ..

## epitomizing the sound of kid

i  
was  
always the kid  
in  
first,  
second  
and later  
elementary  
years  
that  
was constantly  
pulled  
by the ears  
off to  
the side,  
kicked out  
of the room,  
told to 'shut up'  
and made  
all my teachers work  
for  
the  
money they were  
to earn that  
week  
whether they wanted to  
be in the teaching profession  
or not ..

and when i think about karma,  
i know that  
it is  
one of the truest cycles  
know  
to humans ..

now,  
i am a teacher in an  
urban,  
inner city computer lab  
and  
youth program  
battling  
the  
kids on  
a  
daily basis ..

i  
was  
just  
never careful  
enough

as  
a  
kid  
to  
know what  
i  
was wishing for ..

## **eternal english**

coming  
this fall  
to  
a  
book shelf  
near you:

BIGGER  
LETTERS  
FOR  
A  
TALLER,  
STRONGER  
LANGUAGE.

## **everyone drawing love with a pen**

the girl  
at  
the  
round,  
white tabled clothed  
table  
is  
so  
bored  
that  
she just  
stares  
at her pen  
and  
daydreams  
as to what  
kind of love  
letters  
would  
and  
could  
and  
should  
be penned to  
her  
if  
things  
were  
different  
and  
she wasn't  
sitting  
around  
that  
dull  
round  
wood  
table.

# **EVERYONE SMOKES**

NOW THAT I KNOW  
I AM COMPLETELY DONE SMOKING ..

I SWEAR TO GOD I SEE ANIMALS,  
BABIES,  
SMALL KIDS,  
ORANGES,  
BANANAS,  
SHOES,  
SOCKS,  
PANTS,  
EYE WEAR,  
BELTS,  
SHINGLES,  
WINDOW SILLS,  
CAR WINDOWS,  
PANTIES,  
TAMPONS,  
CONDOMS,  
BLOBS OF SPIT

ALL SMOKING  
CIGARETTES ..

AND THEY ALL LOOK  
ELATED,  
HEALTHY,  
CONTENT,  
FLOWING,  
ETERNAL,  
RICH,  
GLOWING,  
FOREVER  
BEAUTIFUL  
AS  
EVERYTHING AND EVERYONE  
PROSPERS  
FROM  
HAVING A SOLITARY  
SMOKE

EXCEPT FOR ME ..

I'M THE SURGEON GENERAL,  
HIS WARNING,  
ALL THE WARNING,  
THE HACKED LUNG,  
BLACK EMPHESYMA,  
NO MORE BREATH LEFT ..

THAT'S ME ..

BUT YOU ALL GO AHEAD  
AND SMOKE UP ..

I'LL BE JUST FINE HERE  
WRITING TO YOUR  
FALLEN,  
SMOKED OUT ASHES ..

**Everything is OK  
in  
Wellsville, KS**

but  
don't  
say  
that to  
anyone  
in  
a  
gas  
station  
or  
in a restaurant  
because  
they  
are  
so  
tired  
of  
this  
big  
brained  
bullshit  
of  
a  
joke  
coming through  
their  
all right  
little  
fucking  
township ..



## following the scent

as  
a  
punk young kid  
i was  
the follower ..

if a big kid wanted me  
to moon people off the back of the bus  
with my white ass,  
grape balls  
and little stub dick,  
i would do it ..

i did it,  
in fact ..

got thrown off the bus for several weeks ..

then,  
i was put up to the task of smashing a  
carton of milk on one of the slow kids in  
the 3rd grade class  
and again i fell for it ..

his name was Will Smith ..

and i remember him standing there along that  
row of trees pathetic with drops of milk  
running down his face,  
hair  
and shirt as all the other kids laughed  
in roars ..

i was manhandled off the playground and  
in trouble again ..

and again,  
and again  
i was put up to stunts by my cohorts  
that was bigger than me,  
my brother,  
his friends  
and others that knew i had the balls  
and stupidity to pull  
all of it off ..

and now,  
i'm done ..

i've retired from a lot that i  
did as a kid,  
but i still do crazy shit without the prompting of anyone ..

as an adult,  
i have no  
alibi  
and  
it's  
just  
the way i like  
it  
if  
i decide  
i  
need  
to  
smash,  
pull,  
decoy,  
destroy,  
and  
run into something for  
absolutely no reason at all ..

## **forever funny**

your  
joke poem  
moment of the day:

'THIS GUY IN AN INFINIT CAR  
IS DRIVING DOWN THE TRAFFICWAY. MINDING HIS WAY, TIPPING THE SPEEDS SOME  
AND THE CHERRIES FLIP ON BEHIND HIM. HE PULLS OVER AND THE OFFICER COMES  
UP AND TELLS HIM HE WAS SPEEDING. HE GOT HIS LICENSE AND INSURANCE CARD  
AND WENT BACK TO HIS CAR. ONCE IN THE CAR, 5 MINUTES GO BY. THE OFFENDER  
IS LOOKING AT HIS WATCH AND GETTING NERVOUS BECAUSE HE IS GOING TO BE LATE.  
THEN, 10 MINUTES GO BY AND HE'S BOTH MAD AND CURIOUS AS TO WHAT THE HOLD UP  
IS. AFTER 15 MINUTES OF WAITING, HE GOES UP TO THE OFFICER'S WINDOW AND  
STARTLES HIM. AT THIS, THE OFFICER FLIES OUT AND ASKS DEFENSIVELY WHAT THE  
PROBLEM IS. THE SPEEDER COMES BACK WITH A SIMPLE, 'WHAT'S TAKING SO LONG? I'LL  
GLADLY TAKE THE TICKET, BUT I HAVE TO RUN. REALLY' THE COPS UNDERSTAND, PEERS  
FORWARD AND SAYS, 'IT'S TAKING FOREVER TO WRITE DOWN THE NAME OF YOUR CAR,  
PAL.'

thank you.

## **forgotten hour**

i  
fell  
victim  
to  
daylight  
savings  
time tonight  
while  
looking at the  
wrong  
clock on  
the  
kitchen wall.

made me get on the road  
late and  
to wichita on  
time  
for  
some business things.

so,  
when i get back  
i'm gonna call my girlfriend's dad  
and  
sue  
my clock for lost time  
and psychological misunderstanding  
of  
my entire time structure.

## **former lime room**

used to be  
i could garner  
hours of entertainment  
smoking at my kitchen table  
and watch people walking up  
and down the block ..

but know that my lungs are clean,  
cigarettes are gone,  
i stare at the intricate details of lime green lines  
poking through the white lead pain  
on my sagging kitchen of windows ..

i wonder how the painting job was done,  
when the roof on my kitchen is gonna collapse,  
and if there is  
any hope for a home the age,  
and condition of mine to rebound and make  
it through another round or renters,  
or owners that have enough peroxide to heal the wound ..

but the  
green lines are the fresh veins,  
the wish for a home tired of blowing out the candles on the birthday cake  
and ready to just  
paint the walls black  
and fade into the credits reel ..

## fruity wish

if  
i  
was  
a  
strawberry,  
baby,  
i  
would shove  
all  
of  
my  
seeds  
into  
your  
back molars  
and  
slowly  
grate  
on  
you  
all  
day  
long.

## girl dagger

if  
you  
seek  
it  
out  
and  
desire  
it,  
or  
despise  
it  
or  
loathe  
it  
or  
avoid  
it  
or  
simply  
think  
about  
it  
you  
could  
run  
into  
the  
many  
multiple  
many sided  
girl  
daggers  
out  
on  
the  
market  
today.

## **go midwest go**

we  
have the go chicken go  
in the midwest,  
but they  
have the in and out burger on the west coast ..

another reason why the  
west is truly the best ..

where the fuck is the chicken  
gonna go when it goes?

probably out west ..

where you gonna go  
after you go out?

back into that brilliant,  
rumored  
west coast sunshine ..

this,  
and this is another set of reasons  
why i need to get out of this land of middle earth  
and make it towards the plush  
new food hills  
and  
let this chicken  
just  
go wherever the fuck it  
wants without  
me  
knowing about it ..



## graduate feet

all  
the little  
dots  
of  
business  
boys  
and  
girls  
pulling  
small  
bags,  
wheeled items  
towards  
the  
hotel  
as  
the  
gray suited  
man  
jogs  
the  
dirty  
kansas track road  
that  
has been  
closed  
due to misuse  
and  
big  
cloud of white pluming  
fire smoke  
is  
billowing,  
billowing  
like  
a  
little  
atomic  
accident  
on  
the  
tip  
of  
what  
yesterday  
didn't  
do.

## **growing pains**

are forming all over my  
brain  
as the bright orange,  
yellow  
glow comes glaring out over  
this CAT scan known as my house ..

my head  
swirls at times  
to where I need to lay the head down,  
or intentionally blank  
out so that the growing can grow unabatted  
without further growing  
from other growth getting in there  
and knocking around the original growth that  
is supposed to be going on ..

and  
as the pains grow into my head,  
i wonder if my feet may just  
grow one more half inch or if i'm just destined to  
keep the same sized feet for the rest of my life ..

## **he limps up and down the block quite frequently ..**

sometimes  
with a coat,  
sometimes without ..

he usually has  
a  
fresh aluminum can  
of beer or other  
alcohol of choice  
trying  
to  
blot out  
the memory of  
his  
leg ..

it's a new,  
or old,  
prosthetic leg  
and it looks  
like it takes a tremendous  
amount of energy  
for  
the man to go up,  
go down,  
go up,  
do down  
to just get a drink in his gullet ..

sometimes he  
walks with errant friends he finds  
at  
the drink stand,  
other times  
he's just solo like he is  
tonight  
itching  
to  
get his mind off  
everything  
he  
carries  
in  
his  
other,  
red blooded fleshed  
healthy leg ..

## hell report

you  
don't  
need  
to  
pack  
a  
baG  
to  
Go  
to  
hell.

they  
have  
all  
the  
toothbrushes  
you  
ever  
needed  
down  
there.

## HELLUVA WHISKEY WHISTLER

we hit  
that time of  
night  
where  
there was  
going to be  
no  
return  
to sobriety  
until  
the  
evening train took  
us through  
rapid eyes  
and  
soft pillow feathers ..

so,  
as the whiskey went,  
we forgot prior plans,  
talked about genitals,  
the state of Israel,  
the night of punctured water pitchers,  
the fact that we finally found  
our true love in each other  
and the fact that another drink was just another drink ..

and  
as she spoke,  
i spotted an errant firecracker,  
match book  
and lifted the 11PM urban window  
and let the world know  
that they weren't alone  
in  
having  
one  
fucking bang  
of  
a  
time,  
conversation  
on  
that  
Saturday night  
that  
doesn't need a date  
to have  
been one  
of the  
best dates in a long,  
long time ..

## her as a cat ear

if  
she  
was  
a  
cat  
ear  
i  
would  
wrap  
it  
up  
in  
tape,  
haul  
it  
to  
the  
doctor's  
office  
and  
ask  
if  
there  
is  
a  
problem  
with  
my  
girl  
being  
a  
cat  
ear  
because  
i  
think  
that  
would  
be  
more  
than  
fucking  
flat  
cool.

**he's a big  
hairy  
tough  
dude.**

stench of blood on break,  
shoots whiskey straight like water,  
chains around wrists,  
big boots,  
blue jeans,  
ripped sleeves,  
tattoos of eagles,  
has several guns in the cab.

he's a truck driving hero.

he drives the Toy's 'R' Us  
rig and his kids  
think that he's hot shit.

but with that big  
silly giraffe head  
and bright colors  
gets him guff from everyone.

the toughest motherfucker  
with the goofiest ride  
and  
his fists still hurt  
from the fight at the weigh station  
last  
night.

but at least  
the victim  
got  
a  
big,  
soft  
giraffe  
stuffed animal  
after the  
knuckle throwing  
was silenced.

## home phone driving man

there's a man  
that everyone sees  
all the time  
driving down the road  
on a home phone ..

too poor  
for the cell phone,  
and too proud to rid himself of the  
past in a home phone,  
he tries to test the limits  
of home phone technology ..

he knows that the phone will run out in short time,  
but it doesn't make any difference to him,  
he just wants  
to see how far he can drive in  
his car until the phone clicks off ..

and he warns everyone about this when he's on  
the phone ..

or,  
he always warns in mom or friend 'jeff'  
about his phone clicking off ..

and when it does click off,  
he keeps it to his ear and acts like he is still on  
the phone ..

it's his trick  
and he wants everyone out there to know  
that the home phone will prevail ..

he not going to bow down to cell technology,  
the portable convenience,  
the radiated brain scramble reception,  
he's done ..

the champion  
of  
the past,  
while  
the  
future  
salutes him with  
a  
steady  
stream  
of  
well-deserved  
laughter ..



## hot hotel hormones

this place  
is  
crawling with  
kansas hormones ..

walked in,  
the smell of young girls,  
make up,  
knocks at the door  
as  
the long hair kids strut the lobby  
waiting for action ..

and now,  
as the hum of a tame wichita, ks  
goes  
by  
in  
small,  
george bush cough,  
some girls are going to lose  
their virginity  
tonight  
and  
some  
boys are  
just  
going  
to lose  
as

the  
echo of vegas  
winning is flying down  
the 8th floor foyer  
and through  
the  
crack  
of  
this door ..

**I'm all about babies,**

but seeing  
picture  
after  
picture  
just  
gets  
fucking old.

maybe it's because  
i don't have any.

but more  
because they all really  
look about the same,  
make the same expressions,  
do the same things.

it's about as dull  
as looking at all these  
dull  
business clothed  
adults.

the  
SAME  
SAME  
SAME  
SAMESAME  
SAMESAME  
SAMESAME  
SAMESAME  
SAME  
(different)

## **I always ran away as a kid ..**

my mom talks about how i was  
always clever at sneaking out,  
scooting off,  
getting out of the room with ease  
and without a trace to roam as an infant and toddler ..

always ready to escape and  
bury  
myself off into another adventure or  
new step of grass ..

it explains much about who i am  
as an adult ..

always moving,  
fast,  
quick talking,  
seldom committing to much,  
off the seat of everything  
and razor sharp at leaving scenes or a room  
without anyone noticing until later ..

as much as people say that i have changed over the  
years  
in personality and appearance,  
i would have to point this example out  
as  
one of the most  
endearing,  
yet perplexing  
foundations of  
my  
perceptive reality ..

**i**

**finally**

feel

as

though

i

am

falling

in

love

with the

right

woman

for the

exact

right reasons

and

the

only reason

why

I'm

typing

this

is because

i

believe

it

and

to let

it out

on

a page

is

much

more than

i

have

ever done,

so

this

is

my love

poem

to

you

caroline

and

to

what

we

have

found

in

this furious

blur

of  
sounds,  
baby ..

## **i gave up on all the girls**

that i once knew,  
loved,  
cohabitated with,  
slept with,  
shared with,  
laughed with,  
went with  
for  
the  
woman that now has my mind ..

i never knew  
what love felt  
like,  
nor could i conceptualize what it would be  
like as  
i  
think about her now ..

i don't know how to describe it  
or her,  
and that is a blessing for me ..

usually,  
i'm easy at explaining things ..

but this is for my caroline ..

thank you for being flipped by me in the beginning  
as much as i thank myself for being flipped by you ..

because now we have found  
each other  
and  
i thought about how surreal it's going to be  
as two  
creators to look down on a child we create together  
and  
just  
marvel  
at everything more we will now  
and  
conversely realize  
that  
we will never  
with  
our  
learning together ..

this  
is for you caroline,  
the burn of hot water on our backs the other night in the shower  
as i came hot liquid,  
and

we melted,  
you shed for the little time we have  
and  
the sight of you with  
our  
future  
child  
on  
a  
blanket  
is  
enough  
to  
make your  
tears  
actually  
actual ..

## **i remember that day ..**

the sunday  
rain  
came  
and  
the squandered  
promise  
of warm  
weather  
was  
easily lifted  
away  
in  
a cold  
gust  
named  
'andy'  
and  
i  
never forgot  
how  
quickly  
it  
went  
away  
as  
my mother  
called me and  
asked me  
if  
it  
was  
going to  
be this weekend  
or  
next  
that  
she would finally  
see  
me  
again ..



**if**

i

could

afford

to

buy

an

island,

i

wouldn't

tell

anyone

but

my

little

red

headed

freckled

love

head

caroline.

## if sequence

the  
thought  
in  
a  
floating  
blue  
balloon  
is  
a  
note  
in  
the  
bottle  
as  
is  
the  
semen  
in  
a  
used,  
love  
condom.

## **I'm in a film festival**

that is going  
to play  
locally very soon ..

it's a kids  
film short that is about 5 minutes  
long  
and  
my tag line  
is 'sick guy' ..

i'm on the small screen  
as  
my true tag line ..

and  
if you see me out,  
you  
won't even recognize who  
i am ..

the make up  
artists  
did  
a  
deed on  
me

as  
the  
computer screen  
is  
now  
doing  
on  
my eye balls ..

## **importer power blower**

he was  
scaving the sidewalk patch  
with pin point eyes,  
the precision of a lancer,  
and was ready to sluice  
anything that got in his  
way with a swift blow,  
knocking it out over to another area of  
ground ..

he was  
the newly imported migrant mexican man  
with a wind blower,  
the twin turbines attached to his back,  
the hum of rush hour traffic all  
around  
the Broadway block  
and things were flying ..

the glare of a setting sun  
in all the passing motorists faces,  
and he was calm,  
assured and walking better than any natural bred American  
I have seen in quite a while ..

ready to rid the grounds of our naturalized trash,  
butts from death sticks,  
tops from poison bottles,  
wrappers around the foods that make us thirst for more,  
and he's  
the most powerful man in the metro area  
with his  
blasts of wind  
and  
Mexican gait that should  
be our  
American motto ..

## **inside joke**

a roomful of people  
looking to change  
kansas  
would  
really make  
a room  
of California surfers  
in San Bernardino  
laugh hard ..

that  
is  
the  
insanity  
i have  
in my head to keep me  
sane  
in  
this room  
of  
dull  
remarks  
and  
slow  
kansas slowness ..

## **irresponsible**

the small  
gold  
foil  
wrapper  
around  
the head  
of  
this  
whiskey  
bottle  
says,  
'ENJOY OUR QUALITY RESPONSIBILITY'

if  
there  
was anything  
that  
was more  
ambiguously  
wrong  
please  
e-mail  
it  
to  
[segrams7.com](mailto:segrams7.com).

thank you.

**it's  
april  
fool's  
day,**

one  
of my favorite  
holidays ..

the day  
for me to slip into  
my natural shoes  
and strut ..

the day of bullshit laid out  
for everyone to enjoy  
and few pick the fruits of its labor ..

i take delight in such  
folly ..

my grand plan is to call folks  
with the following:

'HEY, HAVE YOU SEEN THE NEWS TODAY? YOU BETTER TURN IT ON. SOMETHING BIZZARE IS UNFOLDING IN WASHINGTON. ACCORDING TO EARLY REPORTS, PRESIDENT BUSH WAS IN A FIELD OUTSIDE OF HIS RANCH IN CRAWFORD, TEXAS AND WAS FIRING SOME ROUNDS FROM A .22 WITH SOME AIDS AND LAURA BUSH. WELL, AS IT HAPPENED, HE WAS CLEARING THE CHAMBER BEFORE TAKING HIS FIRING RANGE ON WHEN THE STOCK DISLODGED AND HIT THE FIRST LADY IN THE LEG. AFTER WASHINGTON AND THE DEMOCRATS CAUGHT WORD OF THIS, THEY FINALLY HAD THE PRESIDENT. THERE IS AN IMMEDIATE OUTCRY FOR HIM TO RESIGN AND HAND HIMSELF OVER TO AUTHORITIES TO BE TRIED AS A FELON.'

it's only 10 a.m.  
and i can't wait until  
i can use this for the first time ..

suckers ..

## jack paar

hey jack,  
you did it right  
back in the birth of broadcast days ..

slicked headed hair back gel scalp,  
you were the one with the 2 thousand dollar quip  
that looked like it required no energy ..

you didn't need no fucking queue cards,  
or blue slips to remember that you had the rope around  
the noosed nozzled neck of the American sheep ..

clean shaven,  
the girls lined up the broadcast block to get a glimpse or  
the rub their nodules over your ego  
back in the early days ..

you could probably do the show crocked on some  
good southern whiskey and no one but your favorite  
concubine would even suspect ..

you had the crowd bursting with giggles,  
no laugh track for a pro like you ..

back in the black and white glow of early TV  
before the long faces of today came up to the mic and thought  
they could deliver quality programs ..

you were the one,  
Jack Paar,  
the one I wish I could have  
watched growing up  
with all  
your rat pack,  
james bond,  
macho  
cool motherfuck the motherfucker  
elegance,  
man ..



**just a star wisher**

can  
i  
push  
you  
into  
a  
big,  
cold  
pool  
of  
lemon  
yogurt?

## **just dreaming**

i had  
a  
strange  
fleeting  
thought  
recently  
that  
i  
would  
like  
to  
be  
reincarnated  
into  
the  
smallest,  
tiniest  
cleanest  
girl  
fart  
ever ..

## knowing what?

i know her,  
you know him,  
he knew her,  
they remembered him,  
they saw him,  
they laughed at her,  
all of them knew  
all  
of them  
and  
in  
the end  
i  
wonder  
what  
did we really  
fucking  
know  
about  
anyone?

## kool day

one  
of  
the biggest  
early blunders of my life  
was  
recounted  
by my mom  
to me several years ago ..

as it happened,  
we lived in a spacious duplex in Parkville, Missouri  
and one morning  
i knocked over  
an  
enormous pitcher of red kool-aid ..

it was right in front of my father that was  
ready to leave to work to sell things  
and it infuriated him ..

so much so,  
as the red blob of artificial water seeped over the floor  
that i  
ran in scared and confused hobble up the steps ..

it was  
the best  
mess of  
my  
kid  
years  
and  
i  
wish  
i could  
create that kind of havoc now,  
but  
it  
all seems to  
be so  
psychological  
as you get  
older ..

## Le Gay Trimmer

it  
was a mild  
saturday winter afternoon  
as  
caroline and i  
went to get me a haircut ..

as usual,  
the snipped up nasty cunt woman in the back  
asked as though we were there to buy a set of knives,  
'CAN I HELP YOU?'

'yea,'  
i always start.  
'i'm here to get my haircut.'

it happens everytime and  
i love her for being that gruff,  
despondent and lazy to not recognize what people  
want when they enter a hair cutting establishment ..

on this day,  
i was immediately placed on the high chair to  
get the hairs kicked about ..

and it was a gay dude  
doing the trim  
and it was taking a long  
time as this guy  
kept curdling,  
fondling and running his hands through my hair ..

i kept thinking there was a method,  
when caroline came by with odd magazine ads  
and skimpy clad swimsuit girls for me to look over ..

it was then  
that the gay man finished up his work  
and dusted the residue of my new look onto the ground  
and  
we  
were  
soon  
ushered out of  
the

barbers  
chair  
into  
the  
cutting  
chairs ..

## leap poetry

they traded  
leap  
year  
in  
for  
his life  
back  
and  
the  
deal  
was made ..

so,  
when the life  
came back and  
leap year  
was given  
away  
everyone  
under  
the Feb. 29th moon  
had  
to fend on  
their real age  
and  
this  
didn't go over all that well ..

so,  
they made a plot to trade off april fool's day  
for all the bubble gum in america  
so that they  
could  
float off and  
not think about all  
their leap years ..

but  
it was the irish that won this match ..

they traded in st. patrick's day for all the other  
holiday's and observances,  
drank it down with gallons of scotch,  
puked it out,  
hired a lawyer to cover up the entire  
situation  
only  
to  
realize  
that  
a  
new  
deal is in

the  
works  
to  
trade  
this coming easter  
in  
again  
for

a  
newer,  
and better leap year ..

## liar

i  
always said that i  
would strive  
my hardest to not drink  
while i wrote ..

and i have done damn  
well at this ..

but tonight,  
in this wichita hotel room  
i  
am not living up to that credo  
as  
i take down some mixed whiskey,  
and the  
libations of a room smelling like a bonofide hotel ..

so,  
to pay everything and everyone back,  
i am going to pour a fresh drink  
into the guts of this machine  
so it knows and realizes that it has  
a more than valid value  
in this process of making the words  
blind by in gray  
and print out in stark,  
true black.



## **listening to this speaker**

speak  
and  
it  
sounds  
like  
after  
every  
word  
she  
utters  
that  
she is  
going  
to  
burst  
into  
tears.

## local pest control

every  
time  
i  
have  
the  
unfortunate  
chance  
of  
seeing  
my  
ex-girlfriend  
slipping  
about  
town  
i  
only  
see  
her  
back,  
or  
floppy  
flank  
arms  
with  
disheveled  
hair,  
no  
where  
left  
to  
turn  
and  
the  
compass  
needle  
unhinged  
on  
the  
ground  
without  
a  
solitary,  
simple  
drop  
of  
glue  
in  
sight  
to  
assist.

## lovely white peroxide

My  
fingers  
are  
pools,  
puddles,  
collections,  
fields of tiny droplets  
of  
those white  
patches  
you  
get  
after you  
put peroxide  
on  
your fingers ..

i think  
i  
got them  
all from  
laying  
my fingers into the  
marrow,  
plastic,  
hardness of  
this keyboard  
and  
just  
let  
the  
night get away to make-out with  
the day,  
or the dog to eat the last of the city's  
food  
as  
my  
fingers take the soothing  
cooling  
white  
dots  
of  
comfort  
needed  
to  
keep up  
this  
job  
of  
key crashing  
against  
the  
metaphor roof ..

## **milky homework**

the  
man,  
big  
black dog  
are  
chasing  
down  
a  
big  
black  
cow  
in  
a  
prairie  
off  
the  
side of a busy  
kansas  
highway  
because  
it  
truly  
ate  
his  
kid's homework  
and  
as  
the kid  
cries  
refusing  
to  
type the paper again,  
i type  
this  
and  
wish  
that  
the  
sum  
accumulation  
of  
this kid's  
words  
will  
be churned into some  
cow's  
morning  
milk ..

## **momentarily me to her**

the fresh  
smell  
of  
my  
underarm  
smell on  
an  
accidental  
itch  
reassures  
me  
of my  
defense against  
invading stink  
and  
is  
like  
an open  
mouthed  
kiss  
on  
her  
brushed tooth  
fluoride mouth.

## **most powerful cat ear on earth**

if  
i  
was  
a  
cat  
ear  
i  
would  
flick,  
flip,  
flop,  
smack,  
lay,  
stand,  
jump,  
smash,  
listen,  
eat,  
drink,  
walk,  
inspect,  
run for congress,  
shoot archery,  
swim a mile,  
climb a plastic rope,  
write research papers,  
chew bubble gum,  
fly an airplane,  
go to Europe,  
visit Egypt,  
make butterscotch cookies ..

if  
i  
were  
a  
cat  
ear  
i  
would  
do  
everything  
and  
anything  
i  
ever  
wanted  
whether  
the  
cat  
liked  
it  
or not.

## MOVE ON PARABLE

she  
came flying  
into my face  
waving her finger  
about  
why i don't see  
her no  
more,  
why i don't call her,  
why i just stopped calling  
and if she was just an easy girl,  
one not to be respected,  
was she just another one,  
was i just some destructive pig,  
did i not take her feelings into consideration,  
was i just another selfish dude,  
did i not consider what she would feel like,  
was i just wanting to run around with another girl  
when  
i finally had to  
STOP HER ..

and this is what i said,  
'LOOK, YOU KNOCKED ON THE RIGHT DOOR BUT I'M THE WRONG GUY.  
YOU PROBABLY WANT THE DUDE THAT LIVES ACROSS THE HALL FROM ME.  
THIS HOUSE IS BROKEN UP INTO TWO APARTMENTS UPSTAIRS.'

then she  
looked real perplexed  
and didn't say anything for a minute ..

i asked,  
'ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, LITTLE LADY?'

she started,  
'i'm so sorry. i'm not even the real girl. my girlfriend sent me to tell  
this dude off as a joke.'

'OH',  
i started.  
'IT WORKED.'

i closed the door and  
went back  
to  
bed ..

## my 1981

you know your getting  
some age on your skins  
when you see the year something was made,  
or a past date flash up before your eyes ..

i see 1981 all the time ..

it was the birth of my video game fascination,  
the man on the moon wallpaper,  
good MTV,  
bald balls,  
the original Nike swoop,  
when Tang was the official bad ass drink of all kids,  
i was young enough for the republican president to not get on my tits,  
there was nothing but tomorrow that wasn't on my mind,  
it was the Pac-Man academy award winning bubble gum lie  
that made the  
men twirl as much as the gals ..

it was 23 years ago from today  
and it just doesn't seem that long  
ago for this 80's kid that really thought I was witnessing  
the true hot shit coming through the  
flippy flopped barn doors of  
modern  
techno reality ..

all it proves is that  
every generation gets nostalgic,  
birds are for the humans,  
another year is another year  
and a day can  
last a fucking lifetime,  
if you're lucky enough ..



**my break from the bottle,  
then hop full on into the bottle,**

then take a break,  
hop back in,  
take a break,  
and realize what's in a name and  
how a name can merely be a name,  
as i go back into whiskey river,  
then abandon the same river,  
only to go back in,  
revel,  
then nurse,  
become,  
then withdrawal,  
the medium,  
as low gear laughs in  
high times,  
and it's just a drink  
and the drink is merely a drink  
and the end of the brink  
is the beginning of the plank  
and the pirates in my ice cubes are really  
the serpents in the eclectic flow  
and i drink it down,  
give it a break,  
go in,  
come out,  
as is the case in this course  
as i rotate like a busy macy's circular door  
at the holidays,  
tired from the pushing hands,  
wanting a drink,  
and  
getting that drink ..

## **my cheating rope**

if i  
could shave the  
heads of the approximately  
100 people  
in this  
big room here now ..

i could loop  
and construct a rope  
to escape from my 8th floor  
hotel  
room tonight  
if the feds come after me  
for  
cheating  
on  
my  
god damned taxes.

## my deficit

my mom  
got the notice  
in  
the mail  
and  
i ran across it some months  
back again ..

i nearly forgot about it ..

diagnosed with ADD,  
my mom told me as a kid,  
and warned the teachers,  
that i always learned better with  
visuals than with words ..

but  
they never placed me in special education ..

and i wonder,  
don't we all have attention deficit disorder?

really ..

when i hear this term  
i laugh a good one right  
to the bottom of my gut ..

we are all diverted  
and scattered in the attention  
slot of our heads ..

some more than others,  
but we  
are all floating down that same life  
tube of  
a  
hard to concentrate  
on shit era ..

and i look back now  
and don't even know how to quantify  
attention deficit  
as  
i concentrate  
on  
this,  
the water bottles around me,  
the cords,  
the mouse,  
car headlights flying by,  
hotel windows  
and

how the early warnings  
of  
teachers  
are the  
memories  
you  
hold onto  
for  
the  
rest of  
your  
living,  
breathing  
blood pulsing existence ..

## **my homeless EPA man**

the suitcased man  
is  
mounting the  
steps of the  
downtown  
EPA building ..

SOMEONE HAS TO DO SOMETHING!

looks like  
he's gonna start  
a  
riot,  
ruckus  
on the government steps ..

WHY ISN'T ANYONE DOING ANYTHING?

he's just had it  
with bad environmental measures  
and the condition of his earth  
so he decided to scrap it up,  
pack a case and live  
in front of the EPA as a protest ..

HURRY, HE'S DANGEROUS WITH THAT SUITCASE WE DON'T KNOW WHAT'S IN IT.

this old,  
raggedy,  
ill shaven black man in his 40's is  
just fed up with this president that wasn't really elected,  
and continues  
to knock down statutes that was once erected ..

WHERE ARE THE COPS AT - WE DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS MAN IS CAPABLE OF.

after mounting the steps,  
he laid his case down right before the front door  
and then laid himself down to take a nap ..

ISN'T ANYONE GONNA ARREST THIS MAN.

and the bright,  
orange sun that we can reach with our tiny  
pollution continued setting pure orange  
over the man's sleeping eyes ..

WHERE IS EVERYONE? WE NEED POLICE ASSISTANCE FOR THE MAD MAD AT THE KS. EPA  
BUILDING. HELLO?

## my new hotel lover

i  
have  
fallen  
in  
love  
with  
writing  
in  
hotel  
rooms  
and  
may  
not  
ever  
be  
able  
to  
return  
to  
the  
regular  
home  
life  
of  
the  
paper  
tapping  
writer  
i'm  
used  
to  
being  
without  
the  
hotel  
sheets,  
pillows  
and  
stranger  
strange  
stranger  
reflections  
in  
the  
hotel door  
window.

## **my non-alcoholic bar hero**

the  
bartender  
in  
this wichita marriott  
has  
a  
delayed response,  
and  
questionable personality.

the night before last,  
i went down  
and asked him,  
'HOW YOU DOING?'

he didn't respond.

just looked at me.

so i said,  
'I'LL TAKE THAT AS FINE. CAN I GET SOME ICE AND COLA. MY WHISKEY IS LONELY.'

he scurried over and  
said it would be 2 dollars,  
i gave him 3.

so,  
last night i went down about 11PM  
and asked if there was any food that could be cooked.

he shook his head and went  
over the entire carte blanche of local options.

i thanked him,  
mounted my invisible horse  
to leave the bar  
as  
he asked,  
'NEED SOME BEERS.'

no,  
i came back,  
told him i had my whiskey in the room.

'HOW ABOUT ICE?'  
he pleaded.

i turned and said,  
i'm good.

'PEPSI?'  
again i was fine.

as i waltzed off,  
giving him the thumbs  
up  
and penetrating  
the  
dark night in search  
of  
a  
hot  
gyro.



## **my only & older sister**

the  
dire  
depression  
of  
a  
youngster that  
needed help  
was my only  
sister  
and  
she never got help ..

instead,  
she got a carte blanche of meat headed boyfriends as a teen  
my dad would chase away,  
a loud mouth,  
no driving ability  
and a rotten attitude ..

that has flowered into her  
adult  
years  
as  
a newly  
bitter,  
hurt,  
angry,  
resentful,  
depressed,  
nasty,  
dank,  
dark,  
no fun,  
woman  
that lives next door to  
her mother in law  
and  
racks up debt  
ordering shit trinkets off  
the value TV channels  
and pisses  
her venom onto  
the  
world around  
her ..

now,  
it's too late ..

the viper is comfortable  
in her venomous confines  
waiting for the next innocent person  
to unleash her deadly juice upon ..

and the saddest reality is that she  
thinks she's fine,  
went back to catholism,  
does her prayer thing,  
flaunts her fake smiles  
while she smokes her cigarettes and gives her youngest  
a nasty hacking cough ..

but it's the world's fault ..

she hasn't done a thing wrong ..

and her husband and his family ..

they need to be filmed for a good laugh ..

and now  
the depression has spiraled out into  
the world deeper  
and  
she is the victim ..

i'm sure she would think this  
as  
I pen  
this  
piece  
and  
say  
good-bye  
to my sister  
as  
she lives 20 or so miles away from  
here and  
just  
stews  
her  
life  
out  
in an angry torrent

that  
I don't  
want  
to see  
or be around anymore ..

so good night,  
you  
bitter little italian princess ..

## **my planned life**

catching  
snakes  
under  
heavy  
rocks  
in  
wet  
dirt  
and  
dreaming  
up  
new  
names  
to  
soft  
drinks  
make  
all  
the  
sense  
to  
me  
to  
spend  
my  
precious,  
plentiful  
time.

## **new bush museum**

turnpike,  
no exit,  
april night,  
full moon,  
girl swoon on phone,  
boy in bed,  
green exit signs,  
white mile numbers  
&  
one sign that  
caught my eye ..

'KANSAS OIL MUSEUM'

that  
will be a dirty museum ..

soon,  
i'm sure it will have to be  
renamed and move south ..

it will be a new Texas museum,  
much bigger  
and re-named  
BUSH BILLIONAIRE OIL CONGLOMERATE

god bless direction,  
DC ..

## **new girl treats**

how  
about  
the  
sexy  
iced push  
pops  
for  
the  
girls.

they  
are  
tasty  
sugary  
frozen  
treats  
shoved  
into  
a  
big  
silly  
condom sleeve.

## NO MORE POKING EYES

I  
had  
a  
dream  
about  
a  
co-worker  
poking  
my  
cat  
in  
the  
eye  
and  
I  
just  
don't  
know  
why  
someone  
would  
poke  
a  
small  
cat  
in  
the  
eye ..

do  
you  
know  
why  
anyone  
would  
poke  
my  
cat  
in  
the  
eye?

and  
why  
would  
i  
have  
such  
a  
dream  
about  
the  
cat

eye  
peering  
at  
your  
finger?

## **no time cure**

as you  
wring your hands  
and flick  
the face  
of your watch,  
we universally  
realize  
that  
we continue  
to run out  
of  
time ..

and we simply  
cannot do anything about it ..

you have tornado warnings to  
get you in the basement ..

firefighters to get the fires  
out ..

cops to quench the chaos ..

there are simply no time preventers ..

no way to be warned or  
coxed  
or  
eased.

so  
just  
sit,  
slip,  
sip,  
relax.



## non-acting career

there  
was  
only one time  
in my life  
that i  
aspired  
to get on  
stage ..

my fucking crazy  
high school drama teacher,  
ms. omen,  
convinced me that i should  
try out for the play  
'OUR TOWN'  
and do a bit ..

well,  
i was playing baseball at the time  
and wasn't going to be able to pump  
the saliva into the production that was going to be needed,  
so i told her  
that i had prior obligations to sit on the bench ..

so,  
she gave me the role of a kid with one line:  
'AW MAW, I GOTTA LEARN ALL ABOUT CANADA BEFORE BEDTIME?'

and that was it ..

the main actors and actresses  
loved it when i would arrive for rehearsals and practices,  
but it didn't last ..

my going nowhere baseball career  
impeded play nights and i gave up on my initial  
bond with the acting world ..

and now,  
i still haven't learned  
all about Canada after countless  
nights  
before bed  
since  
the  
end of high school ..

## **note to the boys**

the hot  
girls  
always  
smile,  
tease,  
waltz  
and act so calm,  
cool,  
ready,  
practiced,  
advanced,  
unapproachable,  
divine,  
rich,  
glorified  
and  
utterly full of princess fodder ..

but the truth  
remains  
that they are the ones  
that usually go home alone  
even if they go home with  
someone else ..

so programmed into the June Cleaver mold  
that they never get enough going on upstairs  
to decipher a real dude,  
let alone themselves ..

zombies filled with rules,  
just rules,  
and the laws,  
that they cannot even enjoy the fact that  
they are beyond a definition of beauty  
if they just let go ..

but they refuse to do it ..

it's so much easier  
to shut it off,  
go with the easy ride,  
take the simple option,  
don't go outside their comfort boundaries  
and  
they  
are  
all  
sleeping comfortably  
alone,  
and miserable  
here  
in

the  
flanks of  
this  
wichita hotel  
to-  
night ..

## **nothing is worse**

than  
seeing a room  
of bored,  
tired,  
pulseless adults  
shoved  
in  
a  
hotel ball room  
listening  
to  
sub-par  
speakers  
first thing  
over  
a  
coffee flirting  
morning.

it's  
just sad.

all  
i can  
do  
to break this monotony  
is  
to  
go  
mad upstairs.

i only do  
this  
because of  
the  
hotel sheets,  
words,  
some whiskey,  
newness  
and  
sometimes  
the  
sheer wonder  
at  
what  
all of  
you  
do  
when  
no one  
is  
around.

## **Nuclear tit**

off  
the wichita  
turnpike  
gleaming,  
pointing,  
shingled brown  
in  
the middle  
of green grass,  
flying trucks,  
the air of kansas  
there  
with it's innocent  
pornographic  
nipples  
pulling  
down  
the  
sun  
like an  
angry set of  
girl  
lips  
wanting  
it  
more  
&  
more  
&  
more.

## one liners

[illegible]

(orgasm in bright color)

## **ourselves, again**

why  
do  
we  
all  
have  
such  
a  
hard  
time  
hearing  
or  
listening  
to ourselves ..

doesn't matter how big  
you  
are  
or how small you  
are ..

there is some psychological  
perspective  
that  
is  
purely skewed  
and  
it's

so  
randomly  
beautiful  
like the sound  
of  
a  
large  
plane  
landing  
in  
the  
middle of Kansas ..

## **panty lips**

how does  
it feel to  
put on  
lip balm  
that smells like panties?

you still gonna  
strut around like some tough guy,  
or has it hit you that  
you are just some effeminate  
kid now trying to find your way ..

now,  
it's cool if your lips smell like panties  
because you were with the girl and having  
a time,  
but not because you fell for her giving you  
the balm of panty smell ..

what kind of dude are you,  
anyways?

you just let women push you around and  
have them force lip shit on your lips without  
you know what it's like  
or how they are going to smell ..

how does it feel to have a pair of  
girl's underwear on your lips?



## place kicked

her  
100th  
idea  
of  
the  
day  
is  
probably  
your  
first  
one-

so,  
if  
you  
really  
think  
about  
it,  
hot  
shit,  
you  
should  
probably  
shut  
your  
silent  
non  
thought  
rat  
hole  
right  
the  
fuck  
up ..

## **poet's world**

is  
fucking  
everyone  
a  
poet?

whether  
published,  
or  
writing,  
or  
not  
writing.

is  
everyone?

i  
think  
so  
you  
poet  
you.

## **ponder it**

does  
it  
really  
take  
all  
kinds?

or  
do  
some  
people  
need  
to  
flat  
fuck  
off?

huh,  
jokers?

## **pre-easter predicament**

shoved  
in  
a  
room of  
fruit eaters  
&  
all i want  
to  
do  
is  
chase down a  
big  
bull  
heffer  
and shake  
a  
bottle or  
Worcestershire  
sauce  
towards  
his  
big,  
shining  
gold  
nose  
ring.

## REALITY CHECK #387

just got into  
the wichita marriott,  
got my room ..

830 ..

took of my stinkin' shoes,  
found some hangers,  
turned on the TV  
and thought about all the kids i saw  
in the lobbies,  
elevator,  
and such going around and around ..

conversations from hungry young girls  
attempting to find their clits  
all red hot later on ..

so,  
i grab my decanter for ice  
and head to the elevator ..

on the way up from the bar with a full tub of ice,  
soda  
and some content whiskey waiting for attention  
and  
i climb onto the elevator ..

there is one older woman,  
and an older couple ..

i ask them what is going on and  
they get cute saying,  
'OH, JUST A BUNCH OF TEENS.'

laughter trails ..

i ask,  
'seriously?'

they tell me,  
'IT'S SOME TEEN AND FAMILY FEDERATION CONFERENCE.'

and as the older woman got off on floor 5,  
i said,  
'there's gonna be a lot of explaining to do with all those families in about  
nine months .. '

she gasped at the joke,  
surprised by the reality no one thought over  
and

proof again

that reality  
isn't a pill most folks  
can swallow,  
or even discuss with a stranger on a wichita elevator ..

## **remember the old man**

in my  
younger years i  
only  
remember my  
father for  
several things.

he always was dressed  
impeccably for work  
and his  
shoes were the shiniest  
things i had ever seen in my life.

and  
i remember my sister was an eternal thorn in  
his side.

when he would get home,  
he would shed his spotless clothing  
and salesman personality for something completely toned down  
and silent.

he would then settle into his whiskey and beer.

and this is where the second thing comes in.

i remember many wasted beers hitting the floor or wall  
because of my sister.

she was the female that reeked havoc on my old man.

i know that now as a big brother  
done with her problems,  
and disdain for reality.

i finally know what my dad  
went through  
and  
for him  
i proverbially drink  
all those spilled beers  
and awkward moments  
with  
a  
sister  
i  
have never known.

## **self reality run brownie edit american night**

we hit  
the final dash  
the other night  
to edit down a 15 or so  
minute tape  
about me to  
be submitted to a reality  
TV show i'm trying to get on ..

something that i would never do ..

on the final night of editing,  
my friend had a pot brownie and bowed out  
of the editing room  
and earth early because  
he was  
too spun the fuck out on his earlier circumstances ..

we finished the editing  
and i  
realized  
that  
i was becoming tired of seeing  
myself  
and  
myself ..

in fact,  
the making of this tape and all the video we  
shot has  
almost been reason enough for  
me to not want to be on this show  
if they offer me the shot ..

so,  
as i move onto another project,  
or gig,  
or memoir,  
i  
have the eternal archive of my  
shot  
at  
TV,  
the 15 minutes,  
and everything that i have  
always resented ..

but,  
as time moves on you give littler shit  
about  
stupid shit like a reality show  
and  
we'll



just  
have  
to  
see how ridiculous it gets,  
if  
i am even a consideration  
on  
this big  
acting  
american  
stage  
of  
bad  
TV  
gone  
worse and i  
will  
become a part of it  
to  
mock it  
and  
adorn it ..

## **she had to be broken to save 9**

he said  
that he couldn't do it anymore ..

you just have  
too many hearts ..

he said that  
you have at least one for each time of day,  
and the seasons ..

so,  
that would make it 7 ..

years are a memorializing girl,  
with no favorite time of day or most memorable season ..

he said it's just too much to keep up with ..

there's one heart in your left foot,  
one in the right,  
one in the left wrist,  
right wrist,  
left lung,  
right lung,  
and one behind the trachea ..

he said that  
if he breaks your heart that you may actually collapse  
because you have so many hearts  
and it could be such a shock ..

so,  
because of your hearts,  
he has lost his heart ..

do you dig?

## **she heaved the most air**

she  
was driving square,  
straight in the lane ..

i kept looking over  
at the two tubes coming  
out of her nose ..

it wasn't obtrusive,  
we were staying neck and neck with  
her as my friend talked and i feigned  
looking at him to get a glimpse of her ..

i searched with my eyes  
to see the oxygen tank  
and saw nothing  
but the dusk of tomorrow in her eyes ..

she has a strong,  
soothing  
relaxed look on her eyes  
as though she was the new female messiah  
and all us children would eventually  
figure it out ..

and if we didn't  
she would take our breath,  
and make sure  
that her eyes,  
posture  
and  
driving existence would  
do  
it  
for  
us ..

## **shoved betwixt the boring business blender blades**

in the middle  
of kansas  
for a conference on health,  
listening to speakers  
speaking  
about strength,  
seeing people with glowing  
name badges,  
the trimmed hair,  
perfumed lips,  
bright prints,  
new shoes  
and the utter  
lack of attention,  
seriousness,  
unmoving people,  
the blank stares,  
vacant nods  
and adult dullness in one  
room  
is one of the most  
horrible things on  
this planet.

that's why i  
work  
with  
kids  
now  
and  
not with adults  
that gather,  
peck,  
jackoff egos  
in  
board rooms  
to  
absolutely  
no  
avail other than  
a  
paycheck they  
lie  
about  
the causes  
of.

money.

it's always about  
the money  
with their seriousness.

## **small little tiny thing**

all  
the  
things  
you  
forget  
are  
the  
things  
i  
forget,  
isn't  
that  
a  
thing .. .

## **smartest guy ever**

i'd like  
to meet  
the fraudulent  
Ph.d. dude  
that  
never even  
graduated from  
high school ..

not even a GED ..

the ultimate one that fooled  
the masses for years,  
several decades ..

and it would be this person,  
this situation  
and this way  
that i would be convinced that  
this person  
was one  
truly,  
great  
wise  
and smart  
motherfucker.

**so where?**

i  
have  
been  
losing  
my  
place  
all  
morning  
and  
all  
i  
have  
been  
doing  
is  
sitting  
still.

## **social society**

don't forget  
to  
pack  
the  
whiskey  
around  
the  
big  
dog's neck  
or  
the  
cats  
are going to  
claw  
over  
your  
sobriety  
and  
figure out  
the  
secrets  
before  
you  
even  
knew  
there  
were  
secrets  
that had to  
be  
held.



## **sour kraut**

if  
you literally  
think  
about  
a  
hot dog  
with  
it's silly  
pink  
tongue  
sticking  
out,  
no  
mustard,  
and it's  
tail  
between it's leg,  
the drooping eyes  
is  
just  
a  
sad,  
sad sight.

**stop thinking**

when  
will  
thoughts  
end?

has  
anyone  
NEVER  
thought  
about  
this?

## **strength of a pen**

how  
much  
ink  
do  
they  
compress  
into  
one  
ink  
pen?

do  
they  
measure  
their  
quantity  
by  
pure  
math,  
in  
milliliters  
and  
such  
or  
do  
they  
measure  
their  
quantity  
out  
by  
letters,  
words,  
sentences,  
paragraphs,  
EXCLAMATION  
POINTS!

## **sun holders**

the groves,  
grumbles,  
clusters,  
patches,  
spider fingers  
of trees  
clutch  
and hold onto the sunset  
for  
everything they are worth ..

they're just not sure about tomorrow  
and are trying to make a deal  
with the sky to see  
if they will indeed be ready for tomorrow ..

for now,  
they are trying their local brew way  
of keeping the sky in its place and  
i'm not sure it's working ..

i have never seen the sun move as fast as  
it has tonight  
to  
leave its  
children  
on  
their own  
to  
grow under the moon  
and  
appreciate  
a  
morning  
sun ..

## **sunday morning turnstile fun**

i hopped out of the jeep  
to fill it up with  
gas  
as  
she went off inside the gas station  
to  
get some fountain  
colas  
to burn our  
parched,  
hair of the dog throats ..

as  
i filled,  
i looked around at all the eager faces  
entering the store,  
and the content faces leaving  
with mouths of donut,  
gun wrappers flying,  
new sunday shiny papers,  
fresh coffee,  
more drinks  
and general sunday morning after the after frivolity ..

and  
i got back in the car  
and watched one man in particular  
leaving  
with  
a  
half paper carton of chocolate milk ..

in a steady walk,  
not stopping,  
he popped the magical milk triangle and chugged,  
chugged,  
gurgled,  
glugged that milk as he  
walked  
faster,  
and faster up  
the  
street epitomizing  
the  
consumer,  
need  
itch that  
had  
everyone in that square block  
bleeding  
into  
the  
invisible

paper cup ..

## TATTOO BREVITY ON MY BRIEFS

anymore  
i don't have  
time for long poems ..

just thoughts,  
ideas  
that will lead to  
potential poetry ..

& then i don't even want to  
pen anything more than short stories ..

then a book ..

and instead,  
i just put out a publication on the streets called  
'NIHILIST MONTHLY'  
that has been selling well at a local coffee house ..

and the truth is,  
a novelty,  
blank pages is what folks want anymore over  
more words,  
and  
more words  
as  
i try to keep this thought brief ..

## teasing to read

i  
would  
love  
to  
see  
a  
special  
pull-out  
section  
in  
a  
national  
newspaper  
or  
magazine  
that would  
have the balls for it  
to  
have  
a  
huge  
viagra ad with a  
dick going in and out of a vagina  
with  
the  
tag line:  
'HAPPY FUCKING, FRIENDS.'



## **the adopted dimino**

it's odd,  
yet relieving to write this out ..

for many years as a kid  
i thought that i was adopted ..

my brother has a best friend named 'joey' growing  
up that i liked and looked up to very much ..

and i thought that we might have been switched around at birth ..

and crazy kid thought thinking that i  
was actually the product of a switch at birth and my brother could  
have been brothers with his best friend and i would get  
used to  
life with my natural born parents.

i thought about it and never asked about it.

knowing that i would have gotten laughed at,  
much like my early question to my brother about toothpaste.

i wondered if it had sugar in it as a kid.

again,  
i knew that i would be smeared.

and how odd.

a name threw me off.

then again,  
it was much more than that now as i think back as a big kid.

i rarely felt connected with my family  
and i wished for more as a kid.

the innocent dream,  
and reality that hits every kid.

there is always something better.

and we can always be something better.

do you know  
anything better?

## **the bald truth**

the  
somber,  
patient,  
balding  
man  
sits off to the  
side  
as  
a  
flimsy,  
3.5 legged table  
salivating to  
start the  
colorless  
electronic powerpoint  
and  
dreams  
of  
his  
after work  
visit  
to  
the  
local  
wichita  
porn shop.

## **the ecstatic shit bear**

the bear  
on my package  
of  
toilet paper  
looks so  
fucking happy with  
a roll of unraveling paper  
trailing through  
his hands  
and  
I couldn't be any happier  
for  
his  
fictitious  
figure  
dancing around  
in  
ecstasy  
on  
the  
front  
of  
a  
toilet paper package,  
but  
I can't shake  
the fact  
that  
bears  
would  
never  
wipe their ass  
nor  
would they clean their nose  
with such  
paper,  
so  
what  
gives  
with  
this particular bear?

## **the enormous power poles**

with their  
stagnant,  
unhuman  
hands look like  
they are struggling  
like an old woman crossing the road,  
or young girl birthing twins  
to  
keep all the power,  
currents,  
flow  
going  
through the unnamed town  
i am in  
to make  
sure that everything is all right ..

they  
strain,  
the setting sun does little  
to expose their struggle  
and  
the lines bag down like  
old wood on a barn door,  
the taste of a pickle after it's sour ..

they just  
hold there,  
no one to encourage,  
no one to congratulate,  
just there in the middle of a grassy field  
in a thankless job,  
unflattering position  
waiting for the right  
moment  
when no one is looking  
to  
shrink,  
run off  
and indulge in all the  
power  
we  
are  
experiencing ..

## **the fucking published crowd**

do  
you  
really  
have some  
supremacy  
pf  
knowledge  
or  
wisdom  
if  
you have  
written  
a  
published book  
or  
books.

or,  
do you  
just  
have  
either  
the  
motivation  
and  
time  
to  
do so?

## **the hopeful exit**

have you  
ever  
thought  
about  
all the  
exit signs  
in  
the  
world?

no?

because  
you have  
to know  
that they  
want you out.

they  
are pleading  
for  
you to just  
leave  
their  
sight.

## the loss of gaining ideas

I'm nearing  
the  
penning  
of  
500  
ideas  
to  
go  
off  
of for  
some  
poems  
and  
I forgot where I started ..

and i'm not sure  
that it's important  
because i'll forget  
this  
one  
when I near  
1,000 ..

and as I get to about 2,000 or  
5,000  
i'm going to give up on this  
whole idea  
puzzle to generating thoughts throughout  
the day and  
be versed enough to  
remember my ideas without paper  
and  
then where will i be ..

what if all the authors had  
their books shoved into their heads  
in the entire clarity and the only way you could  
read or hear it  
was to catch them reading to enormous audiences over  
a week or more period ..

what if we  
just  
let  
those ideas  
sift in the head ..

even if they  
are being forgotten,  
aren't you glad  
your  
favorite  
authors,

heroes  
and  
the like  
had  
the  
memory,  
energy,  
guts,  
moxie  
or  
more  
to  
get the idea to your head ..

that's  
it ..

getting it out  
to the  
audience,  
whether  
of  
one or more  
or  
yourself  
penning  
thought  
after  
thought  
equaling thousands  
in  
your  
journey  
to make  
sense  
of  
living  
through  
this  
maze of  
absurd  
madness ..



**the media has officially won.**

my dad  
called  
today  
in  
wichita  
to  
tell me  
that  
he  
got  
the  
maddest  
he  
ever has  
been  
today  
on  
the used car lot  
where  
he  
sells used cars  
to  
used people.

it was an  
arab man  
and  
my dad  
spit,  
yelled,  
threatened  
and  
told  
the man off.

good job fox,  
my  
dad  
is hooked  
on  
hatred  
or  
yet  
another  
subsect  
of  
americanized  
folk.

**the  
mexican kids are  
heralding this avenue ..**

they chase off  
the bad cats,  
swipe away petty crooks,  
cheer with the locust nests,  
run with their bikes pedaling to keep up ..

they make all the money  
so their parents can stay home to cook,  
smoke,  
drink,  
fuck,  
watch entertainment,  
read,  
walk around in contemplation ..

they are the ones that make all the  
bread,  
break the bread,  
act like bread,  
little yeast baskets running around for the fun  
of all the fun in  
the world  
as  
they marshal around this neighborhood like Otis Redding  
is singing  
a new song about  
lunchroom snacks ..

the mexican kids of this neighborhood  
are the heroes  
and it's hard for the governments and municipalities  
to accept such  
and  
that's OK because we all know the  
truth ..

the small  
kids  
around here  
run the show  
and there's  
just no more that  
needs to  
be explained about  
all  
of  
that,  
all right kids?

## **the new fantastic one**

if  
one  
could  
kick  
the  
asses  
of  
all  
the  
Fantastic Four  
that  
would  
be  
I  
bad  
motherfucker.

## **the next to last sunset ever**

is

the evening i forgot,  
the bowl of soggy cereal the hungry man confiscated,  
the rubber band bowl in a golden goblet,  
the talented band that broke up last week,  
her pinkie bone popping as she scratches your back,  
the smell of her long red hair as spring comes back,  
the twirling dream of a red paint dot,  
the turtle shell crawling all by itself,  
the tribute band sneaking in one of their originals for a change,  
the second hand whispering 'IN A SECOND' to a silent room,  
the dirty sock making love to another dirty sock,  
the aspirin doing its job on your day long headache,  
the bus full of strangers as you drive by with your brights on and wondering where the fuck is Stevie  
Wonder tonight?

and

the sun  
has  
just  
dipped  
below  
the  
equator,  
my horizon,  
the last quip  
your  
next  
evening  
that  
wanted to make

mashed  
potatoes  
with  
the  
cold,  
waiting  
new  
dusk ..

## **the only cure**

for  
complete ego  
bathing  
is  
to move into  
a  
sewer  
&  
forget  
you  
have an  
appetite  
for  
anything other  
than  
survival ..

then,  
you will shed  
the  
layers  
and  
again  
understand  
what  
it  
is  
all  
supposed to  
mean  
in  
the  
humble  
humility  
of  
it  
all ..

## the pink lady

it's been  
weeks since  
my pink lady  
left  
a  
pink lady apple  
on  
my white,  
paint chipped window  
ledge  
and  
it's still there  
over  
9 weeks or so after the fact ..

it is wilted,  
wrinkled and aged,  
but still pushing  
out  
the plush scent of a fresh apple ..

it's a reflection  
of how we grow older together,  
yet  
still retain the wherewithal  
to  
squeeze out our fresh scents,  
but wrinkle  
like  
crazy people  
madly  
falling  
for  
the concept,  
flesh reality  
of love  
as  
my  
pink lady waits  
for  
me  
to look on ..

## **‘the procedure’**

after  
you  
have  
been  
party  
to  
and  
entwined  
with  
the  
process,  
the  
word  
abortion  
is  
the  
ugliest  
word  
in  
the  
english  
language.

## **the reason for my end of adult drama**

i've already vandalized enough shit ..

broke the law enough as a kid  
to have two juvenile convictions  
by the time i was 13 ..

stole tons of shit from the local pharmacy,  
broke windows,  
egged innocent houses,  
shaving cream incidents,  
shit on stages,  
picked fights,  
got busted noses,  
was laughed at,  
borrowed money for comic books all the time,  
had hood hair,  
made my folks crazy,  
broke more shit,  
stole more shit,  
cussed it up like a sailor,  
stole more,  
cussed more,  
started more fights ..

so when my ex-girlfriend last year  
in the break up call said that i wouldn't have to  
deal with her drama anymore  
i forgot to tell her that i already had enough growing up  
and that hers was small potatoes  
and completely unnecessary ..

at least i was a dumb kid testing the boundaries  
of reality,  
while she was a ding a ling adult  
doing dumb shit  
with herself to get into useless dramas and troubles ..

so as i go over cracks in the road  
and under overpasses,  
i just laugh and let it all flow by me because i know that i have  
lived that drama as a snot headed kid  
and don't need to do it as  
an adult with or without a woman ..

i just want to let everyone else fight,  
curse each other,  
bleed,  
yell,  
scream,  
run away  
while  
i sit,  
walk



and run without bothering you ..

so good luck with your drama ..

maybe you'll get a TV show some day ..

## **the soldier song**

the cold,  
buried  
reality  
remains  
that  
any soldier,  
whether in iraq,  
afghanistan,  
or from korea  
and vietnam,  
when  
a  
soldier  
comes  
home  
they  
never  
ever  
truly  
come home.

and that  
is  
the  
whole thing about  
war  
and  
the  
micro  
macro  
main  
man  
woman  
ideal  
of  
war,  
military dying.

**the sunset tonight  
was in every shape ..**

in terms,  
formations  
that has no definition,  
but a mathematic  
equation ..

in a rhombus,  
quadrangle,  
square,  
sideways,  
upside right,  
and all the other flairs  
with its  
collection  
of  
whites,  
oranges,  
slight lime,  
red,  
pinkish,  
yesterday's memory,  
tomorrow's locket,  
the next to first reminder,  
the door that never closes,  
the monkey that counts to 23,  
the drink tipped over at the table,  
the waiter that walked out on his job,  
the answered knock at the door,  
the smell of her underarm deodorant,  
the mute button on a remote control,  
the chord to a computer mouse,  
the fast, slow motion movement of light,  
the reason for your teasin',  
the death of rhyme  
and everything that time  
forgot  
to  
show  
me  
was in a  
kansas  
cloud  
formation  
watching me  
drive  
right into  
the  
dark,  
dark ..

## **this about this, sweetheart ..**

how would you feel  
if i actually had a past  
with the black panthers  
and wanted to be completely out ..

let's say there was bad blood,  
i was threatened,  
a bum rap with a deranged girl,  
accident drug slip  
and i needed to get out ..

well,  
i'm white,  
so that would create a problem ..

how did I get in there in the first place?

well,  
i cannot disclose that in this simple poem,  
other than to say that it happened and i have  
only two things to do to be completely absolved of  
such an organization  
and possible death if i don't comply ..

there is no witness protection or handshake to walk away ..

i have to do what they say ..

so,  
this is what is demanded of me to be a free, white man ..

i have to sell all of my guns off to honest, good  
black folks  
and  
begin taking pills to turn me into a black guy ..

i have to give up being white because the story could get out of  
hand if i happen to talk ..

if i'm black they just won't give a shit ..

not sure how this is going to work,  
but someone is going to periodically check on my  
to make sure that i'm turning black ..

anyone brothers out there need a good gun?

(it's cheap!)

**this is my ultimate list of questions that i would like answers to:**

HOW DOES A GAME SHOW HOST GET HIS JOB?

DO THE ACTUAL PRINTERS OF MONEY MAKE MUCH MONEY?

HOW MANY PORN QUEENS - REAL VETERAN CUNTS - HAVE ACTUALLY HAD A REAL ORGASM?

IS THE BEST DOCTOR REFERRAL IN THE WORLD TO ASK YOUR DOCTOR WHAT DOCTOR HE GOES TO?

ARE DOG TRAINERS BAD WITH HORSES, CATS, TURTLES, ZEBRAS AND OTHER ANIMALS?

DO HAIR DRESSERS GET TIRED OF THE HEAD AND GOOF AROUND WITH PUBIC PATCHES IN DOWN TIMES?

DO PILOTS EVER JUST GET TIRED OF THE WIND & AIR BECAUSE THEY ARE AROUND IT ALL THE TIME?

HOW MANY PEOPLE WORK ON AUTO ASSEMBLY LINES AT CAR PLANTS WALK TO WORK BECAUSE THEY CAN'T STAND TO SEE AND BE AROUND CARS AFTER WORK?

IS IT COMMON FOR PRISON GUARDS TO LOSE THEIR REGULAR KEYS ALL THE TIME?

DO TRAVEL JOURNALISTS LOCK THEMSELVES IN A WHITE WALLED ROOM TO TAKE A REAL SOOTHING VACATION?

DO THE OWNERS OF NUDIST COLONIES HANG OUT IN FABRIC SHOPS AND MALLS TO GET A BREATHER VACATION?

DO MEAT CUTTERS CRY AT NIGHT WHEN THEY HAVE TO CUT INTO A HEAD OF LETTUCE?

DO THE FOLKS AT PLANNED PARENTHOOD GET TIRED OF PLANNING?

## **this place keeps knocking ..**

the door won't stop  
making  
sounds  
as the kids  
spray mists on each other,  
the ice  
melts,  
TV bleeds,  
the screen is my window to tomorrow,  
the bearable is  
that  
much easier  
and  
the sounds  
have ended ..

i only  
hear  
the faint  
hum  
of  
electricity coursing  
through  
this cord,  
into this  
screen  
and  
over  
these words  
for  
you  
to  
taste  
like a  
bottle  
of  
wine you  
are  
going  
to  
buy  
me.

## tiger dew man

he strutted  
across  
the crosswalk before  
my car  
in what seemed like slow motion ..

he had on a fake black leather coat  
with a country shirt on  
and was strutting with his slightly tinted thick rimmed glasses ..

looking straight ahead,  
he had a stuffed tiger under one arm and a  
fresh,  
full mountain dew in the other arm ..

just  
a country boy  
stuffed in a city  
and  
trying to make his way ..

he didn't need to hide his tigers  
and lions,  
they're all  
around  
us  
here  
on  
the  
streets ..

so,  
what's a country boy  
to be afraid of in  
such  
a  
tame  
climate  
of  
caffeine  
and  
stuffed cotton?

## tired cats

i have this talent ..

or,  
a knack i should say ..

the minute i come into  
a  
room  
all the cat's yawn ..

instant ..

my cat constant yawns when i approach ..

they're not even tired,  
they just lay there,  
or walk around after yawning,  
but they yawn constantly ..

non-stop strings of  
yawning ..

i checked with the doc  
recently about this just  
to get a second opinion and he said  
to get concerned if i start doing it with  
adults ..

and then,  
he began yawning,  
but as he held back his eye lids of tears he said,  
'OH DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME. I'M ALWAYS TIRED. BANGING HOOKERS INTO THE LATER  
HOURS  
BEHIND MY WIFE'S BACK ALWAYS WEARS ME OUT.'

and i shook his hand,  
thanked him  
and move on my way  
to  
the  
next  
myth  
in  
the  
string  
of

paper paramedic talk ..



## **to do**

there  
is only  
one  
thing  
on  
my  
to  
do  
list today -

TO TRIM  
MY  
ONE,  
BIG,  
WAGGLING  
NOSE HAIR.

## TRIBUTE TO THE SMALL EWOK VILLIAGE ON EARTH

In my  
ever widening campaign  
to extol the plight of the common,  
blue collar animal  
I would like to  
lobby the local officiating officials  
to get a  
NATIONAL PET YOUR CAT/DOG DAY ..

just a day long celebration  
of petting ..

animals and kids get the coolest holidays,  
while the rest of us just  
get birthdays,  
new year's days,  
and the rest ..

and the animals  
need to have a full day devoted to their  
benefit ..

so  
get your hands ready ..

the day to  
pet will be  
coming towards you  
sooner  
than

you expect ..

## **true dirt**

if  
we could  
all  
become  
dog  
tongues  
for  
a day  
we  
would  
finally  
and  
for  
life  
understand  
what  
dirtiness  
is  
all  
about.

## **true nun relaxation**

i  
bet  
little  
old  
nuns  
would  
do  
good  
with  
a  
day  
or  
so  
a  
month  
of  
some  
good  
old  
sloppy  
internet  
porn.