

Joefiles LXXXIII
the last drunk dance
defines your single
moment



bad familial tax blood

as
i
cheat
for
the
first
time
on
my
taxes
this
year,
i
got
a
pep
talk
from
my
pops.

one
year,
the
feds
tracked
him
down
in
lawrence,
ks
and
threw
him
in
the
back
of
a
government
paddy
wagon
expecting
an
arrangement
of
payment.

another
time,
he
made

a
tax
collector
cry
at
the
stories
of
his
financial
woes
and
she
simply
exed
off
his
debt.

guess
this
tax
fraud
runs
through
the
family.

and
if
they
ever
catch
up
to
me,
i
love
vans
and
have
made
many
women
cry
over
my
time.

been able to handle some whiskey lately ..

my love affair with the brown barrel serpent nectar
has been only 4 or so months old
and i can drink
and
drink
and
drink
and
drink
beyond limits i typically couldn't hold ..

i'm not a puker,
but i have limits ..

not with the bourbon,
whiskey game ..

i can take it
and
take it more ..

cannonball to the gut,
and a bullet to the liver ..

i keep feeding the gullet like a
horse chewing on all the blades in an acer less spans of the
most delicious grass ever ..

it's a trick i
likely got from my pops ..

that man could put down some whiskey ..

he was a shooter,
with beer as a chaser ..

an old air force officer,
a tough guy from brooklyn,
a car deal through the 70's to now,
three kids,
tough times,
he nailed that whiskey ..

i held back on the whiskey game
because i didn't want to turn into my father ..

and at 31 i found whiskey ..

and at my age i don't fear becoming my father ..

because i never will ..

i haven't to this point ..

and it wouldn't be a bad thing,
just
as
long
as
i don't puke
up
all that
delicious,
hard earned
whiskey ..

BELLY SLAP

sometimes
i
forget
that
i
have
a
new
weight,
and
friend
above
my
belt
until
i
flap
my
hand
down
and
smack
my
belly
and
daydream
about
more
wasabi
and
a
good
cream
rub
down
on
my
ass.

biblical corner pawn

i
saw
a
man
today
with
a dirty
yellow
robe
selling
single
pages
of
the
bible
to
little
men
with
red
cheeks,
and
bad
teeth.

BIDDA URBAN FISHING

it
was
the
oddest
of
urban
scenes
i
have
ever
seen.

the
april
weather
finally
broke
and
there
were
cars
packed
around
the
pond
off
the
bluff
by
my
house.

and
i
looked
down
to
see
all
the
poles
dipped
in
the
cold,
but
warming
waters
teeming
with
innocent
fish

only
to
see
person
after
person
lined
up
along
the
shore
banks
shooting
pistols,
firing
guns,
throwing
knives,
chucking
chinese
stars
and
annihilating
the
surface
of
the
water
as
the
color
of
the
water
changed
color
and
the
sun
went
higher
and
higher
into
the
curious
sky.

BLISTER KILLER

there's
a
new
super
hero
on
the
horizon
and
he
carries
a
bag
of
ice
cubes
in
his
side
satchel
and
has
the
key
to
any
freezer
in
town.

he's
the
fever
blister
bounty
hunter.

hired
to
stop
the
hideous
growths
of
herpes
before
they
collide
and
mushroom
into

mounds
of
dried
scab
on
innocent
victims
mouths
and
lips.

and
he
uses
these
cubes
to
break
the
nerve
endings
before
they
have
time
to
grow,
multiply
and
mutate
into
problems
for
girl
kissers
and
boy
dreamers.

so
when
the
tingle
starts
on
the
mouth,
call
the
man
with
the
cubes
and

rest
easy
because
those
fucking
nerves
are
gone
deader
than
dead
before
you
know
it.

brush is in the gutter

the
fat
bulking
ghetto
afro
brush
is
matted
with dried
dirt,
small rocks
and
general filth
on
the
side of the road ..

staring neglected at
passing cars,
offering
a
grin of completed hair swipes in
the
past
but
retired to the waste of
the
city
and
the
owner
that
just
doesn't care
because
he
is
a
ghettoized
modern
day
urban
cowboy
super
hero
pill of relief
that
we
have
all
been
waiting

to
find,
congratulate
and
talk
to
but
all
we
have
is
his
dirty,
mangled
brush
that
has
been
delightfully
left
behind.

cafeteria paradise

the
women
of
a middle
school in
kansas
smoke
out
back
on
milk crates
and
point
at
the
trees
around
and
talk in inaudible
tones
and
every single
one
of
them
women
wonder
when
they
are
going
to
get
fucked
well
enough
to
have
a
long,
life deserving
orgasm
to
make
all the
ground food
and
chucked vegetables
served
to unappreciative
kids
fucking

well
worth
it all.

CHIPPED IVORY

my
only
slight
concern
with
drinking
alone,
or
in
the
company
of
another
person
is
that
i'm
gonna
bang
a
glass
very
hard
accidentally
against
my
front
tooth
and
bust
that
motherfucker
into
blood
chips
and
there
is
nothing
worse
than
fighting
with
your
own
mouth
when
no
words
have
even
been
exchanged.

Clean 2004 Republican Majority

the
moral
majority
right
winged
republicanized
bush
frenzied
use
a
black
woman
to
make
a
case
hateful
wanting
god
folks
probably
told
janet
to
show
us
her
fucking
halftime
tit
because
it
makes
it
easier
to
attack
exposed
tits
on
several
hundred
year
old
statues
and
vilify
the
bodies
god
gave
us

without
clothes
and
low
on
god
damned
shame
you
miserable
sinners.

everyone
of
you.

ha.

cops cunts of steel

the
little woman
with a scribble
for
a
name
gave me a ticket
downtown
the other day
for
forgetting
to
drop a coin
into
the city paycheck machine.

10 minutes later
i
had gotten a ticket for \$28.50
and
just gently folded
it and put it in my console tray.

climbed in,
snapped my seat belt,
looked around for that faceless person and their little
ticket mobile
and
thought about the pope
in
his funny hat,
no seatbelt
and
holding up traffic.

bet the pope
never got a ticket in his godly life.

bet he wouldn't like
this town if he knew
that
people
get
these
evil
tickets
from
faceless people.

amen.

DICK NAMES

my
mom
used
to
call
our
little
kid
dicks
a
'faucet'.

and
we
hated
farah
faucet
as
kids
because
of
it.

now
i
still
think
of
my
penis
when
i
see
a
faucet
and
forget
about
not
liking
farah
as
i

catch
a
fleeting
glimpse
here
and
there
of
her
tucked
about
in
her
butty
shot
on
that
well
oiled
and
groomed
sex
poster
of
my
faucet
days.

DOPE HOOD

i
ride
my bike up and through the
city into the
suburbs
and
back into the urban
city
and
decide
tonight
that
everyone is motherfuckin'
high around here ..

always a cop light twisting into a convulsion,
someone yelling,
someone yelled at,
more people lost at the stop sign,
people walking too fast with deteriorated pants,
intent glares and no where to go,
sweat on foreheads when it's 50 degrees and they are standing still,
twitching hands,
all shoelaces untied

and they
all
look at my lanky,
long haired body
coming by like i'm
gonna buy their
bag,
line,
game,
way,
neighborhood,
jail time
and

as
quickly i forget
about 'em
and

move my mind
on
to

a paint chipped kayak
in
hawaii ..

dreams do come true

last
night
i
had
vivid dreams
about
flight
numbers
and
somewhere else
to
be
as
today
i
printed off
the itinerary
for
a trip
to miami
and
left
to
meet
my
baby
for
afternoon coffee.

early plagiarism

i potentially
fucked
my
stint
with writing
or a writing
fetish at all
back in
the
fourth grade.

my teacher was ms. slaughter
and
my kid brain struggled to write
much of anything.

so,
i thought i was smarter than the teachers
and
i was just gonna prove it to them.

i copied a poem for a routine
assignment in class
and
got the snag of my life.

ms. slaughter was good looking blond
woman that didn't like me at all.

she was fed up with my punk,
class disruptive bullshit
and this damn plagiarized poem went too far.

now i don't so much want to thank
her but
thank the author of that poem i have since forgot
because it was so good at an early age i wanted to claim it for myself.

claim it like plate of oysters i
wanted to cook for my caroline.

but,
i would be flattered if any of you fucking youngsters out
there want to try and rip this off.

i won't be mad atcha
because the adults will catch you all fine and red handed.

famous notion

was
stopped
in some hong kong restaurant
the other
night by some
gruff voiced woman that said,
'YOU LOOK LIKE THAT DUDE FROM AS GOOD AS IT GETS.'

i looked up
and thought it was gonna be some hateful
lesbian gal ready to give me her take on my hollywood look ..

'hmm,'
i began.
'i saw the movie but don't know who you're talking about.'

'IT WAS THE ONE GUY THAT WAS THE MODEL DUDE FOR THAT ONE GUY'S CHARACTER,'
she went on.
'YEA. WE NOTICED IT ON THE WAY IN. OR, MY HUSBAND DID.'

i nodded
and genuinely didn't know what she was talking about
as i went back to my conversation ..

'HEY, IT'S NOT A BAD THING, YOU KNOW,'
she continued.

sure,
i thought,
and went on back to my thing ..

i tell you what,
grow your hair out on your head and face as a dude
and you
are
guaranteed to look
like someone in the movies ..

our eternal frame of reference ..

the blob that leaves all too late ..

the reason for our love affair with brevity ..

here's to all your undiscovered hollywood faces
out there
preening in front of the mirror
and taking one last look at your shoes before leaving
the
damn
house.

flat fast forward

the
scariest
thing for
me
at
16 when
my mom
was
helping me
drive
in
a parking lot
by the old movie
theater in
town
was
flipping
the
transmission
into
reverse.

now
i
can't
stop
and
may be
the
worst
driver
of
anyone
i know.

i learned
it
and
everything
has
been
just
fine
every since.

just
had
the
fear of
going
backwards.

going
backwards.

going
backwards.

flat lost

what
if
i
decide
to
start
losing
everything?

would
you
be
happy
to
find
what
i
lost?

would
you
turn
it
in
to
the
authorities
or
keep
it
for
your
own?

most
importantly,
if
you
find
this
poem
would
you
return
it
to
me?

or
is
this
poem

yours
because
i
decided
to
start
losing
everything?

four fourteen

all
the
villains
of
this
city
get
exposed
by
the
sunlight
this
warm
april
day
and
they
are
all
flashing
huge
carefree
sinister
grins
until
the
real
heat
comes
from
the
sky
and
all
their
dope
runs
out.

Fuckin' 1984

if
there
was
any
music,
rock
and
roll
image
from
my
generation
growing
up
it
was
the
eternal
rebellion
image
of
the
small
fonzy
blond
baby
swirl
smoking
cigarettes
on
the
van
halen
1984
album
cover.

the
cover
of
all
covers.

like
the
'meet
the
beatles'
cover.

there
are

some
things
in
your
life
that
just
cannot
be
duplicated.

and
it
was
that
small,
nameless
badass
baby
that
could
beat
the
fuck
out
of
any
kid
in
my
then
6th
grade
class
with
a
mouth
of
smoke
and
one
fist
of
unlit
match
sticks.

THE FOLLOWING IS AN EXCERPT FROM A RECENT INTERVIEW CONDUCTED BY THE GENIUS REPUBLICAN CONSERVATIVE BOOK AUTHOR AND RADIO TALK SHOW HOST SEAN HANNITY WITH OUR CURRENT NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR DR. CONDOLEEZA RICE:

Hannity: *First of all, I want to welcome you to this slanted hateful hour of false touting equality in America.*

Dr. Rice: *Thank you, I couldn't agree more. Been fooling people with my ways for years.*

Hannity: *Now, with all of your intellect, integrity and charm you have exuded and impressed upon me in the past, there is one thing that impresses me above all other with you. The fact that you are black. How did this happen?*

Dr. Rice: *Good question, Sean. Well, I can always remember that I wanted more when I was in my mother's womb. Perhaps to be Asian, liberal or merely a white person. But, my mom fucked a black man and here I am with myself as a black woman.*

Hannity: *Wow!*

Dr. Rice: *Yea, I know. Isn't that just crazy?*

(LONG PAUSE)

Hannity: *I also was impressed by one more fact. How the heck did you become a woman? I mean, a black woman as our National Security Advisor and President Bush's right hand woman. How did you do it?*

Dr. Rice: *Again, I was in the womb and thought that a dick between my legs would serve me so much better in this jaded society of ours. I mean, I'm black and a woman. It doesn't get any harder to move up the corporate, oh I mean corporate ladder. Again, my chromosomes dictated that i have a cunt between my legs and here I am. Now the coordination with Bush was purely an accident. As he was picking his cabinet in a whiskey slur down in Crawford, one of his childhood friends looked over his shoulder at a crayon sketch of an organizational chart and it was all white men. So, his pal, Tad, advised him that he should probably get a woman somewhere in there to make it as though he is a man that isn't racially biased or a jaded Judeo-Christian WASP. So, they swung for the fences and picked me. The best of both worlds, huh?*

Hannity: *Man, I'd say so. Well put, Doctor. Last question before we go end our friendly chat. How do you talk so smart and simultaneously come off so lost?*

Dr. Rice: *Well, I've read all your books and listen to your show daily. And, my boss is a dimwit. Finally, because I have to answer questions like you're asking. So, overall I'm very happy with the outcome. We are going to stay the course and fuck all Arabs, huh?*

Hannity: *Well said Condi!*

Dr. Rice: *What?*

Hannity: *Thank you for your time, Condi. Until next time folks, keep hating and buying our lies! My bank account depends on it.*

(CLICK - OFF THE AIR - TO COMMERCIAL)

Dr. Rice: *Thank you, Sean. Sean? White pric WASP bastards.*

(CONDI CLICKS OFF)

**her
little
pony
tail**

bounces

up

and

down

and

up

up

up

and

down

and

down

down

down

as

rush hour

traffic

flies

by in yellows,

whites,

blues,

reds

and

she

goes

by

with her violet

and

cute face

waiting

for

the

next

guy

that

won't

give

a

fuck

about

her

pony

tail

and

just

about

her

tale

of

being

ridden
off
on
that
pony.

HOOKED & ADDICTED

my
early
fond
memories
were
of
my
father
waking
my
brother
and
i
to
fish.

EARLY
BIRD
GETS
THE
WORM,
he
would
say.

STOP
A
WISHIN
AND
JUST
GO
FISHIN,
he
would
always
mutter.

he
had
us
out
of
bed
and
angling
like
pros.

it
was
one
of

his
most
prized,
and
important
events
of
his
life.

and
he
got
his
sons
up
to
do
it.

and
when
i
take
my
kid
out
for
his
first
fishing
adventure,
i'm
gonna
name
his
first
fish
after
my
father
and
fling
him
back
in
so
he
can
grown,
get
wiser
and
entice

the
world
with
all
his
fish
knowledge
on
things.

Hot & Lost

he
was
walking
straight
like
a
art
teacher's
line
in
the
middle
of
the
urban
swim
street
zone
with
large
pools
of
sweat
on
forehead,
and
winter
cap
to
protect
his
other
being
from
the
78
degree
cold
out
side
angling
slowly
like
a
lobster
boat
over
to
the
bus
stand
and

his
port
that
not
one
fucker
on
this
swimming
planet
knows
about.

i love that blind man.

i'm not exactly sure if he is blind.

he always comes flying out of the complex nearby.

his white stick waves like a magic wand.

he has a tan winter coat on with his hood flipped over his gray head.

thick glasses and a thick smile on his face.

he always has on athletic shoes and walks to a fast tune strumming over yesterday's strings.

he moves like he has to make it to connecticut by noon.

he pleasantly moves his head side to side as the stick glides and he goes to the other side of
the road.

then up the street.

out of sight.

nothing seen anymore.

and we are both blind to each other.

I LOVE THE SMELL OF CONFUSION

i
wanna
take
pictures
solely
of
smells
and
paste
them
up
on
big
time
huge
city
art
gallery
walls
and
confuse
everyone
because
all
they
will
smell
like
is
stale
gallery
air
and
maybe
the
fluids
that
processed
them
from
unimaginative
phosphoric
potential
to
full
blown
desires
to
stink
up
the

gallery
halls
and
rooms
that
roam
with
potential.

inside here

it
was
the
second
time
it
happened
in
nearly
4
months
and
both
times
were
a
first
and
the
most
warm
position
of
sleep
ever.

i
fell
asleep
with
my
pal
inside
my
girl
as
the
night
fell
like
a
stack
of
dominoes
and
our
warm,
silent
breaths
evened
everything
out

as
we
remained
tightly
inside
each
other
for
the
night.

JUST DROP IT!

i
have
a
patch
of
scabbed
fever
blisters
all
swabbed
up
with
petroleum
and
salves
on
my
lower
lip
so
i
would
suggest
you
get
a
pair
of
gloves
to
lay
this
poem
aside
or
rip
it
out
of
the
book
and
burn
it
because
i
don't
even
want
my
tiny,
mild

case
of
man
herpes.

kck poet 2004

i
hadn't
seen
the
kck
poet
in
some
time,
but
i
saw
him
on
the
bench
smoking
in
large
puffs
and
blowing
out
letters
he
was
charging
the
passer
bys
to
pay
for
because
to
breath
in
words
is
always
much
more
precious
and
expensive
than
reading
them.

do
you
feel

inexpensive
right
now?

late nite baths

with
my
caroline
means
more
to
me
that
early
morning
showers
alone.

but
i
never take
showers
no
more,
so
bathing
with my baby
is
like
sticking my
hand
in a bowl of
oatmeal
and
fishing
out
the berries that floated
to
the
bottom
and
eating
them
like
i
haven't
eaten
since
my
last
late
night
bath
with
caroline.

light blue owner

fumbling
along
the
bright
yellow
AM
road
i
hear
the
tearing
rubber
of
a
light
blue
ford
tempo
that
looks
to
be
in
the
mid-80's
and
a
very,
very
dark
african
man
pilots
the
ship
over
to
the
shoulder
with
the
calmest,
most
content
'i own this car'
grin
i
have
seen.

local pension cop

i pass him
at least
once
every
two weeks ..

he's the old
beat cop
going through
downtown
with
that
'i'm getting my pension soon'
look
so
you can hooligan whoever the fuck you
want,
but don't do it near me ..

he looks like he was one rough
motherfucker in his early days,
but was snapped by the pressure,
greed,
grime,
and insults of the force ..

now,
he is the epitome of a good cup of joe,
some pie,
a donut here and there
and some solid stroganoff at lydia's diner ..

he just rides in
his clean white car
looking with a blank,
but intent glow because
he knows
this
whole show is going to fizzle
in his mind,
but remain
in
reality
&
the whole time
he's going to cash
his
check
and
whistle
all
the
little

law
breakers
a
homemade
happy tune.

magnificent

all
the
monotone
voices,
thousands
upon
thousands,
in
a
room
could
probably
be
smashed
together
into
one
upbeat
shout.

male rule

never
respond
to
an
e-mail
if
it's
mailed
to
you
in
regular
standard
mail.

in
fact,
i
think
that's
what
i'm
gonna
start
doing
when
i
have
to
print
and
submit
pieces
to
these
journals
and
magazines
anymore.

then
they
won't
have
to
mail
me
those
pretty
rejection
notices
no
more.

MAX WEIGHT

who
the
fuck
is
this
Max Weight
character
anyway?

&
the fucker
always
weighs
somewhere between
3,000 - 6,000 pounds.

middle wheelman

the
man
was
so big
in
his
cutlass
that
they
probably
need
to
reconfigure
his
car
so
that
he
can
have a McCleran
wheel
in
the
middle
to
make
everyone
understand
him
better.

mike is the king of the dorms.

he gave up on the work world.

done with what life can't afford him.

he affords it himself.

he lives the life he wants to.

has a small white ford car.

goes to the racetrack everyday around 4 or 5.

lumbers in with a smile.

waltzes out with dreams of thousands and the west.

he's an honest old italian man with a small gray mustache.

he looks and acts like he wouldn't hurt a wing on a fruit fly.

but he swatted many of those same fruit flies in vietnam.

eyes of determination.

large hands.

just another gambler looking for the undeniable taste of love.

a lover looking for love.

the horseshoe holding the block together.

mike and the horses.

god bless all that fucking luck you aim for daily, pal.

\$\$\$

the
passage
of
time
is
all
the
money
i've
never
made
and
spent
and
i
just
flat
don't
give
a
damn.

mr. dunn

my old
elementary school principal
mr. dunn
would really lean into my ass
with his old wooden paddle ..

it was the old days
when principals could knock the ass cheek off a kid
for being a nuisance fuck and
not have the proper number or authorities called in to ring
his ball bells ..

i mean this man had to have had
a name for this wonder of a paddle with small holes
drilled around the meat section ..

i was a kid that constantly got sent to the office
and it was high time regular tide for dunn
to lay some pulp on my sore
and ready to suffer ass.

i had the welts,
bruises and sting for the remainder of the day to prove it.

and it was a funny thing - i didn't dislike mr. dunn ..

there was something very smooth about him ..

and there was one day in particular that goes down as
the eternal day i always thought he was a cool man
with paddle on ass or not ..

after getting a good private chewing in his office
after another gag stunt of mine
he handed me a cracker and told me to chew on it and try to whistle ..

i did it in vein with no whistle ..

nothing ..

and it was that simple
instruction in doing nothing with a saltine
that
made my kid days in the troubled front
office
well worth all
my
ass whippings.

my ideal life is a Tuesday in april

there's just
flat
nothing
like
skipping work,
meeting up with your girlfriend for
coffee
on
a
sunny tuesday in april
and
topping it off
with
listening
to
cab calloway
while
going
back
to
where
they
pay
you
a
check
for
living
your
life.

my only grandma rose

i
really
loved
the
reason
why
my
dad
is
angry
about
his
life.

i
love
the
reason
why
man
of
my
father's
friends
were
convinced
that
he
had
lost
his
mind
on
several
occasions.

i
really
love
the
reason
why
my
mother
felt
so
estranged
from
my
father
after
they

met,
married
and
had
us
kids.

i
really
love
the
person
that
made
my
grandfather
hit
her
one
night
hard
in
the
mouth
as
she
served
dinner.

i
loved
the
woman
that
smoked
cigarettes
without
inhaling,
a
pack
a
day,
for
almost
30
years.

i
love
the
woman
that
once
told

me
i
was
her
favorite
grandchild
about
a
year
or
so
before
she
passed.

i
loved
the
most
controversial
person
in
my
family
lore
to
my
core.

i
simply
loved
my
grandmother,
the
only
one
i
ever
had,
as
any
good
grandkid
should
and
flat
did.

Neil & Frank

there
were
two
musicians
that
would
be
cranked
loud
as
a
kid
that
told
me
my
pops
was
lamenting
or
escaping.

neil
diamond
and
frank
sinatra.

he
would
usually
be
zooted
and
looking
kind
in
the
eyes,
just
swimming
and
swooning
through
that
older
guy
music
and
daydreaming
away
his

worries.

it
was
some
of
the
most
perfect,
dramatic
moments
of
my
early
recollection
of
my
pops.

we
never
disturbed
him
or
talked
to
him
during
this
time.

we
just
quickly
left
the
house
or
made
a
quick
row
to
our
rooms.

and
now
when
i
hear
neil
and
frank

i
always
hear
them
low
and
people
are
laughing,
dancing
and
moving
to
the
music.

and
i
also
laugh,
dance
and
move
to
this
music
because
i
know
how
much
comfort
it
gave
to
a
good
man
that
needed
it
while
raising
a
kid
like
me.

no more blame

my
pops
is
in
the
hospital
again.

he's
60
and
tired
of
strangers
poking
things
down
his
throat
and
up
his
ass.

he's
a
large
gangster
looking
dude
with
old
italian
new
york
pride
and
these
fuckers
are
going
too
far.

i
don't
blame
the
man.

i
don't

blame
the
doctors.

i
don't
blame
my
mother.

i
don't
blame
my
brother.

i
don't
think
about
my
sister.

i
don't
blame
you.

i
don't
want
anymore
blaming.

i
am
just
a
blameless
bastard
that
looks
forward
to
that
simple
call
and
undrugged
voice
of
my
old
man

out
of
his
prison
and
back
in
his
big,
blue
navy
chair
watching
his
own
fucking
tv.

#'ered stacks

i
was driving
home
tonight
with
the numbers
running
furiously through
my head.

stacks,
piles,
lines of #'s
and
as i rounded
the corner
coming up
wyandotte street
i
ran
square over
the
yellow pages
phone book
in
the middle of the road
and
just
went
completely blank.

old artist

women warm my heart ..

i mean those women
in their 60's and 70's that still wear
big floral,
tied eye dresses,
eclectic jewelry and
wooden animal necklaces
have the entire game down to a speckle of sand on the pugent sound ..

they have
fucked more,
ingested more drugs,
swilled more booze,
shot more guns,
swallowed more drugs,
dated more famous duds,
ran with more fucked crowds,
had more to fill than any book in the autobiography sections of a bookshop
and
they
rarely say anything about it ..

queens
of
this world with their divine disdain for Steinem and the
misguided ideals of the feminist movement,
they were purveyors of
epitomizing young virile strong women ideals
and
the beauty of their youth blazes like a small,
eternal flame
in their irises ..

and you can only tap into
the
stones of their past
if
you listen to the strength of
their voice
and
believe
that
unwrinkled skin
is
one
of
the biggest biological scams ever.

on the way home

once
we
have
nothing
more
to
buy
or
sell
we
will
finally
be
swallowed
up
into
a
nice,
neat
white
tiny
enveloped
and
be
mailed
to
nowhere
purchased
paradise.

ORANGE FINGERED GIRL

every
one
was
swerving
around
the
potato
puffs
box
in
the
middle
of
the
highway
going
about
60
to
80
MPH
as
a
dainty
girl
in
a
new
mustang
plowed
into
the
box,
squeaked
a
bit
and
licked
all
the
orange
film
from
her
cheeto's
bag
on
her
thin
fingers
and
wondered

what
that
noise
was.

our very different weekends

my
friend
and co-worker
phil
asked how my weekend was
and
i asked how his was ..

he said that his
got scary at one point ..

and so did mine ..

he works as a bouncer
at a bling bling club in the bottoms
and had to pull someone in a choke hold outside
for aggravated fighting ..

once he let the kid go,
he fell to the ground and started wheezing
and flopping his feet like a flounder ..

eventually he got to his feet and
moved on ..

it was a close call,
but the kid survived ..

i didn't tell him what happened to me ..

but i did get a really good job offer
and i think my caroline is carrying our child ..

he almost took a life away,
and i'm going to bring one in ..

that,
in a metered set of lines,
is how
our
weekends
went
down ..

PASTE CURIOSITY

the
beginning
of
my
brilliance
happened
early
when
i
was
an
8
year
old
boy.

i
asked
my
brother
the
following
one
morning:

'HEY
ANTHONY,
IS
THERE
SUGAR
IN
TOOTHPASTE.'

pretty
smart,
huh?

- PEOPLE ALERT -

there's
been
a general
'person alert'
issued tonight:

- grown men are running fast remote controlled cars around the block avoiding passing cars as

several other men look on with blood in their beer

- some hispanic kids are throwing footballs in the middle of the street to innocent black kids

dreaming of new glasses ..

- a woman is in front of broadway baptist church with bundles of bags carrying all of her

possessions ..

- the unmarked tour bus of the latest, greatest hippie band is in the 'have a great day' store to

pick up some eclectic wear gear

- there's a bundled up bald, angry white man sipping coffee in front of a busy coffeehouse just

glaring down passing traffic

- a pervert fresh from the dominican with open shirt, greased over hair stares at everyone with a

creepy, sex offender grin.

& our defenders

of freedom as our excuse of a president talks over the media

is a little black boy in full karate gear

with his mom

not

dreaming of attaining a black belt,

but getting out of this neighborhood

and

to splash holy water

on

all of his cronies back in school that

won't

make it

like

his little

karate chop head

will.

plastic cop

he
has
a
somewhat
new
crown
victoria
with
the
left
side
window
bagged
up
and
big
front
cop
light
over
his
front
rear
view
mirror
with
an
orange
cop
hat
in
the
back
as
he
drives
his
dirty,
fake
car
up
the
street
as
a
joke
making
all
the
little
lawbreakers
in

training
straighten
and
squirm
a
bit
when
his
fraudulent
car
bleeds
on
by.

pondering jail time

skipping
work
to
write
poems
out
is
kind
of
like
robbing
a
bank
with
a
water
gun
but
there
is
no
jail
time
except
for
the
simple
living,
paying
bills,
not
getting
published
and
having
the
unpaid
nawing
need
to
get
these
words
down
all
the
entire,
wide,
expansive
never

ending
time.

rainbowed question

the
thing
that
has always
gotten
me
and
made me feel
out
of sorts
with the rest of
the
human
walk on the
airport
conveyor belt
is
that
most
want to know what's at the end of
the
rainbow
when
all i have
ever wondered
is
what's at the
beginning
of
the
fucker.

real?

the
biggest
thing
i have learned
after applying
to
be on
a
reality tv
show
that has to do with
politics
and
being a candidate
for
president
is
that
i'm gonna
feel
a
whole
lot more
real
if
i don't
get
casted for
the
show.

and
that's just
as
real as it
get's
around here
tonight,
tv heads.

real feline fur

i
woke
this morning
to
my
cat
by my head
and
i pet
him
for
a
while.

as i pet
him,
and smelled
his
fur
i
wondered
if
it was
real
and
if
i
could have
spent
my
time
any other
way waking.

and
i decided
that
i
found
my
mecca
hidden
in
the
dander of
my
waving
cat
tail.

real local demolition man

he's a
local
man
with a fake leg.

he
walks with a profound
limp
past
my
house at least several
times
a
day to get a tall can of beer.

on
the
way back the other night,
he called me out while
i was on the porch
and
asked me,
'YOU OWN THIS HOUSE?'

i told him,
'no'
and he asked who owned it ..

i pointed at the house of my landlords
and said it was them ..

he went on to tell me that he
knew someone that would bulldoze the twin garage in
my backyard for about 20 bucks ..

i told him i had nothing to do with it
as he repeated his offer,
clutched his brown bag of salvation
and smiled back up the street ..

our
personal neighborhood watchman
who
will destroy your structures
for
the lowest
god damned price in
town.

**she
warned me about milk ..**

told me it was one of
the most chemical,
hormoned out products on the market ..

and that we don't need to drink
as much as we do ..

we would have better luck eating
spinach ..

but i already had my day with spinach ..

as a kid,
i was always fascinated by the power of popeye
and his skill at defeating the evil sailors and
getting the rubbing oil girl ..

so,
i had my mom get me a can of spinach with popeye
on the front of the can and cook 'em up for me ..

it stunk the place up quick,
tasted awful,
but i struggled through that can hoping my forearms would bulge
into a cartoon strip of heroic proportions ..

nothing happened
and i gave up on cooked spinach ..

so,
i tip this glass of milk
to all you
brave,
heroic sailors
with the stomach
for the cooked entree
of
seamen ..

she has been completely rid

i've
thrown
away her
artifacts,
flower vase,
clothes,
art,
and
everything
else
because
she
was gone
even
when
i
was
with
her
and
it
only
confirms
that
we
have
to
be human
to
prove
that
another
human
can
be
inhuman.

simple question

why
do
we
have
to
burn
all
the
bread
and
name
if
after
a
tipping
of
the
glass
during
a
celebration?

simply april

all
the
kids
in
this
april
suburban
neighborhood
are
blowing
off
bags,
tricks
of
fireworks
as
i
inspect
my
quiet,
dirty
nails
that
simply
got
dirty
from
today.

single man dream

he turned
the old
cutlass
left
through the stop
sign
calmly
as
his big white girlfriend
angled more in her seat
towards him with finger pointed
and
mouth moving
fast
fast
fast
as
he looked forward over
his thick hip glasses and
came up
with
lyrics
to
a brand
new
song
he
would sing
to his
next,
kind,
not insane
girlfriend.

small black journal book

coat
me
in
moleskine
and
write
all
over
me
through
the
day,
night

and
your
yesterday
lived
lives.

smartest prophet on the block

the
cracked up
alcohol
riddled
man
on 10th and Central
was
just
blaring his
toothless
mouth
at
passing
traffic
with
a waving
hand
and
motorized hands ..

he has
the
whole world figured out ..

he'll sell you anything ..

make any girl cum so hard she'll forget
her ankles exist ..

will answer any tough geography question possible ..

will point you in the right direction ..

has the dictionary to everything and anything possible ..

but there is one,
small problem ..

the man
is also completely full of shit ..

but other than that,
he has everything figured out ..

**story
of
my
childhood.**

my
nickname
was
poe
poe
moe
and
no
one
knows
how
i
got
the
name.

no
idea.

they
just
called
me
it
and
it
has
since
faded
until
it
was
extinct
and
ready
to
move
out
and
grow
bills
to
plant
and
pay.

sugar crosswords

would
be
the
sweetest
collection
of
words
to
string
together
but
they
would
just
melt
away
too
fast
under
the
strain
of
lights,
sweat
and
lightning
bolt
salt
action.

sunday news row

i
drive
by
all
the
innocent,
rolled,
printed,
thrown,
bag
covered
papers
lying
in
a
row,
yard
after
yard
along
suburban
avenue
and
know
that
the
ads
are
king,
coupons
are
the
king
and
those
neatly
rolled
pieces
of
second
hand
NY Times
print
is
just
gonna
be
enjoyed
as
much
over
a

good
old
man
morning
shit
as
well
as
a
land
field
of
canary
shit
for
the
sunday
morning
shit
news.

sweetest smelling lie

the
inside
of
a
flower
isn't
the
cunt
of
painter
girls
that
they
want
the
world
to
believe
but
they
are
really
small,
tightly
packed
lies
that
smell
so
good
that
you
forget
and
just
don't
even
care
that
it's
been
lying
to
you
the
whole
damn
time.

talk climate

the
socialization
of
socialization
eventually
leads
to
our
ultimate
unsocialization.

tasty big sleep

she's
a bigger woman ..

does all the paperwork,
stamps,
staples
and such for
this place I work at ..

and every other Tuesday
she has to go to our meetings ..

she doesn't say much in general ..

and when it's her turn to speak,
she always says that everything is OK ..

so,
this one week i look over in the middle of
someone's rant and
see that her eyes keep rolling back into her head ..

she's nodding off like a pill of alka seltzer into a hung over
mouth as her head dips slightly forward ..

with this,
she said the most profound thing anyone had ever said at
one of the perfunctory,
mandatory staff meetings ..

her sleep
the best of statements
and look
so
god damned
tasty
as
i listened
to
the mechanical
hum
blaze
over
and
over
her
closed eye lids.

the cops just don't care around here.

if you didn't
beat someone,
shoot someone,
sell a large quantity of drugs,
get in a wreck
or other large ledger in the book,
then
you
can be rest assured that the cops don't care.

jaded around
here
because they are societies rejects
that the military couldn't use.

and now they want to use you.

they won't pull you over
for speeding.

they don't give a fuck if
you wear your seat belt.

run all the stop signs you want to
all daylong.

steal a pack of gum if you want.

piss in your front yard.

try to walk up 39th street if you feel brave.

because these cops
around
here
just
don't care
if
you
care
and
they just
don't
even know
how
to
care

as
they

thirst
for
the
smell
of
wet,
hairy love.

THE FORGETFULL POEM

all
the
things
i
have
forgotten
to
write
down,
all
the
ideas
that
were
never
committed
to
paper
are
the
conversations,
thoughts,
ideas,
tear
laughs
held
with
friends,
confidants
that
these
pages
have
no
need
to
know
about
and
only
know
because
some
pages
have
been
spying
on
me
lately
as
i

walk
faster,
talk
more
quickly
and
zap
any
eavesdropping
pulp
slices
with
my
gun
pencil.

the knowing horse head

i
wanna
be
transformed
into
a
big
horse
head
and
swim
through
the
wet
brain
ventricles
of
that
animal
skull
to
understand
it's
thoughts
and
lick
water
through
it's
course
tongue
and
yank
blade
by
blade
a
huge
mouthful
of
grass
and
dream
of
jelly
roll
morton.

THE MONEY PIECE

he
let
out
a
hearty,
belly
laugh
as
he
waltzed
away
and
said,
'JUST
GET
A
FORTY
DOLLAR
HOOKER
AND
LIVE
WITH
YOUR
LONELINESS.'

as
he
sauntered
away
completely
alone
with
a
halo
of
sun
around
his
new,
white
shoes
some
nasty
women
stirred
up
the
street
as
he
wondered
what

forty
dollars
would
really
be
like
that
month
to
do
anything
with.

THE MOST HONEST PAPER STACK GOING

my
unindelible
proof
that
the
honest
days
of
the
past,
away
from
the
shifty
piles
of
nothing
that
float
down
the
tv
road
is
the
old
timer
plucking
several
coins
into
a
newspaper
machine
and
pulling
out
that
unknown
miracle
of
words
instead
of
the
whole
stack
of
papers
inside
to
prove

his
honesty
and
gain
access
to
reading,
immersing
himself
into
the
tragic
malady
of
this
world
existence.

**the
small dog
yapping**

going
yap
yap
yap
sounds like
a
couple
of
girls
arguing
but
when
i
turned
down
the
music
in
here
it
was
just
one
dog
yap
yap
yapping.

it
would
have
been
much
more
entertaining
and
worth
the
musical
interruption
if
it
would
have
been
a
good,
dirty
old
fashioned
8:47PM
woman

cat
fight
outside
this
window.

this poem has heart

she
see's hearts everywhere.

she
gives me rocks that look like hearts.

my
cuticles look like hearts.

her
vagina looks like a heart.

the
end of my dick looks like a heart.

my
tonsils look like a couple of hearts.

some
mornings after whiskey i hear my heart in my temples.

if
i'm quiet i hear my heart squirt me through another breath.

i
i knew more people that had heart i would believe in their heart.

my
window looks like a heart.

her
mouth forms into the shape of a heart.

music
sounds like hearts.

she
draws hearts all the time.

my
shelves fill with heart rocks.

she's
in love with rocks.

she's
loves hearts.

she
loves love.

she

is love.

when

we are together we become the squirts of blood and know we are each other's minute.

TIRED FROM JUDGEMENT

i
always
nod
and
say
hi
to
the
old
judge
that
works
out
at
the
ymca.

he's
a
small,
squatty
man
of
healthy
statue
with
outdated
sport
coats
and
ties.

and
he
always
has
that
benign
look
in
his
eye
as
though
he's
fucking
tire
of
pouring
all
of
that

judgment
upon
the
people.

toothless neighborhood wonder

i
reared up and tried
to
tackle the last hill
before
heading
home,
beating
the
beautiful
orange pulp sun setting
this
eve
and
i look over to see a
well afroed black woman
with no
front
teeth
hollering
at me,
HEY BOO. BOO? HEY BOO.'

i mutter a simple,
'hey'

and stop
looking
over
as
the
commotion of a couple of white kids
getting directions
from
her pimp cover
the possible
business
transaction ..

and
i
wonder
if
all
the boys come back to that toothless
mouth
for
the
the best
blow
job
in this

shameless
pile
of
neighborhood.

TRULY THE BEST IN SHOW

he
was
always
just
a
bit
sad
because
the
thought
he
had
weird
balls
until
she
reached
into
his
pants
and
said
that
his
balls
were
the
best
of
anyone's
on
the
block.

twenty-eight dollars and fifty cents

i
got
a
parking
ticket downtown
recently
for
\$28.50
for 10 minutes
at a friend's place
and forgetting
to
drop a coin
into
the city slit.

the
16th Judicial Circuit Court
demands their
money
or
i get a warrant for my arrest.

no chance
to haggle this one down.

i fucked up and
some tubby little militant woman
with a steel cunt
flips a flappy piece of court ordered paper
on
my windshield.

this was done
the day of local elections
in town to have voters approve
a some odd sense something cent sales tax
for city improvements.

after this ticket,
i'm sorely glad
i didn't agree to pay this town anything more.

all the coins i've slipped
into the wasteland of our downtown wouldn't come close
to equaling
half of this fine.

OK?

Fine?

understood

of
all
the
things
in
the
world
i
don't
understand
at
least
i
know
exactly
what
the
word
understand
means.

UNEMPLOYABLE BLOCK

no
one
works
in
this
2PM
neighborhood
and
everyone
has
run
out
of
drugs
as
the
ice
cream
man
comes
banging,
throwing
his
bell
around
like
some
hero
from
early
fiction
as
the
ice
cream
slowly
melts
in
his
wide,
almost
emptied
sugar
belly
from
all
the
hungry
mouths
of
kids
that

know
little
or
nothing
about
all
this
motherfuckin'
work
and
drug
junk.

GOT A NOTICE ON MY DOOR THE OTHER DAY FOR A PACKAGE OF 2-CD'S FROM AMAZON.COM AND THEY SAID THEY WOULD RETURN THE FOLLOWING DAY:

UPS Man's Wife: *Are you all right tonight? You haven't said much at all.*

UPS Man: *Sure, I guess, maybe, what did you ask?*

UPS Man's Wife: *What the fuck is the matter with you?*

UPS Man: *Oh, not much. Just a rough day at work.*

UPS Man's Wife: *It seems like more, but OK. Can we just enjoy tonight before it all starts over again. We are always working.*

UPS Man: *I know honey. We'll take vacation soon. But, there is one thing - oh, forget it.*

UPS Man's Wife: *What?*

UPS Man: *Nothing.*

UPS Man's Wife: *Honey, tell me.*

UPS Man: *Fuck, I don't know how.*

UPS Man's Wife: *Oh my God, what is it?*

UPS Man: *Well .. (voice trails off)*

UPS Man's Wife: *Come on, baby. I'm here for you.*

UPS Man: *Well, if this Joe guy isn't home tomorrow night to get his package it will just crush me.*

UPS Man's Wife: *What?*

UPS Man: *It will.*

UPS Man's Wife: *Who the fuck is this Joe guy?*

UPS Man: *Just some stranger that didn't get his package tonight.*

UPS Man's Wife: *Are you fucking crazy. Who is this guy? Is it really a girl and you're not fessing up.*

UPS Man: *No. It's just some strange guy on Baltimore that didn't get the music he wanted.*

UPS Man's Wife: *Please tell me there is something more about this.*

UPS Man: *No. Just a Joe waiting for a package.*

UPS Man's Wife: *You're fucking off your rocker tonight.*

UPS Man: *I just hope he's there.*

**(THE WOMAN LEAVES THE HOUSE AS THE MAN JUST SITS IN THE DARK
BEFORE THE FLICKER OF THE TV DRINKING GIN AS HIS EYE LIDS
LOWER)**

we are utterly fascinated with US manufacturing ..

when people
tour the chocolate factories,
soft drink factories,
beer factories,
pant factories,
nail factories,
shoe factories,
shirt factories,
and other arms of the american engine
we
are
amazed at the frequency,
quantity and
efficiency of all these machines
that emballooze the logos
that
drive our subconscious through the
consumer maze ..

fixed by legal,
american labor
making
our money,
even as we tour their plants,
drink
their beer
and
marvel
at
ultimately

the dollar
from
your
pay
stub that
you
won't
miss
and
will
captivate
the

next
dry,
open
mouth looking
at
the
machine
of
America ..

what is in a name

one
of
the most
important
things
of
all
time
to
remember
for
when
and if
you
get
stuck
in
a
jam
or
need some
help
or
just
flat
get lost
is
something
that
wasn't
accentuated with the
verity
it
should
have
been weighted down with
and
it's
that
you
should never forget
your name
because
if
you
do
no one else
is gonna
remember it
for you.

where is rome tonight?

where the fuck is paris for that matter?

i know where kansas city is,
but does it matter ..

i just want to know where barcelona is?

is athens still there?

where have all the major cities gone off to?

the law of majors versus minors is alive
and well tonight
and
i'm starting
to think that the only city that has it's place,
is
in it's place
and
no one needs to worry about where it's at
tonight
is
kansas city.

**you want
some advice?**

i got
some
good words
for you.

here
goes.

JUST
ROLL UP
YOUR SLEEVES
AND
SPIT OUT
YESTERDAY.

how's
that
soundin' to
ya?

100?

i
remember
in
the
early
days
of
writing
poems
that
my
goal
would
be
to
try
and
write
100
in
one
night
as
if
time
was
completely
running
out
and
i
could
even
write
well
at
all.

4-19-2004

caroline
is
my
sweet,
newly
found
pink,
juicy
watermelon
slice
with
tiny
black
seeds
lodged
into
her
belly
and
growing
as
i
type.

A REAL BANJO MAN?

i
accidentally
pulled
chris
huston
the
poor,
homeless
banjo
man
into
the
restaurant
when
i
offered
him
a
beer
after
he
complained
of
me
taking
his
picture.

once
in,
he
plucked
and
minute
and
said
the
owners
didn't
want
him
in
their
place.

then
explained
he
is
playing
for

beer
money.

aren't
we
all
pal?

a real car salesman trick

1
year
for
christmas,
my
pops
recently
recounted
to
me,
he
picked
out
a
plump,
juicy
christmas
tree
from
one
of
those
boy
scout
lots
on
the
edge
of
cold
cities
and
after
he
loaded
the
tree
down
with
string
and
had
the
car
started
and
all
the
kids
strapped
in,
he

handed
the
nice
santa
pine
tree
helper
a
useless
check
that
said,
'SORRY,
PAL,
I'LL
GET
YOU
BACK
NEXT
YEAR.'

a real crazy ass

there's
a
crazy
regular
white
man
on
the
corner
of
39th
and
main
checking
the
bus
schedule
as
one
flies
by
him
heading
north
and
he
just
farts,
looks
around
to
see
if
anyone
heard
but
he
is
so
confused,
and
crazy
to
understand
that
the
sound
and
exhaust
bubble
of
the

passing
bus
covered
his
gas
and
no
one
really
gives
a
shit
about
his
ass
on
that
corner
anyways.

angel

exhausted
and
wet with
the past,
she
went over
to
the
mirror
to
make
a
confession
of
her
deeds
and
all
that
came
out
was a silent,
small
sigh
because
it
just
wasn't
necessary
for
her
to apologize
for
what
he
did
to
her.

art of arguments

the
couple
drove
by
on
the
easy,
gliding
saturday
night
just
shouting
at
each
other
as
the
tore
up
honda
swerved
from
there
to
yo
as
the
quiet
homes
all
around
we're
incubating
their
softer,
kinder,
hidden
arguments
that
the
rest
of
us
just
don't
need
to
see
like
these
little
love

birds
letting
all
their
venom
out
to
our
virgin
eye
balls.

attempted morning car stall

i
kissed
caroline's lips,
said by to her son,
and went down to
start my car ..

soon,
he was as my door
with
a
spindle of dandelion spores
he told me to
let go in my
front yard ..

i thanked him ..

started the car
and idled the engine ..

as it cooled,
and heated,
her son,
zen,
came over and gave me a bug motel ..

'IF YOU FIND ANY SNAKES,'
he started.
'GO AHEAD AND PUT 'EM IN HERE. OK?'

sure,
i came back
as
he closed the door
and
i
drove
away

thinking
about the yellow of a dandelion under a snake's
chin

and
how
cool
it
must
be
to
have

a
small,
little
6-year
old
kid
brain
as
my
check for \$822 goes to the state
of
Missouri
for
living
an
honest life.

aww, jesus christ!

jesus
is
on
the
cover
of
my
time
magazine
from
a
couple
of
weeks
back.

he's
been
on
the
tv
more
and
more
lately.

on
other
magazine
covers.

think
they're
gonna
make
t-shirts
and
mugs
and
lighters
and
suckers
and
socks
and
hats
and
other
trinkets.

jesus

is
becoming
a
pop
culture
hit
fab
glam
slam
yea
man
in
the
wave
of
new
success
2004
years
after
we
discovered
recorded
history
and
his
story.

some
big
man
in
hollywood
made
a
violent
depiction
of
his
last
hours
and
everyone
is
talking.

jesus
is
cool.

jesus
is
in
the

media.

people
are
asking
questions.

the
moral
majority
is
cheering.

jesus
the
media
darling.

and
everyone
burned
those
beatles
cd's
because
of
what
lennon
once
said
and
is
weirdly
happening
now
on
this
odd
planet
down
here.