

Joefiles LXXXV
receive &
the asker
will give



the mad urban truism

heard
about
a
new
urban
trick
to
rival
the
mad
urban
dash
for
food
stamps.

both
girls
and
boys
can
marry
authentic
africans
for
a
thousand
dollars
up
front
and
hundreds
of
dollars
thereafter.

kids
and
adults
are
jumping
on
the
opportunity.

the
institution
of
love
isn't
even

a
somewhat
sacred
notion
in
the
hood
anymore.

tell
you
what,
the
further
you
dip
your
arm
into
the
cat
fish
hole
of
urban
america
the
further
your
mind
can
dip
no
lower.

if
you
ever
need
to
lose
faith,
start
talking
to
folks
in
clinics,
ymca's
and
other
social
institutions.

they
will
drive
folks
to
tears
and
ask
if
they
have
anything
more
than
tears.

blood
isn't
even
sacred.

it's
sold
all
the
time
in
plasma
tubes.

this
is
an
official
declaration
that
everything
is
a
loss
in
the
hood.

fucking
jab
your
dick
in
year
ear,
turn
your
nose

into
a
pussy,
bleed
from
your
eye
balls,
shove
hundreds
of
needles
in
your
veins,
strip
naked,
shit
and
piss
all
over
as
you
enter
busy
cross-town
traffic
and
someone
will
just
swerve
around
you
to
the
next
bump
in
the
blessed
road.

the smith-smith woman

the
woman
across
town
i
order
my
printer
ink
from
is
named
sherry
smith-smith.

what?

why
the
hell
would
you
retain
your
maiden
name
with
the
most
common
of
married
names
in
the
book?

she's
such
a
nice,
benign
gal
that
it
would
be
hard
to
ask
with
seriousness

to
get
to
the
bottom
of
her
logic.

but
smith-
smith,
come
the
fuck
on.

the world's stand on religion

the
lesbian
who
just
gave
birth
to
twins
at
a
catholic
charity
interview
asked
me
if
i
was
catholic.

i
told
her
that
i
was
baptized
catholic,
been
to
the
sistine
chapel
and
would
really
like
to
naturally
inseminate
my
girlfriend
some
fine
day.

**thirsty
for
a
new
way
to
write
poetry?**

how
about
this ..

zoetry
moetry
bowetry
cowetry
loetry
cowetry
dowetrey
foetry
xoetry
zoetry
yoetry
foetry
goetry
joetry
koetry
quoetry
roetry
voetry
toetry
woetry
and

more
to
come
with
other
languages
and
sentence
structures
you
bored
english
heads.

**this
pen
right
now**

is
my
most
favorite
pen
in
the
world.

if
that
was
the
case,
you
would
think
it
would
squirt
holy
water,
pure
blood,
special
cola,
or
some
kind
of
magical
concoction
but
it's
just
a
city
pen
that
got
someone
fired
with
regular,
black
ink.

the
end.

trucker envy

nothing
like
having
a
knack
for
pissing
off
all
the
truckers
that
go
by
me
on
the
roadway.

every
time.

pull
my
arm
up
and
down
like
an
idiot.

they
just
flip
me
off.

mouth
that
i
have
a
hooker
in
my
trunk.

they
sneer.

stare

at
them
with
dirty
sunglasses
and
no
expression
on
my
face.

they
spit
at
the
windshield.

bad
reputation
with
the
truckers
is
like
having
a
good
reputation.

god
bless
all
those
fucking
american
trucker
bastards.

**visionary
street
sweeper
cleaners**

with
their
brooms
at
mid
waist
crossing
the
street
sipping
their
second
cup
of
11AM
coffee
as
they
look
up
the
street,
strident,
both
stepping
in
complete
unison
with
each
other
absolutely
convinced
that
they
will
clean
this
fucking
town
up
before
it
gets
dirtier
and
dirtier
with
the

dust
of
mongrels
and
the
dander
of
drugged
kansas
needles.

west coast medicine

even
though
you
lost
your
medicine
pill,
at
least
you
didn't
leave
your
damn
heart
in
good
old
san
francisco.

there's
so
many
places
to
lose
it
there
and
it
would
be
too
bad
if
it
was
lost
and
floating
for
good.

wet and wetter

it
hasn't
stopped
raining
this
entire
tuesday.

non-stop
water.

it
hasn't
been
this
wet
since
i
almost
drowned
in
josh
dugdale's
swimming
pool
when
i
was
9
years
old.

i
could
go
outside
with
the
world's
largest
loaf
of
bread
and
still
not
soak
a
small
portion
of
the

gravy
rain
flowing
down
fast
like
buried
robbers.

it's
the
steady,
modern
march
as
the
sound
of
war
fades,
resonates,
comes
back,
calms,
and
persists
in
our
soaked
heads.

wiley the mortuary science guy

presents
his
bit
to
possible
students
of
embalming,
funeral
parlors.

he
has
a
slight
overbite,
conservative
chinos,
well
pressed
short
sleeve
shirt,
a
paper
to
read
between
breaks.

he's
heard
it
all.

has
it
in
his
eyes.

i
told
him
i
wanted
to
get
into
it
but
it
was

a
'DEAD
SCIENCE'
and
he
winced.

been
looking
at
dead
people
for
22
years.

shit,
i've
been
looking
at
dead
people
for
31
years
in
various
capacities
around
me.

the
death
and
birthing
process
are
celebrated
in
completely
different
ways.

folks
want
to
ask
the
mortuary
man
several
questions
as

we
walk
by
the
OBGYN.

and
wiley
was
the
perfect
fit
for
the
dead
profession
mold.

wiley's
had
a
dead
end
job
for
years.

as
he
mentioned
to
me,
he'll
be
the
last
one
to
lay
you
out.

work function

my
life
tonight
has
been
boiled
down
to
hot
dogs,
meteorologists,
fund
raisers,
a
co-worker
searching
for
his
kid
and
the
mother
out
on
another
cocaine
bender
as
the
rain
nails
the
barn
stables
we
are
meeting
in
as
the
chips
get
eaten
by
a
stranger
mouth
and
the
horses
dreaming
of

being
other
horses.

writing appropriations committee

the
weight
of
a
single,
sole
pen
is
the
destiny
of
water
as
the
length
of
a
pen
equals
the
potential
potency
of
a
blade
of
oxygen
gulping
fire.

yodel-yah-yee

i
have
no
more
time
to
sit
around
and
watch
the
ice
melt
because
it
didn't
have
any
time
for
me
to
sit
around
and
watch
it
freeze.

you and them and me and I

you
know,
your
definition
and
feelings
on
things
like
despair,
elation,
exhaustion,
happiness,
inspiration,
desire
and
such
is
never,
ever
going
to
be
identical
to
anyone
on
earth
at
any
time
so
don't
worry
about
it
if
you
just
can't
fucking
get
along
with
them.

a fickle fact

if
you
don't
wanna
be
a
jerk
wod,
too
bad
you
already
are
one,
have
been
one
and
will
likely
continue
to
be
a
heartwarming
one.

afternoon nap fact

i
agree
with
nothing
you
have
to
say
and
that
doesn't
mean
anything
other
than
you
will
falsely
convince
someone
else
with
your
utter,
full
and
complete
shit.

Am I?

never
interrupt
a
mother
as
they
prepare
to
lay
their
child
down
for
bed.

if
you
don't
know
this,
i
would
be
surprised
as
to
why
you
have
made
it
this
far
and
never
have
been
either
married
or
pregnant.

just
kidding.

ok?

american traffic

the
car
is
blocked,
traffic
stalled,
mouth
taped,
hands
cuffed,
feet
apprehended,
no
way
to
more,
the
nostrils
slowly
exhale
air
and
all
the
fucking,
piping
hot
chicken
poppers
are
ready
to
be
divinely
ingested.

angelic insanity

the
guy
went
nuts
because
his
wife
had
statue
upon
image
of
angels
in
his
house.

he
owned
it,
lived
in
it
for
50
years
and
was
fed
up.

why
not
pictures
of
horses,
missiles,
steam
liners,
sunsets
on
the
beach,
or
just
a
can
of
beer
in
a
candy

pit.

the
poor
guy
gave
in
and
let
his
wife
do
what
he
wanted
but
just
couldn't
muster
it
much
more.

he
was
a
humble
man.

just
didn't
let
his
pride
get
in
the
way.

and
he
loved
that
woman
more
than
animals,
astronauts,
illegal
activities,
and
cars
put
together.

but
god
damn
those
angelic
things
floating.

he
needed
a
reminder
of
hell
minced
in
every
once
in
a
while
in
his
castle.

**anymore
public
schools,**

or
most
private
ones
for
that
matter,
have
been
transformed
into
lazy,
simple
insane
asylums.

if
you
want
to
commit
anyone
in
society,
shove
them
into
a
jail
cell
and
guarantee
an
invalid
attempt
at
reform.

bible man cometh on back

out
of
no
where
at
the
intersection
of
39
&
the
trafficway
some
man
in
a
white
robe
that
had
bible
quotes
and
a
big,
I
READ
THE
BIBLE.'
on
his
back
crosses
the
street
slowly
as
the
man
in
the
bright
red
coke
mini-
van
waits
impatiently
in
his
corporate
cloth

and
expensive
thoughts
while
the
sky
gurgled
before
a
big,
fat
rain
a
comin'.

**bits
&
hunks
of
styrofoam
bits**

are
slowly,
but
in
regular
real
time
flopping,
floating,
going
on
down
the
highway
in
slow
unison
as
my
mind
wanders
over
the
path
i'm
on
and
why
i
haven't
chosen
another
better
or
lesser
than
equal
option.

blind visionaries

the
blind
leading
the
blind
is
a
comforting
alternative
notion
to
the
current
eye
sight
leading
the
eye
sight.

see
what
i'm
saying?

bloody traveling

if
car
companies
started
putting
guns
on
cars
with
easy
to
use
triggers
on
steering
wheels
we
would
eventually
all
be
taking
the
city
busses,
subway
and
light
rail
to
funeral
after
maddening
funeral.

blown home

the
home
blew
up
in
a
shower,
upheaval
of
deadly
fireworks.

gone.

dead
like
the
door
nail
in
a
story
we
know
little
about.

it
was
a
home
yesterday.

now,
it's
just
gone.

nothing
but
the
charred
classifieds
in
it's
place.

and
again
it
was
front

page
news
and
the
city
is
buzzing.

people
are
driving
by
and
taking
pictures,
getting
out
to
scavenge
for
dilapidated
souvenirs,
picking
flowers
for
memorials
and
the
weddings
by
the
charred
remnants.

so
classic
american.

there
will
be
plenty
of
reasons
for
our
demise.

there
will
be
plenty
of
reasons

for
our
rise.

and
in
between,
is
the
sick
story
of
this
fabled
local
home
for
the
wrong
reasons
completely
justified
by
consumer
dreams.

books backward = skoob

the
creators
of
scooby
doo
had
to
have
come
up
with
the
word
by
spelling
books
backwards
and
changing
the
'k'
to
a
'c'.

see
what
i
mean?

bullets & the bees

on
the
parch
of
land
up
the
way
at
the
annex
a
man
recently
had
a
shoot
out
with
police,
paramedics
other
emergency
personnel
as
his
house
burned
to
the
ground.

he
died
as
did
one
other
emergency
person.

his
foundation
and
the
rubble
were
demolished
and
buried
over
a

nice,
thin
pile
of
brown
straw.

it's
been
that
way
for
over
a
month.

and
today
i
noticed
little
purple
flowers
growing
all
over
the
place
with
heads
shaped
like
bullets.

there
are
groves
of
gun
insects
aiming
for
that
tasty,
powder
nectar.

bus tired

her
head
was
teetering
slightly.

she
had
it.

enough
wasn't
in
her
for
this
day.

asleep
at
the
bus
stop.

eyes
so
closed
it
was
hard
to
see
if
she
was
zooted
or
just
genuinely
tired.

but
the
gallery
of
noise
makers
were
there
to
make
sure

that
if
she
was
asleep,
there
was
gonna
be
plenty
of
music
to
keep
her
subconscious
funneling
into
a
big
fat
morning
bus
stop
dream.

cats and dogs

one
cat
stuck
sadly
up
in
sun
filled
saturday
tree
is
a
big
dog
eating
his
asshole
for
thirty
minutes,
unbeknownst
to
you,
and
coming
up
to
lick
you
square
on
your
cheek
and
mouth.

color canvass

the
ethiopian
man
in
the
full
friday
evening
ethiopian
restaurant
looks
around
quizzingly
at
the
white
rich
eaters
and
black
waiter
servants
and
tries
to
catch
his
holy,
eternal
breath.

corn cob hob nob

the
current
price
of
gas
oil
and
the
etch
in
my
soul
is
just
gonna
have
to
be
your
lull,
doll.

coupla curious bird dogs

the
old
woman
with
the
slightly
plump
beagle
both
have
the
same
demeanor.

they
saunter
by
the
place,
her
looking
at
the
flowers,
bushes
around
my
place
and
the
dog
with
arched
tail
waiting
for
something
to
happen.

reserved
in
their
pace,
but
the
normal
rockwell
painting
of
wanting
more,

waiting
for
more,
peering
past
you,
licking
you
without
moving.

they
both
want
their
walk
to
last
as
long
as
forever
sticks
around
here
in
our
small
brain
conception
of
time.

directive

i
have
no
need
for
direction
when
the
map
is
tattooed
on
my
brain.

dope-dope-dope-dope-dope

this
whole
block,
neighborhood,
middle
section
of
the
city,
the
air,
people's
clothes,
dog
collars,
car
tires,
windows,
food,
drinking
water,
genitals,
toe
nails,
tomorrow,
yesterday's
frozen
food
tin
smells
like
dope.

DREAM ONE

Sitting front row with Phil Schlotterer in Kemper Arena to see the Daybirds open for Prince. As we sit and wait, the Daybirds don't arrive and play the show. Instead, Prince flies up on stage and begins his show. The smoke and commotion, and we are right on top of Prince. Directly on the stage in some metal chairs. Then, the dream comes down to an abrupt ending.

**

DREAM TWO

I am on the set of some Hollywood film that I am an actor in. I end up walking off the set because I was fucked with one too many times. Something about the production crew giving me the wrong time to be on the set. It was one in a number of times that I was given such false, raunchy information. I ended up throwing my hat down on the set and yelling that it was complete 'BULLSHIT'. I was gone. Said screw it and never came back.

early evening advisement

dodge
the
trap,
jump
under
the
bullet,
cross
over
the
knife,
don't
hit
the
deer
trap
with
your
small
toes,
become
the
weapon,
drink
the
gasoline,
blend
into
the
gun
powder,
hide
into
the
camouflage,
become
the
enemy,
join
the
military,
transform
into
your
weapon
of
choice,
and
explode
into
a
blot

of
nothing
and
reincarnate
into
everything.

emerging adulthood dreams

sometimes
all
i
wanna
be
is
that
small
tiny
ice
cream
swirl
on
the
top
of
a
new
jar
of
freshly
opened
mayonnaise.

preferably
hellman's.

thanks.

**everyone
says
that
'IT
WON'T
HAPPEN
TO
ME.'**

i
hear
it
all
the
time.

it
will
never
happen
to
anybody.

AIDS,
cancer,
birth,
death,
poor
beyond
belief,
other
diseases,
unimaginable
pain,
unbelievable
gain
and
loss
and
all
of
it.

won't
happen
to
them.

won't
happen
to

you.

won't
happen
to
anyone.

every
single
book
you
pass,
movie
you
watch,
etch
you
catch
is
filled,
and
exists
because
it
did
happen.

everything
has
happened
to
everyone.

and
if
you
are
lucky,
just
damned
fortunate
enough,
it
will
happen
to
you.

then
you
can
finally
say
you lived.

exactly as suspected

the
guy
had
a
mid-80's
mini
van
all
shot
to
hell
with
scant
paint,
horrible
shocks,
going
about
20
mph
as
he
entered
the
highway
with
huge
rolls
of
useless
carpeting
on
top
and
a
whole
van
full
of
jack
shit.

he
came
on
so
slowly
that
he
almost
took
out

a
line
of
cars
and
caused
numerous
fender
benders
as
he
slowly
cut
over
2
lanes
of
bad
traffic.

as
i
pulled
ahead
south
and
he
veered
off
the
exit
ramp
east
it
looked
just
like
the
dude
i
thought
would
do
what
he
did.

a
gray
haired
man
with
long,
unshaven

chops,
eyes
needing
more
coffee
and
a
lifetime
he
questions
every time
the
sound
of
his
car
engine
turns
over.

famous

look,
i
will
be
there
in
15
minutes
and
there
will
be
nothing
famous
about
it.

famous double tale

what
if
all
the
famous
people
that
have
died
throughout
the
years
had
body
doubles.

so,
once
the
body
double
died,
the
actual
famous
person
would
be
off
the
hook
and
able
to
live
their
lives
in
some
exotic,
or
very
remote
area
in
some
kind
of
hollywood
concocted
witness
protection

plan.

they
all
sit
around
like
that
night
hawks
painting
dully
sipping
coffee
and
lamenting
about
regular
life
as
their
selfish
asses
forget
all
about
the
lowly
body
double,
which
is
them
now,
that
had
to
take
the
bullet,
knife,
alcohol/pills,
guillotine,
or
whatnot
to
ensure
their
freedom.

FEMALE WEAPONRY

she
has
a
feather
tethered
to
her
blade
and
she
knows
how
to
hurt
you.

but
she
hasn't
thought
about
hurting
anything
yet.

so,
when
you
walk
by,
don't
mention
anything
about
the
feather,
just
heed
the
knife
and
hope
the
sun
is
blasting
over
your
shoulders
straight
into
her eye balls.

flat screwed

her
dad
looked
at
me
before
heading
to
Tennessee
for
a
routine
spring
break
trip
and
said,
'YOU
BETTER
NOT
SCREW
THIS
UP.'

and
i
thought
the
only
thing
i'm
gonna
screw
is
his
daughter
but
didn't
have
the
balls
to
tell
him
that.

i
just
laughed
and
winked
to

reassure
his
retired
prosecuting
attorney
bones.

sweet
man.

and
did
we
ever
screw
things
up
down
there
in
whiskey
lauded
tennessee
land.

flat victorious

the
funniest
fart
in
the
world
just
came
out
of
my
asshole.

seriously.

i
win.

fotographic foreshadowing

what
if
each
photo
throughout
your
life
there
was
a
symbol
or
image
in
the
backdrop
that
was
a
tell
tale
sign
of
something
that
was
going
to
happen
to
you
later
on
in
life.

haunted attic

i
hear
the
rumble,
faint
sounds
and
murmurs
of
ghost
sounds
in
my
attic
as
i
ready
to
fall
asleep.

but
they
are
the
sounds
of
frolic,
utter
regard
for
pleasure
as
i
fall
further
and
further
into
hypnogocic
land
with
the
sounds
of
our
ghost
house
guests.

**hey
ronald
taylor
you
are
up
now.**

made
it
up
on
the
billboard
off
downtown
before
heading
into
the
ghetto
part
of
the
city.

up
for
murder.

here's
your
fame.

people
can
call
your
fan
hotline
at
474-TIPS
and
say
they
have
seen
you.

but
i

doubt
you
give
out
many
autographs.

big
man
on
the
city
campus.

name
all
lit
up
at
night
too.

just
a
gleaming
that
slightly
shaven
smirk
over
the
land
below.

head
about
15
or
20
feet
tall.

taller
than
your
daddy
ever
expected.

i'll
give
you
about
1

week
in
your
current
famous
mode
to
last.

Hi George Bush:

Just
Wanted
To
Let
You
Know
If
God
Was
A
Texan
All
Our
Sorry
Asses
Would
Be
Fucking
Dead.

Thanks a whole 6 billion,
Anti-You

his name is jay and he's bosnian.

always
has
a
huge
smile
on
his
face.

comes
in
for
computer
questions.

he's
only
16
and
he's
traversed
much
of
europe
and
many
parts
of
the
states.

has
a
good
head
on
his
shoulders.

has
to
work
and
school
full
time
to
take
care
of
an
ailing

father.

lifts
weights
3
times
a
week.

winces
when
he
needs
to
wince.

cusses
hard
when
the
occasion
is
right.

his
smile
masks
the
disdain
he
has
for
this
country.

it's
all
over
his
face.

he's
mortified
and
he
hides
it
well.

he's
jay.

one
of

the
most
honest
men
i
know
and
he's
only
16.

honestly, sport

if
you
can
get
me
10
honest
athletes
that
haven't
either
taken
illegal
gifts,
fucked
around
on
their
girlfriends
or
wives
profusely,
done
something
violent
they
got
away
with,
made
honest
grades
without
teacher
help,
haven't
swilled
enough
illegal
drugs
to
choke
a
hippo,
then
i
will
buy
season
tickets
to
my

least
favorite
sport
in
this
town
and
try
to
make
it
to
every
god
damned
game.

how about that period, huh?

not
the
blood
at
the
end
of
the
month.

i
got
over
that
fear.

i'm
talking
about
the
end
of
the
sentence.

i
have
never
been
able
to
find
that
end
of
the
sentence
yet.

always
perpetually
caught
in
the
comma.

always
a
break
in
thought.

one
of
my
best
friend's
jon
said
i'm
the
only
person
that
can
start
a
sentence
with
one
thought
and
end
it
with
a
completely
different
one.

i'm
in
the
comma
lurch.

i
have
no
fear
of
the
period.

i
think
i
need
a
period
the
size
and
weight
of
a

piano
to
be
hurtled
from
the
top
of
a
building
or
parking
garage
to
send
the
proper
reverence
for
it
that
is
needed.

how do you appropriately stroke an ego?

is
there
a
method,
a
text
book
flow
for
it
to
be
done?

is
it
telling
someone
that
it
was
the
first
time
for
them
to
experience
something?

is
it
telling
them
that
there
is
no
one
else
in
the
world
but
them?

is
it
the
grip
of
silence

in
the
sidewalk
hand
holding
jaunt?

is
it
merely
a
look
that
is
never
described,
explained
or
reiterated
as
such?

is
it
that
fact
that
you
wake
next
to
your
lover?

how
is
it
appropriately
applied?

and
is
it
null
and
void
if
mentioned
as
ego
stroking?

and
we

all
need
so
damn
much
of
it,
so
strap
on
your
gloves
and
stroke
you
blasted
fucks.

**i
have
always
felt
my
bosses
have
been
subordinate.**

most,
except
for one,
have
hired
me
to
do
shit
they
know
nothing
about.

my
current
boss
is
a
man
from
the
south
who
is
a
preacher
with
such
corporate
rhetoric
that
i
haven't
heard
one
genuine
word
come
out
of

his
mouth
in
nearly
2
years
of
employment.

he
is
never
around,
dictates
my
raise
and
has
vested
the
jewels
of
ymca
technology
and
he
has
a
hard
time
checking
his
own
e-mail
or
understanding
what
an
operating
system
on
a
computer
is.

and
he
makes
nearly
2
to
3
times
what

i
make.

no
one
knows
what
he
does.

my
former
boss
was
a
black
lesbian
woman
that
herded
me
around
like
i
was
her
bitch.

she
also
couldn't
figure
out
how
to
check
her
e-mail
and
she
made
shit
loads
more
money
than
me.

there
have
been
a
string
of

other
bosses
that
would
interview
me
without
know
what
the
fuck
they
were
talking
about.

a
room
full
of
figure
heads.

the
only
reputable
boss
i
had
was
a
man
named
larry
plumberg.

he
was
the
manager
of
the
local
grocery
store
i
worked
at.

he
was
somewhat
miserable
with

his
wife,
adopted
kids
and
lot
in
life,
but
he
loved
his
fruits
and
vegetables.

he
always
knew
and
understood
all
those
pieces
of
fruits
and
vegetables
better
than
any
other
boss
knew
anything
and
they
paid
him
nothing
for
being
a
knowledgeable
class
act.

and
larry
was
never
near
being
corporate.

in
fact,
he
could
work
those
corporate
fucks
into
the
ground
and
would
feel
bad
about
making
a
corporate
pay
check.

larry
gives
me
hope
as
i
ready
to
leave
my
current
job
and
kiss
these
know
nothing
mother
fuckers
good
bye.

i'm gettin' in the car and just not sure where i'm gonna go.

just
starting
the
engine
for
simple
calestinics.

looking
around
because
i
was
tired
of
where
i
was
lookin
at
before.

i'll
blend
in
on
the
roadways,
highways,
parkways,
circles
drives,
straight
always
just
fine.

i'll
just
blend
into
everyone
else
getting
in
and
aimlessly
driving
somewhere
with
an
unexplainable

magnetic
pull.

indian circle

the
payback
for
our
government
and
society
today
is
the
karma
of
the
white
guys
kicking
the
fuck,
bludgeoning,
raping
and
pillaging
the
early
land
from
the
indians.

they
own
us.

most
every
city,
team,
province,
etc.
is
named
after
the
indian.

they
have
to
be
laughing
at
the

voracity
of
how
history
is
collapsing
down
on
the
white
man's
shoulders.

the
dirty
dandruff
on
the
shoulder
blades.

i
hear
faint
indian
laughter
in
the
air
from
time
to
time
and
know
exactly
why.

interstate armchair

them
most
heartwarming
thing
happened
to
my
eyes
today.

as
i
was
flying
down
the
highway
towards
downtown
doing
about
80
mph,
i
noticed
a
big
thing
in
the
road
up
ahead.

folks
were
quickly
swerving
out
of
its
way.

it
was
off
white,
innocent
and
waiting
for
action.

it
was
an
arm
chair
that
fell
out
of
the
back
of
a
truck
or
something.

it
was
beautiful.

it
made
me
want
to
sit
in
more
style.

made
me
want
to
go
back,
put
about
10
flares
around
me
as
the
traffic
careened
about.

it
made
me
want

to
watch
the
recklessness
up
close
as
the
fly,
fly
fly
to
wherever
we
are
trying
to
get
to
relax.

johnny on the spot

he
took
off
his
bright
yellow
hard
hat
with
the
UNION
LOCAL
611
blaring
out
at
passing
traffic
playing
over
his
mind
the
slip
of
dismissal
paper
his
foreman
just
handed
to
him
as
he
swings
the
door
of
the
Johnny
on
the
Spot
emblazoned
in
american
flag
colors
and
proceeds
to

take
a
healthy,
huge
relief
shit
and
names
all
his
refused
buddies
after
georgie
bushie
and
dickie
chaney
and
condoleezie
ricie
and
the
other
shit
fuckies
this
man
has
to
eat
now.

late minute advice

when
your
life
is
before
you
and
the
drama
spins
hard,
fast,
just
forget
it.

take
a
rest
from
it
for
a
while.

listen
to
a
manilow
cd
and
let
the
ocean
become
puddles
of
spit
inside
your
dry,
thirsty
mouth.

lower level life

there's
been
talk
about
me
whittling
away
my
talents
or
potential
in
the
basement
of
a
ymca,
but
i
have
been
dodging
the
bullet
of
corporate
life
and
i
fucking
love
the
feel
of
basements.

manhood not for sale

she
brought
me
a
chunk
of
money
to
buy
the
cock
right
out
from
my
pants
for
good.

i
wouldn't
own
it
anymore.

like
corporate
ownership,
logos
to
a
hostile
pirate
ship
takeover.

right
from
over
my
nuts
and
it
doesn't
even
have
eyes
to
cry
from.

may day – may day (2004)

i'm just waiting for the first of the month,
the follow-up interview with a boston school,
the call from hollywood for a possible casting slot,
the sound of my new baby's heartbeat,
the thump of rain on the ground,
the new home away from the scavengers of the city,
to see how my tutor kid david beedle has been holding up,
waiting to see my new better paying job,
waiting to see the beach in florida,
waiting to see my caroline again,
waiting to have the taste of beer in another long awaited dry month,
waiting for the wait,
in the middle of the eye of the waiting
and it's
the
most delightful wait
ever.

mean street picker

some
dude
on
the
road
just
saw
me
really
lean
into
my
nose
for
a
good
pick
and
i
didn't
pick.

in
fact,
i
repositioned
my
finger,
moved
to
the
left
nostril
and
locked
eyes
with
this
stranger
man
and
is
unusually
clean,
biased
nostril
holes.

Mexican – American dilemma

all
the
mexican
restaurants
in
town
are
going
out
of
business
and
how
or
why
should
they
go
the
fuck
out?

we
all
just
love
all
the
tortillas,
meats,
sauces
and
beans
so
much?

so
they
really
care
about
our
diluted
american
tastes?

or
is
rent
just
a
complete

pain
in
the
ass?

money racer

the
man
has
a
gravelly
voice
and
always
calls
me
'josie'.

he
wants
me
to
hook
him
up
with
a
new
computer
either
cheap
or
free.

has
the
eternal
glint
in
his
eye
that
he
will
somehow
hit
the
jackpot.

the
other
night
i
gave
him
a
jump
in

the
parking
lot
because
he
just
lost
his
spark
that
night,
but
he
still
peered
at
me
after
the
cables
were
unhooked
to
silently
ask
if
i
had
anything
more
to
give
away.

some
of
those
inner
city
dudes
won't
stop
until
they
bleed
every
single
give
a
way
to
the
last
damn

penny
in
the
consumer
strap.

more & more books

my
good
friend
chad
told
me
tonight
that
i
should
write
a
book,
but
i
forgot
what
he
told
me
to
call
it.

and
i
forgot
to
tell
him
that
i
have
already
written
a
book
with
a
title.

**my
neighbor
is
a
shy
kid.**

talks
about
movies
most
of
the
time.

he
loves
the
science
fiction
tip
off.

i
hear
the
rumble
of
his
peaked
tv
surround
sound
at
night.

he
gets
movie
posters,
dvd
offers
regularly
in
the
mail.

and
i
scared
the
shit

out
of
him
one
night,
as
he
recently
recounted.

my
printer
jammed,
mis-communicated,
locked
up,
gave
up,
decided
not
to
work
for
the
last
damn
time.

so,
in
a
fit
of
fury,
i
picked
up
my
once
beloved
printer
and
smashed
over
and
over
on
the
ground
until
i
was
disheveled,
out

of
breath
and
marveling
at
the
amount
of
small
printer
pieces
that
had
scattered
around
the
place.

it
brought
my
neighbor
josh
out
into
the
hallway
and
he
said
he
was
concerned.

i
told
him
that
if
there
is
anything
more
maddening
than
not
having
a
computer
is
to
rely
on
a

printer
hooked
up
to
a
printer.

my
love
for
the
printer
page
came
out
and
i
had
to
destroy.

you
can
only
respect
the
craft
of
creation
once
you
get
very
close
to
pure,
and
utter
printer
death.

my uncle rico

in
long
island,
ny
told
me
one
time
over
an
early
transcript
of
poems
on
a
glass
table
top
that
he
respects
poets
the
most
out
of
all
artists
on
earth.

he
said,
'ALL
THEY
HAVE
ARE
26
CHARACTERS
IN
THE
ENGLISH
ALPHABET
TO
RING
YOUR
EMOTIONAL
BELL.'

and
every
since

then
i
have
been
massacring
the
words,
rearranging
like
a
mad
scrabble
man,
playing
a
million
games
of
jeopardy
in
my
brain
synapses.

they
say
everything
happens
in
3's,
while
i
see
26
and
wait
around
with
my
pencil
to
make
mathematical
sense
out
of
it.

thanks,
rico.

new illuminati

nighttime
leaders
huddle
at
the
invisible
fire
around
the
bus
stop
stand.

they
talk
about
more
vaccines
in
africa.

extra
bill
notes
in
the
netherlands.

some
more
food
in
the
lower
sahara.

maybe
a
defense
shield
over
Washington
in
these
muslim
hating
american
times.

maybe
better
watches

for
bus
drivers.

more
air
in
their
tires.

better
control
over
when
and
how
the
sun
sets.

more
direction
for
the
moon
as
it
goes
through
its
phases.

all
of
them
have
plans.

big
wig
dignitaries
at
the
bus
stop
waiting
for
the
world
to
spin
faster
at
their

notions.

and
they
discussed
furiously
as
the
next
to
last
moment
on
earth
was
about
ready
to
be
summoned.

on your marks

piles
of
blood,
some
love
and
a
whole
scrawled
book
of
ideas
that
are
never
supposed
to
end
unless
you
absolutely
fucking
say
so.

open request line

may
i
just
call
you
baby,
baby?

our washington pals

the
dead,
dried
flow
blood
trail
of
the
skunk
with
its
acrid
smell
sprawled
over
the
roadway
to
some
invisible
grave
with
a
lingering
smell
for
days
is
like
this
bush
administration
running
our
loosely
unraveling
country.

paint reliever

i
only
work
diligently
to
fill
all
my
blank,
white
canvasses
with
pigment
because
the
paint
screams
at
me
to
throw
them
out
of
that
tight,
constricting
tube.

pasta shell fish

how
about
the
girl
who
couldn't
cook
pasta
anymore
because
she
had
a
dream
one
night
that
all
pasta
pieces
were
transformed
into
small
lobsters
and
when
she
threw
them
in
the
boiling
water
the
sound
of
their
screaming
was
too
overbearing.

she
couldn't
imagine
or
fathom
such
a
fate
for

her
mind,
ears
nor
eyes.

politically charged 2004

old
nurses,
real
estate
brokers,
stock
sellers,
sales
men,
bus
drivers,
meat
cutters,
trash
truck
drivers,
union
boys
are
all
tired
of
bush
and
not
sure
if
there
is
anything
to
look
forward
to.

but
i
have
something
to
look
forward
to.

a
hot
ruben
sandwich
in
some
swanky
downtown
dive.

questioning inquisition

does
anyone
believe
in
anything
anymore?

or
are
we
all
fooling
ourselves?

do
we
just
act
like
we
have
conviction,
reason,
rhyme,
vigor
vision or bison?

quickest slow man going

the
slow
rollin'
poppa
of
39th
is
walking
about
as
slow
as
i've
seen
anyone
in
a
while.

holding
a
small
tool
chest
with
both
hands,
he
squints
into
the
coming
traffic
and
falling
helicopter
leaves
out
of
cusped
trees.

making
a
block
in
about
15
minutes
or
so.

he's
the
antitheses
of
the
4
minute
mile.

the
epitome
of
effort.

a
lion's
heart
wrapped
with
human
skin.

the
slowest
man
going
the
farthest
on
this
tiny
spec
city.

real stickers

they
have
cute,
clever
bumper
stickers
that
say,
'MY
BOSS
IS
A
JEWISH
CARPENTER.'

we'll
my
non-fiction
boss
is
a
southern
black
minister.

rode wet – put away dry

there's
something
about
journal
pages
that
have
been
soaked
by
a
midnight
cat
knocking
over
a
glass
of
water,
then
dried,
only
to
get
wet
again
from
another
water
glass
accident,
to
dry
again
and
crinkle
like
some
old
book
thousands
of
hands
may
have
held,
flipped,
caressed
and
poured
their
eye

lashes
over
in
complete
fucking
anticipation.

secret girl move

the
way
you
flip
those
red
locks
over
your
mouth
in
sleek
shyness
is
like
God
whispering
into
my
ear
that
i
will
be
alive
again
when
tomorrow
morning
arrives.

stick adventurer

city
man
with
walking
stick
prodding
the
concrete
ground,
the
stick
is
taller
than
him,
bet
he
never
leaves
his
house
without
it,
he's
the
ultimate
navigator,
brim'
hat
pulled
tight
in
case
of
accidental
unexpected
wind
and
he
pokes
through
the
beginning
of
this
day
with
his
favorite
stick
pal
and

only
renegade
adventurer
without
a
heartbeat.

stink contest

used
to
think
the
most
rank,
fowl
joints
on
earth
were
airport
bathrooms
in
major
terminal
activity
hubs.

i'm
wrong.

the
most
unbelievably
nauseating
joints
are
select
rest
area
bathrooms.

another
road
journal
entry
to
help
all
my
friends
in
the
sky.

STOP READING

immediately
after
you
wake
you
need
to
write
everything
down.

absolutely
everything
or
it's
gonna
leave.

i'm
not
fucking
around
with
you.

something
about
turning
your
back
on
the
night
and
getting
sleep
infests
the
brain
with
everything
you
need
to
know
in
the
morning.

it's
the
gift

given
to
your
brain
at
the
top
of
the
sun
morning.

so
throw
this
page
down,
get
away
from
someone
else's
ideas
and
write
WRITE
WRITe
blasted
damn
WRITE
IT
ALL
ALL
ALL
ALL
EVERYTHING-ALL
OUT
TOMORROW
MORNING!

TEMPORARY DIVORCE

why
do
i
have
to
be
separated
from
the
computer
that
need
me
and
my
touch?

i
hear
it
whimper
when
i
leave
the
room?

why
have
i
become
so
estranged
from
the
stranglehold
that
needs
my
neck
grip
about
it?

why
have
i
been
reduced
to
merely
skating

ideas
in
a
kid's
composition
book
with
a
ten
cent
pen?

why
have
i
been
shoved
away
to
look
at
a
picture
of
the
papacy
and
contemplate
prayer.

Tenacious Sunday Soul

it's
only
9:09 am
in
the
morning
and
the
man
with
a
serious
limp
is
walking
up
the
sunday
morning
block
to
get
a
tall
22
ounce
can
of
beer
with
all
the
blessings
of
the
city,
and
god
in
his
sabbath
chair.

the chewed up black man rolls down the street screaming

AHH

AHH

AHH

AHHH

AHHH

AHHH

AHHHH

AHHHH

AHHHH

AHHHH

AHHHHH

AHHHHH

AHHHHH

AHH

AHH

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AHHH

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AHHHHH

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AHHH

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AHHHHH

AHHHHH

AHH

AHH

AHH

AHHH

AHHH

AHHH

AHHHH

AHHHH

AHHHH

AHHHH

AHHHHH

AHHHHH

AHHHHH.

a
whole
period
of
exuberant
shouts.

i
presume
not
a
person
paid
attention
except
for
myself.

oooohooooohaaaahhh.

dot-dot-dot-dot-dot
calm revolution
is a com of a con job that is just another tap-tap-tap-tap-tap-tap-tap-tap-tap-tap-tap-tap-OF A NEW MORSE CODE, BUT IS SO MUCH DAMN COOLER and easier which is why it

won't
fade
away
until
the
next
big
old
government
invented
thing
comes
along.