

joefiles LXXXVI

↓ **eavesdropping on my own dirty referee tricks**



touch or no touch

i've had good luck getting back with
friends and family lately
and this is what i have gotten in return:

Hola. Sorry for the delay, but I've been out of town for a bit and very busy with work and planning a wedding- my email correspondence has been sorely lacking. It looks like you've been keeping yourself busy as well- what with the siren song of reality TV calling you. I went to your web page and I am officially a supporter- maybe I'll be seeing you soon in my living room, eh? Only I subscribe to Showtime, I guess. Oh- I promptly forwarded this to LaVonn- I know you'll be surprised to hear this, but her politics don't quite jive with yours. Not that that's a bad thing, mind you.

Anyway, I must also apologize because I've been a Big Jerk in not responding to you about your story. I honestly put together a few comments and then time just seemed to get away from me. Anyway, if you still want my opinion (delayed as it is) I'm happy to give it to you. It's not bad at all. But if you've had it with me, I can understand that as well.

I have no plans this weekend (for once) so I'll try to give you a call- but only if you promise not to yell at me for ignoring you. Now that I've become a Relaxed California Hippie, I don't respond well to yelling. ;-)
--amy

Looks cool, I did vote in your favor... after all you voted for me once.

All is going well, the new job is getting very busy and sometimes ridiculously so. I do like what I am doing so that helps a lot.

The family is all-well and we are planning a short cruise in July.

I did notice some small typos on your web page, do you have the ability to update it?
--Darrell

So when you two get married will you convert or not? It's a process - to go through the converting, that is. Full of rituals that really don't make a lot of sense. The Catholic marriage counseling sessions are a joke as well. But hey, I'm very biased in this area. How old is her son? Will you be buying a dog soon? (hee hee)

Robin bought Incubus tickets for us (as my birthday present). Very excited to see them. I'm sure they'll talk politics and be all anti-Bush so that will be interesting.

OK - enjoy your weekend. I'm taking Girl Scouts to the Wizards soccer clinic Saturday and hopefully doing NOT-A-THING on mother's day.

-- The Girl from Kansas

i may not be getting
in touch
with anyone anytime soon
anymore
anyways.

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.

true floridian hippies

just up the
way on
this siesta key beach
is
a
small shack of a joint
inhabited by a couple
of hippies.

they probably bought the place
for about 13 thousand
and now it's easily worth 200 thousand.

had it for years.

every hippie invocation is breathing off of the trail
as their wood carved family sign hangs
in front of a sprawling palm.

the gulf wades like a mariner in the lurch
waiting for imminent battle.

i haven't seen them on several journeys past their
place.

hear the make their living off the meager local seafood exchange.

have hair down to their genitalia.

they are one of the few stories
of hippies living their dream out
in some sort of benign financial gain.

and
i have ran into a lot of wheat germ,
alfalfa headed hippies
that do
nothing
but talk
about
this life
they can only conceive
of through a bad,
badly
big
acid trip.

**wanna
unroot
one
of
these
tall
skinny
palm
trees,**

shove
it up
my
ass
and
board
the
plane
for
a
tall,
powerful
memory
of
this
gulf
oceanside
palace
place
of
song
paradise
birds.

we are all paintings

as
children
while
we
live
our lives
as
adults.

just
globbs
of attempted
paint,
pieces
of lines,
circles of attempted
arcs.

we
are
the
collective
whole of what was nurtured
and
either
hung on the wall
or thrown
into some back destined
alley dumpster
waiting
for
someone
else
to
create
us
better,
and
better
and
better
until
we
are
immortalized
like
a
brief
van gogh
breath
fume.

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 inventions

if
there
was
a
way
to
suck
all the water
out
of
the
gulf,
atlantic,
pacific
oceans
and all the other seas
we
would
see
so
much
fucking
new
and interesting
ship
from
new
organisms,
to the sea bottom
to beached
ships
that
we
just
wouldn't
have
to
probe
space
no
more.

what gas?

while
leaving
the
front lot of Ozarkland
a
chap in a green car
with a largely pregnant
woman
stopped
his car
and
asked
from his window,
'HEY BUDDY, GOT ANY MONEY FOR GAS.'

i turned around,
'LOOK, I'M GOING WITH MY LADY TO TENNESSEE. NEED ALL THE GAS I CAN GATHER.'

while his
girlfriend,
wife,
actress of the day with a baby in her belly
clutched her ears in fake despair,
they drove
off
up
the
way towards the fast food mecca
of
middle missouri
as
my
caroline asked me to open the car door
as
i
just
stared at their sputtering car
and
wondered
with
their peril
how
they
made
it
that
far
on
those
expensive
fuming
handouts.

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.

wipe away gas stink

how
about this
for
a solid
invention you could rip off
if you have
the plagiaristic bills in your motivated wallet:

A MOIST TOWLETTE AT THE GAS PUMP TO GRAB
AFTER FILLING YOUR TANK TO WIPE THAT
NEW, SAUDIA ARABIAN GREED RIGHT OFF THOSE
PLUMP FINGERS OF YOURS.

clean
and
off
the charts
like
an
illegal
in
a clean
government bunker.

wipe your mouth, please

i
only
really
find
the
true
real
grit
fascinating
essence
of
myself
when
i
write
something
that
i
know
has
nothing
to
do
with
anything
i
have
ever,
fucking
written
before.

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.

writing by the night tides,

oceanic
myth maker
completely
beaten,
exhausted,
with a bouquet of flowers
in front of me for
no other reason
than i have
really,
truly
fallen
in
love
with
the
girl
that was made for me
is
not only the story of my life,
but
it's the butter pad on the bread
when all you
really expected
was
a
simple,
luke warm
glass of water.

youngsters in an old man's cigar chaw

used
to
live
across
the
hallway
in a house
next
to
a
young kid named chris.

just chris,
no
last name.

he had a broad curiosity,
solid smarts,
shy bones,
and had just moved here from denver.

told me about one night he
was held up at gunpoint during closing of a blockbuster
and it opened his eyes up.

i used to take him out to some restaurants and bars
to get him acclimated with the city.

he wanted to get into medicine and escape the
hell of his family he never told me about.

he liked my writing,
asked for more chapbooks of mine and my music collection
several times.

one of his most prized possessions
was a Wurlitzer typer that was in mint condition,
the exact same one Kerouac used in typing his big novel.

haven't talked to him since new year's eve
and hear he just finished basic training
and may head to iraq again.

another potential casualty of this terror war campaign.

& he is such a good kid.

so young.

innocent as fuck.

just like all of them.

zenoneugene

into the night,
the bright
blue pickle decided to mount
his bright shiny pelican boat
to eat more lady fish by the
moon's
donut light.

*the big pickle went happily ever after on space and mars and neptune.
-zen kid- florida, 2004*

36th and Main man

stands on the corner
waiting for the light to change,
for his queue to walk but he doesn't walk.

he keeps on bouncing his old,
faded brownish basketball
with a razor glare on his eye slits
and the world moves in fast forward
around him.

dividing over him like rushing water
over a bough of sticks.

finally,
he lets his faded gray sweat pants
carry his legs across the street to the
next intersection
as
he
counts
silently in his head the number of times
he is bouncing that favorite ball over his.

over and over,
with studied arms
he gives
that ball everything he has.

treats it like the child he never had.

cares for it unlike the father he had.

it's his baby
and his mental condition is at the peak of personal perfection.

on up to 37th St.,
he's near
his 156,901th bounce
of
the only
thing
real
that
remains
on
this planet of his.

A BRIEF SEPTEMBER MEMORY

piles
of fuselage
coming from the back of landing
planes,
others taking
off
by the airport
runway
at the local hotel
lounge pool area
and
all
i
can
go
over in my
head
is
that horrible,
fucked
sound
of
those missile
planes
flying low
over
the
NY city skyline on 9-11
to the
inevitable
change,
end
of the US
as
we
silently
know
it
now.

a fake poem

heard
a
non-existent
knock
at
the
front
door
and
i
took
a
fictional
walk
over to the doorknob,
opened
it
and
said
a
very
loud & fake
hello
to
our
starved imaginations.

a kid's discipline

on the high
ocean
is like giving
a clock a new battery
but breaking of
its crank arms.

the intent is always seen
as the motive the world will understand,
but we only comprehend the entire mash
with we
understand both sides of the sandwich smashed together.

so,
when the foul becomes too foul,
understand
that we have so many rights to right
the rites,
that when
we
decide what is best for a kid,
it's ultimately
what
wasn't best for us when we
were kids
at
the
same
damn
time.

a new mexican donut

all
the
donut
and
mexican
shops
on
minnesota
avenue
love
you.

they
want
your
dime,
smile,
napkin
imprint,
the
story
of
a
lost
conspiracy.

they
wait
with
wet
eyes,
new
taste
buds
and
the
promise
that
you
may
never
come
back
but
that
once.

they
are
the
businesses
that

marvel
at
corporations
and
they
want
your
mailing
list
avowal.

what
do
you
say,
one
donut
taco
on
the
house?

a non-existent gift

if
you
know
how
to
back
me
into
a
corner,
i
will
throw
you
the
invisible
keys
to
my
jaguar.

a rise

i
haven't
missed
the
fall
because
nothing
has
fallen
yet,
bastards.

adopted shadows

the
shadows
just
race
along
the
midnight
car
lit
retainer
walls
like
complete
accidents
that
are
looking
for
a
long-
term
definition.

amateur criminals

we
were staying off
wynette street in a KOA park in
nashville,
tennesse carrying on in our clothes
and
speech
with a bag of fresh tennessee liquor
like a couple of newly christened villains
and
i
was a wondering if any new criminal on
the run could stay on
such a clean christian street
named after tammy
with a bit of sour mash on the breath
and
utterly fantastic dreams of debauchery
that will take
a full tomorrow
to
figure out
as
dolly parton ave.
stares
at
our
small
temporary
cabin
like a couple
of
milk shooters.

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.

armed quipper

the
beginning
of
now
is
the
end
of
then
and
that's
just
about
all
i
want
to
begin
saying
in
the
end.

beach bugs bite

don't
worry
about
it
baby
it's
just
a
beach
bug
and
they
only
like
to
play
their
way
into
your
soul
that
way
you
never
have
to say
good-bye
to the
beach.

BEFORE LANDING BY THE GULF

the
sound
of
the
nexus
is
the
ocean
and
if
i
didn't
have
the
ocean
i
would
have
a
cup
of
lemonade
in
the
midwest
and
it
would
be
a
fat
fucking
rip
off.

begging for a dime of attention

i
walked
past
his
old
stinking
bones
on
the
concrete bench
in front
of
the
church
and
as
he
looked
up
from
his
brown smoke
he
said,
'BEING ALONE
IS JUST ANOTHER
VERSION OF BEING YOURSELF.'

i just kept
walking forward
remembering
Franklin Delano Roosevelt
is
the
president
on
the
front
of
the
dime.

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.

black ocean blades

we
have
nothing more
left than the
sound of the dark,
black
ocean
telling
all of us the
same
lies
and
all
we
ever
came
here
was to look at the colors
of the
daytime
sea
to
either
prove
or
falsify
what
we
thought
as
truth.

blinking light on the answering machine

is
a trapped voice that is calmly
speaking of revolt,
returning
in real time to the human walk.

it's a crackled,
faint voice that laments over where you
are at and why you aren't there now.

it is trapped,
utterly tied up.

yet,
the
voice is unbelievably calm.

the voice has dreams
of escaping it's electrical mangle of wires,
blinkers,
plastic
and
telephone bondage to make a ring of it's own in the world,
or
possibly buy a ring for its favorite friend.

but,
for now it
will sit there as a solemn red blink until the finger of freedom
unwinds,
unbounds it from the toil of a small
box
on
a wicker bookcase just looking for the door handle to
squirm
turn
at
any moment.

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.

casino visor

the
old
man
at
the
center
table
finally
won
the
card
deal,
smiled
his
best
flash
and
fell
forward
hard
onto
the
table
as
the
dealer
called
for
security
and
a
player
to
his
right
eyed
his
chips
as
though
humanity
was
something
made
up
in
the
dictionary
books.

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.

ceasing to be me

I
HAVE HAD
THIS
OUT OF SKIN,
BODY EXPERIENCE
AS OF LATE.

IT JUST DOESN'T FEEL
LIKE LIFE
AS I HAVE COME TO KNOW IT
OVER MY 30 AND MONTHS YEARS OF THIS
PLANET.

I WAKE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT
NOT KNOWING
THE DREAMS I AUTHOR,
OR THAT I EVEN AM COMPLETELY CONVINCED THAT I OWN.

WATER OFF THE END TABLE IN THE MIDDLE OF
THE NIGHT TASTES LIKE SWEET BLOOD FROM SOME ENGLISHWOMAN'S GOBLET.

THERE ARE DIFFERENT FEELINGS OF THE SHEETS,
QUILT,
BOOK COVERS,
THE WAY AFRICA LOOKS ON A MAP.

THERE ARE FEELINGS AND IMAGES MORPHING
INTO ONE,
TWO'S ARE BECOMING TENS AND
I HAVE THE DISTINCT FEELING THAT I AM SIMULTANEOUSLY
SHEDDING,
ADDING LAYERS,
GETTING NEW TASTE BUDS,
SHEDDING THEM.

I THINK IT'S BECAUSE I
HAVE FINALLY BEEN GIVEN THE GIFT OF
FEELING LOVE.

THANK YOU, CAROLINE.

YOU ARE THE ONLY THING THAT FEELS
REAL,
AND I HAVE KNOWN YOU LESS
THAN ANYTHING
THUS FAR
IN
MY EXISTENT,
NON-EXISTENCE
OF
FEELING
THESE
NON-FEELINGS.

chewing her cud

the
last
two
pages
of
my
mortal,
fictional
life
are
being
held
together
by
her
chewing
gum
and
it
is
the
strongest
mold
that
has
incidentally
had
the
chance
to
hold
my
being
together
ever,
caroline
baby.

coffee confirmation

there
was
one morning
that
made me
believe
more
in
caroline
and
it didn't
have
anything to do
with her directly.

i
put
the last mug
of coffee in the microwave
to heat
up
and
while
in the throws of talk,
i tilted the sugar
over the lip's edge
and
as the sugar hit the surface
a
gurgling chemical explosion of coffee engulfed
the
table
in
an
instant.

i looked up at her to see
if she saw it,
and
she looked at me with
that,
'HOW COULD I MISS IT LOOK'
and
i
know
that
we
would
tackle
our
alka-seltzer
plop
together.

concise mockery

i
want
to write
the
biggest
farce
anthology
of
ridiculous ideas
that could
ever
get published,
but i know
that it would be a completely
ridiculous notion
so
i will sit,
seethe
and continue
to contemplate my wanton
ideas of brilliant insanity
without a public audience
or any chance
of their being some delightfully
calculated
retaliation
on
my
mockery
of
defining
mockery.

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.

define poem?

when
we
have
this
child,
it
will
finally
be
the
happy
little
poem
that
neither
of
us
will
have
to
scrawl
with
a
writing
instrument
via
letters
to
write.

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.

end of colorful documentation

all
the
images
keep
flit,
flick,
flipping
over
my
head
as
i
have
mysteriously
ran
out
of
paints,
markers,
crayons,
colored
pencils,
or
any
other
instrument
of
colorful
interpretation.

gone.

i'm
just
stuck
with
my
images
and
these
words
to
describe
to
you.

can
i
borrow
your
blues
though?

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.

florida in mid-may 2004

i
wanna
dedicate
this
novel
idea
to
you
and
your
eyes
that
wander
over
the
wading
oceanic
mist
that
stole
all
my
ideas
and
the
thoughts
of
beginning
and
end
to
a
long
chapter
in
their
lives
but
it's
really
not
up
to
me
now,
it's
up
to you
and
if
you
need
anymore

encouragement,
then
i
suggest
you
write
me
back
and
ask
why
writing
this
question
was
so
brutally
crucial
in
the
first
degree.

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.

genuine southern hospitality

i
knew
i
was
in
the
south
as
i
stopped
in
the
gas
station
for
a
bag
of
late
night
ice,
whiskied
breath,
ready
for
some
sweet
skin
in
the
hotel
room
as
he
bellied
his
big
overallled
body
up
to
the
counter
with
a
slight
grin
in
his
cigarette
stuffed
mouth
and

blew
off
flakes
of
ash
as
he
thanked
me
and
went
back
to
watchin'
some
religious
show
on
the
boober
taper
vision
screen
behind
him.

god bless tennessee

all
they have
running
in
the
hotel room
in
tennesse
are
the
ministry channels.

sorry pal,
no
porn in this town.

you need to find
god
or
find the road,
got it.

there ain't nothing but
hell
for you southern sinners,
you listenin'?

the tv waves
have been taken over by the people preaching
the
lord
with
phone numbers
dotting
the
bottom's
of
the
screen
as
the
devil
leans
back
in
his
kentucky office
eating
all
of
the
whiskey
ice

cream
left
in
the
tennessee
freezer
cases.

he drives the faultless truck.

it's
a
laundry cleaning
service
in town.

he took the job
as a driver
of their
trucks
because
he is precise.

he
just got in a wreck
at the 2-way
stop intersection
in front of my house.

just ran the sign and
plowed into another faulty car
driving
by.

mr. faultless got out of his car,
looked at the feisty red headed
woman getting out and said,
'NOT MY FAULT. I'M FAULTLESS.'

at this,
the girl
held up her key chain and
maced the dude directly on,
took his wallet as he fell
and rode off into the
perfect,
spotless,
faultless
day
already
developing.

he mulleted over his point

mulleted
man on the corner of 37/baltimore
is pacing,
turning his body,
stretching his arms
and keeps a good eye on the set of windows
second from the right.

he's just staring,
prepping,
and looking for his estranged girl
to give
him some attention.

nothing is given
from the silent,
phantom apartment building.

so,
he moves up the line to a tree,
leans on it,
pulls a towel tucked in the back of his
pants and throws it on the ground
and proceeds to pull out a cigarette and light it.

still focused on the window,
he goes
one step further and pulls out his dick
and begins jerking off in the broad,
morning open daylight.

the cigarette falls from his lips,
he begins whistling to the window.

nothing is happening from the apartment building.

he keeps going,
and going,
pumping as fast as he can
when a curtain is pulled back slightly
and he starts convulsing.

immediately,
he grabs a towel,
wipes up with it,
zips up,
takes one final drag from his smoke,
raises the towel towards the window without words,
and places it on the windshield of a maroon nissan
out front.

the curtain closes,
he walks off and

their
climax
is
far,
far
from over.

heart equation

caroline
is
my
newly
implanted
mind
heart
that
i
see
everywhere
as
i
gave
up
on
trying
to
fit
the
proverbial
square
into
the
living
oval.

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

highway flower man

a
crusader
man
walks
around
the
streets
and
highways
of
america
with
a
big
black
trash
bag
and
large
dump
truck
following
him.

he's
the
seed
man.

sprinkling
various
flower
varieties
along
the
roadways.

he
got
tired
of
radio,
repulsed
by
all
the
roadway
signs
and
the
lack
of

flowers
in
the
world.

he's
your
best
roadway
friend
whether
you
pay
attention
to
it
or
not.

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.

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
could
fixate

all
day
on
the
non-stop
zig
zag
stream
of
birds
coming
back
from
their
southern
sojourn
of
deep
golden
tans
and
piss
stains
on
their
feathers.

i
farted
so
loud

in
the
stall
of
a
kentucky
rest
stop
bathroom
that
a
little
old
man
rapped
his
knuckles
on
my
door
to
ask
a
meek,
'YOU
ALL
RIGHT,
SON?'
out
of
sheer
fear.

I have had the travel hoax

levied on me
over the past 4 years or so ..

my first
was being stranded in europe during the september 11, 2001
attacks.

the second one
was arriving in montgomery county, maryland the night of the first
sniper attacks and being on lockdown at a facility for fear of
gun shots.

the most recent one was the march 11, 2004 in spain
while in tennessee.

i have this travel bug that lingers over my shoulder.

i'm either being shielded from the gruesome news
on travels,
or have a bug on my shoulder that i just can't shake.

either or,
i'm not gonna mention,
or type about it again
because that is how my first trip tragedy happened.

the mess of a girl i was seeing during the sept. 11 events
said
a month before the trip that we would get back to the
united states on time barring an international crisis or hijacking.

this is it.

no
more
typing.

i hope i have explained the ocean enough for you

because
it's
gonna
end
soon.

there
are no
more shells
in my shorts,
the sand has forgotten
the
hour glass
and
my
caroline
now
baths
the
last
of
this
vacation
blurr
down
the
drain,
into
the
retired mans
wallet
and
into
the
next florida election
that won't have
anything
to do with me,
you
or
the next
guy you
think
will
inevitably
get stricken
with
something
you
think
you won't get.

i keep catching the eye of america.

going down the road
lately
i am paying particular
attention
to everyone.

the
black,
poor,
angry,
off white,
mexican,
walkers,
runners,
lazy necks,
drivers,
happy,
off content,
everyone about.

it's
the tense look of political
change shoved down the drain of thin contempt.

it's the
terse look of being ignorant in stupid times
as our president stammers over the color of
his own noose time.

it's the end
of some basic ACLU tenants as the conservatives
sell out their meager books and the public
gladly digests the stories.

it's the story of
our words that only go as long as we can
throw them.

it's the story
of a scared 2004 society as iraq races to
put gasoline on their ailing oil fires.

it's the fact
that we are going to likely re-elect the devil
clothed in a supposed 'christian' cloak.

it's each and every face
i peer into to see what the temperature,
humidity level of america and it's making me want
to look away.

i get the feeling that whatever god you subscribe to

is tired of blessing america.

an ambiguous story
in the home of us question marks
warbling to the next marble match.

i wanna have a license plate that has nothing on it.

zilch but the
registration stickers and name of state.

all the folks with names,
monikers,
nicknames,
titles
and such can have all they want.

i don't even want to have random letters
and numbers no more.

nothing but my social security number
and name.

oh,
don't go thinking i'm some militant man.

i just want a blank license plate.

but i know that would be a larger statement
than having a license plate that simply said,
'NOTHING' on it.

so,
i'll stick with my secret letters and numbers
and stickers and parking tickets and anonymity
and notoriety in nothingness.

i'd love to bury

all
my
god damned secrets
low,
deep
and
past the sand bar
in
this ocean
floating around
me,
but
i'm
afraid
it would
be too
easy for someone
like
you
to
dive
to
the
bottom
get
to
the
inner
water
of
my
essence.

sly
beach,
you.

**i'll
tell
you
all
something,**

for
a
meat
eater
that
was
flat
big
potatoes
in
her
french
fried
journal.

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.

i'm gonna catch a lizard

around here and

i'm

gonna

name it after

you.

but

if i don't know

who the fuck you are

how am i supposed to name it?

better yet,

why am i going to go through the trouble

of catching a lizard

to name it after you when i

don't even know you.

what a waste of time.

sorry lizards,

i never knew you,

so

i'm never going to know you,

but

i

think i have known you all

for some long,

long

times.

in a face

i
sometimes
wonder
what
that
look
of
confusion
on
my
face
looks
like
when
i
know
exactly
what
to
do.

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.

insane/sane

the
threads
of insanity
are
loosely
held
held
together,
but
they
are
the
strongest
bonds
on
earth
because
they
make
us
believe
in
sanity.

INVENTIVE

if
there are more
professional
friends
that i really need
to garner in this lifetime
it
would have to be inventors.

i could have the top
of the line in
new gadgets and
objects
and
items
like a coffeemaker
in my hat,
cartoon friends,
grills in my shoes to cook
hot dogs on the fly,
and
fingernails
as
pen ink
and
pencil
lead
to
get
my
mind
into your
book bag.

it all gains momentum in time

like
that
proverbial
snow
ball
going
down
the
summer
hill
melting
with
the
best
of
ice
clusters
and
you
will
feel
the
rain
drop
at
the
bottom
of
the
hill
hit
your
palm
or
smear
your
chin
and
you
will
then
know
the
true
nature
of
forward
progress.

it's
8:42AM
on
March 13, 2004

and
i'm
in
a
KOA
truck
stop
bathroom
flat
messin'
it
up
real
good
as
i
keep
my
legs
closed
and
listen
to
the
country
crooner
spit
out:
'LET
ME
KISS
IT
NOW
LITTLE
DARLING.'

ivory clean teeth

with
my
dirty fucking mouth now
as
a full fledged over 30-year old
adult,
i would
love
to have my mouth
washed out with
my favorite commercial jingle
in the world
as
a
kid.

one of the few
ad campaigns
i have ever remembered in my life.

the ivory soap.

quarter cup moisturizing cream.

the only one
for our time.

the cleanest foul
in the land.

and for
pure nostalgia,
i would let my favorite girl douse
my mouth out with that glorious
soap
to prove
a
point
that
was
proven
way,
way long
ago
already.

don't go getting' jealous now

that
uncanny
knack
of
making
your
girlfriend,
or
spouse
jealous
over
and
over
again
is
the
unique
ability
of
being able
to hug your shadow
in
the
open
without
having
to
explain
how
you
got
your arms
around
the
big
black
invisible.

jerk bush man

after
about
45
minutes
driving,
and landing
between
tampa bay
and sarasota
florida,
i knew
why
this state
was
the clincher
in
electing
bush
in
as
our
highly prized
ding-a-ling
of
sunny,
orange
affairs.

just once

i
want
to
rub
neosporin
on
his
horse
nose
and
feed
him
some
nice,
luke
warm
meat
balls.

low ball gauge

the
news
people
with
television
cameras
and
weather
people
came
rushing
to
my
front
yard,
approaching
my
home
as
i
flung
the
front
door
open
and
asked
if
they
could
take
a
reading
on
my
balls.

MAKING IT BRIEF

when
searching for
forever
i
always
get
stalled,
or
stumped
because
i
just have
no
fucking time.

making up facetious notions

of
the
reckoning,
how it's gonna be,
why it turned out the way it did
while
the
dark,
vast,
huge
ocean
rages
quietly
out
beyond my eye lids
is
just
about
as
much
fun
as
this
motherfucker
can
have
sitting
down.

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.

mid-afternoon gulf fable

as
the
tab
key
releases
the line,
the old,
drunk,
retired
architect
takes his sail boat
across the edge
of the siesta key water
of the gulf blue
right
over across
to see if he can construct some sort
of tale
that will make
all of those people
that occupy his design in those high rise
monoliths
forget
their
breath
of city living and believe in the
capitalistic
system
that has
made him
all
the
misery
and
monetary fortune
deemed
someone
with
a
smile
that
he
smugly carries.

miracle snout

the
man
in
the
kentucky
liquor
shop
outside
of
opry
land
was
silently
ringing
up
our
record
clip
of
whiskey
as
i
inspected
his
nose.

it
was
a
mix
between
yesterday,
and tomorrow's
ground
chuck.

looked
like
a
crooked
play dough
creation
a
kid
made
and
didn't
want
to
throw
away
because
he

wanted
to prove
his
time
worthy.

and
i
just
peered
into
his
face
and
nose
like
it
was
some
swami
ball
that
had all the answers
ready
to
fall
into
my
hands.

mother's day advice

YOU
MAKE
YOUR
REALITY
YOUR
REALITY
AND
IF
THAT
IS
TOO
REAL
FOR
YOU
TO
COMPREHEND
THEN
I
SUGGEST
YOU
BUY
YOUR
MOTHER
A
BETTER
MOTHER'S
DAY
GIFT
AND
FINALLY
TELL
YOUR
GIRLFRIEND
THAT
YOU
ARE
IN
LOVE
WITH
HER.

mulling over dead berries

she
told
me
he
crossed
the
street
to
get
a
better
look
at
the
dead
possum,
but
i
really
think
he
wanted
to
see
if
the
tree
above
the
carcass
was
growing
fresh
mulberries.

my day job

is
simply
getting
in
the
way
of
everything
i
don't
want
to
be
doing
in
my
life.

my new line of thought

i
have
been
touched
by
the
luck
stick
to
not
hear
the
news
and
folly
of
this
bush,
chaney,
rumsfeld,
rice,
ding,
dong,
dumb,
mother,
fucker,
administration
as
i
figure
out
that
pure
absolute
amnesia
is
the
best
way
to
deal
with
this
oppressive,
blood,
war,
riddled,
ignorant
government
structure
that
goes
coursing

through
our
numb
8th grade
reading
level
populace
day
and
day
and
day
and
day
on
out.

MY OWN PERSONAL GULLET BEAK

the
pelicans
are
eyeing
me
like
i'm
hiding
the
secret
fish
to
their
ultimate
civilization
comedy.

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.

namely ...

i only
make up names for people because
i'm tired of the names that have
been
haphazardly thrown
into
my
poor,
newly
deodorized
sock
bin.

NATURAL ARTISTIC SMARTS REFUND

i
spent
the
early
part
of
my
day
making
thumb
fingerprints
at
30,000
and
all
i
can
say
about
it
is
that
i
would
gladly
accept
a
full
refund
for
my
college
debt
at
the
premium
paid.

New 'I'

i
have
just
driven
through
so
many
packs
of
black
dot
birds
that
they're
tattooed
on
my
retinas.

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.

OCEAN POETRY

there is
something
purely
humiliating
about
getting
drunk
in
front
of
the
ocean
an
not
being
able
to write like your
used to and it
is
just
like
batman
or
superman
or
aquaman
or
the hulk
or
daredevil
or
super duper humpty dumpty
or
another
of the favorite super heroes

landing
head
first
into
a
big
fat
pile,
stack
of
sand.

old younger man

i'd
love to be
an old man today
on this last full day
of mine here in florida
on the gulf,
but i am
afraid that all
the fucking herons and pelicans
will
start
nipping
at
me
like that old man
tied to the rock
in
greek mythology.

old farts
get the busted end of the stick
because
of they have been here longer
and taken too much
shit for all those years.

bad birds.

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.

over the water

would
love
to
market
glasses
on
the
ocean
that
enable
you
to see
over
the
horizon
in
some
fancy
3-D
fashion.

ozarkland

if
you
ever
want
to
truly
discover
for
yourself
the
true
living
land fill
trash
bin
of
middle
america,
our
dirt
of
missouri
stop
in
at
OZARKLAND
off
I-70
and
understand
why
bush
got
so
many
votes
and
how
Europeans
should
be
running
the
most
powerful
show
on
earth.

picking up strangers

rowing
up a river without a past
is like
driving down a highway
without a past
and if i had to make a decision who
i would rather be with i would pick
the dirtiest dude because they are
the most afraid of death and they are truly
the ones that live the longest,
especially
when they drive cars.

piss stance

if
you
really
want
to
get
a
read
on
a
man
just
watch
how
they
stand
at
a
urinal
while
they
piss.

open
stance
means
a
repressed
emotional
side.

holding
onto the wall
with
one
hand
and
no
hand on
dick
exemplifies
calm,
cool
assurity.

a
kid's
bare
ass
means
he
is
just

figuring
out
how
this world
is
going
to
treat
him
in
due
time.

a
guarded,
much
too
huddled
hold
means
there
is
something
to
hide
and
something
is
being
hidden.

ladies,
walk
in
on
your
man
sometime
and
get
the
flat
truth.

pussy be gone

i
wonder
sometimes
when
i
hear
about
women
giving
birth
to
about
ten
to
20
kids
what
happens
to
that
vagina?

does
it
just
eventually
disappear
due
to
fear?

or
does
it
run
away
because
it
just
can't
take
it
anymore?

raining words

i
woke this morning
to a painting,
globes of oils and some smooth acrylics
of a morning.

bright,
yellows of the immediate air surroundings,
and the deep green shades
of spring taking hold around the hood.

but
there was more today.

i kept seeing shadows,
lines of black that were falling,
raining down.

i rubbed the snot from my eyes,
and adjusted my contacts some,
but the black slits were falling at
a faster pace.

leaping to my feet,
i went down to the kitchen
to hear the cat meowing
loudly as i saw sentences,
paragraphs forming on him like rain droplets.

things like,
'THE ONLY THING SORRIER THAN A WET LIBRARY BOOK IS A WET CAT.'
'THE QUICK BROWN FOX.'
'IT WAS THE SLOWEST OF TIMES AS THE SQUARE WAS FINALLY FORMED IN OLD NEW
YORK.'

the cat was plastered with letters
and
as i pet him,
they just smeared away into some invisible pile like regular water
in my hand.

some of my windows were open in the place
and letters
were dripping in lines through the windows
and my floors
was spelling out lines from books on my bookshelf.

excerpts from
camus, mellville, falkner, wolfe, palahniuk, poe, amis
and the others.

they
was spelling out their narratives all over

the place.

the ceiling was even leaking and
when i held out my hand
a line - drip - stream of letters march
and dance over my hand like a pile of anxious ants.

everything is being consumed by these letters.

when i turn on the tub for a bath,
it fills up with liquid letters.

the sink is oozing liquid letters,
as well.

i fill my cup with these letters,
look around at the paragraphs, stories, lines, errant vowels forming
around outside
and
lift that cup of letters to drink
it all
in
and
watch the
day
of
letters
form
into
something
we
will
all
never forget.

rat chases

over the
wolf oceanic air
and the timber
is gone
while
the
artist's bungalows
look
for the shade
of another
grapefruit tree to harbor underneath
and
all
we
are
left with
is
the
sound
of
an
echo
lying
low
in
some
stack
of neglected,
shallow sea shells.

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.

red angie van

her
name was angie
and she
was one of the only bright spots
of an otherwise bad relationship with an
ex-girlfriend.

she
was mildly retarded and was in her 30's
and would squeal when i came into the room.

she would yell,
'HELLO RED VAN.'

i would yell it back.

she would yell it back.

and i would yell it back.

it went on for some minutes until one of us
forgot to say it anymore
and
i can't quite remember why we did it,
but it was good fun.

and
i have no idea what
ever happened to the
damned red van.

saw the ugliest woman on earth

today
on
the internet.

she's
a
salt lake city lady
that killed her kid
through refusing
a
c-section procedure.

also,
several years ago she was
arrested for punching her 2-year old
daughter in the face
inside a local grocery store for eating
a
candy bar
which
prevented her from buying
a
pack of smokes.

class act.

and my question is this:
WHAT DIRTY
GRIMED UP MOTHERFUCKER
IS FUCKING THIS DIRTY CUNT?

please
mail your answers to
ann landers,
you horny bastards.

SECRET CIRCUS EMPLOYEE

and it was
one of those times
in life that
i
was contenting
myself
with the idea that i wasn't
going to be the ringleader for once.

then,
as it happened
i became the ringleader
i didn't know i could become.

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.

**she's
the smallest woman
i have known or ever seen on the job.**

her name is jackie
and she's about 4 foot 3 inches tall
and she's dark,
dark black.

she runs the front desk for the insane
folks and psychotic men at the YMCA.

her finger is 'yes' or 'no'
of entering at the front desk.

she has magic wand hands and mystical
fingers with
that tiny woman body of hers.

and the most amazing thing to see
her do is to light up a cigarette.

jackie smokes those ultra-long 120's
and the smoke completely engulfs
her mouth,
mind,
reflexes
and none of the crazies
ever
fuck
with this small woman
made
of
magic
from the wrists
down
or
they will gain no entrance
and just watch her as she slowly,
lazily finishes
her
coveted
and
enormous
tobacco friend.

sincerity

this
one
goes
out
to
all
the
kidnapped
kids
and
puppies
that
are
at
kentucky
rest
stops
that
have
yet
to
be
discovered.

sleepless scrawl

the
human
seed
has
been
lodged unknowingly
into
my
nails.

heard
a
whole
lot
lately
about
insomnia
and
the
stories
they
have
of
restless nights,
unlimited internet access,
the red eyes,
ragged daylight hours
and
the such.

this is all
now
as
i
stay
up
later,
later,
later
as my eyes dream of
staring at the inside of my eye lids
and
all
I
am is
reduced
to
passing
the
baton
right
onto you.

Snood?

i
just
couldn't
believe
the
size
of
the
snood
on
that
damn
bird.

sound of urban backfire

had
this
nasty
feeling
lately
that
there
is
gonna
be
a
bad
shooting
in
the
neighborhood
i
live
in,
but
so
far
the
most
i
heard
was
a
nasty
backfire
from
a
car
as
the
ghetto
copter
scurried
over
the
mouse
maze
of
my
neighborhood
while
the suburban
babies
gurgle
slow
into
eternal sleep.

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!

sweet street mistake

the
splattered,
scattered porcupine
yellow tail of paint
stretches in an arc
out front of my place
in a cocoon look of
a millipede's smashed body
everyday on the street
as the most beautiful accident
my mind couldn't have created on its own.

teeth hunt

how
could
you
possibly
be worried
or overly contemplative
about
life
when
you are walking
along
some
beach in florida
picking up
diffused teeth
years
and
years old from the mouths
of
sharks?

if
this is
making
you angry
to read up to this point,
then
you
are
the
gums
and
the
tooth
never
needed
you
in
the
first place.

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.

thanks

a

whole

lot

for

being

an

asshole,

ok?

**the
southern
hospitality,**

preachers
screamin'
replete
redemption,
confederacy
dreams
in
a
linen
bill
and
they
all
just
have
to
hate
the
fags
down
here
in
the
rising
tennessee
sun.

the beach heron is my new hero.

it's a lanky,
long necked sea
bird
that just sits
next
to
fishermen
with an intent glare,
slight step in its waltzing feet,
and stares
intently out at
the
shimmers
of
the ocean that won't end
even if we
tell it there was no beginning.

and his face
just looks,
gleans over at that arched fishing pole
and waits
for
the
miracle to happen.

it looks for the type of fish that
may come off that fisherman's hook
and just
acts as innocent as plum socks.

but it's the most devilish innocence i
have witnessed in some time.

it looks on.

has ill will,
in the most benevolent set of feathers
i have ever laid my eyes upon
and
it
sees
you,
the future,
the man's lure,
my lure,
the lure
of the moon's ocean,
the way we are all victims of the same
innocent crime
and
he
waits.

the most glorious
moment
on
the
planet.

our livestock
getting fed off by nature's real,
true livestock taking
complete advantage of our disposable thumbs
and
overworked brains.

the beginners

why
does
everything
have
to
come
to
an
end
when
we
have
an
overabundance
of
artists,
and
musicians
waiting
eternally
and
in
complete
fucking
vain
to
make
sure
that
you
never
have
anything
other
than
a
beginning
to
look
forward
to?

the black couple down below

can't
do
all that much
to mellow the mood of this
beach life.

slow,
cigar smoking matriarch
while
his woman
is
pretty clean out of site
most
of
the
time.

they
are having
little
effect
on
the
cool
factor.

usually,
the ebony lot
can smooth,
cool,
and laugh up a group
of stiffs like noting else,
but these beach going
ocean heads just don't need that kind
of mellow advice.

just
strolling towards the end of
the salt flow,
and
watching the locals waltz
like
they have it made,
don't have no money
and
need
nothing
but
their
ocean
as their bright,
long,
non-stop blanket.

the black prince

was
waiting
in
the rain soaked morning
to get more
education
as
he
did his classic AM,
'MOMMA,
MOMMA,
MOMMA ..'
over
and
over
again
to an
invisible
entity
on
the
corner
as
i
kept
rolling
around
in and out of dreams
of being
chased
by cops in italy
and
thinking there
is
no other country in the world
i would rather live
now
as
the black prince rules the corner of 37/baltimore way
with his little black tie,
white starch shirt
and
all the
new
dreams he's gonna hatch
in
a
small,
elementary school
chair
fit
for
one.

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

AHH

AHHH

AHHH

AHHH

AHHHH

AHHHH

AHHHH

AHHHH

AHHHHH

AHHHHH

AHHHHH

AHH

AHH

AHH

AHHH

AHHH

AHHH

AHHHH

AHHHH

AHHHH

AHHHH

AHHHHH

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.

the crazy 67-year old artist woman

finally
hit it big.

held out her
whole
life.

crazy as
a
fucking rat
and
finally
kicked my good friend mike out on his ass.

now,
she recently married a millionaire
and the LA times is flying out to do a special
on her in the sunday arts section.

for most folks,
she has made it.

all the money she needs,
and some press.

an eternal supply of supplies
and validation,
but
she
is still crazier than a fucking
panda in a confined cardboard box in jersey.

and the chance of you reading about her
or seeing her artwork up close is about as good
as the leaning tower of pisa actually falling to the ground today.

the dark sound of wave rumblings

is where
you garner
some respect,
but it's getting near the
lip of dark waves
at night that you understand
your place on this planet.

the shell washed upon the shore
had more balls than your pink
toes flesh
and
the ocean
just simply doesn't have
time to
split
atoms
over
rocks
about it.

the design of palm trees

are
tattooed
on the back of wild
dolphins that go careening
over
the
short,
crescent waves
of my
once
very
cognizant
memory waves
that
trickle
now
like
a
vacation
that
is
quickly
fading
into a trip
back
home.

**the
dirty
sanchez**

bunch
is
coming
to a billboard near you.

doesn't
matter what you are advertising,
they
will hit
with
their swastikas
and
dreams
of the past.

blasting the side of a newscaster's
city mug,
or taking a lick on an insurance sign,
the
dirty underground
sanchez gang is out there and on the loose
to degenerate your dime.

so,
if you run into the dirty sanchez gang,
throw up your hands,
give them your spray paint
and
graffiti
them
miserable fucks
with
some
flowery,
parting
language.

dot-dot-dot-dot-dot-dot-dash
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-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.

**the
first rule**

in
the
kentucky spring
hunting guide
to
turkeys
and
squirrels
is:
'DON'T STALK A TURKEY.'

is
there
any
reason
why
hunter's
tend
to
be
confused
folks?

the hard easies

all those
fuckers
in the
coffeehouse
scenes
need
the
easy lines
and
crave
the
hard lines
but
remain
in their
caffeinated
seats
looking
at
the
sky
moving
in
figures
and
shapes
mimicking
all
the folks
that
decided
to
do
something
more
with
their
days
than
sleep
on
a
coffeehouse
couch
or
pull another languid
socrates
rendition
from
their
unbathed
asshole.

the longest seconds of my life

were
witnessed
silently
tonight
as
the
tiny
orange egg shell sliver
of a sun
went dipping deep
into the corner pocket
of the gulf of mexico
leaving
us with night,
the end of day,
and what tomorrow will look like when
and if the
sun
decides it wants
to grant us a few
more seconds
to contemplate
what
we
forgot
as it hurriedly
rushed
to
get flushed
in
the
big,
flat
pile of pail water
on the
bloody orange horizon.

the stars

campers
in
the
tennessee
rv
park
have
the
faint
twinkle
of
blue
man
made
stars
coming
from
their
small
sheltered
windows
as
the
blink
of
our
sky's
orion
twists
in
a
nocturnal
celestial
arch
to
see
what
is
going
to
be
on
the
tube
tomorrow
at
this
exact
same
time.

there are manatee's

swimming
all around
me
and
there is no where
to go.

the flop their
mis-shapen,
big
fin like tail and dream
of other beaches
while i sit and count change like
paper clips during a dire paper shortage
minced with the need to
bind.

their
big bodies
flit and floop abound like
a roller
coaster charging pennies
for a ride
and
lavishing you with game show gifts
if you have the desire to believe
that it's actually really.

the manatee is me.

i will become the manatee.

do
you believe anything anymore?