



Joefiles LXXXVII

wake up, girl dope!*&%\$#

iraq candle fire

it
is
march 19, 2004
and
i
would
like
to
drop
a
little
note
by
the
white
house
via
e-mail
today.

i
would
like
our
reckless
outlaws
in
washing-town
to
celebrate
their
one
year
anniversary
of
forceful
deadly
illegal
occupation
of
iraq
by
dropping
a
huge
2,000
pound
bomb
dripping
with
colorful
icing
and

a
fat
candle
on
it
right
into
central
baghdad.

jack's rotten mouth

there's
a
local
poet
in
the
39th st.
district
called
'jack'

sometime
back
they had a fund raiser
to
get him need teeth.

fucker
had a mass of molded ivory
i wouldn't wish on the most vile
girl i have ever known.

unkempt like a hobo in the unwritten
kerouac beat novel,
he's now asking for the community to cry tears
into a rusty bucket for his failure
to garner decent insurance or save up his own fucking
money to buy proper toothpaste and floss.

i missed my opportunity to contribute
and wish i could have filled up a black bottle with piss
and a note shoved deep within that bottle protected by
a plastic baggie
that would contain this poem
and
my utter lack of compassion
for his
wasted
mangled
mouth.

jesus socks

SCREEN FADES IN,
SCENE BEGINS.

all the lost socks of america,
israel,
europe
have gathered in front of a bright
white sock in a faint set of long brown stripes
and
proclaims loudly:

'WELCOME MY LOST SOCKS, I AM YOUR SAVIOR READY TO LEAD YOU TO THE LAND OF
OTHER LOST SOCK. YOU SHALL BE SAVED INTO YOUR ORIGINAL PAIR SOON.'

SCREEN FADES,
LAUGH TRACK TRIGGERS LOUDLY.

END SCENE.

just like my old man

when
i
used
to
go
with
my
dad
to
work
on
the
car
lot,
the
other
car
salesman
and
managers
would
ask
through
their
gust
of
cigarette
smoke
if
i
wanted
to
sell
cars
like
my
dad
&
before
i
would
have
the
chance
to
answer,
my
dad
would
respond,
'HE'S
GOING

TO
SCHOOL,
GET
SMART
AND
DO
SOMETHING
ELSE.
I
DONT
WANT
HIM
TO
BE
A
DUMMY
LIKE
ME.'

it
always
made
me
a
bit
sad
to
hear
him
trash
himself
like
that
as
his
questioner
walked
away
laughing.

my
pops
was
magical
on
the
job.

rarely
have
i
seen
someone
that

just
so
happened
to
be
my
dad
do
something
so
well.

he
sold
his
ass
off
and
sparkled
at
it.

if
he
would
have
let
me
answer,
i
would
have
told
his
salesmen
buddies
that
i
wanted
to
be
just
like
my
old
man.

just writing about money

will
it
really
make
any
difference
if
i
make
any
money off
writing?

will
i
stop this string of syllables,
words,
deciding over tree bark flavors?

can i stop this?

will the pay check
finally
render me dull,
boring
and destined to be like every other imitation
or
writer of imitation out there?

would anyone in the limited fan base
care if i dropped off my desire to masturbate
the letters into words or would it
be a welcome sign of relief because
my fingers would finally have time to rest?

where should i turn?

haven't you heard enough?

maybe
i should
go
out
and
try
to
make
a
fucking
buck.

kat fire

the
eternal
sound
of
a
cat
purring
in
my
ears
again
is
the
crunch
of
a
hot
fire
taking
away
the
cringe
of
slight
frost
bite.

kicking bullets up the road

i
dart
my
eyes
and ears around here at 8:13PM window
with
what sounds like gunshots going about.

instead
it's
a
tall grown man teetering up the middle of the
avenue kicking the wasted plastic cover
that used to house a light bulb
up the street.

he weaves,
shoves his leg in a powerful motion forward
and melts into the new spring tree growth
as the invisible gun shots of his
nightly entertainment rolls forward.

lawyer bullshit

i
have
gotten
into
the
habit
of
playing
poker
games
with
the
old,
retired
prosecuting
attorney
of
this
town
and
really
feel
comfortable
with
him
because
i'm
full
of
shit
and
he's
a
liar.

we
get
along
like
peaches
and
syrup.

lay the dope on me

got
a
letter
from
the
university
of
connecticut
saying
that
they
were
reviewing
my
qualifications
and
would
give
me
a
call
if
i
matched
their
needs.

how
often
and
blatant
can
you
be
lied
to?

i
wished
these
fuckers
would
just
pen
me
a
letter
that
says,
'NOT
IMPRESSED
ON

THE
FIRST
GO
OVER
YOUR
SO
CALLED
QUALIFICATIONS
SO
GOOD
LUCK
AND
FUCK
THE
FUCK
OFF.'

left hand for caroline

you
always
learn
something
new
when
you
get
into
a
new
relationship.

sometimes
you
force
yourself
to
learn
more
because
someone
has
made
you
finally
believe
in
love.

because
of
you,
caroline,
i
write
a
left
handed
letter
everyday
to
you
to
learn
how
to
become
ambidextrous
and
to
make
certain

that
i
remember
you
everytime
i
decide
to
write
with
the
other
hand.

love hold around neck bone

this
is
to
our
attempt
to
love
each
other
forever.

i
have
poured
each
of
us
a
glass
of
milk
and
will
wait
to
hear
the
cow
sounds.

maude k. house

the story
of a little irish woman
named maude house
is a short,
sweet tale.

she's a small woman that i taught how to use the computer
for several years at the ymca.

she traveled well over her time
and was recently widowed as she spends her time
doing aerobics and keeping her love ache in place as she
fits herself up to be floating with the gods soon.

recently i went over to her home to show her several things
on the computer as she was precisely as i expected.

she had a small,
old tabby cat that looked like her and wouldn't stop crawling around my legs
as she offered
me a hunk of cake before leaving.

the place was an ornamental menagerie of clippings,
plates,
angels,
stamps,
cookie mixes,
bowls,
cat food
and the like.

it was the warmest place i had been in since i was a kid
and i was transfixed before leaving to ask her if she could either read me
the story of dumbo
or let me nap on her couch.

instead,
i got in my car and just stared at the evaporated,
long gone woman of america that left a generation ago
and will never visit any of these kids
no gloop gloping around the streets looking
for reasons maude had figured out many,
many years ago.

MEANING BEHIND THE PLASTIC

the
real
high
in
the
sky
plastic
shopping
bags
always
encourage
me
to
pick
plastic
in
the
grocery
store
just
for
the
moment
that
i
may
see
one
of
my
sweet
bagged
babies
float
over
this
wind
filled
town
of
ours.

meet me at the zoo

i
keep
running into people
at the zoo.

not
at the grocery store.

not
at the gas station.

not
at the laundry mat.

not
at a bar.

not
in a coffeehouse.

not
in the regular meeting people after a while places.

always
at the zoo.

leaving the seals,
on the way to the orangutans,
between tigers,
watching wart hogs,
following cheetahs,
there
is
another person.

so
if you're reading this and need to see me soon,
book
a
trip
to
the
zoo
and
meet
me
at
the
traveling
panda
exhibit.

mighty sign guys

there's two fellas
in their mid 30's on a chilly mid 30 degree day
several days before the start of st. patrick's drinking
for this town.

they are in the back of a city vehicle with
signs.

one guy has a one way sign in his hand,
the other a stop sign.

both look itchy for a smoke break.

but they'll toss up these commands for the folks to
revel in.

and most think these guys are the lowest on the
plankton ladder.

wrong.

these guy's wield power you have never imagined.

they both has the final vested power in
making you obey the law.

they are responsible for your safe journey,
or ticketed nightmare
and nary of you think about these two sign guy's
begging you to stop or travel one way,
or
not.

morning dash of girl dream

her
hair fluffing morning began
by some car mirror primping
as she waited for her man to come
gallantly down the driveway in on a big white
horse with several pansies,
cup of hot caffeinated liquid,
and another reason to believe in hollywood,
but instead she got another balding mother boy
scratching the rim of his asshole as he yells over the
cream filling in his mouth if he can
borrow 5 bucks from her
as she contemplates the newest craze of lesbian dablism
in her loose fitting skirt and
absolutely no where to be yet in her
23 years on this brilliant bubble of blue rocks.

mother 3's

my
mom
hates
three
things
distinctly
in
this
life.

going
over
bridges.

flies.

women
that
wear
curlers
in
public.

she
will
do
her
patent
shoulder
twist,
contort
her
face
and
look
off
5
minutes
into
the
future
because
the
present
is
shameful.

sometimes
i
used
to
worry

that
my
mother
would
get
stuck
on
a
bridge
in
rush
hour
traffic
with
a
fly
buzzing
just
out
of
her
reach
by
the
windshield
as
a
woman
behind
her
in
curlers
honks
for
her
to
move
her
car.

luckily
this
hasn't
ever
happened
to
her.

i
would
hate
to
know
what

it
would
be
like
if
it
did.

mother rocker

i
have
rarely
heard
my
mom
cry
in
my
lifetime,
but
my
earliest
formative
memory
was
of
her
rocking
me
in
a
big,
creaking
rocking
chair
just
sobbing.

never
knew
what
it
was
all
about.

maybe
she
could
see
the
future
and
knew
that
i
was
going
to
spend
the

last
10
years
of
my
life
writing
poetry.

my mornings feel different without coffee,

so
splash
me
with
a
pitcher
of
grape
juice
to
fully
rake
my
eyes
open
and
set
a
hot
mug
of
water
just
out
of
my
reach
so
i
can
keep
dreaming
in
the
AM
with
my
starving
eyes
still
open.

my new 9/11

he
was scaling walls,
looking in car windows,
leaping around like a big man cat
when
i flipped the phone open
and decided i wasn't going to be silent
as
a
resident in the city getting robbed,
terrorized,
burglarized by the evening motherfuckers
as
i sit here and type these mounds of words
about their lazy,
dope ridden eye balls
searching,
scathing,
raping,
fucking,
dying,
living,
bleeding
all over this filthy,
flimsy piece
of paper
about their midnight stroll through the
neighborhood bordered
on both sides by boiling hell flares.

New!!

cunt
technologies
fraught
to
you
by
conscientious
men
for
over
many
years.

new glasses

those
drunk
whiskey
glasses
have
a
tendency
of
getting
louder
and
louder
and
there
is
no
volume
knob
to
turn
the
sound
down
lower.

our nights together

what
woke
you
in
the
middle
of
the
night
and
how
did
you
fall
back
asleep?

what
if
i
said
that
you
said
you
loved
me?

would
you
believe
me
or
just
fall
back
to
sleep?

pet names

she's
either
my
pretty
polyp
of
blood
or
my
sparkling
pail
of
pink
water
until
i
can
dream
up
something
else
to
call
her.

postage stamped

i
have
a
problem
here.

there
is
this
mounting,
huge,
flowing
stack
of
dreams
i
have
with
no
envelopes
to
mail
them
off.

print value

i
stole
davey
crocket's
small
toe
prints
and
bartered
them
away
from
billy
the
kid's
lousy
lopsided
thumb
prints.

pulp shortage

when
i
run
out
of
paper
to
print,
write,
type,
destroy,
create,
and
mangle
on,
go
ahead
and
call
me
in
some
of
those
real
lush
trees
because
i'm
going
to
make
my
own
pulp
from
that
point
on.

raining job vacancies

it
was
a
rain
soaked
monday
as
the
front
door
mat
melted
into
the
ground
while
my
boxes
kept
accepting
job
rejections
from
kc,
boston,
chicago
and
my
inner
voice
trying
to
save
all
the
dry
moments
before
they
sink
with
all
the
other
door mats
of
the
world.

rex

the
world
according
to
rex
is
the
world
according
to
everyone.

and
if
you
don't
know
who
rex
is,
you
will
at
some
point
during
your
lifetime.

roadways or words?

the
guy at the construction
site
is
sizing
up planks of fresh,
beige wood
with a dulled
saw ready to cut his wood in half
as
i
drive by knowing i know nothing
about
his craft.

i just spent the morning
crafting words that no one will drive over,
under or around
like his roadways,
and various passes.

what's more important?

the words
or the houses that lid our letters?

where is the meaning behind the pistol stem?

how did the frog leap
when he hardly lumbers?

taste test it.

visit his freshly painted and plumbed home,
then stop by
my invisible abode of sentence construction
for a cup of consonants
and a napkin of smeared vowels.

rocket rider

strap
me
aboard
a
kid's
rocket
ship
and
flop
my
white
ass
straight
towards
the
stars
cause
that
might
just
force
me
to
accomplish
everything
i
want
to
in
one
day,
one
wick,
one
dream,
one
fictional
wish,
one
second,
one
farce,
is
all
i
want
in
that
rocket
tip.

shadow lover

she's
in
love
with
our
shadows
because
they
have
perfect
form,
pitch
black,
always
the
same
expression,
moving
with
us,
a
block
against
the
sun
and
it
has
that
cool,
calming
effect
if
you
just
stare
into
the
head
for
a
while
and
forget
your
own
head.

she swallows buckets of sunlight

in
her
kitchen
by
herself
when
the
kid
is
gone,
i
am
gone,
no
one
is
around
and
she
doesn't
even
answer
the
phone.

taking
long
swigs
of
fresh
light
to
keep
her
hair
that
golden
red
like
a
sun
setting
on
this
untrue
thought.

she's reading my stuff as I write more stuff.

she's
reading
my
stuff
as
i
write
more
stuff.

she's
reading
my
stuff
as
i
write
more
stuff.

she's
reading
my
stuff
as
i
write
more
stuff.

she's
reading
my
stuff
as
i
write
more
stuff.

AS IT REPEATS,
REPEATS,
REPEATS,
REPEATS,
i
wonder
if
she'll
ever
catch
up

to

me.

shit kisser

if
you
are told
later
through
a
friend
of
a
friend
that
a
bad kisser
thinks
you
are a
bad kisser,
do
you
believe
you
are
the
bad kisser
or
the
original
bad kisser
is
a
bad kisser?

i
would
have
to side
with
the
smelling a fart theory.

the
one
who speaks first
committed
the
crime.

sorry
gremlin girl,
but
you
suck.

silver recluse neighbor

the old recluse
country man
shakes the tarnished can
of silver spray paint to beautify
his early 80's auto
and keep the birds confused as to what
target should be vied next.

he's a quiet sort that drinks with
my landlord from time to time,
and he has fixed some plumbing in my rental
and
he has no tolerance for rust.

rarely with a woman,
if ever,
and he has a several thousand word essay he could
recite on why he feels
the need to spray paint an old dilapidated
rust heap that is his car,
but it would make me feel like i spray paint my car
to listen to it,
thus i'll shove vanity the finger
and let
my car rust holes
grow,
grow,
grow until i reach the end of the alphabet.

sister shallow

got
the
most
empty,
ambiguous,
obvious,
non-descript,
unspecific,
unapologetic,
insulting
letter
from
my
sister
today
when
she
should
have
offered
a
simple
'sorry'
for
being
so
rotten
but
it
will
never
happen.

you
just
have
to
accept
the
fact
that
life
presents
mysteries
such
as
to
make
sure
that
our
heart
pressure

raises
when
needed,
and
our
souls
go
to
sleep
when
the
allotted
time
comes
rolling
on
by.

shame
on
you,
joann.

st. patrick?

the
most
useless
holiday
of
all
of
'em
is
st.
patrick's
day
because
most
people
know
nothing
of
the
history
of
it
and
quickly
forget
it
after
getting
blinding
drunk
for
a
stone
and
small
pale
folks
with
green
pants.

it's
one
of
my
absolute
fucking
favorites.

strap up everyday

i'm
gonna
try
to
either
write
or
mail
a
letter
a
day
from
here
on
out
so
that
no
one
can
say
that
they
didn't
hear
from
me
or
i
didn't
do
a
damn
thing
with
what
my
grammar
school
teachers
laboriously
taught
me.

SUPER maxi tampons

a whole lot
can be said
about a maxi pad box
or tampon wrapper in a
girl's bathroom.

it's the different between
life or uterine shedding.

it's the difference between
a girl and a woman.

it's the difference between
hormonal rush or no.

it's whether your going to get a
treat later or not.

it's the reason why everyone is either
here or being thought of.

it's the epitome of a kid asking
their parent,
'WHERE WAS I AT BEFORE I WAS BORN.'

switch to dreaming

i
wished
so
much
and
so
hard
on
the
wish
that
i
simply
cannot
wish
no
more.

the following ..

is a memorial
to all the brain cells
i have selfishly killed
over the nights of drinking
i have ingested in over three decades in this body.

here are some of the names
of those
innocent cells that have
been blithely consumed by
combustible death:

frank t.
scott y.
lyndie
ginny d.
whiskedie que.
steve-0
nine o' two
morning s.
neverwould t.
bud n.
janie c.
ole
pico

(it ends here because how are you supposed to remember something that is gone?)

(my apologies)

cheers.

the seven one-one god

lester
is
the
messiah
in
the
local
7-11
and
he's
there
every
day
for
large
blocks
of
time.

he
chews
the
shit
by
the
magazine
rack
with
a
broad
smile
saying
'hi'
to
everyone
that
beeps
through
the
door.

whole
time
dreaming
of
a
correct
lottery
number
as
he
keeps

his
peripherals
siphoned
on
his
bright
red,
newly
washed
corvette
just
outside
his
glass
partition
from
the
rest
of
the
homes,
blades
of
grass
and
sprinklers
just
out
of
reach.

he's
so
in
the
zone
it's
hard
to
decipher
if
all
the
clerks
behind
the
counter
hate
him
or
love
him.

lester,

the
local
sport's
car
messiah.

the sound of sunshine

today

is

simply

the

movement

of

my

body

missing

my

girl.

THERE

IS

NOTHING

LEFT

TO

BE

FOUND

OTHER

THAN

WHAT

HAS

ONCE

BEEN

LOST.

this is the best morning

of
all
time
because
i
know
i
will
not
wake
up
in
this
home
of
mine
again
with
weather
like
this
to
watch
the
world
move
the
way
it
does
with
it's
swagger
and
cigarette
in
hand,
bag
men
careening
up
the
middle
of
the
block,
large
assed
women
hustling
the
men
and
the

sound
of
the
birds
talking
about
lottery
numbers
if
you
know
bird
speak.

it's
the
best
morning
ever.

what to know

do
you
ever
really
get
to
know
someone?

how
much
do
you
want
to
know
about
someone?

do
you
really
know
your
parents?

how
much
do
you
know
about
your
siblings?

do
you
even
know
yourself?

do
you
want
to
know
yourself?

if
you
do,
you

may
know
someone
else.

if
not,
you
will
never
know
anyone.

what
a
sad,
lonely
poem
this
is.

i
wonder
who
wrote
it?

wheelchair man blots out world

old
man
struggles
with
his
wheelchair
manually
to
get
up
the
hill
as
the
sky
begins
to
fade,
stores
fizzle,
middle stripes in road disappear,
people
vanish,
trees melt,
condensation,
evaporation,
nothingness
suddenly
and
it's only
this
old
man
against
a bright
white
background
pouring
every
color
and
object
of
his reality
into
his
trip
on
up.

**woman
with
toothpick**

in
her
mouth
is
gonna
kick
your
balls
loose
if
you
look
in
her
direction,
so
just
stick
with
the
skin
magazine
and
remember
that
everyone
has
a
right
to
pick
their
teeth
or
suck
the
wood
whenever
the
fuck
they
choose.

you are just a halfway time of person.

you
only
offer
Half-truths.

riddle your
coffee with half
and half.

you always
want the biggest
half of the pie piece.

you
use terms like 'halvsies'
when
you know most people cringe at such an expression.

you never
finished a race in your life,
just halfway and
done.

you are a nightmare to travel with
because you go half way and turn around.

you are the
halfway man
and i just can't go all the way to
describe what
a half ass bastard
you
really are.

2 slop men

stop
to
pick
up
the
torn,
stinking
dirt
chair
as
the
sun
sets
on
our
littered
roadways
and
the
princess
throws
the
last
square
of
soiled
toilet
paper
into
the
white
toilet
mouth.

a fitting end

life
is getting
ready
to
begin
again
and
again
i
am
ready
to
end
as
the
beginning
becomes
a
word
and
the
end
is
the
most
threatening
thing
for
most
of
us
human
brain
minds
wandering.

a floridian dream

if
i
ever
attend
just
one
solo
uno
meeting
with
company
figureheads
and
discuss
shit
that
i
am
interested
in
i
will
retire
right
there
on
the
spot.

shoes
turned
in
and
off
into
my
imaginary
boat
to
float
over
the
slowly,
lopping
sun
drenched
jewlets
of
water
ripples.

aging priority list

now
that
all
of
us
city
kids
are
getting
older,
we
just
walk
instead
of
drive
on
st.
patrick's
day.

sometimes
you
priorities
really
do
change
for
the
better.

amen.

alcohol wod

if
you have
ever
driven
home way too drunk,
rip
this poem out of this book,
wod it up,
and throw it at the next person
that
passes
you
and
when
they ask
why you threw it at them,
tell
them
to
unwod it
and
keep
the
process going.

getting
hit
by
an
errant piece of paper from
a
stranger
is
a
fuck load
better
than
smashing
into them
with
your
alcohol
laden car.

all the questions

flat
tired
like
a
set
of
wet
logs
&
i'm
just
not
completely
sure
if
i
know
what
that
means.

alone walk

walking
with
my
caroline
is
like
walking
with
myself
but
it's
better
because
i
am
with
her.

know
what
i
mean?

animal arts

whenever
i
see
someone
with an 'art member'
sticker
on their car,
there
is
usually
a
'zoo member' sticker
close behind
or on another plank of glass.

what
a
combo.

the
art folks
and
animal folks.

if
you start dousing the reality of
this with drugs and liquor
it could be some sick
and fucked shit.

loose animals,
sex unlimited,
missing statues,
destroyed oils,
and
the
innocent
stickers
just
basting
on
all the car
windows
like
a
bunch
of
innocent
cause
supporters.

another already faded star ready to die

his
name
is
remy.

he
wants
some
cocaine,
he
tells
me.

i
tell
him
i
don't
have
any.

then,
he
says
that
he
wants
to
die
&
i
tell
him
that
death
is
overrated.

as
he
weaves
in
front
of
my
he's
convinced
i
have
weed
on
my
because

it
fumes
off
of
him
like
a
reversible
vacuum
hose.

he
hugs
everyone
he
sees
for
the
first
time.

later,
he
beat
his
head
against
a
wall
and
tried
to
pick
a
fight
with
some
cops
until
his
buddy
pulled
him
away.

and
as
i
wander
away
with
my
caroline
up
the
street

he
bellows
that
he's
in
love
with
a
girl
from
new
york
and
wants
to
die.

love.

the
most
beautiful
dart
of
death
goin.

APE

god
bless
the
local
spray
paint
latino
gang
called
'APE'
and
all
of
their
unimaginative
hits
of
their
'APE'
logo
on
shit
that
is
about
as
regular
as
daytime
tv.

bright round opening

the
deep
well-lit
path
to
wisdom
means
that
you
have
to
get
your
tiny,
small
heart
fucking
broken
smashed
right
open.

caller

she
called
to
tell
me
that
i
was
beautiful
as
i
signed
the
sketch
i
was
doing
of
her
angelic
face.

collective affect

every
single
person's
past
on
this
planet
right
now
is
collectively
smashed
into
the
present.

how
does
that
set
your
pallette
for
the
future?

crap for stage work

the worst thing
i did
as a kid
was
during
a
city
sanctioned summer camp
when i was about 9 or 10.

it
was at
a place called bennet park and
there was a community theater stage that was
quite popular with the community.

well,
one day the camp counselor showed a group of about
8 or 10 kids in the group a secret manual behind a slit in some
wood cubby hole backstage and swore all of us to secrecy about the book.

the book contained some secret information about how run
the stage, lights and otherwise.

i was giddy with anticipation as to what i was
gonna do with this information.

after a brief thought,
i went back later that night and found the book,
ripped it to shreds and shit in the middle of the stage.

to this day
i don't know what would have possessed me to do such a wickedly fucked up kid thing.

guess i was thirst for some power and secret attention
because the following day the camp counselors were pretty upset about the book
and knew that it was one of us.

but,
they never caught me.

and i feel a bit bad for the man or woman that had to clean up my kid shit off
that stage.

that has been the full extent of my stage work.

day-long news bazaar

maybe
i have had my proverbial head in a hole
for a while,
but today's news is some of the most bizarre shit going.

besides stories of this ruined iraq war,
this is what happened:

- a nasty salt lake city woman is up on murder charges for having a still born child after refusing a doctor recommended c-section
- a man in the south is arrested after chasing down his ex-wife and mother-in-law in his car and successfully running them over and killing them both
- some scary motherfucker with dreadlocks in southern california is arrested for killing 9 people in his family - many were products of incest and neglect

so when they say there is a shortage of good film,
books,
gallery openings,
parties,
social events,
readings,
ballets,
amusement parks,
libraries
and the like,
just
flip on the news and lose you fiction to the non-fiction
as the foil goes
and wraps tighter
and tighter around the tv antenna
sticking out of the smoldering
beef chuck of american media.

dredge of courage

the
old drunk
is
wobbling
towards
the
tarnished,
bus bench
looking
for
some
kind of solid
ground
as
the
lightning
quick
world
throws
it's lack of forgiveness
around
as
though they are the 'chosen ones'
and
mud
flaps
are something only
truckers know about.

dumb pants

do
yourself
a
big
favor.

rely
on
yourself
to
do
stupid
shit.

not
other
people.

father wish

He told me yesterday
that he wished
I was his father
during a church service
as the priest sipped his wine
& his real father
coughed so hard
over a cigarette inhale
on his favorite faded arm chair
that he pissed his pants some
and shouted,
'god damn motherfucker!'

FLASH NEWS BITE (Kansas City, MO):

THERE HAS BEEN A FIRE IN CITY
HALL.

THE INTERIORS ARE DESTROYED,
WHILE THE BROWNSTONE FACADE
HAS BEEN UNSCATHED.

DUE TO OLD, OUTDATED EQUIPMENT
AND ANTIQUATED METHODS OF FILING THINGS,
ALL RECORDS ARE GONE.

TAX RECORDS, RECEIPTS, PROCEEDINGS, PENDING BILLS,
COURT RECORDS AND SUCH ARE DESTROYED.

FOLKS HAVE DECIDED TO RESIDE IN THE RIGHT TOWN IF YOU HAVE
SOMETHING
TO COVER.

IN AN UNPRECEDENTED MOVE,
EVERYONE HAS A CLEAN SLATE. NO RECORDS REMAIN.

WELCOME TO YOUR NEW WORLD,
LAWLESS CITY FOLK.

Francis R. Sorrow

cheated
on
my taxes
this
year for the first time
ever.

i
handed 'em in,
but
i just hid
a
bit of dust under the proverbial
government mat.

several
weeks after filing for my federal return,
i
got a letter in the mail
from the local IRS office.

it was a tentative agreement schedule
just in case i owed them any money,
which i wasn't going to.

but,
the letter jolted me
and i shook some.

had they found me already?

was i already figured?

where was i gonna go if they found me?

but,
i was soothed after reading
the name of the letter author.

it was
FRANCES R. SORROW.

with a name that appropriate
they may
just have a sense of humor behind
all those numbers and
debt filled masks.

get the gotten

the
exact
moment
when
you
either
get
it
or
decide
that
it's
not
important
enough
to
get
it
is
the
moment
that
you
have
decide
to
leave
this
level
of
thought
and
you
will
never
be
back,
we
will
never
hear
from
you
again.

golden black

as
i
flipped
my
car
fins
up
the
road
i
had
a
golden
orange
daydream
that
i
was
a
small
starch
skirted
black
girl
holding
her
momma's
hand
crossing
the
busy
rush
hour
walk.

gummed notes

she
slips
little
notes
within
her
chewed
globbs
of
gum
she
places
around
my
apartment
and
asks
me
to
find
the
clue
to
see
her
again
and
i
do
it
every
time
with
sticky
nails,
tired
finger
tips.

handsy pansy moments

as
my
life
rolls
along
like
a
bobbling
rock,
while
there
is
no
more
evidence
for
what
you
say
we
need.

heavy handing out sessions

we
are
kind
of
unorthodox
for
a
couple
of
new,
budding
lovers.

we
don't
make
out
with
our
mouths.

we
just
sit
around
on
the
couch
and
have
real
intense
hand
shaking
sessions.

her dog

wanted
to
lick
the
rim
of
my
whiskey
cup
instead
of
kiss
her
face
as
i
reached
over
to
drain
the
glass
and
lay
a
good
lickin'
on
her
face
instead
as
the
dog
just
quietly
left
the
room.

hooker memoir

this neighborhood
is
crammed full of hookers
as
the men with candy colored shirts
hustle
with dreams of playground swings
and
the next refused cigarette goes
coursing
through their red blooded
nightmare
of actually knowing who these women
have
been with and how many
toilets
that have been plunged over their
used
sad and discarded faces.

i
need
to
start
realizing
that
what
i'm
doing
now
is
what
i'm
supposed
to
be
doing.

you
know?

i wrote my favorite pen

out
of
existence
so
i
can
dedicate
my
love
to
hear
and
the
child
we
will
bear
soon.