



Joefiles LXXXIX

pounding paper like teeth on chewing gum

my great grandfather ralph

from Naples, IT

was

one rough,

mean

and tough

son of a bitch.

he's the trickle down

to why my grandmother rose

has been the proverbial thorn

in

my

father's

side.

i've only seen

a

handful of pictures

and he

doesn't even

act as though

he

knows how to smile

a

bit.

i've heard few

stories,

but the one that

goes down in infamy

is

about his wife,

tessie.

as the story goes,

he was highly abusive

and

used to punch her

around all the time.

makes me wonder if

it was in his blood,

family past

or if coming over on a boat

to a new land was a predicate to his

sentencing on this planet.

his last breath

was acted in a swinging motion

towards his wife,

and then his bones landed back on the bed,

and pillow.

giving tessie a moment of ease.

giving me the few bits of
great grandparentry story
i have of my family.

my spanish year

mrs. massey
was
my favorite
teacher ever.

in the third grade,
separated from
all my core friends
that
helped me nearly flunk the 2nd grade,
i had mrs. massey.

she called me jose.

i never knew until later that it
was my name in spanish,
but just thought it was a huge
leap for an adult to take time out
to care enough to weave together a new
name for me.

and i loved her for that.

just that one moment as a kid
made it worth it.

i don't remember her being a particularly great teacher,
and she was a brute when she got mad.

also,
i got exceptionally good grades.

but that was more from being separated from the
scraggly hood kids like myself.

but it was her
with that spanish moniker
that may have
ultimately saved my entire
educational career
with a little spanish novelty.

no explanation

the
plight
of
the
explained
is
really
inextricably
unexplained
as
you
go
on
explaining
what
you
will
never,
ever
explain.

no more luck

man
in
the
gray
member's only
jacket
sways
to
sinatra's
'luck be a lady tonight'
in
an
empty,
stench
bar
that
would
be
lucky
to
have
a
photo
of
woman
on
the
wall.

not sure about these new neighbors.

they prowl.

crawl.

have biases.

they just stare.

they smile,
but nothing is said.

when they talk,
it's boring.

when they want something,
they ask.

when they don't like something,
they just look away.

like the neighbor next by,
he has a good load of cheap whiskey,
but his cheap shots with terms like WOP,
and loud military punches on my arm at the
end of a bad joke or metaphor
is like swimming with the sharks
and pretending there's no danger.

so,
with the limited time i have for my wife,
i'm gonna let the neighbors be neighbors,
and i'll just stave and stick to
my self
here in
the
newly quartered
suburbs
that beats the hell
out
of
the urban
disdain
every god damned
day.

old milk lean

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

please.

oohhh YEA!

you
have
such
cool
bright
red,
artificial
hair!

man
and
those
black
nails!

i
bet
your
gonna
vote
for
the
green
party
candidate
again,
or
maybe
for
the
assorted
other
load
of
tens
and
tens
of
other
political
candidates
in
other
parties.

and
i
bet
you
have
great
colorado
dope!

jeez,
your
not
like
all
the
other
girls!

you
actually
stand
for
something!

man,
you
know
exactly
what
you're
talking
about!

everyone
in
this
part
of
town
wants
to
be
just
like
you!

HOW
ABOUT
WE
SIT
AROUND
DYING
EACH
OTHER'S
BUTTHOLE
HAIRS
AND
INTENTING
IDEAS
FOR
NEW
TAMPONS
AS
THE

POLITICOS
SPEAK
OVER
YOUR
BROKEN
BUNNY
RABBITED
EAR
TV
AS
WE
NAIL
THAT
POT
AND
KEEP
TALKING
ABOUT
WHAT
WERE
GONNA
DO!

YEA,
WHAT
WERE
GONNA
DO!

YOUR
SO
FUCKING
GOD
DAMNED
COOL,
AREN'T
YOU!

ALL
WE
NEED
TO
DO
IS
GET
HIGH
MORE
OFTEN!

out over change

my
phone
said
the
time
was
9-11
as
we
peeled
off
of
a
memphis
runway
towards
tampa,
florida
and
a
country
that
never
go
over
a
bunch
of
nail
clippers
and
a
bad
war
starting
government.

patriotic tale

ship
me
to
spain
and
forget
that
i
ever
had
ties
to
america.

sure,
pack
me
in
a
wood
smelling
crate
and
get
me
off
this
rock
of
doom.

take
me
to
the
siesta,
bulls,
tanned
skinnies,
the
meaning
of
relax,
work,
live
into
the
night.

i
don't
need
this

country
no
more.

do
you
ever
really
need
a
country.

my
ignorant
romance
with
spain.

the
lover
in
blindness
with
every
vision
i
crave.

go
ahead,
meet
me
in
spain,
baby.

picked apart

the candied outer edge,
licked the destroyed foil wrapper,
complained that it was melted and didn't last that long,
they told me too bad,
come back tomorrow
because they ran out and may possibly have some the next day
as i walked away sucking the small bits of mixed
dirt and chocolate from my fingernails
as the sun was about to settle,
and i just couldn't get the sight
of that wasted candy out of my head,
the expectations that i carried,
the loss of my potential
and then i realized that
this is what it means anymore
to vote in a democratically run election such
as ours
in the US.

picture this

just took my
40,000th picture
yesterday
and realized that most of my
adult life has been consumed
by pictures.

images of many i don't know,
most i want to know,
and some that i know all too well.

and then i realized
what my first grade teacher told my
mother at the end of the year
about me having attention deficit disorder.

they said i was more inclined
to learning through pictures,
than with words.

so,
i take pictures to catch up and
to ensure that my forgetting memory doesn't catch up
to my failing brain.

all my pictures,
are actually stacks of binary words,
and those binary bits are small numbers,
and all those small numbers are the diagnoses
are just tiny granules that lead to our
ultimate diagnosis and
illustration of this existence
that can go with a picture,
but maimed by explanation
as our loud mouths
go
go
go over the
explained races.

Polish Ben

at the YMCA front desk
has the most
cheatin' heart
of a
lover man
i
have
ever met.

doesn't
smoke
but
once in a while,
delivers mail all day,
drinks seldom,
no drugs,
some older kids,
a sure smile
and most
people think
he's
either a protagonist
or
a meat head.

quite a big lad,
he was one of the most
brilliant political brains i had
the
chance
to pick when
i would
walk towards my car
after getting
pelted
by
the kids during
another day on
the
non-profit clock.

he chimed me in
on how years of progressive politics are getting peeled away
by the conservatives in washington
and
how he voted for McGovern in '72,
the first year he could vote.

there
were many key phrases and quotes
he threw my way
on the way to another way from work,
and the barge of living,
but

one of the most valuable
things
his brilliant
mind lodged my way
was
that it's always been this way.

there has really been no change,
just ripples.

and when you start
thinking that it's all corrupt
and you wanna give up,
well
there have been plenty others that have given up
and soiled the cloth with your future blood.

whether you vote
or not,
it's only a choice,
whether your candidate wins or loses,
it's only gonna matter as long as you let it affect you
and
as far as i'm concerned,
the only man i wanna vote for in the
election
is
polish
Ben with his big
black starched lip.

pre-connect

that
one
moment
before
a
handshake
is
the
beginning
of
everything
called
human
interaction
and
it's the slight
rise
of heart rate,
eye contact,
knowing where you
are going
without watching,
it's the epitome
of you,
and everything
you
blindly
walk into and
want
later
hope
for
resolution.

pretty ghetto afro brush

in
roadside
gulch
please
don't
take
this
the
wrong
way
or
think
i'm
being
a
racist,
but
if
you
were
new
and
i
had
thick,
curly
hair,
i
would
rub
you
through
my
scalp
all
smooth
like
a
suburban
criminal
just
out
on
a
nightly
stroll
for
mint chip
bubble gum
double
cookie dough
wrapped
ice cream,
baby.

publishing fame

how about slathering
my attempted bleeding heart all over the wall
&
pen out exactly
what everyone
else is penning
in the pathetic,
unrewarding realm of poetics
and i can rest in my glowing newness of 'feeling' in
writing and finally get published with the brilliance of those
that always gets published,
huh?

ravored edge

i
shaved
my
face
for
her
and
i
think
she
promised
over
whiskey
later
that
she
was
gonna
break
into
the
dc
smithsonian
to
get
me
a
piece
of
an
actual
moon
rock
for
all
of
her
well
intentioned
efforts.

rock a by fly

i don't
know where you came
from,
but you know exactly how to come up to my door,
chip the paint,
knock the housing down,
how to get the ice cold,
how to get the glass near my hand,
how to convince me of theories,
how the first gulp is eternal,
how there doesn't seem to be an end when i'm doing it,
but exhausting when i'm away from it,
it has been applied a personality
like a tornado or other weather pattern,
and it's the whiskey in a glass,
gin in a bottle,
the other liquor that convinces us all that invincibility
is forever
and liquidity
is
the
sea by which we rock this fucking lazy,
small boat
to sleep.

scottie

in
the
produce
section
stacking
celery,
regurgitating
the apples,
looking over the
onion
shucks
always
had a pack of
lucky strikes
and
always
wanted to smoke with
me.

he would talk about
shoving
a
gun
down the mouth of his ex-wife's
lover at the time
and
watching the splayed lines of piss
soil
his pants before serving time
in jail.

we would talk about his
time
as a navy man and
having to fetch helmets from
downed aircrafts and
taking the piles of brain in the helmet
as the only remaining piece for a soldier's
funeral.

he talked religiously
about his sorted trivia
about his pack of luckies.

he was the only true
cowboy,
and the most sincere man i have
ever worked with.

and his hallmark,
famous phrase of
'IT'LL COME OUT IN THE WARSH.'
was
the truest thing i had ever heard.

one way or another,
the man was an utter optimist
and one tough son of a bitch.

last i heard about scottie,
was that he had a tumor the size of a grapefruit
in his head and his chances weren't good.

after hearing that,
i felt like i was sucker punched without
warning.

but,
the man had a full,
good life,
and i would have like to have spent
more of my life with him.

in fact,
i used to joke about being his
official biographer as a friend deed to him
but he would always laugh and wave me off.

scottie,
wherever you are,
you smoke the right cigarette all those years.

you
are one lucky damn strike
in
this
wide dancing of living.

settled sky

that
drunk
guy
took
a
hard
fall
during
a
slow
rush
hour
took
a
solid,
good
fall
with
grocery
bags
and
beer
in
tow
as
the
sun
just
kept
slowly
setting.

shit poetry

with
so
many
ways
to
poop
it's
just
no
wonder
that
people
have
an
indelible
knack,
trick
of
crapping
everything
they
touch
and
making
most
of
it
crumble
to
shit.

small renowned mysteries

the
joy
of
a
returned
post
card
in
your
own
writing
is
as
pleasing
as
not
knowing
the
exactly,
pin
point
source
of
those
small
gusts
of
wind.

smartie candy eating boy

everyone
just
picked
and
picked
on
the
kid
in
class
that
would
never
get
on
the
internet
because
he
wouldn't
conform
to
the
ways
of
the
electronic
sky
in
the
classroom
and
everyone
lost
track
of
him
after
graduation.

the
kid
who
never
got
on
the
internet
made
a
fortune
off
web

commerce
and
blew
it
all
on
the
biggest,
most
immaculate
shelved
library
ever.

and
now
all
those
kids
can
read
about
it
on
the
internet.

smiley

i
just
gotta
write
about
this
dude,
but
what
am i
gonna write
about
him,
i barely
know
him
and
forget
about
him
a
whole
lot.

tonight my
wife
and
i
were
having
Vietnamese
food
when
the
guy
known
as
smiley came through
the
doors.

i have
met
him
with
a
handshake
once,
but
we
don't
communicate
when

we
see
each
other in
public.

he's
39,
lives
on
the
couches of local rockers,
has a 18 year old kid he
doesn't
talk too much
and
just
doesn't talk much at all.

a flaring tattoo runs up his neck,
he's aloof,
corporated by his own personality,
enjoys the idea of anarchy,
dislikes government,
likes Vietnamese food to go
and
always wears a black brimmed hat
with a penchant
for hanging
our
extensively
in
coffee houses.

but
the
last name i would ever expect
he
would
be given
is
smiley.

how does
a
dude
bent on the devil,
anarchy
and dark music
get the moniker
smiley?

does this dude need to be
written about?

would

you
be better off not knowing about him?

who
do you really want to know about?

i
be
smiley
would
like
to
know.

socked up

as
long
as you have
the
will
to
slide it across
the table,
i have
the
will
to
use
it,
slide
it back,
charge you
and
laugh
when
you
leave
with
your
lip
swollen
and
shoes untied.

steal my horseshoe set,

place
the shoes up around
the
entryways of your
favorite
friend
and
tell them to tread
lightly
across the floor
as
to
not taint
their
luck
and
go
get yourself
a
cricket
or
tennis
set
and
fumble
like
a
fuck
as
the
silent
steps
go
over
the
home
floor.

stormers

they closed
the
dorms down at the YMCA.

it was mainly a measure
to keep the fat from the meat,
and it was bound to happen.

all these guys resided in the
slums of this town
and were either professional gamblers,
reformed alcoholics,
current crack dealers,
halfway cases,
mental shots,
crap rollers
or genuine bullshit con artists so
zooted out of their gourd
the help they were getting could never
outweigh the cost of maintenance
and cops arriving on odd numbered days
to take a several day old corpse out
of an ungodly scented room.

but there is one man i
think about.

i wonder how francis fared in the
recent july 31 deadline.

he was a portly,
small,
bald headed man that always had a toothpick
in mouth,
a regular diner/eating routine,
and a little mid 80's car he
drove to and fro his regular day
of doing.

he lived there for over 50 years
and didn't disrupt a soul.

there was nothing hidden
except the money he saved over all of
those years.

he had to see that day coming.

it was either him getting carted out
to the hospital,
a morgue
or on a chariot away from that
burned down ruin chapel.

and it was the latter.

with the slant in his wisdom riddled
eyes

I'm sure he set his
bags of saved money on some strange
drug addled intersection in
the dead of night for an unassuming
stranger that needs
it

as he exits stage right onto
some
invisible space craft
to another dimension
because
he
was just too damn
good for this
one here.

sucker stuck

where
the
hell
is
your
sticker
at?

someone
in
this
new
republican,
whistle
blowing
society
may
just
call
the
sticker
police
on
you
and
all
then
you
will
find
out
how
many
other
uses
there
are
for
electrical
tape
and
duct
tape,
friends.

sunned over mountain

old morning,
new revelries,
and the sandman is
in my shoes,
while the hoax of truth
is in my innocent lie
while the monkey covers his ears
and the blind man walks joyously
over the edge
and this day has begun
while yesterday ducked from the effects of
the previous
and i see now that i am going to be
a married man come saturday
and it doesn't hold the fling bling
of all the others that are running madly
to prove their love to others,
so as the cone flowers wilt in the heat out front,
the leather interior begins cracking,
and the colors fade some more,
this thought pyramid is for our baby isabella-myles
and the woman who will be my wife
as the thunder brews somewhere other than here this
morning and the swoon of sunshine will be all
over our foreheads
at least for the remainder of today.

tanker man

bullet
red hot
orange
white tanker driver
blaring over the road
as all small
ant cars
and dullies
get the
shit out of the way
of the fuel tanker driver
with nails
for lungs,
and a hammer for a brain
without the fear of gestation,
or otherwise,
he's the working guy with a
bomb strapped to him
like a rodeo belt
buckle
as
he veers off the highway
for a pee
and some coffee
at the
quickest stop
& for one
moment
Of
respite
before
he
straps the gun powder back on his
morning
waist.

taxi man dreams

planted in the bottom
of a whiskey bottle
have more reserves of
money than a mine full
of coaled diamonds
because you know there's more
potential in the drunken
heart of a foreign man
trying to make an american wage
than there is a brick of gold,
dollop of silver,
or the dirtied edges of a diamond cut from
a guerrilla in some dead cave.

i feel like i'm the
driver behind the circular saw
as the whiskey cuts through my gullet
and i glare through the incidents of dreams
to find some commonalities
between yesterday and today
as the bottle ends,
and the route comes to a stop,
while the 'off duty' light flips
on and the phosphorescent dots
of the taxi man's future pelt all
passing eyes as they wave for a ride
and forget he's out of business,
gleaming like a ruby going to
a spot everyone will find out about in
due time.

the best wing span

no
matter
where
i'm
at
on
a
flight,
i
always
feel
like
i'm
being
strong-armed
by
the
wing
blocking
all
the
quilt
work
of
your
homes.

the big crap off

dudes
off
troost
scavenging
the
bar's
destroyed
remnants
as
everyone
else
north
of
here
hoard
their
credit
around
like
vigilantes
without
a
quarter
in
their
name
and
an
empty
garage
to
fill.

the catholics

are collapsing
in
down around me
as
the clerics
shout
for
religious
separation
and
all the factions
of
fractoidal
religiosity
squabble
below
in
the worst of kindred
bonding,
and best of
the news
we pay in blood
to ingest
like
blind,
indignant
kids
who never had a shot
at
any sort of reputable
knowledge.

the J18867 light pole

on
the
south
end
of
kansas
city
knows
where
all
the
buried
treasure
is
hidden
if
it
hasn't
already
been
stolen
by
another
light
pole.

the man with the muffled voice

forces everyone to not ask 'what'
because he
inoculates all his words on contact
loved to talk to mike p.
about all his vietnam stories and how
he hated the fuck out of jane f.
and how he surfed and surfed over the useless
web sites out there because someone
had to at least see a site once to validate
its existence and he decided that
if he could ruin a good sentence with poor
syntax,
then he was going to validate a shit pot
of strangers out there trying to tie
their digital soul together with
tiny electronic bits of ribbon
for the survivors of all wars
to look on and realize that the only way
to be alone
is to be completely alone and with
your home brewed sense of language.

the old white woman

was just chewing on that morning
light like a stack of taffy sticks
as the small,
overworked mexican man squinted her way with a wry smile
trying to understand her spit induced yelling fit
while his shovel dipped a bit,
remembering his old mom back in Mexico,
and his girlfriend the bottle in America,
and just took her chaw for all it was worth because
he loves this god damned country
no matter who comes stumbling out of it
just yelling orders that this little
mexican hardly understands because he's still learning
her shtick, reluctantly,
but all his teacher's said he had a high learning curve
as a kid
as the old woman ends her fiasco,
& with the hum of loud, fast
traffic
she slips back into the slit of her front door
as the Mexican watches a car load of potential Friday nighters
go up State Avenue as he smiles
a broad sturdy human alive look.

the pine tree people

hinder
on the side of
the
rushed traffic
hour
on their red blanket,
faces just awoken,
while the chips and
sandwiches
hope for their
rich
arrival
and
the
teamsters are gearing up
for the election
and
the
president's are all driving by
in their tinted
glass
as
the two
off
their
pined hide out
know
they have
the freest
view going
and
they don't need anyone
bothering them,
or writing about
it,
if you may.

the pope's

still

stuck

in

rome

as

the

brain

of

my

developing

boy

is

in

my

caroline's

belly.

the quasi FBI/COP/DOCTOR

looking
mane
flat
demure
with
flickering
waiting room
lights
makes
me
want
to
ask
questions,
but
i
know
in short time
he's
gonna
be asking
all
the
questions
and
the
chance
that anyone will
truly
remember any of this will
be so nil
that
the
only thing
left for any of us after the hunt for
an innocent antagonist in this tryst
will
be to find out
if
this FBI/COP/DOCTOR
is
but
just
a
small,
tiny
fraudulent
of
a
man.

the red rag in the middle of the street

&

those

servants that ate

all your

soda crackers

are

still held in

the eye of the

courts for a crime

they wanted to commit,

but couldn't

find the time to

because time was not their

friend

and the setting was a plot

against

their

innocent

theme

to

get

out,

away

on

on

on

with

their

long

lost

and

exasperated

bag

of

precious

yellow

wool rags.

the shadow birds leaning,

lurching
over the highway

are

coming

to

drain

your

change

drawers,

and

errant

coin

bins

to

buy

their

own

homes

and

bother

you

with

all

their

sorts

of

trash.

the threads of insanity

are
loosely
held
together,
but
are
the
strongest
things
on
this
here
planet
of
ours.

the wave of a flimsy pie pan in a wind tunnel,

or
the
hand extended out
swinging
an
thin
hollowed out
aluminum
tubing
and
there
you
are
with
the
sound of your
own
future
baby's
heartbeat
resonating
through
your
ears
and
I
have
begun
to
understand
my
ascension
towards
god
and
readying
my
brain
for
when
god
will
cough
hard
and
knock
me
over once
that
heart beat
is
closer,
closer
to

me.

toxic roxanne

lived
up the street
from
us
as
kids
growing
up
in
the lime green
duplex
at
821 n. ridge.

she
was the vixen with frost blond,
brown streaked hair
making out with all the boys
or getting finger banged behind the
pine tree line in the neighbors yard
as her exceedingly old looking father
pines over the kitchen table
while
the police sing 'roxxaannnee'
over the
radio
box
and
our
beloved
roxanne
emerges
from
the
pine line
with an unbuttoned pant,
smeared lip stick,
and
a
smile
on her
face
because
she
lost
her
scent in the noblest
of
all
devious teen ventures
as
her
boy toy for the
eve

goes
running over the gravel rock of our
back driveway
up through the woods
in
the
the mysterious,
deep
world.

trouble maker

watch out,
your
off the balance
neo-brilliance
is
gonna get the world
in
trouble some say day,
so before you
come abouts waggin' tha finger
with
your particular smarts
about the soviets and bin laden,
the false wars in history,
the information we don't but should know,
how we are run be a crew that we never see,
that we know that which as been graciously given to us by soft hands and mush brains,
before you start spouting color streaks from your tonsil reach,
just know that you may destroy the world some day
and it will go down as one of the most amazing mercy mission against now that we will ever have the
chance to remember,
suckers.

under my pillow

i just don't have
that much
time but
i want to keep on going until my eyes
ach like the dirty wrecking ball hovering over the
11th street bar getting to its demolished core,
but i have to tell her that i love her like the first week
i used to avoid whiskey to think of her more clearly,
then simultaneously drink the potion to remember how
her big toes sounded grating over my
dirtied attic sheets
and there is the sound of gum balls falling and rolling over
the floor with their perfect,
spherical sugar clusters going a clank,
clamp,
clunk over the dusk of my
elbow skins
and i think there is a distinct possibility
that i may never go to be because the writers
are all burning logs at night
to end the plight of prose
and there
and then we will be stuck with a history
no one will ever read,
and if they do
you can finally be proud
up to your blood lids that
something
other than me,
but that was a part of me
finally
laid
down
and got
some god damned sleep.

verse versus verse

play
my
flute,
baby,
and
i
may just
see
what
i
can
do
about
running
my
tired
fingers
over
your
organ.

waiting

i
wait
for
the
late
night
nothings
in
the
top
shelf
bin
of
my
caroline's
big,
flush
brain.

want to examine the psychological path from one beginning to another?

when i woke tomorrow
i remembered that i broke
all of my plans with various friends because
i wanted to spend time with my almost wife
and didn't want to discuss a marriage
that was really supposed to be an elopement,
but it didn't work that way,
so after making my mother cry on the phone
because of my pathetic sister and her potential
actions i had to tell my brother not to come to
my wedding and he and his wife are one
of the few that deserve to be there,
then i climbed into the jeep and started my drive
to work thinking about how i had a dream the evening
before and my boss had called in a bright, cheerful
mode asking me about what time i was going
to come into work and if i was maximizing my time under
his pay clock and then i would look around and remember
how amazing the sky the morning before looked with its marshmallow
clusters of swirling gray looking like the pre-thunder or tornado
cell but amazingly memorable with its ways
then i remember the look of the industrial part of the city
humming and one big exhaust pipe pumping white smoke into the air
and it looked like the whites of eye balls of passing
motorists all with the same expressions
and then i get to work and -

you getting
the
idea like a stripe in the middle of
the road,
splitting the hemispheres,
making the world a big libra of equality
or
should i go on my way and make
my day
your
day
and the psychological path
that
never ends
it
only
deepens into pathological
as we
go and
we are
all completely guilty of that
one.

wanter

i
need
you
to
need
yourself
in
a
way
that
isn't
yourself,
or
me,
or
them,
or
a
cat,
or
a
dog,
but
just
an
inanimate
us
as
you
continue
kneading
all
over
the
proverbial
one.

warm weather bastardized criminals

all
tell
each
other
the
truth
and
refuse
to
steal
from
each
other
as
the
whole
lot
of
us
wait,
and
become
the
victimless
victims
in
their
jagged
dance
as
the
net
waits
hoisted
in
those
thick,
jail
looking
clouds
on
hot
august
days
for
the
last
guy
in
line
to
pull
the
fucking

lever
on
their
slinking.

we do it to ourselves,

did it to ourselves

and continue to do it to

everyone else as you go on

about how

you don't need to depend

on men

while my good friend phil c.

takes his little pal peaches out on

a lunch date

as i think

why is it all about volume and

just

where in

the fuck

did the quality go?

what are you in the label game?

an empty carrot stick.

7-UP wrapper.

the beginning of the rainbow.

the theorist with 100's of stickers on the car.

a bushite with nothing but a bible and infomercials to quote.

a radical with a cage around your apartment windows.

the vegan with bad skin and pure white urine.

where is your labeled can at?

how did you get your label?

do you need a label?

tell you what,
mail me your label and I'll trade it in for
points on
your next purchase.

sure,
we have a point system,
but we
don't have a label
or
do we?

white horse

looks

me

in

the

eye

like

i'm

his

brother

as

i

siphon

down

a

box

of

old

sugar

candy

rocks

and

approach

him

all

slow

like

as

his

eye

lids

begin

falling

quickly.

who are these indispensable 1's in the world

with
their
shades
drawn,
no
social plans,
few,
if any,
friends,
bad hygiene,
end of the world
theorists,
with their black
banners
and
talk of how it's only
going to go
as
far as it's supposed to
and
when the sky rains
salty blood
it will
be
then
that
all of us will finally understand
what
strength
is
and
not
a
second
sooner
than
that.

who do you got?

if
you
have
a
story
i
will
cease
to
yawn
&
we
can
just
stay
up
all
the
fucking
time
with
all
these
interesting
things
to
be
spilled.

who's bombing the Tigris and Euphrates now?

oh
yea,
that
country
with
50
states,
several
commonwealths,
that
believe
they
hold
the
key
to
democracy,
freedom,
open
diplomacy,
and
the
best
religion
in
the
cereal
aisle.

sure,
it
was
the
country
that
knows
exactly
what
to
do.

they
treat
their
people
so
well.

everyone
has
health
coverage,
and

most
of
the
people
are
wealthy
and
all
christians
are
models
of
divine
happiness.

so
go
ahead
and
keep
on
bombing.

we're
sure
your
divine
stewardship
can
handle
the
ego
to
destroy
civilizations
initial
etchings
on
this
planet.

sure,
big
strong
country,
you
know
best.

wintery summer smile

i
found
you
the
other
damn
day
and
if
the
bloody
truth
be
known,
you
didn't
even
know
your
own
damn
self.

when
this
winter
leaves,
the
eyes
will
gladly
droop
inward
and
remain
brittle
as
dry
bones
and
as
fierce
as
the
back
molar
of
a
weak
black
panther
mouth
bite.

woman leaf specimens

in
the
early
morning
pile
yard
are
your
wiggled
wagged
lines
of
steam
coming
up
off
your
finely
pressed
coffee
cup
as
morning
shakes
off
last
nights
lie.

yellow
ribbons
all
around
trees,
street
light
lamp
posts,
bridge
pillars,
cat's
tails,
dog
noses,
human
legs
as
the
poor
iraq
afghanistan
war on terror
soldiers
swim

through
sticks of
melted
glue
they
may
never
know
how
to
peel
off.

work backwards

dip
me
in
sugar
and
throw
me
out
to
the
salts,
i'm
ready
to
begin.

you middle of the night walkers

with
your
single spaced
wills
looking
for the train
to
come
but hoping that a passing
motorist
comes
and
takes
you
away
from
all the words
that
never
got
you any further
had
they
never come out
of your flying fingers,
but if you want to
test this life,
then go ahead
and look
straight into the ghost
lamp of the train caboose
and
hope
the
future
looks
better
than
what
you did
the entirety of your
willed existence.

modern techno quackery

the
escapade
of the
artificial
deal
in
the
cyber
plexed
hexed
complex
is
a
small,
squirmy
floppy
disk
stuck
on
the
underneath
of
my
rubber
synthetic
shoe
sole
that
i
cannot
shake
no
matter
how
hard
i
convince
my
head
to
just
fucking
disconnect.

mr. earth tanned

that
man in the
rained on
tan
trench coat
and brimmed hat
lookin' over
the bar
like a
savior maverick
is
just
another unlucky
son of a bitch
lucky enough
to
have found enough luck
in his life
to not want
too much of that
luck
to ruin everything
with.