



Joefiles XC

steal their belts & auction the pants off

Jack the Tornado

i wanna
know
the
name
of something,
even if i forget it
soon there
after or somewhere later up the ladder.

for instance,
i want there to be name's affixed to tornado's
like there is with hurricanes.

hurricane charley just hit a
beach town i spent a week in this week,
and it warned me that folks had a proper noun
to go off of,
'FUCK YOU, CHARLEY.'
'EAT MY SHIT, CHARLEY STORM.'
'GO TO HELL, CHARLEY WINDS.'

with a tornado in the midwest,
it's just a tornado.

you can't curse,
personify,
or affix something that makes the intruder
a bit more real
or edifying other than calling it a tornado.

i've seen the aftermath of a tornado
and would have better served to call it a name like,
GERTRUDE
or
JACK
or
TOM
or
SALLY
or
something
to
give me a person to
hang
our
destruction on.

kid should ran for real presidency

my
best political
vote
to
date
in
my
31 years
here
was
during
my junior year
of high school
for
fellow friend
ty sarver
as
the
class president.

his main
school
promise
was
to
get doors
on the stalls in
the
boy's bathroom.

he overwhelmingly
won the vote
and
was carried away on everyone's shoulder's
as
the
victory announcement was made.

later,
those doors were
put on the stalls
and
every
boy
in
that
school
could
finally use the bathroom
like
a
man and not cringe down on the toilet
like

a
broken slinky as everyone
sneered,
looked
and
scowled at innocent shitters.

from that point on,
all men
were kings
because a small,
simple
democracy worked
and a candidate came
through on his promise.

march
26,
2004
will
forever
go
down
as
conception
without
contraception
day
and
an
egg
sizzling
good
damn
time
as
the
toast
got
burned,
the
bacon
turned
around
in
the
fat
and
miles
alfonso
dimino
was
added
like
a
small,

solitary
dot
on
the
canvass
of
this
world.

krossed the crossers

their highway 71
religious fanatics
were only out
there
that
one
day
holding
portly wooden crosses
as
the
sinning
secular
passing cars
went by
in
a
blinding
hell
speed
towards some
debaucherous
locale
that
only
God
knows
about.

last of the black prince

one
of
my last
mornings
in
the
city,
tucked
in
my
attic
bed,
i
heard
the
black prince
get threatened
with an early morning
beating by grandma
and
as again
simultaneously
bewildered
and
ready
to
let
the
urbanites
fend
for their own
without
the
ink
and eyes of my
window
seat
to
witness
anymore
of
it's
exhausted cause
for humanity.

legal wood hunks

i
want
you
to
lie
to
me
like
only
the
truth
can
expose
later.

life has become a game show

as
the contestants wield big,
fat weapons and threaten the host
if they don't
get the answers right ..

'BETTER PUT THAT 100 DOLLAR SQUARE UP THERE FOR ME,
OR I TAKE OUT THE KNEE CAPS, YOU FUCK.'

most questions wrong,
but they are counted correctly by the fear
riddled tote board turner and
our beloved game show host.

every once in a while the contestant
makes a simple threat to the crowd
that is always being covered up the fake laughs
and applause on the in-studio meter.

and those producers just sit smug
up there in the comfortable, smoky
air conditioned booth rolling their hands in a tire
rotation as the crowd hangs in sweat
and the host leaks from the front faucet
and the contestants get paid big dollars for
the escalating ratings.

its big business and the folks at home
think its fun and games.

no one knows that several audience members
get injured,
or picked off.

and the producers have a new car,
better girl,
something for their parents.

but the crowds keep watching,
reveling in the fiction
and
life
becomes the best of game shows
and
laughter
knocks the toy soldier
off the
top
of the old,
TV set flickering.

miles,

i have seen you,
and you don't even know me yet.

5 months in the oven,
you hopped around like a radical when
that italian woman shone the infrared light on your
bones.

face like a bad winter
snowman from the future,
you had jewels and it was confirmed that my first
on this planet is gonna be a boy,
in you miles alfonso.

i wonder if you'll have my energy,
your mother's freckles,
then i stop and realize
that i already know too much about you.

back in the day,
no one knew until the moment
of birth,
what gender a kid was.

and i know too much about you.

so,
i'm gonna wait till you come.

i'm gonna watch you,
kid,
your mine.

all mine
there in that womb,
the
most innocent
of spectacles
known
on
this
stage you will
enter
soon.

miles alfonso

i thought
for the
duration
of
my
adult life
that
i
was
gonna
have
a
girl
and
found
out
yesterday that
our
child
is
a boy.

and
i
quickly
realized
more
than
that,
my
girl
was
my
wife
and
that
i
don't
have
to
do
any
hard
drinking
when
my
kid
gets
to
those
damned
teen
years.

mixer, please

if
i
could
be
any
instrument
on
a
construction
site,
i
would
be
the
mighty
cement
mixer
spitter
getting
ready
harden
for
the
rest
of
my
life
so
everyone
can
walk,
drive,
run,
hike
over
a
solid
surface.

3000 a.d.

wonder
who's
gonna
be
around
for
the
big
multi
millennial
3000th
year
on
this
rock.

non
of
my
kids.

maybe
a
great
grandkid.

hopefully
they'll
try
not
to
save
anything.

maybe
you
won't
have
to
save
anything then.

maybe
there
won't
be anything then.

how
about
that
is
the
year

that
human dinosaur reptilian
hybrids
take
over the joint?

but if
the
truth is
gonna
be
known,
those
that
will
run
the show
at that
time
will
likely
be
all
the
sons
and daughter
of
escaped
convicts,
so
have
a
big,
fat
grand
little
party
on
your
3000th
year
here.

3644 all grown up

how
are
you
old
wrecked,
summer,
heated up,
whore riddle,
drug needle,
sun never dying
without air conditioning
tarnished
white painted brick
house in the hood i once
lived in
but
now
gave up for
my
love,
the big bay windows
and
well deserved break
from
that
corner window
on
Baltimore
that is
now
ready
to
be
thrown
at the
innocent
head
of
an
unassuming
kid
ready
to
see
everything
that
is
not
possible
in
the
most possible
of urbane ways.

**a
one
legged,
black
baby**

gazes
with
full
smile,
dirty,
doll
disheveled
hair
on
the
side
of
the
highway
going
through
the
eastern
part
of
town
as
all
the
images
of
harrowing
halloween
imagery
and
children
in
paintings
could
never
rob
one
creepy
moment
from
the
hard
glaze
of
that
roadside
american
doll.

after you find the black box,

bring it back here and
replay it for me
because the
night
came and stole what this morning
was supposed to afford me
and after it,
it ran off with her memory too,
so she cannot
even tell me where mine is,
so i would offer you a reward for the
black box, but
i cannot even remember where the money is at to give you the cash,
so if you find this box and decide
not to bring it buy,
at least send me a letter for future delivery
so that it could be a surprise and i could
possible return to where i was,
but the more i think about it,
if it's too long that you wait,
perhaps i don't want to return to anything,
so just keep that little black box
and you listen to it later because then you
may want to change,
or evolve and
you can forget it was me that helped
and we can both just go on
our forgetful,
separate ways.

all i'm left with

why did my mom
pick my right hand
to write with
when
i like my left now.

what if she would have picked
my
left hand instead of my right hand?

how much would my life have
changed?

would i even be here with both hands
writing this piece out or
would i not be doing anything with
either hand?

how much stronger would the right
side of my brain be if it would have
had to lead my left hand all of these years?

do any of these questions matter?

how far does what get you if you can be doing what is in the operative nation of today?

just pulled the mug to my lips with my left
as my right looked on in envy.

i hope my boy uses his left hand
instead of his right
so i can answer
some of my if's.

all my nameless children

a guy once told me on
a whiskied bar stool,
bright part of day
going through the door outside
that
you have
to treat
all your paintings
like children and
name 'em all.

i've
have never named any of my pieces.

i always rest
on 'untitled' and a number behind that,
but never spent that much
time on giving them a specific
name for the world to understand the piece better.

but,
i can see the guys point.

it brings a bit of life,
or ownership over a created object,
therefore introducing it to the world in the proper manner.

you wouldn't no name you child,
right?

what the hell would a kid do without a name?

can you imagine the ass kicking fun other
kids would have if your kid was named,
'UNTITLED #2'.

they would knock the candied acrylics off
his canvassed ass.

so,
the man on the barstool i was supposed
to give my apartment to,
but forgot,
got through this head of mine.

i may start naming my pieces,
cause i'd have for them to get their
asses kicked on some judgmental chopping
block while i'm not around to defend
them when it could have been
taken care of with one,
small,
innocent name.

all the advice i ever heard

if you
have
never
fallen
in
love,
you
will
perpetually
mourn
the
person
that
you
have
never
met.

and
when
reality
is
simmered
to
invisibility,
there
are
bottles,
pens,
paper
stacks,
tomorrow
and
other
spots
on
earth
that
temporarily
keep
your mind
in
tact.

i
used to feel
like
that.

just didn't
know
any
different.

now,
i
know
vision
like
it
was
never
ever
explained
as
such.

all those damn artist types

the
old
man
sneers
as
he
pulls
the
needle
from
his
stomach
and
jests,
'THOSE
FUCKS
WOULDN'T
KNOW
CREATIVITY
IF
A
FAKE
GOD
SAID,
I'LL
GIVE
YOU FREE
CLEARANCE
TO
CREATE
WHATEVER
YOU
WANT
ON
THE
THIRD
DAY
IN
THE
BEGINNING
OF
THIS
WORLD.
THOSE
SNOT
NOSE
PRIC
FUCKS
WOULD
SIEZE
AND
RUN
FOR
ANOTHER

SMOKE
LIKE
THE
LAZY
SISSIES
THEY
ALL
ARE.'

as a post script to the life of ray charles

i

read

that

he donated

all of his money

to an organization that

aided,

and tried to fight the effects

of

deafness.

all of this

from a man with no

eye sight.

he just couldn't

stand

the

thought of a human not hearing

a song.

the sound of wind.

the bird that gave birth

to poetry.

the demon that created light.

the living that reversed death

in a whisper.

and

it was

this

man

that

deserves

as much

credence

as

anyone

going.

the man

with

no eyes

saw

everything

we

all

have

sorely

missed

on
this
planet.

good night,
ray ray,
you
have
a
solid,
sound
run.

beautiful burned hills of kansas

looking like

someone

was

spraying paint on the grass

as I remain

trapped on the turnpike

wondering how many fuckin' asshole teachers are in the Emporia National Teachers Hall of Fame?

&

if i was a tiger tooth

which

delicacy would I want to eat

first?

bernadette

waits
in
the
soft
lit
waiting
room
at
the
local
women's
clinic
with
her
big,
supple
belly
as
my
caroline's
thin
belly
leaves
with
a
nurse
in
tow
as
i'm
the
only
man
in
the
woman's
waiting
room
and
i
feel
absolutely
ignorant
and
outnumbered.

big man

in

your

tiny

orange

convertible

with

the

cool

winds

licking

your

scalp

as

your

wife

readies

to

bake

you

some

cherry

concoction

as

your

little

fling

whore

readies

her

cherry

for

your

immanent,

tiny

arrival.

bright white bleach cops

out
in the hood
after 9PM
on
a
hunt
for a
reputable
sandwich
as
the
racism
swelters,
the black cops
comfortably sip
coffee
in
the
suburbs
and
the
paycheck
is
the
final
joke
in
a
long
line
of
endings.

bumbled bee net

cunts
take
the
cocks
as
a
fire
rages
bright,
ultra
clean
orange
like
a
bleeding
finger
the
flows,
and
flows.

i don't
have a
need
for you to
tell
me
where
my old face
went,
but
if
you
find it,
please tell it
the
new one
is
doing
just fine,
but
would
be better
if
it
could find
it's old
address book
and
packet
of
special
trimmers.

caramelized notions of nations and blatants

in their cars

spinning around in

figure 8's

as the circles begin getting

deeper and deeper

beneath our grasp and again

we realize that

the

way to the center is around the edges

if

it was ever worth getting to the center for the

reach of the

outer rim is

what they always said

we

needed to strive for.

catholic sing off

the
sound
of a
bearded
catholic priest
singing badly
during sunday
sermon
just doesn't require
any
additional
explanation
or
consolation.

a grown
man
endowed
by
his faith should
have
enough spirituality
to know
whether or not he's
good enough to
sing
in
front
of
a
group
innocent
listeners.

children paintings

are
the
original
origination
of
human
genius
and
we
laugh
as
adults
in
simple
adoration
completely
as
our
talentless
bellies
grovel
up
and
down.

cop lights

she
reminded
me
of
that
person speeding at like 85 MPH
down the highway
as
you
grip the wheel
harder,
wishing
for
a
cop around
the
bin
and
you
can drive by
with
that
sheer satisfaction
of
knowing
that
karmic fate
won.

coupla tongue blowers

if either
of us
were to have a single
shred of doubt
about whether or not
we should be together,
i think we can simply
cinch things up
by
the fact that both of us
have the ability to
blow mouth made bubbles
off our
own
respective tongues.

CRAM YOUR CRIMES AND DRUNKEN MORNINGS UP YOUR ASS,
I HAVE HIT THAT LIFE WALL AND IT
JUST DOESN'T GET ME LIKE IT USED TO.

TELL SOMEONE ELSE ABOUT THE HOKEY SUICIDE HANGING IN
THE WIZARD OF OZ,
PUKE IN SOMEONE ELSE'S BOWL,
DESCRIBE YOUR HUNGOVER HEAD TO ANOTHER VOICE HEAD,
TAKE YOUR PILLS IN THE COMPANY BATHROOM,
I'M NOT INTO IT.

IF YOU WANT TO DISCUSS SOME HARD DISCOURSE OVER LOVE,
THEN COME ON BY MY STOOL.

OLDER AGE HAS BITTEN MY NAILS.

HEARD ABOUT THIS BEFORE,
BUT I'M INTO THE 30'S AND I'M DIGGIN' IT.

THE HIJINKS OF THE 20'S AND DAYS AND DAYS AND YEARS OF BAR STOOLS,
VOMIT HALLS,
THE HARROWING STORIES FROM WANNA BE FAMOUS MUSICIAN PAINTER ARTIST
VIRTUOSO
FOLKS ABOUT THE WALKS OF MIDDLE KANSAS CITY
HAVE BEEN ENOUGH TO FILL SEVERAL LIFETIME ANNALS OF HOW TO NOT
PERPETUATE YOU TALKED OVER EXISTENCE OF HOW AND WHEN AND WHERE YOU ARE
GOING TO
END UP AS MOST OF THE LIVING GOES INTO THE BARTENDERS POCKET,
THROUGH THE LIVER PROCESSOR
AND OUT AS PISS.

IT'S PISS IN MY POT
AND I'M SPENDING MY DAYS UNDER AN ENORMOUS SHADED OAK BY A HOME
IN THE OUTSKITS OF THIS TOWN AND
I HAVE NEVER BEEN HAPPIER WITH A WIFE,
KID IN BED RIGHT NOT THAT I READY TO WAKE,
AND MY SON MILES IN HER BELLY NOW.

I HAVE FOUND MY UTOPIA
AND THE ONLY PUKE I HAVE DISCUSSED LATELY IS
MY CAROLINE'S EARLY MORNING SICKNESS
AS I DREAM OF SLOW WHISKEY EVENINGS WITH MY BABY
AND THE REST OF THE SMOKED OUT WORLD TRYING
TO FIND THEIR SHOES AND REMEMBER HOW
TO LACE THOSE SLITHERING LACES BACK UP.

dirt girl

how
are
you
ever
going
to
get
back
to
queeny,
princess
status
dump
truck
girl
while
watching
the
claw
of
dirt
fling
clods
around
you
like
a
shower
of
wet,
clean
congratulatory
water.

dog prison

i'm gonna
send
this puking dog
to the salt flats for the
marshalls
to
deal with.

his constant
mouth
of
exploding
vomit
waking
folks
in
the
middle
of
the
night is like
the
scab that will never
completely heal.

but,
he's such a good character,
and they wouldn't treat
him the way we do.

so,
i'm just gonna fashion a
new sort of puke muzzle over
his mouth
and
wait for him to have
no where in particular to go.

dot's and dot's of cons

i

see as the airplane

lifts

up off the

ground

and

i

see

the

ground

briefly

with the speckled spots of jokers

joking each other off

as the clouds form

and everything is gone on the ground,

and

my mind is completely,

utterly

content

of schemes.

down from the central park towers

the
red shirted
wheelchair man
off 10th st.
is
the
patron saint
&
willed demon
of the day,
so
drive your
cars,
pilot
your heads,
take your limbs,
and follow your backs
to the nearest
well,
toss a coin
in and wish
for
a
fate
that
you never
want to know
about
and
try
to
will
a
bit
of
luck
to
the
man
off 10th St.

eating order

she
seemed
to
remind
me
of
an
old
chicken
bone
in
the
middle
of
the
road
as
a
pack
of
pecking
black
birds
lean
in
gracefully.

enemy list

how
many
houses
have
you
been
in
for
the
first
time?

how
many
people
have
you
french
kissed
well?

how
many
women
have
you
made
breakfast
for
in
the
morning
without
being
asked?

how
many
pubic
hairs
do
you
have
growing
around
your
balls?

how
many
hand
written
notes

or
slips
of
paper
would
be
truly
the
size
and
girth
of
a
good
trade
paperback
read?

do
you
believe
in
never
or
is
there
something
all
too
tempting
about
forever?

would
you
eat
fire
if
the
world
ran
out
of
food
and
all
we
had
was
warm
water
to
drink?

do
you

need
more
than
you
give?

if
you
want
this
to
work,
answer
all
of
these
questions
to
a
sworn
enemy
and
see
what
the
hell
happens?

father's day

he told
us to get
the
hell out of
his face.

we
loaded up in the car,
my
mother,
brother,
sister and myself
and
we're hastily dropped off
at the pool like the pile
of molten larva we felt like.

a bunch of free feeding
flies stuck to a paper we
didn't honor or acknowledge.

i thought he never wanted to
see us again.

he just threw us aside and
said we had to fend and find our own way home.

we all looked and acted stunned,
but had no idea what was going on.

and after getting dropped off,
we swam,
laughed,
ate snacks on his money
and never forgot that holiday for the rest
of our days.

i know i haven't forgotten it.

it was our father madder
than a swarm of hornets.

the only time i ever forgot this
holiday
as i ready to become a father soon myself.

i forgot my dad on father's day
in the 80's as a tike and it cut that man like
a slip of thin paper without a napkin to absolve the blood.

the only father going.

the best man i knew and i forgot.

do you forget to eat?

please yourself?

drink?

sleep?

we forgot my father

&

i'm

sure

he

has

never

forgotten

either

as

i

wish

for amnesia

because

of

that

one

day.

flimsy future forecast

the
black
man
at
the
end
of
the
bar
just
hit
the
end
of
his
road
as
the
forecasters
tell
him
it's
all
gravel,
fine
dirt
and
country
fucking
roads
from
here
on
out.

for written sake

if
pushed
at
gun
point,
i'm
positive
i
could
never
concoct
an
exact
count
of
all
the
things
i
have
done
in
this
life
purely
based
off
the
fact
that
it
would
said
or
illustrated
good
in
writing
as
the
gun
leaves
and
again,
i
have
another
vignette
line
worthy
of
a
good

mental
note,
we
hope.

founder's fee

a man
with
an
artificial leg
picked
up a
coin
in the
middle of the road
only
to throw
it
back into
the
road
a
block
down
the
way
because
he
forgot
his
glasses
and
rubbed
with his
thumb
and
forefinger
over
the
rusted,
cap
of
a
smashed
bottle
top
as
he
marveled
at
his
thirst
and
cursed
all
living
coins
and
the
presidents

that
represent
them.

fox head

i bet
you don't like
poets.

i bet you
don't
like revolutionaries.

i bet you don't like
that weird
abstract art.

i bet you don't
like it when your wife
decides for you.

i bet you don't like
to pick up after
your dog.

i bet you don't like your
kids when
they talk loudly to you.

i bet you don't like the sun
unless it sets to your
specification.

i bet you don't like books
that was written without you
in mind.

i bet you would like a supposed terrorist
with a pistol
shoved in his innocent mouth.

i bet you don't even like yourself,
bill.

and i bet you would tell me to shut up.

hey o'reilley,
i've wasted my time in your name
over these lines
and i've decided to end it now.

freckle thinking

how
many
freckles
will
baby
miles
have
on
his
little
kid
body
as
caroline
grows
a
new
one
smack
dab
on
her
palm.

free fried floating frisbees

compliment

your

life

with

all

the

free

stuff

you

can

get

because

the

suckers

are

gonna

buy

buy

burn

all

the

things

that

are

at

once

valuable

and

ready

to

be

given

away

to

the

free

takers.

fried meats

memphis
airport
people
meandering
like
regular
people
as
the pimp,
bride,
pasta teens,
waiters and
folks
prime
for
tall shorties
stalk
you
small,
infinitesimal
moment
you
forget
and
wait
to
pounce
like
a
big
bellied
capitalist
yelling
'CUT!'

frog voices

my
life
over
many
a
month
last
year
felt
like
i
was
following
a
frog
croak
as
it
sounds
close,
but
is
always
far
off
and
lost
to
my
eye
retention
until
caroline
kissed
my
warted,
fictional
lips.

if
i
was
a
shadow
would
you
still
have
the
courage
to
follow
me
or

would
you
just
run
away
and
buy
a
tasty
chocolate
bar?

get your hand out of my bag,

cracker jack,
and find your own way to consume
your daily allowable total of
3,000 ads
and just stay away from my government
expected
allotment of
calories,
ads,
indictments,
threats,
warnings,
expectations
and everything
else
allowable
because
i'm already thinking
about it and thinking
about you thinking about my shit
is way too much waste
of thought and if that happens
i may think so much i'll forget all my 3,000 ads
and digest the wrong color coded
amount
of
government dispensed daily crap jargon.

girl in pink

with silvery voice

is

now my girl

who also

has a

pretty dip scar

on her lip

and

whistles

just as well as anyone

else

and

if you would have asked

me years

ago

what

i would have wanted from a woman

i would have tried

to

mimic that

girly silver voice

and

failed because i never had a frame

of

reference until i met

and talked

to

my sleek,

sleethed

voice

beauty of a girl

i

luckily have

now.

good eye/bad eye

is the color of
love
red,
pink
or
blue?

or is
it
none of these colors?

is it
a
color?

does it need
a
color
when
most cannot explain
or
define it.

does it
need flowery
explanations
when
it
covers
one
definition
for
every
use of the word.

maybe it's
black.

perhaps
white.

but
i'm
beginning
to
feel
it
has
a
taste
and
i
hesitate

to
brush
my
teeth
at
night
as
to
not
destroy
the
integrity
of it's left
behind
strand.

governor,

i don't think

we can handle the politico terror lever threatener

again on the public mind

because the believability went away with the ghosts

that have locked us out of our

venerable estates

because if the homemaker can save us,

neither can the election and the queen has gone

off to sleep as the world continues to change even without

japan,

al queida,

or the islamic fundamentalists trying to steal our nickels

for their pennies,

so when the stack of paper falls off the shelves into the

melting crayon wax

bet on red,

bet on black,

bet on a bit of the off white

because we don't believe the wager of fear anymore than the fear believes

in the detriment as the relaxers go fucking surfer girls and the

world of independent non-voting folks frolic

on by with the stains of colored pencil in their hip pockets

and the angled blades of french democracy eye

pools of blood to write it's

invisible pages into existence.

grill boys of minnesota ave.

wave
their
sharp
instruments
of
grilling
raw
meat
on
fire
towards
the
rushing,
rabid lunch
lounge
rush
of
any day
america
lost
on
a
deal,
and
praying
for
the
end
to
our
miracle
talk.

hawaiian rubber

my
early
brush
with
fame
came
via
a
local cable access
show
called
'LIBERTY LATE NIGHT'

is was
an
early 80's spoof
of david letterman's gig
and
i got a ball from my
best friend at the time,
denny,
to put on a hawaiian shirt and
meet him
at his house.

i was about 12,
it was late at night,
and i told him that
i
didn't own a hawaiian shirt.

he said,
grab your bike and
get the fuck over here.

so,
i loaded onto my brakeless,
crap all black bike and made
it quickly to his place.

in the matter of minutes,
i was at his place,
had my twin hawaiian shirts with denny
and were on our way to the studio.

on the way,
denny explained that anyone with a hawaiian
shirt could get on the air,
after that,
it was a mystery as to what was gonnna happen.

we got to the studio,
and immediately they waved us through.

now,
this show is known amongst the kid populace
for letting groups of kids do air banding for
various songs.

i was in an air band to do panama
on this very show,
but somehow we broke it off.

once we sat on the set and the mic was live,
tape rolling,
the sting of a thousand hot lights in my eyes
sent me into amnesia.

there were questions,
and i remember coming back with one.

they were known for their gumby and pokey
stunts,
skits
and
such,
so i asked for one of each.

the host gave us one.

we left the studio quickly thereafter feeling
about the same as we did before,
but we had new plastic dolls to adorn
our existences.

as time wore on,
we have people stopping us about our solo appearance
and the gumby/pokey asking thing turned into a fad.

genuinely.

and every time i would see the conclusion to some
sappy air band performance,
they would ask for a gumby doll.

it got so bad,
i believe they asked people to stop coming by
because they didn't have anymore gumby or pokey dolls.

i knew early on i had spent my 15 minutes,
and somewhere i still have
either that gumby or pokey doll
waiting for 1 more minute on the clock.

heist the heister down low

everyone
is
looking
around
for
the
origination
of
the
skunk
smell
as
the
pick
pocketeer
easily
goes
to
work.

her offering

my
girl
gave
me
all
of
these
bright,
yet
dimly
lit
white
pages
and
all
i
want
you
to
do
is
not
tell
me
what
i
should
do
now?

hey, slows

it's
all
about
speed,
baby,
and
if
you
make
me
slow
down
to
explain
this
to
you,
my
transmission
is
gonna
blow
baby
blow.

hidden cases

the
case
of
the
pillow
case
was
a
sorely
blown
one
because
the
geese
all
conspired
against
the
cotton
growers
and
the
evidence
slept
away
without
a
fucking
trace.

his name is roscoe

and he's
an old war vet.

has the flag
always
aloft on the side
of
his place.

his parkinson's is
taking it's
toll
and
he let's the neighbor's park
in his spacious lot.

i went by and saw him
at 8 in the morning,
holding onto his weed eater
with all his might
as his body shook
and
he
destroyed those ugly
tufts of sidewalk weed
like
they were a unit of infiltrating
Germans.

his roof
always looks like
it
may need a fresh new hint of
recovery,
but
he's only concerned about
the
bird feeder
out front.

always full of food,
roscoe
watches over
the
birds as
the
weeds
duck
and
hide from his
innocent
wrath.

hot water spill

while
you
question
the
color
of
love
you
will
feel
that
hot
drizzle
of
mourning
the
woman
you
were
meant
to
meet
and
once
you
meet
it
you
will
forget
any
line
of
questions
that
led
to
your
current
situation
and
you
will
take
on
a
new
line
of
thoughts
that
may
not

be
thoughts,
but
more
clusters
of
feeling
and
when
these
feelings
melt
into
the
next
thing
you
will
not
even
know
what
a
thing
is
until
you
know
nothing
but
the
color
of
the
original
question.

hygiene tale

in
my
spare
time
i'm
just
a
peelin'
skin
off
my
wrinkly
potato
balls
because
my
caroline
deserves
a
better
sack
of
balls
than
skin
hanging
off
it's
hinges.

i am a product of the soup

and i hang around with the yeasts
hoping to get dipped,
but more into being submerged
as i talk to the celery
about getting a raw deal
and look into the eyes of carrots
dreaming of their vision as
the cubes of bullion
just gurgle
and melt away as though there was going to be a point,
like
tomato soup and a grilled cheese on some
nameless random saturday
that smelled like
extra
good
fluid.

i can't believe you,

you
dirty
pric,
how
did you
get
in
here
with
that
filthy
set
of
teeth,
and
slobbering
little
asshole
of
yours ..

huh?

where the fuck
do
folk
like
you
come in from?

no response.

well,
let
me
try.

how
about
your
girl's
dirty,
swabbed
chewed
ruined
warped,
tiny
mind
you
have
to
indulge
after
your

done
with
your
explosive
deed.

huh?

(oh, now you wanna talk.)

i write everything in octopus ink

because
they
told
me that it
would later
evaporate
and
no
one would have a chance
to
pour over the pages
of
my
life and convict me
for my feelings.

it was supposed to be
the
foolproof
ink that would hold together for about
20 years and fade in a slow,
rapid
terminal down spiral once
the time period ended.

so,
if you have
gotten a hold of this
and want to flip the page,
don't
bother
or shut the fucking book because it wasn't
supposed to be for you.

we only need to disappear.

completely gone.

so leave,
and burn this if the octopus
has
done me wrong.

i'm throwin' this one away

the
best
thing
about
returning
to
things
in
life
is
that
there
are
no
refunds,
exchanges
and
if
you
lost
a
zippo
or
gum ball machine,
all
you
have
are
the
memories,
but
if
you
believe,
you
may
just
by
luck
acquire
another
chance
at
the
toss.

in his secret pocket

what
did
the
morning
grocery
man
shout
in
the
rare,
cold
rain
that
day
as
again
i
dreamed
of
quitting
and
the
small
steady
droplets
of
water
were
shadows
of
a
spark
that
used
to
tinker
with
my
ideal
hum
of
how
this
work
life
was
supposed
to
go.

Iraqi Mornings

i
wake
to
stories
of
iraq
stepping
down
one
morning as the radio wakes me,
the
next morning all the blood of hell
comes boiling up and the
newscaster says
the people of a 'free' iraq aren't gonna have it no more.

then,
i have the caster say there is peace the next day,
war bomb toil the next,
and it's the first thing my ears hear in the morning.

stories of modern warfare and
we all want more stories,
more tales of vigilantes,
bombs,
death,
blood,
explosions
when my first sound of the morning for weeks
has been the teeter totter toss of
this war in iraq.

without sparkling commentary of an on-site correspondent,
i know this battle
will never end and am again
become ashamed that i reside within a country
that has killed so many.

there used to be a lady before this war started that
carried around a sign that said,
'GOD LOVES IRAQ' in front of the VFW hospital
and it pissed the hell out of people.

and there hasn't been a truer thing
carried,
or expressed since
as the winds of voices have
zero effect.