



## **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 warmed 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  
queenly,  
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.