

# Joefi I es XCI I

mi d d l e east mi d west mi d d l e east mi d west, me



## **scream**

at

the

top

of

your

gills

and

there's

still

a

good

chance

that

the

fish

won't

hear.

## **short-lived hood punk**

the most  
profound moment  
of my  
dawdling  
hood years  
was being carried by  
a group of 5 or 8 people  
from a junior high football  
game after inhaling cigarette  
smoke to my sister's boyfriend  
at the time in his bright white  
mustang as he peeled off and i  
later was let out of the car  
to puke in the middle of the  
street.

## **shrimp head**

my  
idea  
mill  
is  
flat  
fucking  
jammed  
full  
of  
many,  
many  
shrimp  
and  
someone  
went  
on  
ahead  
and  
stole  
all  
of  
my  
sauces  
as  
abandonment  
never  
felt  
so  
alone.

## **sign language dudes**

the ultimate  
gang of fear  
are  
THE SIGN LANGUAGE DUDES.

lay low,  
regular speakers.

these sign language dudes  
flash some ugly arm and hand  
gestures that have put some  
folks in eye doctor's chair  
or in psych. wards.

their influence is paramount  
and members keep rising to  
epic proportions.

now,  
they're sending innocent drivers  
off the road with their brash  
indignation and they  
want to send more and more innocent  
victims to their imminent peril.

keep your eyes open,  
they're out there with their  
crazy moves and unforgettable tics.

## Simon complex

everytime  
i hear  
a  
paul simon  
song my car keys  
go missing.

thinking  
it's because we share  
the same birthday.

maybe i should send paul a  
picture or a poem and see  
if he loses his shit when he  
looks at me or  
reads my edict.

## **skipping declaration**

when older's used  
to tell me  
'some day you'll understand'  
i always sniffed and thought  
that i did understand and  
now that i understand  
i don't wanna understand this much.

is that understandable?

## **spammed up**

can't wait  
for the prisons  
to be full  
of spammers.

they'll all get  
great deals on internet crap  
and swap identities  
for a while.

our smarter, newer  
prison system.

the prisoners will do this  
to benefit the government  
and municipal  
interests.



## **squirrel-cution**

when we were  
kids my best friend matt  
told me about a squirrel accident  
where this one particular little tail animal  
got caught between two live lines and just  
exploded as he fell towards the ground.

matt was pretty shaken from that version  
of nature's natural electrocution.

and it leads me to wonder how we can do  
this to humans and feel that fresh unfazed,  
they deserve it notion.

do kids that witness nature's accidental electrocution  
grow up to throw the switch.

do they move to Texas and turn republican.

do they become warden's?

or do they simply witness it and move on.

what do you think mr. and mrs. witness?

## **st. catherine**

i  
live  
in  
st. catherine's  
gardens  
where  
lies  
continue  
to  
thrive,  
deceit  
is  
well and  
full  
and  
i  
can  
see  
you  
if  
you  
try  
your  
fucking  
damndest  
to  
hide.

## **status figured**

the wavering  
center of your world  
is just a gulp of dramamine  
away and if  
so inclined maybe you  
should take  
your psychologist out  
for a cocktail and a quickie.

## **stick it!**

just  
buy  
an  
armload  
or  
just  
one  
fuckin'  
USA  
bumper  
sticker  
&  
get  
over  
it,  
asshole!

## **stop flagging me down**

there are  
US flags on a dumpster,  
on shorted ass cheeks,  
on snack cakes,  
on fences,  
soccer balls,  
vitamins,  
ice cubes,  
everywhere you look  
our country doesn't want you  
to forget that you live in this  
country and that everyone in this  
country wants you to know that they  
are proud of this country and that you  
shouldn't ever forget that we live in this  
country and if someone not supporting our  
country comes around and wonders who's country  
we support you will see clearly everywhere that  
we support our country and our country is  
advertised all over the place with country symbols  
and if those folks that don't like our country  
will probably be the one's fawning fakery in a  
shirt or something of our country,  
so it looks like we are lining the pockets of and about  
our country with our country's currency  
just in case you wanted to know what i see all  
the time while in this country.

## stuck

if  
i  
was  
a  
stick  
on  
the  
beach  
it  
would  
be  
easy  
and  
acceptable  
to  
be  
a  
bum and people  
wouldn't  
expect  
much  
more than to be a  
fire igniter,  
marshmallow apparatus,  
a toy of dog fetching  
and  
a desire to have a solid  
handle for throwing.

sometimes  
all i wanna be is  
a simple,  
brown stick on the beach.

## suburbs aura

whenever  
it  
gets  
dark  
in  
the  
suburbs,  
no  
matter  
the  
weather  
in  
the  
forecast,  
i  
wait  
for  
the  
big  
black  
tornado  
to  
land  
softly  
at  
the  
top  
of  
a  
hill.

## sucker generator

if  
someone  
would  
invent  
a  
true  
to  
life  
barometer  
to  
measure  
the  
worth  
of  
your  
existence  
and  
sold  
it  
off  
at  
all  
the  
stores,  
shops  
and  
gimmick  
joints,  
people  
would  
buy  
'em  
up  
and  
finally  
create  
an  
oxymoron  
everyone  
could  
fitfully  
sink  
their  
teeth  
in.



## THE FIRST PERIOD

the  
sad  
beginning  
of  
every  
writer's  
quest  
is  
always  
spiritual,  
no  
matter  
how  
big  
a  
non-believing,  
drug riddled,  
denial swimming,  
alcoholic,  
atheist  
they  
just  
happen  
to  
think  
they  
are  
at  
the  
moment.

## **the gust of wind**

is her thinkin' thought  
and if it isn't that,  
there is a bigger lie  
out there that  
i cannot even speak of it.

## **the never**

ending forever  
not-forgetting brain  
is just a tiny  
myth your parents  
may have told you about  
but succeeding generations  
have forgotten  
because it is actually true ..

## **the pécadilloed incidents**

that just turns out  
to be a mix  
of how life  
becomes you  
when life is  
just  
getting  
closer and closer  
to your jowls.

**the  
penciled  
bruiser**

met  
a  
match  
that  
wasn't  
ever  
gonna  
be  
erased,  
prics.

**the world in birth,**

one blatant  
lurch,  
again the world creates  
along  
the unending change  
of our  
sole existence  
reminds  
her  
of the slow expansion  
of our pupil cells  
as  
the headlights  
get  
closer,  
and brighter.

## throwing everybody

i wanna  
throw  
sand  
all over  
the world  
and  
stop  
the  
bullies  
from  
picking fights  
with the innocents  
just  
once  
as those  
folks on the hill  
keep  
singing  
about  
giving  
the  
world a coke  
after  
all  
these  
damn  
years passed.

## **time pool**

from october 2003

to

may 2004

i made

3,466 calls

for a total

of 160:33:25 minutes

on the phone and

the family still

wants to know why i just

don't have the time now

like i used to.



## toothless whore

hey  
pal,  
give  
us  
a  
rest.

go  
find  
yourself  
a  
good,  
solid  
toothless  
whore  
and  
just  
lean  
back  
into  
it.

don't  
ask  
her  
how  
much  
it  
costs,  
because  
she  
has  
teeth  
in  
her  
pocket.

it  
may  
be  
the  
best  
you'll  
ever  
have.

## wandering subconscious

after  
i fell asleep  
and awoke without any  
dreaming matter to remember  
i wondered the day long  
exactly where did  
all my subconscious hemispheres  
go off to  
while my conscious head  
dawdled around  
bored for 7 hours or more.

**wanna**

be

the

first

anyone

to

jump

off

the

edge

of

this

earth?

## **we may have met before**

the instant  
you are where  
you are  
in that moment  
of time in  
your car,  
the elevator  
or anywhere on  
this planet  
is the moment that  
was never meant  
to happen by accident  
and the biggest accident  
is that we feel the divine  
responsibility to reject  
the connected configuration  
of our finely twisted licorice  
concoction going around and around  
in the closest of contractual  
commitments.

## wedding believer?

i told  
her  
about my story  
regarding a possible  
disclosure of a past murder  
by me on an accident with  
several good friends  
about three hours before our  
actual wedding that was in  
two hours and she just wasn't into  
the idea because it seemed somewhat morbid  
but i had told her that it was just a story  
and she said that it would be fine as a story  
but that it was creepy and she looked over at  
me as though craziness wasn't going to ever leave me  
and i looked over at her like she was the best thing  
i had ever accomplished as the craziness deepened 2 hours  
from that one exchange of a fictional story idea.

or was it?

## **went on a walk**

to the window facing 18th Street  
off a busy Missouri highway  
and with a cold coke in hand,  
i stood at the big glass doors in the  
Medical building watching  
2 mexican dudes  
pissin' on the side  
of a liquor/gas/convenience station  
on the most comfortable  
weather day this year  
as they  
smiled, laughed  
pushed jokes while  
looking around at traffic flashes  
while some dude in  
a football jersey  
headed in a bee line over  
their direction to sell them  
one of his  
soiled over dreams.

**wet floors  
& the sound of technology**

slowly  
eroding  
down  
to a  
simple,  
supple  
stack  
of  
No. 2 pencils  
is  
the  
sound  
of  
heaven.

## what happened in 2000

an  
old  
floridian  
man falls  
to the ground  
while  
leaning  
on a car  
in the K-Mart  
parking lot  
as  
they tell us the story of several  
folks  
getting  
plowed several hours  
earlier in the same  
parking lot by a  
car  
of looned up drug heads  
wielding afternoon  
death fun  
and it then hit  
me that it was no surprise  
that  
this land of Florida  
brought wrought to the country  
via one,  
small  
insignificant  
election vote.



## What I'm gonna do with Everything

i  
know  
it  
gets  
harder  
each  
and  
every  
day  
to  
remember  
things,  
but  
god  
damned  
it  
all  
if  
someday  
i'm  
just  
gonna  
finally  
remember  
everything  
for  
at least  
a  
moment,  
shout  
it  
into  
an  
old  
soda  
bottle  
and  
save  
it  
under  
my  
mattress  
in  
case  
there  
is  
a  
need  
for  
proof  
of  
my  
mental  
stability.

## **what if stonehenge is a big hoax?**

would  
people then feel  
right  
to not believe in space?

would we have more atheists  
than believers in a god?

would anyone vote?

would there be a government?

would kennedy have been shot?

damn you english stone rocks in  
the middle of a field,  
look what you have gone off and  
done to history and our beliefs!

**when**

people

look

at

my

wife

they

feel

a

bit

sorry

for

her.

**where are you,  
castelfiorentino, it tonight?**

how  
have you fared since  
i left you last?

did you know me?

did i know you?

did it matter?

the only reason why  
i transcribe this is because  
you were my girl then  
and now you are just a land on a map.

so rest well with all those people  
walking all over you and  
try to get some rest when all those lights  
continue to stay  
on night after night.

## **Y'all C?**

do  
us  
all  
a  
favor,  
country  
boy,  
just  
try  
to  
understand  
what  
you  
don't  
know,  
and  
leave  
people  
the  
fuck  
alone,  
ok?

## **You & Meow**

welcome  
to  
my  
view  
of  
the  
sky  
as  
you  
kick  
around  
the  
simple  
dirty  
ground.

## **your start**

the  
last  
day  
of  
kindergarten  
is  
the  
day  
everything  
permanently  
changes.

## quarter tray

as kids,  
we used  
to steal quarters from  
the old man's  
little plastic  
silver tray in  
his bedside table  
for summer afternoon journey's  
down to the 7-11 or arcade halls  
to play our eyes and fingers out.

it beat collecting the useless tops  
around aluminum cans and throwing them  
in store side can banks for the occasional  
quarter to come slipping down the metal mouth  
for our eternal video game playing.

instead we took that easier  
path of least resistance and picked the silver  
from the old man's stash.

this went on successfully for months.

and as the months went by,  
our balls grew,  
and we took more money for our sojourn's to the  
local arcades.

until one day.

there is always an end.

middle of the afternoon,  
likely after a bad week of car selling or J&B hangovers,  
he noticed his quarter mountain was dwindling and  
he came in like a tiger and proceeded to end our thievery.

he tore through the old, flimsy back screen door  
and threw his stack of keys against the wall,  
took out his belt and went into a classic  
italian ballistic missile launch.

no one was touched.

no one had to be touched.

needless to say,  
i went back to the can back and tossed in horribly dirty cans  
and as many can tops as i could find until the sound of that  
coin hit my newly found honest,  
wrinkled palm.



## **recess heaven**

of all my  
years in grade school  
i remember that one day  
running towards the  
white, glowing  
untouched snow blanket at recess  
&  
beholding  
the temporary gates of heaven  
opening up for all  
of us in that 3rd grade class  
entering the sanctuary  
of frozen rain.

## **relenting truth seeker**

everything about  
all the supple,  
black electrical lines  
that dart, flop and flip around  
on our loose peripherals  
contain all the TV, phone voices,  
Internet signals, and other electro-technological  
voices and thoughts that say everything included  
in your consistent conspiracy manifesto,  
or simply the night before Kennedy died,  
and they are always in front of you like the Elm  
tree swinging by the geese on the loud lake front.

are we careful what we wish for  
because it is always in front of you?

## **rider driver**

there's  
only  
1 kid  
on bus #546  
this morning  
while  
bus #408  
comes to  
pick you  
up with 3 seats left  
and no  
kids in sight.

## **RIP**

i  
had  
to  
retire  
my  
old  
chewed  
over  
charcoal  
pencil  
because  
it  
just  
didn't  
hold  
anymore  
interesting  
damn  
ideas.

## **salty thought**

the  
exact  
lazy  
flow  
of  
the  
bird  
in  
ocean  
air  
is  
a  
small  
pig  
in  
a  
white  
fleece  
blanket  
and  
i  
felt  
like  
that  
this  
morning  
as  
i  
remained  
asleep  
under  
the  
covers  
while  
she  
rushed  
to  
let  
the  
animals  
out.

## **science off!**

is  
our  
love  
simply  
broken  
down  
to  
into  
simple  
molecular  
atoms  
or  
do  
you  
have  
a  
better  
story  
to  
convince  
this  
bloody  
planet  
of  
new  
scientists.