

Joefiles XCIII
smell the dirt's fragrance



animal god man

i met a man one time
that said either he was god
or that he knew who god was,
but i think he said that he was actually
god and i thought about him today when
i was driving to work and saw a
dead tan dog upside down on the shoulder
during rush hour traffic
and i wanted to dig the number of
that god man and have him come on by and
do his god damned best to get that
dog back up on his feet again.

another corporate poem

the only real true way to deal with
corporate america is an ulterior hobby that
could make money in this world if this world
valued things like me writing this out or selling
a painting picture - so, instead i'm stuck
with keeping my head filled with as much crazy shit
as possible or all the flitters flopping with disaster
and taking the ultimate nose dive out of the shack
off the side of 18th street as i yank on the guts of a
computer completely blinded by love and a son
that is coming in several months from now, so corporate
america really isn't that bad this time around. and
i just keep taking notes as i watch the door out
like it's a warm, token handshake that is gonna
one day lead me to one more door, then another, until
my hand gets stuck on the handle and i have no other
option than to stay where i have decide to stay
and i'll never have to fuck with some silly exit plan
as the small talk sounds larger and larger,
in my medium shaped ears.

arizona underpass future

i
saw the
future
in the eyes
of a woman
peddling
her bike fast
in the bowels
of a bridge
going
towards the east
side of
town
and i'm just
not sure it's
appropriate to
say whether or not
she's gonna
be the lottery
winner she's been
gearing herself
up to
in her gambling pants
and risky smirk.

around my second

a row of dripping
noses, the sounds of
squirting nose fluids,
the red snouts as
the world
collectively gears themselves
for the biggest
sneeze anyone has ever had the
potential possibility to hear.

as we descend

into image after
image of presidential
candidates leading
to the big ballot box
in the eternal sky,
all i can think about,
is that i want my miles
to be born under a regime
that has forgotten about
bush and his crimes against
all the other babies that
were unfortunately born
under his bloody nails and
clownlike gestures.

before the phoenix window

away from my love in
kansas city and the whiskey
tastes the same,
cars fly by the same,
buildings are erect,
downtown is sputtering,
and the palms wade through
upper breezes
and i anticipate
that tomorrow
the desert may
run away with
my loose change,
but i have its check
right in
my front pocket
ready to
cash.

birth of death

the
petty
small
time
crook
criminal
in
sad
cloth,
no
where
to
be,
no
one
calling
him,
and
his
artistry
in
broken
glass,
stolen
goods
and
his
perpetual
skill
at
bringing
about
the
birth
of
a
death
day
after
damn
day.

bling-bling-beatch

i go by this
one billboard
everyday that
have these
two hard
gold tooth totin'
dudes with
names like
LUCCI STAX AND
40 KAL.
it's a big billboard
advertisin' their
musical wares on
the billboard
catching the eyes
of a lot of passing
motorists
and i wonder if
these guys ever
stopped to consider
how many good musicians
there are in the world
that writes their own music,
create all their own music,
make their own sounds,
could be so talented many
wouldn't understand it,
and ultimately how many
people making music like
they are out there doing
absolutely nothing at all
to further a solid musical
note into originality
and then i stop that
reign of thought each day
and realize that there are
way too many people that
wouldn't think that way
because too much of that music
requires no thought
and has no thought behind
it so i reside on the side of
no thought as an excuse and
decide not thinking is
absolutely invalid as i
go onto the next thought
and let the thoughtless money
give LUCCI STAXX and 40KAL
all the thoughtless crud
they desperately desire.

boss beef

you
ridiculous
motivators
in burned up
cloth looking
to cash in your
bright oils
and needed inks
deserve the luck.

brief physical

at
this
hour
in
my
life
at
age
32,
my
health
has
come
down
to
random
foot
injuries
like
cuts
and
broken
pinkie
toes,
along
with
a
host
of
minor
injuries
calculated
during
sex.

cabinet lock

in this old cabinet
i found wods of paper
and soup that you
used to cook - now,
it's filled with too much
water and just 1 picture
of you as you wish us all
a better fate
that befell the prior
while god blessed the devil and
the cats suddenly forgot
to meow along the fame line
out back.

candy coated pollutants

the two candy cane
coated strips
of industrial waste
pumping use and refuse
into the sky is all i
have the chance to see
as i drive along my sugar
coated path to where i am
expected to be and while
the time clock hums without
my presence there i'm
sure it will surely survive without
my face near it's reflective
glass looking blankly at my
intent face as the peals
and strips of red paint melt off
the magical stacks of smoke
making that take over my head
the minute i see their dual heads
poke right over the line of trees
or stacks of clouds that should
be taking over this hostage held
sky that sits in a politician's
quiet, sleeping pocket under an
address i will never care to remember.

cold white lies

cover the sidewalks
the kids blindly trek
across as the jet streaks
over the sky guarantee
that the marshmallow
filling has all but escaped
the sugar coated snacks
and then the truth comes out
and we have no bearing on
recognizing that because
the duke left too soon and
ella just didn't sing it
backwards enough for my decoder
ring to work on it.

dog talk

if
i
could
pull
it
off,
i
would
love
to
have
dog
dreams
running
through
my
head
at
least
2
nights
a
week.
it
would
be
like
having
a
verbal
conversation
with
an
animal.

dreams of the band

is
the
birth of
unemployment
and
new
opportunities
for statistical
reaches
into
the
private sector.

dumb purchases

if there
is
anything
on this consumer
hatchet market
wheel spinning
in wide gaping
spins and tweaks
it would
have
to be spending
any amount of money
on fucking water.
i see it everywhere,
it flows abundantly,
and i have to pay
for fresh shit to
save my guts from the
gluttony of taking
what the city gives me.
i thought taxes were the
sucker punch to
the ball bag.

every time

i go by
a group of construction workers
on a road site,
whether alone,
in pairs
or in a pack,
they perpetually
have
that
look in their eyes
like
they
expect the world
to stop at
any moment,
and more than that,
they know all of this
and
we have nothing more
than the glint in their
irises and the gait on their
mouths to make
some sort of pending guess.

excuse me,

your

running

analogies

need

much

better,

thicker

soled

shoes.

familiar boat lot

on the complete
end of surviving
the end of being
out numbered by
shit loads of short
haired healthcare women
i cannot wait to touch
my long haired, red headed
irish angel back home
with her satchel of freckles
and that beautiful voice
that always wakes me before
forever begins perplexing
me again.

fire

me
out
of
the
mouth
of
never
and
forget
that
we
ever
considered
always
an
option.

flapjack blackjack

there's just
no getting through to this guy.

he walks backwards.

drives backwards.

has the ability to speak backwards.

draws backwards.

runs backwards.

cooks backwards.

and is perpetually living his life backwards
as if everyday is leading back to his womb.

he's a sensation.

he bedazzles the public.

they all want to know what
his secret is.

how does he do everything backwards
in such a clever way?

he's ripped up by moments that didn't
work and he's trying to claim his
former,
lost and forgotten glory.

if it could be called glory.

because he speaks backwards,
no one can understand this.

he just sounds like some busted record
album from some LSD induced band of the
60's or 70's and everyone pretends as though they get it.

he's
living
society's fantasy.

he's doing what most everyone does.

but he's actually doing it.

he's reverse motion going forward.

and not one person knows it yet.

flipping floaters

go ahead
stranger and float
me what you will,
cause if i don't like
it i will send it
right back on the same
raft or sink it
straight back down
to the bottom of
beginning
waters so someone
else can get their
hands atop it and
take it in for their
strange, little
own, ok?

flyin solo

read
my
words:
THE
SOLO
SOLITARY
ONES,
TOGETHER,
OR
APART,
ARE
GOING
TO
BE
THE
ONES
THAT
SAVE
THIS
LONELY
PLANET
ALL
ON
THEIR
OWN.

folded evenings

outside of my
hands & i have
creases all over
my body from the night
before,
but i'm just not certain
if i slept or i was
dreaming about sleep or
if the dream was my sleep
or if my subconscious head
too leave of my eye balls
and went running with the
president after midnight
and all the hollywood
signs that have ever existed
burned down to the ground
and i finally had some kind
of decent bond with my blood
sister as i continue running
my fingers over the large and
capillary sized sheet indentions
all over my body and stare into
the blackness as the cat meows louder
and my wife grabs my hand,
yet it hasn't solved my head
from being attached to my neck and
the notion that these creases all
over my body had as much to do
with sleep as my confused head
had to do with not having dreams
last night.

for whatever

lapse in brain
activity i had,
and for what
it was worth,
i shoved a metal
tea kettle in the
microwave first
thing in the morning
as the kid ate
his cereal and i
went for a poop
that was way behind
schedule. as i enjoyed
my reprieve, i heard
popping sounds and
smelled acrid smoke
from the kitchen and ran
to find the microwave on fire.
i immediately put it out,
opened the windows,
and let my wife rest her bones,
and not worry about
my early pre-coffee
lunacy. after this,
i got the boy in the car,
started it up and pulled out into
the road as the engine died and
didn't start back up. there in
the road, someone stopped and asked
to take the boy to school. i declined.
and as i took him to school in our 1 working
car i wondered how many times i have
done stupid shit like that and
when the fuck i was ever gonna get
a good cup of coffee again.

from a small seat

i feel
tilted like
an old barn floor
flopping at 33,000 feet
above ground,
mountains and earth
while the sound of music
and the thought of my baby
back home is the thing that
is making it plausible for
me to ignore recent comments
my boss made about my communication
habits and credibility.
this, coming from a man that is about
as harried, confused and bridge burning
as they have the chance to get. this isn't
from my reputation, it's what i hear,
as the tilting gets more profound,
the boss likely sleeps behind me and
there less than 500 miles between me
and the life i had to leave for the desert,
only to return to my falling leaves and
robust indignation.

from this anointed

writing perch on the 14th floor
of a phoenix relocation for 4 days,
i have the silvery glassy reflection
of the bank one building transmitting
the images of airplanes in a brief,
short gust as i continue see the
american remnants of 9-11 that won't leave,
and about a photographic eye fluttering like
shy eyes and knowing that this life is
parceled out into moments and it's the brief ones
that grab you by the veins and shove the
blood through your memories as this one
gets lodged into the square peg in my brain side
lamp here on hotel row.

Fuckssss

become a fuck,
people like it,
they respond to it,
they talk about you,
you travel,
you steal,
you ponder robbery,
you become the stuff
of Presidents.
all groomed up,
you fuck.

gee, i'm glad

madonna put
out a kid's book and jewel
put out a book of poems.
i was concerned about their
financial solvency. wouldn't want
then on some dirty, bustling city
corner with a ripped off cereal box
back asking for new fans or
begging for forgiveness because
they masturbated their fame in front
of everyone.

god's dad

if god had a dad
what would he look like?
would he be bigger?
would he also have a dad?
is there an infinite
amount of god dad's or
would that question mean the
end of forever and we
would only be lucky to
know the grandfather of jesus
as the buddha statue stares at
the 4th arm of a hindu god in the
flawless plaster cast.

god's half cousin

spilled a big
heapin'
bowl of hot gravy
on my friend's third
cousin
as the sister wondered
where the hell
the dog had wondered off to
in the middle of that burned out yard.

hurricane meeting spider

there was a woman on the phone from
florida talking about hurricanes and salt
and windy weather as the talk of the hour
began and i started drifting. on and off,
on and off, until a spider came popping out
of a tile in the far west corner of the room
and starting launching its hairy body around
the ceiling tiles and near the lights, then
back to its hole. it was my little charlotte
and her web had me as i lost my spans and
was told several times to remember to do
things that i may or may have not done
up to this point, but that spider came
back around and made everything completely
validated.

i just burned my fingerprints off

my first two fingers
and these keys just don't care
one way or the other about my
overzealousness to get the coffee
pot and my slipping fingers,
they just want results,
come good verbs, compelling nouns,
well placed adjectives and clever
dangling participles,
they don't care that my fingers
have lost their prints due to over
heating, they don't care that
the cops likely won't have an
accurate read on my prints if
they are run sometime soon,
they just want these keys to
whiz, and dance like there is
going to be one more tomorrow
left and if i need to eat fire
to get my words down the way
it expects them to be, so
be it as the dill grows sour
and the cane field leans a
little closer to this here keypad
trying with every letter in
it's row to make the fructose
worthy of it's fermentation.

insect headhunters

i see a future where
people will be sensitively
dumb enough to start arresting
people for killing flies and
common insects that walk around
our houses, apartments, sidewalks,
and faces. the sale of insect motels,
sprays, and other killers are gonna
be staked out by the appropriate authorities
via bar codes and sale dates to
rat people out and arrest them
for endangering and ending the life
of insects. it will finally be a
a solid day in the sun for folks
at PETA or the ACLU or your grassroots
efforts that will protect the right of
all living things no matter how volumous
or small or destructive or pesky they may
be. our kids just may be able to see a future where
the amount of insects to human ration will be in
the thousands to one. just another simple
way that society is gonna do it's lowest
to bug you one of these fine days soon.

invented pockets

of shelf fish swimming
through your eye sockets
while the powder gets
applied to the face of
our next magazine face
as the sounds of
bubblegum newspaper
print go floating
through the skies towards
the sound of landfills
that wants the attention
of a suckling baby looking
for the mammalian nipple
and it's the crust on the
toast, it's the nape
on a neck, it's the left
to a righties incognizance,
and there you are with
your interpretation of
now and the misrepresentation
of everything calculated
for your utter benefit.

janel head was a girl

in junior high that had the funny name and the pre-lesbian look down cold. and like many kids in my class, she was the product of rich parents. and me. the kid from a poor family, a small time hood and not all that popular with the country club cards and turtle neck wearers. so, during our 7th grade winter, janel threw this big assed holed party for all us kids with a 'campfire' theme. everyone waited for their invites and got one except for me. in fact, i was specifically told to not attend the big junior high orgy fire camped bash because of my propensity for mayhem. well, i weighed my options as a 12 year old on a friday night and nothing much panned out except for this event by the fire. so, i invited myself and got nasty eyes from the hostess when i arrived. in fact, she wanted me to leave immediately, but i was too distracted by others and plans to destroy the nice, bright, innocent campfire that was sparked and glowing there in the middle of that rich person's field. as the night wore on, the other kids knew from my history that i was the only one in a group that had the unique combination of balls and 'do what the popular kids tell me to do' mentality. so, they coaxed me into grabbing a big old can of WD-40 and throw it into the fire. it didn't take me much. i grabbed the can to the delight of all the other macho chicken shit boys, marched through my uninvitedness towards the fire and threw it in. the explosion was the highlight of the night and i had never, ever seen an explosion that big in my life. safe to say, i didn't make an impression with janel. she ordered me off her property. the memory was burned in everyone's mind afterwards. i did what couldn't be done by the others. i was more of an asshole than ever. i felt like a real, gone to hell child hollywood star.

i don't know exactly what i'm gonna write about, but it's gonna be a lot better than writing about nothing, as the sea gull flies farther, and farther away from this small honeymoon/hollywood suite i am sharing with my wife. as i sit here with the sounds of kc's own charlie parker going through my two ear drums the sound of jets in a jacuzzi and my wife reading a book is the most comfort i may have had the chance to feel up to this point in my life. so, there i have hit why i am writing, and where i am writing, and possibly when, but that would require me to start commenting on the state of the world and perhaps politics, which can be a sorely sour topic to begin touching on in this infancy before the actual election of either bush or kerry for the highest seat or slouch sack of corruption in this nation .. it has gotten to that Excalibur point that it really doesn't matter, but it does .. you know, the amount of fraud and bullshit i see both parties masturbating over is enough for me to stay home with my wife one extra does of minutes versus having to endure the same electoral college raping that existed in 2000 - so, you get the idea that i'm writing in 2004 and the air quality is all but essential in this hollywood suite right now as c. parker takes a break for the piano player to lay down some serious ivory on the situation as the drink before me is completely watered down and i try to make up my mind if it's worth continuing my work here with the beverage, or if i should continue looking and paying attention to this screen of mine before me as though it's a tv that is a friend and will somehow, and someday become my closest ally in a fight that i will inevitably have to take up .. now on the verge of a son, and the new demands of a dad, and being a grown up i am perpetually under the assumption that there is a non stop, never ending string of things that not only i have to do, but i have to learn as well .. and that is completely cool with me .. it's just different because of the fact that it's not just i that relies on i anymore, there is and will be multiple relying on i .. so, as i write here with this sack of wet feet below me, i know that the only responsibility that i truly have is to satisfy one person in this world, so if this bag of words or my honest attempt at letting you know what is going on doesn't work, then i gave it a shot, now if i didn't give it a shot, wouldn't you be worried a bit? sure, none of you would, unless you had a vested interest in me or my writing, but since you don't have a vested interest because you don't know me, and you likely have never read my stuff before, here i go taking a shot at either satiating my own soul, a couple other minds and trying to coax many others out there that i will likely ever meet .. so, as the hands of time go winding around your neck like octopus claws, i wanna offer my fire to scare off those tentacles and to let you know that it's cheaper to ride the train than it is to buy a subaru, and it's much easier to ride the bus than a bitch who's likely to give you a headache anyways .. and c. parker goes into the crescendo of another song as the flicker of the tv set goes - blip - blip - and i think back to how my day began .. it was the most extreme of the pendulum swing .. first, i burn up a metal tea kettle in the microwave, having to put a fire out while running away from a pot of shit i laid as the house immediately gets filled with smoke, and the boy wonders what happened as the flicker of cartoons goes by and he gives a half attuned idea of attention as i clean up the mess, open the windows and hope the smell and aura of disaster escapes my sleeping, pregnant wife in the next room trying to get her extra minutes of sleep while i get the boy ready for school .. so, she finds out because of the boy hugging her before leaving and the smell of his hair that something happened as we quickly leave the house and start my car to head up the street .. as the car glumps and glocks out of the driveway, it dies .. done .. right there in the middle of the street as i try to start 'er up and a car

comes by offering to take my wife's boy, zen, to school as i refuse .. instead, i hop out and take the other car and get the boy to school safe and sound .. only to come back to a broken down car for the second day in a row .. facing another botched and humiliating 50 dollar tow, i opt to call the mechanic and find out where the choke is and what to do .. he tells me .. i go out and get the fucker started, averting potential disaster .. so, as i flew down the highway talking to my wife about the accounts of the morning with a fresh cup of 7-11 coffee in my hands, i would have only hoped that right now i would be typing shirtless in a hotel suite in northern missouri while my wife bathes after a good session of water sex as c. parker hits his next upswing and my son swims in the sack of my wife's womb and i become more aware as each day passes how cool it is to have the two most important in this world right here in this room, in this anonymous country setting while the silent mouths of america try to convince me and everyone else that everything is gonna be ok and to play as much as we possibly can before the walls and chambers of decision come raining down on us .. and i figure in the realm of everything that is supposed to be and should be important, the few things that strike me are toe nails that grow, eyes that sing, hair that curls, lips that have creases and the potatoes that taste like starch, so in the hidden bowels of a train going and veering towards the front pages of your morning newspaper, i know what to tell you, but you would probably accuse me of being either a heretic or a liar, so i will instead tell you that i went into writing something that i just wasn't sure where it was gonna go .. still don't know and that is more than fine with me as invisible knocks come rapping at the country door of this little rented bungalow as i know that the only way to tame the heart of a lion is to become the heart of a bigger, and greater tiger with dull teeth and a fierce sense of self ..

knobby land

all the karmic
ramifications
that michael jackson
has unleashed
through his beatles
library purchase
is all hidden
deep and snug
within the soul of
a faceless 9 year old
boy that is terrified
of beds - comfortable with
pillows and a testament
to what happens to a man
in this lifetime on this planet
when you fuck with the best
music ever recorded.

larry the old produce man

used to have this tick in his neck
with or without a neck tie and it was
hard to concentrate some mornings when
i would come in at 7 am after some
solid slugs of beverage and ready to sling
a whole assorted variety of vegetables
and fruits over the lavish ballrooms
of middle sized suburbia and larry was
real good about sticking straight to the
produce story and not veering too far off
the track as the over tanned alcoholic
owners and their son's and relatives
would poke and prod shit at larry as
he already had enough to worry about
with a nasty wife that marshaled him
around like a son as he did his damndest to
make everyone money, raise good kids
and keep his loyal fruit crew happy
and he had that marvelous tick that was
probably inherited from a heart of gold,
silver, pomegranates, apple seeds, titanium,
tangerine juice and everything just for
a produce manager named larry plumburg that
was my best boss in the best growing of my
life.

lightning dog

this black lab dog
isn't originally mine,
nor my wife's,
it came here after being
scared to shit by a
loud popping thunderstorm
and he's been here every
since. he's the best dog
i've probably ever been
around and it goes to prove
after a childhood of inheriting
a number of dogs, some of the
best things in this life are
absolutely inherited, rather
than cultivated from the beginning.
that's why so many couples can't
make it and single people are always
the closest with their parents.
we have to temper the masturbation
of how we inherit what we inherit
as the paper inherits another one
of my inheritances.

livers

the pompous exasperation of a speaker
at the podium as you sit there watching them
perform in the pompous best and you
marvel at how much better you could do if you
were only a bit better and not just some
audience participant with no where else
to be as the lecture grows forward and
your mind long ago gave up on what it was
saying in the crystal clean clear
regurgitation that is everything has once
likely been said and negating that with
anything new is the miracle that we pray
for as we arrive at a new piece of paper
or array of words that will once again
make us believe in the processed order
of learning how to read and fucking write
in the first damn place.

metro stop 32

at 5:05 pm sends
off the smiling
woman again
to cross the short
bridge to her humble
small cottage home off the
highway skirts
as everyone goes by
without looking again
and i just fixate on her
each night
when i have the chance
to go by wondering what
she does every single
day that gives her
the exact same smile
that is enough comfort
to keep me smiling as i
head over that same bridge
to the new world past
her home.

monkey shoes walking

all over this indoor
jungle floor as the kat
swats at the dog and the
baby kicks in her belly
harder as the rain falls
even harder and i get to
take the day off work,
go to the doctors with
my wife and future son,
and buy a new car while
the wheel of living,
consuming and existing as
we have been taught and
raised comes square into
our socks and out of our
toe nails as ornaments of
discovery, and instruments
of needing trimming when
thought about in the right
moment.

my early vision of women struggling,

and having no idea how they were gonna
be marshaled with their bleeding, birthing,
shaving, plucking and dealing with dudes
that are fucks was in gym class. i remember
the guys all had to do pull ups, while the girls
had to balance their chin above a metal bar
for as long as their arms could last. and these
girls were being put through complete pain.
i had never seen a group of girls shake like
the real tough ones that would extend their
physical fitness prowess as long as possible
while shaking violently with a red face,
spittle flying here and there, and the other
sorted valuations of physical exertion. i
bet the girls had to do that because they would
make all the boys look bad with their prowess
of pull - pull - pulling their way forward. and
i especially enjoyed the girls would last so long
up there on that bar that the coach and boys had
to look away because it was about as painful as
we could take. kinda seems like how we deal
with childbirth, huh?

my favorite mike parisi story

was the one
about him getting rear
ended on a random friday night
on the way back from having
some food back somewheres
and these thug motherfuckers
came hopping out of the car
towards mike telling him that
they would drop all potential charges
if he would pay them 50 bucks.
mike was an old marine man
and while he told me the story,
he squinted with sheer hardness
and told me he told these two mexican
fellas in a beat up heap of shit car
that was lucky to be running at all,
**'TELL YOU WHAT MOTHERFUCKERS,
I'LL LET YOU BOTH LIVE IF YOU GET
BACK IN YOUR FUCKING HEAP OF A CAR AND ACT
LIKE YOU DIDN'T JUST SAY THAT TO ME.'**

the boys retreated back into their cars
as mike laughed and coiled back a little
taking delight in the idea that he would have
loved to pound both of those stupid
motherfuckers more than he would have
just wanted them to limp off into
their fading american night.

my first miles

it was the morning that marked 115 more day, if not less,
or more, until my first son miles would be in
this world and the cough syrup was just settling in
my arched bone belly while the neighbor repair man
takes his revved up ABC van readying to get its gear
right up the road as the black lab looks up at my
ear, or eyelets, for another dropping of food us
humans decide we don't wanna ingest on our romp
through food land and one of the few slices of
civility and consistency are slivers of morning sun
searing through the windows, arching over the
curtains and cutting immaculate holes right into
the wood grain patters of this creaked out
floor.

new format

hotel rooms

without carpeting and

the world costs you absolutely nothing ..

niles the old FBI agent

thought he was
putting something over
on the drunk populace of folks
flitting and flopping around
the trees and dope bins of dark
smoked out bars in town.

i met him through someone
years ago and the story was that
he was a bad stutterer and worked
for some unnamed division of the
local FBI headquarters.

also, it was known that he was a
heavy drinker and spent more time
at the bar than at home or on
the job.

but all the locals fell for the trick
that he was some big shot in the local
FBI ranks as he sat around the stools
of town and took his mental notes
snowing everyone with his well practiced
dumb stuttering and
everyone fell for it.

they thought he was real important
to the plight of fighting local crime.

he had everyone has their best
behavior boots on as nile trudged
through the creaked over front door
and decided to slough through stacks of
drinks and smoke as many cigarettes as
possible.

i talked to him several times and
just flashed him that 'IT'S NOT
WORKING ON ME, OLD MAN.' look as
he professed in dumb talk to all
the bar nit wits willing to believe
in all the strung out logic of
dragnet episodes of yore
and believing that they weren't
already on some list that was
going to be exposed or unraveled
at it's given time.

niles you were dumber than the best
& almost had everyone going.

on the other hand,
you could be a genius and this
could all be crap.

Oct. 16, '04

where in the hell
did the world
decide to go
when i thought
it was time
to come out and
think about telemetry,
and hobble around
with my favorite feet
on?

on my drive to the work shop

in the morning a news man comes
over the radio on one of the most
unbiased stations in town to announce
that someone from a high seat in
the Homeland Security office had something
to say but i didn't hear what that man
had to say because his name was Clark Kent.
no shit - the world of fiction and reality
finally got marred into some strange silly puddy
mud ball and would only have a tiny sliver of hope
that maybe geroqe w. bush had something to do
with that to give me a glimmer of hope that somewhere
in his devoid and godless bones he has a sense
of humor there hidden in some superman motherfucker
announcing the status of our modern marvel heroes
fighting the awful mean muslim shadows making plans
with your leftover potato salad.

orange church

went on past the
orange church again
this morning as the apple
birds flapped around on
the cinnamon tops and looked
around at all the lemon people
walking through the watermelon doors
to talk about their peaches and
kumquats.

& there on the side of the
highway,
the fruit temple a slug away from
a tangerine moment,
stands in pure orange like some
citrus tree surviving a hurricane
pounding.

it's there everyday for the faithless
to find a single, solitary belief
in the fruit
and to feel good about having a lemon
for a life,
so there under the color of sun,
and the glower of moon,
you can squeeze your own cup of pulp,
or pulp less juice under the
sturdy awnings of the old orange church
steeples.

our battle to be the best at everything

is like trying to convince anyone that
the plight of cottage cheese will soon be
good uncurdled milk instead of the spoils
we have been used to for our life's entirety.
but i think we should enjoy the rotten as
much as the perfectionists wants everything
to be scrolled out according to their grand
weaving design that will likely end in a
vulgar mess that will only be hidden like a
republican jerking off in a washington hotel
under the hot lights of a democratic coup
for pure comedy sake. so keep scribbling out
your perfectionist notes while you keep
the erasers hidden and sacredly scared to
even utter an instance of redundancy and good
luck with all that utterly unspoiled cow milk.

PED XING

who
are those
two
dark
figures
against
yellow
always
named
'PED XING'
on the
sides of roads
and
are they asian
or
what?

philadelphia roll

a good friend of mine
i used to work with has
a wild sort of luck that
follows him around from
place to place in life.
he's the nicest guy in the
world, honesty, but his luck
takes a divergent enough
twist that i have to question
the fortitude of his karma
from time to time. recently,
i called him for the first time
in some months to see how he was
doing and when i did, he was with
an old boss of mine that offered
me my old position and told me
that my friend was in a bad way.
once i found out what had happened,
i almost didn't believe him. he was
hit by a car as a bouncer at some
urban dance club in the bottoms of
the city. once he was hit by the car,
he got up and broke every window with
his fist and ended up fucking the
guy up that hit him with the car
in the first place. after the dust
calmed, he had a broken hand, split
fingers and a gore of blood all around.
his hand was a in cast with
several fingers in a splint being
held together by a metal plate.
this kind of shit happens to him
all the time, which makes me think
he's one of the one's that has
escaped the karma radar. maybe
some folks have fates we cannot
comprehend based on the precinct of
their existing life. i have heard
about a solid gold dude's being struck
by lightning more than twice
and an old church going woman not
hurting a fly getting killed by a
passing bus. am i missing something
or is there something more in the mix
to be figured. fate is worse than
living it out and tomorrow is just
another reason to doubt what you
did the day before, sometimes,
so as the movement of the clock goes
around all i can do is obey until
wisdom has an indelible chance
to absolutely teach me differently.

pica pregnant girl

my pregnant wife
got a lick of the pica
fetish and it seems
as though nothing is safe anymore.

my tubes of paint are gone,
no more lead pencils,
ink pens are foreign items,
coffee grounds clean out of the press decanter,
chips of missing paint everywhere,
paint thinners gone,
all instruments of creation have disappeared
as she increasingly gets maniacal
looking and stares off towards the corners
of rooms as though there is going to
be some burring treasure that no one
pays attention to that she will discover in
some brilliant flair of cognizance.

i always thought pica has something to
do with fonts in a document.

maybe it had something to do with a food
company out there that makes french toast
on a stick.

now it's the fancy of my wife's craving and
i just chew my nails when she's around hoping
that it will snap her pica streak
and i can rush out and cook her a big, fat
slightly bloody steak without all the lead.

political theory

what if i unveiled
the ultimate theory that
all politicians,
whether born with a silver
spoon jammed up their cunts
or a wealth stock of nepotism
on their shoulders, started out
being genuinely good only to
have politics suck their blood
out for a much more lethal
and wide spreading vapor such
as methane and the fact that
the public gets fed up with the process
each and every one of them had an
intention that spanned over a glacier
we could relate to, but instead
they took the cold from the glacier
instead of the warmth we all expect
from our politicians when we all
down here as their electors act as
though we have some grand scenario
that will work or some morality that is
so groundbreaking that christ may come
back to check our notes. it's absurd
for us to hold these politicos up to such
a high personal and moral code, and even
as geniuses when we get to the root
of human nature. it doesn't change because
someone is on the tv more, has more yard
signs in their name, gets more than most
of us will get in our lifetimes, it
just doesn't matter. our ability to forget
that everyone is uniquely human is indeed
the ability that we have a hard time inching
down and holding to an acceptable notion
and once we figure that out, there
will inevitably be a cure to that which
is the exact same cure that landed the politician
in a chair getting blown by some hooker
while innocent middle eastern children die
for selfish policies and again we are
all back looking at the big, fat looping,
loping circle going around and around like
a kid carousel in a mall that is increasingly
getting faster, faster and more blurry
as our eyes fade in their effectiveness.

Politico '04

my favorite tyrannical,
indignant, cold, insensitive,
not caring about the guy
that just drove by my
moderate middle-income house,
leaning towards hitlerism,
dumbed-up, drivel ridden,
piss bags of political
choice are the one's that
hold our most sacred political
office now in the whitest house
of all houses in this country
and it completely baffles me
that people have the gall to
want four more years as supporters
wave their silly little
dick george signs while the world
looks at our bombs like handshakes
in a world gone to absolute
confusion.

ride on out

i'm the kind of
guy that always remembers
the ride there vs. the ride
home, i thought,
as i was going past the same
milestone i had gone by
2 or 4 or 7 times before
without taking a picture
and forgetting to take
a picture of it once i went
back on by it and that's
just fine, because it backs
up my amnesia on the way home
and how lazy i become when i know
i am leaving the destination
i am heading towards, which
could go a long ways in deducing
my psychology, so i apologize
if all i remember is the first
part of our conversation
and forget my the directions back
to the highway, baby ..

she walked around town

covering her mouth and no
one could figure out why. she
was a popular sort of girl and
had a nice go of talking and conversing
with a wide variety of people
but she would always choose at various
times to cover her mouth. a flat hand over
the entire spans of her mouth to
keep the world away from her lips. and
for what? whenever someone asked, she would
say she either had bad breath or a piece
of salad stuck in the nook of a side tooth,
but everyone knew better of that. according
to her, she would cover each and every smile
throughout the day because she didn't feel
like anyone deserved her happiness. her smile
was hers and to make it public would perhaps
ruin her from smiling the same way ever again.

so miles,

as much as i wanna
know what it's gonna be like when
you come out of my wife and your mother
into this world, i'm not sure that i can
give you that first guarantee,
but i have dreamed about it and know
that it will be the greatest thing that
has ever happened to me in this life that
will lead to aged 32 by the time you are
born. i have done my damndest to get ready
for your existence and i know, as you will
some day, that there is no complete way
to be ready for something so big as your
life and how you are gonna impact our
existence. you are my ladder to the side of
god's face, the compoundment of a love
i feel for my life and in the most worldly
sense, you are going to be my first jaunt
to truly understand what unconditional love
is all about, so before you have uttered a sound
into this world of sound i know that you have,
and will continue to be a saving grace for this
existence that depends on biology - and in about
80 days from now, the time it took for the fable
to circle the globe, you will be here and
i can promise you that i have never looked forward
to, and been as scared as i have ever been to
take this journey together that will last a lifetime.
so get used to the poems, the smell of sunshine,
and the fact that as life continues rolling forward,
you lean as far away from the umbilical cord
and as close as humanly possible to our shared brains.
we wait miles. we already love you in ways that this
pile of words could never begin to lick
the flavor of. ciao, spicy one.

something for almost no one

most folks worry about
other folks as far as
danger, obtrusion is concerned
when they should really keep
their eyes on the bugs against
their home windows,
smashed against their car windshields,
crawling and eating on legs,
biting the foundation wood,
lurking over you in sleep.
there are more insects on earth
than there are human beings,
so the next time you stop to decide
when a terrorist is gonna come
and bug you where you drive,
work or cultivate other articles
of life, think about all the bugs
out there than may eventually
hoard all your insect repellents and
sprays and maybe a match stick or
two for complete pyro titillation.

steal me

a croissant
and meet me
on the other
side of the
jail house
to talk about
martha,
and how
we are going
to
avoid time ourselves
as the clock
keeps
shooting
at us
behind the
pee tree.

sunglasses ode

the hack about losing
all the sunglasses that i
have lost in my life is
that all i can do is speculate
at many wondrous things that
surround all of those favorite
pairs, hand me downs, stellars
that outlived their allotted life,
and the like. it would have
been nice to name them all
people names or spots on earth.
in total, i have probably spent as
much on sunnies and their replacements
over the years as i have on all
the car payments i have had to make
in my life. i have lost, bought,
given, broken, retrieved, found, broken
again enough sunglasses to be rendered
a hazard. i should likely be on
a list of causes for sunglass extinction
and have to carry a special license when
i buy sunglasses so that the retailers
can sprinkle them with holy water or
take extra special precautions to prevent
the same result time after time with
all of those innocent, sturdy, faithful,
functional pairs of glasses that did
nothing but hold back my bright future
and battle that beautiful sun in the sky
every damned day my face demanded it.

sustenance,

he said,
as the amber
sun comes through
my hair,
over her book bag
and into his mouth
like there was
something more in the sun
for people that
was never gonna be
there for the
rest of us,
after a big gulp
of the sunny shine,
he closes his mouth,
wipes a tear from the
corner of his left eye,
saunters away
slowly as all the school
children ready for school
and he ponders his
disdain for retirement
as he mutters
up the block a
'sustenance. sustenance.'
as the book spine
slams against the ground.

the breath

the boss came by the other morning and told
me that i had bad breath. flat out, without
flinching as i looked on and wondered
what drives a man to dignify his ego
by telling someone with coffee breath like
everyone else in his office, that i am
the purveyor of especially bad breath. so,
lately i have been chewing some gum, and
resigned myself temporarily that i won't say
anything to his face about how flagrant such
a comment is to an employee that busts his
ass everyday for him. but i don't think he
would get it like he would get my newest plan.
i'm gonna do some serious onion, garlic, meat,
no brushing teeth for several days before a meeting
i have to be locked in with him for several hours.
then, we can evaluate the level of comfort he's gonna
feel. the transference of pure uncomfot would be
the only way he would ever know what a comment like
that can do to an employee that is already done
with corporate life and the small, stink snickers
from people that cause more damage with their small
talk than i ever could with my denigrated vomit
breath.

the love in this world

someone stopped
me the other day
and said,
'you know what?'

i asked,
'what?' back.

and they said,
'sadaam hussein
loves you!'

and i stopped,
pondered for about 30 seconds
as the person
continued to say it to
amused,
angry,
non observant
folks that kept on
going by.

and i just stood
there thinking about
this odd proclamation
on such a day as today.

so,
i thought about my
thought and turned around
and said,
'he loves me about
as much as
george bush.'

and i kept on walking
towards november 2, 2004.

the man in mercury

is the friend of another
friend of mine
that knows exactly what
venus looks like when she
uses the moon as a blind
to undress for the pleasure
of saturn and his jealous
counterpart, neptune,
but the man in mercury
keeps his secrets about venus
as everyone in their greek namesake
look on in wonder,
but never in the questioning
direction of mercury,
and everyone long ago got
tired of the child in earth,
or the old man in the moon,
now the thing is the woman in venus,
and the man in mercury is as far
as we have come in finding out
if we do have more questions than responses.

the only way

the world is gonna
be able to go off
on its own and
grow up in the prescribed
way of the gods,
is to become a god,
try to overthrow all
the people
and conclusively implode
into a tiny little
atom,
the smallest molecule of the beginning,
and just start
all over again,
but instead of a primordial crapper
with a sprouting monkey,
it should be a chip off a pine cone,
and the resurrection
of an elephant as
the first,
and kindred beginning
to the animal,
human kingdom.

the poplars

the unpopular
was always
popular
to me
but
the
core problem
was that i never
knew what
popular was
or pain
until i felt misery,
and love
until i met
my caroline,
so
there,
the most
popular answer
i can
give at
this
time
of
my existence.

the real modern day vigilantes

i could use on my side
are the dudes that change
those really big fucking billboards
on the side of the road and
when you catch a glimpse of them
they have that whole macho
'BRING IT THE FUCK ON. IS THIS ALL YOU GOT.'
look in their eyes as they work
for the workers that want us
to buy, buy, buy more of what they
are avoiding up there on their fearless
metal platform in front of giant,
pleading heads.

the real task

is to understand where most
everyone is at one time
on this planet as your interpretation
of midnight blue is my morning pink,
and the your sound of crackling is my sound
of stretching and it can only be illustrated
by some extremes when you compare the
birth and death toll,
the folks living next to overpasses during
rush hour traffic as compared to
espresso making individuals in the high rises
most only read about in the fancy barber shop
magazines, thus i begin waning off my path
that we must all try to conceptualize where
we all are and why we are all here at one
point or another through the course of your life
if not your week. so as you struggle to understand
the path of the butterfly, try to understand
the zig zag of your own human thought process
made of the same meat and blood as mine and
the exact mirror of any other stranger going
down the street eyeing the possibility of a
used and old lottery ticket on the ground or
the potential of loves fullest extent realized
by the side of a barn you used to sleep in when
your mind was dreaming and your feet were tapping
like marbles on hard concrete.

the tape measure man

goes around charging folks
money for him to measure
up situations for them.
he's a bit off mentally,
and most folks pay him
to have him stop bothering
them or to just be nice,
but he always has them
request what they want measured,
like when one will get paid next,
or if their girlfriend's are
mad at them, or if their car
will last through the end of
the week, and he always just
squints his big eyes,
bears his forehead wrinkles together
and takes his tape measure up
into his hand, stretches the yellow
metal out and brings it straight up
into the air, stops it here,
watches it glimmer in the sun,
then quickly flicks it back down
into his hands and says,
'EVERYTHING IS OK. NOT TO WORRY.'
and walks on. he does and says
the same thing to everyone as
they all surprisingly walk away
a bit more relieved and enlightened.

timing suggestion

no time
like right now
to start making plans
for yesterday,
the little mole dug into
my head, and there is no
better moment than forever
to make some kind of
promise about how you are
going to spend your time
to someone that is serious
about spending time with
you, so when your checkbook
is wrong and the nexus of
never makes more sense than
tomorrow, make some time
in your life to make a
commitment to something.
shit, you might just
like it.

trained urine

i
raced
across town
fast to get our
groceries
at the store
and get back to my wife
for some downtime in
either the bed,
floor,
sky or other apparatus,
and as i neared the store,
my need to piss escalated
to the tiniest bump in the road
causing nauseating pain,
and then i noticed
a line a cars as i crossed the small
red bridge on red bridge road
that is more orange than anything else,
i thought to hold back my bladder,
as i heard the train whistle,
and saw it as a rounded the edge
and figured out why folks
have to piss like a freight train at times.

we have too much music in a world

that takes its trophy
to the slacks and i
have too much music but
it feels like too little
as the cases and crevices
of my existence drip with
note after savory music note
and everything we have been
envisioned to become and evolve
into has been written in small
lines of sugar that will blow
away down the alley when the thought
of wet gets introduced and we are left
with the pulse in our wrists to convince
ourselves that the only way out of
your town is to escape to our town and
when you find that you want out of our
town then you are going to have to bet
on another hand of cards and just
wait it out in that town with the
best music you can find.

weather robbery

if
hurricane
clyde
followed
hurricane
bonnie
there
would
be
a
shit
load
of
broken
banks
and
empty
pockets.

Welcome to the real world

around here circa 21st century
of too much gadget riddled
where the fuck is my pencil at
and how come someone stole my
wide ruled notebook paper
while to decide to stick it out
in front of the reality cameras
just long enough to find someone
to blame or convince the right
sap that you should get a paycheck
for merely showing up to the set
and watching the big, bright
eternal light in the sky as closely as
possible to ensure it doesn't fall
down or burn out,
while night comes and the boss drinks
all your money through a straw
with a tall,
healthy carrot-celery juice concoction
that has zero blame,
and no guilt in an uncle designed
by god's cousin for judas' third step-cousin.

what is it about all these death threatener's?

how is it that someone has enough
rage, anger, endurance and precision
all at one moment to forewarn their
targets?

what kind of person would do this?

i doubt many have warned before they
were going to carry out such a large scale
attack against big entities in our world.

come on - do these guys or gals
need to warn anyone of anything before
they storm the doors.

maybe they use it as an alibi in court.

when the judge says,
'YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY IN YOUR DEFENSE
BEFORE WE THROW YOU INTO THE SHACKLE GALLERY
AND PUT YOU AWAY FOR A LONG, LONG TIME.'

they can come back with a ..
'AHH. I TOLD THEM BEFORE I WAS GOING TO DO IT.
ER, I CALLED IN A THREAT. SO, THERE WAS A WARNING.
THEY COULD HAVE DONE SOMETHING DIFFERENT THAT DAY
OR BEEFED UP SECURITY.'

who are all the threateners?

do they have focus groups?

support groups?

idiot manuals?

1 more Bush thing

i don't
need to
be surrounded
by
a
bunch
of
intellectuals
speaking
clearly,
eloquently,
and even
brilliantly
on
the
course of events
and
matters at hand
to
know
down
to
my
ass
bone
that
george
bush will never
match
the
intellectual
exuberance
of
the pubic hair
from
mr. clinton in monica's
front tooth
and
that's about
all
i have to say,
for good,
about the ineptitude
of
this
guy
that
wasn't elected
to run our
slowly
derailed
train
of american pursuit.

2004 ELECTION BUMPER STICKER IDEAS:

Got Hell?
Elect Bush in '04

Fuck Bush
Stick to Pussy on Election Day. Kerry in '04.

Fuck Bush with a Dick.
Go with Kerry in '04

Dick Bush
Bask Dick.
Not again in '04

Unelect a Dick
& Fuck a Bush in '04.
Vote Kerry.

a yellow submarine

i would
like to
speculate
on
the
whereabouts of
my yellow
submarine
but i have
never even had
a
red, blue or
black submarine
to speak of.
i have never even
seen a submarine
in my life
and would have
no use for one
if the navy called
me up to take it
over from them
at no cost.
would i take
my wife and kids
on a cruise through
various harbors
and be construed as
a possible enemy as
a civilian piloter?
would i wanna put
myself in that
sort of human peril?
naw. all i have
is a copy of yellow
submarine on
CD that i haven't been
able to find,
so if you find my yellow
submarine, would you
please sail it right
on back to my navigating
hands.

all the suggestions

i have been offered,
handed,
wrangled,
shoved,
exhumed,
resumed,
delayed,
belied,
and sprung upon me
have amounted to
two primary things in
my life.

my wife.

and our child in december or january
of the following year.

sorry i couldn't do
more with all of it.

i know most knew i wrote
and wanted to illuminate me with
wise nuggets of inspirational
fodder that would spring like some
turkey garden of sprouts and sprig buds,
but only two things came out of
all the suggestions.

so it's either all for some
or nothing for everything,
faithful cosmonauts
amongst me
us.

amateur weatherman

this one
man always
carries an
umbrella warning
people to
watch out for
the pending and
demeaning
rain that is gonna
come striking nearby
for all their coins,
dignity and sense of
future,
so they should all
get umbrellas themselves
to shield them from
this throng of life
that is gonna come
in one, grand swipe
of pain towards their
heads, and he
he's on his 32nd straight
day without a drop of rain
as the weatherwoman
warns everyone that when
the rains come, there
could be a flood
as the umbrella man
smiles in his prepared
world of content insanity.