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Joefiles 96 (VCVI)  
Part Art Chart Fart Tart

## **after 5 minutes of morning news**

after recovering from  
the nov 2004 decision  
i hear about how  
the republicans are cutting  
over 150 federal programs  
that is going to promote the social  
well being of our kids and seniors  
and decide that it's just  
better that i don't listen to the  
radio as our radical anti-life  
minions of hell caste their glow  
over the dark black shadows on the  
smiles of american stupidity.

## are you ready for the baby?

i heard this thousands of times.

never thought i could hear something as much  
as i heard,  
are you ready?

i had my breakdown during a birthing day class,  
asked the question over and over about my scalp.

you ready?

everyone would ask.

now 2 months into Mile's on earth and reflecting  
on all of my readiness,  
i presume it's like all the other times in life  
i thought i was ready and had to answer whether or not i was.

and again,  
i had failed.

i wasn't ready.

i've never been really ready for anything.

last year i took a GRE test i had studied for months  
to pass and got drunk the night before and  
passed my written with a perfect score.

i moved out early.

moved up when the time was not ready.

and had miles without quite being ready.

so,  
i'm never ready.

never have been.

will likely never be in my lifetime.

so if you ask if i'm ready,  
i won't answer.

i'll just do what i have been prepared to do  
and you can be prepared to deal with that.

thanks for your preparation  
of this long,  
windy,  
twisting answer.

## ball-boob

my  
little  
miles  
has  
a  
bad scar  
on  
the bottom  
side  
of  
his ball  
sack  
and  
a  
estrogen  
filled  
girl boob  
and he's  
not even 2  
months  
old yet.

i'm sure  
this  
kid is gonna  
have  
to  
learn  
some  
strict,  
rare version  
of  
karate with these  
early  
prospects  
and  
a  
name  
like  
'miles alfonso'.

## **BEST**

the  
best  
will  
somehow  
assume  
pole  
position  
before  
going  
back  
down  
on  
us  
like  
a  
swinging  
lead  
hammer  
into  
the  
face  
of  
a  
hot,  
wet  
pre-mashed  
potato.

## **buried**

the name of a  
buried poem  
could be hot dirt,  
but could more aptly  
be called frozen concrete,  
but it could be slow sand,  
as much as it could be hard water,  
then again it might just be wet tree,  
unused timber or  
something we should have never  
imagined because that poem had  
the imagination to leave before  
anything had the misfortune to arrive  
and steal it's small - ripe potential.

## BUSHED

our  
world  
according  
to  
hell  
just  
wadded  
the  
morning  
paper  
into  
his  
back  
pocket  
and  
decided  
to  
default  
on  
your  
precious  
loans  
as  
he  
eats  
with  
the  
queen  
of  
denmark  
and  
fucks  
all  
your  
old  
lovely  
dreamer  
people  
hard  
and  
tight  
like  
a  
good  
dynasty  
nepotistic  
president.

**can we**  
have a talk  
mr. cactus  
about all your prics?



## CHANGED CHANGER CHANGE

i'm so  
addicted to  
change that  
i'll take yours  
off your hands  
and make it  
into something  
that you  
will  
never ever  
recognize no  
matter how much  
a part of you  
you believe it is  
or was or could be  
as it changes again  
and goes through a  
non-stop collision of  
particles while my  
perpetually dirty mouth  
swabs with more  
people that will  
give me all of  
their  
damn dangling change.

## climbing for a reach

there's one group  
of sporters that always  
got me.

what are mountain climbers  
really thinking?

sure,  
i'm a walker,  
i used to run a lot,  
i enjoy the travels,  
but the constant mountain climbing.

is this the pang of midwestern blood  
seeping into my adrenal lines?

do i not understand the plight to  
climb mountain after mountain with  
sheer joy.

with absolute admiration like a junkie  
getting dealt another hand of blackjack  
with smoke in hand and another gin and tonic coming?

am i only cognizant of flatland adventures because  
i have spent the better part of my three decades  
in a region removed from land contour?

i'm not sure i will ever understand as hard  
as i climb,  
and as far as i look over the hill.

so, keep  
on climbing with your shoes,  
wires and white nose screen  
while i stay here on the flat,  
level ground wishing  
i could join you on your  
ascent into the clouds.

## **cloud thought**

when you  
start wondering if  
people are lazy and the  
world is a big box of collapsible  
sides,  
just remember that the clouds  
are always and perpetually moving.

## **CURE SEEKER**

i got to work,  
and converse with people,  
and have my love sealed with my wife,  
and made a child,  
and make a poop,  
and make a written piece of writing  
my reading pleasure,  
and walk around and run when needed,  
and to everything from spit to skittles  
as my grand attempt to simply find a cure to humanity.

## CUT UP

my little lonely  
paper cut longs for you  
with it's thin sliver  
of blood and all the  
melting bubbled potential  
my third grade teacher extolled upon me  
as i sat out there on  
the playground with my  
extra small pinkie toe  
thinking that one day  
i would be lucky enough  
to bleed for you the way  
you bleed for the world  
each month.

## drug view

when i really  
want to get away from the  
work and find out what other  
trades of hire there are in the world,  
i retreat to the unused front door area  
of a converted medical building and watch  
the action.

across the  
street is a gas station with destroyed awnings,  
ripped signs,  
trash and rust like white paint,  
along with a liquor store that looks like the concession stand  
for an old drive in,  
while the Eagle Inn motel across the way hums with hookers  
and drug pimps.

from my tinted glass bungalow,  
i watch a tireless, scraggly old fella  
running money and drugs between cars  
that start at the gas station and end up at the  
liquor store.

as the exchange goes down,  
the scraggly man gets a bit of a score  
himself as he slips away with another hispanic friend  
that arrives from nowhere and they go behind the dumpster.

after a minute or so,  
they both emerge wobbly,  
off step and beyond a corner on a square.

they are smiling as the new patrons of  
some heavy narcotic go squealing off with an  
honest dollar earned by a damsel in witness protection.

and i polish off another swig of my legal liquid coke,  
wonder if i moonlight as a detective in training  
and just belch some,  
rearrange my underwear  
and go back to my work throne.

## **exhumed**

i like  
the smell  
of exhaust  
coming from  
some cars and  
objects,  
but as is life, too much  
makes me utterly  
fucking exhausted.

## **fightless**

i  
have  
never  
ever  
been  
in  
a  
fight  
as  
an  
adult  
but  
if  
you  
really  
feel  
tough  
come  
on  
over  
and  
crack  
my  
virginal  
cherry  
with  
a  
good  
mom  
putdown  
so  
i  
can  
deliver  
my  
first  
solid  
broken  
nose  
in  
style.



## FIRST SMELL

the drizzle of  
morning dryer spray  
is a small miracle of bliss  
as i leave my wife and  
child to fend for themselves  
as i face the nemesis of  
childhood fairy tales  
and watch all the neighboring  
faces drive by me comprehend their  
cigarette ends and the crumpled  
mass of sticks laying in  
bright medians.

## **foggy morning movement**

this  
morning  
we  
are  
all  
driving  
in  
a  
big  
fog  
cloud  
like  
dominoes  
ready  
to  
be  
stacked  
upright.

## Forever Wednesday

we used to meet  
at my house on  
wednesday morning  
for coffee.

she would trudge up  
to my old cold  
house for that  
swab of hot,  
delectable coffee  
as we dreamed of  
how it would feel  
to be inside of each  
other.

after a couple cup  
gulps,  
we headed upstairs  
and forgot the world  
for a while.

it was our wednesday  
morning of clarity.

usually bleary from the  
alcohol of tuesday night,  
wednesday would completely  
heal my sin and swaddle me  
up with more debaucherous notions.

i then married my  
caroline and we made a  
child after all that practice  
high up there in my favorite  
rented room ever on this here  
planet in this here city.

and after musing that it would  
be cool if we had a wednesday  
baby on a monday morning,  
our wish came true.

miles was hatched on a  
wednesday as the world  
radiated with the dew of thursday  
and the promise that for the first  
time in my life wednesday's will  
always be memorable and at  
12:12 on wednesday's i'll remember  
that hot hovel on top of that old  
house where we made grounds and  
a small wednesday boy.

## gone missing

had a nasty  
canker sore in the  
top of my mouth.

likely too many onions  
washed by the river of too many  
whiskey drinks.

and the pain was like nothing  
i had ever felt from a tiny  
spot of sore flesh in my mouth.

i have had my share of mouth sores,  
canker excursions,  
but this one hung on for several weeks and  
through the devout washing of ointments  
over and over and over and over,  
it just stuck like a skunk smell in the height  
of humid august heat here in KC.

nothing worked.

3 different ointments at regular intervals,  
and i winced,  
talked with a lisp and made a deal  
with every mouth god that i would  
take better care of the molars and meat that surrounds it  
if they would deploy a small unicornd chariot to  
blot out the bleeding hurt that ran through my  
mouth.

it never happened and the pain faded until it faded  
into a small tiny fadable echo that no one could hear  
anymore.

then, one day it was gone.

and now i think i almost miss the pain  
now that it's completely gone  
and i again have reclaimed my  
absence of pain,  
regular speech,  
loss of slur  
and packing away my ointment friends.

## **good at time pissing**

when i  
sit down  
and let my mind  
relax and figure  
out what i'm really  
good at,  
on the top of  
that list is a talent  
i'm very content with.

i have a sharp,  
well trained ability  
to piss away time without  
even knowing it.

time after time,  
moment into moment,  
a whole saturday afternoon,  
the bulk of a sunday,  
days away from work,  
any block of unabated time  
is merely gone like a glob of  
ice cream melted into oblivion  
on a scorching july sidewalk.

melted and converged on by  
ants and the beaks of eager birds.

carried off and poof.

gone.

if you have any extra time  
you'd like to shovel off your  
plate into mine,  
i will gladly take it and  
give you absolutely  
fucking nothing in return.

## **have you heard about the famous NASCAR poet**

that threw gas on his  
pulp pages and wrote with a  
hot lead pencil as his  
well padded gloved fingers wrote  
in pure fire.

sure,  
when he hit the end of a page,  
stanza or hot line,  
he would call in an actual pit crew  
with flame resistant goggles,  
heavy flame retardant cloth  
to pull that page from before the NASCAR  
poet and lay another well oiled, and gassed  
page down before him.

this,  
as other pages huddled around with blinding  
speed trying to vie for his attention  
as he furiously wrote with flames licking the air  
like a raccoon going after the middle of a split fruit,  
and he wrote.

the smell of exhaust was almost enough to choke  
the invisible crowds that huddled as the NASCAR poet  
went on musing over his page as if the world around him  
did not exist any further and he was gonna have a  
huge paycheck once he didn't his victory circle with  
the pen around the page.

but as the smoke settled,  
the crew went home and the crowd passed out in a beer mat,  
the NASCAR poet lifted his arms,  
pumped his fists and smiled with a turned neck and  
big blinking eyes for his beautiful wife and large two foot by three foot  
check  
only to be greeted by a worn out cat,  
the smell of sour kraut and  
just a drop of gasoline to put a period  
on his long, exhausting day of fictitious poetry.

## **How I feel about you**

the one  
small black  
shoe in  
the road  
is everything  
they ever wanted  
to give to  
you but just didn't  
know how.

## HUNGRY POEM

just a bit of mustard left  
in my huge yellow plastic barrel  
as this hungry poem walks away  
belching the gas of my used dollar  
bills and says he doesn't know what's  
in a rubeen sandwich as i peer closer  
at a giant piece of kraut stuck between  
his side, front teeth and wonder how  
the hell a poem could have such a ravenous  
appetite and hide if from all of us  
little people that is lucky to get the fin  
of a fish or the crumbles of a piece  
of bird bread.



## **i can nearly taste**

the stacks of flavorless  
mist coming from all the smokestacks  
around here as the sounds  
of communism die and the march  
of terrorism glares from these  
tired ears while cars  
go stomping up the street  
in pursuit of the new, and next  
dollar bill in the satchel of  
prizes needed for the participant  
to feel justified by going into the  
work place everyday as these pages  
around here crave for something more  
than laundry lint and room particles  
from the sounds of what we want to do  
and how we always thought we would be  
there by now.

## **I have traded in my evenings,**

the nights,  
for the morning.

my new time of flying has become the sunrise,  
instead of my former love of the sunset.

and during these times of newness,  
i see the most amazing of things.

the other morning going to work,  
i came around a bin around downtown to a  
sight i will never be able to shake.

the image lasted for nearly 8 seconds,  
and will likely last forever.

as i rounded one curve in a menagerie  
of curves, i notice a rather portly man  
bundled up in a blue coat,  
with a stocking cap and wet mist of warmth  
smashing against the cold, cold airs.

as he stood there,  
the carnival of cars spill around our peripheral vision,  
and the minutes that race our rats to work,  
and this man has 3 plastic bags about 70 feet ahead of him  
next to the road.

he's in the middle of a grassy median staring with  
his neck twisted quite low,  
just glaring out ahead of him like a savior waiting for the  
long lost bag of snakes to get unleashed and begin the  
immaculate post-modern meltdown  
and then it was gone.

just vanished.

i bent my neck around and veered to see  
what this man was doing and squinted into the  
rear view mirror and saw nothing.

this man was gone.

with his crooked neck and mysterious glare and  
the further mysterious bags of things sitting  
there by the roadside as he waited for something to happen.

something we all knew about,  
but were afraid to admit,  
as the long line of truth escapes all of us  
like a dot in the rear view mirror you will never,  
ever see again,  
but remember like a drop of blood on the forehead  
of a priest during communion.

## **i hit an eternal political epiphany**

this morning on the  
pooper as i came across  
the face of a smiling ronald reagan  
in cowboy regalia.

it's finally dawned on my how  
this georgie bush son has  
made it through 1 term and elected  
to another 4 years.

same thing that happened to me as a kid  
before i realized what a horrible president  
reagan was.

it was flat stupidity wrapped around the  
wrinkless brain of a 10-year old.

i remember in the 4 grade writing Reagan with  
praise and getting an autographed picture  
of him and nancy back in the mail for a  
school run auction.

i really thought that reagan character  
had his shit together and when we sang  
the pledge of allegiance in the morning to  
the flag above our heads,  
i thought our government loved us.

i assumed that our politicians really cared  
about how we were all moving in one positive  
directional line.

then,  
i realized as i reached for the toilet paper  
that my metaphor was firmly in the grips of  
my calloused hands.

people take this bush clown seriously because  
they are clouded by a propaganda run machine  
that is duping them in like cyanide in a  
big old jim jones bag of marketed religious coffee.

people fall for it all the time.

no matter the maliciousness or destruction wrought and the dead bodies,  
get a presidential dog in the spotlight or a good pair of shoes and  
you can snow the best of the idiots.

there you go,  
my personal political triumph of the year.

(flush)

**i just found 30,000,000 reasons to survive**

and they all survived  
by living off toe nail  
clippings and the first  
big truth our fathers had  
the chance to whisper in  
between jobs and on the  
way to the next dream as  
their car tire went pop  
in the night and the girl  
puked up all that precious,  
expensive whiskey through  
her cartoon mouth onto  
the wings of an angel that  
just smiled as he leaped up  
into the air like a tuft of  
mist you would miss if you didn't  
already have a reason to survive.

**i would like**

**to skip work today**

and buy a bag of coals,  
spend my day either hammering  
or squeezing them  
so that i can get my girl  
the biggest diamond in the world,  
not because she wants it,  
but because i think it would be cool  
to believe that she could perpetually  
be stuck in the coolest form of disbelief.

## **internal body clock**

knows me better than  
anyone every likely will,  
save for my caroline,  
but it acts like it doesn't know  
me sometimes when the nose starts to  
run, and my feet begin to walk.

so, if you ever wanna get to know someone  
really well,  
ask them if you can get to know their  
internal body clock.

it's the reason why i don't wear a  
watch on my wrist,  
but i never really know what time it  
is.

## **it was the spring of my 7th grade year**

and i was a foul mouthed, pre-smoking,  
jean jacket wearing hood kid.

my grades smelled like a bad butthole,  
and it was one teacher that pulled me  
up out of that jam.

her name was ms. emig.

she was my math teacher and it was  
a subject i couldn't get my hands around.

instead of fisting me to the metal jaws of reality  
at 13,  
she stuck with me and wanted numbers to be my canoe.

and it worked.

for the first time as a teen kid,  
someone gave a shit and i passed her class.

and now i realize that numbers are my friends.

as it stands,  
without me knowing it,  
i met her son years later and now  
we are best friends.

also, i don't have nightmares when i  
sleep at night,  
i get caught in a fix of analytical juggernauts  
dealing with computing computations and there is  
never a computer to be found.

after all of it has been inked into the  
grand page,  
ms. emig gave birth to a good friend and  
a stack of numbers that congratulate me when i'm lonely  
or just flat bored.

## jingle throat

she  
used  
the  
cell  
phone  
so  
much  
that  
she  
no  
longer  
communicated  
with  
folks  
in  
regular,  
midwestern  
english,  
rather  
her  
vocal  
cords  
permanently  
changed  
overnight  
and  
now  
she  
speaks  
to  
everyone  
in  
those  
stupid  
musical  
jingles.



## jogger

your  
running  
analogies  
need  
much  
better  
shoes.

## KNOWING KNOTS

we  
only  
get  
to  
know  
yourself  
in  
this  
life  
with  
the  
amount  
of  
time  
we  
have  
by  
not  
knowing  
ourselves.

# LIES

have  
some  
fun  
today  
and  
name  
a  
lie,  
then  
make  
it  
your  
own.

## **light and dark**

sometimes  
the  
only  
way  
to  
swallow  
pure  
unaltered  
light  
is  
to  
saunter  
slowly  
through  
an  
existence  
of  
absolute  
dark.

## MENTAL STORM

i roam through  
my head the different  
scenarios,  
educational credits,  
and teachers that  
led me to my current  
job and wanting to be  
ultimately somewhere else  
as i gain the distinct,  
and clean satisfaction of  
my scalp raining artificial  
snow flakes of dried danderized  
hair gel crust.

## MILESPEAK

sometimes  
in the middle  
of the day i suddenly  
hear the sound  
of my  
son screaming  
in my ear  
and realize  
for the first  
time that i  
like the sound of  
a good, solid  
shrill scream  
to pull me away  
from the wrinkles on the  
face of washington on  
the one dollar bill  
and make me fully  
and absolutely realize  
that i have less than  
one life to lead  
now.

## **mole-mole-mole-mole**

during  
lucid  
moments of  
peering into  
our  
bathroom mirror  
i wonder if a mole  
can have a mole  
on it's mole  
while growing  
another mole?

so,  
who says your moles are serious  
disfigurements that dull your  
existence.

mine are bonofide thinker stimulators  
and the more i have,  
the deeper my cone grows  
into a field of thought i may  
be lucky to prune if my mirror  
leaves me alone this morning.

## MORNING FLY

cold,  
floating  
morning  
earthward  
balloon  
fades  
into  
a  
small  
cuticle  
clipping  
there  
on  
the  
side  
of  
the  
thirsty  
highway.



## morning throne

these good lookin'  
south city mornings  
walk slowly over  
peach smeared clouds,  
with pits of pink,  
some whites mingled with  
reds and they're gone.

left with morning yellow,  
and the yellower bags of  
trash at the end of each  
driveway illuminating the  
used moments of everyone's  
prior week.

and if we're lucky,  
the puddles will thaw,  
the ground will sing with  
worms,  
and the lost and wandering  
dogs of the neighborhood  
will seek out a new home from  
which they break.

and here on this throne of  
view and cacophony of minor  
sounds if i listen right,  
the heartbeat of the world  
makes a bit more sense today  
than it did yesterday,  
but it's the overall EKG  
that will eventually cast me  
into doubt  
as the pinks, peach, reds  
and whites evaporate high in the  
cirrus slivers of a sky  
we all wish we could touch,  
save and tuck back for those mornings  
that have nothing but  
hard, used light.

## Mr. Mountain

make  
me  
into  
a  
big  
fat  
mountain  
and  
toss  
water  
balloons  
at  
my  
eye.

i  
won't  
care  
because  
i'm  
just  
gonna  
be  
a  
big  
fat  
mountain.

## MUDHEADS

as a kid  
we were vigilantes  
with our ways.

we used to pelt  
passing cars with  
mud balls,  
tomatoes,  
crab apples  
or anything worthy  
of nailing the target.

one time this  
little stunt almost cost  
us dearly.

i was about 11 years old and was  
with my brother and his friend  
down in a field near our house when  
we were pelting an armload of sunday  
cars and running off into obscurity.

after cars tore to a stop,  
they would yell from their window  
and quickly press the gas pedal  
and get away from there as fast  
as possible.

there was one car that  
didn't do what we expected.

it was a white, rusted el camino  
and we all three nailed this car hard  
with their weight of our swinging  
hoodlum arms  
as the car blared to a stop  
and we all ran straight into our  
own familiar woods.

as we ran,  
i lost a shoe and my brother and his friend  
was genuinely freaked out.

we knew we crossed the line.

as we got to a stopping point in the woods,  
or a good camelflounge clearing spot,  
we sat in a small circle and trembled  
as a group of chain wielding villains with  
long hair, big beards, beer on their breath  
and revenge in their walk went in a horizontal  
line to us 30 feet away without finding or seeing us.

during their pass,  
i pissed me pants and as the  
spot grew on my groin,  
my brother and his friend just  
hushed me with their fingers and looked around  
as composed as they could be.

once the grown men with malice went by,  
we tore towards our homes and got  
away scott free.

that was my final day of pelting  
strange cars with anything.

i retired.

my piss pants rang in  
a new chapter of just letting  
things go by without being involved  
with them.

and today i'm sure those men still  
remember that day and would still love  
to get their hands on all of us  
for denigrating such a classic,  
cool car.

## **my cat killed another bird**

as i pat his head in triumph,  
took a close-up pic of the bird,  
wrapped up the carcass in a paper towel  
to throw it away,  
along with vacuuming up the  
exhausted feathers of his kill,  
i thought there are going to be many  
more as i neglect that gray haired cat  
for my new baby boy  
and hereby decree to the animal world  
around my house to watch out  
for this frothy,  
neglected,  
cat that has everything he needs  
but is so god damned finicky  
he doesn't know any damn better.

## **my miles' ear**

looks like a question mark  
as it smirks up  
at me during a yawn  
and suddenly i remember why  
i'm here and how to  
poach the  
world's best,  
tasty  
tiny  
egg.

## MY SAVING COMEDIC SANITY MAN

the man rocks on his  
heels,  
swift movements with that  
wrist of his as he  
pulls his cigarette  
carefully to his lips,  
pulls in,  
lets out,  
ashes,  
and does the same  
over and over again  
without fail,  
without a break,  
each cigarette is  
the last minute he doesn't care  
he lost as he wears that  
same dark, deep red coat  
and just sways with the movement  
of white noise electricity of  
this building and gives me a  
deep, wide smile over the water  
cooler as i wonder how i got  
back into company life and how  
this guy must be racked with something  
much deeper and more concerted than  
every company life packed into a pill  
and shoved through his epiglottis.

## MY SEQUENCE OF DAYS

was  
yesterday  
just  
waiting  
around  
the  
corner  
when  
i  
headed  
towards  
the  
straightaway  
of  
today  
with  
thoughts  
of  
tomorrow  
on  
my  
collar.



## MY SLOW SHOES

i  
used  
to  
stop  
my  
bike  
with  
a  
pair  
of  
new  
shoes  
that  
were  
quickly  
worn  
lopsided  
by  
my  
stopping,  
so  
when  
i  
hear  
about  
how  
hard  
these  
kids  
with  
bike  
brakes  
have  
it,  
i  
laugh  
and  
laugh  
and  
laugh  
a  
lopsided  
howl.

## NEAR METAPHOR

the  
birds  
flying  
through  
the  
mist  
spray  
of  
winter  
reminds  
me  
of  
my  
wife  
taking  
off  
her  
shirt  
in  
the  
spring  
just  
as  
the  
room  
fills  
with  
her  
fragrance  
and  
the  
sound  
of  
waves  
from  
an  
existence  
we  
had  
together,  
and  
will  
try  
to  
remember  
for  
the  
rest  
of  
our  
living  
existence  
down

here.

## NEW ARCADE SMELL

i miss  
the smell  
of those  
new arcades  
i used  
to frequent  
as a tike  
with all those  
glimmering machines  
of new technology,  
rusted coins  
and the promise  
that our future  
was going to  
be exactly as  
what those  
nice new machines  
offered us  
with all the adventures  
and bright  
blasting colors  
bearing down  
like a big pair of  
smiling lips  
you have to hold back  
because  
it could swallow you  
whole if you  
lose focus  
for a moment.

## **night covers everything**

with a night tight  
film for everyone to  
either punch through  
or view in the morning  
under a red lamp.

so, if you want some privacy,  
or if you have to get the devil out,  
wait till the sun closes it's big  
Cyclops eye and fly out there  
like raving asylum escapee  
and let 'er fly.

throw eggs at the moon,  
lick ketchup off a gravestone,  
toss a new camera on a hard, frozen pond,  
skinny dip with clothes on,  
run without moving,  
become something without trying,  
do everything in no time flat.

try the night and  
thank your neighbor for  
filming every filthy act you  
could ever dream to concoct.

## NOT REAL WINTER

over the mounds of morning  
through about how this winter has  
been too warm and i want to taste the cold  
of some serious snow and cold here in  
this midwestern fortnight that should offer  
me nothing more than just that.

but this morning all i have to look at is  
a highway raining a plethora of lumber, trash,  
fake popcorn and false winter snow  
several weeks before christmas and the beginning  
of more atmospheric events that will allude  
all of the best of our minor,  
meteorological assumptions.

## **NOTHING IN ALL**

here's  
an  
idea  
for  
you,  
if  
you  
never  
talk  
about  
anything  
..  
you'll  
never  
have  
anything  
to  
defend.

## ONCE UPON A MORNING

it  
was  
the  
first  
big  
snow  
of  
the  
winter  
year  
and  
a  
mosquito  
bit  
my  
forehead  
while  
i  
cleaned  
up  
the  
most  
disgusting  
pile  
of  
dog  
vomit  
i  
have  
ever  
smelled,  
let  
alone  
looked  
at  
and  
i  
went  
into  
the  
other  
room  
to  
put  
on  
an  
old  
pair  
of  
winter  
shoes  
to



find  
resistance  
in  
the  
foot  
of  
one  
of  
the  
boots  
and  
to  
further  
find  
out  
that  
a  
dead  
bird  
was  
in  
their  
as  
i  
dreamed  
about  
a  
whole  
year  
of  
fresh,  
powdery  
snow  
angels  
rippling  
around  
our  
ear  
hairs.

## OUR BOILED POINTS

when i  
find the rare moments  
when i try to really quantify  
and try to make sense of the collective  
everyone and our experiences and our decisions  
and our motives and our actions and our thoughts  
and our way of living, particularly here in America,  
i'm completely convinced that we're all but  
laugh tracks in an eternal line of cartoon sequences.

## **PARTYTOP**

if i could  
take an x-ray  
side profile  
of miles boy's head  
it would be  
chalk full of confetti.

## **PILLS AND ROCK**

this  
loopy med  
hopped up world  
has decided to not  
blame heavy metal  
on suicide homicide  
deaths and gone  
straight for the  
throats of pharmaceutical  
companies  
as the golf wielding doctors in  
their bright white coats fold  
their arms and wonder  
if they have enough ink to  
prescribe this new music  
to our world.

## POOR MAN'S PSYCHOTHERAPY

writing poetry  
regularly for nearly  
11 years has been my free,  
poor man's psychotherapy.

i have had to pour it out  
over these pages with invisible  
mincing of saliva, blood, urine and bile.

smeared into each of these pages.

i never have had the money or desire to  
either visit a shrink or a therapist or any of  
that variety,  
i have always opted for the white flashing cursor  
or the white page,  
or the line page,  
or the gray page,  
or any variety of pulp that has the  
opportunity to be thrust before my face.

not only have i been tabulating everything over  
the years,  
each one of these words has made my insanity  
sane.

## Post November '04

i'm  
rendered  
in  
spirit  
where  
politics  
have  
again  
failed  
me  
miserably.

## pro smoking

there's a man  
outside a building  
behind mine  
that knows how to smoke.

as i fill my red plastic  
cup with another pile of water,  
i see this man with short, shaved  
head rocking back and forth taking  
a toke every other second as  
his arm is perched high in a  
tyrannosaurus rex hand motion  
just ashing his little dreams away.

looks like he's getting ready to board  
an airliner that will never land in  
a destination-less adventure to the  
land that will never understand what a  
tobacco leaf looks like,  
let alone sell a tasty package of  
nicotine.

and he fascinates me every time  
as i peer deep into his nervous fingers  
hoping that one day he will whip his  
face in my direction and i will  
give a big, fat thumbs up for all  
his hard smokin' work.

## **restlessness**

is  
really  
the  
urge  
for  
relaxed  
decision  
making.



## **RUINED LIPS**

my wife  
and I  
have bit our lips  
to such a bloody  
pulp due to our  
nervous energies  
that the only  
way to remedy  
this predicament  
is for us to make  
out like mad villains  
and exchange our pain  
for a tiny  
thimble of bliss  
we both won't have  
the right words  
to describe,  
but will make us  
stop biting  
our lips long enough  
to think about the  
words that may suffice.

## SCIENCE OF FATHERHOOD

i again  
have been  
given the hand to  
play father to my father.

he tells me the other day that some  
guy he used to work with had turned  
him into the IRS for getting paid under the table.

he said he wanted to blow his balls away.

straight out.

said he was old enough,  
and didn't give a shit.

i came back with a solid,  
'oh, now that's gonna prove a whole  
shit pot of a lot.'

damn right, he said.

and as the conversation dwindled down,  
he said he couldn't talk about details over  
the cell phone because he thought it  
was all gonna be recorded  
and as i clicked the phone  
to 'end' i thought about my  
new son on his way down my wife's  
canal and into our world  
and wondered if my miles is gonna ever  
have to play old man to his old man  
and i decided that it  
wouldn't be prudent to put that much  
pressure on a soul  
that's not even out of  
the belly

and into this huge dodgeball match  
of math scientific paint squalls.

## Sex Play

I'm getting my coffee and bag ready for work and to get Zen out the door. Zen is looking up at a painting on the wall with the words 'SEX WAX' blaring out that I had painted several weeks prior.

ZEN: Sex ..

DADJOE: (Hmm goes in my brain)

ZEN: What is sex?

DADJOE: That's how you make babies.

ZEN: What?

DADJOE: That's how we made a baby.

ZEN: What's Sex Wax?

DADJOE: Stuff you put on surf boards.

ZEN: Oh. Ok.

(END OF TALK)

COMMENTARY: See, you don't have to let computers be a parent/teacher. All you need is a bit of creativity.

END

## SHIT FOR KARMA

a  
solid  
extreme  
example  
of  
our  
karma  
is  
experiencing  
a  
horrendous  
shit  
smell  
in  
a  
public  
bathroom  
during  
a  
simple  
routine  
pee  
or  
squat  
for  
your  
own  
poop  
as  
retribution  
for  
all  
the  
shit  
you  
have  
created.

## SMART TOILET PAPER

we used to  
t-pee the smart  
kids house when  
we were bored  
and wanted to strike  
back at the man.

his name was mark newlon  
and he was the science kid,  
smartest one that didn't  
need a bunch of fucking hack  
kids like us.

also, there was a kid  
by the name of will smith  
and we used to nail his house with  
eggs and reckless abandon.

it never really made any sense  
to me then,  
but it was such delightful fun.

it was the thrill of the escape  
from the friend's house,  
creeping illegally through the night  
and doing something that would  
have a lasting impact till morning.

it was a message.

a message.

but we never quite knew what that  
message was.

it was likely the message that  
we were bored subrbn kids with  
too much energy and nothing else to  
do but to terrorize the smart kids.

we weren't very smart  
and these smart kids were probably  
so smart they just laughed about it  
and took flattery from all our devious  
nighttime plots to piss them off.

## SOFT SPOTS

miles'  
soft spot  
on middle  
his head  
used to scare  
me and now  
i realize  
that it is the  
complete embodiment  
of everything that  
is me as  
the twitch of skin  
around hat sunken  
oval is me.

**sometimes**

when

i

get

a

bit

overwhelmed

or

confused,

i

seriously

ponder

where

the

fuck

did

all

these

people

come

from?

## **SPACE TRASH**

i passed  
piles of small,  
neatly placed and untarnished  
space trash all over  
the side of the road  
and cursed those fucking little  
aliens that came and didn't  
visit me for a messy, strewn  
cup of earth coffee.



## STARTERS

after all  
this time  
down here  
on earth  
in my walks  
and socialized  
situational  
situations,  
i realize that  
i'm best as a  
catalyst starter  
and that's just  
as fine and well  
for me  
you fuckers.

## **STEVIE & RAYS**

if i ever decide to  
open or broker a  
Piano Moving Service Co.  
it's gonna  
be called Stevie & Ray's.

the two guys that will drive  
the big truck around with  
be black fellas wearing dark black  
shades just looking around  
as the world shrieks  
out of their way.

## Storytelling

i understand  
that they are great people,  
mean well,  
donate generously,  
travel semi-frequently,  
eat well,  
drink heartily,  
laugh loud,  
talk with vigor,  
and drive like scorpions,  
but my default  
question is always:  
yea .. yea, i know,  
but do they have interesting stories?

cause if you don't have  
interesting stories,  
the story is over.

i have no more time  
and i move right on down  
the line to the next  
subject that may have  
one small story worth  
my time.

### **the 3 apostles under the broadway bridge**

know who is gonna win the world series in spring training,  
they know when a traffic jam is gonna happen,  
they know where the gold is buried under the  
sycamore tree in some remote field in australia,  
they know how many kids you are going to have,  
they know when America is gonna be attacked again,  
they know how many pieces of fruit are gonna grown on  
some anonymous orange tree in a florida grove,  
they know how many treads are on all 4 of your tires combined,  
they know the state and name of the next big lottery winner,  
they know every verse in Matthew,  
they know buddha's shoe size,  
they know things prophets never had the change to  
ponder while going over the pieces of land this earth expunged.

yet they all don't have but a measly 6 cents between them  
as they plan their coordinated attack to begging  
in this town of ours.

this town of yours.

and they are gonna ask you for something.

broke and broken geniuses of the downtown bridgways  
await the labor that has destroyed your minds  
as they laugh at all your student loan money that  
you owe and will never live long enough to pay off.

they own your future.

they own our future.

they're the underpass geniuses and if you try to  
reference this poem and ask them even one simple question  
of the intelligence or future revelations,  
they'll look at you like you're their parents and ask  
if you have some spare change for a chance to be alive.

what's your answer gonna be?

## THE BIG BREAK

the only  
time i have been  
published nationally  
was in an anthology book  
on september 11th.

still on bookshelves,  
and available through  
big booksellers.

the guy that got me  
in this book was a fella  
using the pseudonym 'jay kraxton'

he was a local sci-fi writer published  
time and time over that i knew  
through friend of a friend.

it was a nice lift for my  
word fight over the years.

found out recently though,  
that jay is going to jail for a long, long  
time for child molestation.

his own child.

he always guaranteed that he was  
better than stephen king and that  
if you didn't agree,  
he would refund the full price of your  
book back.

well, he's not gonna be able to do  
that now.

poor jay is going down.

what a sick motherfucker.

he always looked like a creepy sort,  
or a disjointed sort of guy,  
but i never trust too many that are  
put together all that well.

so, i never thought twice.

and now jay gives me a small glimmer  
of a feeling to think twice.

but that's not for me to decide  
as all his science fiction novels gain  
dust and his life begins to erode to a

place he only wrote about in his  
own books.

## **the boss is gone**

and all the  
small minions  
sparkle with  
laughs,  
new conversations,  
clinking of lost mugs,  
the sound of bemusement  
in the airs,  
nothing of worry,  
no torment,  
the stress melted away  
as the poor boss man  
wonders what the hell went  
wrong at what point in his  
life to get to the point  
that he doesn't know that  
all of his employees  
love it when he's gone  
and he love's it when he's  
back,  
the direct transfer of power  
is the key to happiness  
as the wallow of ignorance  
leans out its knee caps and  
laughs at the non-stop  
string of exuberant absurdity.

**the cold, cold  
old radio/tv tower**

is wrapped in a nit of ice  
sending out cold SOS signals  
to weary travelers that  
just the night before had dreams  
of being in a warm blanket  
in a warm environment in a warm  
bun in a warm car in a warm brain  
in a warm eye ball in anything other  
than cold as the windshield fills up with  
cold mist and nothing more to deal with  
than the first to next in line.



## **the crucial test**

i would like  
to spew this tiny  
sketch of a poem  
to ask our government  
to consider another tedious test  
before taking on a momentous  
commitment like voting in a  
presidential election.

everyone needs to pass a strenuous test  
to even consider walking into that voting  
booth with ideas of lies and small intentions  
that could make the rest of us suffer for months  
we will numbly lose track of  
as we all are doing here in small, frightful 2005.

## the dueling desks

my caroline wife and i  
have desks across from each  
other finally.

i don't have to go downstairs  
anymore, and she doesn't have to  
be forked away from her space because  
i need to work on something here  
between the computer blips.

and each of us have our own shit  
littering our desks.

we are good with littering things  
that we want to make our own.

there are pens, papers, books,  
bills, receipts, statues, pictures,  
printers, more pens, passports,  
ID's and dictionaries.

the coolest things we each have on  
our desks are stuck in a jar with  
thick, fake rubber water.

she has a year old apple from when we met  
and the stump of umbilical cord from  
our son's belly.

on my desk i have a jar with a hunk of  
rock from rome's coliseum.

between our rocks,  
cords and apples  
it's the most comfortable writing spot  
i've had so far in this life of mine.

i never thought i could cohabitate in such  
a way and feel as if my space could be compromised,  
but between our artifacts and the things that  
make us human, it's easier now than it ever has been.

my caroline has healed time,  
eased the flow of that second hand swishing  
through the puddle of water that never recedes,  
making the sound a light morning ripple over water  
instead of the torrent of ocean wave that was  
heading for the back of my eye balls before meeting  
her.

so, between the apple, belly stump and italian rock,  
i have found my island of words and  
it was what i used to always right about.

## THE END OF BLOOD

my  
girl  
caroline  
doesn't  
bleed,  
she  
just  
hums  
as  
i  
listen  
to  
hear  
breath  
while  
her  
hair  
tickles  
my  
nose  
and  
all  
my  
good  
memories  
of  
childhood  
flood my brain  
like  
a  
cup  
of  
delicious  
salt  
water.

## **the itch of ambiguity**

that courses through my  
blue and red veins of  
travel when listening or reading  
news of our beloved US government  
is really all of those old, bloated  
rich motherfuckers with bad hair or  
destroyed dander laughing hysterically at  
all of us in our tiny indignant hovels  
of 'lower tax brackets' while they take all  
possible holiday's off and tell us that  
9/11 was really just a japanese karmic notion  
concocted by bad nepotism and a story that  
was tossed into the hell lake of bermuda that  
no one will ever, ever fucking find.

## **the miles poem**

i'm supposed  
to write is every  
sing last moment that i  
share with him and he share with  
himself and my wife shares with him  
and zenon shares with him  
and the dog shares with him and the  
three cats share with him and the sucker fish  
shares with him and the diaper shares with him  
and the sea monkey's share with him and  
the blankets share with him and the  
air shares with him and my eye lashes share with  
him as they peel away from my face due to  
too much looking or the natural biological process  
of yore and land on him as a reminder that i  
will never, ever get the chance to write enough  
about this little genetic offspring that has  
filled me with so much love that i could blow though  
thousands of pages with the color of bold red, radiant orange,  
and the sound of yellow so loud that i could deafen you  
all and be held liable for making all of my readers only see,  
and never to hear the same way as they did before.

## **the morning helicopter**

flies over the city  
like a piece of masking tape  
holding all of us together  
with a nice, fat sack of  
adhesive properties that  
gives us all an insight into  
weather, and if we're lucky,  
what the hell is next.

that floppy piece of metal  
angles over and over the city  
with it's finely painted tunes of  
tourniquet love and we  
all just swish and turn and  
buckled around and around the  
turns as the helicopter records  
our secret twists and ties us  
together in the same little lie  
spreading like ant's over the old man's  
face.

but it's a nothing to concern you  
or the other motorists blithely passing before  
the morning camera lens and into the  
bloated home and perfect instances of this  
town watching the small dots of light going  
and going and going as the copter in the sky  
acts as the recorder of our innermost fantasies  
and most tempting sins all wrapped up in  
our out tiny metal vessels painted with  
semi-permeable paints.

**the older i get,**

i have the notion  
to take all my good memories  
like wet chum from a fish bucket  
ready to be sent to the mouth of a dolphin,  
stop the aquatic show,  
and smear them all over the wall.

i'd like to let the sun shine on  
those memories  
as they glimmer in their fish luminescence  
as the crowd looks on completely confused  
and i stop,  
without moving for a moment,  
and remember a memory of forever,  
go back to my dolphin training.

## THE POINTED POINT

please  
indulge me  
in  
the favor of  
holding  
my cinematic  
pause  
in your  
old stop sign.



## THIRSTY POEM

ode to this thirsty poem  
that has left my refrigerator  
crying long, streaking tears,  
bottle caps littering my floor  
like saloon splinters,  
bits of glass on the concrete  
garage floor and no keys to go  
anywhere to replenish my  
longing for a tall, scathing,  
sweating beer that already tipped  
my whiskey bottle on the floor  
and struck a water main earlier in  
the day as i look at a wrist watch  
on the counter filling up with water  
as the sounds of a faint laugh come from  
downstairs i dare not descend because  
i'm too fucking thirsty to move.

**this city is**

a huge refuge of lost dog/cat  
posters scribbled  
families looking for some  
respite while the  
found dogs lick their hinds  
while the cats  
attack the milk bowl as if  
they never needed an owner  
and are much better without  
ever know who you are.

## **this woman snored so loud**

through the entire movie  
about a row in front of us  
that i kept looking over  
perplexed between laughs.

my wife kept laughing along with  
me as i peered through that dark  
movie house and have since forgotten the movie  
i was watching  
because i just couldn't figure  
out if that dark, sleepy figure was a man,  
woman or combination of both.

## **those old trash haulers**

are my best friends  
with their secret troves of  
treasure retained from willful  
discarding,  
and the gloves that have touched  
everything  
that was once usable,  
sacred,  
worthy,  
edible,  
consumable,  
honorable,

bounding,  
and  
invincible  
that  
left all  
of your  
fingers  
and  
minds.

## thriving on let downs

i work with  
computers everyday  
as my full time job.

my existence depends on  
errors and mishaps.

i'm like a modern day  
cop or lawyer to remedy the  
ills of human endeavor.

some people love it when  
i show them how to fix their machines,  
or do it for them.

others,  
revile me and resist the technology  
curves swishing through their nice,  
even flowing right angles.

one such person at my work  
gives me guff every time i have the  
misfortune of trying to do my job.

and i wondered sometimes if i'm being  
too rough on this old bird,  
or if she is just too emotional to soak  
in the sets of simple computing code needed to  
make a computer hum.

i got an answer this week.

during a training session,  
in between her belching anger at a  
laptop computer,  
she called me over and said she couldn't make a colon.

she kept hitting the semi-colon button  
without using the shift key.

i thought she was joking.

if this woman can't figure out computing,  
she can type well.

i told her how to do it,  
shook my head and thought  
she just sent a big, fat turd  
through that colon of hers square  
to my period on this sentence of  
computing ignorance.

## TIME POEM

this is the  
time poem  
and big monsters with  
teeth as numbers  
furiously chase me in a white  
circle that descends into  
shades of gray  
as my feet slowly erode into  
fast swatches of blurs and  
i begin singing into the  
face of my friend,  
a nemesis that has run out on  
me before and only has  
a rotation for me if the gods  
decide to keep my pumping red hear about  
this circle on the blue beating  
interloping chase.

## TRENDS

make  
up  
a  
trend  
that  
sticks  
and  
you'll  
know  
exactly  
who  
to  
blame  
when  
need  
be.

## **water money waster**

i'm so tired  
of spending money on water  
that  
i would like to devise  
a hard core  
in-home water treatment system  
to clean my urine into nice,  
edible drinking water again.

come one,  
we have to pay for water  
these days?

some person without a viable name  
is shoving good, clean  
quality mountain water into a  
refrigerator case and I have to pay  
for it?

another reason to head for the hills  
or piss with pure,  
complete pleasure because i could  
be a thrifty recycling' guy  
with good clean body that contains heart.



## WEIGHTSTOP

what the  
hell do  
they weigh  
at those  
highway  
weigh stations  
in the middle of missouri.

no one is ever in those small  
manned booths  
and i rarely see trucks stopping to  
get weighed.

so,  
what gives.

is this some covert operation of  
the government that is hidden from  
us small, innocent dotting eyed people  
or is it something more?

i may stop by sometime and see  
if they can weigh by balls.

## **what we all know about each other**

i realize that if  
we all knew and understood  
each other we would find out  
that the entire world  
was a big group of frauds.

we wouldn't run into anyone  
genuine.

no one with a real bone  
in their bodies because they  
spend their days pretending that  
they don't feel pain the same way we  
do, or swallow pleasure down the same  
spooned cup.

instead i rest comfortably into  
my days knowing that we all  
are a merely sacks of flesh with  
glorious, downtrodden, triumphant,  
poor, injured, healed existences  
that affords us answers as wisdom  
arrives, and stupidity as  
jumbled memories collide  
and that's the best of all  
sides of the drinking glass.

so keep being confused.

keep drinking.

keep smoking.

keep ruining.

keep creating.

but don't cast the script that  
you have it all figured out,  
because we know better and better  
means we are utterly confused like  
we were created to be out of our  
small seedling of original sin.

## **where**

did all  
the pages  
run off  
to  
when  
i finally  
decided to put  
down the knife  
and dedicate  
my  
spit to  
the globular  
boobs of  
fake television  
and real  
straight forward  
magazine articles?

## **you as a loud cat**

if  
you  
were  
personally  
the  
loud  
see-saw  
of  
a  
cat purr  
rotating  
like  
a  
radial  
saw  
through  
the  
air,  
the  
weight  
of  
that  
momentum  
would  
melt  
everything  
in  
it's  
path  
as  
though  
everything  
is  
wax  
and  
was  
once  
a  
candle  
with  
wick  
thoughts.

## **4 YEARS OF SORROW**

my father in law  
has decided to put the  
US flag at 1/2 mast  
for next 4 years  
because his justice bleeding  
heart is slathered in  
the gutters of this wounded  
country watching the devil  
pounce around the tv sets like  
a babble book without water  
and just enough sense to be utterly  
fucking dangerous on this  
sad slip into another 4 years of  
infinity.

## **A MATTER OF TIMING**

if it already passed,  
you have nothing left  
to blame,  
but if you have some time,  
go ahead and blame yourself  
there sport,  
because it was only a matter  
of time until time became  
devoid.