



Joefiles 130

Memories Invented by Alkaline Drool

a nap

is the name
of a little
alien
i once knew
and now i
never see it anymore.

sometimes it
slivers into the room
secretly,
watching me cook,
play with my youngest,
cutting the grass,
toiling about the studio,
throwing a shirt in the dryer
or cleaning a bit
around the toilet
and when it
is a bit loud,
i flop my head in it's direction
to see the slithering silhouette
gone.

i used to spend a lot of
time with my alien nap pal,
and now i have forgotten
what his
green countenance looks like.

hope he has
enough gas to
UFO back to
his
sleep filled universe.

amen

is the word to insert
when a hallelujah
left
the building
right before
the devil stole
the pie from
the paint chipped window
sill
as
the
shouts of 'YEA'
houses down the street
knock the old
aunt's vase to the
ground giving her
pause
enough
to
think
suddenly,
'GOOD FUCKING
DAMNED AMEN
FOREVER AND EVER .. "

anymore

i'm convinced
the reclusive,
asshole
artist
with his
hidden satchel
of morality
and idealism
is no better than
the fat man running
italy fucking hookers
and
raping the pocketbooks
of fools that trusted
him to vote him in
in
the first place
and if you think
this is fucked
up
then
you have finally
hit the massive
epiphany of
all time ..

it is fucked up
and
it
will only
cease to be
fucked
up
if
we stop
cramming
our
ideological
tramps
of
ego thought
into each other's
food
and
just
live

a
little
like
they used
to
back in
the
day
when
the
day
was
just
a
fucking
day.

at odd times

in familiar areas of
the
house,
i feel like
a tornadic
earthquake
or
manmade disaster is taking place
somewhere along our housing
stairs
as
the
loud
cement
thuds of
'bAM..bAm...BAm..BaM .. '
rEVERberate,
anD,
echO
around the house
as
i stop doing what i
am doing
to listen harder,
more acutely.

it is then
that the sound is clearer,
LOUDER,
and i have placed
the
human made meteorological disturbance
and mutter,
'HOW THE HELL CAN A 12-YEAR OLD
BOY THUNDER AND SHAKE
THE HELL OUT OF AN ENTIRE HOUSE BARE
FOOT AS HE SIMPLY GOES UP AND DOWN
A FLIGHT OF STEPS.'

it's then,
i breathe easy
wondering
if it's painful to
have such concrete feet
at such a
tender age.

broken pencil ballad

every time i really
need to write something down when
my car comes to
a
well-deserved stop,
i can only find the same pencil
i have handled in bemusement many
times before.

it's an aged yellow,
firm,
sturdy,
but has absolutely not
lead in the tip
because it is so badly broken.

with this,
i look at the
instrument ready to toss
heartily out of the window,
but figure i'd just better search
for something else.

there is never anything
to replace the bad pencil.

with that,
i press as hard as i can on
the paper to make the impression
of lead
and my heartiest chance
to convey an invisible message
that only i'll understand
and
once i get my point across,
i'll have plenty of time
to let my head forget
that
a
pencil needs to be
shaved
for the next time
around.

cheapskate ballad

i love
finding
a
better,
more
accomplished
cheapskate
than
myself
and
when that
happens
i get a mighty
combination of humility
and
the sweats.

it happens rarely,
but the tops on that list
happens to be
my wife's father.

throughout his
long life he exhibited a
line of means to
save pockets
of pennies he didn't need to,
but his childhood hung too hard
over his head to let
it go
and he
had 3 girls to take care of
once his ghost took hold
and he had
no more cheapskating to make.

his biggest triumph
was
what i call
the calendar quagmire.

one day,
i saw a calendar that had the
year on each page marked off
and a handwritten one

was scrawled in there.

i looked on as if
a joke was being levied,
but his wife said
differently.

she said that he
would re-use calendars
and change the years to
correspond with the dates
of
they year
since they re-occur in
said number of years.

he did this all the time
with calendars
to
same
money.

i simply couldn't believe
such an act.

not until i took my fingers
over the dirtied pages of
once glossy pages and saw all the
years marked through,
days manipulated in the wrong
year
and
the grand manipulation of
time in the name of
saving a buck.

and it was that day
i knew i would never be
as great as my
heroic father in law,
austin.

it was also then that
i knew he wasn't merely
just a man.

he was a fuckin' hero.

the champion of
all cheapskates.

clearing the cleaning house

our old
cleaning
lady jo
abruptly quit all
of her cleaning
jobs one warm
summer day
because
she got the call of
a lifetime on
the
phone.

she was
told that
the fancy,
colorful
and rare publisher's
clearinghouse van
was motoring her
way as they spoke
and she would get
a
lump of a million
a
year for the rest
of her
retirement years on
planet earth.

in anticipation
and in deep need of rest,
she quit
the meager gigs
to clean up other people's
filth
to wait for the day
she has waited for
her whole,
long life.

the day came,
and no one came to her door.

another day came

and the silence was deafening.

she was taken.

bamboozled
by a lot of heartless
souls
looking to play a gag
on the wrong karmic
dart in the
volcanic,
toxic game of
trickery.

and as she
decides whether she wants
to clean up
peoples shit anymore,
the memory
of her last,
exhilarating
adrenaline
rush starts
to become
a
long
ago
memory
like
the
thousands of
dirty towels
that scooped the
worst
and
best of
our
co-dependent
mingling.

coco god dog

i started
taking my
youngest boy
in the autism spectrum
to church
to give him a sort
of
theological cushion
to make
decisions later
in life
knowing
that he
got the concept of
god,
community
and
the
commitment
to
follow the hand of
time during
weekends
idle time.

and each time
we go
to this tiny gathering
of
church school
with other kids that
have autism
and more
that don't
i watch my
boy
listen,
get distracted
and
always
answer,
'COCO!'
when the teacher
asks questions about
disciples and god.

his dog is coco
and that's the best,
most nifty god
he could ever wish for
in life
and
as
the
instructors
smile,
laugh
and
the
other
kids pause
in confusion,
i'm the only one
in
the room that knows
church
is going to
show
him
what
is ultimately bigger and
better than
us all
as
he
again
blurts
our
'COCO!'
and getting
the
concept i was
hoping
he
was going
to
get
from
the
word
'god.'

dealing with death crud

i have an
odd way of
dealing with
death as an adult.

3 years ago today
my mother in law
called to tell me
her husband died.

i was the first call
and she was almost
inaudible with tears.

at this,
i went to the bathroom
and while i splashed water
in my face,
i pooped a bit
in my pants.

then,
i got another call
from my brother
a year later
that my father had passed.

before going to the
hospital,
i went into the bathroom
and again
i pooped a bit
in my shorts.

seems like
it's a pattern of mine.

instead of saying,
'oh shit.'
and moving on
my way,
i actually
have a bit
of a shit
and

move
straight into
the circle wide dark
expansion
of
loss.

healing

at times,
my wife's response to
my kid's injury is,
'why didn't you prevent that?'

as i put the superhero mask over my
brain folds,
i wonder how many band aids,
doctor bills,
crutches,
tubes of neosporin
and bottles of peroxide
could be saved in
those heroic pursuits
to save these kids from the harm.

then,
the mask comes off
and i realize in our
mere mortality
we are to be
harmed to realize
how
good it can feel to just sit in
random harmony in the
blue enveloped world
with a popsicle in hand on a
cool summer day at 4 p.m.
free of injury, yet knowing
the world is a dangerous fucking place
that can happen at any moment
as the superhero parents of now
are just as powerless
as the superhero kids
of yesterday.

if i was a camera

and was owned by
a guy like me,
i would be in a pocket
quite a bit,
within view most of the time,
getting handled,
poked
and fondled all time
as i looked at strangers,
watched dogs,
snapped at cats,
ogled at the kids,
snuck to see his wife,
watched the sky,
looked into the moon
and had constant contact
with the world.

and the only time of
rest would be night,
but that could be shattered
when the pounding
crash of storm comes down
and the night eye would
have to strain to
find some
quantitative proof.

In or out?

an exit
is just a reverse
entrance
and
when you leave
you are only arriving into
an opposite direction
and when you
finally say goodbye
you mind as well say
hello
because
everything
could truly
be black and
white
where the gray makes
tracks in a sort
of
a
carousel spin.

jazz poetics

they thought
another
poem about jazz
would bring upon
the new
birth of the blues,
instead,
it was to be the pigment of
red hidden
in the rich hues of
green
covering the grounds
and obscured by the blues only
seen way high in the high
astronaut sky
where little
space men and aliens
wonder what the
brilliant transmission
of music
they have intercepted on
their advanced radio
and
the
answer
is
the final
line of
this poem:
jazz.

JUVENILE VICTORY

the other night,
unbeknownst to me,
i achieved a rarity in
living around our house.

i guess i let one go so
loud and with such stink,
that my sick son shot out of
our bed almost in tears
telling his mom that i needed
to vacate the premises.

at this,
my wife tried to rise my
unresponsive bones,
even giving me a good kick
as they
gagging settled in and
the tears started to form.

within seconds,
they were gone from
the master bedroom
into the young kids room
cursing the smelly old
man under their breaths
as
i reared forth in more
snoring
and to this
moment wondering
if this was really
the true story
because
i
always
wanted
to
be
the
king of the room
as
the
midnight hour
comes

dancing
around in
ruined cloth.

life so far ..

when i look back on all
the miles that have
been traveled in
this short life of mine,
i feel i should be a helluva lot
older than
my driver's license would lead on.

but,
i realize i'm nothing but a zit
when i walk by an old couple
holding hands in silence as
they walk their slow pace down
some spring, city park path
thinking about their
kids,
grandkids,
the lands seen,
the toilets flushed,
the teeth restored,
the bones healed,
the nights refreshed,
the clothes with their dirt,
the animals that have come and gone,
the birth of death,
and the miracle of longevity ..

and it's then that i know
there is much,
much,
much,
much,
more to be done
on
this
wavering watz
of
a
shadow dance
where you
can
be lucky
if
you
finally

fall
in
love
and
with that
i know
that
i
have
arrived
as
i
find my
finish
in
thinking
about
my
wife's
old
hand
and
the
silence
we
hopefully
can
find
one
fine
day
in
the
far,
far,
far,
far,
future.

love story of the cantaloupe & the cabbage head

as i pulled into my hot,
summer drive this noon,
i saw an oddly shaped
round cantaloupe just away from
my neighbors drive tilting motionless
in the road.

an involuntary chuckle emerged and
i thought back to the only other
strange piece of organic matter
lately i have seen
slouched in the street.

down from my work,
i saw a smashed,
peeling circle of layered cabbage
sitting forlorn on the side
of the road.

it was cold outside,
and i'm sure it was garbage day
and the men didn't see it fly out
of the bag to end up
as refused art on
the side of the road top.

i think these two objects could
make a good couple if they were
to have ended up somewhere near each
other and make
a host of
children fruits and vegetables together.

an errant yellow lemon,
a brilliant green brussel sprout,
maybe quadruplets of cumquats.

love surrounded these lonely,
neglected outsiders
and someday
they will realize
there is
love
in all
this loneliness.

Moments

since becoming the
family guy kind of person,
my common answer as to
how long i might take
to be back home or
how long it will take to
make something or how long
i may be in the bathroom,
i come back in the
denomination of 'moment'.

yea,
i'll be done i 15 moments.

yea,
i'll be back in about 20-40 moments.

yea,
i'll be out in 73 moments.

this way,
i can take my time if i have to
for a deep breath,
or a shout into a dirty towel if i stub my toe,
or to simply be honest
about how it will take in the sheer,

beautiful ambiguity of a moment.

my little miles boy

gets
into a near rage
when i tell him
i have to start my
day off in the bathroom.

from there,
he screams
a hearty, tear filled
'no'

as i stand in pain,
wondering when he's gonna
subside as the animals
wake,
and other humans
begin to mingle
while he
protests my
biological right
to get my business gone
and fly into
some
more
tantalizing shit
like
hanging with my
boy
free
of
just sitting
around
on
used,
white
porcelain.

Nails Nailed

last week
i was coming out
the exact same
time as a
woman i work with
and
the force was
so hexing,
i split her thumbnail
like a cantaloupe rhine.

she went on
and
on
and
on about how
i was moving
too fast.

after several
sincere sort
of
apologies,
i quit
saying anything
because
if i was in control
of averting
accidents in
this life
i would
have
never been
working
in this building
day in and day
out as a laborer,
instead,
i would be on a big
boat with my family
fishing
and throwing
rocks in
the ocean
without

any doors at all
in the vessel
and
far,
far
fucking
away from
any
sort of
apology
to
a
human
stranger
for
miles
around.

numb for the craft

i finally
hit my flesh
in the forever zone
recently
trying to make
a
bit of the artwork.

one screw
wouldn't come loose,
so i ripped the top off
of a miniature hard drive
and an unknown slip
of metal tore into
my finger and
the blood sprayed around
the floor
like a tiny
murderer had
finally
ended their victim.

blood soaked
and squinting through
a
new pain
that was
swerving from
the thousands of
finger stabs i had
over
the years ..

this odd
sensation like
a cold hiccup under
warm water
was the slash of nerve endings.

weeks later,
the frankenstein stitches
have been extracted
to my new,
healing pinkie.

now,
it's a nub of numb
and pounding it over
the A-Z-Q-Shift
has emerged as
a pirate with a peg leg
trying in earnest to
get some kind of
real
feel
for
how the rest of
this life
in
this
new
world will
pan out on
the low,
bloody
seas.

old woman & the painting

there's an old
woman that goes
to the consignment shop
that used to house
my artwork to
look at one
piece in an old
window frame of
a
stack of italian buildings.

each day she would slowly
climb through the front door
and sit in front of this painting
and stare.

money was never an object,
she just wanted to come
in
and
look at the art
she would study.

now,
the piece is gone.

no one exactly knows
what happened to it
as the show abruptly quit one day.

the owner doesn't know.

i don't know.

here's to the little old woman
that hopefully knows
so that she can slip into an old
window and go to italy each
day here
in
the flat lands of
kansas city.

original honkey

the woman in the
aging honda accord
pulls up to the house across from
ours
in the 7 p.m. range
and honks over
and
over
again.

loud,
erratic,
piercing doses of honk
as she sits with her
aging,
big body waiting for
her young,
energetic son
named bob
to
come flying out
of
the
house
in a flurry
of youthful sound
and
speed.

when it doesn't happen
as versioned,
she leans further into
the
middle of her aged,
black steering wheel
to upend any silent thoughts
we other neighbors might have
as we tuck our own young to
bed or simply
meditate on how big god's bathtub would
have to be.

just when we figure out
what buddha may have had for his last supper,
the piecing zag of horn comes flying

through the hot summer night as a door slams
shut seconds later with the adage
'third times a charm'
flying though bob's little brain
as he comes down to
enter his mom's newly air conditioned car.

while his mom curses in tiny,
angry torrents to bob while moving cartons
of old fast food containers aside
with her well-fed fingers,
the car speeds away like the rally car
in a race we all would rather not watch
anymore here in these parts.

payments due

there's always
going
to
be
hell
to
pay as the world
waits
for
a
miracle
or
a
hippie to show
back up in
bright white
cloak
and
as
the
suicide bombers
of
yesterday
use news ink
as
their
new
blood,
i just wait for morning
to
kiss my
youngest
and
smell
our
fragrant
filled house
one,
mighty
loud time
as i
wander into
this
massively
complex

world
that
no longer
scares me
the
way
it should
or
did
when
i
was
a
yee
little
fuckin'
tike.

PHRASE DROPPING

i used to dote around
the phrase,
'ah, i think i'm gonna write today.'

or

'i might just stay in tonight and write.'

at the though of the
eons of time that has elapsed between
now and then,
i find the thought of saying something
like that as if i was another
human with a whole different
brain floating around on some
alien space rock in the sky.

because these days,
i'm talking about what i'm going
to make, clean or attend to
as the phone rings,
the dog pants for a dish of food
and the oldest boy asks
if i can pick him up from the
fishing pond once the lights go out
in the sky and the worlds becomes
a big old restive toy for someone
else to write about.

picture brain

flit
and
flaps
and
flicks
and
flops
of
pictures
rotate
by
my
eyes
in
blinding
fury
as
i
forget
what
day
today
is
and
why
the
number of
today
with
repeat
the exact same
way
in
a
calendar
3 years
from
now
and
as
the
images
finally
come
to
a

halt
in
my
dreamless
sleep,
i yearn
for
one
more
lucid
night
of
memorable
dreaming
to
escape
briefly
into
a
land
that
i have
created
yet
have
no
fucking
idea
why ..

piggy tale

as i reached my hand
to fetch the package
of microwave bacon
i had a tiny vision
of little red swathes
running along the highway
in pig fever earlier that
day as an 18-wheeler
capsized and sent the pork
running
for cover,
alas and fortunately,
the pigs were salvaged
and the cops
were herding them into
safety
as their little pig tails
and
massive,
wet noses scurried about like
the lost dream of walt disney
parading around like
a
vision for next year's
NYC thanksgiving day parade,
it was then the bacon
was done sizzling and
as i opened the door and
burned my hand on the
horridly hot
plate sizzling these
tiny strips,
i had a good thought
about
karma
and
how
one
day
we
are
all
going
to be just a
big bucket of pork

exposed on
the 15 minutes
of nighttime
news TV.

reading books

i finally
figured out that
my problem with reading
paper books
is
that i know
how much longer
i have to go
each and every page
that turns
and
after all
the interrupted sessions
of my deliberate reading,
i see months later
that i might be halfway through
a book i have since forgotten
the details,
adrenaline
or drive to finish the piece ..

but,
out of my literary love
of duty,
i want to know the fucking
end of the story and
i refuse to let time
hand me the pink slip
and pee in my proverbial cup ..

so,
as i hoist the heavy
pulp of time gone by
into my hands,
i linger on how much
longer there is to go
and as that memory fades,
the pages fly
and
the plot thickens,
the theme simmers,
the characters
dance in my palm
and it's then that the phone
rings

or the dog barks to want in
or the youngest child needs me
or i have an idea for
a painting that won't last
for the meager idle time i hoist
like a block of metal,
and it's then that my
defeated book goes back
down with
it' s wandering,
lost sheath of pages
yet to meet my irises
and i
smile
knowing that when i finally
do finish
that one book,
i may
never,
ever forget
it
like
i have
forgotten all
the
damned others.

retail hero #2,143

each year,
i attain yet a new favorite
retail clerk that answers
their duty of a crazy job
with the gusto of a champion
ready to take the
world on a ride they will be
bound to never forget.

the new
hero in retail stitching
is a man at the local drug store
that talks to everyone who comes through their line.

he toddles their product in
hand and makes a quip.

it could be wine,
a plastic toy,
a cold can of drink,
a box of tampons,
a birthday card,
a tiny vial of lubrication,
a shiny back of gum,
it is all within his real and
he says it all with quick precision and
a
smile.

several weeks back with my
eager son reaching for 3 things at once,
put his back of candy on the counter
and i said,
'miles, i think he's going to give it to you for free cause your a great guy.'

at this,
the drug store man smiled,
a bit unsteady,
not sure how to take the jabs himself,
and once he recovered,
he said,
'sure kid. here you go, on the house.'

all while he typed in the money digits
and saw my card swipe through the machine.

with this,
he went on about how sour his candy was
while
he
smile all sweet at the opening doors
to the store welcoming the
next performer into his stage show
ready to rev right back up once
we escape into the open earth
of seriousness away
from his world.

retirement fears

i'm only
afraid
of
retirement
as i inch
closer towards the edge
of
forty
be
there is
always
way
too much
to
write,
see,
say,
paint,
think,
run,
walk,
jump,
leap
and
write
some
more
as
the
sun
rises,
sets,
rises,
punches
the moon,
makes your pancake,
fictionalizes
the truth of your life
and rears around
like a snake
with it's own
tail in it's mouth
wondering
if
this poem

will
ever
retire
like
the
beginning
of
a
good,
circular
period.

SARAH PAIN

the greatest thing
about sarah palin
is her last
name that only
epitomizes her in
a
way
she may
not even understand
once
you
drop
the
nasty 'L'
and realize
all
she
stands for
with that
last,
final
name is
PAIN.

Starbuckfuck

if starbucks
wanted to take over the
entire
world,
they would open up companion
porn shacks of hot caffiene
and call it 'starfucks'
with it's
amsterdam
similarities
to hash bars
where
the
lavish
in drink
could meet
the lavish in skin
for
one
helluva
fuck
and
impregnation of
fun!

sugar bears

one cold morning
i saw a dirty white van
getting clipped pretty well
by the fast swell of
morning traffic flow
when a big,
bright red and blue
logo leaped in full
precision from the back
side of the van.

it was a thirsty polar
bear touting a
big red ice-e in his hands
heralding the heads of children
and adults alike with
it's sweat ending
sweet treat.

instead,
i noticed the real look in this
bear's eye as it tore
with sugary fury from the
metal bowels of the
van side ready
to devour our world with
it's message of
COLD SUGARY RELIEF ..

and with this menacing
bear,
and the possibility of more in
the back of the van getting
hid behind dirty white metal walls,
i sped up a bit faster
to
overtake this ambassador of cool
so that i
could ensure
that
my
day stays
all well and
cool
in
my tiny winter

cocoon of
daydream.

the cereal killer

a droopy eyed
cereal killer
sauntered away
from the waffle house off
main street
a bit daze
and with a thin
trickle of
white milk ooze coming down
his chin
looking into the
deep rays of
heavy light pouring down
as though he forgot the
powerful vitamin C tablet
in the sky existed
during his killing spree
and the only thing
that truly
made sense anymore
were the tufts of cane in
tropical fields waiting
to ferment into
the next bowl
of
his
to be determined
killing
spree.

the evolution of family

i wrote my
sammy girl a poem
a decade ago about
going to italy someday,
and now with the seasons
that have torn forth and
aged the familial landscape,
i'm not sure if that is going
to happen in
the space of
how
life is wandering about
in a painful daze
in these days.

between drunken driving
bouts,
boyfriends with odd social
profile shots of cats on shoulders,
shackles in a courtroom for promises
blown, ash trays of used cigarettes that
perfume succumbs to daily, and the parents
that cry in agony because they don't know
the kid they raised for over a decade and a half.

and the hedonistic desires and
rampant poetry of music in the mist of
one last vodka swig is sammy today
trying to figure the tempest of
this voracious and beautiful romp through mortality ..

here's to getting
the next dose of years figured without
jail,
pregnancy,
or any other unending notes of disaster that could be jotted down, because italy awaits like the rest of
your life shimmering in the middle of a beach less ocean in the middle of your own utopia.

the fix

in our automatic
and groomed notions
of fixing our hairs,
brushing our crowns,
cutting our big toe nails,
waxing the lines
and decorating the body
in all the ways of
the world,
we need to know
that one day
we will
a
become but
a
mound of
delightful larva
on the edge of
a
bug's dream.

The Luck

when i think about
the kind of luck
i am of the potential
to have,
i remember an interview
a npr station was having
with the editor of a book
i was involved in.

it was a stack of anthologies
from parents with special needs children
and she was talking about how
unique the book was and how
it was starting to garner rave reviews.

i happened to be the only father,
male figure in this book dominated by
the stories and thoughts of women.

around the halfway mark,
the male announcer asked
the female editor if there
were indeed any males that
contributed to this book
of stories.

silence.

more silence.

the announcer is saying,
'jennifer? jennifer you there?'

from here,
he went on ahead and took a station
break as the cell phone reception
was ready to go to the emergency room
and get on the mend.

a minute or so later,
he was back on the phone
asking a whole set of other questions.

it would have been the only time
the editor may have mentioned my

contribution and what she thought
about it,
but i was snarled away by a pocket
of bad air.

and as i try to finish
this ...

em ..

i wa ...

nd.

the only thing

sadder than
old rocker musician friends
who no longer
have a drive to write a song,
is to see several
over-make up'd
AM anchors trying to
act excited about
a
new beer some
high school drop out
is making millions
on as he comes back
to his hometown
to celebrate with
a used stains on
his worn pants
while
the sound of
a
helicopter
whistles
overhead as
the only stable
thing going
here
for
the last decade
or
more.

the real disease of the medical field

is
that
lawyers
have
been
termites
for
too
long
and
the
beetles
were never
really
sick
as
the
mites
of
yesterday
tried
to
convince
the
nurse
that
the
doctor
was
actually
wrong
as
the
rest of
us
lady bugs
and
ants
dance
in
real
peril
and
need wanting
the
attention
of

that
one
surgeon
who
is
drunk
and
getting
ready
to
either
quite
or
lurch into
yet
another
objective
tirade
in
blind
obedience
as
you weigh
yet
again
the
robbery
that
is
known
as
modern day
healthcare.

the smell of garlic

hangs heavy around
my aura tonight
as
the
memory of
dinner becomes
my lasting
stench
to ward off
the
vampires
of
this dark January night
as the
bits of my italian skin
scream to
be relieved
by
one,
plump lemon
ready to
polish off
the
smell
that
now coats my
innocent
white typing
keys and
keeps
my dog
returning to my
hand for one
more
sniff
as
my wife
cracks open a
brand new vampire
novel
while
i trip leaving
the room
remembering
how
easy it is

for
all of us
to
bleed.

the spacing

of lists
divided by styles
is the paragraph's last stand
as
the
indentions
wait to see if the
longing of january
is good enough
to tasted the vigor of february
that hides from
march and
envies for july,
but i think
a shift may have to
come within
the
space of many letters,
slashes and numbers
that wait
to make more
of a presence on
the page
which is the
only
thing we ever needed
to get
anything done
around
these
blank white parts.

the suburban coffee love poem

just when you
thought
love
might
be
a
thing
of
lore,
the suburban
coffeehouse
becomes filled
with old
folks
ordering
late
coffees,
holding hands,
talking about 1976,
ordering more
thoughts of
cold liquor later at
the house
and
remembering
what
it was like
to be
in the hospital with a
newborn
as
the
avenue
gets worn
down
a bit more
by passing
traffic,
while
we all
wax
and wait
for
a
big,

bright sun
to acid wash
the dirt
of yesterday
making
everything
lovely once
more.