

The Miles Word List Story Poem  
Summer 2017

As a Pre-caution  
Of Growth  
Or Possibly  
Something very Typical  
In an Interesting  
Twist of Possibly Ruthless  
And Theoretically Agile  
Ways of Amazing  
& Phenomenal things  
That Intermittently  
& Realistic  
Become Thorough  
In Possibly  
The best way if we do  
Actually Excuse you  
From this Old fashioned song of ours  
That was never quiet  
Up your alley  
Like a bowl of Melon balls  
In that Typical  
Professional guise of  
Self sufficiency  
Uncommon  
In this Naturally  
Presumptive  
& again Theoretically driven  
Thrift store of ideas  
That Fascinated  
The Dapper &  
Macho  
Ding dongs  
Who didn't have much  
In their Antsy Perspective  
Of filling up Momento  
That Fluctuate  
Like a gaggle of  
Rhetorical  
Disciplines  
Defiant in some sort of Professional  
& Romantic Command  
Under the advise of both  
Functional  
Fluctuating  
Is some silly standard

Of Consistency  
Both Psychic  
& Unique  
That the Grody  
Never Appreciate  
& I'll be darned  
If those Realistic sort  
Of Observant kids  
Contrary  
With good Advice  
Become What I thought  
In a Fascinating  
Contrary  
Quantity that baffles the brain in  
Basically  
An Okie dokey  
Sort of  
Defiant  
Spectacular &  
Eventful  
Philosophy  
To Oppose  
The Classy  
Organizational types  
Walking about like a Demo  
Full of Excuses  
& Obvious  
As they Accuse  
Officials who always muster  
A 'You bet'  
In their Consistently  
Pivotal Echo  
Of Officious verbiage  
That Looks solid  
In a Presumed  
Historian kinda guise  
While the  
Impressive  
& Erratic  
Possibilities  
Of Unique etchings are always  
Looking forward to it  
In the swarm of  
Holy mackerel

& Genius  
long in a blinding Velocity  
Of  
Extraordinary  
& Agile  
Amused Code of honor  
Past the Traumatic  
& Hysterical  
& Horrendous  
With a goal to Convince  
Both the Low key  
& Unusual  
No matter what  
Is So tempted For real  
That the Extreme  
& Ominous souls with  
Edgy Velocity  
Will become the Outstanding  
Souls of Erratic  
& Frenzied Thought so Complete  
That nothing Outstanding  
Could Surmise  
To Ditch the Addicted  
& Edible  
Ready to Develop  
Into a Recommended  
& Legible Expert  
Venting  
To be  
Legit  
In this Over stimulated  
Jacking Around  
Yet Accurate world of  
Approaches  
On the one hand  
Suspicious  
And on the other hand  
Invented  
In Phenomenal  
&  
Totally  
Out of control  
Ways that were once  
Right up my alley

As they Frisk you  
Very  
Unfortunately  
In that Ironic  
Jinx  
That can  
Intersperse  
At an Avoidable  
& Realistically  
Modeled  
Rich point of view  
That is at once Antique  
But Too legit  
In an  
Enamoured  
& Sarcastic  
Sort of  
Gotcha  
That is  
Usually  
Figured  
As simultaneously Unique  
& Delightfully Clever  
In an Amazing  
& Highly recommend  
Swagger  
Like a Machine  
That  
Thank god  
Is so  
Bizarre  
&  
Wonderful  
That there is nothing  
Painful  
Like a Hannakuah of  
Possibilities  
Totally  
Going on  
Obviously  
& Seriously  
Devoid of being a Bummer  
In the Unusual  
Believe it or not

That Could have  
Imagined itself  
In the Chill out  
Of  
Guaranteed  
Big deals  
That are Usually  
Tacky & somewhat  
Assumed  
To Rip it out  
In Super dramatic fashion saying  
Things like  
'Oh Lordy' &  
"Holy moly"  
In a  
Strange  
Risk  
To  
Offer  
Cautious bravery  
Regardless  
Of the  
Monochromatic  
&  
Frightening Nightmares  
Some  
Son of a Guns  
With  
Excellent  
Chaos  
Can Enjoy  
To Suffer  
In Odd  
Limits of  
Awkward  
Rose Gold  
Fantastically Big Deals  
That Write it out  
With Amazing  
Hilarity &  
Gorgeous  
Oh my lord Jesus  
Stressed out  
Zones

100% fulla  
Honey  
&  
Grateful  
To be  
Fancy  
In a caddywampus  
Hopeful  
Sort of  
Curiosity.

In the true  
Annals  
Of pissing away time  
In epic proportions  
I see the 90's as centuries ago  
As  
The smart dumb phoners  
Do things I could have  
Only dreamed  
Of as  
A handsfree boundless  
Sort  
Of  
Younger animal  
With  
Pockets full  
Of Worlds  
To  
Manipulate.



Of  
All the  
Tears  
The hero types  
Bring about  
All I can  
Do is remember  
The jokes and bravado  
If those mighty ones  
Like Jimmy Foy  
Who gave us the  
Last laugh  
With the best joke  
In  
A serious  
Grin.

The only  
Way  
You  
Are  
Going to  
Survive  
In  
To  
Smile  
At  
Nothing  
And  
Mean  
It.

The first  
Ride  
Down 2018  
Is  
A  
Question  
Of  
Yes  
And  
The  
Walt of  
Peace.....

The dawn has  
Reached its  
Spree  
As the rumors  
Of night for days comes  
Inching forth like a tidal  
Of unknown that  
I have always ignored  
Yet prepared for in  
The ignorant dawn  
Of the  
Incurable unknown.

My life  
Can be  
Incrementally  
Measured in  
How little family  
I can lose over  
Time  
As  
The old  
Man in the corner  
Coughs.

Strangers in  
The daylight  
Is the debt  
You will  
Eat  
With your  
Eyes  
Open.

The cop  
pulled me over  
on the side  
of the road  
and approached

With the tough guy spiel  
about how  
I didn't yield  
or stop  
And  
as we started talking  
we got into technology having  
kids  
metaphors  
and everything  
in between  
and before he left  
he put his hand out to me  
and shook it  
and said  
it was nice to meet you  
and that  
was the tale of the man  
who  
couldn't stop  
and the cop pulled  
into  
A  
New land  
Of appreciation.

Golfers  
shooting  
for the moon



as a  
little girl  
sits in the  
ground  
picking grass  
&  
looking  
for the stars  
on the  
wrong end  
of the  
spectrum.

If for some reason

we are  
not all  
going to the  
same  
kinds of struggles  
down here  
and there's  
a group  
of the gifted  
glorious ones  
that exist  
out there  
I say good  
for them each  
and everyone  
One of them  
for tasting the nectar  
of this reality  
because that's all  
There may  
Be  
To this  
Simple story  
Here in  
Fictionland.

The longer  
and further

I go down  
this jazz path  
I realize  
the reality  
of everything  
Which is  
That the music  
will end up  
saving us ...

My girlfriend

is the  
sweetest donut  
at the first  
of the morning  
as we both  
Sip coffee  
like it's the  
hottest thing  
The sun  
has ever created...

Sound

of the  
hummingbird  
flapping  
on the feeder  
about  
5 feet from  
My head  
that one day  
was  
the loudest  
most silent  
yeah  
I heard  
all day long.

The cats and dogs  
lie around  
us at night  
While sleeping eyes  
gently open  
As is if  
they're waiting  
for the Cubans  
with Russians vices  
for another country  
to strike in their  
own version  
of retaliation  
with a little sugar  
on top.

Just  
drove by  
the yard of the month  
In Grandview Missouri  
And about  
four blocks  
away  
I saw  
the non-yard of the month  
forever and ever  
And  
Fucking ever.

They say  
the revolution  
will not  
be televised  
but that's  
all I see  
when I turn  
on the TV  
As the revolution  
has begun again  
here in 2017.



Count on  
Dwindling lines  
and less time  
for  
excess  
in your  
middle dream.

Finding  
the angels  
you hide  
is like  
discovering  
the devil  
is a catholic  
atheist.

The  
end  
of  
baseball town  
is upon us.

I feel  
love  
more  
than that  
rumor  
of anger  
that comes like a python  
on a moped.

Ideas made the world -  
not the other way around,  
kids.

The red dot  
Of the Japanese  
start button  
Is  
The  
Flag  
Always waving  
In a smile  
Recording  
Our  
Every  
Last moves  
Of  
Chinese dissent  
In American clothes.

The AM woman  
on the  
bridge  
with headphones  
pumping  
victoriously  
into the  
big song  
in the air  
Wins  
Forever and  
Ever.

Florida is  
The eternal  
Tale  
Of balancing  
Paradise of a warm gull  
Gliding about  
With the stark power  
Of a midnight hurricane  
As another breathless sunset begins  
Inside the  
Miracle  
Of our brains.



All the  
old rich  
white dudes  
that I've known  
in my life  
are the only ones  
that could  
afford  
getting tickets  
for the  
whole family to see  
U2  
Live  
As they  
Claim supreme ownership  
Over the street  
With  
No name.

I believe  
the other day  
my dad  
may have  
manifested  
himself  
into a  
hummingbird  
as I  
sat there  
and  
looked  
around  
wondering  
how the fuck

all of this  
Exactly  
happened.

The lonely Solar eclipse  
woman  
Who borrowed my  
Glasses  
Found out  
The secret miracle of life  
As the coal  
Miners wife  
Just gave birth  
To  
The next messiah.

The little tricycle  
behind  
the food deli plaza  
off the busy road  
Is a sanctuary of childhood  
hiding  
Out and ready to  
Play  
All possible sides of  
Our unknown realities.

The Moon hangs  
Out there  
like a polkadot hung up  
by a child's crayon  
overnight  
As a big spell of  
The mission  
From beyond  
comes  
from the  
chimney stack

next-door  
in the morning  
looking like something  
that maybe  
they would  
call a little bit of heaven down here.

It's always  
tomorrow  
in Hong Kong  
kids.

In this world  
of modern conveniences  
I go out  
of my way  
to do  
Be extra  
Difficult

In a confusing  
Sort of  
Relaxed  
Notion....

The people  
over pipelines  
guy



sits with the signs  
in his lap waiting  
for the next issue  
to come up  
As I guess he's  
A game show host  
or a clown  
Waiting to  
Paint up the world  
Like a  
Modern day  
Presidential disaster.

Good morning

explosion  
of styling birds  
ricocheting up  
towards the  
bare branch  
Of tree  
reminds me  
of why  
I take it all  
the way  
I dig it.

The Friday afternoon  
beer dudes  
Are running this  
Whole show  
Like a brewery  
Born in the 70's  
Carrying the  
Future  
Straight Into  
The best moments  
Of your  
Forgotten past.

Making my girlfriend  
chicken salad  
today  
is probably  
going to be the  
best thing  
that I will do  
even though  
I got a one hour show at  
On Horace laid down  
and saw a stray dog walking  
down the street  
and such kinda unison  
that I thought  
Steven Spielberg  
was filming  
The making of that  
chicken salad  
right there  
in the middle  
of the bowl  
full of mayonnaise  
and love  
making my girl happy  
all day long.

Those tricky tornadoes  
hitting  
parts of town  
that no one saw  
that the after affects  
of the real mystery's  
in life  
not the UFOs  
That wander  
around  
And no one  
really sees  
except  
Maybe  
A few partial guys  
Once in a while  
but it's these other  
little things  
that come  
in to your view  
and leave like a  
funnel cloud full of  
wonder and magic mystery  
As the distraction and the beauty  
you find  
in the afterglow  
of a rebuilt entity  
just like nothing ever  
happened before.

I have a dog  
and it eats  
everything  
So  
keep your soul away  
otherwise it'll take it down  
and turn  
It into a human and  
start talking to  
everybody.

There is a  
big inflatable  
heart  
that was  
a little bit flat  
with the helium  
floating down  
the middle  
of the highway  
and I was hoping  
that I could pop  
and run  
into it  
but it wasn't my time &  
looking back  
at the 18 wheeler  
it wasn't his time  
As the other cars  
Passed and it sure  
wasn't their time  
As Cupid  
was avoiding  
all of us  
As he  
floated around  
all over the place  
on the  
American highway  
looking for love  
any which way  
the wind will

Try to blow.

The crazy man  
of  
Sunday morning  
came  
To ring  
the doorbell  
like a teenager  
as if he it was  
going to prank me  
in the middle  
of some random  
Saturday evening  
instead  
he was  
on the doorstep  
cold and in a hoodie  
asking if  
He could climb  
up my weeping willow  
to get mushrooms out  
And I told him fine  
just like  
some superhero  
of morning  
he climbed  
up the tree  
with no problem



& came down with  
A huge a bag  
full of good old  
fungi.