



Joe files 126:  
“The Truth” has hidden “Now” from us all.

## **1<sup>st</sup> thing**

my  
very  
initial  
part of  
the day  
usually  
sets  
the  
tone  
for  
the  
rest of  
my  
day  
as  
the  
smell  
of  
morning  
is  
the  
only  
thing  
that  
is  
going  
to  
save  
anything  
getting  
between  
me  
and  
the  
first  
note  
of  
the  
day.

**.... A world**

with no  
more hangovers  
would mean  
that there  
would be no  
more daytime court shows,  
TMZ,  
National Enquirer,  
People Magazine,  
late night talk shows,  
many movies,  
most radio shows,  
three quarters of  
all entertainment  
in all  
film,  
tv,  
and print ..

the only thing  
that would  
be  
in  
tact  
are  
all  
the  
god  
and conservative  
stations  
standing  
in line  
to  
elect  
in  
the  
next  
hung-over  
devil dude  
to prod  
us with  
his  
white ways.

## **dog joy**

every time

i

drive

by

my

son's

friends

house

down

the

street

i

see

one

of

his

dogs

all

the

time

leaned

over

in

a

moment

of

concerted

exasperation

while

he

takes

the

shit

of

a

lifetime.

the

end.

## **every time**

i see my 4-year old boy  
go into some  
mind altering  
and physically grueling  
temper tantrum,  
i find a glimmer  
of a nasty trait that  
i had left behind in those  
dark annals of being a small  
kid and trying to come to  
grasp with how i could  
function with some sort  
of health in this reality  
and its when the storm  
has settled and he  
whimpers in shock  
as though  
he had no idea  
that he just went ballistic  
for a said amount of time,  
i find my mind trying to  
heal all those ghosts of  
the past  
as i peer harder into  
how i'm going to help  
fix my son  
that is  
not a computer  
or broken fence or  
burned out light bulb  
or broken car  
or any other thing  
that is so easy to fix  
that it makes  
each moment like  
playing the  
damned lottery.

## **fictional healing**

i like  
to call  
the creamy,  
yet clear  
medical ointment that  
is all our pals  
in healing endeavors  
neil sporren  
instead of neosporin.

makes me think  
that this miracle tube of  
healing salve  
is a person  
akin  
to neil armstrong  
traversing  
the moon craters  
of my scrapes and cuts  
giving me  
the needed medical sports of support  
to get me  
back and going  
on my  
fictional name making  
romp.

**last night,**

a bit past one in the morning,

my wife slipped into bed,

i held her

and she

asked just

before

we were gonna

dream,

'what are boobs

like for boys?'

i said,

'balls.'

she didn't

say anything

that

as

night

took

us on the

tram

into the next

sleepy moment.

## **life today**

if twitter  
tries  
to  
kill  
poetry  
i'm gonna  
arm  
a  
hefty  
arsenal  
of haiku  
to  
go  
in  
and  
start shredding  
the  
tweets  
into  
bits.

## **music today**

every time  
i see  
a splay of  
tattered  
old  
cassette  
tapes  
lopping around  
on the side our  
american highways  
i find it  
the most  
apt  
way to summarize  
the failed music industry  
of today  
as they hold onto  
tatters of the past  
while the now and future  
blaze along with  
digital precision  
at the  
speed of a sonic  
boom  
that woke all of  
us years  
back while  
the big record execs  
sit in their posh  
high rises with  
thick headphones on  
trying to hear  
the next note on another  
album that won't  
hit  
a  
sales  
quota.

### **old man dream on eve of 12/16/09**

I have a very odd dream about my dad last night. I have had re-occurring dreams since he died where I would feel his aura and knew he was there. This one was rather different. In this one, I was called, as before, by my brother saying that he had died. Well, he was already dead, but it must have been a message that it's really time to move on. So, as a family unit, we all rallied again and began the grieving process for our father, now twice passed over. My mom was quite composed about his passing this time and everyone acted like they were veterans at the grieving game. It happened again .. but, like with the lock box and coin I found, I believe my father was speaking to me again. I think he was trying to use me as a voice to say that it's really time to tuck all the grief and longing away and charge forward with our own lives as hard as we can. I can dig that .. and i think my old man has the power to convey such messages in the ethereal ether out there the we have no fucking clue about ..

**once obama**

is done with his  
second term,  
i think we should  
make a huge  
4 foot iPhone  
the next president  
of the united states.

it could sit in a cradle  
on a highly techno  
oval office desk  
and make all the  
needed decisions to  
ensure that both america  
and the world work  
to specifically  
designed desires that will  
appease the progressive  
fans of politics in the world.

and when the batteries go  
bad or there is a software malfunction  
or questionable issues with  
the hardware,  
we can simply get that swapped  
out with a lifetime  
warranty coverage  
there will ensure  
that we never  
go to another war  
or do anything  
stupid  
like  
that  
one  
dude  
called  
bush.

**one year ago today**

i watched the best  
politician  
of our times  
get  
sworn into the  
pig's belly of  
american problems.

and today,  
i see the shark  
ends of knife teeth  
slicing  
the same man  
up  
for things  
that he is doing  
to  
prop this nation into  
some sort  
of  
sanity again.

while  
the white ivories  
of the adversaries  
run about with their  
stench  
lies  
and  
drooled ideas of  
dead presidents  
everyone has forgotten,  
it is  
left up  
to us in  
the  
democracy with one  
voice  
to fend for ourselves.

for at the end of  
the day,  
politics  
has to be the loneliest  
thing

trying to  
fall asleep  
at night.

so,  
as i tame down  
my PM notions  
and ideas of  
the collective  
magic  
of life,  
i smile about a year  
ago  
and  
delight  
that we  
have another 3  
years  
to  
savor.

**our blind cat**

may have  
been the strongest  
living thing  
i have  
ever witnessed.

he lived months  
without  
his sight,  
kidneys failing,  
weight shedding,  
and he  
still  
managed to leap outside  
into the cold  
to  
feel the sun  
as much  
as he  
could  
before  
the  
final  
morning  
came  
to  
usher him on  
into the next  
realm.

and not only the sun,  
but  
he would lick tuna by  
the moon rays on the  
ground  
and release a long gone  
purr if you would  
tug on his fur  
long enough.

no remorse,  
no regret,  
just a cat  
willing  
to

live  
one of the 9  
in  
style  
on  
my watch.

## **pinkie immortal**

i knew  
i had  
entered  
a  
group,  
or club  
of  
sorts  
as  
the  
arches  
of bright sun  
ripped over  
the tan linoleum tile  
in  
my kitchen  
as my  
wife  
looked off  
in  
teary silence  
and my  
son  
babbled on in  
some  
iconic daze i cannot  
remember  
as  
my  
hands shook  
just a bit to the north and west  
remembering  
the sound  
of  
his last  
heaves  
as i held his  
head  
in my  
hands and let  
the tears  
become me  
while saying  
silently

that it was time for him  
to go  
and that  
he was going no where  
alone  
as  
the  
bond  
of  
animal  
ripped  
over  
my  
world  
in a way  
i  
never knew  
possible.

## quarter panel

when were  
you  
going  
to recognize  
that  
the  
only  
thing  
that  
was gonna  
save  
you  
was  
your  
evolved  
notion  
of  
how  
you  
were  
to  
love.

**ran into a fellow**

at the lake this morning  
while having a fishin'  
moment with my son,  
and he was asking what kinda fish  
i just threw into  
the lake  
as he had an enormous  
lake turtle squirming in  
his outstretched hand.

i told him a little  
blue gill  
as he looked on in  
continued wonder  
nodding his head  
as he placed the  
enormous tortoise into  
the cold,  
morning water  
and told me  
about his tank of  
piranhas as home.

he continued to tell me  
about the baby rabbits  
he just fed them  
and was peering into  
the water for more  
sort of  
living creatures he could  
sick onto his hungry toothed  
fishies  
waiting at home  
in their slightly discolored water  
waiting  
for the master  
to  
deliver  
yet another  
biological miracle.

## **rocky**

as dreams  
with my  
father  
have dinned down as  
of late,  
i dreamed that my  
good friend and old  
neighbor rocky  
had passed on  
and  
as  
15 minutes had passed in  
the morning  
of  
my amnesiac  
ramblings,  
i nearly forgot  
this dream  
until my 11-year old  
sheepishly  
asked,  
'so, dad,  
what did you dream about  
last night?'

## seasonal jaunt

there are  
a  
number of things  
that  
i feel about  
spring  
already as  
the din of  
winter cold  
takes a brief  
break on this  
january stretch ..

i feel that  
things  
dark  
and forgotten  
or  
neglected  
are dying in the  
embers of  
winter ice  
that hang  
from the gutters  
of leaf filled  
mouths of neglect  
and i like  
it that  
these things  
are going to die  
with  
the  
winter  
goons of  
silly notions.

so,  
as the tiny  
shot of spring comes  
early  
into the  
picture frame  
lying silent in the  
winter froth,

i know  
that  
the  
smell  
of  
life  
is  
coming  
again down  
the street  
and  
through  
the  
busy  
activity of  
my  
rampant  
mail box.

## **spectrum truisms**

i'm beginning  
to really  
believe  
that all  
those shiny,  
happy,  
autism spectrum  
kids  
are a part  
of  
a  
secret  
trove  
of  
new  
intelligent  
beings  
waiting  
to either  
replace all  
us regulars  
or  
to  
show  
us  
how  
to  
fix our  
failed ways.

## **the greatest thing about loving**

something

that

is

not

normal

or

difficult

on

a

daily basis

is

that

you

have

decided

that

being

simple

is

overrated

and

enjoying

the

simple

things

in

the

cast of a new

glow

is

a

kind

of

glory

that

only

those

that bleed

sweat

with

conviction

can

get

as

the

sun  
dips,  
my  
son's  
silent chest  
heaves with  
a  
tiny tired  
smile  
and  
my  
wife  
whispers  
'i love you'  
in  
the  
small  
of  
everything.

## **the only**

true  
by-product of  
my existence is uncertainty.

from year to year,  
moment to moment,  
i never know  
what kind of  
non-fiction hole  
i'm going to fall into  
to later recant the tale  
to confused people betting  
all i have are a  
satchel of fictional stories  
to ward off  
the boredom.

and it is with certainty  
that i have no  
real certainty  
that i can rely on from  
day to day  
as the shifting sun  
and the voices of every ounce of  
the past,  
present and  
that thing called the future  
bears down on my  
shoulder bones  
like a bucket of moon  
ash.

and now,  
with the creaking bends  
and twists of  
my  
fingers to get this  
most uncertain poem  
off my  
brain,  
i waddle  
off to find  
if  
something  
somewhere

can finally  
be certain  
so  
we can  
all  
certainly  
be  
sure.

## **the uselessness of male nipples**

might be  
one of the  
biggest biological  
mysteries of all time.

used to be when i  
was a smoker,  
i could used them  
meat mounds as  
a  
personal constellation  
map on my chest  
to help my hands find  
and guide the pack out  
of the pocket.

but now,  
i find them as something  
that just  
punches out  
through my shirt  
or sit there  
bare as glorified zits  
waiting to be rid off  
my body  
with their big tufts  
of hair  
jagging all over the  
place to keep the nipple  
somewhat covered and  
in some company.

so,  
here's to the useless nipples  
that lie silent  
as these words  
round about this room  
in  
some kind of  
useful purpose.

## **the weight of knowing**

you cannot  
be sick  
is like  
speeding  
as fast as  
you can down  
the highway  
while on the  
phone  
as you talk  
in loud shouts  
over the wind  
on a cell phone  
as the cherry on  
your lit cigarette in mouth  
almost falls  
on the needle  
hanging out of the  
middle of your arm  
as the sound  
of hail hits your  
car in a blur  
while the needle goes  
towards 85 and  
you know that  
nothing is going  
to be normal  
until you 98.6  
degrees for  
the most healthy  
of damned boy  
temperatures.