



Joefiles 137

Waiting in Line to Play Old Maid Just One More Time

every morning

i see a woman
with 7 kids
making her way up the
slow
incline towards
the neighborhood school

and all those kids wiggle around
her like a mother bird
bringing a stack of
fresh, pink worms to
the AM feast.

each child has their
own look of ambition
as the books
and pencils wait for their
child smell
and
dreams
to
take off

like a conveyer
belt in a busy airport.

the woman
has that worn,
content countenance
of
victory
and
knowing this is her spot on
the planet.

the magnetic aura
roves around her
like some scattered saturn rings
she
wishes
all

in the
world
the
good fortune of
plenty
with quantity

much as she
has

as we all
begin
this
day
together.

the fun

the

key

to

life

and

quitting

things

like

the

bottle

and

smokes

is

to

constantly

do

fun

shit

much

like

this

...

fuckers.

contented illegals

as
the
DCers
debate immigration

and the old
white man spits
used wheat shafts about

who is using up their tax dollars

i see a gaggle
of
mexican and peruvian

illegals

digging
holes to bury google secrets
in the earth

and know in their
loose smiles
and
hardened slits of eyes
that they

are
the real
americans

ready to
tackle the dream

no matter
what
damn

thing needs
to
be
done.

debates over the news

about
the
right lethal drugs
to kill
deathrow inmates
rage

and executions are
being halted

for
an inhuman execution
that killed
a
man due to a massive heart attack.

and with this,
the daily barrage of
the obvious

happens.

why should we be choosing
the avenue to kill folks
in a land of

drenched theology that
begs us not to judge?

isn't all lethal injections inhuman?

isn't the end supposed to be cardiac arrest?

and the debate
of

the

pure

and absolute obvious

rages on

in

some sort of child's argument

dirtied by

adult

stubbornness.

bird heros

if there
are any animals
that exhibit
the

true
stamp of contentment,
it's those
high gliding
birds over

the sparse roadway by an old
air force base
next to a new nuclear plant

just riding those invisible waves
with wings outstretched

and head high
just
taking in all the
supple aspects of nature

we blast through with
our hunk of modern

medal

and the whole time
those birds

make sure that we know

that

we're not good
enough

for
wings...

the toughest thing about living

in the suburbs

is

hearing about

the lack

of

will power

folks have.

the hugely overweight

neighbors

mowing

a

tiny lawn with

a

riding mower.

the other guy complaining that

he picked up smoking again because

the

drugs were too expensive

to

trick his brain.

and all the other

stories

of

folks

pounding pills

to

push back the

rolling rock of age

and broken memories.

with that,
i wonder
if there is
another place in
the city

or urban wonderland where
folks

just stop
taking drugs,
quit smoking,
end excessive eating

and
decide
that
the only

chance
at
being
alive

is
now

with this one
big lap around
the

yellow sun.

pushing

my small cart with
my 9 year old boy through
the store
i
heard the next
safe soft rock tune
roar over
the loud speakers in suburban style
and it
was
jackson browne's 1982 somebody's baby
from the
fast times a ridgemont high soundtrack
and all of
this
collided with me
searching each aisle
for a can of peanuts
for my wife
and on each aisle
i saw an old man
that
was lost in a head full of
wrinkles as
they saw that phoebe cates
top
fall
to the ground in
a
spray of water
as
a
couple of teenagers helped me
find my nuts
and the

sound
of
many things
breaking across the store
happened in
veritable
unison.

a kid's bounce house

floated away
into the sky
yesterday
somewhere in New York
in a fleeting
flicker
of thought
we have all had
blip over our brains
at least once in our
lives
and
when it happened
to the folks it happened to
i'm sure they thought it was some
sort of a hoax perpetrated by
pranksters
only
to

be the butt of reality
when the children
got
scraped

from
the fiction
that somehow
always
becomes our
collective
reality.

a true jazz moment

is something you
don't talk about
unless

you realize
that every

moment in life
is
a
little
like
live
jazz.

heavy smears of paint

run
down the walls of
your brain
while the inner
bird
within
chirps in a loud
series
of
SOS calls
because
there
might just be
a
masterpiece
getting etched
within
that no one
will
ever

witness ..

not even when
it's too

late.

the fanatical burst

of
birds over
your
window
is
not
a
coincidence

and
the
skies later
will
turn
to
red

and
the
rumors
of

forever
will
soon
become
your
sleep

and
you
won't
dream

you

will
think

about
everything

that's real,
yet

elongated
a
bit
into

fantasy.

the poetry of current living

is

the

hermit

in the hills

that

finally

said

it was OK

to not

be social

with media

becuse

the media

has never

been

social with us.

used dreams

taking a
long swooning
turn to get onto the highway
after buying my lady a
fish dinner
i
heaved in gulps of hot, humid
air
as the sun baked the roads
like the last supper was
in the oven ..

and as i slowly ambled to
my red, metal stop sign,
i saw a stack of
old hope laying on the ground
like we orchestrated playing cards
waiting for the mannequins to
come to
life and try their luck
with real bones.

instead,
i was an accordian of old,
used lottery tickets
that

held the fingerprints
of
another dreams
that
drove away,
looking
for

the
next available dream

to deliver him

into

a hot puddle of luck.

the click of life

is a combination of timing
and luck that you will never
nail,
even if you cheat on a daytime talk show.

there is still a spectral,
cosmic level of karmic clashing that needs
to happen and it
smashed into my world yesterday
transmuting me to a world
that
produced profound
wonder minced with
laughing abandon.

while roving around a classroom of
summer school high school kids watching
a nature video,
on the way out of the room i caught
a rather serious, yet jovial toned narrator
utter:

"IT IS WIDELY KNOWN THAT THE INTERESTINGNESS OF AN ANIMAL
IS PROPORTIONAL TO HOW DIFFICULT IT IS TO FIGURE OUT
WHERE THEIR BUTTHOLE IS."

with that,
all the prior images of octopus and
floating fish in their serious stance
underwater went away
and the world was flooded with
teams of clown fish
with unfound buttholes ..

much the same

place where really
good
humor comes from.

baseball boids

as the sunday baseball
folks scribbled furiously on
their scorecards
to keep up with the
action on the field
between fictional mariners and royals,
i
caught myself looking
into the skies above our
upper deck seats
to see
errant blips of
birds swooping around
like their air was
their magic carpet ..

whisked by
a simple invisible wave
and without buying a ticket
or trudging up steps to
meet a stadium full of strangers ..

it was further proof
yet again
that
the
only true

geniuses
that show themselves

are
the
bird.

The Vitamin War

every
since
i stopped drinking
my coveted
whiskey orange drinks
in a new fit of
getting my
heart
to blot better red blood around
my body
and to
see a few more tomorrows,
i'm certain
somewhere in
my marrow
that my body is
missing all that vitamin C ..

and now that
it's gone,
it's getting replaced with all the other
vitamins
i never had before ..

those letters
that were dancing on the alphabet line
vying for my attention for years ..

now,
the letter C sits lonely, with a black eye
at the end of the dodge ball line
while all the D's, E's and A's
walk up and down

my
spine like a gaggle of tough guys
adding dye to my blood

protesting the color orange

and acting
like they are going to
live
forever.

guy down the way here

is an old timer
in worn overalls
and the same look on his face ..

he has a garage sale
full of
coolers and fishing poles ..

at least 25 of each
and in the 8 years of driving by,
i have never stopped nor seen anyone with my
eyes leave with
one.

yet,
he is always out there
on his breaks from the lake
trying to pawn his old wares
onto the world to get
a
few bucks for more worms

or some pixie dust
to

drizzle all
over

those dreams
we may never know about.

velvety elderly

there
should be an
unspoken,
yet known rule
in the senior citizen
circles
and its
simply that they
should
always wear velvet clothes ..

in long life
entering the
road to the sunset
in a blast of
ailments,
they only attire
should be
velvet clothes ..

fuckin' velvet everything.

velvet couches,
velvet cake,
velvet car interiors,
velvet animal clothes.

everything velvet.

and
david lynch
can orchestrate
blue velvet
as

their
eternal
athem ..

jive anniversary, yo

in celebration
of my
19th
year anniversary
of speaking jive,
i say this to you:

"YOU CRANIUM HAGGLED JIG SLABBED BASTAGES
CAN PULL OUT YOUR VIXENS AND SLAM DOWN LIKE
IT'S THE 26TH OF DECEMBER AS THE KING LIVES
THE DAMN HOUSE AND WE SLOBBER LIKE PIMPS."

good night, bastards.

coming right on back

no matter how much
speed we get
or how fast the car is or
how far we travel away from our
birthplace home
or
how many miles we brag about,
there is that
intrinsic
value within each
of us
that sprints forever
back to that
metaphor of childhood in
all it's realism

and
supposed
fantasy

real
or
barely perceived.

vying for the bright lights

now that
i don't eat
mcdonalds
anymore,
there is a good
chance
that i won't get that
fangled thing of
an implant
put into me
that
will qualify me
as
a
human being
and
when that
big
moment comes,
i'm going to have my
eyes wide
open
for the hot
yellowish white
flash of light
that
will come blaring down
like
spinal tap turned the
knob to 11 and
jesus forgot the ear plugs
and
buddah is there
eating my last

chicken nugget
while
the
pulp fiction valise
opens before my
eyes & makes
me
scream
as loud as
i can,
'ROYALE WITH CHEESE, BABY!'

found 40 bucks

on the ground several weeks ago ..

all twizeled up on a piece of paper,
the two 20's unfolded like a little
origami bird my wife makes so well
with her finger ..

and as i rolled all the glory open
into my hands,
a kids name was written on the note.

so,
i took it into the school i was in
front of and gave it to an after school
worker

and
she looked at me like

there might
be something wrong with
me

as
i
also looked back at her
on my
way
out

hoping there
wasn't something
wrong with
her

as

the 40 goes

back

to

it's rightful

spender

soon ..

the guns and the roses

in
the middle
of
an average
day,
summer or winter,
i
think
silently
to myself
in my loudest inner
voice

i
can
muster:
'WHO THE FUCK
WOULD PAY TO SEE
THE MODERN DAY
VERSION OF
GUNS & ROSES
PERFORM LIVE'

and from there,
the rest of the day,
when i see
someone a bit
sideways,
i figure it has
to
be
them and
their pals
with

their malt booze and drakar noir

living it up

like

it's

fucking 1989.

rigged poetry

I used to rub my
hands together
when someone
would tell me,
'lemme rig somethin' up for you.'

but,
perhaps i've seen too many moons
or let the sun scorch my
skin cells for way too long,
but mid-way into that sentence,
the mute button gets glued on
the remote
and

i decide i can't go to an ice cream
shop
to have someone fix a leak in my roof.

so,
i have grown up a bit
and decided

to rig my
own
sort of

logic

and it's to walk away from the world
of bozos that miraculously

land in my life
like a haphazard dart

always

pointing on my
9's.

Red Neck Tale

living
in a town
fulla
confederate flags,
stickers that say 'country thuggin'
and
so many gun & deer stickers
i can't even count,
i realized that there hasn't been one
person on this planet that has
been born a red neck.

and as my
boy told me last week,
those that grow mullets
are the least likely to
get a red neck

as they

warble straight for
the stereotype.

the curse of age

is this question,

"Will I be able to do it again?"

and if you don't,

it's just fine.

staying inside that crystal box of

timelessness

can only offer

the same trick that has been

seen over and over again.

and you know what they say about insanity?

so,

go on and strip off the socks,

forget to brush your teeth,

throw the ball at the carnival,

fish without a pole,

jump without thinking

and

run into the future

as though

it was

the past

and

there was

something you

needed to get

because

forgetting

is
fine.

reverse ringers

about ready to
make my phone ring
in the sound of a car or bus
going in
reverse

becuase

talking over
a
phone

is
becoming
that backwards

kind of thing
here

in these times
of ours.

a north korean vacation!

everytime
i hear another american is
being held captive
in north korea
i wonder if they
are addicted to
pain.

under no circumstances
would i
expect anyone to ever
say to me,
"you know, i really want to go to
north korea to find out for myself
how bad they treat people, how little regard
for folks the government have
or any other meager meanderings of living'

no one.

not one would i expect
would spring into that notion

prior
to a vacation

to

north fucking korea.

good night.

political clown smiles

i question
the thrust of evolution
when i see
picture after face on the TV
of politicians
flashing that smile
akin to a clown robbing a bank while on the toilet
letting out the worst of it's previous day.

the devious grin
as the hands wave and the
folks cheer
while the

muse of stephen king
pens the next
evil lurking on all our
papers and
media.

the politician
with that

rue filled smile
waiting to pull in the forgotten money
of your pay stubs
and

act as though
they may
have
something kind

to say

to
your
child of tomorrow.