



## **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.