



joefiles 138

Mutant Monsters Melting in Music

Art Saving

in the beautiful
catastrophe
of being alive
i realize
one
sure
thing as my
eyes scan
each word down the page of
a
good book,
across each object
in a
fine painting
and across
the
invisible notes
that
gel together in
a
song that won't leave
my
brain
that

the only real
way we can
find that
solace

or
peace,
if you will,
in this

existence

is through

art

and

there is no way around

that note

shot

from a painting

through the book

and into

the

baton of

the orchestral

conductor

bringing

this

poem

to an

abrupt

end.

(for now)

The new Jesus

someone at
work the other day
told me about
a
naked man in the middle
of a hot summer day
dragging a huge
wooden cross down 71 highway
on the same stretch that i
take everyday to and fro
to work

and i
wondered
yet again
how i miss all
this fantastic
insanity in the world.

that ephemeral lottery ticket
of forever
just slipping over
the moments of our times

and maybe you'll catch it
or maybe i'll miss it.

either way,
it could be all that camera karma
because somewhere in the echo of
the universe,
it knows that i will document
the moment

so that no
one will
ever

feel like they weren't there

or

maybe those that do experience
it
wish

they never had the chance with that encounter.

either way,
i'm convincing myself in
this waterfall of
words

that my world
might just be a bit
better
reliving that
moment in my brain

rather than

living it

as though

the TV is off
and now

is just closing your eyes
and imagining

anything

your head
can conjure.

Words Vs. Art

I'm
better
at
the
visual
arts
than
book
arts
because
I
read
paintings
faster
than
all
those
words
in
the
books.

'That' Kid

it's always
the kid with
gray socks,
large flip flops,
torn trunks
and food on the outer reaches
of his mouth
that comes
flying into the entrance of the
small community water
park
with the shirt in loud, big red letters
"BALLER FOREVER"
that momentarily
steals the show
and in
the
next hundred or so moments
a
huge collection of
assembled souls
get to wonder
things like,
'was that shirt discounted?'
'who dressed him?'
'what would make me wear a shirt like that?'
'what the fuck is a baller?'
'who invented the word baller?'

and on
and on
until everyone
decides it's more
than enough

thiking about
that

damn kid
and his
loud
lettered slogan.

in a kill happy society

of this here 2014 america
with celebrated ends on the news,
maybe it would go just that
one step further if
the light saber from star wars was
finally a real thing
and folks were taking each other out
after long nights in the club
or at sporting events
and
the real lore of fiction meeting reality
in the ultimate twix peanut butter cup of
news gore
making everyone one step away from that
ultimate rush
or
societal forgiveness mince with sick cool.

night vision

the other night
i accidentally
had a vision of a
small town i had
never been to in
norther california
and i caught a glimpse of
their tiny town's
summer parade on the
internet and
that live feed beaming back
through my eye balls
was a section of the parade
that included
small
toddlers dressed like elaborate clowns
just munching on big turkey legs like
they were in the midst of the best leisure
their lives have
ever had up at that point
as
david lynch sat in the top level of
some dilapidated bleachers with the
largest smile i
have seen on a human face
as
i dissolved into my own sleep
thinking
i would never,
ever remember
this here vision
that
just
got retold.

Obama faults

now that
obama has
the lowest ratings
of any modern day president
ever
we
can
blame
him
for
the world being littered
with
some of the worst
poetry and
art
ever created

and
all the natural disasters,
the way the moon tilts in the sky,
the way the republicans trip over cracks in the streets,
the way the dollar gets dumbed up with dirt,
the way the well has no more water to pump,
the way strangers just don't smile right anymore,
the way that mars twinkles off kilter,
the way the oceans kill marine life

and the way

that everything is
right in the wrong
of the

'it is what it is' ..

Beet War!

small specs of red
still
ride the sides of the
inner refrigerator
walls
like
murder scene
was hastily
cleaned up by the
antagonist
and
as
my eyes scan
the
shelves
to
see if i can
spot the tiny armies
of
fighting
souls that hide behind the
pickle jars
and
yougot cups,
i get both hands ready to
shiled
their quick little swords
and
small arrows

only
to get hit
by a rush of synapse reverb
to

realize
the

fight was picked,
splattered and ended by
my own amnesiac
hands

as i recall
the
beets that
fell from
the
plastic container

in a violent twist
one
hot
wednesday afternoon.

the cool of the dog

is

the way they

saunter up from their lowered haunches

after they

spray a

bit of piss into a

yard marking it with thier

little vial of chalk

to all the other animals in the world

that may think they have a

leg up on them

and as they walk

off into the descending dawn

and down the long runway of life,

they never look back,

trotting with

that animal pride,

no one wonders

any more about it

as the

dog

once again

reigns supreme.

owning a pool

is something
no one ever
properly warns you
about
as
you smile dumbly
at the notion of
swimming
whenever you would like on your
own land.

along with that
beachy paradise in the
back yard,
you get to become
a
chemist,
janitor,
lifeguard,
sealer,
plumber,
warden,
physicist,
pshycologist
and

a much
better
human

much like a
a parent

looking down on their
child

in
that
moment
of
dumb
wonder.

The Robber Tale

the
teenage
midnight
car
robbers
from the other night
may
be the
originators
of
the darwin
awards
and
the lowest
on the rung
of
dumb
humans
as

my vision of
them locking
their
keys in their own
car
on a hot august day
while
their
silly girlfriend
is locked
in the car
and unable
to figure out how
to unlock

the doors
while
ice cream cones
melt in her
hands
and
he
pees
a bit in his pants
as
the
cops come driving
about
with
some questions
about
last night.

The Art Plagiarist

just found out today
that my art idea
has been
duplicated
in this here kansas city town
and the artist is making
thousands off of it
and getting notoriety from it.

should i dispense?

why not.

what's there to lose now.

in 2006 i
started a venture to give people
paintings that
were travelling around the world.

from there, they would
send me a picture
and over the years,
i would get
my artwork all over the globe.

a friend just told
me that some stranger
with plagiaristic notions
is doing the same thing
and getting
acclaim
and thousands of dollars in
grant awards.

they say
imitation is the greatest form
of flattery.

sure.

whoever 'they' are
with thier
unoriginal ideas.

sure.

The TV Rapture

put a big screen
TV out on the curb
some weeks back
and that
big odd shaped
darth vader blob
sat for several days.

in the rain,
wind,
and more heavy hail,
no one wanted it.

thrift shops didn't want it.

the council of the blind didn't want it.

no other lower end referrals wanted
a hunk of tubed plastic to hang in their
second hand gallery.

so it stayed.

and maybe until the trash guys
would come and
crunch it down
like that compactor seen in
the original Star Wars ..

it would sit on the curb.

until one
crisp morning my
boy yelled that the TV was gone.

i thought it was a joke.

as i looked out,
the miracle happened.

overnight,
the rapture of those deserving
electronic souls came true.

the book of revelations swallowed
up my TV in some electro-evangelical
snarl and
i was free
of that old

fictional villain

and ready to watch my
new,
shiny
super hero on my
home's TV wall.

everyone is the longest, best shot

in all the long
shots that the vegas
geniuses
squabble over
and all the
die going
in jagged
smears of dots
down the craps
table
the
longest shot
of all
is all the
faces of people that exist
on this planet
in that
small chance
of a tiny
tad pole
cooking
that egg
like a poached dandy
for
all
the world
to eventually
gasp at.

the real news

if just one
news reporter
had to experience
the horror
their
costumed,
smiling tanned faces
gleefully
slob at the
TV screens
each and every night
at the delight
of
ad execs
and some
rich man in a high rise
somewhere,
then perhaps
we would
get some
better news
fulla
things
that weren't
some
a
damning
finger
at all
of
us for
consuming
the
producing.

OK!

the
state
of
Oklahoma
looks
like
big
axe
getting
ready
to
slip
further
below
the
equator
and
cut
texas
open
like
a
ripe
lemon
into
all
kinds
of
tasty,
sour
lemonade
bits.

Agape Timer

there's an old
timer
that walks
the streets
of this town
known as
grandview.

he holds a steady
pace,
and
his
face never changes
while his mouth
stays agape.

lookin' straight ahead
like he's
reading an invisible
book
that
is
so
shocking
he can't stop
reading,
nor can he tell
anyone about it's contents.

more
than that,
he looks like a click
over seven decades gone
and he is

litterally in
shock at all the
tragedy and beauty
within the shit storm
he has witnessed
in this
life

and that tattoo
permannet
look
is
going
nowhere
but

straight
on
head

into
you.

Making Magic

every few days
i see the 'sherry's cake magic' truck
flying down the
road of life
and
each and every
new time i see
that
hand stenciled insignia
on the side of the
old chevy van from
the early 90's,
i get more
and more
convinced without
eating her
cakes
that
it
is
pure
fucking
magic.

Attainable Past Reunion

i'm beginning
to think
that they should
rename
class reunions
to
'attainable past'
and

and the only alcohol
served is
hard booze

and
after all are
good an liquored up
they should retreat
to a field
by the old
facility they danced and farted
in and
give them
bats with spikes
to
take swings at
at a
lonely
pinata
in a
tree
full
of
hearty chocolate bars

and
they can just swing
at
the
sweet jackass with

all their
past might.

The Jammers

the dude jamming
in the back of
that old,
red pinto
riding
down the hot pavement
of
life
is
the
hero
in the novel
you
won't pick up
because
you

don't know
how to
be
really
afraid.

Mortal Chat

i had
to have that
talk with my
boy about
how i'm
trying to
stop eating
fast food,
exercising
and taking better
care of
myself
so
i
can try
in the only
power i have
over anything
to
stay around as long
as i can
for him
and
at
this
he asked
a few
why's
and
simply looked out
the
window
with his
9-year old brian

taking
in the fast
blur
of
trees
and
houses
and scenery
as
i
looked over
thinking
how
cool
he
is
and

that
no
matter
what,
all
this
plenty of
time
we have
together
is
way
damned
too
short
anyways.

Sauce & Pickle

one of the
finest folks
on this here
planet
earth
is
one i do
my jazz radio
show with
and
when he
wants to
emphasize
something
that is
savory
to put into
the programs
he engineers,
he says
that

'it's the sauce
& pickle'

of all the things
in this world fulla
explanations and
vibrator,
that's the best i have ever heard.

in fact,
he's

the real fucking
sauce
and
pickle
in
this

whole
living arrangement
we all
live in.

Happitizers

if

i

ever

weild

any

serious

power

over

eating

industry

some

fine

day,

i

will

rename

that

pre-

course

meal

happitizers.

Bully Dreams

those
Drive thru
line bullies
in their
oddly
painted
cars
and
massive
food orders
smoking
their
long smokes
and
glaring
at
some
bird eating
an old
fry off
the ground
is
the
reason
why we all
have those
strange dreams
at night
that give us a
bit of a jolt
to the old ticker
in the
middle
of

the
chest

but
it's
a matter
of
minutes
before
you

forgot
the
whole
thinged
dream

ever
happened
with
all
their
details

and storylines.

or,
the ultimate
punchline,
baby.

The Double Major/Minor

she pushed
some extra shiny
silver
lenses up on
her nose
walking at a semi-quick
clip
towards
a
moment none of us
could guess at
as
she
straightened
her
favorite
shirt
that screamed in the
largest letters that would
fit
horizontally
and
vertically,
DOUBLE MAJOR T-SHIRT: CHILLLI' AND RELAXIN'.

and with
that,
everything i ever
needed to know
about this
young soul
was
answererd instantly.

Brutal Deathcore?

if you ever
run into anyone
that says their
favorite type of
music is
brutal deathcore,
please ask
them why
'brutal' has to
be in front of
the genre.

i think
deathcore
would
aptly
wrap up the
destructive soul crushing
vibe
they
are

spinning towards.

Sonny Mountain

several months
back i had
the
chance to
interview a jazz legend.

sonny rollins
apologized for being
late to the call,
for which i
said was
fine in a way
i'm sure i didn't convey.

a jazz legend of improv
never has to apologize for
being late for
anything.

and as he described his
time with miles davis
and all the other legendary
cats that came into his career orbit,
i began to
get a
bit light in the
head realizing what was happening.

in over 23 minutes on the phone from
a missouri attic to an apartment in
nyc,
he took me to the tip of
mt. everest and showed
me what the world looked like.

the wisdom of a old,
courageous jazz cat
with his rich take on life
was beyond many other things
i have heard or experiences.

as i gazed over the
with the tiny movements going on below,
that distinctive laugh
of sonny
went
on in
a
delightful spin around the room
making me forget that

the air was
thin.

a parable

The
preacher
Killed
the anthology
Because
of
the
trinity
while
the
divinity
went
off
to
lunch
in
a
ghost
limo.

valentine's wreckiss

never forget

that if

a

red

car

rams

into

you

on

valentine's

day

that

it

just

gave you

a

big

fat,

metal

kiss.

trash guy heroes

my son
loves
the trash guys.

he got a small,
dull
white and green
replica truck
that he
had them autograph on morning.

as he toddled up
and asked,
they looked at me with
hesitation,
then smiled a huge,
toothy smile
and signed the truck
like
the
best joke
in the history of humanity
was slipped to them
on a small
note of paper.

for several weeks thereafter,
he would have them sign
his playground ball
and
the truck once more.

they love him.

on the 3rd week,
they gave him an old
skateboard
from another trash pile
and

it made my boy's life.

he beamed,
rode,
talked,
reveled

and
galvanized
these
trash dudes

as
the
forever heros

as they
ride off
up the
street

to
get
rid of

everything
we
never
want
anymore.

Drop dead Good

the high school
my son
goes to has
a
huge graveyard
right next to the
old football field
and track
they use all the time.

and when i have
to go there for a track
meet or
event,
i always go over
all the sayings in my mind
that could be said to a kid.

'knock 'em dead.'
'you killed it out there'

and on and
on and on
as the
ghosts from the past
sit there in a field of
bare stone
watching like they
wish they could
be back here again,
but

with that more knowing

look that they
have been here
and

it's all
going to
be
OK.

Fettering out the gamers

the
real
way
to
figure
out
the
true
nature
of
a
human
is
to
find
out
if
they
play
the
fast
or
slow
version
of
ms.
pac
man.