



Joefiles 139:
Attic Action Innuendo Jabs

Rise of the folks

not until
the rains begin,
the temperature begins to drastically drop,
the sun is baking the world into dryness
will
i see everyone i never
thought i'd casually meet
walking,
riding a bike
or
strolling on a moped down
the
open road.

never when there
are
open blue skies
with the
weather of southern cal
in the air.

only when
disaster is on the brink
do the folks come out like it's
election day
and there is
a
celestial body
to vote for
that is more
worthy,
hot
and
available

than
the
sun

with
it's friend
the
cloud
and
spits of
water
or
snow.

smoking world

i imagined that
i may have dreams
or
find a particular
craving for
smokes
once i quit
them 10 years
ago,
but that
hasn't come
true.

instead,
i see every other person
i pass in a car
with the window
rolled clear down
to the metal,
face contorted into
a
perculair smile
as
billows of fresh
white plumes
rise from the
cars that
speed along towards
the
next great

cigarette ad
image i
have seen thousands

of times in my life.

and while the car blares on by
down the highway of

living,
i never hear
the cough
or
see a partial glimpse
of
mortality.

just the sense
that their world is spreading out
in front of them
like i don't belong
as

the
future
has a lighter
held high
and
ready to light
that
fire
whenever
the

tobacco swords
rise in

fuckin'
dreamy
unison.

The autisms

the only real
deal
you can
shake on with
autism
is that nothing
you know of
a
normal ride
around the block
with happen.

instead,
you will get assailed
with minute requests
to
find things
and be part of tiny games
that make no sense to the
rest of the
world
walking about
with their rules.

and it is within those pockets
of moments that i realize
i may be living in
the best of
possible
human motions.

perhaps the autism
kids of the world
are going to

lead us into
the pure
genius
we always
crave as folks.

and now,
it's masked with
tiny dots of
requests

that
seem
harried,
insane.

but,
perhaps
it's
the
purest form of
human
around

and
50 years from
now
we
can

smile

knowing

we
discovered

the
truth.

not
in
cure,
but
in

recognition.

sun thoughts

i have about
three and
a
half
more
months
of
filming
the sunset
each
and
every day.

i committed myself
to
viewing the
arch of nature
daily
via
filming
a
small,
tiny
moment of the
end of each day.

and at
the
end this
year

of
sunsets,
i will know

on the first
day
of

the new
year
how magnanimous

that final
sunset
will be

and
how
huge

the
next
sunrise will
be

blasting
me
into

a new
damn
day.

the globs of morning spiders

stand silent

within their intricate

origami

of web

just dangling like

hungover vegas gambles

as tiny cocoons of

sucked dry bugs

hang around their invisible apartment

walls

with the glints of sun

coming up like a

hot sward to

wave

them on into yet another new

day of webs

that will ensnare

anything that comes near

via fang

or

poetic

scrawl.

the old timer

stands oddly
with arms cross over his long body
tasting his bottom lip
in the first day
of autumn
while his grandson waits with
the american kids
as
the grandfather
thinks its better here in the states
than india,
but where are the parents,
or his kids on
this morning
when the dream
should begin anew
and
summer

is that forever arc that
will ensure
that
everything is smoothed over

as the bus
comes turning towards
the corner in
middle america
to take
the kids

off to get
smarter,
wiser
about

how
to live
these
things
in
adulthood.

life's party logic

i had
to tell
a
mouthy,
ill tempered
kid at a 10 year old's
birthday party
my boy was at
to
think before
he speaks.

he looked at me confused
and
said,
'what do you mean?'

i told him to think about it.

and another parent behind me said,
'it'll make sense later in life.'

and with that,
the boy left the party room to
go out by the pool and scream,
acting like he was going to climb into the
lifeguard chair
as i
glanced towards my
boy

while he glided along
as though
this boy

didn't say
some
mean
things
about

how
he is,
which
is

probably
the
coolest
kid i'll ever know.

city shit

wonder
sometimes
if the guy
applying
for
a
job
with
the
city
public
works
department
looks
across the
table
during
his interview
with his
scuffed
shoes,
spotless hair
and
slightly dirtied
jeans
and
says
the
following
when asked by
a
pristine
administrator
how

they
really qualify for
the
job:
'because
i shit every morning.
and
flush.'

thend.

dental tale

took my boy into
the dental
chair this AM
to get a small cavity extracted
and sealed up in
the proverbial chair.

as they put the strawberry flavored air
on him to get the mind relaxed,
he looked around and wanted to know how
all of this was going to go down
as i signed the agreement
and said
it was going to be fast
like a set of tires
changed on one of those
sunday afternoon nascars.

he smiled,
and asked for a stack of football cards
from his backpack
as
the half lidded dentist
came in the room and
called my boy what he always does
in the cool, calm
dental man way,
'hey handsome'

then,
three nurses came in and
held down his arms
and legs.

from there,
the moment began.

it was like
the moment my boy was
born
and my wife
waited on her bed for him to arrive.

loud lights,
plenty of strnagers and
it was done in a flash.

yet,
my boy wailed as
the weezing of the tiny saw
hit his tooth
and
my voice would calm him down.

once it was done,
he had a red balloon and a cup of ice cream
to start the decay all over again.

and the doc,
nurses and anyone around that heard the screams,
were quiet as they peeled way like a
line of ants doing what their brains thought,
and mouths refused to utter.

and was we paid our lump to the piper,
my boy wanted nothing more than to let the
bright red balloon go into the sky.

as the tiny tail was led way
like a noose over the pain

in the recent past,
we left

like a couple of dudes that just sat
on a bench and had a deep talk
about
existentialism .. dental style.

the statistical slimness

of
getting pulled over by a cop
is enough
to keep
all the drivers in the world
at ease
as
they speed down the highway of life
with
nothing but a strip of road in front of their eyes.

and when i do see th
improbability of chance
shattered by
a
cop
with a car off to the side
of
the
road,
i usually look back to either catch
a
glimpse of the cop
or
person in the car
wondering if they
have any
idea how lucky
both of them are
to have a metaphoric
bolt of lightning
come stright down in the
array of
swirling lights
and

the
forced
exchange of
money

and
karma
that
has
suddenly gone
south
with todays
dow

dow

down.

The Nyquil Chronicles:

So, last night, my 2nd week battling a cold and taking the Nyquil in it's dreamy, cool knockout blend, I had some more deep sleep and vivid dream. I was in Washington DC. On some kind of jazz drip, I saw one cool thing I remeber. There was a machine out in public that allowed a person to pick any DVD they wanted to watch. From there, you went through a kiosk to pick a blank DVD and write down the name of the movie you want to watch. From there, the DVD is burned in a few minutes and you can watch. The other thing that went down in the DC dream was that I was in the Vice Presidents office and Chief Justic Sodasomaur was there and she was trying to play a sax solo while feeling heavy in heart. My brother also showed up at one point wondering where I was at and I was between a think glass partition writing down Washington DC on a page.

On another night, I had a terrifying dream that Rocky came back to finish his construction job out back. When I woke up in the AM, the crazy bastard had ripped down our steps going to the back yard and was beginning to build a new set of steps. The crazy ass had some hot hatched expolination as to why this had to go down and was rambling like a maiac. I told him he had about 60 seconds or so to leave before the cops were coming and doing what they should have done to him long ago. A hog tie and cannon firing to the moon.

Joan Rivers

may have
been the funniest
woman to ever walk the planet
and if you
don't believe that,
then you
never looked close enough
to know that she wanted
to craft her image into
something that
was plastic to get your
gut
moving
in
the
right
direction.

the only true thing

you
can do to folks
is give
them
a
laugh
becuase
that
singular
act
of
doing
emits
one of the
very few
moments
where judgement
and
care
are
not needed

and when it's
over

you
can
go on your
way remembering
what's not
so
fucking
funny
no
more.

Robin Williams

was
the
genius
from
your
elementary
school
class
with a head
full
of

notions
the
world will
never,
ever be ready
for
and

you
just forgot
his name,
but remembered
the pain
of
the
laughted

until
the
true
reality of

this life
settles
in

and
you
have to
decide
if

you side
with
comedy
or
tragedy
with

that
big
shakespeare
shadow

coming down all
over
each of us
as
the
sun

gets
blotted out by
the
most exquisite
skyscraper

on the planet.

Jazz Jedi Council

the real,
true jedi sages
of earth are all the old
jazz men
like
sonny rollins,
jimmy heath,
lou donaldson
and bobby watson

as they dispense their
world of
music
and travels
in an ease akin
to
fresh whiskey slipping out of
the nozel of the bottle
into a
glass
so haphazardly placed
on the countertop in
a
moment of metered impromptu

and when
these cats
meet and
words meld,
they solve
everything that was once
percieved as a problem,
but was nothing more

than
a
forgettable nuisance.

so,
if we ever want the right
council of cats
to
make the world

bright, true and wise again,
hire
the old wise men of
jazz to
blare our world full
of

good stories
and
the
best music

this side of the sky
above.

the luckiest bastard in the world

an later, middle
age
old timer
got his moment in the retail sun
when he slid his
box of whopper candy
and a
fifth of
vodka
to the
eager kid in
a
bright red shirt

and
when asked
how he was doing today,
he said 'better than i sould be.'

and those words
roiled around my head the whole way out of the door,
into the car,
past the keys starting the engine
and a minute or so on
as i rode my wheels over the hot pavement
and saw him
leaving the exit of
the building

out into the
hot sunshine of the world
looking like
elvis was again alive in
some bob dylan soundtrack

while his
shadow etched the faint
outline of a panther

ready to stroll
and

dig
everything
in the world

all at once.

the city workers

that have the daily
routine of
mounding up the piles
of concrete that will
become the
hills of speed bump
in road
are a special breed of people
that are likely
chosen for the job
by sage bosses
keen on how
to pay it forward.

cause these dudes
carefully crafting traps to
slow the world down
are the ones that got the
ass end of a bag of sticks one
too many time
and they

get the unique opportunity of
giving it
back with gusto to all
the
jerks,
whores,
tip rippers,
criminals,
and
common jacklegs
prowling the world
way too fast

for a reminder
as good as a speed bump
to pull all back
into a tiny,
myopic focus

as the car
wobbles
like
an
animate short in the
middle
of

the
sobering
earthquake.

square eulogy

just saw
what was once a
vibrant, colorful
addition to society just
splayed lifeless in the road
under the gray cloud above
with glints of how it used
to mingle
in the back of the truck
and shine with
mysteries within.

and now,
it sits,
cold,
alone,
dilapidated and
void of
the
reason
the world once
held
for
the
end of a game show.

the
dead
cardboard box in the middle
of
the
road,
we mourn
for

you and all the corners
you
still cut.

mouse war

couple of weeks back,
my 16 year old boy
said he heard and saw
mice in his basement dwelling.

i had never really had mice in my life
scurrying around the
floors of my house.

guess that explained the cat looking
into the air vents outside the kitchen for
hours without movment.

so,
i mustered up the man of the house
mantra and
got the traps
filled with peanut butter set up.

and the movie scene was set.

the slate slapped and
it sounded like a trap.

BAM.

SLAM.

WHACK.

within 30 minutes,
i had snapped about 5 mice.

and over the course of this long weekend,

i took out over 15 mice.

i was the riled protagonist in the story
angling to save my family
from the dread of
that mice family displaced in our home.

when the weekend was done,
the sounds had gone away
and the trash in the garage
was the silent funeral
while the renewed hum of the
refrigerator that once didn't work
was the sound of the memorial.

and life would get back to it's
original roots.

without the mouse ..

for they went off into time's square in the sky
to the master stuart little sitting in the
huge
chair in the cloud made
of
peanut butter and
cheeto chips.

the AM water department men

sit in the front lobby of the
municipal water works office
contemplating their
liquid work of the day
as
the
world
went about in their moist ways

full of
swimming pool dreams
and
huge slugs of cold water that
would hurt the throat
and
heal

the
world

as
the
white ovals of egg boiled in
the
perfect water
the

water boys of morning
made sure was going
to happen

as they carried on with the most important
job

no one

ever
thought about
today.

sci-fi world

i looked up the street
to see
the beginning of
a
new
sci-fi film
as
fluid
squares of
gray
and
rectangles of color
crawled all over
peoples front lawns
and up
tiny porch stoops
and around their driveways
and
along their hills of shrubs

and i figured that
this scene might just be a heap of story from the
demented mind of stephen king
and it was to be called:

'THE REVENGE OF THE NEWSPAPER INDUSTRY: THE PUPPLY HORROR IN THE BURBS.'

goosy logic

every single time
i see a long line of
geese crossing the rural street in
front of a gaggle of huge
monster trucks
or
patient audi cars,
i smile
like i'm hearing that
tune 'alone' by moby
again
knowing that it will
never every fade
away into bland

as
the procession of feathers
moves
stright into the future
as
i take hold of that needed pause
like
there is no where in the world
to be
but right there

watching that
crowd of
long necks wrenching around

like a shipment of
land submarines on a mission
to
save
this

world
of
ours.

spider people world

every morning in august i
become that
one ingredient
needed for the spider man
creation.

as i walk over a stone path
in the back yard
to the pool pump,
i get choked or gobbled up by
an
intricate origami
of spider web
and some fat
night spider scurrying off
into the grass
like the hurricane just
landed and it survived.

then,
i begin flailing about
getting the sticky film of invisibility
off my existence
and
on to the next
web free moment.

and it's then that i realize
peter parker
never expected the accident that
turned him into a hero in a mask.

and with this,
feel my face for a second

wondering if later that
day i will be covered
under the cloth
and film of
night
saving
something
needed
saving

while

the morning spider laughs and
feels relieved by
my
AM luck.

the local CVS pharmacy

has

slowly turned into that

dreaded world of

DMV blues

as the

teams of folks waltzing up to the shiny

counter through the sparkling lit store

and

loud Muzak to get their drugs.

all start with their own sheen of

content,

then have their hopes dashed away as

the

zombies of purgatory in

worn work shirts ask for

birth dates

and who they had talked to on the phone

that promised them their

dope would be ready.

and then the

breathing begins

and the work shirts begin the sweat

as the pharmasict expertly avoids eye contact

with anyone potentially getting their scripts

while the lights turn into glowering heat lamps

and the music suddenly sounds backwards and demonic

and the little candy bars watch you like nuzzles of guns

and

it's only a matter of time before someone yells

next and

another dismayed customer walks away wondering how they
can avoid
this
place for another year
in
the
shadow of
the
DMV shuffle.

cheeky food

some days
i bite my inner
cheek so much
it's like i forgot my lunch
at home
and
the only way i'm going to
make it through the day
is to slough away
at
the
fatty innards of my
bloodied
cheek
while the rest of the world
magically floats by like
a
bjork video
with sandwiches in one hand

and
delicious melted
ice cream
screaming in the other.

baseball cats

after nearly 30 years
of watching
dozens
and dozens of
baseball games,
i have
hit that
epiphany as
to
what
ballplayers are really like.

they're all cats.

they languidly waltz around the feild
prior to games,
innings
and play
like they have all the time
in the world
and
rushing matters would
crash the rhythm of life.

but,
once they have to throw,
hit
and run,
they are like raptorous
explosions bleeding profusely
towards the next moment
and

then,

they waltz
back to the dugout
to lay down
or sleep it off.

just like cats.

and we have to feed
and
care for them
like
the selfish,
self absorbed prima donnas

they
act like

every
minute
of
their

sporty little
existences.

heelloooooo

there's an
older,
slower,
cool
dude i work
with that
delivers
the
mail
to everyone

and
whenever
you
spot
him
he
does a guttural
sort

'heeeellooooo'
song in a
2 second slap across the
synapses

and
once
it's
out
and
he's
slipped past
you,

there is that
lingering thought
if
that
actually happened

and
if he
could do it the same
way
again

and
the
deja vu
concensus
is

yes

and
with this ..

good-bye.