



**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 strangers 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 away 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

'heeeelllooooo'  
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.