

Joefiles 164

1 happy guy toying with 1 troubled soul

The broken wheel barrel  
on the side of the road  
That  
fell out of the back  
of the truck  
sits there  
In its bruised red  
Fuming off those used dreams  
of yours  
so that you can  
redeem  
all of those wishes  
at the end of  
the refurbished rainbow.

The reborn pelican  
is going  
to take all of those  
used crows  
and turn a few amens  
Into a bronze statue  
Of yesterday's angels  
to make  
every single person's  
future bright  
Like the core of  
liquid sunshine.

The only  
thing  
you  
Should  
do with that  
gift horse  
In the corner  
Falling fast asleep  
is braid that main  
on it  
Into an  
Elaborate  
Wishbone.

What is  
the real story  
behind the bald man  
That walks  
around 163rd St.  
back-and-forth  
pacing and  
scratching and  
sweating  
even when it's  
Below zero  
cold outside  
Like  
A lost superhero  
In  
A  
Brand new land.

God  
May be  
Coming  
Tomorrow  
To  
Refinance  
That  
Dream you  
Forgot  
About  
11  
Years  
Back.

Finally  
Hearing  
the sounds  
of appreciation  
From a  
beautiful woman  
is healing  
in a way  
that I never thought  
Would  
Ever happen  
In this  
Here  
1 simple lifetime  
Of  
Mine.

Teaching  
my son  
how to buy flowers  
For a woman  
Could be  
The lesson  
In school  
The gods  
Of  
The  
Greeks could  
Have  
Taught  
In this America  
That  
Forgets  
Everything  
But  
911.



The fuel man  
in the 18 wheeler  
going down  
the road  
has so much gas  
Happening  
That  
He  
Already  
Exploded  
Into  
A hundred  
Or so  
Tiny  
None clues of  
Boom  
That  
There  
Is  
Only  
Dust  
And  
Smoke in the air  
Spelling secret messages  
Awaiting the return  
Of  
The  
Mighty Mayans.

The secret  
To  
Being  
A  
Warrior  
In  
The next  
World  
Is to  
Find  
The  
Last firefly  
Alive  
At the bottom  
Of the waterfall  
In this  
Life.

The other day  
I found out  
my high school cross country  
coach  
who was an icon  
And  
loved by many people  
had passed away  
and that  
Exact night  
a house  
across the street  
got shot up  
by a van of kids  
which  
became  
the most magnanimous  
juxtaposition  
of this  
45 years of  
life  
for me  
here in the  
cozy suburban dangerzone.

Echoes of children  
going around the carousel  
Remind me of  
The voices  
That ring  
Around the  
Eons of  
Secret  
We all have to figure out  
Before we can become  
Better crafted  
Beings ready  
For flight  
Into  
The  
Next layer  
Of  
Suspect.

The world is  
Nothing  
More than  
a  
netherworld  
therapy session  
Where we all  
Are broken  
Yet few  
Of the chosen  
Are insane enough  
To show us  
The  
Innards of Jupiter.

If  
You didn't say yes  
Enough  
Yesterday,  
There is no way that  
A simple No  
Can  
Finally  
Forgive you.

The sound  
of loud  
in the middle of  
cold Missouri  
Is yet another  
UFO  
Here in alien land  
As stories  
Of Trump  
Become fiction  
As the land of  
Sheep  
Worship  
The bushes.

The secrets to  
How the dog  
cured all of it  
Is ultimately going  
To be told in  
Every children's book  
That has  
Ever been  
Written  
And you will  
Never be able  
To  
Track  
Alll of them down  
As  
You  
Finally believe in god and  
Throw those  
Old pictures  
Of the  
Devil with his hairless cats  
Away.



It's the day after Halloween  
and my Jeeps  
got nailed  
by eggs  
from the  
Drunk stoner teenagers  
after they  
stole a whole bowl  
of candy  
off my front porch  
and the irony  
is that  
the reason  
why they handed out  
candy  
during Halloween  
was to keep  
Those munch teenagers  
from causing problems  
and now it has  
All somehow  
Feebly backfired  
Here in the midst of  
This strange year of 2017...

Sometimes  
the only things  
that you can really  
rely on  
in life  
are those  
tiny victories  
that rack  
up to prevent  
the broken from getting  
Squished  
Into dark  
Oil scrapes of  
Grape  
On the sidewalks  
Of  
Next year.

All of  
my words  
roved over  
by mice  
are gone  
In  
Trailed  
Of  
Used  
Gravel.

I heard  
the rumors  
and  
it's all  
So  
Fucking  
Absolutely  
true...

I'm 45  
today  
and  
feel  
just fine  
in this  
Simple  
Shirt  
My girl Amanda  
Mended  
For  
Me  
Out of  
Every heart  
That flew  
Across  
The shared  
Universe.

Your  
epiphanies  
changed  
last  
year.

(Bastards)

Fonts  
are  
the water  
of your  
dreamed up  
letters.

The 12 pack  
of  
tea cans  
splayed  
all over the road  
Contain  
Each  
Past participle you  
Just happened  
To  
Ignore.



For  
the last several mornings  
I've seen  
the extermination guys  
driving down the  
very early morning  
road calling  
High rises for  
the crickets to  
stop their early  
Anthems  
As the rest of  
The rodents and bugs  
Of the world  
watch  
Their tiny  
TVs  
In  
Sullen silence.

The old man  
looks like he  
fell  
out of a  
comic strip  
Weaving  
his little jeep  
Around the painted lines  
driving  
a bit erratic  
while you lick  
that ice cream cone  
as I look over  
and realize that  
everything  
is just fine  
with the world.

Everything  
we do  
is the  
silent and loud  
protest towards  
Trump  
in this country  
really comes down  
to the metaphor  
of taking a  
knee and memorializing  
in mourning  
the fact  
that we  
have a  
reality TV show president  
that knows  
very  
very little.

The  
worn out  
blue  
bouncy ball  
rests  
on the  
sewer grade  
like a dream  
that's  
ready  
to get started  
back up  
again.

Someone's  
favorite Hammer  
is right  
there  
in the middle  
of the road  
In the heat  
of this fall day  
getting  
a little bit  
higher  
and Hammery.

Some dude  
in a big 4 x 4 truck  
that's called  
extreme pest-control  
just pulled out  
in front of me  
and I wonder  
if he has  
an  
antidote  
or resolution  
to himself.