

Joefiles 165

Vibrant Molecules to the end of your Time

In the true
Annals
Of pissing away time
In epic proportions
I see the 90's as centuries ago
As
The smart dumb phoners
Do things I could have
Only dreamed
Of as
A handsfree boundless
Sort
Of
Younger animal
With
Pockets full
Of Worlds
To
Manipulate.

Of
All the
Tears
The hero types
Bring about
All I can
Do is remember
The jokes and bravado
If those mighty ones
Like Jimmy Foy
Who gave us the
Last laugh
With the best joke
In
A serious
Grin.

The only
Way
You
Are
Going to
Survive
In
To
Smile
At
Nothing
And
Mean
It.

The first
Ride
Down 2018
Is
A
Question
Of
Yes
And
The
Walt of
Peace.....

The dawn has
Reached its
Spree
As the rumors
Of night for days comes
Inching forth like a tidal
Of unknown that
I have always ignored
Yet prepared for in
The ignorant dawn
Of the
Incurable unknown.

My life
Can be
Incrementally
Measured in
How little family
I can lose over
Time
As
The old
Man in the corner
Coughs.

Strangers in
The daylight
Is the debt
You will
Eat
With your
Eyes
Open.

The cop
pulled me over
on the side
of the road
and approached
With the tough guy spiel
about how
I didn't yield
or stop
And
as we started talking
we got into technology having
kids
metaphors
and everything
in between
and before he left
he put his hand out to me
and shook it
and said
it was nice to meet you
and that
was the tale of the man
who
couldn't stop
and the cop pulled
Into
A
New land
Of appreciation.

Golfers
shooting
for the moon
as a
little girl
sits in the
ground
picking grass
&
looking
for the stars
on the
wrong end
of the
spectrum.

If for some reason
we are
not all
going to the
same
kinds of struggles
down here
and there's
a group
of the gifted
glorious ones
that exist
out there
I say good
for them each
and everyone
One of them
for tasting the nectar
of this reality
because that's all
There may
Be
To this
Simple story
Here in
Fictionland.

The longer
and further
I go down
this jazz path
I realize
the reality
of everything
Which is
That the music
will end up
saving us ...

My girlfriend
is the
sweetest donut
at the first
of the morning
as we both
Sip coffee
like it's the
hottest thing
The sun
has ever created...

Sound
of the
hummingbird
flapping
on the feeder
about
5 feet from
My head
that one day
was
the loudest
most silent
yeah
I heard
all day long.

The cats and dogs
lie around
us at night
While sleeping eyes
gently open
As is if
they're waiting
for the Cubans
with Russians vices
for another country
to strike in their
own version
of retaliation
with a little sugar
on top.

Just
drove by
the yard of the month
In Grandview Missouri
And about
four blocks
away
I saw
the non-yard of the month
forever and ever
And
Fucking ever.

They say
the revolution
will not
be televised
but that's
all I see
when I turn
on the TV
As the revolution
has begun again
here in 2017.

Count on
Dwindling lines
and less time
for
excess
in your
middle dream.

Finding
the angels
you hide
is like
discovering
the devil
is a catholic
atheist.

The
end
of
baseball town
is upon us.

I feel
love
more
than that
rumor
of anger
that comes like a python
on a moped.

Ideas made the world -
not the other way around,
kids.

The red dot
Of the Japanese
start button
Is
The
Flag
Always waving
In a smile
Recording
Our
Every
Last moves
Of
Chinese dissent
In American clothes.

The AM woman
on the
bridge
with headphones
pumping
victoriously
into the
big song
in the air
Wins
Forever and
Ever.

Florida is
The eternal
Tale
Of balancing
Paradise of a warm gull
Gliding about
With the stark power
Of a midnight hurricane
As another breathless sunset begins
Inside the
Miracle
Of our brains.

All the
old rich
white dudes
that I've known
in my life
are the only ones
that could
afford
getting tickets
for the
whole family to see
U2
Live
As they
Claim supreme ownership
Over the street
With
No name.

I believe
the other day
my dad
may have
manifested
himself
into a
hummingbird
as I
sat there
and
looked
around
wondering
how the fuck
all of this
Exactly
happened.

The lonely Solar eclipse
woman
Who borrowed my
Glasses
Found out
The secret miracle of life
As the coal
Miners wife
Just gave birth
To
The next messiah.

The little tricycle
behind
the food deli plaza
off the busy road
Is a sanctuary of childhood
hiding
Out and ready to
Play
All possible sides of
Our unknown realities.

The Moon hangs
Out there
like a polkadot hung up
by a child's crayon
overnight
As a big spell of
The mission
From beyond
comes
from the
chimney stack
next-door
in the morning
looking like something
that maybe
they would
call a little bit of heaven down here.

It's always
tomorrow
in Hong Kong
kids.

In this world
of modern conveniences
I go out
of my way
to do
Be extra
Difficult
In a confusing
Sort of
Relaxed
Notion....

The people
over pipelines
guy
sits with the signs
in his lap waiting
for the next issue
to come up
As I guess he's
A game show host
or a clown
Waiting to
Paint up the world
Like a
Modern day
Presidential disaster.

Good morning
explosion
of styling birds
ricocheting up
towards the
bare branch
Of tree
reminds me
of why
I take it all
the way
I dig it.

The Friday afternoon
beer dudes
Are running this
Whole show
Like a brewery
Born in the 70's
Carrying the
Future
Straight Into
The best moments
Of your
Forgotten past.

Making my girlfriend
chicken salad
today
is probably
going to be the
best thing
that I will do
even though
I got a one hour show at
On Horace laid down
and saw a stray dog walking
down the street
and such kinda unison
that I thought
Steven Spielberg
was filming
The making of that
chicken salad
right there
in the middle
of the bowl
full of mayonnaise
and love
making my girl happy
all day long.

Those tricky tornadoes
hitting
parts of town
that no one saw
that the after affects
of the real mystery's
in life
not the UFOs
That wander
around
And no one
really sees
except
Maybe
A few partial guys
Once in a while
but it's these other
little things
that come
in to your view
and leave like a
funnel cloud full of
wonder and magic mystery
As the distraction and the beauty
you find
in the afterglow
of a rebuilt entity
just like nothing ever
happened before.

I have a dog
and it eats
everything
So
keep your soul away
otherwise it'll take it down
and turn
It into a human and
start talking to
everybody.

There is a
big inflatable
heart
that was
a little bit flat
with the helium
floating down
the middle
of the highway
and I was hoping
that I could pop
and run
into it
but it wasn't my time &
looking back
at the 18 wheeler
it wasn't his time
As the other cars
Passed and it sure
wasn't their time
As Cupid
was avoiding
all of us
As he
floated around
all over the place
on the
American highway
looking for love
any which way
the wind will
Try to blow.

The crazy man
of
Sunday morning
came
To ring
the doorbell
like a teenager
as if he it was
going to prank me
in the middle
of some random
Saturday evening
instead
he was
on the doorstep
cold and in a hoodie
asking if
He could climb
up my weeping willow
to get mushrooms out
And I told him fine
just like
some superhero
of morning
he climbed
up the tree
with no problem
& came down with
A huge a bag
full of good old
fungi.