

Joefiles 185

An Argument with God Ends Badly

There is one bike
with a
kickstand perched
on the side
of the
cold morning highway
& it's on
the busiest
part of an embankment
on the bridge
& it's the last place
in the world
that I would
ever expect
to see
a bike
like that
and I just got
to wonder
how
where
when
why
and most importantly
out of the entire matrix
of this mystery
who
that guy
that is
the hero of this
random
moving
morning.

The majestic windy
and slightly
rainy war morning
before
it gets cold
and all of those
big band birds
flopping around
just as fast
as the clouds
and some weird
Francis Ford Coppola movie
sad like
as today
unfolds in this
mid October
right before
birthday time
in the middle of
America.

The early morning
group of kids
going up
to the school
as I travel
along the rural highway
and one of them
has a
massive tuba
that is just screaming
off of that
early sunshine
& punching out
the greatest sound
I've never heard.

Several times yesterday
I looked up
into the sky
as I took my son
to the big race track
in Kansas
and noticed
a whole flock of monarchs
flying above me
just above the area
that I was in
on two separate occasions
in two separate
geographical areas
& again
was
convinced
That
Miracles
Are
Out of
Our
Collective
Human hands.

Kansas City has made
Their god
a new quarterback
As a young guy
that supposed
to deliver
them from
all of their sins
and make them
feel good about
the world
each and every week
but when that
quarterback loses
Or things don't go
the right way
there's something
about remorse
and possible crucifixion
that awaits
on that proverbial
red arrowhead horizon
In
Gambler row.

The l used
tan
work boot
in the middle
of the busy highway
Is
The
Errant idol
We all
Hoped
For.

A rare rip
In the
Air
Became the
Time
You
Didn't
Die.

Earth tilting
Like a
Weary tamale
As
The
Shift
Becomes the
Ramble.

The potted plant
Sits in pure
Green
Listening to
All
The
Tiny secrets
Of all
Us
Mighty
Astronauts.

Lost socks
Always come
Back in the
Supreme
Temptation
Of
Barefoot
Voodoo economics ...

Reminders of
What
We already know
Is like
Holding back death
With
A
Feather.

Love
Is
The only
Leftover
Not
Spoiled
In this
Refrigerator
Of ours.

The purge of
Plastic
Is the
Medusa
Screaming
For more
Attention
In the
Bottomless well.

Evolving into
Survival mode
Wakes up
The angels that
Have been sleeping
In
You
Last
Attempt.

Your
rainbow
Invented
Tears.

Pretty soon
here
in America
the next Willy Wonka
golden ticket
is just gonna
be a
chance
to get a
Big
Fat
Popeyes chicken sandwich
Punch
To the
Proverbial
Intestinal
Brain.

The real
true oasis
in the sky
for us is
Colorado
And
That
Taste
Of
Fully
Invisible
Doped
Air

The low tone
Of
A cat
Cleaning
Themselves
Next to
Me
On this
Mid-Saturday
Is
The
Proof
That
God
Was here.

My son
and I
walked out
of the library
yesterday
& I noticed
the Cadillac out front
that had
all these
Kansas City Chiefs decals
Pasted strategically
Abouts
and my son said
wow look at that car
and as
we were leaving
the guy that owned
the car
was walking up the street
looking for something
that fell out of his ride
and his shirt
said
'I don't give a fuck'
and
My boy Miles
waved at him
and never got a wave
back and wondered
why and
I just didn't quite know
how to tell him
that everything
we needed
to know
about this decal dude
was right there
on the front of his
Worn shirt.

Early morning
cat street
across the
green field
of September
towards the
busy highway
with some kind
of rodent
In its mouth
not listening
to anything
but the blood
rush through
it's
big
ears.