

Joefiles 205

Welcome Home President Joe

The odd glower
Of 2021
Is softening
As the kids begin to
Laugh and
The bitter cold
Is nothing more than
A swift ice cream dream in
A newly cooked
Hot dog world.

Cracked screens
And
3 legged dogs
Hailing a cab
To heaven
For a shiny quarter
To throw
In the final
Wishing well this
Side of
The Kansas
Known
As
Oz.

Instruments play
On their own
In dusty corners
As the ghosts dance like
They will never fade out
As the human Valentine's
Spell love songs in
The sand
As the snow melts
Like
Yesterday
In our hungry tongues.

The cherry lamp pole
Rose into
The foreign dream
Like a domestic
Miracle
That found
It's flavor
And
Gave the rest of
Us a key
To the
Metaphor car..

The cowards
Will run congress
Sometimes
As the real heroes
Converge under a coffee moon
Deconstructing
The
Conspiracy that will
Soon
Become a democracy
We
Walk into.

The mountains
Are
Old family spying
To make sure that
The lows are the mediums
In the 3rd greatest
Song
Almost
Written.
The accidents are
The only
Truths worth
Mentioning
On
This
Long train ride
To
The green room
As
The next Jesus rise
is a comin
And
The devil
Is planning
His
Final suicide.

Saw dust crumbs
Come to life
And dance the
Lost jig
In a play of ballads
The superstar forgot
To play
In
The greatest sunshine
To heat
The
Warm
Ocean
Dreamer.

The genius
Of yesterday
Is the
Civility that
Is now
A
Conspiracy theory
No one will
Ever remember
In the oddest
American dream ever.

The woman
Designed man
In a
Oil pit made of
Old banana peels
An
A hope that
Cavemen
Were
A rumor.

Inauguration
Rebirth
Tonight
As the dreamers
And reformers
Join the common grounders
To dance for
The next four years
Like it will
Last
l
Sweet eternity.

In the AM of the
19th
A loud snarl of metal crunch
As a van collided with
A red parked truck
& as the
Sirens
Click like a bad game
Show through our bedroom
Window
I looked closer
Into the
Final Trump day &
That fitting,
Lonely,
Chaotic
Metaphor.

The kids of
1/20/21 America
Do a victory lap
In record time
As if light won't catch them
And
Tomorrow is the only
Place they
Truly
Belong...

Today's American
Horizon
Is a sanity we all
Tripped through as
The surreal carpet fooled
Us until
The skies opened up
And shown the stars
Like prayer delivered
Angels.

The night
Of no more roar
Has come as the con
Get the karmic soil
And the
Triumph
Is for all
The sane
To dance within
As though
Yesterday
Never
Existed and
To tonight is
Your
First prayer.

The convict
Found the lemons
And built a
Red
Rocket to run
Out of this red
Fire
Built by a fire thrower
In
A
2020
Three piece suit.

The boxes are taped up
Like life jackets
Weighted by years of lies
As the orange clown
Exits as
The lights ready to
Cut.

The orange man asylum
On DC hill spins
A sordid kinda surreal
We may never see again
As the conspiracy married the
Charlatan
As the
World
Got collectively Trumped.

The old 1980s
Rumor grew up
And theorized what
The 2020
Would be as
The
Dusted dystopian novel
Grew appendages
And
Promised to
Cure most of
Us
In the dreamy
Soundscape
Of 2036.

The fathers of
Your future
gambled away
Your past in
A feast of whiskey
In the last
Dance the daughters would
Promise
The world
Just before
Sleep
Rose to
Yawn.

Cowboys
And 2020
Indians circle
The American Karma
As though hibernation
Is over
And
Kubrick
Has been
Reincarnated
To film
The
Final
Surreal
Fucking
Battle.

The barrel of
The gun
Fell into
The soapy
Rose water tub
As the angel walked away
Wet
Looking
For a towel
The devil
Forgot
To
Burn.

The last train
To funny town
Ran over a clown wig
And
Sent tufts of
Presidential silhouettes
Into the sky
As the comedian
Cried a rainbow
Of a dream
We eventually
Laugh at.

That 1 hot
Air balloon
Over
Cincinnati has
The worlds best rumors
Jammed inside that
Hot bag
Ready to cure cancer
And
End COVID somehow.

The swift
Wind of 2020
Is dying like
An
Aged cartoon character
That hijacked the money boat
But was never
Trained on how
To
Spend
It all.

The clown
Of your lost
Dreams
Is the messiah if tomorrow
Digging a hole
To Finland
To
Find the secrets
We all
Wish for.

Moments
Collect like
Stars
On your child's ceiling
As they
Look In wonder
At how the constellations
Spell
Your
Name.

Sometimes this pandemic
gets my brain
swirling in such an
odd way
that I wonder
if they're
going to
remake classic movies
with everybody
having masks on
and social distancing
and squirting clear clean alcoholic liquid
into their hands
over and over again
and in its own
Natural twist
All family classics
or comedy films
Will be
Magically transported
into a pure
horror film.

It's very odd
that the word
of the year
for 2020
has been zoom
but this has been
the slowest moving
year ever.

The way they
are now
showing a sign
on the side of the road luck
with the Saturday Sunday
abbreviation
Looks like Satan
was going to be there
from 10 to 1.

That suburban truck
had two of the
largest antennas
I've ever seen in my life
& so big I thought they
were going to hit
the street signs above
and
The more I look at them
I'm sure they're pulling down
Juicy transmissions
from Jupiter or
Saturn
if we're lucky
Enough.

Everyday I
Drive by the
Fun House Pizza
There is a
Sign saying
See you in heaven Audrey
And now I'm
Certain
She is a carnival
Saint sprinkling the
Good times
Right on down
Into our full dreams
Like
Magic
Parmesan cheese.

The local
Nazarene church
Up the street here
On a lonely
Outlet road
is stuck on the date
of May 22, 2005
and it's been like that for a
long long time
Hoping the new messiah
Is paying attention
Or somehow
Time will freeze
Like ice cubes
In a
Mythical
Whiskey drink.

The 2021 mantra
should be
less food
and more smiling
And
Whiskey
If
You
Still
Really
Believe.

I Still gotta
develop that
bumper sticker
that
Simply says
'At least you're not Donald Trump...'

I still remember
waiting in that
rapid Covid test line
on a very cold morning
for 5 1/2 hours
and running into a
sales guy
from the hardware section
of the Lowe's in
My old town
Of Belton
and telling him
how much
I appreciated him
and what a weird coincidence
that I would have
that happen that day
If
All of these moments
Are even
A
Coincidence.

I saw a
big heart sticker
on the back
of a car
that looked like
it said jeans
and I was wondering
why this person
loved jeans so
and wanted
to let us know about it
and then realized
my eyes are really
going bad because it actually
said Jesus.

Lavender lamp posts
hide the secrets
shoved deep down
For the new
conspiracy theorist makers
Of the future
to find
and believe
that it may
have just
actually happened
in that alternate reality
of the
unknown.

Sometimes
when I'm
speeding past
what I think
is a cop on the
other other side of the road
I down and realize that
it says park ranger
on the side
Of his car
& I look back and think that dude
Has to be so happy
To distract that kind of feeling
In everybody.

The massive hawk
sitting in the
newly snowed tree
As the crows honking
gather
About like a
little murderer
Scene
Naturally
Unfolding
In
Dark,
Dark
Black.

When I think about
the silly
GOP congresswoman
that believes
in conspiracies
that just got elected
to the Senate
I realize
that we are firmly in the
row moment
of America
as we have
been fucked with for
so long that
the insane and loony bays
are going to start infiltrating
and causing problems
that we only write about for
decades
To come.

If you happen
to be in your car
and you are riding
My tail
& a little upset
that I'm not going
way over the speed limit
and have a
red Rudolph nose jammed
into your front grill
it means that all bets
are completely off.