

Joefiles 223

Recovery Revival 2022 America Rides into Remission?

1nce
We reduce
All the
Mouths moving
&
Noise,
We
Can bump into
Buddha
Under the tree
&
Finally
Sneeze well
&
Get some
Good sleep.

Horse run world
Finds milk in
Odd places as the moon
Skips orbit
And the past is
The only future
We decided
To
Pray for.

Astronauts
Tip toe
Over the whispers
Of aliens
To figure out who
Built the ruins
And if the dinosaurs
Will
Ever want to return
Again.

2022

Is the same sequel most
Have already been
Sleep walking through
As time speeds up
And memories slow down
In the
Train
With 3 cabooses
And graffiti
On the rail cars
That
Will
Predict
Our
Collective
Futures.

Love to do
a silent protest
where hundreds
of mimes
pull up in cars
and descend
on the said place ..

& then
the fear
would then
Catastrophically settle in
Like
A
Million
Crickets talking
At
Once.

The crazy Man
off the side
of the road
waving and wagging
something silver
&
yelling at somebody
Off road
& almost getting
into a bum fight
was quite
a thing to see
& there's no way
that we will ever know
the real story
& that is the
metaphor
That reverberates
throughout so many things
In this life
Like a blind journalist
trying to
walk over glass
Without cutting
their feet or
making a mess
with
The blood.

Miles just happened
to pick his choice
of shirt his
and it was the Beatles
on the morning when
we climbed
into the car
and they said
this was
the anniversary of them
coming to America
& Sometimes I'm not sure
how his electrical impulses
pick up on things
but today is a pure example of that
Magnetism
That
Changes the world.

I drove by
a gaggle
of wild turkey
yesterday
in the field
& showed my son
and his friend
and the whole experience
was mildly intoxicating
and I got an idea
Of how they
finally have appropriately named.

I Found a
wedding ring
Errantly
On the
Entry Carpet
Coming into
The community center
&
Quickly handed
It over to the
Older front desk clerk
Like I was some frog
In a lost novel
I was trying to
Hop
Out of.

Growing old
Can teach you
Things like
The end of innocence
And the birth of
Debauchery
As Gooden sleeps
Through the big
Ticker tape parade
As Dykatra lights
Fire to Red Sox game 7
Uniforms
In the behind the scenes
Rock and roll documentary
That is ready
To sell your
Soul to the
Average bidder.

Early morning runners
And cold woodpeckers
Knaw away
At the cats eyes in
The
Clean window
As an airplane
Accidentally
Dips by
And
The
Cardinal
Wakes from her nap.

The chameleons
Will rule your dreams
When the insomnia dies
And they will
Sell everything
1/2 off
To justify their rent
Demands
As the devil chokes on a
Chicken bone
And a murder of angels
Get their
Needed crows feet.

Intoxicate your past
And fly right
On by the dignitaries
Because the
Only fun left
Is anarchy
In your orderly
Dissection
Of
Disorder.

Covid
Nights
And healed days
Bruise the
World of viral confusion
As the children
Are born
And the elderly smile
Like the unison
March
Will end the mask
And restore
Your latest
Version
Of
Heaven.

The vivid dreams
About the past last night -
Bill Denny at his house having some beers with Miles
And
The Time Capsule with Sarah
As the girls watched on and wondered
About he many lives
I have lived.....
And how I never talk to my
Mom and
The spirits that collect at night
Wondering
And
Wondering
How the
Pandemic will end
And
How all of
This earthy mess
Will get resolved.

The well of yesterday
Slipped into a
Path of rebuke
That even pandemic times
Was concerned about as
The serpent went on a
New bender with
A nice angel across the street
That loves
The color red
And dreams
In
Pure
Unaltered yellow.

The congressman
Retired
Because
The conspiracy became
His truth
As we wonder
Who paid
Off the monster under
The bed as
The FBI
Lured out the
Demon
In an exorcism filmed
On VHS
and
Cremated to
Preserve
The sanctity
Of all
Our
Gods.

Requiem
For your future
Is the 2022
That feels
Like 2020
As the kids grow
New gray hair
And the alcoholics
Name the rest of the stars
In the sky
Purely
To get the
Stoners to giggle
Until
Normal
Life
Saunters
Back in.

I just saw
A piece of errantly
Paper fly by
While speeding along
In my car
that looks like
a seagull flying
into very fast
oncoming traffic
as I look
back
realizing
it wasn't
a bird
after all
As
the soul of
that paper
flopped around like
it was alive
&
Superheroish.

The cold hawk
was carrying off
the squirrel
and I just kept
looking on
In fascination
hoping
I wasn't gonna
runoff the road
or run into
something
the same way
that Squirrel did
before it got
scooped up
into the
Luckiest
Of claws.

There are
so many memories
I have of my
old childhood friend
Bill Denney
who unexpectedly died
of a brain aneurysm
a few months ago
and I always remember
the sports posters
and the pop culture
and the friends
that would come over
To his house with
Police concert shirts
and marveled
at all of the memorabilia
that I could
never get my
hands on
as a poor kid
on the other side
of the Liberty train tracks
With
Musty old
Duffle bags
Fulla
Fresh dreams.

When I was a kid
I remember
going to a
Bible study
&
very distinctly remember
they did a
science trick
With a pale of water
where they would
Rotate their arm
Fast
In a circle
And the water wouldn't spill out
As I kept on wondering
About how I just asked the
Church teacher
How got was born
And in his non-answer,
The metaphor of
The scientific water
I just kept wondering
how God was born
& who was God's parents
& the
Eternal wonder about religion
raged.

I can't seem to
track down
a guy by the name
of Ty Sarver
who helped me become
a born-again Christian
at a time
When I had nothing
in my life it
To really anchor me
&
In all the halls
Of
The past
And future connected,
He's the one
I'd love to catch up
With and say thank you
As the final image of him
Was in our early 20's
Drinking beer in his
Little apartment in the
Fall sunshine
As I wondered how he got so big
And how an actual head can grow that much
Bigger as I remembered
His early years of being funny
And skinny
And now he was angry
And I think we may have
Drank so much that
I forgot that
I may have already said
Thank you to
My earthly messiah
That went all
Early years Malcolm X.

There are always
age milestones
in your life
or you have
big questions
& now mine is
what does it really
all mean
with all of this
toil and creation
and things
that we do
running around
because at the
age of 50
right now
I have lost
most everything
relationship-wise
that I had for decades
because I married a woman
they hate
&
The common
Denominator
is
More
Than
Simply
that.

The murder of
morning crows
swoop in
& flop around
trying to get
Bits of
Fresh burger
Off the dirtied ground
As the memory
Lingers
And
The
Trash is
A makin.

The guy
in the big
Oddly shaped
amazon.com looking
city truck
sits on
the side of the street
scrawling
on his clipboard
as one side of his
front windshield
has about 63
Huge splats of
Bird shit
As he tries his
Heart out to look serious
And
Studios
With
Brow furrowed
In his
Modern day
Mystery Machine

Proof these times
Simply don't agree with me
Is that
I keep spelling
the word
pandemic
Fucking wrong.

Afternoon
parking jams &
memories of fire heroes
As the Jazz Band
nervously sits
on stage
ready to get
their instruments
moving
like a fine
oiled machine
As all the world outside
moves in 1 billion different
directions.

I have
all of the
leftover food
from
funeral weekend
for my work lunch
As I pause
To remember
That I never met,
but everyone
around them knew
her
very well.

On these days
leading up
to Christmas
I see
all the workers
Like
janitorial crews
& the mailman
& the delivery people
& other surprise workers
that I didn't
even know existed
&
we all look at each
Like strangers
In some
Glorious
Hallmark film.

The two
Tie laden
Teen kids
caught me
in
The busy
Walmart
to witness
to me
about
God's mom
As the world slowly
Sped up
And
The fourth coming
Was
Etched into
Conspiracy
History.

A lot of
these kids
have already
lived a
Massive
block of time
trudging through
this pandemic reality
of ours
with no real idea
if it's
ever going
to end
or not
and that's a novel
that we all
live through
right now
as we
wonder
what the sun's
gonna feel like
the next day
As it slips
on up
over those
landscapes
of the unknown.