

Joefiles 228

Gaggles of Unmasked American Superheroes

The wardens of your worst nightmare

Are the bad bullies

No one will

Remember as the

Immortals walk slowly over

Tie shadows

As if there is

A future that will

Cure all

Of us.

Next world assumptions

Are the hierarchy

Of the finest story ever

Told to

Children in disguise

As the

Earth

Finally speeds up

As m dad

Becomes the best

Mirage.

Art heroes

Roam

The under earth

As

The vitals

Blend in with

The blonds

Trying

To

Make yesterday

Relevant.

Winter birds

Melt into spring monarchs
As the summer earth worms
Grow wings
And fall into
A seasonal
Dream
That is
Yet
To be named.

The best way

To be

Remembered

Is to forget

You were alive

And tip

The angel

Who

Opens your

Final door.

The Achilles heel of 2022

Are the brave
Telling the delusional
Politicians that
They will
Soon be forgotten
And dropped into a
Well
No one
Will
Listen
To
Ever
Again.

Milky cats

Swirl around your dream

Painting

With turpentine lies

And acrylic truisms

Hopeful

That fire

Will switch

To water

And

The dogs will

Become

Their

Servants.

The bright light hangs above us

In the candy colored sky
Like a jury box no one sanctioned
As the guilty get lauded
And the innocent slip
Off into
Obscurity and
A bliss
The famous folk
Could never
Fathom.

Regret is the last laugh

From the

Angel

Who

Beat the demon at

Arm wrestling

As

The

Best of the best

Slips

Happily

Into 2nd place.

Hallelujah

Was the name

Her folks gave her

The night god woke up

And the

Minions napped

On as if

Forever was

But

A

Myth.

It's the morning after Easter 2022

and I had
this short
first of thoughts
burst
& it was
being grateful
that I never, ever have
to trudge over to my
sister's house anymore
for that holiday
as it was always
one of the most
dreaded family days
on the calendar for me
& instead of getting
into any of the details
as the why it was horrifying,
I will say one thing that
my sister
has afforded me unintentionally
by who is
and that would be
achieving
a level of being
cold in regards
to who she is,
but I think
this is the time
to put that
to rest
because she's
not worth me
treating the world like that
knowing full well
that when trauma
like hers
is something to finally forget
you simply let it go
as I recall
so many years
of my life
with people saying to me
that they had no idea

that i ever had a sister
as I come to
full grips of
prancing with the ghots
abound on earth
as
a
mere
solitary creature
on this
personal
Dimino landscape.

My wife

really

doesn't

like mushrooms

& here

all this time

I thought

I was

a fun guy.

I was driving down the highway on Good Friday 2022

As I approach a new area of construction
& I'm straining in the early morning light
looking at an overpass
thinking there's some kind of
construction equipment
I've never seen hanging off
the overpass
but instead
it's a man
dressed like Jesus
in a big white gown
And fake thorned crown
pulling a massive
wooden cross slowly
Across the byway as the cars speed on by
While I scramble to get
my phone to see if
I can capture the moment
at a minimum to make sure
what I saw was real,
that imposter Jesus
was off like the quickest
turtle savior this side of
the bounding Missouri river
ready to turn
the sunshine into
resurrected wine.

I just found out today

that

a veteran jazz player

named Charnett Moffett

had passed away

and it was probably

within a year

that I interviewed him

& he was a

wondrous human

that just got married

& released a new album

& was so excited

to come out of this pandemic

& there's something awfully

visceral and strange

& I'm always content

in the end

that I get the chance

that help these

artist titans

get their stories

and thoughts

and ideas

out there

to be immortalized

just like

he is

now.

I think the thing right now

in my life
as I get ready
to return 50
& had to rebuild
after divorce
as continue resurrect my life
is that no one in my life
has fought for me
whether it was the people
that I was around
that decided they didn't want
to be around the people
that have been around me my whole life
or conversely
for the people that were around me
my whole life decided
they didn't want to have anything to do
with the people that were in my life
for a short time
& no one could
respect that part of me
that was in phoenix mode
as both death and rebirth were
engulfing me
as a
parent,
lover,
human
& that
for the rest
of my earthly days
I will never
ever
get over that
as I simmer in disbelieve
that I simply wasn't worth
folks aspiring harder
for some peace
& common ground
as I continue to forgive and accept
the ways of those around me
in this
one way highway I

continue to put my cold thumb
out to hoping
that
reciprocity will
arrive
as the
sky and
land is
but
a blank,
lonely canvass.

The only thing that I miss

about my
old life
is that
there's no one
around me
that genuinely
loves my boy Miles
in a way
that's true
& deep
other than me.

On the day

that my
Facebook account
officially got deleted
off earth
because I was hacked
& no one stood up for me
to get it renewed,
I loaded up into a
Toyota time machine
to see
Ben Folds
live in Lawrence
& swim
through
all of the memories
that everybody tries
to remember
& simultaneously
forget on that
social media
lake of fire
we skate on
with melty blades.

The older I get

& the more

I go along in age,

I like to watch sports matches

on mute

& It started out

as something

that I would do initially

as I heard the TV

at low-volume

because it was disturbing

to my son

that has

sensory overload issues,

but now

it has become

something to

look forward to

because

I can read lips

& understand all the

clatter and drama

that sports talk guys

simply fail to

get as they read

too far

between

the proverbial lines

of what

is always

right

the fuck

in front of them.

The lake view

while working
out on the
stationary bike
is full of
strange birds
& cardinals
& cranes that
swoop over the lake
providing something
that almost seems
quite unreal
but it's the most
alluring thing
I can imagine
thinking about while
I'm not
actually motion.

The old couple

sits

in the April

cold sunshine

of 2022 looking

at the old

comic book store

as it gets

renovated

& no one knows

what it's

going to turn into

as their minds

churn with dreams

& wonder

& superheroes

that used to live

within those walls

with that

ghost filled

haunt of

hero world.

Just walked into a school

& saw

a little girl

with a unicorn

head dress

& was wondering

if as

an information technology guy

I should

do the same thing

because sometimes

people get awfully

happy and magical

about getting their

Tech fixed

& it would be

a good little exercise

Overall effect

To keep

The stereotype in full

limbo.

I'm comforted sometimes

in knowing
that Bill Clinton
is still on planet earth
talking and
doing
& creating
& being cool on the sax
As I still
hold out hope
To meet or talk to him
like I did years ago
Dreaming about
Being a guest
on the David Letterman program
Doing my stupid human trick
With a pickle to my nose
And salivation
Murmuring on
For
Miles
And miles.

Sometimes I wonder

how people get into
the predicaments
that they fall into
& then
there is
that one dude
in the bright sunshine
of April
walking down Main Street
with a cigarette hanging
out of his mouth
With a gas can
in his hand
While his other arm
has a huge bandage
wrapped around it
As he is looking down into
The abyss of his phone
not paying attention
To that crack in the sidewalk
That
Will eventually
Do humanity a favor
And swallow him whole.

I was just in a library

with a bunch of kids
Working on wiring a
Computer cart
As they were looking at books
and one of the kids
looked to another one
and said
He couldn't believe
That he didn't know who
Kanye West was
And muttered it loudly
over and over
and said ultimately that
he was richer
than Jay Z
And the other kid just said
Plaintively that he didn't know
who he was
& I thought I would
Do almost anything to live
My whole life
Never knowing who Kanye Wast was
And what a gift to
Humanity that would
Ultimately be.

A lot of the schools

I'm going into
Are starting
To smell more
And more like
Pockets of burning pot
As I wonder if
Rope making 101 or
Hemp Basics are being
Taught and
Knowing damn well
That if it was the case,
No one would show up
For
The
Obvious is
Always right in front of
Us
Dangling like
An escape rope.

It would be really strange,
Yet not wholly out of
The ordinary
If the Dollar tree
started selling signs
that the homeless folk
could hold up to better
Their panhandling prospects
With
Crisp cardboard and clean
Sharpie handwriting with
Different
Messages to get the cash.

Last Sunday I had to jaunt up the road

To meet a woman that

Just the day before bought two

Of my paintings

Because I forgot to sign

Them and as

I sat on the bench and she

Came out of her car

To have me sign the spine of

Both,

I thought it was quite

A nice

Fix of a predicament to be

In as

My side profession

Of colorizing life

continues.

I was at the Sunday morning gas pump

with the sunshine outside
and I saw a couple of stickers of Biden
on the pump next to the price
saying "I did this"
and with that I reached into my car
to get a pen to scroll it out
and write Trump's name on it
a guy with A "Make America Great Again" hat
came up by my car and dropped his sandals
on the ground as I braced for him to say something
About the he likely did not see me do and
He said instead,
"I got a story for you."
He saw the cups on top of my car
And said he heard a story on Facebook last week about
A women that flipped a dude off in anger and as
She drove away the guy she flipped off yelled
To her,
"I hope you aren't looking for your phone'
Because it was up there and flew off into the road
In an instant fit of karma
And as this old timer laughed,
I looked hard into the dark gap of missing tooth in his mouth
And laughed back at him knowing that
The book has to be read to be
Fully understood.

The other night was a very weird mix of dream,
but I remember
At one point
Out of the high tall sky in the air
Like from the tallest airplane around
And seeing the juts of ocean and mountain an beauty below
I knew that this could be it,
There was no way of survival
And there was no panic
As I got close to the ground
And simply splatted into a subway
Full of folks going up a scenic
Route on the 101 looking at the
California coastline
As the rest of the
Dream was a delightful mince
Of stress full of adventure,
Intrigue and
The unknown
That
Is now still
Unknown.