

## **Joefiles 229**

*The Ghosts are Becoming Human Right Behind Our Very Eyes*

**It's trash day**

& there's a huge  
white bag of trash  
smashed

& open

in the road

As massive blackbirds

circle around

In little

early morning

Lapping up

The

Wonderment

and Miracle

**The breaks**

in the  
Clouds  
are the shelves  
That hold  
your heavy karma  
And  
when the rains fall,  
The only  
tissue  
is the sun  
And it waits until  
The moon  
Is tired.

**Fortunes become**

Your past as

Rumors of gold run with

Arms and legs out

Of your new novel

That many will hear about

And few will

Read in

A true tale for

All

Human ages.

**Old childhood friends**

That are gone suddenly

Sting in a way that

Silent family

Never,

Ever will.

### **On the way to the school**

I work at  
With the  
surrounding schools  
around me  
I see a sign  
right off the highway  
that says  
German Shepherd puppies  
for sale  
and  
I think  
I just heard  
1000 girls  
squeal  
all at once  
and pure excitement  
As  
the dreams  
of this Monday  
May morning  
pop in a way that is  
Fictionally,  
Yet  
Real spectacular.

**I was just listening to a story**

on the radio  
about a guy  
that says  
I love you  
to his friends  
all the time  
and one of his friends  
asked him  
why he did that  
and he just said  
"I love my friends"  
& I just  
smiled huge  
thinking  
the same thing  
As a little old man  
with his wiener dog  
was getting ready  
to cross the street  
and when  
he discovered that I was  
sitting there waiting  
at the stop sign  
he looked over  
and waved his finger  
and smiled  
and I thought  
what a beautiful moment  
of realizing  
that my friends  
are my family  
As this little old man  
Walks fast  
With his dog  
on a morning stroll  
before the  
rains came  
Swooping in.

**A little black car**

on the outlet road  
has the word midnight big  
In stencil letters  
On the side of it  
and the girl driving it  
doesn't look like  
somebody  
that would put  
big red letters  
that say midnight  
on the side  
of a car  
As I wonder  
about the mystery  
of this girl  
& if she's really  
a part of some kind of  
X-Men superhero troupe  
That i don't know about  
as the morning  
unfolds  
in a giant  
Rainy  
Origami.



**My wife always talks about**  
the fact  
that there should  
be tater tots  
at more fast food restaurants  
& the other day  
her mom  
was watching  
Mauri Povich  
in the living room  
and there was a  
paternity test  
and the child's name  
was tater tot  
and I smiled knowing  
that the power  
Positive potato  
is alive  
and well in the  
Starchy human race.

**There's a honk for graduate sign**

in front

of the house

and it's very early

in the morning

and I'm wondering

how many babies

will wake up

&

how many dogs

will bark

In the early

Ambiguous

to celebrate

this anonymous kid

that just got

The

Coveted

Piece of paper.

**There's a tiny strip of cloud**

going up

into the sky

off the highway

& it looks

Misshape

but also looks

like one of the

best placed items

That I have seen

in a very long time

In this paper short life

Printing

in front of me.

**I will never forget**

the paranormal crew  
that came  
into our home  
and all of the equipment  
and all of the shots  
and all of the theories  
on this world  
we live in  
between worlds  
As all of us  
try to figure out  
the invisible  
that some  
See  
& others walk through  
In a cacophony  
Of matrix shadows  
Waltzing in the  
Midnight sunshine.

## **Friday the 13th**

is about

15 minutes

until dead

As the

14 is a

Bloody corpse

That will not wake

Up

While 15

Hides

In fear

As 16 dances

The

Fuck on.

### **The massive Hawk shadow**

crosses over  
both lanes traffic  
and the median  
like something  
way way easier  
than it actually  
was  
as I just looked  
up straightahead  
not even in the sky  
to see if I could find  
that bird because  
I wanted to stay  
A shadow forever.

## **The first time**

going out  
to the Royals Stadium  
I thought about  
my best friend  
Bill who  
recently died  
in the prior  
fall and  
there is a  
Defined  
Pang of sadness  
In me that I didn't expect  
because that was a place  
where we galvanized  
Our childhood  
As our  
Youth would swim freely  
in  
The warmth  
Of our  
souls.

**As I hold the piece of technology**

in my hand  
that can record  
& videotape  
& take pictures  
& listen to podcasts  
& check a bank account

In the world over  
and do anything  
that I want  
I'm amazed  
at this thing this  
and I still get  
in that childlike wonder  
over this

Shiny piece of technology  
that  
on the one hand  
is amazing  
& on the other hand  
Had separated  
all of us  
All in a way  
We may never  
Exist long  
Enough  
To define.



**Motors on bikes**

May

Be the

Laziest

Modern

Invention

As the

Adults riding

Them quickly

Out of view

So I can't

Make our how

Well they applied

Their

Clown make up.

**The WHO license plate guy**

Is now

Identified

As the

Almost non anonymous guy

As we

Collectively

Contemplate

Our early English classes

And the British band

As the

Non secret spy

Continues to

Get exposed each

Consecutive mile...

**The quarantine of our souls**

was

The cost of a polished

Lie no one

Believes

Yet

Worships

As the modern titanic

Slips off the equator

& into

Our finest

New

Sleepscape.

**Wasted &**

Angry little sports radio  
Men scream from  
Their  
Newly erected mountain  
That danger is abound  
But the peasants are  
Deaf  
And blissfully  
Happy  
At the abundance of  
Sweet silence...

## **The next eclipse**

Of my heart  
Is just another seismic  
Tremor in  
A long  
Calculated ink  
Line  
Scrawled by  
An  
Errant kids qualified  
To be my intern  
And smart  
Enough to defeat  
The devil.

## **Malignant rumors**

Float in

Tiny shifts

Of orange mist

Down the road into

The

Incubator

Of

Another theory

We will

Shoot

Dead

If we could

See it.

## **Dreams of me giving my mom**

A big

Long

Good bye hug

Is all I got

As my family acts

As a gaggle

Of shadow hijackers

While I find a way

Yo get out of

This ugly

Novel I'm

Written

Into.

## **Dreams of old pals**

getting my

Coveted

apartment

From my 20s

Was a dose

Of nocturnal comfort

That

Validated

The complete world supply

Of

Miraculous

Melatonin.



## **Ghost world 101**

Is the  
Class I take  
When I fall  
Asleep  
And  
Believe  
I'm the  
Fucking unbelievable.

**The Pandemic is over today on 4.27.22**

Via

The Fauci

And President

As we

Zombies

Amble forward with

Are

Quasi metal detectors

Trying to

Find our

Lost brain cells

Littered about like

Loose fossils

Waiting to

Turn into

Expensive

Barrels of oil.

**Cacophony of early morning**

bird songs

and odd calls

Are the finest

Music of a

Mozart dream

Running over

The Thelma & Louise cliff.

**Low flying airplanes**

as all the  
lost and silken  
hero's  
iron their  
Worn capes.

**The negative spaces**  
of openness  
are  
where  
you exist  
In this rumored  
World of 2022.