

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.