

Joefiles 233

Our Basic Rights Will Eventually Bloody the Square's Nose

The old

metal
gas can
sitting
upside down
on the side
of the
late August
Highway looks
Thirsty,
yet content
As all the
streams
of cars
come flying
by in a
Thirsty,
Fueled blur.

The youngling tennis kids

in

Overly

flowery attire

Full of hugs

& loud are the

New Gen YYY

kids with

Odd cell phone theories

&

No instincts

To hit

Balls

Worth a

Scram.

The Christian atheists

motorcycle club

Blare and blob

On down the

Highway of life

Like a gaggle

Of tough motherfuckers

Reinventing

The grandest

Ironic metaphor

Perfect

In these

Ambivalent

2022 times.

In my grandiose

The Village Vanguard Dream
I Went with Miles & the family
to see my jazz friend
In NYC named Daniel Bennett
and we were talking
about jazz venues
& he said
the Vanguard
was right around the corner,
So we went
& ran into another
LA cat named Winston Byrd
& he was hugely tall
&
Somehow Miles' godfather Summers
showed up
& he didn't like Winston
And as the hop through
Miraculous jazz rooms ensued
I listened to my wife's voice
In my head
And
Bought a shirt
& Took copious pictures
All the while
I witnessed different show bits
for free
As the workers said
there was no admission
& I was in shock that
This free dream fell
Into my expensive
Wanderlust.

As I sped on down the Missouri Highway

I noticed a little
old woman
on the Sunday AM train
Peering into the
Secret void of
America like a wise
School teacher
Assessing our
Bones and aged souls
To later give us
Our final
Letter grades.

At the small engineering joint

Off Main Street by

My work,

I see into their

Quaint conference room

As a

Sign that looks

Hand quilted and took time

To make that says

GIVE A DAMN

And

It makes

The most sense in that

Room

And no matter

Who occupies that room,

It should always

Damn well stay

Right

There

On that

Courageous wall.

My son always

Calls

My wife

'My girlfriend'

And it makes more and more

Sense as I deliberately

Don't correct him

Because I have spent

My whole life wanting

A really good girlfriend

And I finally have

Just that

In

My wife.

The old destroyed shards

Of tire

Littered in streaks

Along the hot summer

Highway look like

pre historic carcasses

Scorched in a

Massive blood fight

As the simple

Burned up

Sign that faintly

Says extinct

Comes to rest in the

Ditch

Just beyond.

Tiny dots

In closed eyes burst

A big litter

About the sky

like little

Secret miracles

taking my mind

away from

right

now.

The hardest thing
about
growing up is
watching
the younglings
around you
learn how friendships
just kind
of
fade away.

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Being able
to view
the western portion
of the United States
& sink my feet
in the California sand
right on the
verge of 50
is a little miracle
In a whole long line
of miracles
in this life
that I love
to see unfold
like the
best kind of
origami.

After I saw that used bag
of stuffed animals
on the side of the road
I wondered
About all
The ideas that
Could have been wonderful
Cartoons
That
We
Will
Never
Ever
See.

Heard a huge rumor

About a

Kenny G fueled

Nugget party

at the

Police safety fair

And my

Ghost

Fainted

Into

The 7th dimension.

I just noticed a little plastic horse

in the middle
of the intersection
as I drove
through on a
Exceedingly
hot Sunday afternoon
wondering
how did this happen
As the words
Horsetown
rang so
loudly in my head
That I had to try
to stop myself
from smiling.

Finding that 20s ballad

Is the fortune coin
That will cure all my
Past debt and
Heal my future
As I nap first
And get
My
Big
Fancy
Fucking
Metal detector out.

Fishnet

In middle
of Saturday
July Highway
Means
The 9 hearts of
The worm are comforted
And the lake fish
Can finally
Go on that vacation the
Always dreamed
Up
Of Hoffa Fantasyland.

Prop open the door

And let the hot,
Warm Summer air in before
We drop the ice cubes
In a long slug of bourbon
That will signify the march
Down
America's past
To reclaim
What the Darth Trump's
Are attempting
To annihilate.

The campus police

Found the drunk

Hippo walking in circles

As the calculus kids

Giggled like

They knew what yesterday was all about

But couldn't

See a cloud in the sky

Shimmering high above

Like

The

Future,

Future,

future.

Tailor made Inventiveness

Is something

Ordered in a bottle

From a

Mastermind on vacation

Waiting

For the

Next

Train to Boston

To find out

If the moon

Is real

Or

If the sun was merely

A hoax this whole time.

All he ever wanted to do

Was pen

A poem

That

People

Would forget

And when he

Got to that wobble

Pile of white pulp,

His mind went

Into a blank

Void

That included

All the

Dust of outer space...

Pennies from heaven

Are the nickels

You find

Scattered from a purgatory

That burn like a hundred dollar bill

Straight from hell

That will

Become you

Last lottery ticket

When the

Mortgage note is

Finally

lost.

Having a second chance

with your

Best dog

when you

never thought

things

May work out

Past 1 fateful day

is the gift

From a god

With a name you

Cannot pronounce

But will

Always

Remember.

The older gal

with

two small Yorkies

stopped

on the side of the

Nature sanctuary road

With her

bright yellow

tank top

looking down

at a turtle as

the curious dogs

Of roving tails

Is a recipe

Of

Action

That throttled

Straight down

Into

slow motion.

My great & grant friend

Is the poet
Out of Emporia Kansas
& he is getting
an organ
taken out of his body
Very soon
and I keep thinking
about how
good he is on instruments
and in
honor of
The upcoming procedure,
he might
Want
To pick up the skills
of playing
An organ
so he doesn't ever
Miss one lick
or beat
Ever
Again.

The old ways
of this
sleepy
Lee Summit town
with the echoes
and ghost of
Pat Matheny
runs
on by
in a
modern blur
trying to decide
who they are
as the definitions
go flying
like kites
over our heads
and I'm not
quite sure
which way
the wind is going
to either pick up
or die down
To define
what's going on
around here in
these
Undefined parts.

My boy

Miles

Is

Likely

The

coolest guy

I will

Ever,

Ever

know.

I was taking my time up the busy thoroughfare

looking behind a Whataburger

wondering

what they were building

& then an older dude

behind me

Playing yet another

guy in a big truck

was waving his arms

All upset because

I wasn't going

over the speed limit

by 10 miles an hour

for approximately 20 seconds

& as he sped up

To come up next to me

and my son

Lost in his phone in the backseat,

I took my middle finger

Moment he passed me

& slammed that happy finger

against the window

As my wedding ring clanked

and this big truck wielding old boy

Took a kid sip out of his silver cup

like nothing happened

& about five seconds later

there was a late response

from my

son

asking me why I hit the window

& with a smile on my face

I told him there was a

big ugly bug on the side car,

And I needed to shoo it away

Like an asshole

Needing a

Good afternoon reminder

Of

living.

The older I get

the more I feel like
I'm stitching together
the reasons why
I choose
the way
I've chosen
& I'm surprised
& shocked
yet not so much because
I understand
how age and
our backgrounds mingle
& the more I realize what happened
to me is I grew up,
it was out of my control
Of what really did shape
and force me
into things
that I may not
Have wanted to do
But really fucking happy
With smoothing out the
Chaos
In
What
I created.

I
would
like
to
jump rope
with
the
Dalai Lama
one
day.

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