

Joefiles 237

The 1970's Just Did a Vicious Backflip into my 50th
Plaentary Year

She left on 10/13,
& I arrived....
in '72

The faded
Lore sticker of
McCain Palin 2000
on the back
of an old
beat up white car
with a
more old
beat up white dude
driving it
brings a wave
of relief
& side smile
to my face
but sometimes
I wonder if
holding back
that wave
Of doom
didn't bring
A more ominous
orange crush wave
we're all
Dreading right now
but laughing
With
A fact of history
Stuck firm
In the wonder
Of political wanderlust.

I put
little autographed
baseball cards
I doctored up with
gold paint
& flecks of paint
& a note on the back
Tucked inside
the old lottery slip
Location
in the gas stations
& have to wonder
what old man
is going to get
One of 'em
& send me a message
saying
'motherfucker I can't take
this shit anymore'
or which one's gonna
say to themselves in
Silent triumph
'let me hold onto this
like a lottery ticket'
As the jury gets drunk
And sleeps in...

A little girl
with a faded purple
'play hard dream big' shirt
has her phone
sideways
Tilted to her ear
and if someone
from 30 years ago
would've looked on
To see how
she's walking
with their face crunched
with the modern walkie-talkie
they probably
wouldn't understand
what's going on
& I get the feeling
with the look on her face
she doesn't know
what's going on
either.

If I had the job
of taking care
of digital billboards
It would seem to me
a good place
to take letters
off of things ...
for instant there
is a local
confectionery store
that had pots on sale
and pictures of them
& with that
I would just take
the 'S'
off and say
There is a pot sale
& have prices up there
to confuse everybody
and if I got
really adventurous
I would just put a picture
of a pot plant
coming out of it
but I'm sure
that would be
the last time
I would ever
have the digital controls
but it certainly
would be
Finest
Wheel of Fortune
Ever ...

I heard a teacher
in the hallway today
Ask to the
Kids in the class
'Are those voices that I'm hearing?'
And I was thinking
How odd English is
& it's all about context
Because at the
end of the day
none of those
children need
to know that
she's hearing voices.

I slipped up
into the hallway
during my
tech day job
& heard a teacher
say answer
and it sounded like
cancer
& I started thinking
about the words
answer
& cancer
& I figured
those two might
Just go
well together.

If squirrels
ever have
the ability
to have
seminars
With all their
Nutty pals,
They need
To figure things out
Like not constantly
fucking running
out in the
middle of the street ..
Ever.

The sad bag
of white powdered
donuts
strewn
in the middle
of a busy
Byers Road
in mid October
Is a sweet
Damn
Waste
No one wants
To hear
Much
About.

On the eve
of my
50th birthday
my son just called
me up
to ask
if I could
play catch with him
And share a few
Tots with him
& in my twirl
To make sense of
It all,
I figure
That outta
sum
some things
up.

It's 12:47
on October 13, 2022
& today I'm officially
50 years old
& as I was driving
back from an afternoon
jazz gig
In a historic district
In Kansas City
I tried feebly
to avoid hitting
the largest
Red Bull can
I can ever imagine
floating in the wind
down the highway
& I accidentally
smashed it perfectly
& gave it
The god damned
Wings it deserves
On a day
Fulla
Every kinda
Angel.

— the lore
Of the vuvuzela
Is the soundtrack of
Your loudest dream
When you missed
The overtime goal,
But got the
Girl.

The
one
broken
hair clip
She left
in my seat
The morning
after
Our
Weekly date
Is the
Kiss
She
Almost
Forgot
To blow
My way.

The
sideways
inflatable ghost
in the morning
Wind
Is fighting
To
Stay painfully
Visible
In an
Invisible
Dance
Of
Brilliant
Holiday
Imbeciles.

Sometimes
I spend
the whole
rest of my day
trying
to remember
that one thing
that
sidetracked me
as
other
Larger things
get sidetracked
potentially
like that train wreck
Covered
Meekly
in the news
you
May quickly forget about,
But
Will
Always
Linger
On
&
On about.

The lost dream
of
Remembered
Titanic
Is an
Atlantic
That seized
The
Rotten cancer
And saved you past.

Recording the past
Is a saintly
Vocation
That has
Existential karma
Notched to it
Like a key
In a gaggle of
Balloons
Taking the child over
The
Hidden Valley rainbow...

Marilyn Manson
Is that used fog machine
In the corner you
Dare don't flick on
Anymore
Nor use
Because
The haunt of smoke
Is a reality
The
Sun
Cleanses.

Today
2022
GOP
Blood lambs
Are the
Haunted story of
Fiction once
Told
And put away
Like a Ouija board
For fear that
History
Would be
Trumped
Or trampled
By
MeGA
Fucking
Mobsters.

The never ending
Soda
Is the
Needle
In your hay stack that
Will
Finally be found
At the
Very
Very
End of the jaunt
As the
Red balloon waits
To be
Ceremoniously popped.

Folk warn
Of democracy dyin
As the calm
Runs with a bucket of
White out to
A red pen explosion
On
Aisle six.

Our body doubles
Are really well fed elves
That live under your neighbors
Porch
Making bad
Bets on
Used car races
Waiting to
Grow stunted wings
To go save
The
Lost children of
An eternal
Fictional Russia.

As my son
hugged me
this morning
saying he didn't
want to go to
his mom's house,
I told him it was
gonna be OK
and as he
pulled away
he just kind of
said under his breath
He don't want
Me to die
As my heart grew
Another fictional
Ventricle
To stay around
As long
As
He
Earthly
Needs me.

The three things
that always
reassures me
about human beings
is that
we have created
and maintained
music
and we have domesticated
dogs
&
Managed to
Keep
Cats
A mysterious
Blend
Of
Fuckin cool.

As I quickly
take to turn
down the
suburban street
on a gray November day
with thousands
and thousands
of leaves
on the ground
there is a
slightly balding dude
in a short sleeve shirt
& long beard
Holding sight if his dog
As it's spine is arched
punching towards earth
to let it all out
Of the other hole
As the man
just looks around
scratching the corner
of his mouth
trying his utter damndest
to look as cool
as possible
in this whole thing that
is one of the
grandest
shit shows ever.

It really is
never about
the brass that
you want in life
as I think about
the fact
that again
I'm not considered
a nominee in a category
for a side job
I work very
very hard
each
& every week
and I think
the validation
that I found
last night
sitting
very close to a stage
while a legendary
Kansas City Jazz Singer
gave her heart out
to an enthusiastic crowd
Knowing that she
reached out
to talk to me
On the top
of the list
Of local journalists
and to get me those seats
so that I could
sit there with my wife
In hand
& really soak
in the beauty of why
I do what I do
in this industry
of jazz music.

The kid named Edit
Was the best
Kinda version
Of his
Process
With best friends
Soundtrack and Screenplay
Cheering him on
As every day stands
As a gleeful ride
Down post production
In a
Groundhog Day of days
Known as
Unique
Directorial debuts.

Cold duck soup
Floating on
This Sunday pond
As
Dreamy San Diego
Thoughts
Fly on like a warm microwave
In the
Passion
Of a day dream
Sizzling invisible
For few to
Feel.

No November
Red wave out there
For
The anti-surfers
As the blue holds true
In these 2022 times
As Trump fumes at
Calendar companies
Worldwide to
Recount the days and
Reorder the weeks
Because
God is a fraud
And Donnie's personal devil
Has made his
Favorite soup
Too
Fucking hot
To taste.