

Joefiles 238

Stolen Cowboy Dreams & Ripped Up Game Tokens

The ghosts

Stay away from
Places like arcades
Because there is
Enough chaos there
To stretch on
For eons
In the spanse of
A
Ghosts
Best version
On Twilight Zine.

of the very few times

i spot the somewhat reclusive
single neighbor tucked in suburbia
is in the very early morning when
his window is alit from my
kitchen window view
and i think about the
bachelor thoughts and dreams
going through his
airs
as a man living his life
and plowing through
the assumptions
of the lot
as the light clicks
off and
his gas tank is still at full
while
the rest of the world
wonders if there is a
gas station open this early.

chillhop is the soundtrack

wafting

and blipping

about each of the rooms

i'm in because

that's the thing now

as the finer notions

of life

stand open like

a

big,

new package

of saltines

waiting for the

magical tuna to

swim on by.

snowfall fooled the masses again

as the big,
cold drips of
water
splash down like
tiny
bits of kid laughter
as
waves of coffee vapor
leak into the sky
arming the
upper reaches for
another joke
to be played
on
us
little
human
simpletons with
brains.

each warm season

i read winter

poems

i tell myself to stop doing

that then

i run into one of

these things

and realize

that

the cold

is simply something

none of

us

will

or

can

escape from.

musicians in interview

always tell me
that it means
the world that someone feels
either
good or bad about
their music,
not indifferent,
as i think
about the family
i had that ditched
me
and
distinctly
feel that way
musicians
never
want the fan to
feel.

Heard women

are

Growing

Tired of

The postal service

For always being

So

Mail dominated...

I simply refuse
to talk to others
About a long line
While in a long line
Because
It's a short trip
To a long set
Of known
& blatant
Sillytude
I have retired from
In this
Life that is
Over half lived
In a
Long
Fucking
Human line.

For some reason

In November

I remember an

old girlfriend

who was murdered

In 2018

By a dude that knew

She was to be a

Material witness in

An upcoming trial

And it's odd

To think

You would never

See or hear from someone

Even though that's why

You broke up

And It makes

Me feel like my

Life is fiction sometimes

As I shoot good invisible

Thoughts to

Her son

Out there kicking

As

Ass we all

Strive

&

Sweat to stay

Alive.

Each & Every time

I have a
flavored cup of coffee
Like the Kaluha flavored 1
In pure desperation
I always regret it
Like the taste
Of a
Hot sauce
I should
Have never
Even been
In the room with.

as a bird lover

i found the smartest
one the other day
in the walmart
bird seed section flitting
and
blopping
abouts
and i wondered for a bit
how and why it was in there,
i saw
the
seed
and watched it
fly back tucked
up like a joey in a pouch
eating
like
a
king
in a
buffet for the
feathered gods.

For some reason my father

had
three children
and none of them
wanted to
enter the military
and he used
to really illuminate
& talk about
those years
& I remember
one time
he told me
that all he
wanted to do was
go fight Vietnam
& at that point in my life
I heard
so many
horror stories
I thought
why would
he ever want
To fight do that
but at that point
In his life
I'm sure he wanted
to prove to himself
That he wanted
to be a hero
& wanted to bust
out of that
old Italian boy shell
of New York
& become the man
& a reason
To charter
a whole new destiny
in his life
& now is as a

50 year old man
myself
I see it
clear as day
In the tiny pocket
Of calm
Watching
As the chaos
Twirls by.

Sometimes I hear stories

of people
& their families
& their lives
& wonder
How it's amazing
As I look at all of
those
bits and pieces
of skeleton
& carnage
& things
that are floating about
& then I realize
my life
Has turned into the
exact same thing
& then start wondering
How do most other people
that get to the stage
in their life
In the same same
Order of things
As we all
try to find the right love
and the right way
in the right people
and the right path
in life
because I think
that's more of the truth
than the
Hollywood fairytale
of everybody getting
along and
everything being wonderful
and I'm not saying
it's not wonderful
But I'm saying
that if you want

your life to be magical
and ideal
you're gonna
have to tiptoe
through the carnage
to get
to that point
and I think that clearly
right now
as I sit here alone
& I'm simply
mighty fucking
fine with that notion.

Sometimes it gets tiring

to have
that feeling of wanting
to eat
and eat
and eat
throughout the day
so I think
I'm going to replace
that with poems
and writing
and words
& food poetry
or word poems
or daily diet for poets
or something that is
awfully good
and edible
in this world
that needs
many more
words
Than
it
Currently
Doesn't have.

I had a dream last night

that I was
in a café
having a meal
and my
Estranged family
walked in
and started sitting
in tables around me
and as I noticed who
they were
They sneakily
looked over
and noticed me
and didn't say anything
in a devious
way
As if a gaggle
Of grade schoolers
so I got up
Silently
& paid my bill
&
Realized the lesson learned
here is that it's so strange how how quickly
Folk
Thankfully
Become
strangers.

All the winter hawks

Pile up on
The speed limit
signs
Wishing for
More food
With friends
And a moon
That
Operates
Like
A
Sun.

The strangers of lost history

Are

The

Average hero's

That save us all

From savage snowstorms

With names

Like

Luther

&

Sebastian.

Instigate the Neverland

Forever

Like a tickle gun

To the soul

Allowing laughter

To bloom

Like

Little known hero's.

Three huge lawn bags

full of leaves

in the middle

of the Saturday

road

is the least

Sleet & snow

Around

Parading like a

meteorological event

Of deceit

that we

Hope we

See

Again.

The antibiotic stomp

As the

Cat kneads the bed

Incessantly

While I try to

Coax my eyes into sleep

As the lost sailors

Find their brides

Fake

Hiding

As the

Moon jokes about

The color

Of the sun.

Instant clown Olympics

Is the 2024 March

To the silly white home

In a district

Full

Of more ghosts

Than all your Halloween

Nightmares

Combined

As we ready to switch

Off 2022

For a

2023

Of prepping the balloons

And

Abundant

Parlor tricks.

Broken pieces of bumpers

on the side

of the highway

looks like a

modern Jurassic Park

theme ride

As the snarl of

Engine

&

Urban emissions

Snarl

In

A movie set

I never

Paid for.

In the early morning 7:15

by the magic tree
off the highway
As it sits there
lit up
like a beacon
in this cold
cold weather
looking at everybody
& reminding us
that things
are bright
& growing even
if it's small
& we won't see it
as well
as we will
at night
But it'll always
be there
shining
Like a
Ignored masterpiece
leading us
into
the lite.

My boy Miles

tripped on a crack
in the lopsided driveway
on the way
to the bus
the day after
Thanksgiving break
on a
morning where
everybody is
struggling to
figure out
who they are
& what just happened
& who we collectively still are
& it was
Right after
A harsh fall
That his metal water bottle
made a loud clank
& everything fell
along with his phone
to the ground
That in new tears
he stood up
with a flattened paper towel
and he smashed peanut butter cream cheese pie
From his sister's recent
17th birthday
& the first thing
out of his mouth
With bloodied
Lip
Hands
And head
was wad concern
For a destroyed cake
That I reassured him
was still full of
all the sugar

that he could ever imagine
as he shook it off
and walked
into the bus
to see his pal
and figure the day out
all on his own
as he evolves
each and every moment
Like
A good
Piece
Of
The best pie.

The real problem with the family that I was born into

at this point

without

my dad around

is that everyone

Used to love to

crack jokes

and try to be funny

but

on the other hand

everybody took

everything too seriously

& I don't know

that I've ever

been around

a group of people

that acted

as though

they were cool

nonchalant

and roll with it

but ultimately

can't fucking

send a good joke

into the sky

or let anything roll

off their shoulders

In a misguided

Hollywood film

Never made

In the category

Of

ironic tragedy.

Of all of life's mysteries

I will casually
stroll by
or look up
and see
a flag pole
where the flags
are at half mast
and I will have
no idea
what it's referencing
and
then I realize
I've done myself
a really good deed
because I haven't listened
to the news
Or delved into
the tragedy
of modern living
and it always
makes me
Feel better
because then
I get to
just wonder
and make up
some kind of
Secret scenario
of a hero
they should
really have
the flag flying
at half mast
For.

I sometimes wonder

Who fetched

That crayon scrolled

Note art in a bottle

I headed into

the Baltic

via Vernazza, Italy

As I fled towards America

After

9-11-01

Not

Real

Sure

What

I wrote

Here in my

50th year

On earth

&

1 pandemic down.

There's a little old man

that

Sits slumped over

so far

he's almost at a

50° bend

when I go to the

jazz at noon series

off historic 18th & Vine

while his wife

sits next to him

holding his hand

and I feel the history

and lots of jazz

flow through them

and it's the

most quintessential

beautiful thing

I think that I could

ever witness

In a paltry populated crowd

As the band swings

and his head

moves slightly

to all of the

Thick memories

that made

him feel

Just right

on this

Here planet

Of ours.

I had a strange dream last night

that

I got a cryptic email

about my mom passing

and there

was a level of emptiness

and tears

& grief that

immediately came about

and all I could think

was that

It was

the final thing

that my siblings

would hijack

From me on this

ride down here

and I think

I already knew the score

before I was born on this planet

Waiting to see

My mom

In the

Next realm.

Somewhere in my dream consciousness

last night
I was given
a vibraphone
to play
and musicians
that knew me well
stood around
and looked on
as I got ready
to play the The vibes
and I was thinking about
how my old roommate Sweetwood
used to wait to walk
into the apartment
We rented
In which we had
an upright piano
I would be playing
and he would listen to me
From afar
and then
I thought
about an
Recent interview
I did with
my friend Phil
who said that
I probably have an
advanced music brain
which is why I enjoy
jazz so much
And I smile in this
Cold sunshine
Knowing I'm not a musician
In reality
But play 1
In my dreams.