

## **Joefiles 240**

The Modern Jewish Arm Wrestler  
Broke All Old Traditionals

**The sad black masked**

old rapper

sits in

A visage of ruination

talking and pretending

like we all pretend

that he means

anything at all

in this

modern landscape

of rumor

upon rumor

made it into

Sellsble fiction

Friction.

**Forged by an Iron dollar**

To collect all

My Pennies

To

Hire a rainbow

To perform nude

At your retirement

Party

Will be the

Extravaganza

Of all time.

**The pop tart**

went on

Strike

Holding

A room full

Of peeps hostage

As the chocolate feds

Turned up the

Literal heat

At the peeps faded

And the pop tarts

Shined

In a made for TV show

You will

Likely

Never witness.

## **Inside the Batman signal**

Is where you may have

Been conceived

As the secret UFO

Sucks it up

Into their ship

To mind fuck

All us

Copulating

Simpletons.

**I found the key**

To the north under

A southern rock

As the vixens of

The East

Prayed to western idols

That god will dance back

To the center

And

Equilibrium

The all hell

Outta

Everything.

**She invented her husband**

in

A childhood lab

To walk like

Travolta

And dance like

Vincent Price

In the

Next

War of the World

Hoax

I hear

Will finally

Rid us

Of the

Trump Nightmare.

**Pedaling**

In climate controlled  
Sunshine  
With the old men  
Makes me  
Feel like a  
Modern day bingo champ  
With bloodied knuckles  
And  
An unscratched lottery ticket  
Tucked in my  
Left upper sock.

**The cats**

Watch over my

Erratic

Nightingales

For signs of

Distress

As invisible planes

Encircle my

Upper brains

And

The sirens

Scream

Like a hiss

Heard

Onward

For the rest

Of

Dog times.

**Entreaties**

Of

Inflated doom

Are

Turned onto

Cotton candied

Balloons lifted high

Over the innocent

To keep

Santa real

And your debt

The biggest scam

Since

Your

First

Untold lie.

## **The old guitar man**

Hunches over

His shadow

In a sparse

Blues club

On outer Tennessee

Making the devil finally

Pay up his tab

As

The wandering angel

Finally

Begins to

Grow their

Wings again

All the way back

In the 4th row.

**Jolly hooks**

Of the pop star echo  
Play in your ID  
Like a  
Used playground  
Finally rehabbed to  
Keep kid dreams king  
And your  
Future a  
Barely touchable queen.

**Fast food ally**

Threw away old pickle juice  
Into the neglected palm tree  
Plant  
To grow big and  
Tall like an  
Wise old cucumber  
Ready  
To bring Jesus  
Back  
Into your  
Dormant  
Night dreaming  
Head.

### **Instant Oatmeal Rumors**

Cooked her bacon

And dumped his eggs

Out

As the mostly

Important

Meal rumors

Went on a rampage

That ended in

A hard core

Hot balloon chase on

The nightly news.

**The white AM Missouri lake**

Sea gulls

Land hard on

The cold

Serene water tops

Hungry

&

Dreaming

Of a bird like

All you can eat pancake gala

That would

Blow the top

Off any

Curious

Sort

Wandering with

Their very wings

Over the world tops.

**Errant sounds**

all

Form together

Into a ball

Of sweet mercy

Recited on a cliff top

By a saintly anointed

Cyclops

That is gassing up

His used

Alien spaceship

Before

An utterly

Loud

Fucking

Blast off.

**Army ant**

March is

Your

Tip toe

Into the dreamy

Disco dimension

You

Invented as

A

Surly

Kid.

## **After a day**

or so

I'm not hearing

from my son

who we split time with

between his

mom and

.. so I sent him

a cartoon of

a dinosaur

saying hi

and his response

was to ask me

if I could figure out

two words

.. one was advocacy

and other one

was professional

and he still has a

Stretch of him

not him being able

to understand

certain words

or how to get them

and he was

so patient

and calm

on the phone

after all the

dinosaurs & hellos

That

It made

Me

Invent new

Kinds of

Words

Just

For him

To understand.

## **The new millennial**

Jobs

Of peace sign advocate

&

Thumb war consultant

We're highly

Coveted

Competitive

And ironic

In a newly

Razor

Lazy

World.

**I have deep voice**

Make

wake up girl

Time

When I knock

On the

6:30 am

Jilly door

And In

A surprise slumber

Of her yea,

I know she will

Fall back asleep

Yet rise

Like

Unplanned

Clockwork

In a thunderclap

Of clunky

Precision.

## **My boy Miles**

Likes to hug  
me huge  
when  
he gets  
off the bus  
after a long time  
at his mom's  
and then  
the next morning  
holding on  
to me  
tight because  
he doesn't  
wanna go  
on the bus  
without me  
As the world  
Spins harder  
& the  
Birds keep on  
Sleeping.

**TO ALL YOU BUMPER LOVING  
BIG TRUCK DRIVERS:**

Hey little hands  
Stop crowding the  
Regulars  
With  
The fucking  
'I was never  
Picked for the  
Kickball team'  
Look  
You  
Gaggle  
Of  
Fuckfaces.

**If a ball of glitter**

the size of the moon  
turned into  
a ball of glitter  
& exploded  
& rained down  
on the earth  
there's a good chance  
there's no way  
that we would ever  
be able  
to clean  
all of that up  
& we would  
be fucking glittery  
for the rest of  
Our  
Shiny  
Little  
existences.

—

**Pretending**

Is their red king  
In a comedic time  
Of few laughs  
And the ghost  
Of George Orwell  
Laughing at  
How  
Bad humanity is  
At  
Playing chess.

**The gates**

Of sky open

To flood the spirits on our

Invisible souls

As if we have

A chance to

Taste a sunrise

As good

As the oranges

Our sunsets

Squeeze

Thorough

And

Without remorse.

**The 2022**

Political monsters

Are going to

Be a future

Karmic textbook

Of what

Will

Never be replicated

In a publishing house

Called

Ouija for the Blind.

**Optics of the centrists**

are

The golden wheels that

Churn and spit out the

Magic

Of a Willy Wonka

Nightmare

Turned tame

Into

Our final

Subconscious dreams.

—

**The children of the world**

Are the best drunks  
Slamming into each other  
In laughter  
And  
Debunking  
The quasi wise musings  
If the adults  
That  
Built their fences up way  
Too  
Fucking  
High.

## **The 2022 mental health**

Trial

Slips onto

Cold edge stories of

Hookers

Dressed as politicians

Hiding blood

In their purses

As the opioids

Disappear

And the unicorns are

Clogging the

Bar

With their horns

And how

Fairy tales

Used

To

Hold

Hope.

## **Seasoned Hatchets**

Find

The

Right

Meats

To

Make

Dinner

A

New

Dream.