

Joefiles 241

Fallen Hip Hop Stars Ransack Billionaire Gangsters in a New Spy Novel with Pick Your Own Ending

Zoot suited

Cool cats come back

In space ships

To reinstate jazz cool

And scoot

Orange man

And his fake god pals

To the

Burning rock

They pray to.

Just pulled up to the Quiktrip
& Noticed a little
beat up
squatty blue
pick-up truck
Jammed utterly
full of stuff
in the back
& Badly car boarded
& Taped up windows
Fulla things
as I looked over I
And it appeared as if a
fake cat was
laying
on the dashboard
and as I came back out
From my ice trip,
I noticed that there was
another cat wagging a tail
and the cat
on the dashboard
was moving
As it registered that this
Homeless hermit had
Cats crammed all up
His spaceless front cab
As the smell of cat urine snuck
Up fast
And
I sat there trying not
To state and
Catch my breath
As the weight of 9 plus
Lives
We all cattywampus fast
In the newly cold earth
Of adjustment.

Perhaps
the most important
thing at the
end of the day is how well
We learn to love
And how bone deep it is
As my
Boy
Or
Wife
Call
Saying they
Want me
Back
To
Where
They are
As
The smell of forever
Comes
Rising through the
Windows.

I am convinced that our actions,
What we do,
How we do it
Mean something,
I am equally convinced that
The opposite is true
As
The meaningless ball
Of murky mirth
Becomes a
Memory someone will never tell
You about
Or a good moment
That will pass in ignorance
As the charade
Of human dance
Goes on in
A heat of selfish idolatry
As it
Always has,
And always
Sure
Will.

This is been quite the year
for me
Of utter Christmas cheer
For I have gotten
two selfies
with Santa Claus
And the grown-up kid
Known as click from Christmas Story
Laughed in a photo as I
Had my tongue stuck on a warm pole
As
The sound of snow
Hits somewhere else in the world
And the endless fascination with
Magic sears
Through my
Fairy tale believing boy
Ready for
The world of sugar plums
To start plummeting
Softly to earth.

Early morning car ride

listening
to the vibes guy
Chris playing
his hum of velvety
Melodic tunes
for his father
that was in
hospice care
As sound waves
careens over
the warms inside
As the cold outside
Remains a serenity belt
for this kind of music
&
World.

Heard about a football game
with Buffalo
the other day
In a deep snow of cold
And angry fans
we're showering the
Filed with dildos
as a protest
& From what my virgin understanding
Of this tradition,
It happens a lot
and I'm thinking
How they're gonna have to \
Fetter through the clout
As the stadium
Will be
Overwhelmed with
Dick
After
Dick
&
I think it would be fitting
If they
Just renamed
The stadium
“The Richard”.

Illegal dodgers

Use your
Fine whiskey
As gas
In old
Eclectic cars
Looking for
Tricks
And loose hipsters
With morals
Made out of
Golden popsicle sticks.

The miracle of
Family is the consistent
Story
Of falling short
As friends all over
Earth become the blood
That ignored the
Dirtied waters.

Stork party
Was interrupted
By legions
Of kids
And babies being
Born
In the new
&
Continual
Pandemic
Boom.

The Christmas bulbs

Popped like
Helium shaped
Puppets in the sky
To the sound of
Imaginary fireworks
As Mrs. Santa put her arm
Over the big man
To finally
Collapse
Into
Sleep.

I'm curious what it means
if a big tow truck
is loading up
another big tow truck
while another tow truck
watches on
In a town crawling with
Too many tow trucks
Just itching for karma
To explode on this
Imploding situational
Unfolding.

I am wondering if the
Girls out there in the world
Named Alexa
Can ever own that
Amazon AI machine
Because
It would become a host of
Pause
Start
Pause
Start
Stop
Resume
Up
And
Down confusion
Because
One man
Not only can buy
The whole damned world,
But he also bought
The rights
To a perfectly
Good
Girl
Name.

I find myself running

My finger through the tiny
MacBook slip lip on the front of
The computer

Like an old bad habit

Wondering if

It is really

Necessary

And thinking

It is and

It's quite possibly

Not

As

The

Fruity world of

Apples

Fall into my

Pear wine

And

Spoil

My oranges

Into poem

You

Can surely squeeze ..

All the frozen hunks
of rock
on top of the frozen pond
are
Errant memories of
male ego
trying to stay
afloat until
The spring thaw
Comes along
To
Give us another
Set
Of pure hope.

On this last day of 2022

there's a
little blue chair
just sitting
All alone
on the sidewalk
outta place
like a huge storm
blew it in for anyone
to pick up
& Do whatever to it that
Was originally done
To get here
As the charade
Of the 12.31.22
Blue chair
Waits for a new
Year
And
A brand
New
Fucking
Deep red lifeline.

I hear people

complain about rich people
all the time
and I really don't give a fuck
About the rich
As there's no real sense
of feeling other than I would love
Feel some sort of that
Blissful financial independence
but on the other end of it
I've known some
really destitute poor people
and there's one family in particular
and they are far worse
than any rich person
that I've ever met there as
Their ignorantly cunning ungrateful
Ways pout about
& In that
I would leverage
real poor people
against real rich people
Any medium well
Middle class day
Of a calendar year.

the unfit tigers

Claw through
The glutton
Of your used
Pharmacy bags
As they chew up the last
Of your unused pills
And invent a booze
The world will
Celebrate as the
New,
New
American Idol.

The old pirate college football coach
Has set sail off this
Blue rock
And in all the sadness for the loss,
I think it's much
Bigger than
The menial ways we
Toil
Over as some bigger,
Better version of a football game
Is galactically selling out
In the universe
Way, way
Yonder
Giving me
Hope as the
Prior pope and Barbara Walters
Just
Set sail as
Well.

The final day of the year is
Nothing but a good hoax
And
It can just as well
Be the luck
Piece like
A
2020 penny I found on the
Ground this 12.31.22 AM
And as I glanced through
The rips and snarl of
Bent copper,
I figured someone had to have
Known what year this was
And threw it in fear
Way out here in
This massive
Worldly cauldron
Of a lucky,
Luck well.

And for all the synaptic bridges
Of my family and past that have been
Burned and purged as though
They may have never happened
Or
Could have
Or
Hold zero meaning for
The fact that they had,
My existential crossroad
Came this Christmas
In a niece that
Wondered why
I had been
Killed off in a family sitcom,
Turned docudrama
And in her 29-year-old eyes
I hadn't seen in well over 10 years,
She said that she always
Felt I made her feel important
And visible
And in that moment
I realized that
Not
Everything
In my rear-view mirror
Was pillaged
As
Badly
As once
Felt.

As my boy
Yelled
Over
And over
'Fuck that'
After I told his
Special needs mind
That we were going to
Switch his
18-year-old world over
To a 7-day custodial switch
And in his
Anger
And instant calling to his step dad
Because his mother doesn't matter much
To him
Or won't
Answer
Or won't care,
I realize that
I have to continue doing the right
Thing as his
Own biology
Selfishly chides on in
Senseless contempt
That he is learning more and
More
About
As
The
Truth
Becomes the eye chart
Of crystal clarity.

The gaggle

Of three cats turn
Into
Room after room
Of following my steps
With wagging tales
Setting spells
Around me like
I am some newly
Anointed middle aged witch
Fighting off
Fictional foes
In a
Simple venture across the home
To get off my socks
And charge my device,
Yet
Cat after cat turns
It into the final Harry Potter adventure
Only
I will
Get the
Chance
To exclusively read.

The jazz cats never retire

As

Their old bones

Pound at the keys

Or bellow into the horn

Or

Shout at the crowd

Or laughs as

The false start

And in that

Forever,

Continuous flow

Of

Energy that

Never clocks out,

I am comforted in

One of the few things

On this planet

Of ours that will

Simply never come to an end.

I'm wondering here on the final day of 2022
If I can somehow hide seconds after tonight's
Midnight in
My wife's kiss
And evade
2023,
By melting into
2024 or
Feigning 1998
Again
Or
By
Simply being the anointed
Spy
I have been
Accused of being over
This last year.

For all the new songs
that were created last year,
There's going to be a big book this
Coming year chronicling
The etching of history
And no one will read it but
An editor in a stale high-rise in a city
I want to visit some day
And that will again
Be the stacked gaggle of lore
That intrigues and inspires me
To follow
Humanity forward.

Time after time

I see elaborate theme park rides,
Big graphics on game shows,
Ornate cake decorations at the store,
Nails adorned with thick care,
The yards decorated with a plethora
And
Fall into a quick sand of amazement
As to how
Utterly far
Humans go
To entertain each other
And titillate
Our desires
To ensure that the sun
Will be validated
And that the moon
Has
Something to reflect off of.

Re-runs of MASH

Are the soundtrack of my childhood
As I would sneak about my
Friend Matt's home there
In upper poverty royalty
As the laugh tracks
Blared out in a cacophony
Of bliss
While the world around us was
Comfortable,
Yet strange
Without never knowing that one
Day I would be 50 in a coffeeshop on the last day of 2022
Writing this down
And Matt would be gone
Off of this planet
Since 1989
And
How
Utterly
Fucking
Strange
It is
How the script
Unfolds
As
I still hold to the promise
I made back in 1996 to his mom
Ginger that I would always live a little harder
For my best friend Matt
Who died at 17
As
I close my eyes
And
Hear my boy
Mile's breath
Knowing that
In the end
It will
Somehow be
Ok.

Sometimes I feel my dad

Could be riding in the back seat of my car
Or sitting in my office
At home
Or simply flying like he always wanted to
Up there with a
Gaggle of blood dot cardinal peckers
Laughing at
The Don Rickles bird
Living his best afterlife
Hoping we
Get more shit figured out down here
On this spiritual playground
Of fucking
Absurd fancy.

If you ever find yourself

Wondering how tall the sky is
You could spend the rest of your life
And the endless world supply of markers
Writing down the
Equation to figure it all out
Because it never,
Ever,
Ever,
Ever ends as
The cascade of thought
Swirls high
Beyond any concept of our
Earthly clouds
Into supernovas
And
Gargantua
Clusters of stars
Beaming and bouncing into each other like
The best
Documentary movie
That has tried to be produced,
But will
Never
Happen
Because
Our
Mind is not film
And
Film
Is only
Part
Human
As
The
Trip skyward
Goes
On
And
On
And on
And
Onward.

Deciding to fall fast in love

And rip
My life
Car from near neutral
To the 5th fucking gear
Now
Seems like the best
Decision I could have ever made
As
Zero gravity slows down the bones
And speed is controlled
In a
Heart
Pulsing like
A
Dream
I was hoping to make
As a young,
Neglected kid
Off Ridge in a little
Town north
Of here.

Of all the good,
Glaring questions I ask
People all the time
In my podcast profession,
I am sure that I will never
Be asked the same questions
Ever
From anyone,
And I think I'm
Ok
With that.

Missing is much different
Then longing
As we
Hear an echo
Of something we cannot
Place,
Yet swim in a Deja vu
Made of candy necklaces
With the sweat of good
Girl cologne wafting around
A gravity chamber
Made for the gods,
Yet
Designed for you and your
Finest neighbors.

The therapist

Wandered out of the
Building into
A whole field of poppies
Made of rainbow
Yelling
'Tomorrow is fee'
As we all
Wondered in unison
What
Was to be done about today?

The hearty honkies

Blare
And
Scream
In
The room
Full of folks
And no one
Pays
Much
Attention
As
2022 puts
Karen to rest
And tells Todd
He can get fucked
As
The
Brown
And oriental gods
Ready to
Own
Your
Future.

That therapy of a music

Made
Of
Cotton tips,
Used paint caps,
Some vodka,
A fresh pot leaf,
Yesterday's crossword puzzle,
Tomorrow's new dime,
A better version of Seattle,
The next beach sunset,
A good used cat,
The breath of a 2-day old,
New mints in a brightly empty ash tray,
Moon rocks on mars,
Inventions in the cat's cradle,
Better leftovers,
The new ending,
A better beginning,
A karma made of your childhood dream,
The last coffee of Jesus,
Watching the devil become the sunset,
And
Another year on planet earth
In the
Pantheon of
Time we
Can never conceive
Is
The
Dreamy
Really
Surly
Now
&
Amen.

Sometimes I wonder

How much longer

Before me

My

Wife knew

It would be us

As

I would

Walk quickly into

Her 5th grade room

To fix her temporal woe

As

She said 'whaddya know Joe?'

And

In that question

Of a statement

It was

Something

That was being

Probed as

I

Went along

Waiting

For

Time

To demand

More

Out of

Me

And

Give

Her

The

Dream

She

Willed

For us

In

That

Invisible car ride

Over

The karmic

Matrix

Of destiny.

After five decades

And

Never figuring it would happen,

I finally

Got the tattoo

Of

Two exclamation points

On my right upper arm

Via my

Very

Smart,

Astute

And

Glee giving step daughter

That

Etched

Some of the best

Pain

I have

Felt on this here

Planet of my life

And

To cement the moment

It

Is my favorite

Quote ever ...

“!!”

The ping pong

Bing bong

Up down

Of the digital

Gas sign

Is

A monopoly

Board

That

Flickered

In an out

Like

A

Warming shot

In

A town

Fulla cars

And

High flying airplanes

Full of

Laughing

Folks.

Saddled up baristas

Sling
How
Steam
And
Shoot
Hard chunks
Of ice
Across the countertops
Into a
Beverage I will never
Own
As
The
Food
Off
The outside
Becomes fresher
And
The
Stories of
Tomorrow
Are
Being
Brewed in
Skewered
Sure
Imperfection.

I had spent month after month
Of looking for a version
Of Heroes by Bowie
That was a soundtrack of my
20's and
It was finally
Secured
In a remix
With Phillip Glass and Apex Twin
And it
Could
Be one of my
Favorite
Tunes
Of all time
In
The
Haunting
Cacophony
Of cool
Orchestrated by a
Trio of
Pure,
Genius
Souls.

Gentle ride into the pure chaos

Is something
I could jump out
Of
The plane for
As the
Uncertainty of now
Becomes
A #cancelculture
Indictment of
Woe
Amidst the beauty
That I see differently
Trapped in an Apple ad campaign
That spirals
In sure,
Swift
Peaceful whisps of
Truth
Waiting
For
Nothing
Or
Fucking
No one
Ever.

We can never truly

Block
Or blot out the pain of
Our children,
But we can certainly
Steer,
Guide,
Pull,
Bleed,
Sweat hard,
Run,
Become,
Dream,
Yearn,
Fight,
Find,
And
Become
That version
That will forever
Make them the best
Version
What we could
Never attain,
But surely
Fucking tried to.

I may surprise myself someday

And finally

Either

Compose,

Orchestrat,e,

Play,

Etch

Music

That might make

A

Foot

Or

So tap.

I find myself wondering
here in
My jazz radio ways
Why the town that I come from
Pays such meager attention
To what I do,
Yes I travel out into America or
The
World and there are an
Embracing,
Enchantment to their hearing
And appreciation
I will never
Ever find
In this perplexing town of
Kansas City
That likely
Drives the best of
The best away
In a
Ego chamber
Dotting
With
Thousands of
Questions marks.

Eddie Vedder

Is the weaver

Of your tomorrow dreams

As his

Vocals

Crash your newly

Cleaned

Glass vase

And

The ruddy guitar licks

Dirty your carpets

Like a

Welcome stranger

Kick dancing about

As

The sunshine

Waits to clean

All of it

Up.

After a bottle of wine

And a Jonah Hill documentary,
I feel like
That is much,
Much
More healing that needs to be made
And so much
Good healing has
Been
Enacted as
The cacophony
Of how we are supposed
To be,
Versus how we would have been
Collide into an explosion
Of wonder
That becomes us
In an echo chamber
Waiting to unhitch
And become the star
Twinkling just
Outside
An international space station
Floating
Through
The
Heart
Over
Every
Beating heart alive
Now.

A rotating love

Song blares
Out into space
Like
A golden record
Made
For alien lovers
In
A time
That another planet
Will only be
Able to appreciate
As that
Ensuing love making
Will populate
Another universe of
Ideological
Notions
That will
Replace
The
Ugly here on
Earth
As
This little
Daydream
Of
Love
Song
Comes
To
A
Sure,
Swift
End.

If you believe that you can have too much coffee,
They you probably should
Never
Play Russian roulette
While jumping out of an airplane
As
The
Parachute goes
Poof
And
The
Sheep of earth
Gather
To catch your shadow
In
A
Guttural
Scream of
BAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH.

Door Dashers running
Into other Door Dashers
Spilling coffee
And trampling the fresh lasagna
Is the
Ballade
Of
Modern cuisine
As
The
Hurry up
And stop
Or
Go world
Of now
Implodes
Into a
Little
Lucky
Cannoli.

The cat got jammed into the tiny sliver
Of open drawer
Meowing
In pure awe
As I looked on wondering how
Science
Was bent to allow this
And
How to get the feline out
As the drawer
Is bolted firm into place
While I push
Slow
And the contort
Of cat crawls
In miracle
Into the cabinet
And pops out
Like it
Was
Miraculously planned
The whole damn time.