

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 tails
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,

Orchestrate,

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

BAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH.

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.