

Joefiles 242

2023 Might Be The Final Rumor We All Hear About

Here on this final gasp

Of a long,

Semi-pandemic

Killer

Giving

Year

Of

Thee,

The next

Year

Waits

Like

A clown behind a palm tree

Ready

To

Hug,

Then whack,

And hug again

As our

Addled human

Brains

Keep all fingers crossed

For the next

Ride across the stars.

Sometimes I wonder

what it would

be like

if one of those

military flyovers

At a

massive football game

went wrong

& it crashed

into the

Throng of crowd

As our roving

Government addled

PTSD

Post COVID

traumatic brains

go to places

that have

Never even

existed

In this

Mad musical chair

Of

Human

Hollywood ponder.

On my 1st bike ride

of 2023

and I'm listening

to the

theme song

for Twin Peaks

as I go down

the nature trail

I ride all the time

The years before

As two

Heavily fortified cops

are walking a path

I have never seen the

Likes on

As the new year gets

It's wheels greased

With a real life

Comedy

Crime

Docu-drama

Treatment ...

Our 17-year old cat

Named Frannie

Has been

Ceremoniously

nicknamed

With the

Glorious

Moniker

Of

'Orange Cat Party'

.... Forever & ever!

The cold little Silver January car

in front of me

Has crept its

Frozen plate

Of window down

As a tiny warm hand

Magically appears

to flick a little

bent piece of

white cigarette

onto the busy highway

As it bounces in

In a jumbled juke

Of acrimony for so long

That it looks like a

cartoon image that I'll never get out of my head

The erratic orange chicken

Popped up

In a dream sequence

As my quick bike

Flew down the sidewalk

As I whipped my head

Around trying not to

Wreck

Telling him loudly in

My mind to

Fun fast in the other

Direction

Away from

The local

KFC hut...

The old hairbrush

in the middle

of

Busy

winter road

May

Be having the

Worst hair day

I have ever

Witnessed

In my entire life.

The sheer glee

Of joy

Watching a

Pair of

Brother & sister kids

screaming

into a roaring fan

Is something

Of pure magic

Someone

Will write about

Of

Fine

Windless

Day.

All the old men

on

Stationary

& warm

exercise bikes

Facing a huge pond

Being watched over

By the local Catholic Church cross

Is earnestly

Waiting in

Patient unison

For for one

Extraordinary

duck or

goose

To break away and

Sizzle by

Our painting in Action

To feel

Some

Real natural warmth...

The Saturday January dreamers

Are the ones

That elaborately

Orchestrate the

Sets of Spring

That will

Be our

Rebirth in an

Era of

Fresh

And full

Fruity

Nirvana

Without anyone

Ever

Knowing it....

The great urge

Of all

is your yesterday

not quite

ready to

die yet.

The quote of the century

is literally

everything said

except by

the fucking

Modern

Day

Lunatic

republicans

Flicking

Their blood

On

America's

Basement wall.

I think we all need to stop

for a

Mere second

to realize

why we

Are

All

actually

Thirsty.

I just remembered

The cold coated
guy walking down
The sidewalks of
Main Street
kicking his suitcase
down the way
With all his foot might
Imbued with
A look in his eye
not so much
of malice
but just bone tired
With the hope
Of
Kicking relief.

The Fog horn

In a train

Is a sports

Anthem

No one

Should ever

Understand

In the

Utter confusion

If being

A

Modern day

Hominid.

The return of the January Jesus geese

on the

Newly glazed

midwestern

frozen ice

Is the Easter

Of your long forgotten

Dreams that

Just melted away

As quickly

As

It

Cemented.

The high cholesterol old man dance

Is the largest

Parade of fried chicken legs

Ever

Going down the

Avenue of every America

Giggling their way

To the

Ice cream shop.

The 'No Dam Patking'

Sign at the

Local wildlife refuge

Is a miracle

Of word rearrange

That only the karmic gods

Of

A fabled long ago

Could have

Invented.

The Blue plastic tree streamers

Ripped to all cold hell

From

Long forgotten

newspaper bags

Bode

Of a time when

Headlines shouted

Your birth

And cringed at

Your

Exit.

I am always and forever running out

of digital space

On all my clouds

As the warnings made

Of rain

thunder at me

To stop

Collecting memories

And consider a new loan

To delete

Delete

Delete

What

Is simply

Not

Needed

any longer.

The emphatic gestures

of the court

jury sign language interpreter

With gesticulating faces

Is the

Action

Of an obedient lot

Of folk

Taking the day off work

To read a book

And

Watch the slow fizzle of

Government

Grind and

Pop

In

Confusing

Motion.

The main caveat

Is that

Answers

Are disguised questions

As we veer the car

Towards the Pacific Ocean

And dream like

Mad

As if yesterday

Was really

Our last day

Alive.

The pudding

Is an alibi

In a flash fiction

Contest

We didn't realize

We were entered in

As the comet broke loose

And became the

Last biggest headline

Of our

Lifetime.

Elephant tusks

Are what my

Grandma Roses dreams

We're made of

As the fires of tomorrow

Exist as smoke

And the water in

Your cup

Is only a lonely cloud

Looking

For

More of your

Stimulation.

My wife's lingering

Summer

Chicago parking ticket

Fiasco

keeps coming

to the house

Mailbox

&

Each time I fetch it

& transport into the home

I become an accessory

To her simple crime

As it looks like

she's a fugitive

or some kind of

Suburban

vigilante outlaw.

Over the last few years

I have been

Going a a handful

Of funerals

For folks

I don't know

& each time

I get an added odd glimpse

Into

How humans

Heal

&

Celebrate

Like a lot of

Well anointed strangers

Liked by a

Strange DNA

That

Strands

On

And on

And

On

Into infinite

Strangerdom.

The simple leopard print

hair tie

in the middle of

My bike path

Pops up

Like

A search engine

I didn't as for

On a fervent search

For

Sweat

And

Robust

Years.

I had a vivid dream

last night

That I was walking

around China

taking a whole variety

of pictures

of very interesting things

& One of them

was a bunch of people

hanging out on the

outside of a very tall building

with Chinese flags

and a lot of regalia

going on

& It was a very cool

Yet intense in a

dreamy way

of simply taking pictures

of the nostalgia

& frivolity of China

& the whole time

the country felt

Utterly

wonderful

Like a finally

Cracked open

The right fortune cookie

And that

1978 wish Came true.

The Bumper ball boy

In the

Big black truck

Two massive rusty nuts

Hanging from chains

As we all ignore

Him

In the bully

Dance made

Of sugary

Cold.

Middle husk of a gray coming

As the youth rise up

To fold

And the Jedi tower

Adds a new penthouse

For a view of Mercury

No one

Could

Ever

Fathom.

Disco Tuesdays

Are the new craze

As nude

Is the new naked

And party drugs

Are jammed into ding sings

For the last

Day in earth

Is rumored to

Be an

Absolute

Fucking

Blast.

Inch worms

Are

Predicting

All animal fates

As the slow crawl

Across

Space

Is the

Karmic trail of

Asteroid

Making us

All

Simple

Hominid

Strong

Again.

Astrophysicist fell into a hole

& zero folk could

Find him

Cause of his

Uncanny smarts

&

Hidden abilities.

It's champ Sunday

In Kansas City again

As the nails evaporate

And the one

Cold

Chiefs flag

Waves like a

Dogs tail over a

grave stone

In the local cemetery

As if

In celebration or

Omen

As time

Is the only

True thing

That screams loud

Like

A football match.

The one lone banana pepper

Sits solo

&

Idle on the

Convenience store ground

As the

Proud

&

Shiny hot dogs

Glisten in

Unison on this collective

Ride

Over

Sheer

&

Hot temptation.

Driving abouts

I always love to

Whittle the time away

By coming up with

Capitalistic ventures

That would open

Across the street from

Existing behemoths

Like

A Sloppy Queen across from

The Smoothie King

Or a

Bearing Negative

Across the way from Tires Plus

Or perhaps a Penny Specific

Caddy corner to a

Dollar General

Or a new 501 c 3

Called scattered dissenter

To rival the

United Way

& finally

Tiny Bags

Right across the pond

From a

Big Lots.

RuPaul woke me loudly

in the other room

In the middle of

The night

screaming Love Me!

And I stumbled like

A jerk to the

Vanity and

Halfway applied

Blush to myself

And found a

Self love

I can't even

Tell you about.

I am now

Part of

The Saturday Volunteers

Boxing up food

For the needy

With my son

And was trying

To conjure up a

Theme song to our

2022 Breakfast Club

Reboot

Attempt.

The galliant

Stacks of Cold cardinal AM

Flybys

Is odd

As the barren

Landscape of

Road

Quickly

Turns into a

Fancy feast

Of Willy Wonka

Storyboarding.

My grandiose

All encompassing

I won't forget in the morning

Middle of the night

dream idea

Is now irrevocably gone &

Jumbled with the happy

Gargle of all

My ideas already here

3 minutes before

Noon

On a random Sunday

Perched

&

Ready to

Be unbelievably

Exquisite...