

Joefiles XCI
silent subversive doodles



mirages of hemmingway

shiver and flit

about in this

gulf water well

as

the sea gull swallows

the

murder weapon,

the pelican hides the announcement of

war

and the publisher hangs from a

tattered rope in the corner palm.

Mr. and Mrs. Experienced

the
enormity
of
life
is
what
you
haven't
experienced
yet
and
when
you
do
chances
are
you
won't
have
time
nor
give
a
shit
enough
to
convey
it
over
to
everyone
else.

Mr. Invisibility

after
they
spent
their
glory
years
flicking
shit
at
him,
he
spent
his
in
the
basement
knitting
together
glorious
invisible
pipe
bombs
for
pretty,
special
home
deliveries
to
all
the
happy
folks.

mr. slows

a
big,
sad
solemn
black
man
walking
the
lonely
outlet
street
silent
like
a
violent
eye
lid
slammed
shut.

MUD SHARKS

WATCH OUT,
PEOPLE,
THE MEDIA HASN'T REPORTED
IT BUT THERE ARE
SHARKS SWIMMING IN THE
MISSOURI RIVER.

I SAW THEIR DIRTY FINS
REFLECTING IN THE SUN
ON DRIVE OVER THE PASEO BRIDGE.

STEER CLEAR,
THE OCEANS HAVE FLOODED
AND GIVEN BIRTH TO THESE
MUD TOOTHES.

my collective day

each
new
memory
just
ensures
me
that
i
won't
forget
that
i
was
alive
for
at
least
1
day.

my karma

of stealing the
hell out of cards
from stores as a kid
came back
like a rocket in my
20's when my pops sold
all my baseball cards,
comic books and nostalgia
that was easily in the thousands and thousands
of dollars.

they were just gone as he handed
me a small,
white box
that was kind of heavy.

i opened it up to a several 100 dollar bills
and a lighter that said 'TOUGH GUY' on it.

it was more than apropos.

money and lighters.

wood and fire.

my openings

i
only
have
7
holes
in
my
body,
baby,
so
i'm
only
gonna
release
what
i
humanly
can.

my saturday

picking
illegal
flowers
for
my
girl
and
plucking
fresh
zits
is
about
what
i've
been
doing
with
this
perfect
afternoon
in
the
city.

mystery pubic hair

i still
don't know
how the mysterious pubic
hair stuck to my computer screen
got there?

could it have been
some errant big wind from the
bathroom down the hall?

did some sloppy handed fuck grab
the lurches of my personal machine and
download some nastiness?

was it me?

maybe it was just a singed hair from my
head that i scratched and approached my system with.

either way,
i have a pubic guard up now and will be keeping
my eyes on anyone with genital proclivities
that may approach my machine
ever,
ever
again.

naturally

just
letting
nature
be
nature
as
high
over
my
salty,
white
brown
mass
of
body
acting
calm
like
for
the
continuation
of
nature's
neat
little
earth
trick.

new skill

i feel
completely
talented and validated
in my new found skill
as i balanced on one foot
in an airplane bathroom
at 28,700 feet
as turbulence begins
ripping over the metal bird wings
like a movie storm you just forgot about.

nite stalkers

do you get
tired of
being awake
while
evening
lurks
for
you
to
close
your
eyes
for
a
better
look
at
your
moves.

no supper

i'm
sure
there
is
still
a
valid
reason
in
the
eternal
order
of
stars
as
to
why
i
didn't
get
to
see
the
'LAST SUPPER'
in Milan, It
because
of
a
citywide
furniture
convention
that
left
me
sleeping
in
Malepnsa
aerpuerto
before
my
lift
back
to
America.

#'s versus Letters

our reliance
on all numbers
historically has made
me want
to permanently be
a letter guy
so
i'll be hiding behind
a stack of dictionaries with
a thesaurus as my breast shield
while you wield your nines
and fire off your 2's towards
my alphabet of power,
and fire of melting vowels.

old bully,

shoplifter extraordinaire

Victor Bowles

lives

in Junior High

infamy

as the one kid

with smokes,

mulleted hair,

dope,

and fallacious stories of fucking and sucking off girls.

he

was the only kid growing up

that my mother swore me away from

and he was just an innocent nat.

i know the kid never entered politics,

but he would have made the best politician.

he could make people do his dirty work.

i was one of the small,

ant kids that fell for his crap and stole my ass off

while around him.

and the last i heard,

Victor was still living at home polishing his

old Mustang in the front drive.

sometimes i wonder if he has ever fucked a girl or had really good dope?

poor kid.

old maps

man
with
broken
neck
just
waltzin
down
the
street
as
a
dog
pulls
a
girl
on
a
scooter
thing
completely
ignorant
that
South
Korea
has
a
spot
on
the
world
map.

on the edge of your thought horizon

tonight
and i just don't
want a regular job
no mores
as
the kid
smokes a smores
and the
sound of her voice
is the only sound that
is
at once peaceful to
my worked over ears
and taxed out pay checks.

one small nose hair

is the only
thing that continues to
allude
me
when i concentrate on
cutting hairs off of my
face.

just one,
small one that i have
never gotten my fingers around
and
have rested comfortably in the fact
that it's just gonna have
to stay because i smell everything fine
and care little if people become
fixated in a stare on that small,
tiny reason hanging out of
my fragrant fucking nose.

original scotch

as i reflect
on my drinking days now
i look back at the romantic
years when my pops had friends over
and they would down cup after cup of
J & B Scotch in the middle of the table
with their small Coors ponies.

it was like the roller coasters i used
to tool around on all day at the amusement park
as a kid.

the sound would start in a slow anticipatory
hum and later reach a fever pitch of unequalled
frivolity and laughter.

those were the glory days of drinking.

and i never had a drop until years & years
later.

originality

whoever
invented
the
word
invention
or
inventor
is
one
creative
motherfucker.

our baby

i
used
to wonder
about
isabella rose
until
i saw the little
shaft
of
miles alfonso and there
has
been nothing more than
my
son in this head of mine
as it becomes easier to let
politics
be politics
and
my son be the reason why
i would like to vote well,
but i still think of isabella
because
miles
is the embodiment of everything i
was genetically groomed
to be a
part of.

this is for the new creature of
isabella miles rose alfonso dimino.

we're waiting.

our tiny world

my dentist
boarded a plane
for peru
to fetch his
newly adopted son
as i sit at
a baseball practice
with my wife's son
listening to the loud
banter of ghetto girls
fighting, screaming and
yelling in the parking lot
right next to the kids as
the sons of the mothers
look on terrified and the
small peruvian boy
awakes giddy because he
won't feel alone,
or frightened no more.

parental paints

crazy
now
how
tough
i
never
knew
how
tough
it
really
was
growing
up
because
my
folks
had
a
quality
color
pen
to
etch
together
a
fictional
vanishing
point
that
made
time
eternal
and
life
pleasurable.

perfect unpublished writer

there
was a story,
mostly real,
partly myth
about the most
perfect
writer
ever.

no one ever
read much of what he wrote,
but it was universally accepted that he
was the fucking best of 'em all.

every time he went on speaking tours,
he packed the galleries.

whenever he went to speak at schools,
the kids hung on every word he spoke.

he was lauded with sponsors.

rich and perfectly influential,
but no one ever saw his work.

his claim to fame:
HE SPELLED EVERYTHING HE EVER WROTE PERFECTLY.

he's a data transcriber and circus act spelling
all the hardest of technical journals and such with
complete accuracy and ease.

the most powerful, perfect writer on earth.

piped

what if
there was
a bird
called the
melting piper
that would
begin melting
when he
touched the sand?

a morning

3
dudes
hitchhiking
up
the
highway
at
8:30AM
as
i
turn up
18th
street
towards
work
as
i
do
it
all
over
again,
maybe
a
bit
differently,
as
i
dream
of
hitting
the
road
with
my
caroline,
but
instead
scrawl
her
a
small
note
first
thing
in
the
morning
as
a
trucker
picks
up

the
hitcher's
and
everyone
has
the
green
lit
checkered
flag
to
continue
on
their
way.

all musicians

a
stack
of
organs
lead
to
the
band's
first
musical
note
and
the
kids
first
fart
as
she
falls
asleep
on
the
edge
of
my
funny
bone
and
her
stomach
growls
for
more.

much
more.

all the lost

if
we
drained
all
the
water
out
of
the
ocean
i
bet
we'd
find
all
those
snorkels,
coins,
boats,
anchors,
oxygen tanks,
dolls,
good luck charms,
trinkets
and
murder weapons
that
all
us
seafaring motherfuckers
have
been
daydreaming about
on land
for
all
these
blasted
lost
years.

animal man

peculiar,
odd lad of night,
where
did you
acquire those
penguin fins
of
yours?

another ignorant

best
of
all
possible
worlds
is
the
oblivion
by
which
you
need
to
exist.

as baseball fanatics

while kids,
my friend denny and I
used to call all the
star ballplayers at hotels
and send request after mailed request
in the standard delivery mail
back in the glory days of 1986
for their autographs.

we'd even go to all the local
golf tournaments and bug the fuck out
of players for their personal 'hancock's'

amazingly,
we had good luck.

players never hung up on us.

most sent our cards back.

but there were two notable run-ins.

local player,
willie wilson,
was a reformed coke head and one day
told me to leave him the hell alone.

it was my third request of the golf tournament
and his buddies had to calm him down
before he was gonna take a swing or more
as a small, white punk kid like myself.

the other time was with former manager dick howser.

it was during the time he had cancer and was battling
for his life.

while getting his autograph in the clubhouse around
shit loads of people,
i asked him if he was doing better.

he stopped,
looked up in a hush
and said,
'WHAT DO YOU MEAN? I'M FINE. WHAT DO YOU MEAN, BETTER?'

i froze as all the heroes of my local royals team
looked on as though they were gonna kill me.

that was my last golf tournament,
phone call
or autograph adventure.

asshole lawyers

plea bargaining
on fake money
as the game industry
announces that the
last run of monopoly
is gonna be printed
and put to rest
as the Risk of the Clue becomes your
life
and the true to life barter
comes down again
to money for your soul and the academy award
going to the greatest nat
willing to sacrifice it all for a tall ice cream cone
and a salacious lie
with a wide smile on their face.

awaiting zealots

i'm
just
here
in
some
geographical
locale
catching lizards
and
waiting for
the rains
to shimmer
all over
god's
dirtied
fingernails.

balls

the
old
man
wants
my
balls
as
he
continues
to
figure
his
own
out
at
about
age
80.

bargained land

i'm
permanently
stuck
in
the
land
of
love letters
& lukewarm coffee
so
just
get
ahold
of
me
there.

beach gal

old woman
walkin' up
the surf shore
was
lookin' for
the shells
of her past
as her
children
forgot her
birthday again
and the big
bright smile of the lord
is just enough of a gift
to
make those mirrored,
refracting shells the most
enchanted gift
most people could muster
the
imagination to
give
such
a
sweet,
small
woman
of
your
godliness.

beachers

gay men
lounging in the sun
on beached votes
as
straight men
cast their
lures out
to catch some
tasty
lady fish
that
will only
last
as long as the testosterone
sticks
around.

beat back the slander

marshmallow
gray
gravy
sky
dripping
all
over
my
green
soled
socks
while
the
dog
evaporates
into
tomorrow
before
my
eyes.

before the eggs

he
just
watches
his
wife
stylishly
pace
the
floors
of
their
shanty
motel
room
as
he
prays
for
the
phone
to
ring
and
the
banks
to
announce
bankruptcy.

BILLY

everywhere
i drive in this town
there are billy graham billboards
lining all the highways, and byways
of this place.

everywhere.

there's no escape.

the religious right is going to force your eyes
if they can't bend your ears.

the conservative coalition is going to outspend you and not get taxed for
your flailing attention span.

what do you have to say Billy that requires a football stadium
for 3 nights?

read the bible?

shit, many people don't even read anymore,
so i'm assuming that you are the translator for the most famous
book in history.

billy's coming,
motherfuckers,
and if you haven't noticed,
you haven't ever left you bleeding house in this
graham for saking town.

biscuits and hardware stores

wherever
i look anymore
i see biscuits and hardware stores.

if i could just get some gravy
and a shoe store here and there,
i would feel much better.

but it's all turned into biscuits and hardware stores.

no,
we can't just settle on convenience and socks,
it has to be flour and hammers all the time.

where did my world go?

did i accidentally will it away?

did my former world leave and turn into this world?

are you all ready for biscuits and hardware stores?

how much can you like those edible houses of morning and the
improvements of home?

help.

black lab dreams

all day
the black lab
dreamed of
white polar bears
swinging
over alligator infested
waters
as he swam around in a
caramel pond
as his real-time teeth gritted
and
he writhed as though he
was never gonna leave that sugary
pond without getting a good,
solid scolding.

box thoughts

the
eternal
empty
cardboard
box
flopping
down
the
highway
represents
so
much
more
than
a
poem
can
even
touch
so
i'll
let
you
be
a
poet
for
a
minute
with
the
vast
filled
up
emptiness
of
such
a
mental
carcass
waiting
for
your
pen.

bulky trashed

the
waste
of
big
trash
day
is
like
all
the
bad
conversations
you
have
been
unwillingly
roped
into
and
god
just
didn't
seem
to
be
around
at
the
time
until
the
day
came
that
you
could
unload
all
of
it
off
on
some
unassuming,
innocent
person
that
doesn't
know
you
a
fucking
tiny
little bit.

bushie

you
wouldn't
know
how
to
open
a
jack
in
the
the
box
if
it
bled
on
you.

clearly

i'm thinking
it would be much more
comfortable for everyone
if we could have those
armored well's fargo vehicles
completely coated in plexi glass.

most folks would love to see the
weaponry and preparation for the
bad guys.

a moving movie,
it could be billed.

they could charge people for
involuntary attendance.

cocktail tip

you
can
never
trade
the
pain
in
your
kidney's
for
the
night
before
and
would
you
really,
really
need
to?

collective inhale

the
real
living
domino
effect
is
every
damn
breath
you
decide
to
voluntarily
exhale.

confront the creeps

& decide whey
you
will leave the truth
to rot
over the
egg shells
of
prosperity.

convenience smell

do
you
suppose
the
owners,
or
gurus
of
7-11
and
Wal-Mart
had
to
sell
their
noses
to
the
devil
to
make
all
their
stores
smell
the
exact
same
no
matter
where
you're
at?

dennis hand

was
the smelliest motherfucker
i had ever been around in my life.

he lived in the dorms at the YMCA
and he made sweet love to every smoke in
his lit hands.

he would eye the smoke down like it was a naked
lover leaving the room before the culminating climax.

he always wore the same clothes.

he always smoked cigarettes.

never washed.

long yellowed, gray
blond hair and he never looked
nor spoke with anyone
unless pushed.

he was kicked out of his room
for one reason or another
and the place had to throw away his old
smoking chair because it smelled so bad.

i bet he hasn't showered for years.

just the smell of cigarettes,
all his old rooms,
and whatever pulled him out of his hammock.

where the hell are you when the rains come,
dennis hand?

DESTRUCTION POEM

how could
i destroy
this
page
with
one
name ..

COURTNEY LOVE

there.

dolphin morning

her
old man
called me
in and pointed his
finger
towards
the ocean.

see that,
he said.

all i saw was
a sailor in the far distance,
and some new waves i hadn't noticed
on the Gulf yet.

he coughed and exclaimed,
'NO!'

and kept pointing forward in exasperation.

finally,
i saw it.

there was a small pack
of wild dolphins
going up,
down,
up,
down in the morning salts.

it
was one of the few times
the old man and i saw eye
to eye on that vacation
of endless talk about money
as
he rests on a stack of cash
most folks could only hope to have
after a meager lottery.

but
the dolphins saved us.

that day,
it staved off the shark.

done run

i spent my
teen years running,
and running,
and running,
and running,
and running,
and continued running,
didn't stop running,
all over the place i ran,
running
and
running and running,
so
when the wife asks if i would jog
with
her,
i tell her i'm retired.

not sure why
i picked running as my sport of choice,
but i'm tired of running
away from shit in my life.

if you want something,
i'll just be walking,
maybe biking.

but you don't have to worry about me
running.

my running is done
as
i sit here in front of the running
words,
letters,
just slipping away
from my like joggers
in old,
worn sneakers
looking to catch one more medal
before
the ocean takes us over.

drug america

we
have
turned
into
a
country
of
therapy
needles
forced
into
a
pill
box
spilled
backwards.

early pregnancy

stacy fowler
had me convinced
as a kid
that you could get
a girl pregnant by making out
with her on the wall.

i was nervous.

and if she would have been right,
i would
many little versions of myself
running
up and down the brick walls.

earrings

the
human
ear
is
a
product
of
God's
creative
boredom
on
day
nine.

famous mr. hiccup

the
never
ending
hiccup
guy
walked
up
to
me
and
asked
for
a
drink
of
water,
i
brought
him
out
a
cup
of
grapefruit
juice.

he
knocked
it
to
the
floor.

i
threw
the
table
back,
held
his
short
body
upside
down
as
he
asked
for
a
glass
of
water.

perplexed,
i
dropped
him
to
the
ground
and
he
said,
no - no - no,
you
don't
get
it.

i
told
him
he
just
didn't
get
it
and
left
him
to
his
hiccups.

final quote

i will
use you up
like golden pages
if your
ink is silver
and
the water spigot
decides
to
bleed fresh,
clean water
for
my
dry brain
readying
for
one more
god damned round
with
the eternal page.

fingernail gifts

baby
i'd love to
give you all the junk
under my nails
as a gift in a shrink wrap
or sort of glass vial
but i don't think you
would enjoy its aesthetics.

all the miles i've driven,
letters i've mailed,
floors - tables - papers
i have touched,
not to mention your follicles under
my touch.

i want to pick this residue with a
toothpick and q-tip for a
collection gift in your name.

but i'm afraid you may accidentally
throw it away.

so instead,
i'll give you a pair of gloves and
shove
this small poem inside so that you
know what it was all supposed
to really mean.

god bless mike boos

as he
wakes up
with
thoughts of
dope,
girls,
water,
trees,
purity
and everyone but
you in some
Arizona home
humming with the
Ohms of a far off
electrical interface
and
the day defined by
no one specifically,
and everyone absolutely.

hard fought definitions

after
4 minutes
of
adagio for strings
first in the morning,
i again realize
what i
love about
music.

how much?

should
i
believe
in
the
lottery
because
you
lost
faith
in
money?

i was a prolific shoplifter as a kid.

my scores included pharmacies,
drug stores,
convenience stores,
gas stations,
grocery stores,
or the assorted likes.

i had a huge surplus
of candy,
cards or any other assorted over 10 kid
item you would need from a convenience store.

one day, it all came to an end.

on one of my lightest scores,
i took two packs of baseball cards.

while leaving,
a big bald man grabbed me under the arm
and shoved me back into the store.

he had the clerk call the cops and
then took me to a back room
where he told me he was gonna throw the book at me.

**I'M TIRED OF YOU PUNK MOTHERFUCKERS ROBBING ME. DRIVING UP MY PRICES AND
BEING FUCKING VAGRANTS. I'M GONNA PRESS FULL CHARGES AGAINST YOU, SON.'**

he was preaching towards my petrified ears.

i was a lightweight,
and was already scared into shitland with big boys proclamation.

it got better when the cop picked my 13 year old ass up and
went on to scare the piss of my cock on the way to the
station as he said i would be held in a cell for a day, or week or more
for this.

they were cracking down.

it turned out to be a lie once my mom picked me up
and yelled at me so damn bad i was surprised that she was actually
my mother and was capable of such anger.

abruptly,
my days of shoplifting ended when i sobbed like a criminal appealing
for parole during my juvenile detention hearing.

they let me go with a warning and i've never stolen anything from
a store since then.

so - when they say the system cannot work,
i tend to believe with the right liars and intimidation,
anyone can be changed if the moment is right.

if
you
have
short
arms
and
an
itchy
back,
then
God
is
plotting
against
you.

jesus beverage

i
see
jesus
in
a
grape
patch
drunk
like
the
sun
nailing
down
hard
upon
our
sins.

July 2004

and

i'm

consumed

with

thoughts

of

eloption

and

cold,

cold

iced

water

while

the

heat

blisters

the

green,

green

trees.

just done

of
all
the
things
i
need
to
do,
the
first
thing
i
need
to
do
is
stop
finding
things
to
do
so
i
can
get
the
things
done
that
are
already
started
and
we
can
finally
just
forget
each
other.

keep it closed

the
heron
is
fishing
for
your
life
and
he
wants
to
know
if
you
need
the
keys
to
your
car
next
wednesday.

kid I knew

heard in
the news a while
back about a friendly
sort that i went to high school
who's name was mcburney.

found out
that he lost his leg
in a freakish plant accident at Ford.

guess he caught his leg in
some big machine by accident and it
took several hours for them to finally pry
him out of the machinery.

we only hear about folks the older we get
if they get injured, killed or perhaps famous.

take your pick of the litter,
one lasts forever and the others are just versions
of what we actually are.

is that how you want someone to hear about you
or would you rather slip onto obscurity.

go ahead,
we'll give you the rest of your life
to figure this one out.

kids reading

on old creaking
wood floors
as the chairs grate
and an earth moves
all the long
we forget that
we had any need to lie
and it was just
fine to fill your
mouth with your favorite flavored
bubble gum
and chew as hard as you can
as the splinters all fall
asleep beneath your young,
neat feet.

lister

my
daily
list
writing
needs
is
a
set
of
scattered
wooden
shingles
&
plastic
planks.

look away!

you only
realize true
violence on a pure
level when
you sit at a comfortable
condominium table
by the ocean early in the
morning with
a fist of hot,
fresh coffee and watch
schools of
early morning fish
getting destroyed
by various sea fowl.

lost dog found again

our family found a lost
dog during my childhood years.

his name is foggy,
but i remember that we used to make
a bucket of sounds for him to respond.

they were random 'EEEEOOH-AAAOOOHH-OOOOEEEEOOOEOOEOEOE'

we had the dog for about 6 months or more and
not only did he respond to errant sounds well,
all us kids grew close to the canine.

one day,
our found dog paradise ended when my brother came
home and told us that he took a picture of our dog
to show and tell and one of the kids in the classroom
recognized the dog as their own.

furthermore,
the mother was going to come with the kid that day to get the dog.

the woman tried to give my mom cash,
but we refused,
as the dog left,
classmate left,
mom started the engine
and we all learned a bit about finding shit in this world.

lovely metaphors

the
love
bugs
last
dance
in
the
hot
gulf
water
is
the
first
kiss
she
laid
on
my
ear
when
i
wander
and
forget
that
she
even
has
moist,
awaiting
lips.

lunch breaks

with
the
white
folks
while
gap
ad's
spell
our
fantasy
and
prescribe
our
doomed
gassed
cars
and
if
you
want
to
get
out
of
this
thought,
swipe
the
card
and
forget
about
it
until
you
die
and
someone
else
inherits
all
your
beautiful,
get
out
there
and
get
it
intentions.

melted fowl

go
ahead
you
tiny
sand piper,
run,
run
you
crazy
bird
bastard
cause
the
others
are
after
you
and
they're
sipping
hot
salt
martini's
with
your
beak
on
'em.

mexican shoes

i remain
fully
alive each day
i pull into the work
parking lot across the street
from the slum apartment buildings
across the
street and see a window sill packed
with shoes on the drying mend and
sometimes the face of a mexican woman
peering out over the shoes as i drive
by knowing that there is only one way to
live when all you want to do is stay alive.

MIDDLE AFTERNOONED TRAFFICWAY

she looked
out of the
side window of the car
as one detective coughed
& another wanted to know how
much olympians get paid
as she pondered where
God had been last Thursday night
& how the hell the driver was
gonna make it through
the red light.

middle of a stiff rain,

the woman with a child
strapped to her front
heads towards
the nature sanctuary
as older black fella
with a pipe
pulls a mug to his lips
dancing over the thought
as to when the sun will die
and how many stars on
hollywood blvd.

mighty construction guys

the
guy holding
up stop/slow
sign in road
wants to
steal
your
car,
but
he's not gonna be able
to
follow you
today,
but
he's
done
his damage,
he has either made you slow,
stop
or
go
and
that's
much
more
powerful
that
taking
your ride.

Miles II

there
is
only
136
days
until
miles
comes
and
i
already
feel
as
though
i
have
traveled
nearly
8,702
miles
to
get
into
this
halfway
point
of
caroline's
pregnancy.